

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY REPOSITORY.

No. IV.

OCTOBER, 1823.

VOL. I.

Original Papers.

NO. IV.

In the general history of Montreal, from about the period of the conquest of Canada, with which we concluded our last chapter, to the commencement of the American Revolutionary War, there are few events of importance to interest us. Before, however, commencing the history of this momentous period, in so far as it regards the subject of our present enquiries, we think it proper cursorily to relate one or two accidents of a domestic nature, which had nearly the melancholy effect of consigning Montreal to ashes. On Sunday, the 25th of May, 1765, a dreadful and most alarming fire broke out in the City, but the manner, or by whom it was occasioned has never yet been clearly ascertained. There being no fire-engines in order at the time, nor a sufficient number of buckets to be had, and the wind being besides very high, the conflagration consumed one hundred and eighty houses before its ravages could be arrested. The actual loss thus occasioned was estimated at one hundred and eighty thousand pounds sterling; but fortunately no lives were lost. On the 11th of April, 1768, another calamity of a similar nature, was also experienced. A fire broke out in the stable of one of the sufferers in the late conflagration, in the upper town, and its being pretty cold at the time, and the wind blowing rather freshly from North-West, the flames soon reached

the adjoining houses, and raged with incredible fury over that part of the town, till five o'clock next morning, when they partially subsided. At this time the fire had consumed ninety houses, two churches, and a large charity school. The fire was so violent that the poor people lost almost all their effects; and the little which they had been enabled to save from the flames by the most perilous exertions, had most inhumanly been stolen from them by some villains more bent upon rapine than in arresting the fury of the flames. The number of poor occasioned by this unfortunate accident was very great, the most part of the sufferers being tradesmen, and people who had already been burnt out in the last fire: Some persons imagined, that this misfortune was owing to the malice or carelessness of an Indian servant-girl.

As the American Revolution forms one of the most important æras in the history of this continent, and as its effects had the ultimate tendency of bringing the American Colonies into an immediate contact with Canada, both in a political and hostile capacity, we cannot forbear to enter into the history of the period; in so far as the latter country is interested, more, perhaps, than, strictly speaking, it is our duty; but, we hope, not beyond that anxious solicitude which must ever prevail with us while tracing those events which give interest or importance to any particular country or city:

It was on Monday the 5th of September, 1774, that the first general Congress was held at Philadelphia. The first public Act of the Congress was several Resolutions declaratory of the sentiments which they entertained relative to the treatment which they were then experiencing from the Mother Country. But of all the papers published by the American Congress, their Address to the French inhabitants of Canada discovered the most dextrous management, and the most able method of application to the temper and passions of the parties, whom they endeavoured to gain. They stated the right they had, upon their becoming English subjects, to the inestimable benefits of the English Constitution; that the right was further confirmed by the Royal proclamation in the year 1763, plighting the public faith for the full enjoyment of those advantages. They imputed to succeeding Ministers an audacious and cruel abuse of the royal authority, in withholding from them the fruition of the irrevocable rights, to which they were justly entitled. That as they had lived to see the unexpected time, when ministers of this flagitious temper had dared to violate the most sacred compacts and obligations; and as the Canadians, educated under another form of government, had artfully been kept from discovering the unspeakable worth of that, from which they were deprived, the Congress thought it their duty, from weighty reasons to explain to them some of its most important branches. After quoting passages on government from the Marquis Beccaria, and their countryman Montesquieu—stating those rights by which alone a people can be free and happy—reminding the Canadians that they were entitled to those rights—pretending to point out numberless deformities in the Quebec Act—and declaring that they did not require them to commence acts of hostility against the government of their common sovereign, they concluded by informing them, that the Congress had with universal pleasure, and by an unanimous vote, resolved, that they should con-

sider the violation of their rights, by the act for altering the government of that province, a violation of their own; and that they should be invited to accede to their confederation, which had no other objects than the perfect security of the natural and civil rights of all the constituent members according to their respective circumstances, and the preservation of a happy and lasting connection with Great Britain, on the salutary constitutional principles before-mentioned.

But it was not long before these generous sentiments were changed into acts of hostility the most daring and unprincipled. As the hopes of a reconciliation with the mother country, upon the conditions claimed by the Americans, became more faint, so they grew more determined in their designs, and extended their views to the remote consequences, as well as to the immediate conduct of a war. As we have just seen, the apparent tendency, and avowed design of the Quebec Act, had early drawn their attention and awaked their apprehensions, in relation to the dangers with which they were threatened from that quarter. These apprehensions produced the above address. The success which attended the expedition to the Lakes, with the reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown-Point, in the beginning of the summer of 1775, by which it might be said, that the gates of Canada were thrown open, rendered the affairs of this country more immediately interesting, and encouraged the Congress to a bold measure, which they would not otherwise perhaps have ventured upon. This was no less than the sending of a force for the invasion and reduction of Canada. The Congress were sensible, that they had already gone such lengths as could only be justified by arms. The sword was already drawn and the appeal made. It was too late now to look back, and to waver would be certain destruction. If a certain degree of success did not afford a sanction to their resistance, and dispose the Court of Great Britain to an accommodation upon lenient terms, they would not only lose those immunities for which they contended, but all others would be at the mercy of a jealous and irritated government. In such a state, their moderation in the single instance of Canada, they thought, would be a poor plea for compassion or indulgence. The Congress accordingly determined not to lose the present favourable opportunity, while the British arms were weak and cooped up in Boston for attempting the reduction of this province. Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, with two regiments of New-York militia, a body of New-England men, and some others, amounting in the whole to near three thousand men, were appointed to this service. A number of batteaux, or flat boats, were built at Ticonderoga and Crown-Point, to convey the forces along Lake Champlain to the river Sorel, which forms the entrance into Canada, and is composed of the surplus waters of the Lakes, which it discharges into the River Saint Lawrence, would afford a happy communication between both, were it not for some rapids that obstruct the navigation, but which, we hope, will soon be removed by means of navigable Canals. Not above half the forces were yet arrived, when Montgomery, who was at Crown Point, received some intelligence which rendered him apprehensive that a schooner of considerable force, with some other armed vessels, which lay at the fort of Saint John's, on the river Sorel, now called Chambly, were preparing

to enter the Lake, and thereby effectually obstruct their passage. He therefore, in the latter end of August, proceeded with such force as he had to Isle-aux-Noix, and took necessary measures to guard against the passage of those vessels into the Lake. Schuyler, who at that time commanded in chief, having also arrived from Albany, they published a declaration to encourage the Canadians to join them, and with the same hope or design, pushed on to the fort of Saint John, which lies only about a dozen of miles from the Island. The fire from the fort, as well as the strong appearances of force and resistance which they observed, occasioned their landing, on the sixth of September, at a considerable distance, in a country composed of thick woods, deep swamps, and intersected with creeks and waters. In this situation they were vigorously attacked by a considerable body of Indians, who did not neglect the advantages which they derived from it; along with which, finding that the fort was well garrisoned and provided, they found it necessary the next day to return to their former station on the island, and to defer their operations until the arrival of the artillery and reinforcements which were expected. It should here be mentioned, that about the middle of July immediately preceding, Colonel Guy Johnson, His Majesty's superintendant of Indian affairs, arrived at Montreal, accompanied by a considerable number of chiefs and warriors of the six nations: after which he held a general Congress with the chiefs and warriors of the Canada confederacy, to the amount of seventeen hundred, who, in presence of his Excellency General Carleton, unanimously resolved to support their engagements with His Majesty, and remove all intruders on the several communications. Schuyler, upon his retreat, returned to Albany, to conclude a treaty which he had for some time been negotiating with the Indians in that quarter, and found himself afterwards so occupied by business, or broken in upon by illness, that the whole weight and danger of the Canada war fell upon Montgomery, a man most eminently qualified for any military service. His first measure was to detach those Indians who had joined General Carleton from his service, and being strengthened by the arrival of his reinforcements and artillery, he prepared to lay siege to the fort of Saint John. This fort was garrisoned by the greater part of the seventh and twenty-sixth regiments, being nearly all the regular troops then in Canada; and was well provided with stores, ammunition, and artillery.

The provincial parties were spread over the adjacent country. In this state of things, the famous adventurer ETHAN ALLEN, who, without any commission from the congress, had a principal share in the original expedition to the Lakes, and the capture of the forts; and who afterwards, under the title of Colonel, seemed rather to have acted as partizan, than as obedient to any regular command, thought to signalize and raise himself into importance, by surprising the City of Montreal! This rash enterprize he undertook at the head of a small party of English provincials and others, without the knowledge of the Commander in Chief, or the assistance which he might have procured from some of the other detached parties. The event was suitable to the temerity of the undertaking. On the twenty-fifth of November, being met at some distance from the town, by the militia, under the com-

mand of English officers, and supported by the few regulars who were in the place, he was defeated and taken prisoner, with near forty of his party, the rest who survived escaping in the woods. ALLEN, with his fellow-prisoners, were by General Carleton's orders loaded with irons, and sent in that condition on board a man of war to England, from whence, however, they were in some time remanded back to America.

The progress of Montgomery at Saint Johns, was for some time retarded by a want of ammunition sufficient for carrying on a siege; but having the good fortune to make himself master of a little fort called *Chamble*, where he found above a hundred barrels of powder, his operations at Saint Johns were greatly facilitated. The garrison, under the command of Major Preston, amounted to betwixt six and seven hundred men, of which about five hundred were regulars, and the rest Canadian Volunteers. They endured the difficulties and hardships of a very long siege, augmented by a scarcity of provisions; with unabating constancy and resolution. In the mean time, General Carleton was indefatigable in his endeavours to raise a force sufficient for its relief. Attempts had been for some time made by Colonel McLean, for raising a Scotch regiment, under the title of Royal Highland Emigrants, to be composed of natives of that country, who had lately arrived in America, and who, in consequence of the troubles had not obtained settlements. With these and some Canadians, the Colonel was posted near the junction of the Sorel with the river St. Lawrence. The General was at Montreal, where, with the greatest difficulty, and by every possible means, he got together near a thousand men, composed principally of Canadians, with a few regulars, and some English officers and volunteers. With these he intended a junction with McLean, and then to have marched directly to the relief of Saint Johns. But on his attempting to pass over from the Island of Montreal, he was encountered at Longueuil by a party of the Provincials, who easily repulsed the Canadians, and put a stop to the whole design. Another party had pushed McLean towards the mouth of the Sorel, where, having received advice of the Governor's defeat, and being abandoned by some of his party, he was obliged to make the best of his way to Quebec with the Scotch Emigrants. In the mean time, Montgomery pushed on the siege of Saint Johns with great vigour. Nor was there less alacrity shewn in the defence. In this state of things, an account of the success at Longueuil, accompanied by the prisoners who were taken, arrived at the Camp, upon which Montgomery sent a flag and a letter by one of them to Major Preston, hoping, that as all means of relief were now cut off by the Governor's defeat, he would, by a timely surrender of the fort, prevent that farther effusion of blood, which a fruitless, and obstinate defence must necessarily occasion. The Major endeavoured to obtain a few days time, in hopes of being relieved; but this was refused, on account of the lateness and severity of the season; he also endeavoured, in settling the terms of capitulation, to obtain liberty for the garrison to depart for Great Britain, which proved equally fruitless, and they were obliged, after being allowed the honours of war, on account of their brave defence, to lay down their arms, on the third of November, and surrender themselves prisoners. They were allowed their baggage and effects, the officers to

wear their swords, and their other arms to be preserved for them till the troubles were at an end. In all transactions with our forces, Montgomery wrote, spoke, and behaved with that attention, regard, and politeness, to both private men and officers, which might be expected from a man of worth and honour who found himself involved in an unhappy quarrel with his friends and countrymen.

Upon McLéan's retreat to Quebec, the party who had reduced him to that necessity, immediately erected batteries on a point of land at the junction of the Sorel with the river Saint Lawrence, in order to prevent the escape down the latter of the number of armed vessels which General Carleton had at Montreal; they also constructed armed rafts and floating batteries for the same purpose. These measures effectually prevented the passage of Gen. Carleton's armament to Quebec, which were not only foiled in several attempts, but pursued, attacked, and driven from their anchors up the river by the Provincials; so that as Gen. Montgomery approached Montréal, immediately after the surrender of Saint John's, the Governor's situation, whether in the town or aboard the vessels, became equally critical. This danger was soon increased by the arrival of General Montgomery at Montreal, where a capitulation was proposed by the principal French and English inhabitants, including a kind of general treaty, which Montgomery refused, as they were in no state of defence to entitle them to a capitulation, and were unable to fulfil the conditions on their part. He, however, gave them a written answer, in which he declared, that the continental army having a generous disdain of every act of oppression or violence, and having come for the express purpose of giving liberty and security, he, therefore, engaged his honour to maintain, in the peaceable possession of their property, of every kind, the individuals and the religious communities of the city of Montreal. He engaged for the maintenance of all the inhabitants, in the free exercise of their religion; hoped that the civil and religious rights of all the Canadians would be established upon the most permanent footing by a Provincial Congress; promised that Courts of Justice should be speedily established upon the most liberal plan, conformable to the British constitution; and, in general, complied with other articles, so far as they were consistent, and in his power. This security being given to the people, his troops took possession of the town on the thirteenth of November. Nothing could now afford the slightest hope of the preservation of any part of Canada, but the lateness of the season. Whether through inability for so great an enterprise, or from difference of opinion, the invasion of Canada was not undertaken until the season for military operations had nearly passed. To balance this there remained but a handful of regular troops in Canada, and the taking of General Carlton, which seemed nearly certain, would have rendered its fate inevitable. Fortune, however, determined otherwise, and at the time that all hopes of the armed vessels being able to get down the river were given up, and that Montgomery was preparing batteaux with light artillery at Montreal to attack them on that side and force them down upon the batteries, means were successfully taken for conveying the Governor in a dark night, in a boat with muffled paddles, past the enemies' guards and batteries, and he arrived

safely at Quebec, which he found environed with danger from an unexpected quarter. As it was impracticable to save the ships stationed at Montreal, General Prescott was obliged to enter into a capitulation with the Provincials, by which the whole of the river naval force, consisting of eleven armed vessels, was surrendered into their hands, the General himself, with several other officers, some gentlemen in the civil department, Canadian Volunteers, and about a hundred and twenty English soldiers, all of whom had taken refuge on board upon the approach of General Montgomery to Montreal, becoming prisoners of war. Montgomery having found plenty of woollen manufactures at Montreal, took the opportunity of new-clothing his troops who had suffered excessively from the severity of the climate, the deepness of the roads, and the want of covering suitable to such circumstances.

Whilst the Provincials were, thus carrying on the war at Montreal and its neighbourhood, an expedition, considerably distinguished by its novelty, spirit, enterprise, by the difficulties that opposed, and the constancy that succeeded in its execution, was undertaken directly against the lower part of the province and the City of Quebec from the New-England side, by a route which had hitherto been untried, and considered as impracticable. This expedition was undertaken by Colonel Arnold, who, about the middle of September, at the head of two regiments, consisting of about eleven hundred men, marched from the camp near Boston. Arnold and his party, after experiencing the most trying difficulties, arrived at Point Levi, opposite to Quebec, on the 9th of November; but it was not till after being joined by Montgomery from Montreal, that any serious operations were undertaken against the fortress. Even when thus united, the force of the Provincials was too insignificant to attempt the reduction of a place so strongly fortified, especially with the assistance only of a few mortars and field-pieces. After the siege had continued through the month of December, Montgomery, conscious that he could accomplish his end no other way than by surprise, resolved to make an attempt on the last day of the year 1775; and under the cover of a violent snow-storm, he proceeded to this arduous undertaking. At five o'clock, Montgomery, at the head of the New-York troops, advanced against the lower town, under Cape Diamond, but from some difficulties which intervened in his approach, the signal for engaging had been given, and the garrison alarmed, before he could reach the place. He however pressed on in a narrow file, with a precipice to the river on one side, and an hanging rock over him; seized and passed the first barrier, and accompanied by a few of his bravest officers and men, marched boldly at the head of the detachment to attack the second. Several cannon were there planted, loaded with grape-shot. From these, as well as from well-directed and well supported fire of musketry, an end was at once put to the hopes of this enterprising officer, and to the fortune of his party in Canada. The General himself, with his Aid de Camp, some other officers, and most of those who were near his person, fell upon the spot.* Colonel Arnold, in the mean time, made a desperate

* MONTGOMERY was a Gentleman of good family in Ireland, and fell in the prime of life. The excellency of his qualities and disposition had procured him an uncommon

attack on the Lower Town, and carried one of the barriers after an obstinate resistance for an hour; but in the action he himself received a wound which obliged him to withdraw. The attack, however, was continued by the officers whom he had left, and another barrier forced; but the garrison now perceiving that nothing was to be feared, except from that quarter, collected their whole force against it; and, after a desperate engagement of three hours, overpowered the Provincials, and obliged them to surrender. The Provincials, however, did not raise the mixed siege and blockade of Quebec which followed, till the appearance in Spring of the Isis British man of war, and two frigates with succours for the garrison. They then found it necessary to retreat towards Three Rivers and Montreal, where the King's forces had resolved to rendezvous. These forces having formed a junction at Three Rivers, pushed forward by land and water with great expedition.—When the fleet arrived at Sorel, they found the enemy had abandoned that place some hours before, dismantled the batteries which they had erected, and had carried off their artillery and stores. A strong column was here landed under the command of General Burgoyne, with orders to advance along the Sorel to Saint Johns, while the remainder of the fleet and army sailed up the St. Lawrence to Longueil, the place of passage from Montreal to LaPrairie on the continent. Here they discovered that the rebels had abandoned the city and Island of Montreal on the preceding evening, and that if the wind had been favorable they might have met at this place. The army was immediately landed on the continent, and marching by LaPrairie, crossed the country in order to join General Burgoyne at St. Johns, where they expected a stand and a strong resistance would have been made. That General pursued his march along the Sorel without intermission. He arrived at Saint Johns on the eighteenth of May. The Provincials, having burnt such vessels as they were not able to drag up the river, retreated to Crown Point. Though their flight was precipitate, they sustained no loss, and General Sullivan, who commanded in the retreat, received public thanks for the prudence with which he conducted it, by which he saved their ruined army, at a time when it was encumbered with a vast multitude of sick, most of whom were ill with the small pox.

Thus was an end happily put to the Revolutionary war in Canada.

share of private affection, as his abilities had of public esteem; and there was probably no man engaged on the same side, and few on either, whose loss would have been so much regretted both in England and America. Soon after his death, the Continental Congress ordered a magnificent Cenotaph to be erected to his memory, with the following inscription:—

“MONTGOMERY falls! Let no fond breast repine
That Hampden's glorious death, brave Chief, was thine.
With his shall Freedom consecrate thy name,
Shall date her rising glories from thy fame,
Shall build her throne of Empire on thy grave—
What nobler fate can patriot virtues crave?”

FUR TRADE OF CANADA.

NO. III.

We concluded our last chapter by a detail of the manner in which the fort at the mouth of Saint Therese, with all its effects, had surrendered to Radisson, who had been completely gained over to the interest of the English, in consequence of a prepossession entertained against him by the French ministry. Immediately upon the arrival of this intelligence in France, the Court of Versailles ordered Barrillon, their ambassador to London, to make a strong remonstrance upon this dispossession; but it is remarkable that neither Charles II. nor James II. had authority enough over their American subjects to oblige them to make restitution, which they were not sincerely disposed to do. The French were amazed to the last degree that subjects should dispute the will of their sovereign; but the northern company, who were the proprietors of Fort Saint Therese, perceiving they could not succeed by applying to the Court, resolved to do themselves justice, and demanded assistance from Denonville, the Governor of Canada, to re-possess themselves of the fort. He granted eighty soldiers, with the Chevalier de Troye at their head, and on the twentieth of June, 1686, they arrived at the bottom of Hudson's Bay. They first stormed the fort Monsipi, upon the river Monsoni, and made the garrison, consisting of sixty men, prisoners of war,—seizing at the same time a considerable quantity of ammunition and provisions. Iberville, one of the French officers, then took a small vessel, in which was the governor of the bay, and at last fort Rupert upon the river Nemiscau, which had been lately rebuilt, but remained still unfinished, fell into their hands. They then, with the prizes they had made proceeded against Quititchouen, where the English had their principal magazines, which they likewise made themselves masters of. Here they found furs to the value of fifty thousand crowns, which made the French conclude that the English did not carry on a great traffic with the savages of those parts, and the garrison was sent in a vessel to Port Nelson. This invasion of the English settlement in Hudson's Bay was certainly a most infamous proceeding, and was far from being justified by the English having dispossessed the French of fort Saint Therese, which was built on ground belonging to British subjects. Such, however, was the influence of French councils in the Court of England, that it was agreed port Nelson should be common for both nations to trade at. But the spirit of the English could not submit to the meanness of their Court; and Denonville sent strong remonstrances upon the danger of suffering the French mal-contents to have an asylum at port Nelson, where they could carry on a trade not only independent of their mother country, but prejudicial to her interests. He represented that the English, by giving much greater prices than the French could afford, were masters of the fur trade; and that port Nelson was of more consequence to the French than all the forts they had taken from the English upon that Bay.

Captain John Abraham was then the English Governor of Port Nel-

son, and Henry Serjeant, Esq. succeeded Mr. Nixon, as Governor of Rupert river. By this time, the chief factory was removed from Fort Rupert to Chickewan, now called Albany river, which the Governor made the place of his residence. His instructions from the company were, that he should repair every spring to Charleton Island, with all the goods he possibly could collect together, to be put on board the company's ships, who were to rendezvous there; and that he should be particularly watchful against any surprise from the French. The company, at the same time, ordered Serjeant to settle a factory at a place called Hayes Island, at the bottom of the bay, and another on Charleton Island, where he built a fort, and kept some men in it, with warehouses and other conveniencies for trade. The great gains which the company made, had, about this time, tempted many of its servants to be unfaithful to them; and they were removed. The expence of supplying their settlements with provisions, made them recommend it strongly to the factory, to endeavour to raise corn and vegetables; but, though repeated attempts were made for that purpose, yet they came to nothing. In 1686, we find the Hudson's Bay Company in possession of five settlements; namely, Albany River, Hayes Island, Rupert's River, Fort Nelson, or York, and New Severn. Their trade at all those settlements was very gainful, and from Albany river alone, they generally brought home three thousand five hundred beavers a year. The manner in which this trade was destroyed by the French, has been already related. It happened fortunately for the English settlements, that very little regard was paid to their Court by the American Chiefs, and both nations were equally disgusted with the arrangement that had been made of Port Nelson, being in common to both. Denonville, the Governor of Canada, gave it as his opinion to the Court of France, that all the three forts which they had taken from the English, should be restored to them, rather than suffer them to have any communication with Fort Nelson. In 1687, the English attacked Fort Quitichouen, then called Fort St. Anne; but they were repulsed by Iberville, who burnt one of their vessels, and a storehouse they had erected on the banks of the river. Those hostilities gave great uneasiness to the two Courts, and several conferences were held upon them; but nothing effectual was done, when the great revolution, which happened in England in 1688, embroiled affairs more than ever. The French were the first who profitted by the breach; for, apprehending that the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company would not be upon their guard, Frontenac, who was now Governor of Canada, had orders to drive the English from all their posts there.

During the campaign of the year 1689, the French were unfortunate in all their enterprises in North America, excepting at Hudson's Bay alone, where Iberville commanded at Fort St. Lewis, which lay at the bottom of the bay, and his Lieutenant La Ferte, having taken prisoner one of the company's agents, found among his papers an order from the directors of his company, for proclaiming King William and Queen Mary, and to maintain the company's right to the whole of the bay. According to the French account, this claim was supported by the appearance of two English ships, one of them eighteen guns, the other ten, besides swivels, both of them loaded with a great number of small arms, and provisions of all kinds; the crews in whole amounting to

eighty-three men. Though the French had most infamously broken the capitulation which had been settled between the Chevalier de Troyes and Governor Serjeant, when they took Fort Albany, and the company's other settlements, yet they exclaimed against the attempt of the English to retake them, as a scandalous breach of good faith. Iberville's garrison at Fort Saint Anne, otherwise called Fort Albany, was but inconsiderable when the English summoned it to surrender. Iberville gave no determined answer, and acted with so much cunning, that he deceived the English into an opinion of his compliance. This rendered them so secure, that he found means to carry off twenty-one of their best men, their surgeon, and one of their principal officers; he then summoned them to surrender prisoners of war. The English, who were still forty able-bodied men, rejected the summons, though they were at that time in a miserable situation, being encamped on a small island, while their ships were jammed in by shoals of ice. Iberville ordered his brother Maricourt to harass them with a small party, both by land and on board their ships; and he himself, in two days after, supported them, and a cannonade ensued on both sides, without much loss to either. At last, Iberville renewed his summons for a surrender, and threatened, if it was not complied with, to give them no quarter. The English, in answer, pretended, that the Fort belonged to them, and that the French had begun hostilities. Iberville paid no regard to these allegations, and demanded that not only the English should surrender prisoners of war, but that they should deliver up to him both their ships with their cargoes. After some consultation, this was agreed to, upon Iberville paying the officers their wages, which amounted to about six hundred pounds, and upon his giving them a vessel, properly equipped, in which they might transport themselves elsewhere. Iberville took care that those officers should be attended by very few of their common men, and by none of their pilots, of whom they had eleven on board, carrying them all prisoners to Quebec, to which, with his two prizes, he repaired by an order from the Governor of Canada. He arrived at Quebec on the 25th October, 1689, having left his brother Maricourt, with no more than thirty-six men, to guard the posts at the bottom of the bay.

As we have little or no account of this expedition on the part of the English, we have been obliged to adopt the French account of it, though it is far from being satisfactory. There is, however, the greatest reason for believing that the Company, perhaps, by their own fault and niggardly disposition, were very ill served by their officers, which might be the true cause of Iberville's success. Fort Nelson was at this time in the hands of the English; and Iberville designed to attack it with two French ships of war, but it was too late in the year 1692, and the English, by this time, had even recovered fort Saint Anne. According to Charlevoix, Iberville had acquired so much credit by his conduct in Hudson's Bay, that he gave some umbrage to Du Tast, the French commandant, who had been sent with a strong squadron, fitted out at the expence of the French Northern Company, to drive the English entirely from all their posts on that bay; and who, out of jealousy to Iberville, declined the service, on pretence that it was too late in the season to attempt it. The Court of England highly resented the proceedings of the French, whom they accused of having surpris'd the

Company's possessions in Hudson's Bay in an infamous manner; and they were mentioned as such by King William in his declaration of war against the French King. Thomas Phipps, Esquire, was then governor of Port Nelson, and upon the breaking out of the war with France, some troops had been granted to the Hudson's Bay Company, for the defence of their remaining settlements. According to Charlevoix,* fort Saint Anne, which was then in the hands of the French, had no more than three men to defend it; and they made their escape to Quebec, leaving a great booty of skins in the fort. This, together with many other advantages gained by the English in the bay, determined Iberville to run all risks in dispossessing them of fort Nelson. This service had been often projected, and as often miscarried, as the French governors and officers in Canada were by no means fond of so painful an expedition, and which, though successful, was to be attended with no profit, but to the French Northern Company. Iberville, however, had received such encouragement from them, that he and Serigny, notwithstanding all their discouragements from the ice, arrived with two ships of war at the mouth of the river St. Therese, and landing the same night, they made themselves masters of Fort Nelson, the name of which they changed to that of Bourbon; but they found there only a very inconsiderable booty; and they lost so many of their men by the scurvy, and other diseases, that the conquest was not worth the expence.

In the year 1696, the government of England granted a new recruit of force to the Hudson's Bay Company; and the Bonaventure and Seahorse, two men of war, were assigned to that service. La Foret, with a garrison of sixty-eight Canadians, commanded in Fort Bourbon, and on the 2d of September, four English ships and a Bomb-ketch appeared in view of the fort. They were followed by Serigny and De la Motte Egron, the former in a French man of war, and the latter in one of the French northern Company's ships; but, perceiving the strength of the English, they made the best of their way back, Serigny to France, and De la Motte Egron for Quebec; but he was wrecked in his voyage thither and drowned. The fort was summoned, but refusing to surrender, a brisk cannonade began, which lasted for a whole day; and the English, in attempting to land, were at first repulsed by Jeremy, the Ensign of the fort, and the same who has written a description of Hudson's Bay, where he afterwards commanded himself for six years. The fort was then plied with bombs from the ketch, of which twenty-two fell into it, and La Foret was at last obliged to capitulate. If we are to believe Charlevoix, the English granted the capitulation required by the French, but afterwards violated it. But this is extremely unlikely, and it is probable no capitulation was made; or, if made, that it was observed as much as was in the power of the English. Captain Allen was the Commodore of the English Squadron, and upon his return to England with the garrison of Fort Bourbon, he fought a French privateer of fifty guns, but was killed in the engagement. Four months after the garrison arrived in England, they were sent to France, where they had no sooner arrived, than understanding that an expedition was fitting out to retake Fort Nelson, most of them

embarked on board the four ships and a sloop that were destined for that purpose at Rochelle, and which were to be commanded by Serigny, who, when he came to Plascencia, was to resign the command to his brother Iberville. The instructions of the latter were, that before he went to Hudson's Bay he should visit fort Naxgat, on the river St. John; but they arrived too late in the year, the season being so far advanced, and the ships so much battered by the voyage, that he was obliged to sail directly for fort Nelson; and he accordingly arrived at the mouth of Hudson's Bay, on the 28th of July. By the third of August, the frost had set in so severe, that he lost one of his ships, and the men were with difficulty saved. He afterwards lost sight of all the others; but on the fourth of September, he was within sight of port Nelson, and sent one of his officers ashore to reconnoitre, and to get intelligence of some English ships he had seen at the entrance of the bay. Next day, he saw three ships, who proved to be English, and according to the French historian,* though one of the English ships was stronger than his own, which was called the Pelican, and mounted only fifty guns, and though he had but a hundred and fifty men on board fit for service, he engaged them all and took one of them, the Hudson's Bay. After this, as he was preparing to attack Fort Nelson, both he and his prize were wrecked in the night time, at the river Saint Therese. The crews, however, had the good fortune to save themselves, and artillery sufficient to attack the fort; but he was destitute of all provisions, and he depended for subsistence only on his success. As he was making his dispositions for the attack, he saw three sail, who proved to be his own ships, which he had lost sight of in the bay, and which had been very roughly handled in the storm which had wrecked himself. So seasonable a reinforcement encouraged him as much as it daunted Bailey, the English commandant of the fort, who immediately proposed to capitulate, which he did on the following terms: First, that all his papers and books of account should be safe. Secondly, that his garrison, both officers and soldiers, should keep their chests, clothes, and all that belonged them. Thirdly, that they should be treated as well as the French themselves. And lastly, that the garrison should march out with all the honours of war, without being disarmed. The garrison consisted of no more than fifty-two men, of whom seventeen had belonged to the Hudson's Bay, and had escaped from the Pelican when it was wrecked, but had the benefit of the capitulation. After this Iberville returned to France in the *Profond*, and, when he arrived at Belleisle, his crew was so distressed with the scurvy, that scarce a man of them was serviceable. The conquest of Hudson's Bay was of more importance than the French themselves were apprized of. First, because it furnished better furs than any other part of North America; and secondly, because the natives were so miserably poor, that they sold them much cheaper than they could be had elsewhere.

The French were far from making all the advantages that this conquest might have been attended with. The English, though dispossessed of their forts, still preserved a considerable footing in that bay, where they carried on almost the whole trade, but not for the benefit

* CHARLEVOIX, Vol. III, p. 301.

of the company, the most of it going through private hands. This is the chief reason why the accounts we have of this valuable trade are so barren; for the French private merchants in the like manner suffered their Northern Company and their government, at whose expences all their conquests there had been made, to enjoy its profits. The English found means still to keep possession of fort Albany, which indeed remained unmolested, through the weak condition of the French in Hudson's-Bay, where they had no more than sixteen men, under the *Sieur Jeremy*, to garrison all their posts. Matters remained in this situation during all the war with France, under Queen Anne. *Jeremy* lived there in a kind of exile, without receiving the smallest assistance from the French Northern Company. Finding himself unable to garrison fort Bourbon, he built a smaller fort towards the north, to which he transported all his powder, stores and ammunition, with a view of retreating to it, if he should be attacked; the English, notwithstanding the war, carrying on the most profitable branches of the trade. At last, *Jeremy* and his small garrison came to be in want of every thing, and he was forced to send his lieutenant and seven other of his men to hunt during the months of July and August. They pitched their camp near a company of savages, who were reduced to the greatest misery for the want of powder, by which they were deprived of all means of subsistence. They had, ever since the Europeans came among them, hunted a kind of wild ass, called by the French *Caribore*. This creature is as swift as a deer, and is said to differ only in colour, from the famous rein-deer of Lapland; but it is of the amphibious kind, and, according to *Jeremy's* account, between Danish River and fort Nelson, they were then to be found, for forty or fifty leagues, in herds of ten thousand at least. The savages of those parts depended upon this creature for their subsistence during a great part of the year; but having long lost the practice of bows and arrows, when they were destitute of powder, they could kill no game. They saw the French on the other hand, hunting with good success, and destroying abundance, but without being so hospitable as to invite them to partake; and therefore, it was no wonder, if these wretches, overloaded as they were with misery, laid a scheme for mastering them, and acquiring the spoils of those successful huntsmen. They invited two of them to a feast in their cabins, where they immediately murdered them. They then butchered five others who were asleep in their tent; but a sixth, who was only wounded, escaped, though with the utmost difficulty, towards fort Bourbon, where he related to *Jeremy* the massacre of his companions. He found it in vain to think of guarding his two posts with no more than nine men; and therefore he shut himself in fort Bourbon, while the savages with great ease, made themselves masters of the other fort, and all the ammunition that was in it. In this uncomfortable situation he maintained himself till the treaty of Utrecht took place, which provided for the restitution of Hudson's Bay, in the following terms:

“ARTICLE X.—The said Most Christian King shall restore to the Kingdom and Queen of Great Britian, to be possessed in full right for ever, the bay and straits of HUDSON, together with all lands, seas, sea-coasts, rivers, and places situate in the said bay and straits, and which belong thereto, no tracts of land or sea being excepted, which are at present possessed by the subjects of France. All which, as well as

any building there made, in the condition they now are, and likewise all fortresses there erected, either before or since the French seized the same, shall, within six months from the ratification of the present treaty, or sooner, if possible, be well and truly delivered to the British subjects, having commission from the Queen of Great Britain, to demand and receive the same, entire and undemolished, together with all the cannon, and cannon-ball, and with the other provision of war usually belonging to cannon. It is, however, provided, that it may be entirely free for the Company of Quebec, and all the other subjects of the Most Christian King whatsoever, to go by land or by sea, whithersoever they please, out of the lands of the said bay; together with all their goods, merchandize, arms, and effects, of what nature or condition soever, except such things as above reserved in this article.

“ARTICLE XI.—The above-mentioned most Christian King shall take care that satisfaction be given, according to the rule of justice and equity, to the English company, traders to the Bay of Hudson, for all damage and spoil done to their colonies, ships, persons and goods, by the hostile incursions and depredations of the French in time of peace, an estimate to be made thereof by commissioners to be named at the reduction of each party.”

Since that time the Company has remained in full possession of this important trade. Before the time of the peace of Utrecht, the value of it was but little known, on account of the losses and interruptions it met with; but, in a few years afterwards, it improved so greatly, that several attempts were made to abridge their privileges, though hitherto without effect, and the trade increased every day, as well as the profits of the Company, till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle,—to which period our remarks at present shall be restricted. We shall conclude this chapitre with an excellent and useful quotation from an able historian, who wrote about this time, and who was well acquainted with the country and trade of which we are now treating.

“Several Islands lie on the coast of Labrador, and the country from Button's Bay, southward and eastward, as far as Labrador, is called New South Wales. This vast country from north-west to south-east, extends three hundred miles. It is bounded on the east and south by Canada, and on the west by vast tracts of countries, whose inhabitants trade with the English, who are the only Europeans who have plantations or settlements within land. How far those countries extend, or where they terminate, is unknown. The English settlements consist of forts or houses lying on the coasts, chiefly calculated to protect them against the inclemencies of the weather. They are directed to the situation of those forts by the mouths of the rivers which are most proper for trading with the Indians. The chief on the western continent, are Churchill River, Nelson's River, Severn River, Albany River, and Moose River. Churchill river, at the mouth of which is built the Prince of Wales's fort, is most northerly, and situated on the west part of Hudson's Bay. The company here keeps about twenty-eight men. The river is navigable for one hundred and fifty leagues, and about twenty thousand beaver skins every year are returned at this fort. Fort York, or Fort Nelson, but by the French called Fort Bourbon, is situated upon Nelson's River, in the 57th degree of north latitude.

Here about twenty-five of the company's men reside; and the river itself is the largest and finest in the bay, by means of its communications with the great lakes and the trading rivers. New Severn River lies in the 55th degree of north latitude; but is at present neglected. Albany River lies in the 52d degree, and the company there keeps twenty-five in the Fort. From the middle of May to the middle of September, the weather here is mild and warm; and in the year 1731, no fewer than one hundred and eighteen canoes traded with the fort. Moose River, which is larger than that of Albany, lies in the 51st degree of north latitude, and the company has at their fort here twenty-five men. Prince Rupert River lies in the same latitude, but on the east side of the bay; and the fort there is at present gone to ruin. At the fort upon Slude River, which lies on the east side of the bay, the company keep no more than eight or nine men.

About five or six leagues from the West-main, lies the little rocky isle, which, though no more than a heap of rocks and stones, shelters great numbers of gulls and water fowl. The soil of Charleton Island is of a light white sand, producing juniper and other shrub trees. In the spring, this Island is noted for the beautiful appearance it makes to voyagers, who for months before have been accustomed to the most savage inhospitable scenes in nature; though at the bottom of the bay, the latitude is nearer the sun than London itself; yet the climate is excessively cold for nine months in the year; but, excepting, when a north wind blows, the other three months are very hot. As to the soil in general of the countries bordering on Hudson's Bay, it is barren, scarce any grain growing upon it; but upon Prince Rupert River there grows some gooseberries, strawberries, and the like dwarf-fruits.

Notwithstanding all these discouragements, it is certain that the advantages of the trade of Hudson's Bay are immense. The commodities most proper for trade here are guns, powder, shot, cloth, hatchets, kettles and tobacco. These are exchanged with the natives for furs, beaver, martens, fox, moose, and other peltry ware; and the prodigious profits of the Company may be estimated by the following standard of commerce, which formerly was fixed by them for their goods bartered on the southern part of the bay: Guns, one with the other, ten good skins, that is, winter beaver; twelve skins for the biggest sort, ten for the mean, and eight for the smallest. Powder, a beaver for half a pound. Shot, a beaver for four pounds. Hatchets, a beaver for a great and little hatchet. Knives, a beaver for six great knives, or eight jack-knives. Beads, a beaver for half a pound of beads. Laced coats, six beavers for one good laced coat. Plain coats, five beaver skins for one plain red coat. Coats for women, laced, two yards, six beavers. Coats for women, plain, five beavers. Tobacco, a beaver for one pound. Powder-horns, a beaver for a large powder-horn, and two small ones. Kettles, a beaver for one pound of kettle. Looking-glasses and combs, two skins.

The reader who understands trade, must readily be sensible of the vast gains of such a commerce as the above, especially as it is but in few hands, and carried on with very little expence. It is true, the trade for several years before the treaty of Utrecht, and for some years after; was but inconsiderable; but it is well known, that during the late war their profits were greater than that of any commerce carried

on by British subjects. It is said that the annual exports were about £3000 value, and their half yearly sales £25,000; and that nine-tenths of the stock have been engrossed by eight or nine merchants. They are supposed to be at the charge of one hundred and twenty servants a year, and about one hundred and twenty men on board the two or three annual ships which they employ in time of war. Their imports are deer skins, castorum, or beaver stone, feathers, whalebone, and blubber; but beaver skin is two thirds of the whole. Some writers have been of opinion; that the privileges of this company are so extensive, that its charter ought to be vacated, and the trade laid open.

“Perhaps none of the natives of North America are so rude and savage as the Indians inhabiting the neighbourhood of Rupert River, and other places in the bay. This may easily be accounted for, as they have no opportunities like the Canadian savages, or those in the neighbourhood of the English plantations, of seeing any places of great resort. Their intercourse is confined to little forts and booths, where they deal with Europeans who have no other conversation, or ideas, but to make the best bargain they can. In general, however, they are peaceable, only the Nodways are a tribe more savage than the rest; upon whom they sometimes make incursions, and after killing eight or ten people, retire in triumph. The rivers, which in that country are very plentiful, are commonly the boundaries of those savage tribes. Though it does not appear that they have any notions of subordination in government, yet each tribe has its Okimah; or Orator, who presides in their public meetings every spring and fall, where they adjust their boundaries for hunting, fowling, and fishing, and mark out the space which each family is to occupy during the season. This Okimah makes their harangues to the English, and nothing but the danger of starving can prevail with the several families to quit the bounds allotted for them. They have some notion of two Manitous, or Spirits, one the author of good, the other of bad; and they express some rude signs of worship or devotion at their feasts and dances.”

We have now brought this historical sketch of the Fur Trade, both with regard to Hudson's Bay and Canada, up to the era of the conquest of the latter country by the British. It shall be the object of our future numbers, upon this subject, to bring it down to the present day; in doing which, we would feel the highest obligation in being favoured with the aid and advice of any gentleman anyways acquainted with, or interested in this very important branch of commerce.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCES, AND ON THEIR RELATIONS WITH HUMAN SOCIETY.

Read in the first annual Session of the Four Academies, 24th April, 1816.

BY A. CUVIER.

[Translated for the Canadian Magazine.]

WHEN the Academy of Sciences received from Louis 14th that constitution which his august successor this day restores, on a solemn occasion similar to that which has called us together, the ingenious historian of that association could only venture to express with a kind of reserve his opinion; that the researches of his colleagues might one day not prove so very useless as they were at that time considered by a thoughtless people. We may now however hold less timid language or rather we may consider it superfluous to state our claims so universally allowed. General interest has been inspired by the success which has attended the study of nature; its resources, and its laws, and the public has formed more extensive ideas of the power and utility of the sciences. If they have not created human society, they at least arose and advanced along with it, and produced at different times its enjoyments and its revolutions; evincing in the clearest manner by what they have effected what it is possible for them to accomplish. Thrown feeble and naked upon the surface of the globe, man seemed created for inevitable and speedy destruction; diseases assailed him on every side; remedies for a time remained concealed; but he had been endowed by his beneficent creator with a genius for their discovery. The earliest savages gathered in the forests some nourishing fruits, some salutary roots, and thus supplied their most pressing wants: the first shepherds perceived that the stars had a regulated course, and they availed themselves of this discovery, in order to direct them in traversing the plains of the Asiatic desert: thus originated the mathematical and physical sciences.

No sooner was human genius aware that one part of nature could be arrayed in his defence against other hostile elements, than he became a stranger to repose, and watching closely the enemy, he achieved new conquests, each productive of some amelioration in the condition of mankind.—Now began the uninterrupted succession of contemplative minds, faithful depositories of the knowledge acquired constantly occupied in combining its different parts, and in verifying one doctrine by comparing it with another; those minds who have conducted us in less than Forty centuries from the first rude essays of rustic observers to the profound calculations of Newton & LaPlace, and to the scientific arrangements of Linnæus & Jussieu. This precious inheritance of knowledge always encreasing, carried from Chaldea into Egypt, from Egypt into Greece,—lost during ages of misfortune and darkness, recovered at more auspicious epochs,—unequally extended among the nations of Europe, was every where attended by wealth and power. Those happy nations who obtained a large share became masters of the world, while those who ne-

glected it became feeble and obscure. It is, however, certain, that for a long time those who had the good fortune to discover some important truths, had not a competent view of the grand chain of connection between them all, nor of the inferences without number which may be drawn from each. It was not indeed to be supposed that those Phœnician sailors, who by a casual mixture of ingredients with fire saw the sands of the Beotian shore changed into glass, should immediately foresee that this new production might eventually be the means of prolonging the pleasures of sight to old men; that it would assist the astronomer in penetrating the immensities of space, and in numbering the stars of the milky way; that it would enable the naturalist to discover a little world as well peopled, as rich in wonders as that which alone previously appeared, offered to his senses and destined for his study; that, in a word, its most simple and immediate employment would one day enable inhabitants of the Baltic coast to erect palaces more magnificent than those of Tyre and Memphis, and to cultivate almost under the eternal ice of the polar circle, the most delicious fruits of the torrid zone.

When a harmless monk in some retired corner of a German Convent first ignited a mixture of sulphur and saltpetre, who could have told him all that would result from his experiment? that it would change the art of war, divide personal courage from superiority of physical force, reestablish in the West the authority of kings, preclude the possibility of civilised nations being overrun and plundered by barbarians, and become one of the great causes of the cultivation of science by constraining nations ambitious of conquest to acquire knowledge instead of continuing the destroyers of learning: such nevertheless were the destined effects of one of the simplest chymical compositions. Those consequences now meet the eyes of all beholders; but they would have escaped the most piercing sight in their beginnings when each observer limited his view to the path which casually lay before him:—it was almost unconsciously that the first observers became the benefactors of their fellow creatures. The principal, the immense advantage of the actual progress of the sciences consists in the cessation of such solitary unconnected investigations. The different paths have now met, the travellers have invented for themselves a common language, their particular doctrines, extending gradually, touch each other, and affording mutual support, they advance on a grand line of march embracing universal existence. Elevated thus above all, science, all surveys; she rules the arts, regulates industry, serves and protects man in every situation and closely intertwines and mingles with all the relations of human society. Even before the heights of generalisation had been attained, it was not difficult to perceive that scientific observations apparently humble and indifferent might notwithstanding give rise to changes equally important and surprising in the customs, the commerce and the fortune of nations. A Botanist whose name has hardly been ascertained brought Tobacco from the New World into Europe, about the period of the civil wars of the league in France. At present, that plant produces to France alone a branch of revenue worth Fifty Millions of livres: other European nations draw from it similar advantages; and in the remotest corners of Turkey and Persia it has become an im-

portant object of Agriculture and Trade. Another Botanist during the Regency of Orleans sent over to Martinique a Coffee plant, that Arabian shrub which only became known in Europe in the early years of the reign of Louis 14th. That single plant produced all the Coffee trees now existing in our Islands and enriching the Colonists. The use of coffee has become common and has had more effect than all the eloquence of moralists in destroying the abuse of wine among the higher classes of society. What thinking man would venture to assert that our botanical gardens may not still contain some herb now despised but destined to produce both in our morals and in our political economy, revolutions equally great? And what distinguishes all such revolutions effected by science is that they are happy; they make head against other revolutions and we are thus presented with the opposing principles of Good and Evil, the war of Orosmales against Arimanes.

When a fatal carelessness destroyed our forests, science improved our chimnies and taught us to economise fuel; when national jealousies and wars deprived us of foreign products; Chemistry found substitutes in the fruits of our own soil. The nations of Europe, for twenty years, have not ceased to labour in the waste and destruction of human subsistence. How many famines would not the devastations witnessed by us have produced in former times? Botany had provided against such calamities. Traversing seas and continents, Botany obtained from abroad some nourishing plants, the domestic cultivation of which each year of scarcity gave occasion to recommend and the existence of famine has in our days become impossible. But farther, when we observe that happy inventions take place at the very moment when human distress requires them, we are inclined to hope that Providence has still in reserve some beneficent discoveries of Science to counterbalance the destructive inventions of ambition.

Innoculation for the small pox became generally known and practised soon after the establishment of large standing armies; and when we suffered under the still more fatal scourge of the conscription, the unexpected and wonderful effects of vaccination came for our consolation, to allay our fears for the waste of human life. And with pleasure we repeat it, so great, so numerous benefits have been held in adequate esteem by an enlightened public; they have been ushered forth and proclaimed with *éclat*; and, in this respect, the sciences and their votaries have great reason to be satisfied.

But our contemporaries, who have thus done justice to science, do not all equally form correct ideas of the causes of their progress, nor of the most proper means for their encouragement. Some persons, unacquainted with the true state of the question, and confounding the exigencies of different periods of scientific progress, imagine that we might still confine ourselves to the study of such parts only of science as are of immediate utility; others, seeing nothing in the sublimity of theoretical science but unproductive employment of the mind, are afraid that by checking the imagination they would cramp the play of the intellectual powers, and they therefore desire to confine those theories and science in general to the study of men whose profession renders such mental exertion of direct necessity.

It would be easy to prove by an enumeration of facts, that if science

at first were somewhat indebted to chance, and if ordinary men have occasionally hitherto been the cause of some useful advances, it will for the future only be through the meditations of superior minds, that science will be enabled to dispense new benefits. All the great discoveries of practical utility during later times, have precisely this character, being drawn from the rigid generalization which now takes place in scientific investigations; and those deep researches, those difficulties which haughty spirits disdain as useless, are precisely what has, from time to time, produced the most surprising utility. It requires only plain reasoning to account for what is thus proved by actual experience.

Men early acquired that knowledge which superficial observation and easy experiments could procure: hence resulted the common arts; but in that first review of the resources of Nature, those were necessarily neglected, of which the product could only become valuable by extensive use and application, or those which were attended with difficulties insurmountable by the feeble efforts of infant science. The profound conceptions of master minds alone were therefore requisite to open new routes; but every step taken by them displayed a wider horizon. Every new use of one thing calls forth and multiplies the uses of many other things, and every new property discovered, helps to surmount the obstacles which prevented the employment of many other properties: we have here a progression increasing to infinitude; in which the subsequent terms are always multiples of the precedent, and in which the chances that succeeding terms shall quickly appear, increase proportionally to the terms already discovered.

Hence it is that science, and industry the fruit of science, are distinguished among all the progeny of human genius, by this peculiar privilege, that their flight is not only uninterrupted, but even is incessantly increasing in rapidity. The peculiar nature of the human heart, confining always its play within the narrow circle of the same sentiments and passions, surrounds the art of governing or delighting mankind with insurmountable limits; but science with eagle eye, sees farther and higher day by day; the field of visible and exterior nature which is the destined empire of science, extends before her piercing sight in proportion as her power advances; and in this endless extent, she can perceive no limits to her success or expectations.

Examples to illustrate those reasonings present themselves without number to every one acquainted with the history of modern discoveries. Compelled to choose amidst the numerous efforts of genius, I prefer those which can be most easily and briefly presented; but though I cannot hold them all forth to public gratitude, they will all be virtually comprehended in what I shall bring forward, it being less my intention to exalt any particular discovery, than to display the spirit which inspired them all.

We shall begin with that transcendent Geometry, the height of whose abstractions seems to withdraw the student from all that is terrestrial and practical in the arts.

The motion of the stars, in the earliest ages, served imperfectly to direct the course of navigators; at a period less remote, the mariner's compass enabled them without risk to lose sight of the sea-coast; but,

at the present day, the sailor pursues his way upon the ocean with as much safety as if Engineers had traced his route. Astronomical tables teach him at any time on what point of the globe he may then be; and this is done so well that he can never be led into a mistake equal to the range of unassisted vision. These advances are illustrated by the facts that the ancients could not believe that the fleet of Pharaoh Necho circumnavigated Africa; while Russia now, in sending squadrons from one of her ports to another, makes the tour of three quarters of the globe, without exciting surprise or even remark. The English possess a flourishing Colony in the antipodes of Europe, and they reach it with far more ease than the Phœnicians reached Carthage or Cadiz. The first colonists have lately passed a chain of mountains which had concealed from their view countries of immense extent and prodigious fertility. After some generations, these countries will be overspread with a population of European origin, observing and studying nature, reverencing its author and practising the laws of civilised society. But the possibility of those achievements is owing to the advancement and precision of astronomy; and this precision has arisen from the calculations of our Geometricians. Neither Cook, Bougainville nor Vancouver could have braved the polar ice or the rocks of the Indian Ocean, and civilised men would not now inhabit New Holland, if Euler, La Grange and Laplace had not, in the retirement of their closets, resolved some very abstruse problems of integral calculation;—if Meyer, Delambre, Burkardt and Burg had not, with admirable patience, produced that long series of numbers which, in our days, appear to command the heavens.

Physical science followed Geometry at some distance; but, in proportion as it approached, it generated a greater number of applications of its results to common and popular use.

If Rumford has diminished by one half the expense of the arts requiring fire, if he has succeeded in feeding a poor man for one penny each meal, he has done so, by means of a refined study of those laws which regulate the communication of heat. If filtration by charcoal now suffices every where to ascertain the salubrity of water, that result is owing to a minute investigation by Dutch Chemists of the laws of absorption of gaseous substances:—If Paris was not decimated in 1814, by the pestilential fever which war had conveyed to its hospitals, it was because Sceehle the celebrated Swede had, thirty years before, discovered an acid which first keeps contagion a close prisoner and at last entirely destroys it.

But there is nothing to be compared to the wonders of the Steam Engine. Since the profound and mathematical theory of the action of heat has rendered the Steam Engine, under the improving direction of Watt, the greatest and at the same time, the most regulated moving power, there is nothing which it seems unfit to perform; it exhibits a sort of combined Geometry and Mechanics endued as it were with life and animation. It spins, it weaves, in a more uniform manner than any workman, because not liable to inattention or fatigue. Three strokes of that machine suffice to make a shoe; the first cylinder cuts out the upper leather and sole, the second makes the necessary holes, and the third drives into them and rivets small nails prepared for the

purpose, and thus completes the shoe. The same machine draws from the vat sheets of paper which if required, could be extended many leagues in length. It prints! What would be the wonder and surprise of Gutemberg, the happy inventor of moveable types, if he were to see issuing by thousands, in a single night, from between two cylinders, with hardly any interruption of movement or aid of human hands, those large newspapers which afterwards fly in every direction even to the depths of the American forests, conveying the lights of science and the lessons of moral experience? A Steam Engine placed in a waggon whose wheels catch into an iron rail-way drags along a series of other waggons; the waggons are loaded, the steam is applied; and they all move rapidly on to the point of discharge, at the end of the rail-way. The traveller who at some distance sees them thus traversing the country can hardly believe his own eyes. But what can be more surprising, and whence may one day arise more fertile consequences than the object which we lately witnessed? A vessel has passed the ocean without sails, without oars, without sailors, properly so called. A few men to feed the furnace and manage the helm are all the necessary crew. It is impelled by an inward force, like an animated being, like a sea-bird, floating on the waves. We must all perceive how much this application of the power of steam will simplify and facilitate the navigation of our rivers and how much strength agriculture will acquire by the return of thousands of men and horses from the labour of internal navigation to those of the field. But one probable consequence appears at a distance, which would be more important than any other, namely the change which would result from it with respect to maritime wars and to the power of nations. It is extremely probable that we shall here find one of those experiments which change the face of human affairs.

The existence of saccharine matter in any other vegetables except the sugar cane was also in appearance a discovery merely theoretical; and the Discoverer Margraf was far from expecting that it would one day sap the foundations of colonial monopoly and take away every pretext in favor of the odious slave-trade. Such however is the result expected to take place in a few years. The manufacture of sugar from indigenous sources was derided because it appeared to be entirely dependent for success upon the continuance of a course of justly invidious policy. The manufacturers suffered scorn with patience; but taking aid and direction from the lights of science, they highly improved their process; they sold much of their sugar without informing us of its origin and without our suspecting it.

If it be a fact, as it is indeed probable, that profit must be realised whenever the same local establishment embraces the culture of the materials and the manufacture of the article, this new branch of industry will soon annually raise products amounting to fifty millions of livres—will furnish winter employment to forty thousand persons—and the mere refuse of the materials will serve to fatten a hundred thousand oxen—and all this will take place without diminishing in the least the previous products of our soil. And, wonderful to relate! such immense augmentation of wealth, such great changes expected in commerce, navigation, and national intercourse, will all be derived from the casual

experiment, fifty years since, of a Berlin Chemist, who applied alcohol to the analysis of the juice of the beet-root.

But that discovery, which may one day become so fertile of consequences, is only an extraordinary problem, belonging to a doctrine far more elevated and already become more productive: I allude to the theory of the Elementary composition of Organic Substances, and to the facility of their chemical analysis and metamorphosis, as developed more particularly by Lavoisier.

As the first principles of organized bodies are at the same time little different from each other, and yet identified by nature in every distinct species in which they are found, whenever one of those species may be wanting, another may supply its place by a slight modification; and, if requisite, the very principle that is wanting may be produced by selecting the elements of some other principle, and altering the proportions of each to suit our purpose. By this new species of magic, the chemist need only desire. All things may be interchanged and subjected to mutual derivation.

Vinegar is extracted from wood, spermaceæ is obtained from horse-flesh, soup from fish, ammoniac from cloth shearings, sorrel salt from sugar, sugar itself from starch: an artificial horn is extracted from old bones which is perfectly ductile and pliant and reducible to a paper fit for drawing and transparent as glass: a little sulphuric acid deprives the most impure and foetid oil of its odour making it at the same time white and clear as water. It is now many years since Argand's lamp (ingeniously contrived to increase flame and consume smoke by admitting a current of air through a circular wick) has lighted the humblest dwellings at one tenth of the former expense. But Chemistry perceiving that something better could be done, now extends from coal, inflammable air and lights shops manufactories, whole houses and streets with what used to serve for fuel alone. The cellar of a house contains a reservoir and each room by turning a cock is supplied with light as it might be with water. This, like many others, is a French invention neglected by us, adopted by foreigners. If the streets of London are not as yet all lighted with gas, that circumstance arises from a fear of hurting the navigation and fisheries by reducing the price of whale oil.

I ought to be permitted to talk of numerical figures, to the Academy of Sciences: they are as it were, part of our peculiar language. Let us then compute the gains of France within the past twenty years from the practical inventions derived from the discoveries of Berthollet, Chaptal, Vauquelin, Thenard, &c. in mineral chemistry alone, which is a rather limited branch of physical science: the extraction of soda, the manufacture of Alum, Sal-ammoniac, Oxydes of Lead, Mineral acids; all which articles we previously imported from foreign countries; the refining of Iron; its manufacture into steel by the process called cementation; and lastly, the developement of those arts which give employment to those raw materials. This enumeration of inventions makes it clear that we must reckon our gains at hundreds of millions.

Taking this for granted, it is worthy of remark, that none of those treasures and enjoyments, none of the inventions which have obtained them for us, could have existed without science: they are but easy applications of certain truths of a superior order, of truths which were

not sought after with any practical intention, which their authors pursued for their own sakes, being merely stimulated by the arduous peculiar to lovers of knowledge. Those who reduce those truths to practice, would never have discovered their theoretical principles; and those, on the other hand, who discovered those theoretical principles, never could have descended to the cares and exertions necessary to render them practically useful. Totally absorbed in those higher regions to which their meditations transport them, they hardly perceive that impulse to improvement, and those new establishments promulgated to the world. These manufactories which are now erecting, these colonies, advancing in population, these vessels plowing the waves, this abundance, this luxury, this commercial bustle and noise, all descend from those superior minds, and all are neglected by them. No sooner has one of their doctrines been reduced to practice than it vanishes from their view: it belongs to the common mass of mankind.

To prevent this fountain of knowledge from drying up; to cause the sublime language of meditation to be always heard, the munificence of our Kings invited science into their palaces, and conferred on her votaries favours which are certainly honorable, but nevertheless inferior to those which fortune, the fickle Goddess, would hardly refuse to confer upon labours so persevering, in the ordinary pursuits of life.

If, in appreciating too much the peculiar honors and enjoyments attending philosophy, it may have been considered that other rewards, whether honorary or pecuniary, were superfluous, it will be at least admitted, that, on the part of the government, there has been no unproductive employment of the revenue; and the most loyal subjects will be inclined to pray that financial speculations may succeed, as well for the public good, as the moderate appropriations made in favour of science have already done. This branch of expenditure, instead of being burthensome to the owners of land or of other property, has been the means of doubling their income, within the fifty years last past, either by giving life to new arts and manufactures, which required immense supplies of raw materials or by distributing throughout the departments of France, such a variety of cultivation and rotation of crops as caused every soil to receive those seeds and culture which best suited it, and prevented bad weather from damaging every kind of crop during the same season. The disuse of fallow, or leaving arable land at rest, which is not yet general, has nevertheless added ten thousand square leagues (or a large province) to the cultivated soil of France; and this acquisition is owing to men of science, who ascertained that land, no longer productive by one seed or plant, could be made productive by others; and that a rotation of crops, regulated by a particular knowledge of the mode in which different seeds and plants are nourished, is eminently useful, in every soil and in every climate. Let it be remarked that this improvement was not discovered by agriculturalists, but by Botanists.

The poor peasants of the barren department of the Landes in France, had witnessed for ages, the encroachments of the sands of the Gulf of Gascony upon the interior of the country, which buried their houses and churches, and, by driving back the marshes, drowned their crops: all this they saw, nor deemed its prevention possible. Daubenton and Bremonnier found means to arrest the invader's progress; and,

wherever due attention has been paid to the directions of these naturalists, the proud waves of the desert have been stayed. Hundreds of square leagues of arable land may be recovered from these sands, which seemed once destined to be for ever the sport of the idle winds.

It is probable that those of our fellow subjects who pay the land tax, instead of having cause of complaint would be, at this moment, happier and richer, if in such bloodless conquests there had been employed one ten-thousandth part of what was wrung from them in order to lay waste one half of Europe; and to make us objects of detestation in that quarter of the world. In fact, the appropriations to scientific improvement, however inadequate, point out the means that enabled property and industry to support so many restrictions and extortions. The more that land and labour were oppressed by the government of the military usurper, the more did science redouble her efforts for their support. Indeed, so long as we shall experience no diminution of the impulse which science has received, we shall have no reason to despair of the fortune of the State. A small share of mental tranquility to some, enabling them to meditate and discover; the same advantage to others, to enable them to learn and practise, are only requisite to achieve new wonders, and to prove that science can do much to relieve our distresses. But Science unfortunately cannot secure one means of advancement. She pursues the path of the Comet through its excentric orbit; but the human heart escapes her grasp; she scorns the tempests of the stormy ocean, but she possesses no specific to cure the restlessness of ambitious man.

It would be nevertheless erroneous to believe that Science takes no interest in the tranquility of nations.

Between that universal opposition of poor and rich, the jealousies of individuals, the principal cause of civil commotions, that jealousy of different nations, the almost sole source of their wars, Science and Industry, the fruit of Science, are the natural mediators. They reduce nations to a sort of equality in physical advantages, by surmounting the obstacles of climate; they approximate individual fortunes, by rendering enjoyments more easy of attainment; they form, in short, the only effectual agrarian Law, because it is the only division of the land or rather of its produce which accords with national justice, and which has this peculiar advantage, that those whom it tends virtually to place, in many respects, on a footing of equality with their fellow-citizens, enjoy an ample share of real happiness, in accelerating its execution.

In this point of view, how interesting a picture could an eloquent Writer retrace of the influence of Science upon Civilization!

Returning to remote ages, or transporting himself into barbarous Countries, he would show to us man, in the pretended natural state, playing the tyrant in his own family; treating his fellow-creatures as cruelly as the beasts of the forest. The first and superficial observations of physical knowledge gradually soften the ferocious savage, by inspiring him with the idea that some benefit might be obtained by the labours of his conquered enemy. The slave, in his turn, seeks in observation relief from chagrin; and he very soon is capable of imitating his master, when taught to admire the works of the Creator and the dis-

coveries of genius. Force, that primitive ruler of uncivilized nations, voluntarily disarms, when Science, developing the Arts, makes the conventional tribute of peaceful industry, more valuable than Turkish plunder. Property is freed from feudal chains; the industrious classes rise in society; able monarchs employ them, to overturn feudal anarchy; the legitimate magistracy, which gives supremacy to the eternal laws of justice, compels all ranks to reasonable submission. At this epoch the fortune of individual families is proportioned to the share which each may contribute to the general benefit: thus a criterion of utility and respect will be established; the most extensively useful and benevolent man will be most respected, and human society will eventually acquire that stability, to which each step in its progress has hitherto tended.

Transporting, and unerring prospect! happy era! which the errors of Governments, the imprudence of nations may certainly protract but not prevent; when Science, Industry and Wealth, having nothing to do except to assist each other, and to promote their mutual increase, will advance mankind to the summit of human happiness ordained on this earth. If Science and Industry are ever to be worshiped, it is certainly on this memorable day; when a Prince, whose acquirements render his approbation more precious than his benefactions, consecrates, by the seal of his authority, the engagements, recently contracted, by all the branches of human knowledge; when, by permitting us to join to a name which had not been borne without glory, names which a century of scientific labours had enobled, he also engages to protect with his royal sceptre, the great, the sublime, the beautiful achievements of every age.

On our part likewise, we had to enter into new engagements. Those engagements are comprehended in the preceding reflections; and Science solicits you merely to anticipate the extent of duty which she has now voluntarily assumed, in the period of patronage and peace, by the services which she performed in the school of adversity.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

What is there sad'ning in the Autumn leaves?
 Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"
 That the sweet poet spake of? Had he seen
 Our variegated woods, when first the frost
 Turns into beauty all October's charms,
 When the dread fever quits us, when the storm
 Of the wild Enquinox, with all its wet,
 Have left the land as the first deluge left it
 With a bright bow of many colors, hung
 Upon the forest tops, he had not sigh'd,
 The moon stays longest for the Hunter now
 The trees cast down their fruitage; and the blithe
 And busy squirrel hoards his winter store,
 And man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
 The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
 Magnificently all the forest pride,
 Or whispers through the evergreen, and asks
 What is there sad'ning in the Autumn leaves?

ON SONGS.

NO. II.

La Poésie est une possession momentanée de tout ce que notre âme souhaite.

O'er that Art which, Men say, adds to Nature
Is an Art that Nature made.

Yet spare the workmanship—in the perusal
There's something pleads for mercy.

OLD PLAYS.

I look upon a *Song Book* as the sentimental History of a Nation—as the record of its virtues, and the annals of its glory. It contains only the bright, the tender, and the generous feelings of Man, expressed in language which requires no comment. It is the *common-sense* of the *Heart*, and the reason of the *Imagination*; it forms the practical *duty* of the *Fancy*, and is the code of social feeling in peace and war. It should be found in the cabinet of the Monarch, as well as in the Shepherd's cottage—it should be seen near the Ready Reckoner of the Citizen, and add its weight to the Knapsack of the Soldier—its pages would add more Beauty to the lips of a Princess than all the arts of her toilet, and the “bleak girl upon the mountain top” may learn in it the dignity of Love. Age will read in it the story of its youth,—and the passions of youth will receive from it a soft and tender force, in remembering that these are “the songs of other years.”

I do not wish to oppose, in behalf of mere antiquity, those composers who following the genius of the early votaries of truth and nature, seek to combine their elements in order that the limited return of the former may not pall upon our ears and hearts. I would recognize these as I would the singer who adorns the *Airs of Antiquity* with the graces of Art. But this, if carried beyond Truth, offends. Simplicity and Melody alone, constitute Music, and that Music is the gift of Nature. It is on this foundation the greatest genius must work—his quiver must be dipped in this pure source before he can hope to pierce the heart. This is the soul that must animate his labours, and however he may ornament or expand it over complicated passages, this is the life that must actuate all. Even in those passages where learning, harmony, and modulation seem the charm—we deceive ourselves—it is Melody that lurks through the varied scene.

I am happy to give a date to this imperfect Essay by alluding to our late visitor, Mr. Keene, whose beautiful and simple performance of some of our celebrated *Ancient and Modern Songs* I shall remember with delight. I will leave it to others to dwell on the grace and life of his Love Songs, and the force and ardor of his dramatic powers—it satisfies me to record his “*Will Walsh*,” whose Tale he told with all the varied effect of Truth—in which his voice at times assumed all the deceitful repose of the billows, whose dashing roar we heard, in the close, resounding near the grave of the “*Bold Smuggler*.” With such performers we may entrust the relics of the past, nor would I wish to see the “*Crooskeen Lawn*” of his Ancestors in better hands.

A *Song Book* forms a whole Nation into a *Musical Club*, where

every man sings his own song. Here the Soldier "tired of wars alarms" tells what a "glorious thing's a Battle," and the Cocker accuses Cupid of shooting him "quite over the way." Here Ben Black overhauls all his soft recollections:—

The broken gold—the braided hair!

The tender motto writ so fair,

Upon his bacco box he views

(Nancy the Poet—Love, the Muse)

If you love I as I loves you

No pair so happy as we two.

A Toby Fillpot, "that thirsty old soul," sets in his wicker chair, and "laughs, drinks and smokes, and leaves nothing to pay." Here Strophon magnifies a fly on Chloe's cheek into a "dragon", and some Watty Cockney finds nature and simplicity in "sweet Nan of Hampton Green." Here Squire Neck-or-Nothing welcomes to Bachelor's Hall, and the Jolly Toper tells that life's a voyage, and discovers those

Bright worlds that fair infancy lie

To him that's half seas over.

But here too is the sad, the tender, and the true.—Here the voice of manly grief, or the accents of Beauty, record those who are

Valiant perhaps to be forgot,

Of undistinguished doomed to fall.

Here Constasy finds support in the language of the Poet, when he describes "the secret sorrow" that shall "never be imparted," here the humble Rustic boasts of his race from whom he inherits "a good name," and which he only desires to bequeath without a blot. Here the Moralist with Horatian beauty quotes Plato against "men being vain," and the boldest Horseman in the Hunt lowers his voice as he narrates the fate of the "High mettled Racer."

"Feeling and Enthusiasm," says Madame De Staël "are the incense of Earth to Heaven," and to be so, it must be universal. In proof of this it is justly observed, that—"Les gens du peuple sont beaucoup plus près d'être poètes, que les hommes de bonne compagnie." Hence it is that songs, in obscure ages, are lost in uncertainty, and their authors unknown; and even in civilized and refined ages, the best are generally the work of the uneducated. Dr. Leyden has beautifully alluded to the vague tradition of a Foreign prisoner, amongst the Scotch, being the author of some of their old songs:

His are the strains whose wandering echoes thrill,

The shepherd lingering on the twilight hill;

He nameless as the race from whence he sprung,

Saved other names, and left his own unsung;

And none was found above the Minstrel's tomb

Emblem of Peace to bid the daisy bloom.

I will more particularly dwell on this peculiarity afterwards, because I would hope to assist in diminishing the admiration which has been so unhappily given to the writings of Moore and his imitators—an admi-

ration which has extended not merely to those "whom the Card invites to crowds," but to those, whom the beauties of Ancient Music have blinded to the "foul spirit" (if I may borrow the language of an accomplished American Divine, Buckminster) that has been seen wandering in the very groves of the Lyceum and the Muse. To me the *Wine of Moore* has always tasted as made from some pestilent vintage—I have heard in his love, only the hiss of the Serpent—the "friend of his soul" I have discovered to be the Man, who would buy his vile publications, and I have collected his Politicks and Patriotism from his shameless ingratitude to his Sovereign—his rude and worthless attacks on other Nations, and his unextinguishable fealty and admiration for the just, equitable, and peaceful reign of Brian, the last King of Leinster, in the year 1189. I would deny his genius taking him on his own ground—even (to borrow the expression of our good Song-writer, G. A. Stevens) as a "Demon of Rank"—his wickedness wants the consistency, the firmness, the unity of a Rochester or a Sedley. These men wrote for men like themselves, but Moore would contaminate the simple, the young, and the weak-minded. He pilfers, and ransacks books—he even tortures the gravest authors—the very fathers of the Church, for ideas on which he may sound his vile paraphrases and ridicule. But I have done with him, at present.

To write a Song requires what the greatest (and with all errors the most beneficial) female writer, has called, a *literary conscience*, it requires simplicity, with "hermit-heart." It must paint the human affections not with the gaudy colouring of the Painter, but with the divine skill of the Sculptor. The ideas and sentiments of Songs must be such as all do, or may feel—they must be precise and limited, yet indefinite. Dr. Johnson well observes of Milton's Songs, in *Comus*, that although they contain invitations to Pleasure, they excite no distinct images, and take no injurious hold of the Fancy. This remark of the last Critick of England, may be extended from its Moral to its Literary influence; because by this indefinable manner of raising our feelings, without giving them a positive object, Pœtry becomes the competitor of Music, as each individual associates with it his own most interesting thoughts, hopes, and remembrances.

The neglect of these principles is the cause why Music and Song are no longer the friends of Man:

No more in hall or bower,
The passions own their power,
Nor Olive more nor Vine,
Shall gain their feet to bless the servile squire.

I think this subject entitled to attention, involving as it does the most extended branch of popular Literature; and that it would deserve some abler attempt to defend it from the invasion of envious guilt, and heartless vanity. It would be accomplishing no little good to establish in this humble department of Genius, that the praise of even the thoughtless, the gay and the convivial, can alone be lastingly secured by a regard to what is just and fair, and that the Temple of Fame is on every side closed against base and mean minds. Nor can I but anticipate some farther approbation in showing, that there is wider range

of enjoyment assigned to Innocence—a greater kingdom to her votaries, than to those of Error. No fear attends her path—she wanders through all the beauties and sublimities of Nature—“her footstool is Earth”—but “her canopy is the skies.” She visits alike the castle and the hovel—she is gayest in the Hall, and sings sweetest in the Hamlet. Courts wear her aspect when she smiles, and the village green strews flowers before her. She is the favorite in the Camp—the umpire on the Deck. She is the companion of those who toil—the gentle attendant of the most unwearied idler. Her arguments are sure—her eloquence matchless—her wit unerring. Without her, Wisdom is worthless, mirth mockery, and the fairest Maiden of the village ungraceful in the dance.

One might have hoped these sentiments which have withstood the changes of ages, the sloth of peace and the agitations of war—that this “*bien-etre du cœur*,” might have been preserved for its intrinsic charms, if not for the virtues which attend it. But improvement is the power destined to undermine the character of the world, and the insidious influence is already felt in the perversion of what nothing could destroy. We are every day becoming more genteel and more dull—more accomplished and more stupid—and the complete triumph of Ignorance, under the mask of Refinement, is a proximity which may be calculated on, with as much pleasure as the laws of Fashion permit her to feel.

Since Truth has left the Shepherd's tongue,

Adieu the Pipe and rural lay;

Adieu the dance at closing day!

And ah! the happy morn of May!

Who can estimate those thoughts, those joys that survive the flight of time—which unite the hearts of men, and perpetuate the feelings of society, and join generations in bonds of sympathy? which the solitary wanderer and the Exile recall to mitigate their toils and sorrows, and which check the unfeeling folly of the gay and thoughtless, while they dance along? Who can tell how much of what is good and amiable in society may depend on them? The Songs of a nation are at once the effect and the preservation of these—they become War songs in danger, and in peace they are chorus of every happy meeting—their truths electrify the sage, and their lines become the mottos of the heart—and what perhaps constitutes their highest charm, here all distinctions of rank are forgotten, and the Prince and the Shepherd—the courtly Fair and the rustic Damsel, are equally ambitious of expressing and certifying the sentiments they contain, as the language of our common nature. These are the visions which surround the ship-boy, on the “high and giddy mast,” and the sentinel, leaning on his arms, shortens his dreary watch in singing:

Allez, volez, zephyrs joyeux,

Portez mes chants dans ma Patrie;

Dites que je veille en ces lieux,

Pour la GLOIRE, et pour MON AMI.

While these enquiries will lead us to cherish the love of our native land, it will also enlarge our sympathies and benevolence of mind to

wards other countries, by habituating ourselves to those similar pleasures which strengthen and adorn their characteristic national feelings. Let us take a kingdom, perhaps unknown to us, and let us hear one of those songs inspired by the genius of their land—what man who ever felt the power of his own, would remain unmoved:

To Norway's land and Norway's weal, Who never worshipp'd at their shrine,
The goblet dry we'll drain— Would shame the warrior's arms.

What tho' the hearts its fire that feel,
Shall freeze on yonder plain: Let Fate unnerve the hero's arms,

And veil the Lover's eye,
Fill it again with generous wine, To Norway's hills—the giant's land,

To love and friendship's charms; We'll drain the Goblet dry!

These feelings become stronger for nations whose manners and history are more familiar to us; even although they may have been our enemies and rivals, if the sentiments expressed are founded on the records of their ancient glory and faithful loyalty. For it is worthy of remark, that as the Poet boasts the power of giving perpetuity to virtue and glory, so it is alone from what has received the sanction of time, that the higher efforts of his Muse are derived. During the rebellion and the usurpation of Cromwell in England—and from the period of the French revolution, and the reign of Napoleon, genius in those nations was dumb:

Sad stood the Bard amidst his country's tears,
And sigh'd regardless of the wreath he wears.

But with the triumph of justice and order; the muse returned; and perhaps in the latter country, the restoration was never so beautifully displayed as in those popular songs, which burst forth on that occasion, and in those tears of joy and regret which were shed at the name of Bourbon—happy if that unfortunate race had been taught by the errors of their ancestors. Amongst the Songs which recorded that event, one I remember particularly attracted the people; it was sung to the air of *Henri Quatre*, and won attention by that simplicity which I have endeavoured to show is the charm of the subject on which I write:

Heureuse France,	CHARLES ANGOULEME,
Tes vœux sont accomplis!	Et vous brave BERNI,
Il recommence	En vous l'on aime
Le doux regne de Lis;	Les enfans d'HENRI;
De la Patrie	C'est que la France.
Joyeux enfans chantons,	Voit sur vos nobles fronts,
Vive Louis!	L'honneur, la vaillance,
Vivent tous les Bourbons!	La bonté des Bourbons.

L'auguste race	De la Couronne
De tant d'illustres Rois;	De fils de St. Louis,
Reprend sa place	L'éclat royonne
Et recouvre ses droits;	A nos yeux r-jouis;
Gloire immortelle	Amour, succès,
A tous ses rejets,	Piété, bonne-foi,
Toujours pleins de zèle,	Y brillent sans cesse,
Nos cœurs sont aux Bourbons.	François vive le Roi!

In those of our country I have already feebly alluded to their effects on society—particularly of those which more immediately designate our united nations. To these succeed that class of songs which record the deeds of our “favorite Sons.” I know not how to express that peculiar interest which the defenders of our Wooden Walls excite in every British mind; those who can go “blindfold to the main-top bowling;” but it is impossible not to feel that we are indebted to the Muse Polyhymnia for that general power, which enables us to follow them to those scenes of terror:

Where hope expires, and peril and dismay,
Wave their black ensigns o'er the watery way.

These teach us to consider them as long absent friends, yet with all the tenderness due to strangers; and that a double kindness arises from such an union. Besides the sailor, is no common stranger. He is a man without a home—to whom the world in its extent is a stage—who, although he lives but for his country, and asks but its momentary smiles and tears, has lost all material connection with it, its climate, its sky, its landscape—whose nerves and mind are insensible to change, and who has derived constancy from variety; to whom storm and sunshine are alike; whose day is toil, and whose rest is within an inch of death; who, although he traverses the globe, is pent up in darkness—a voluntary prisoner—an exile from that world which he would alone seem to know. Is it to be wondered that he should interest all hearts, who, careless of himself seems to redeem our nature from the charge of selfishness—who brings back from years of war and tempest the youthful gaiety with which he first jumped on the deck, the field of his future Life, Glory or Death—who, untaught in the imposture and masquerade of the World, meets all men with the ease and rapidity of Truth—whose vocabulary has but one meaning, and that meaning more fixed than if the French Academy had held an inquest on it? Is it to be wondered if a Desdemona should love him for the dangers he has passed, or that all hearts at his name expand:

“Like Palace Gates, to meet some glorious Guest.”

A.

Alas! that clouds should ever steal
O'er Love's delicious sky;
That ever Love's sweet lip should feel
Aught but the gentlest sigh.

Love is a pearl of purest hue;
But stormy waves are round it;
And dearly may a woman rue
The hour that first she found it.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step" was the remark of a great man, and like other anxious we find its truth in applying it to many objects. Poetry will furnish a strong illustration of this principle particularly in that department to which the following poem belongs.

As I have not room to enter into a formal examination in proof of what I shall assert, I must be content to state in few words, that the School of Poetry now known by the title of *German*, is equally founded on the feelings and principles of our Nature, as any other branch of those works of genius which are addressed to the heart and imagination. If the effects of extreme civilization are to weaken that mode of *Feeling* to which it belongs, this does not in any degree detract from its value, its beauty, or, will we add without mitigation, its *beneficial effects*. The vulgar attempt which has so long raged of *lamp-lighting the world* (if I may descend to a level with my antagonists, by the expression) and banishing all natural and moral terrors, is I trust upon the decline; and even the *Gas-Companies of Reasoners* are I think become silent. I will for one declare my approbation of this, and I feel peculiar pleasure in recalling to my assistance the observations of the most useful and patriotic citizen of our country, and age, *Sir J. Sinclair*. In alluding to the prejudices and superstitions of Scotland, and considering their influence, he openly and philosophically advocates their utility amongst the elements which exist in aid of human virtue and happiness. The several particulars if considered separately may appear trifling, but taken together they form no inconsiderable part of what, with only some slight variations, the Religion of the People will always be in every age and country; and indeed whatever the Religion be they profess, unless they are so flagitiously immoral or so grossly stupid, as to be incapable of feeling the restraints of any system, whether rational or superstitious. As these remarks were made in reference to a Nation which is admitted by all to be pre-eminent in education and information, I believe it might be unnecessary to offer any thing in explanation of them. I may, however, suggest, that by such superstitions, as Sir John alludes to, must be understood the natural delusions of the senses, joined to the foreboding or hopes which act on the affections of the heart—and to those fears, which agitate the conscience in crimes.

The effect of works belonging to this class, Madame de Staël remarks, "entirely depends on the state of the reader's mind." This idea appears applicable *par excellence* to our subject, but in reality, it means no more, than what is true by application, of all the productions of the mind. I cannot but subjoin that the feelings requisite to enjoy this kind of Poetry, are required in all the greater and complicated works, of every age and country. Greece had its Thessaly—to Rome, Egypt was the land of sorcery and terror—Europe in modern times, received from the East and the North, new additions to the wrecks of the former.

I will not weary the reader, nor detain him from the Poem itself, by

going over the dull and beaten tract of discussing the final causes of these pleasures attached to terror. It is enough for my purpose that they exist, both in fanciful and real circumstances. To know and desire new ideas is the essence of Mind, which acts for ever, and in all circumstances—even where such knowledge threatens our hopes—our happiness—our existence. "I come prepared," says the old man to *Edipus* "to tell you the most frightful secret." "And I," said *Edipus*, "am prepared to hear it."

I abstract from Madame de Staël the following observations regarding this poem of Leonora.

Superstition is united with Religion as the shadow is attached to its objects; it may be compared to that kind of enthusiastic credit and feeling which is given to History, beyond its mere detail. Of all the German writers Bürger has succeeded best in availing himself of the use of supernatural machinery in Poetry, and of all his efforts, his *Leonora* holds the first rank. It has never been translated into French—a language from its nature and use unfitted for such writings; but in the kindred language of Germany, the English, several translations have appeared. The story is this:

A young Woman, whose Lover is serving in the army—learns that Peace is proclaimed. The scattered troops return to their homes—mothers once more embrace their sons—sisters their brothers—wives their husbands. Nothing is heard but songs of joy and gladness, mixed with the now peaceful trumpets of returning battalions—in whose ranks, *Leonora* in vain seeks her Lover. None can tell his fate. Her heart sinks in despair—her reason is alienated—she rebels against that destiny which has blasted her felicity—she denies the existence of a Providence. As she pronounces the blasphemy, all the terrors and fears and forms of superstition seem to usurp the scene.

At midnight she hears a horseman stop at the gate—she hears the neighing of his charger, and the arms of the Rider clanking as he dismounts and enters. She descends in haste, as if by necessity—she beholds her Lover. He commands her to go with him—she obeys instinctively—springs on the steed behind her lover, and they start with fearfull rapidity. To her questions—her fears and her prayers, he only replies "The dead go quick."

They approach a Church, round which winter has spread all its cold and deadly glooms. He tells *Leonora* they are here to be united—but she only sees priests clothed in black walking in procession with a bier. Her Lover leads *Leonora* to the gate of the cymetry—his form changes by degrees into a skeleton; and, the earth opening, they descend, and it closes above them.

The verses of this extraordinary Poem express with wonderful power the various terrors of the Tale—the images—the sounds—the events. The rhymes—the syllables—the words—seem to conspire in augmenting the dreadful scene.

BURGER'S GERMAN BALLAD OF LEONORA.

[Translated for the Canadian Magazine.]

LEONORA wakes from frightful dreams,
Starts from her couch at dawn of day;
"Art thou untrue or dead?" she screams;
"Ah! William, whence this long delay?"
With valiant hosts, by Frederick led,
At Prague, he fought thy imperial foe;
No tidings came how he had sped—
This fill'd her anxious heart with woe.

The King and Empress, tired of arms,
At length made war and slaughter cease;
Their soften'd hearts, compassion warms;
And bids them give their people peace.
Their warlike bands in chorus join;
To music's sound, all homeward move;
Green boughs around their helmets twine,
And seek the objects of their love.

Now here, now there, and every where,
As joyful thus they march along;
Both young and old, in haste, repair,
To greet the brave with shouts and song.
Thank Heaven! the wives and children said,
Welcome! cried many a blooming bride;
But ah! Leonora! hapless maid!
Her fate love's balmy kiss denied.

She questions oft the passing host;
Thro' every rank, here eye-balls strain;
But all in vain! 'tis labour lost:
No news can she of William gain.
When the whole army pass'd away,
Leonora tore her raven hair;
On the bare ground convuls'd she lay,
A prey to comfortless despair.

Rous'd by her moan, her mother lies,
Exclaims "heav'n guard us from all harms";
"What ails thee? "darling child" she cries,
And clasps her in her aged arms.
"Ah! mother! mother! all is lost,
'Perish earth, skies and rolling sea;
'No mercy! Heav'n for me can boast;
'Woe, everlasting woe to me!

"O God! in mercy, hear her moan;
"O Child! thy Paternoster say;
"What'er God does, is rightly done;
"O God! in pity, hear us pray,"
"O mother, mother, all is vain;
"God has no favor shown to me;
"Ah! what, by prayers did e'er I gain?
"And now, no use in prayer I see."

"O God assist! who knows his word,
"Knows, he assists: his children dear;
"Approach the table of the Lord;
"His sacrament thy heart will cheer,"
"Ah! mother, mother! my despair,
"No sacrament can e'er relieve;
"No sacrament my loss repair;
"Nor life to murder'd William give."

"Hark child! mayhap, the fickle youth,
"To farthest Hungary retires;
"Abjure our faith, abandon truth,
"And weds some maid, he there admires."
"Then let him go, Leonora dear;
"He'll gain but little by the change;
"When soul and body sep'rate here,
"God will his broken vows avenge."

O mother, mother, all is gone,
"Lost, lost for ever now to me,
"Death, death alone is what I've won;
"Ah! why did I this world e'er see?"
"Out! Out! my light, in horror lost,
"Die! Die! in night enveloped be;
"No mercy Heaven for me can boast;
"Woe, everlasting woe to me."

"O God assist, nor judge austere
"Thy feeble, child, o'erwhelmed in woe;
"Avenge not thou, with doom severe,
"Wild ravings that from anguish flow.
"Ah child, forget thy earthly pain;
"Think of thy God, and heavenly bliss;
"Eternal joys thy soul may gain,
"Nor an immortal bridegroom miss."

O Mother! what is heaven to me?
"O Mother, Mother, what is hell?
"With him, it is in Heaven to be;
"And without William, all is hell."
"Out! out my light! in horrors lost;
"Die! Die! in night enveloped be;
"Without him, Heaven no joys can boast;
"Henceforth through all eternity!"

Thus did the Demon of despair
Rage thro' her veins, and fire her brain;
Nor could the wretched maid forbear
Gainst her Creator to exclaim:
Her breast she beat; her hands she wrung;
In frenzy, through the live-long day,
Till high in Heaven's wide concave hung,
The stars pursued their radiant way.

And hark! without, comes tramp, tramp,
tramp,

The tread of horse along the ground;
And, hark! again a louder stamp,
A horseman lights, with clanging sound;
And hark! the bell, with gentle pull,
Obeys his hand, and softly rings;
And, through the key-hole, clear and full,
The floating air these accents brings.

‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘At midnight hour we saddle horse;
‘From far Bohemia, I have come;
‘Twas late when I began my course,
‘And straight I wish to take thee home.’
‘The bleak wind whistles thro’ the thorn;
‘Ah! William, fly from night’s alarms;
‘Come, quick, my love, rest here till morn,
‘And warm thee in my longing arms.’

‘Let bleak winds whistle through the thorn;
‘Let bleak winds whistle, child, and blow;
‘My cole-black steed the ground gins spurn;
‘My keen spurs ring, and we must go.
‘Bind up thy robe, and lightly spring;
‘Behind me on my horse outright;
‘An hundred miles hence I must bring
‘Thee to thy bridal bed this night.

‘Ha! would’st thou still to distant bounds,
‘This night, bring me to bridal bed?’
‘Hark! soon once more the clock will sound
‘And mark the hour of midnight fled.’
‘Look all around! the moon shines clear;
‘We’ll swiftly ride, as ride the dead;
‘I will engage this night’s career
‘Shall bring thee to thy bridal bed.’

‘Tell me where is thy nuptial hall,
‘Where and how form’d thy bridal bed?’
‘Far, far from hence, calm, cool and small,
‘Six large, two small boards, closely laid.
‘Hast room for me?—for thee and me:
‘Bind up thy robe, and spring behind;
‘The bridal guests now wait for thee;
‘Our chamber open’d we shall find.

Now binds her robe the darling fair,
And lightly on the courser springs,
Clasps in her arms her cavalier,
And round his waist she fond clings.

‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

here?
‘Holla! holla! child open the door!
‘Sleep’st thou, my love, or dost thou wake?
‘Art thou still kind, as heretofore?’
‘Dost smile, or weep’st thou for my sake?
‘Ah! William, thou? so late at night!
‘Awake have I shed many a tear;
‘Ah me! I’ve been in woful plight;
‘On horseback, whence hast thou come

With rustling sound, now forward rush
 The airy phantoms, in the rear ;
 Like whirlwind's noise in hazel-bush,
 The dry leaves scattering far and near.
 Hark forward ! hark, like dart of death,
 The steed, with thundering gallop flies ;
 Both horse and rider pant for breath,
 And sparks and pebbles round them rise.

How all round which the moonbeams play,
 Far distant move beyond their sight ;
 And, overhead, how dart away,
 The sky and stars, with rapid flight !
 Dost fear, my love ? the moon shines clear,
 Hurrah ! how swiftly ride the dead ?
 The dead, Leonora, dost thou fear ?
 Ah ! mercy ! leave in peace the dead !

Horse ! Horse ! methinks the cock I hear ;
 Soon will each grain of sand be gone ;
 Horse ! Horse ! I scent the morning air ;
 Horse ! hence, like lightning, lie thee on !
 Hurrah ! at length, our course is done ;
 See there ! our bridal-bed's in view !
 How swift the dead their race can run ;
 This nuptial hall's prepar'd for you.

Straight onwards to an iron gate,
 The steed, like lightning, darts away ;
 Sudden, the horseman strikes the grate,
 And locks and bars, at once give way.

The creaking foldings open wide ;
 The steed drives wild, o'er grave and tomb ;
 The gravestones cold, on every side,
 Gleam faintly to the glimmering moon.

Hah ! in the twinkling of an eye,
 Behold a ghostly, wondrous sight !
 The rider's doublet gradually,
 In pieces falls, like tinder light ;
 His head, late deck'd with flowing hair,
 A naked skull, at once appears ;
 A skeleton his body bare —
 His hand a scythe and hour-glass bears.

The furious steed now prances high,
 And flakes of fire his nostrils blow ;
 From under her drops suddenly,
 And, vanishing, descends below,
 What dreadful howlings from above !
 What shrieks of woe from depths beneath ;
 Leonora's heart reluctant strove
 And trembled now 'twixt life and death :

Then danc'd the ghosts, by pale moonlight,
 In airy circles, round and round ;
 And, while they skip and prance, each spright
 These words repeat, with horrid sound :
 " Be patient, though thy heart should fail
 " Nor at God's dispensations rave ;
 " Now lifeless lies this body frail,
 " May God the soul, in mercy, save."

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

NO. III.

It has been generally asserted that in cases where mental derangement is evidently manifested, the investigation of a Physician is unnecessary to constitute its truth or falsity ; and that the evidence of persons living daily with the patient will of itself prove sufficient, from their opportunity of closely watching his actions. Some would readily acquiesce in this given opinion, the more so, as a few visits to one unknown to a physician, could not lead him to discern or pronounce with certainty, the proper state of alienation of mind. This brings to my recollection the case of *Gendron*, convicted of a capital crime, some years ago at Quebec, when a plea of *Idiota* was urged by his Counsel ; the late Dr. J. Fisher, then Staff Surgeon and principal Medical officer of the Garrison, was hastily called to the Bar to examine the Prisoner — he, however, after a few minutes conversation, very judiciously observed, that it required more attentive observation, and long repeated examination than was allowed him, to determine this important question, lest, as was observed before, "there be on one side a kind of inhumanity towards the defects of human nature, or on the other, too great an indulgence given to great crimes." The case before me required, in my opinion, with deference to the authority of my late respected patron, little penetration of mind to discover the mental state of *Gendron*,

as well as to prove the futility of the plea. To enter more fully into the case, the Prisoner, although of weak intellects, had been employed for some years as an under servant in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, where it is well known, much valuable silver plate is deposited—the temptation induced by constantly beholding this, proved to him irresistible, and he actually effected a robbery of the greater part in the most clandestine and artful manner—after which, he absconded from the city to some distant place, where he was soon after apprehended. It is evident that this sacrilegious delinquent, in point of facts and existing circumstances, acted from ordinary perceptions of the mind, and could not consequently come within the protection which the law affords to insane persons, as (I may be allowed to say, in the character of a Medical Jurisconsult) he had effectually carried into execution a plan which required premeditation and subtilty. Moreover, Burns, in his Ecclesiastical Law, defines an “Idiot or natural fool, to be one who has so little sense, as to be unable to number to twenty, or to tell his age, or to answer any common questions; by which means it may plainly appear, that he has not reason to discern what is to his advantage or disadvantage.” But a man is not an idiot who has any glimmering of reason; so that he can tell his age, know his parents, or such like common matters. Adverting to circumstantial evidence on cases of insanity, I cannot conceive that in most instances it would suffice, without the minute investigation of an enlightened Physician, who well versed in the force and weakness of human nature, must alone prove competent to determine this difficult question. Let it, also, be well considered, that it is by ascertaining the nature and cause, whether from grief or other strong passions, from diseases, when the functions of the intellectual faculties, become as a consequence much impaired—wounds that may have been inflicted on the head—supposed irretrievable misfortunes—that the Physician will be able to pronounce a decisive judgment on the probability or improbability of a cure: which can only arise from a thorough knowledge of the character, moral and physical constitution and nature of the case.

We should always guard against the evidence of those persons who may have an immediate interest in obtaining the alienation of a relation, as well as against those who may become subservient to their purpose; also against those ignorant persons whose power of judging others is limited only after their manner of being. It is necessary to ascertain, whether any of the family have ever been similarly affected—to determine whether the alienation is continual or has lucid intervals, reminding always that in the latter we must consider it as resembling a return of health, and not as an intermission of a few hours or days—the patient must here be in the perfect enjoyment of his reason upon every subject. This question is considered by many as very difficult to answer, and must therefore require much time to determine, and that, by a person well acquainted with the subject of the person's insanity.

It is necessary to enter into conversation with the patient on various subjects, in which he should be entertained a certain period of time—noting always in the mean time, his answers—then, to revert to the same questions, by which may be ascertained, whether his answers vary or not, and whether he preserves his memory, or if he evinces an

association or confusion of ideas. The peculiar appearance of the body should never escape the attention of the Physician, as also, his gestures, conversation, actions, and other alterations from sanity. The eyes appear wild and sunk considerably in the sockets—the attention is fixt upon some particular objects and the skin becomes rather of a swarthy colour.

Some will be rejoiced at an apparent motion, or at what should make them grieved while others afflicted will cry and shed tears, at what should rejoice them—applaud what is unworthy of attention, and hate and love alternately objects of their esteem—some, a writer observes, that have been formerly known to be docile and affable, become at once, rude, passionate and furious, while others to the contrary, known to have been passionate and furious, have without any apparent cause, become docile and timid. Their conversation teems with absurdities, and will sometimes entertain themselves alone, as if conversing with another—their expressions are almost insignificant, and an answer is seldom given correctly to a question—or they suddenly change the subject of conversation for another without concluding any—If they leave their lodgings, they seem undecided as to the road to be taken, and are quite indifferent, about choosing the good or bad, but more frequently prefer the latter. Some will appear sullen and dejected and pay little or no attention to the passers-by—and others will be attracted by every object in the way, and make grimaces, spit upon or insult them by other means, and generally speak ill of friends or relations, once so dear to them.

The above will elucidate in some degree, what should incapacitate a person from possessing the power or control of property—or his responsibility for crimes committed by him; but it is necessary to take a cursory review of those diseases which would render one incapable of executing as in the perfect enjoyment of reason, his testamentary dispositions. The law, in cases of donations and wills *inter vivos* expresses clearly, that *sanity of mind* is indispensably necessary to constitute their legality—that, also, the will of a person must be dictated by himself and not by the Notary. For it is plain that a will made by interrogatories to a patient must prove void and null as the answer of *yes*, or *no*, is a disposition suggested by another, and by which he does not dispose himself. It matters little, whether a Notary, (as may be unhappily too often the case) declares in conformity to established usage and custom, that the Testator was sound in mind and understanding, as no law obliges him to make such a declaration; whether the Testator is, in his proper senses or not, is a question foreign to a Notary, which he cannot determine, and on which he too often errs,—and in my opinion it is of little consequence towards the legality of a will or donation whether the Testator or Donor has signed, as this again cannot prove the sanity of mind. In all cases where the brain may become affected by disease or accident in the former, such as apoplexy, when from its violence it often proves fatal, or in attacks of Epilepsy, when the patient recovers are usually followed by impaired judgment and memory, which may continue for some time after—under these circumstances, he cannot, until he has fully recovered the power of reason, be considered *sui generis*. As much may be said in fractures of the bones of the head, commotions, &c. &c. as also in cases of intoxication produced by ardent spirits, or in those diseases which may acquire the administration of narcotics, as opium, &c.

Selected Papers.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE MR. KEMBLE.

His was the spell o'er hearts,
 That only acting lends,
 The youngest of the sister arts,
 Where all their beauty blends.
 For poetry can ill express
 Full many a tone of thought sublime;
 And painting, mute and motionless,
 Steals but one partial glance from time,
 But, by the mighty actor brought,
 Illusion's wedded triumphs come,
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And sculpture to be dumb.

CAMPBELL.

Above all the great actors who have adorned the British stage, and who have most contributed to its improvement, influence, and glory, the late Mr. Kemble is unquestionably entitled to pre-eminence. He did not consider the stage as a mere instrument of professional ambition, by which he might raise himself to celebrity, but as a grand national institution, in which the honor, the taste, the literature, and manners of his country were implicated. It was, or rather it ought to be, in his philosophic contemplation, the imitation of life, the mirror of manners, the representation of truth; and to the attainment of these important objects his admirable performances as an actor, and his judicious regulations as a manager, were uniformly directed. He reformed abuses and banished absurdities, countenanced indeed, but not justified, by long tradition; he restored the sense of passages, which had been long mutilated or wrested from their original purport; he lopped off impurities and barbarisms equally offensive to the modest ear and to the critical mind; and he succeeded in imparting a new form and spirit to the acting drama, by calling to the assistance of poetry and her sister-arts the legitimate imprint of appropriate dress, costume, decoration, and locality. The scene was at length shaped and fashioned in conformity to the best attestations of the existing character, tone, bent, and usages of nations, as they successively flourished and faded from the earliest periods of Greek and Roman story; and the triumph was exclusively his own. His indefatigable research, his classical knowledge, his acute discrimination, enabled him to discover faults which escaped the reprehension of the commentator, and to elicit beauties which had been overshadowed by ignorance and prejudice. With every just attention to the merits of other authors, his masculine understanding was principally occupied with the productions of our immortal bard, and the poet of nature acquired new lustre from the characteristic attributes of scenic representation, which he had the happiness to conceive and the energy to confer. That vast source of moral agency was rendered more luxuriant and fascinating, and poured forth its treasures with increased influence, spreading itself with fresh vigor and activity through all classes of society. He had the glory of displaying the

mise of Shakspeare, 'with all her beauties, in her best array, rising into real life, and charming her beholders.'

In the biographical sketch which we are about to present of this excellent tragedian and worthy man, our task will be rather that of selection, collation, and accuracy of statement, than of exclusive communication and original composition; for, from the days of Betterton to the present moment, no English actor, Garrick himself not excepted, has attracted such universal attention, and given rise to so great a variety of critical disquisition, in almost every branch of our acting drama.

John Philip Kemble was born at Prescott, in Lancashire, on the first of February, 1757. His father, Mr. Roger Kemble, was then performing at that place with the company of which he was the manager. He was distinguished; 'even in his boyish days,' for a retentive memory and a graceful delivery; and it appears from a play-bill dated the 12th of February, 1767, that he played at Worcester, in his father's company, the part of James, the duke of York, in the tragedy of Charles the First, when he was only ten years of age. It is not unworthy of remark, that the character of the princess Elizabeth was at the same time represented by his sister, Mrs. Siddons. He received his early education at the Roman Catholic seminary, at Sedgeley Park, Staffordshire, and his proficiency in classical knowledge was such as to induce the directors of that institution to send him, when in his fourteenth year, for the purpose of completing his education, to the English college at the university of Douay, where he was admitted as a pensioner. Hopes had been entertained, it would seem, that he would in time become an ornament of the church of which he was a member; but this youthful mind retained and cherished the bent it had received from his boyish performances, and he soon acquired celebrity among his fellow-students at Douay, by recitations from the works of Shakspeare. He was no less distinguished by his classical acquirements; and although he obtained several premiums in Latin composition, he chiefly applied himself to the study of the Greek poets, orators, and historians. His other attainments did not exceed a moderate portion of logic, ethics, and mathematics. On his return to England, when entering into his nineteenth year, he made his *début* at Wolverhampton, in the character of Theodosius, in the *Force of Love*, a tragedy then in high repute. His performance was rather tolerated than applauded; the elements of the part were too feeble and equable to excite his feelings, and he disdained, in delineating the softer sensibilities of love, to court applause by 'tearing the passion to rags.' His hopes were, however, encouraged and confirmed by his subsequent appearance in *Bajazet*, which was attended with decided success. He now felt conscious that his powers, when cultivated, would enable him to tower far above his popular rivals, and from that moment he devoted himself to the earnest and indefatigable cultivation of the art. His provincial engagements were numerous, but they were attended with anxiety, toil, and uncertainty. They were in reality 'flat and unprofitable.' He has been heard to say, that the palm had been often snatched from his grasp by competitors, whose greatest merit consisted in strength of lungs and vehemence of gesticulation. His talents proved at length attractive at Manchester and Liverpool, and at York and Edinburgh he became a distinguished favorite. In the former city he introduced a new species of entertain-

ment, consisting of a recitation of some of Mason's, Gray's, and Collins's most beautiful odes, of the tales of Maria and Le Fevre, from Sterne, and other pieces in prose and verse. He repeated the recitation at Edinburgh, and the effect was adequate to his warmest expectations.— His recitation of the Ode on the Passions, or rather his personification of each successive and mastering passion, enjoyed a celebrity, which was certainly never before dreamed of by the poet or its most enthusiastic admirers. He also gave no mean proof of his literary attainments and critical discrimination by his delivery in that capital of a lecture, which he composed on sacred and profane elocution. But it was in Dublin that his rare qualities were duly appreciated and cherished. He first appeared there in 1782, in the character of Hamlet, and by his performances in a very extensive range of parts, particularly in those of Shakspeare, he acquired a popularity that threw all his contemporaries into the shade. Even the sound sense, the genuine sensibility, and accurate judgement of that great actor, Henderson, felt themselves rebuked, under the predominance of his genius in the capital of the sister country. In 1783, on the 30th of September, he made his first appearance at Drury Lane theatre, in his favorite part of Hamlet. Although the transcendent talents of Garrick were still fresh in public recollection and admiration, and some of Mr. Kemble's readings were considered as labored and capricious by several of the most eminent critics, it was universally allowed, that he marked the part with its characteristic attributes, and that he was at once the prince, the scholar, and the gentleman. His reputation continued to increase by a variety of new performances, during several successive seasons, and might be said to have nearly reached its summit in 1787, when he married Mrs. Brereton, the widow of Mr. Brereton, and daughter of Mr. Hopkins, then prompter to the same theatre. A lady more suited to his disposition, and more exemplary in all the endearing relations of conjugal life, it would have been difficult for him to select. The retirement of Mr. Smith, who had till then remained in possession of several leading parts, gave him an opportunity of displaying the full extent of his abilities; and in the same year he became manager. He retained the reins of government, with the exception of a short interval, until 1801, and never were the affairs of the mimic kingdom administered with a firmer, a more corrective and reforming, yet not ungracious, hand. Parts were cast according to the respective merits of the performers;—regular attendance and strict decorum were enforced at rehearsals; a complete alteration was effected in the whole system of scene, dress, and decoration. Macbeth was no longer modernized by the uniform of a British general; the costume peculiar to every age and country was substituted for traditinary misrepresentation; and the crop, the toga, and the couch, were introduced for

Cato's full wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair,

which had been so long suffered to disgrace classical taste, and to outrage critical consistency.

His management expired with the season of 1801, and he devoted the following year to a tour in France and Spain, not solely for health or relaxation, but with the view of obtaining additional means for im-

proving the art which it was his great delight and glory to ameliorate. His reception at Madrid and Paris was highly gratifying to his feelings as a gentleman, and to his celebrity as an actor. He was admitted to the circles most distinguished for science, literature, and fashion. With the Spanish language he was sufficiently acquainted to understand others, and explain himself in conversation, and the French he spoke with all the correctness and facility which a foreigner is capable of acquiring. There was scarcely a topic in the consideration of which he could not take a share; for on the full establishment of his professional fame he had engaged in an extensive course of general reading, and his studies were incessant and laborious. He returned to England in 1803, and having purchased a sixth share of the property of Covent Garden theatre, he became manager, and appeared in the same year for the first time on those boards, the 24th of September, in the character of Hamlet. Here he continued his career with eminent success, both as a manager and a performer, until 1808, when the tremendous fire broke out which laid that theatre in ashes. To the erection of the new theatre his care was peculiarly devoted, presiding over the most minute details in the execution of the plan, and suggesting many valuable adaptations in the scenic department. During the last three years of his performance, from 1814 to 1817, Mr. Kemble displayed as much ardor and perseverance as if he had been just entering upon his professional career. He not only fulfilled the duties of the new engagement he had contracted for that period, but visited the most distinguished of our provincial theatres. His last appearance at Edinburgh was honored with an address, written for the occasion by his friend Sir Walter Scott. All who have felt the pathetic solemnity of his air and manner, and admired the impressive graces of his elocution, may easily conceive the effect produced by his delivery of the following passage:—

O, how forget!—how oft I hither came
 In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
 How oft around your circle this weak hand
 Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,
 Till the full burst of inspiration came,
 And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!

Two events occurred at this time which claim peculiar notice;—his retirement from the stage, and the magnificent public entertainment which was subsequently given to him. His determination to devote the remainder of his life to the calm enjoyment of studious pursuits, and the cultivation of friendly and domestic relations, had been for some time generally known, and his last appearance was fixed for the 23rd of June. His reception was, in every respect, suited to the extraordinary merits of the actor, and the sympathetic feelings of the public. The character he selected was that of Coriolanus, in which his pre-eminence had been long acknowledged. A more splendid and numerous audience was never before assembled; and even the orchestra was filled with persons of the first rank and talents, among whom was his esteemed friend, the celebrated French tragedian M. Talma.—The applause was universal and enthusiastic, and every passage of the play, in the slightest degree connected with his situation and character, was applauded and greeted with ardent exclamation. The dying scene

revived all the fond recollections of the public mind, and impressed the melancholy conviction, that the last gasp of the 'last of all the Romans' had just been heard. When Mr. Kemble came forward to deliver his farewell address, the agitation was extreme, and every possible manifestation of public feeling was evinced to prevail upon him to abandon his resolution. He himself evidently labored under the struggling sensations of gratitude and grief, and after pronouncing the first short sentence, it was not without extreme difficulty that he was suffered to proceed:—

'Ladies and gentlemen,—I have appeared before you for the last time. This night closes my long professional life. (*Interruption of 'No, no.'*) I am so much agitated, that I cannot express with any tolerable propriety what I wish to say. I feared, indeed, that I should not be able to take my leave of you with sufficient fortitude,—composure, I mean,—and had intended to withdraw from before you in silence; (*Here Mr. Kemble paused, and was for some time unable to resume his speech.*)—but I suffered myself to be persuaded, that, if it were only from old custom, some little parting word would be expected from me on this occasion.—(*Long continued bursts of applause. Mr. Kemble, with increased emotion, proceeded.*) Ladies and gentlemen, I entreat you to believe, that, whatever abilities I have possessed,—either as an actor, in the performance of the characters allotted to me,—or as a manager, in endeavouring at an union of propriety and splendor in the representation of our best plays, and particularly of those of the divine Shakspeare,—(*enthusiastic plaudits and shouts*)—I entreat you to believe, that all my labors, all my studies, whatever they have been, have been made delightful to me, by the approbation with which you have been pleased constantly to reward them.—(*After repeated applauses, Mr. Kemble, hardly able to master his emotions, continued.*) I beg you, ladies and gentlemen, to accept my thanks for the great kindness you have invariably shown me, from the first night I became a candidate for public favour, down to this—(*Here Mr. Kemble paused an instant*)—painful moment of my parting with you.—(*It is impossible to describe the mingled feelings of the audience at the close of this sentence: Mr. Kemble became totally overpowered, and was only able to add in a smothered, but deeply penetrating tone,*—I must take my leave at once.—Ladies and gentlemen, I most respectfully bid you a long, and an unwilling, farewell!

The public dinner given to Mr. Kemble on the 27th of June, four days after his last appearance, may be considered as a kind of valedictory festival, a national testimony of respect, gratitude, and affection. The idea emanated from a small society of literary and dramatic friends, and was eagerly promoted by the lovers of the theatrical art, and the admirers of his professional excellence. The great object of the committee appointed to arrange and conduct the celebration of the honors intended to be paid to him was the concentration of the rank, talent, and taste of the metropolis, and that object was happily accomplished. Mr. Kemble took his seat on the right of Lord Holland, who presided, and the duke of Bedford was placed on the left. The preparations for marking the occasion with suitable *éclat* were judicious and characteristic. A piece of plate, an elegant vase, was to be presented to the British *Æsopus*; the design was supplied by Mr. Flaxman, the inscrip-

tion by Mr. Poole, and the execution was entrusted to an artist of acknowledged merit. An ode written by Mr. Campbell, the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, was to be recited, the musical accompaniment was to be composed by Mr. T. Cooke, and a medal bearing a striking resemblance of the great tragedian was to be struck in commemoration of the day. The execution of each particular measure proved no less honorable to the zeal and ability of the committee than satisfactory to the united feelings of the assembly; and we cannot perhaps better illustrate the subject of this sketch, than by inserting the inscription, which, without laying any flattering unction to his soul, may be justly considered a true but brief abstract of the services he has rendered to our acting drama:—

TO

JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE,

On his retirement from the Stage,

Of which, for thirty-four years, he has been

The Ornament and Pride;

Which to his Learning, Taste, and Genius;

Is indebted for its present state of Refinement;

Which, under his Auspices,

And aided by his unrivaled Labors,

(Most worthily devoted to the support of the

LEGITIMATE DRAMA;

And more particularly to the

GLORY OF SHAKSPEARE),

Has attained to a degree of Splendour and Propriety

Before unknown;

And which, from his high Character, has acquired

Increase of

HONOUR AND DIGNITY;

THIS VASE,

BY A NUMEROUS ASSEMBLY OF HIS ADMIRERS,

In testimony of their

GRATITUDE, RESPECT, AND AFFECTION,

Was presented,

Through the Hands of their President,

HENRY RICHARD VASSAL, LORD HOLLAND,

XXVII JUNE, MDCCCXVII.

‘More is thy due than more than all can pay.’

When Mr. Kemble retired from a profession, which he had so highly dignified, but which, even in its favorable points of view, abounds with difficulties, toils, and anxieties, he passed nearly the remainder of his days in climates supposed to be most conducive to his health. He had long labored under asthma, rheumatism, and an occasional depression of spirits; yet such were his energies, such his mental triumphs over his bodily infirmities, that, within the two months immediately preceding his last appearance, his performances were no fewer than *thirty-three*, of which thirteen were distinct characters. He visited France, Switzerland, and Italy; but he chiefly resided at Toulouse,

Bareges, and Lausanne. The attention and respect paid to him by his distinguished countrymen, who visited these places, as well as by the principal inhabitants, it cannot be adequately described. He had, shortly before his final departure from England, transferred his share in the property of Covent Garden theatre, which had cost him nearly 30,000*l.*, as a gift to his brother Charles, whom he had uniformly treated with the care and affection of a father. This great tragedian died at Lausanne, on the 26th of February. He had visited Rome a few months before, under the impression that travelling and a change of air would prove beneficial; but his constitution was so seriously affected in that city by the unfavorable circumstances of the season, that he was advised by his physicians to return into Switzerland. The first symptom of approaching dissolution was a decided attack in his left side, while seated in his chair on the 24th, and he could with difficulty articulate. Before he was put to bed a second attack took place so suddenly, that his clothes were obliged to be cut asunder, in order that he might be more speedily bled. Although nature was fast exhausting, and his sufferings must have been extreme, he seemed only solicitous to spare the feelings of Mrs. Kemble. A third attack, just forty-eight hours after the first, proved fatal, and he expired on the 26th.

We learn with peculiar satisfaction, that it is the intention of the admirers of our national drama to erect a monument in Westminster Abbey, to the memory of this excellent actor; but in order to characterize the measure more distinctly with the stamp of the public mind, a meeting will be shortly called, for the purpose of carrying the object into effect by an open subscription.

Mr. Kemble has not left so large a property as he might be supposed to have accumulated, for no performer was more amply rewarded by a generous and admiring public. He had sunk nearly 30,000*l.* in the purchase of his share of Covent-Garden theatre, and in the subsequent advances he was compelled to make; and as he did not receive a single shilling of interest for nearly twenty years, the whole of his loss in that speculation may be fairly computed at upwards of 50,000*l.* Mrs. Kemble enjoys an annuity of 1000*l.* secured on the coalmines and estates of a great northern landowner, which he had purchased for their joint lives, and she has also the interest of 17,000*l.* of which 4000*l.* are placed at her sole disposal, and the remaining 13,000*l.* devolve on her death to his brother, Mr. Charles Kemble. We are enabled to contradict, from authority, a statement which has been generally accredited and positively made in a former biographical account of Mr. Kemble, that he received a considerable sum, on his marriage with Mrs. Brereton, from a nobleman who had long presided over the councils of the British empire.—Mr. Kemble happened to be at the house of an intimate friend, when the volume, containing that account, which had been just published, was put into his hands. He read it with attention; but coming to the passage we have noticed, he underlined the words with a pencil, and traced very distinctly on the margin—“A lie!”—The volume that records the scandalous falsehood, and the short but emphatic reprobation, is still extant, and carefully preserved. The splendid present made to him of £10,000 by the late Duke of Northumberland, ought not to be forgotten. Mr. Kemble had, at his grace's request, given some lessons in elocution to Lord Percy, (the

present Duke) and the care he had taken of his noble pupil was, with peculiar delicacy, assigned as the cause of the munificence thus exercised. The real fact is, that the gift was solely suggested by the friendly interest which his grace felt for Mr. Kemble's independence and welfare. His mode of living had been expensive, for a long series of years. His domestic establishment was, indeed, neither extravagant nor splendid; but it was conducted with taste and elegance in all its branches. His private virtues were great and numerous; and his liberalities, particularly with regard to the distressed members of his own profession, were such as did honor to his sensibility and his judgment. He visited and was visited by the most distinguished characters, both of his own and foreign countries, in rank, science, literature, and the fine and useful arts. His present Majesty was one of his most ardent admirers, and presented him, when Prince of Wales, with a superb gold snuff box. There was a certain cordiality in his behaviour to those whom he esteemed, which gave an irresistible grace to his manners and conversation.

Mr. Kemble possessed admirable faculties, both original and acquired. With a commanding person, a dignified and expressive countenance, and a stately demeanor, he seemed to belong to a distinct and lofty class of this 'nether world.' He recalled to the imagination the ages and heroes of antiquity, or transported it back to the scenes of chivalry and romance, which were the pride and glory of the middle ages. His action was bold and vigorous, solemn and majestic; his attitudes noble and picturesque. His grand defect was in voice; and even in that respect he had his merits. Although the organ was incapable of much flexibility and variety, its pathetic and melancholy tones penetrated the soul and sunk deep into the heart. If it wanted ease and spirit in familiar dialogue, it swelled and raged to the bent and top of the passion, unimpaired and uncracked, in the roaring of the whirlwind. If it was occasionally languid and monotonous, there was something equable and graceful even in the moment of disappointment; that was not altogether displeasing. Of his literary acquirements we have already spoken. With the drama of his own country, in all its departments, he was thoroughly acquainted; and he was alive to the beauties of Sophocles and Euripides, of Corneille and Racine, in the full glow of their native tongues.

It has, of late, been the fashion with some critics to restrict the powers of Mr. Kemble to very narrow limits. He is indeed allowed by them to have surpassed all others in the classic drama, to have stood without a rival in the arena of the stern and frigid struggles of patriotism and philosophy, and to have towered even above the most sanguine expectations, in the representation of those high and unmixed abstracts of self-denial, stoicism, and haughty contempt of meaner existence, which do not characterise the beings of our day. According to them, his empire was limited to the ancient world, more peculiarly to that narrow, though transcendently noble portion of it, which belongs to Greece and Rome. In their view, the philosopher, the statesman, and the pontiff, were the only forms into which his spirit naturally sprang; he could not move but among councils and armies; and the temple, the curule chair, and the triumphal arch, were the sole prescriptive adjuncts of his solemn and deep-coloured portraiture: but when he touched on

inferior subjects, he felt, as Raphael might have felt in copying Teniers, had they been contemporaries—the closest approach to total failure possible for sense and genius. His Brutus, Cato, and Curiolanus, were unquestionably among the noblest personifications that ever charmed a British audience. In those characters he certainly enjoyed a kingly supremacy; he sat upon an uncontested throne: but we deny the doctrine of these Aristarchi of the scenic art, that his powers were confined within so contracted a field, and that his excellence consisted solely in depicting the dignified and superb associations of antiquity. Let those who have witnessed his Hamlet, his King John, his Cardinal Wolsey, his Posthumus, his Leontes, his Timon, his Octavian, his Penruddock, his Stranger, his Rolla, and twenty other characters, decide between them and us!

Among all the parts represented by this great tragedian, few possessed higher claims to admiration than King John. Amidst all the despicable vacillations of John's conduct, and the consequent degradations that disgraced him throughout his wretched reign, the actor uniformly maintained the superiority of carriage and demeanour traced out for him by the creative genius of the poet. His picture of irresolute villany and base pusillanimity was free from any trait and tint of low common-place design and colouring: The conception of our immortal bard was realised, and John stood before us as Shakespeare drew him. He was, from the very commencement, a monarch; for the love of royalty was the only passion in which he was resolute. The highly poetical language, with which the part abounds, was so admirably delivered as to rescue it from that insignificance, which is too frequently subversive to genuine dramatic effect. His first scene with Hubert displayed the perfection of the art. It was, in every respect, so happily disposed, so natural, and so well calculated to impress the leading idea upon the mind, that the audience felt themselves hurried back, as it were, within the iron grasp of absolute power and feudal barbarism. The acting of the second was not less effective. Throughout the first scene of the fifth act, there was a melancholy in his manner that excited a deep feeling of commiseration for the ill-fated monarch, and formed a striking contrast with the fiery spirit and gallant bearing of Falconbridge. Never was a prediction recalled to the memory with equal sensibility and pathos. His countenance, tone, and action, were in perfect unison, when he delivered the following lines:—

Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet

Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,

My crown I should give off?—Even so I have:

I did suppose it should be on constraint:

But, Heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary!

Nothing short of a masterly conception and execution could have rendered this passage strikingly pre-eminent; but with him, aided by the preceding part of the scene, it became an epitome of John's character. When the monarch was beheld withering under the potent influence of poison; the miseries of his agonized mind were not less subduing than his bodily sufferings were appalling. On his entrance, the dreadful convulsions of his internal system were truly depicted in his tortured countenance; and his agonizing expression

'Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows and at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble into dust!—

gave increased effect to the sad reflection, the immediate precursor of his dissolution:—

'I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.'

In scenes of this description, Mr. Kemble was, indeed, without a rival: He had the exquisite art of evincing a singular combination of intellectual and corporeal sufferings, peculiarly adapted to them. Every succeeding word of the illusions related by Falconbridge, seemed gradually to weaken the chords of his existence; until at length, overwhelmed by his accumulated miseries, he breathed his last, and fulfilled his own desponding prediction:—

'O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye;
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be utter'd;
And then all this thou see'st is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.'

That Mr. Kemble had his defects and faults, is undeniable. In the tragic scenes of domestic life, they were chiefly observable; and accordingly his Beverly, Biron, and old Wilmot, with many rare beauties, wanted ease, familiarity, and natural merit.—Soliloquy could not be classed among his happiest efforts; and he appeared rather to recite the words than to embody the meaning of his parts. There was also an occasional languour or listlessness about him, arising from illness or a morbid disposition; to both of which he was subject, and which he vainly attempted to shake off. In this respect he seemed to labour under the same failing as the celebrated tragedian Booth, whom he more generally resembled than any of his great predecessors.

He was for a long time ardent and indefatigable in his courtship of the comic Muse; but he 'wooed her like the lion,' and she was only to be won by kindness, smiles, and blandishments. His complete failure in Charles, in the School for Scandal, in Don Félix, and several other characters, is, we trust, nearly forgotten; yet in some parts, which required dignity and sentiment, his merit was considerable. His Lord Townly, Valentine, and more particularly his Leon, were attractive performances. His defects and merits, in this point of view, are rather happily described in the theatrical portrait drawn of him by his friend Mr. John Taylor:—

'Though for the Muse of tragedy design'd,
In form, in features, passions, and in mind,
Yet would he fain the comic Muse embrace,
Who seldom without awe beholds his face.
Whene'er he tries the airy and the gay,
Judgment, not genius, marks the cold essay:
But in a graver province he can please
With well-bred spirit and with manly ease.
When genuine wit, with satire's active force,
And faithful love pursues its generous course;

*There, in his Valentine, might Congreve view
Th' embody'd portrait, vigorous, warm, and true.*

As an author, Mr. Kemble produced few works of originality; but he has left a long catalogue of tragedies, comedies, and other pieces, judiciously altered and adapted to the stage. Among the former were *Belisarius*, a tragedy, acted at York in 1778, and the *Female Officer*, a farce, afterwards called the *Project*, in 1779, neither of which has been printed: a small volume of poems, entitled *Fugitive Pieces*, published in 1780, but which he subsequently was at great pains and no inconsiderable expense in buying up for the purpose of canceling what his maturer judgment disapproved; *Macbeth Re-considered*, an essay published in 1786, and *Macbeth and King Richard the Third*, another essay, dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland, in 1817. A single passage from the dedication, supplies at once an instance of the impression made upon his feelings by the munificence of his grace to which we have alluded, and of his peculiarity of expression:—

‘My Lord Duke—Be pleased to accept this tribute of my gratitude. That it is the constant character of your grace’s nature, to conceal the benefits it confers, I well know; and I am fearful lest this offering should offend, where I most anxiously wish it to be received with favor; yet when a whole happy tenantry are voting public monuments to perpetuate the memory of your grace’s paternal benevolence to them, I hope, my Lord, that I am not any longer forbidden openly to acknowledge my own great obligations to your munificence.’

Among his alterations and adaptations, which consist of forty-three, the works of Shakespeare, ‘the God of his idolatry,’ attest the diligent research, the judicious collation, and classical taste, with which he explored and ascertained the true meaning, and restored the text to its primitive purity. He also translated from the French, in 1794, the musical drama of *Lodoiska*, which proved eminently attractive, and maintained its popularity for several years.

Although ‘the animated graces of the player can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that present them; and, as it were in a mirror, ‘come like shadows and so depart;’ we are convinced, that the rare talents of Mr. Kemble will be enthusiastically cherished by his surviving admirers, and duly appreciated by posterity. We cannot perhaps close this article more appropriately, than by adopting the language of the noble person who presided at the public dinner given to him on his retirement from the stage:—‘As long as the British theatre exists—as long as the plays of Shakespeare shall be represented in this metropolis—the result of his learning and industry will be seen in the propriety of the scenic decorations, in the improvement of the costume, and in many matters apparently of minor consideration; but which, when effected, show the man of research and of ability, and display the mind of the scholar and the critic. Our feelings are those of gratitude, respect, and affection—gratitude for the delight he has so often imparted to us—respect for him as a scholar and a critic—and affection for his virtues, as a man of independent character and of upright conduct.’

INFLUENCE OF THE IMAGINATION ON HEALTH.

NONE of the faculties of the mind present phenomena so singular and so contradictory as the imagination. This faculty, given to us as our kindest friend in this mortal life, often so poor in reality—to which we owe a relish for existence, comfort in the hours of affliction, and the enhancement of our happiness—through which we acquire a lively sense for the good and the fair, for truth and virtue, so long as we can keep it within due bounds—is liable, when it exceeds them, to become the most cruel of tyrants, robbing us of peace, happiness, nay even of life itself. It is, therefore, one of the most important maxims of our morals, to be continually upon our guard against its vagaries, and to order matters so as always to maintain a certain ascendancy over it.—But this rule is not less important for our physical nature, as I shall demonstrate in this paper by some remarks on its powerful influence, and particularly by a circumstance which occurred in my own experience.

Numberless are the gradations through which that extraordinary disease which affects the imagination proceeds, as well as the masks which it assumes. From the first momentary conception that we feel something as real which does not exist, to absolute insanity, or the total derangement of the mind, there are innumerable stages, founded on the degree of the disease, on its causes and on the peculiar constitution of the patient. A great portion of what are commonly called hypochondriac or hysteric attacks, and nervous complaints, originate solely in a diseased imagination. People are accustomed to laugh at such sufferings when they are known to proceed from this cause; but their mirth is exceedingly ill-timed. I know not, in truth, a more dreadful and more real disease, than that in which the essence of our being itself suffers; for it is ten times as easy to bear a *real* evil as an *imaginary* one. In the former case I have always resources left within myself;—and with some effort of the powers of my soul, it is always possible for me to consider the evil as something distinct from and foreign to myself;—in the latter, the only thing that can afford me consolation and encouragement, my soul, is itself diseased, and my sufferings are actually a part of my being. In real evils, if the fundamental cause be removed, we may look forward with confidence to relief; but in the other case, the complaint of the soul must be combated and cured, and here the most efficacious remedies are of no avail, unless they operate upon the imagination.

In such unfortunate persons the real feelings are every moment confounded with their reveries; they see nothing aright, because they are accustomed to look at every thing in the mirror of their imagination alone. They come at length to such a pass, as either no longer to trust their senses, and thus live in continual contradiction with themselves, or become a ball, with which the imagination plays the most extravagant games; and present phenomena, that, to the sober rational mind, appear wholly incomprehensible. In this way, then, it is possible for one to fancy himself a barley-corn and in a constant danger of being swallowed by the fowls; for a second to consider himself as one of the persons of the Godhead; for a third to be firmly convinced that

he is made of glass and cannot be touched without breaking; and for a fourth to imagine himself the knave of spades, and that he ought to take special care to keep out of the way of the king.

Hence arises the extraordinary disease, which causes people to see themselves double, and of which I witnessed a remarkable instance, where the second self was inexpressibly troublesome; appearing every where and at very unseasonable times to the wretched original, and reducing him by its incessant annoyance almost to despair: and yet, be it observed, this was a man who possessed his perfect understanding, and was extremely regular and clever in business. It is not, however, to be denied, that the cause of this phenomenon is sometimes independent of ourselves, and may originate in a particular refraction of the rays of light, as is proved by the example of a celebrated anatomist. He was engaged one evening in his laboratory, where the atmosphere was filled with effluvia from a great quantity of anatomical preparations and subjects. Happening to raise his eyes, he perceived his own figure sitting at the opposite extremity of the room. He rose to examine the phenomenon more minutely, and went towards it, but it disappeared: on returning to his former place, he again saw it. He went to another corner, from which it was again invisible. In short, he ascertained that it depended entirely on the angle of incidence of the rays of light, and that, consequently, the apparition owed its existence to the vapours in the room, which, with the aid of the evening sun, acted like a mirror.

Through the influence of the imagination, dreams and presentiments may prove fatal: and I have always considered it as one of the most dangerous symptoms, when a patient or his friends have informed me that he has shortly before had a dream or a token of his death, or that he has seen an apparition, which has announced that he had not long to live. This was, on the one hand, a positive proof that the disease is deeply, very deeply seated in such a person, and that before it actually broke out, his nervous system and the source of his conceptions must have been greatly deranged, in order to admit of such vivid fancies: and on the other hand, I could reckon upon it with the greater confidence, that the firm conviction of death would render the disease more formidable and the remedies less efficient, and that in particular it would paralyse the curative energies of nature, without which all the skill of the physician is totally useless.

Hence, also, actual diseases may, through the influence of the imagination, be aggravated by the most unusual and dangerous symptoms, may be produced solely by it. In such cases the physician is not likely to find much assistance in books; nor must he expect much success from any attempt to prove to the patient that his disorder is wholly imaginary. The only thing that can extricate him from the dilemma is a lucky thought, some method of diverting the imagination to a different object, or which at least is capable of rendering its consequences innoxious, or of neutralizing its convictions by means of themselves.

It is well known how a man was cured who fancied that he was dead, and refused all sustenance. His friends deposited him with all due formalities in a dark cellar. One of them caused himself soon afterwards to be carried into the same place in a coffin, containing a plentiful supply of provisions, and assured him that it was customary to eat

and drink in that world, as well as in that one which they had just left. He suffered himself to be persuaded, and recovered.—Another, who imagined that he had no head, (a notion that is not so common as the reverse) was speedily convinced of the real existence of his head, by a heavy hat of lead which was set upon it, and which by its pressure, made him feel for the first time, during a long period, that he actually possessed this necessary appendage. But the most dangerous state of all is, when the imagination fixes upon things, the lively representation of which may finally induce their realization. Of this sort was a case which fell under my own professional experience, and which affords one of the most striking proofs of the power of an overstrained imagination. A youth of sixteen, of a weakly constitution and delicate nerves, but in other respects quite healthy, quitted his room, in the dusk of the evening, but suddenly returned, with a face pale as death, and looks betraying the greatest terror, and in a tremulous voice told a fellow student who lived in the same room with him, that he should die at nine o'clock in the morning of the day after the next. His companion naturally considered this sudden transformation of a cheerful youth into a candidate for the grave as very extraordinary: he enquired the cause of this notion, and, as the other declined to satisfy his curiosity, he strove at least to laugh him out of it. His efforts, however, were unavailing. All the answer he could obtain from his comrade was, that his death was certain and inevitable. A number of well-meaning friends assembled about him, and endeavoured to wean him from his idea by lively conversation, jokes, and even satirical remarks. He sat among them with a gloomy, thoughtful look, took no share in their discourse, sighed, and at length grew angry when they began to rally him. It was hoped that sleep would dispel this melancholy mood; but he never closed his eyes, and his thoughts were engaged all night with his approaching decease. Early next morning I was sent for. I found, in fact, the most singular sight in the world—a person in good health making all the arrangements for his funeral, taking an affecting leave of his friends, and writing a letter to his father to acquaint him with his approaching dissolution, and to bid him farewell. I examined the state of his body, and found nothing unusual but the paleness of his face, eyes dull and rather inflamed with weeping, coldness of the extremities, and a low contracted pulse—indications of a general cramp of the nerves, which was sufficiently manifested in the state of his mind. I endeavoured, therefore, to convince him by the most powerful arguments, of the futility of his notion, and to prove that a person whose bodily health was so good had no reason whatever to apprehend speedy death: in short, I exerted all my eloquence and my professional knowledge, but without making the slightest impression. He willingly admitted that I, as a physician, could not discover any cause of death in him; but this, he contended, was the peculiar circumstance of his case, that without any natural cause, merely from an unalterable decree of fate, his death must ensue; and though he could not expect us to share this conviction, still it was equally certain that it would be verified by the event of the following day. All that I could do, therefore, was to tell him, that under these circumstances I must treat him as a person labouring under a disease, and prescribe medicines accordingly. “Very well,” replied he, “but you will see not only that

your medicines will not do me any good, but that they will not operate at all."

There was no time to be lost, for I had only twenty-four hours left to effect a cure. I therefore judged it best to employ powerful remedies, in order to release him from this bondage of his imagination. With this view a very strong emetic and cathartic were administered, and blisters applied to both thighs. He submitted to every thing, but with the assurance that his body was already half dead, and the remedies would be of no use. Accordingly, to my utter astonishment, I learned when I called in the evening, that the emetic had taken but little or no effect, and that the blisters had not even turned the skin red. He now triumphed over our incredulity, and deduced from this inefficacy of the remedies the strongest conviction that he was already little better than a corpse. To me the case began to assume a very serious aspect. I saw how powerfully the state of his mind had affected the body, and what a degree of insensibility it had produced; and I had just reason to apprehend that an imagination, which had reduced the body to such extremity, was capable of carrying matters to still greater lengths.

All our enquiries, as to the cause of his belief, had hitherto proved abortive. He now disclosed to one of his friends, but in the strictest confidence, that the preceding evening, on quitting his room, he had seen a figure in white, which beckoned to him, and at the same moment a voice pronounced the words:—"The day after to-morrow, at nine in the morning, thou shalt die!" and the fate thus predicted nothing could enable him to escape. He now proceeded to set his house in order, made his will, and gave particular directions for his funeral, specifying who were to carry and who to follow him to the grave. He even insisted on receiving the sacrament—a wish, however, which those about him evaded complying with. Night came on, and he began to count the hours he had yet to live, till the fatal nine the next morning, and every time the clock struck, his anxiety evidently increased. I began to be apprehensive for the result; for I recollected instances in which the mere imagination of death had really produced a fatal result. I recollected also the feigned execution, when the criminal, after a solemn trial, was sentenced to be beheaded, and when, in expectation of the fatal blow, his neck was struck with a switch, on which he fell lifeless to the ground, as though his head had been really cut off: and this circumstance gave me reason to fear that a similar result might attend this case, and that the striking of the hour of nine might prove as fatal to my patient as the blow of the switch on the above-mentioned occasion. At any rate, the shock communicated by the striking of the clock, accompanied by the extraordinary excitement of the imagination and the general cramp, which had determined all the blood to the head and the internal parts, might produce a most dangerous revolution, spasms, fainting fits, or hæmorrhages; or even totally overthrow reason, which had already sustained so severe an attack.

What was then to be done? In my judgment every thing depended on carrying him, without his being aware of it, beyond the fatal moment; and it was to be hoped that as his whole delusion hinged upon this point, he would then feel ashamed of himself and be cured of it. I therefore placed my reliance on opium, which, moreover, was quite

appropriate to the state of his nerves, and prescribed twenty drops of laudanum with two grains of hen-bane to be taken about midnight. I directed, that if, as I hoped, he overslept the fatal hour, his friends should assemble round his bed, and on his awaking, laugh heartily, at his silly notion, that, instead of being allowed to dwell upon the gloomy idea, he might be rendered thoroughly sensible of its absurdity. My instructions were punctually obeyed: soon after he had taken the opiate, he fell into a profound sleep; from which he did not awake till about eleven o'clock the next day. "What hour is it?" was his first question on opening his eyes; and when he heard how long he had overslept his death, and was at the same time greeted with loud laughter for his folly, he crept ashamed under the bedclothes, and at length joined in the laugh, declaring that the whole affair appeared to him like a dream, and that he could not conceive how he could be such a simpleton.— Since that time he has enjoyed the best health, and has never had any similar attack.

Many instances are known of persons who, though not ill, have predicted their death in one or in a few days, and have died exactly at the time which they foretold. In former ages, when it was the fashion with the great to keep an astrologer and to consult the stars, respecting the time of their death, many illustrious personages expired in the year and month predicted by their soothsayers, and the belief in their prophetic faculty was thereby not a little strengthened. In this, however, I find nothing extraordinary, and, indeed, contemporary writers explain the matter in a perfectly natural way. The good folks actually died of the prophecy; and this is one of the cases in which the prediction of a thing is the only cause why it really happens. It requires more than ordinary levity, or strength of mind, to be told by a person whom we regard as possessing superior intelligence, that it is a mathematical certainty that we shall die at a stated time, without being shocked and filled with anxiety for the result. Every day that brings us nearer to the dreaded moment, must augment our uneasiness, and the derangement of health inseparably connected with it. Fear is the most subtle, the most fatal of poisons: it paralyses all the faculties; it destroys the noblest energies of our nature, and keeps the nervous system in a state of such constant tension, that it cannot but be considered, if not as itself a disease, at least as the most dangerous foundation for diseases. Should we be attacked in this mood with any slight indisposition, it may be exceedingly aggravated by the depression of the spirits, and the prostration of the animal powers; and in this manner a cold, may degenerate into a most malignant, nay fatal, nervous fever. Thus, it is, that in times of general calamity, in epidemic diseases, and in long sieges, fear so dreadfully augments the mortality, because each is apprehensive of experiencing the same fate which he sees diffused far and wide around him.

I knew an instance of a man, who was by no means superstitious, and for whom some person had, in his youth, done the disservice to cast his nativity and to predict the year of his death. He laughed at the prophecy till the specified year arrived; he then began to be manifestly more pensive, and the idea which had formerly been a subject of mirth became an incessant torment to him. Without betraying his real cause of alarm, he went from one physician to another to consult

them on the state of his health, and to stifle the voice of imagination by the opinions of the faculty. He resorted to all sorts of preservatives; every conceivable cause of disease was obviated; and the ominous year only wanted a month of its completion, when he was seized with an ordinary fever, and at the same time with the horrors of death. The whole virulence of the disease was thereby terminated to the head and nerves, and on the fifth day he was carried off by apoplexy.

I mean not to assert that there may not be cases in which the soul has a real presentiment, nay a decided certainty, of approaching dissolution. These occur chiefly in lingering disorders, when the vital powers decline by slow degrees, and the inward feeling of our physical existence may in a manner calculate daily the sum of the loss. Here a presentiment of the period when the little remaining store must be completely exhausted, when the oil in the lamp shall be quite burned out, seems to be possible enough. I shall never forget a friend, who was so reduced by pulmonary consumption that a breath seemed capable of extinguishing the feeble flame, and whose dissolution was every moment expected. He was himself a physician; and in this agonizing state he fixed the duration of his life at twenty-four hours, desired his watch to be hung up to his bed, counted every hour, and with steadfast look accompanied the hand to the completion of the twenty-fourth, when he closed his eyes for ever.

From the influence of the imagination, it is easy to conceive how diseases, especially those of the mind and nerves, may have their periods, and be, in the strictest sense of the term, the fashion. Every age has, it is well known, its peculiar form and mode of thinking, and its own prevailing ideas, which at length become identified with ourselves. Nothing is more natural than that this form should communicate itself to our feelings, and particularly express itself in diseases of the nerves and of the representative faculty. To this is added a secret sympathy of the imagination, by means of which even defects and diseases of the mind easily excite imitation, and become really catching. By way of illustration, I need instance only the contagious influence of yawning. In this manner we may account for it why certain diseases of this class should be generally prevalent for a time, and then disappear; and why others, though the physical causes are the same, yet never appear again in the same form.

There are many remarkable instances of this kind. How long did the disease which manifested itself in the notions of witchcraft, and persons being possessed by the devil, prevail universally!—and yet merely through a change in our way of thinking, and the different direction given to the imagination, it has gone quite out of fashion. People were so accustomed to regard every wicked thought as the suggestion of the devil, and every unusual sound at night as his voice, and to believe him to be continually behind the scenes, that at length this idea became the predominant one; the imagination was incessantly occupied with it; and hence unusual inward feelings of illness might easily be taken, by those to whom they occurred, for Satanic impulses and agency, and they seriously believed themselves to be bewitched and possessed. It is astonishing what firm hold this conviction had taken of some, and how they retained it even on the scaffold and at the stake. We find incontestible evidence that many were as certain

of their guilt as their judges; and that the judges, as well as the unfortunate wretches condemned by them, were seized, in fact, with one and the same disease. The only difference was that those were active, and those passive. It is, indeed, a pleasing occupation to compare the symptoms of those diseases attributed to infernal agency with the nervous complaints of our days, and the then way of thinking with the present; for it teaches us to admire the progress of natural philosophy and of the cultivation of the human mind, and gives us some idea of the blessed influence of genuine illumination.

One of the most singular fashionable diseases was that which caused people to believe themselves to be transformed into beasts. We find traces of it in the remotest antiquity. It is not improbable that many of the mythological fables may have originated in this source. The celebrated instance of King Nebuchadnezzar might have had a similar origin, and his extraordinary history may be reduced to this, that, deranged with inordinate pride, he fancied himself a brute, ran away, and with this notion actually lived several years among the beasts of the field, till at length, cured perhaps by the air and herbage, he recovered his reason and returned to his residence. But this disease was not properly in fashion till the 12th, 13th, and 14th century, when it received the distinctive appellation of *Lycanthropy*. In those times there were numbers of people who were sometimes seized with the extraordinary paroxysm of fancying themselves to be wolves. It was in fact a state of ecstasy or trance, in which the more delicate nervous system of the nineteenth century would perhaps have heard the voices of angels.—Living at that time among wolves, people heard those animals howling, assumed in imagination the nature of wolves, and in idea acted accordingly. When they came to themselves, they related all that they had been doing in their dreams, just as if it had really happened. Many were even affected to such a degree, that they not only had visions, but actually ran away, wandered about for several days together in the forests, stealing lambs, devouring them raw, and conducting themselves exactly like wolves. At length this infatuation increased to such a pitch, that people firmly believed not merely that a man could fancy himself a wolf, but that he could actually transform himself into one. Hence the writers of those times gravely relate, that whole flocks of such *wolf-men* prowled about the country, that whole villages were seized with this mania, and that when a person killed a wolf, he could never be sure whether it was a real wolf or a man in the shape of a wolf; nay, it was even observed that the wounds inflicted on a supposed wolf very often appeared afterwards on the person of a man. At length it was deemed advisable to attribute this species of insanity also to the agency of the Devil, to anathematize the poor wolf-men, and to burn all that could be caught; and as the wolves themselves meanwhile gradually became more rare, and the imagination ceased to be so much engaged with them, this singular infatuation at length subsided entirely.

M. Magazine.

ACTORS AND THEATRICALS.

IN England alone actors have occupied somewhat of that consideration in society to which they are entitled. Not that we are by any means a theatrical people; but the dictates of good sober sense have shewn us that there is no reason why the professor of a liberal and ingenious art should be undervalued upon the stale plea of custom. It is here a received rule, to a given extent, that "worth makes the man," or, to be more explicit, that the honorable character and conduct of an individual is more looked to than his profession, provided, indeed, he be not poor, for that is an "unconquerable bar" to social notice. There is feeling and good sense in this discrimination, as far as it goes; it is worthy the better portion of the better class of English society. I say "better portion," because Lord Chesterfield observes, that "people of the first quality can be as silly, ill-bred, and worthless, as people of meaner degree;" and there are some of the higher orders of English society, high only in pride and fortune, that have about as correct a notion of the claims of intellect upon them, as an Esquimaux would have of the nature of Newton's Fluxions; were he questioned respecting them. But though actors are held in far more estimation here than in foreign countries, still many have a ridiculous prejudice against the profession, which they should overcome.

This sort of prejudice, though very unreasonable, is of old standing. The ancients, it is well known, held the profession of an actor in disesteem; but there are certain contradictions respecting them which it would be difficult to clear up. Lucian says, that a great knowledge of music, poetry, rhetoric, and philosophy, were necessary, to succeed on the stage in his time. Now, this being the case, it is singular that the respect universally paid to persons versed in these arts should not have operated in favour of those so accomplished in them. We know very little of the ancient stage, but what we do know leads us to believe that tragedy was exhibited on it more in the way of declamation than as an imitation of nature. A large portion of the ancient stage entertainments consisted of mimicry and antics, the professors of which had, perhaps, no great claim to respect, and the comedy of the ancients was of a low kind. They used masques in their stage performances, which must have effectually concealed the different changes of countenance produced by every attempt at expression; and this gives us additional reason to believe that certain regulated gestures and a well-toned voice, with a recitation, rather than acting as we now understand it, were all the ancients valued in a performer. The accounts which have come down to us, however, tend to show that some actors of good morals and attainments were held in esteem by the highest ranks in Rome, as in the example of Roscius, of whom Cicero speaks so highly. It is therefore probable, that the majority of performers were low, dissolute mimics, and that the censure cast upon the whole corps had its exceptions among the higher classes of tragedians. Modern acting differs from the ancient, in its requiring greater originality, and a certain natural genius, to succeed. The power of representation of the different emotions of the mind, for which we value an actor, was no part of the qualification they deemed necessary

for the stage. Their tragedy, with the chorus, could we hear it performed now, would not, it is likely, though we were perfect masters of the language, arouse our feelings more than the simple reading. It was strictly national, and the taste for it must have been acquired by education. It appears to me that our stage performances are of a much higher order, and the performers also, because they are more universally interesting, and the scene is kept nearer to nature. Poetry should speak an universal language, and the stage should speak it too. Let us suppose the insanity of Orestes, exhibited by a performer in a mask, who recites the character with a well-regulated tone and emphasis: it is obvious that he would add but little comparative effect to the poetry of the author. Suppose the same piece performed by Garrick or Kean, their acting would be felt and understood, wherever the language was comprehended, because nature shews the same emotions every where under similar causes of excitement. There is a poetical feeling necessary for a modern actor. He must be imaginative, and have an acquaintance with the deep secrets of the mind, which cannot be taught him by art. The actor of the ancients was, perhaps, more the being of study and artifice. Such we may conjecture, for we can conjecture only, is the difference between the two; and if so, the advantage is certainly on the side of the moderns.

In catholic countries, actors have always been treated with great contumely. The priests and monks formerly promoted the performance of mysteries and other superstitious representations, because it supported the influence of their doctrines, and tended to rivet more firmly the bonds of mental slavery; but they refused acts of common charity, and even burial rites, to the unhappy performers in return. Such is priestcraft: they who reprobated stage-players on the score of a vicious profession, preached the holiness and infallibility of Popes who committed incest and sealed their crimes with blasphemy.* The latest instance of bigot zeal exerted against the inanimate body of a performer in France, was after the return of the Bourbons in Jan. 1815, when the funeral of Madame Raucourt, on arriving at the burying-ground of Père La Chaise, at Paris, was refused the rite of burial by the minister, who wished to restore, with the temporal, the spiritual customs of old times. The indignant populace, highly to its honour, compelled the priest to do his duty by force; and such was the popular effervescence, that the experiment of a second refusal will hardly be ventured on again in that city.

We may congratulate ourselves on the increase of our stock of "harmless amusement," and the superior excellence of our actors, from the liberal view we now take of the profession. Since Garrick appeared, a theatrical race, fostered by the public, of honourable lives and highly talented, have unfolded to us, better than a thousand commentators could do it, the noble conceptions of our dramatic writers. Theatrical talent has increased with the consideration it has received in society. We are now in a third era of histrionic excellence within fourscore years: the first beginning with Garrick; the second with Kemble, Cooke, and Mrs. Siddons, and the third with Kean, Young, and others.

* For example, Pope Alexander VI, who lived in a state of incest with his sister, and had her painted as a Madonna!

In no era of our stage-history has the aggregate of talent on the boards surpassed the present. Of this, Drury-lane is a sufficient proof. An actress like Mrs. Siddons, is, perhaps, wanting and may never be supplied; but from Kean and Young to the most inferior characters, there is, at Drury-lane, power and *materiel* such as none of our theatres have before exhibited at the same moment. The tragedies of Shakspeare, that we have been told would not half fill a house during the rage for the "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire," of melo drama, have been played to overflowing benches. Othello and Iago have not cloyed the public taste, which, it now clearly appears, is not so vicious as some blundering managers have been interested in representing it, to cover their own deficiencies.

I confess I love the theatre, for I have received impressions there which no words from human lips have ever produced any where else. I have leaned on the benches, in forgetfulness of all around me but the scene, and, wrapped in a world of ideality, stored up sensations that will, by and by, feed the thoughts of declining years. The tones of the actor's voice blended themselves with the words of the poet so forcibly, that his name has become associated with them, and I can scarcely remember the one without recalling the other. Kemble's unequalled delivery of certain passages when playing Penruddock, his pathos and heart-thrilling tones, softened into mellowness by intervening time, still come over my mind like a romantic music. It may be, therefore, that I am somewhat prejudiced in favor of the profession, but it is clear to me that I have no attachment for it which is not grounded in reason and reflection; and it demands very much more than what is understood in the term "worldly custom," to convince me I am erroneous in my view of the subject. In all professions there are worthy and unworthy members; but the tragedian, who ranks high in public favour, must be a gifted man, and is therefore entitled to respect. If of unimpeachable character, hard indeed is his lot if he be not equal to a shopkeeper or an attorney in estimation—he who must unite judgment with personal and intellectual qualifications—he who must be a student of the works of genius and the expounder of them to the world; whose pursuit calls into exercise the most vigorous faculties of the mind, and is neither mean and pettifogging on the one hand, nor a tame retailing of ledger-accounts and sordid bargaining on the other. The preference bestowed on riches, the meanest but most influential of possessions, must not be suffered to contravene the truth. The actor, who instructs and amuses the public, and who stands well in public opinion, is a being far higher in the intellectual scale than the stockjobber with his plum, or the city gripeall who has amassed his million for the future dissipation of his heirs. There is, too, a reason why actors should be duly estimated in society, arising from a claim on our sympathies. They who delight us through life, leave no marks behind of all their toils to please, of their peculiar excellences, and the attractions that commanded the applauses of thousands. The poet, the author, the sculptor, dies and leaves unperishable records of his labours; the soldier's achievement is preserved in history;—but the actor consigns no legacy to posterity. His glory is as evanescent as the clap of the multitude, and perishes with himself; he is, therefore, on the score of generosity, entitled to the more considera-

tion when living, in proportion as his lot in this respect is unfelicitous. In regard to moral worth, I believe we have seen as much of it among the professors of the stage as among an equal number in other walks of life; and there has been this advantage on the side of the most peccable, that their vices have seldom been varnished by hypocrisy. They were for ever in the public gaze, and the smallest speck was magnified in proportion; but it was never their custom to disguise, under the specious veil of canting, any errors into which they had unhappily fallen; and this is of itself almost a redeeming virtue. On the other side, let the conduct of many actors of both sexes that have been public favourites, be scrutinized even by malevolence, and what will be found registered against them? They have in moral worth been equal to other individuals in society that are respected, and their claims on this score have been tacitly allowed, particularly among actresses. Away, then, with what remains of this unworthy prejudice!

Perhaps some ground for dislike to the profession may have appeared in the tendency of certain pieces brought on the boards, and the passages offensive to good morals which they contain. This is not the fault of the actor, but of the author, censor, and manager. As a whole, the character of our actors is infinitely beyond the morality of our theatre. We owe much to the stage, but it must be allowed that its secondary class of writers have not made it so instructive or moral as they might have done. Some of the lighter pieces which live, but for a moment, are the production of authors who write for the galleries, and have nothing in point of reputation to lose. It is not the piece which holds up to admiration certain points of character in a thief or a murderer that will produce an evil effect upon society. Public opinion has stamped both the one and the other of these characters with infamy. In spite of what has been said respecting Macheath, for example, it is highly improbable that any one ever became a robber from seeing the character performed. It is holding up to the admiration of the vulgar, unmingled with reprobation, lesser scoundrels whose vices are not held in equal detestation; being offences against good manners rather than breaches of laws universally recognized, that is to be condemned. "Tom and Jerry" is a piece of this class. Had its coarse exhibition of low-lived vices been kept to a picture of vice duly satirized and turned into ridicule, it might have done good. But it is easy to see that where blackguardism and folly are exhibited without due reprobation, the ignorant and vulgar of every rank in life will admire the hero of the tale, when his habits and opinions are in unison with their own, and he is made an object of admiration rather than contempt. Our guardians of the night and police magistrates can bear testimony to this truth. Next to the author, the censor intervenes, who ought, if such an interference should be tolerated at all, to have an eye on the indecencies and immoral tendencies of the works of obscure stage-writers. His notions of morality, however, are generally merged in his politics. He is, in fact, only a political automaton, and it is difficult to say whether he could be any thing else without much increasing the mischief of his office; for who could set bounds to puritanical curtailments and alterations which would be as likely to exceed reasonable limits as to keep within them? Yet while such an office exists, a little more attention to this subject might not

be misplaced. Still he is so much the creature of accident, as to office, that he may or may not have grasp of mind enough, little as it requires, to comprehend the true drift of a dramatic piece; he may see it free from sentences of constructive sedition, and think his duty executed. I am astonished how such a play as "The Hypocrite" is tolerated in the present day. In a dramatic view it is unnatural and absurd; morality it has none. It is forced in every way, and it would be worthy the good sense of the managers of the great theatres to consign it to well-merited oblivion, instead of suffering its disgusting indecencies to flush the cheeks of the better part of their audiences. Its late reappearance was in very bad taste on Mr. Elliston's part. This play was written to satirize Whitfield, who, with his contemporary and friend Wesley, were virtuous, well-meaning, but enthusiastic men, of blameless conduct and irreproachable lives. However erroneous they might be deemed on points where all can be but matter of opinion, they did infinite good in reforming the morals and softening the brutality of the lower classes, from the colliers of Walsall to the miners of the West. Their labours were, as Lord Chatham would say, more those of a college of fishermen than of a conclave of bishops or cardinals. Notwithstanding their aberration from the statute faith, they were just and conscientious men. Are such men fit objects of disgusting satire in the present enlightened times? Ought not the good sound sense of an English audience (the best censor in a free country) to put down that which no excellence of acting can sanction?

We should wish to see all theatrical reform effected by public taste, rather than by any other mode. How often, after being delighted with the exhibition of a noble tragedy, that has elevated the mind to lofty feeling, and roused to mental activity every latent virtue—how often are we disgusted by an afterpiece calculated to eradicate the good impression the tragedy has produced, indebted to *double entendre* for wit, and to the slang of St. Giles's for phraseology. Now that Drury-lane Theatre is all that can be wished as to elegance of building, accommodation of the audience, and excellence of its company—now that it stands once more the first of our histrionic exhibitions—now that the public fill the house to suffocation on the acting of legitimate tragedy by Kean and Young—it becomes the manager to fix on a firm basis a national standard of taste in his department for our other theatres to imitate. We could wish to see there the selection of tragedy and comedy made from among the best-written and most pure in the language, and a stern rejection of all mawkish trash, under whatever name introduced. The afterpieces should include none but such as have sterling merit in writing, real wit, and a perfect freedom from those indelicacies and jurations resorted to by sterile writers to fill a hiatus or wind up the climax of a stupid sentence. We could wish to see some of our sound old tragedies, and our old genteel comedy, preserved from desuetude. A singleness of object, on the part of a manager possessing freedom of thought, and a bold reliance on common sense rather than on recorded opinion, might effect much good, and complete a theatre that we might justly be proud to array in *all things* against any in a foreign country—a *Théâtre Anglais*, where a pure national literature, excellence of acting, and a due regard to decorum, may save us the trouble of apologizing to strangers for faults

which they do not tolerate, and give them a clear idea of a drama adhering to the verity of existing things, and carrying to the summit of perfection the effect of the romantic or Shakspearian school, which must finally, in every country, take the uppermost place as the mirror of nature. Let Mr. Elliston think, originally, in this respect, and complete the good work he has entered upon; for he has given us a novel and high treat by uniting the excellences of our two most distinguished actors in one piece—let him purify the stage of every thing objectionable on the score of taste, and leave behind him a name, as the perfecter of our theatrical exhibitions, in propriety*, costume, style, judgment, and morals. There is one difficulty, however, for him to overcome, which, it must be confessed, is embarrassing, namely, the subjugation of the gallery audience to a well-regulated conduct. The pit was formerly the place of the critic, affording, from its situation, the greatest facility of hearing and judging. The applause or censure of the pit decided every thing; it was the mean between the aristocracy of the boxes, and the radicalism of the galleries. At present the pit is generally filled with a respectable but uncritical audience. The amateurs of the performance are scattered through the boxes, in solitary observation. The tempered and judicious censure or applause once displayed by the pit is exchanged for the ignorant howlings and noisy interruptions of the galleries. Inferior actors, particularly in the more vulgar parts, play to the galleries, that now possess such a petty sovereignty over the whole house as it would be a slur on the audience to tolerate, were they not without a remedy to help themselves. Many reasonable alterations, for which a manager would be greeted with applause, would be overruled by the rabble. Farce-writers and melodram-compounders interlard their abortive productions with the vilest diction, to catch the never-failing applause of the “gods,” as they are styled. Thus the gallery is, at present, nearly the dictator of the house;—a state of affairs which it is difficult for a manager to alter. The gallery is vast in size, and its receipts are a great object in an expensive establishment; but its clamours operate against the interests of the other parts of the house, and its subjugation to the rules of good order seems a work indispensable to complete success. To hope better things from an amelioration of manners in the class that frequents the galleries is an idle expectation; to submit to it for ever will be a stigma both on the manager and the other parts of the house. Some have proposed to divide the gallery longitudinally, and thus prevent a concerted system of action. In what mode that good can be effected, which, unless effected, gives no hope of perfecting our theatrical exhibitions, is matter worthy the serious consideration of all who feel the charm of rational entertainment, and hold in estimation the pleasures of imagination and poesy. Thousands now do not visit the theatre at all, who, if these objections were removed, would be frequent visitants. The theatre, they justly observe, should be a school of the purest language, and a scene of decorum and refinement; it should be visited as an intellectual feast, in which “no crude surfeit reigned.” This subject, which involves the real interest of the drama, has not often enough

* Why will Mr. Kean persist in playing Othello as a sooty woolly-headed negro? It is no reason for one of his genius that tragedians have erred before him.

been brought before the public, nor efforts commensurate to its importance been attempted to change it.

I write this with no knowledge of any manager personally, and with no wish to exalt the manager of Drury-Lane above his merits. He has effected much for the public gratification, but much yet remains to be done. It is still farther in his favour, that he has shewn his willingness to give a fair trial to the production of every author that has apparently any chance of success. This is praiseworthy, and adds another laurel to his theatrical crown; but he must leave the author to his own judgment, and not shackle him by restraints. A practice has lately arisen of writing for an actor, and getting a play up with a character purposely drawn for him to sustain. Such a production never can be a happy one either for author or manager, and can only be of temporary interest. It is the actor's place to study the poet, not the poet the actor. In late times, among other strange things, we have seen most extraordinary acknowledgements put forth by authors to performers, indicating that the latter have occasionally at least, pretensions humiliating to the pride of authorship, which the world would never have guessed, but for the confession—a confession no less novel and astounding to contemporaries than to ourselves. We are gravely told of an actor (Mr. Macready) in the dedication of "Julian," lately performed at Covent-Garden, that his powers have inspired, and his taste "has fostered the tragic dramatists of the age!" A piece of information, then first communicated to them, of which they had lived in unfelicitous ignorance, and would have so continued to live but for this important disclosure. "Elegance and luxuriance of praise" are revived from old Dryden's days;—this is to the full as bad as "your Lordship in satire and Shakspeare in tragedy!"

I fear I have occupied more space than I ought in thus noticing, in a desultory way, subjects which would seem to demand more methodic details. Those, however, who love the theatre, will agree in thinking that what remains to be done is so obvious, that the task of execution is alone wanting, and that this rests with the manager who possesses sufficient originality of mind to act by the rules of good taste alone in the improvement of our dramatic entertainments.*

Y.

(M: Magazine)

* As one step, let the text of Shakspeare be forthwith restored in his plays, and the interpolated trash rejected which has so long disgraced the representation of some of his best works.

REMARKS ON MEMOIRS OF THE REBELLION, IN 1745 AND 1746,
 WRITTEN BY THE CHEVALIER DE JOHNSTONE.*

A satisfactory history of the last attempt of the now extinct House of Stuart to regain possession of the British throne, is still a desideratum in English literature. Accounts of it have been, indeed, accumulating ever since its occurrence; but they are all the mere newspaper details of passing events, or the distorted representations of avowed partizans. Even Mr. Home, who claims for his account the dignified title of a history, has been able to produce but a meagre narrative of the origin, the progress, and the issue of that domestic disturbance; both because he wanted the necessary information, and because, actuated by prudential considerations, he suppressed much of what he knew. The time for concealment has now, however, gone by, and along with the songs, airs, and legends of the contending parties—now in the course of publication—in which they vie with each other in the keenness of their satire, and in the acerbity of their sarcasm, we have reason to expect that documents illustrative of the character and motives of the leading actors in the enterprise, will also from time to time be brought to light, and thereby furnish to some future historian a stock of authentic materials sufficient to enable him to supply an obvious defect in our annals. Something towards the completion of that desirable object has been lately accomplished. The publication of the Colloden Papers especially has served in some degree to unfold the measures of government, and to expose the selfish motives of many of the rebel leaders; Dr. King's Anecdotes have revealed some traits of the Pretender's character, which tend very much to dissolve the illusion of the grandeur of heroism, which his royal descent and his daring adventure had thrown around his memory; and the work before us redeems the pledge given in its long title-page, by detailing "various important particulars relating to that contest, hitherto either unknown or imperfectly understood."

The country was not so far gone in Jacobinism, at the time when Charles, with seven attendants, landed in Scotland, as the author seems to think, when he asserts, without any qualifying epithet, that the fidelity and attachment of the Scotch to his cause was such as to justify his hope of obtaining possession of the British throne by their aid alone. All the Presbyterians—perhaps more than seven-eighths of the whole population of Scotland—were, for good reasons, firmly attached to the settlement in the Protestant line. There were many families of influence, especially in England, who would have gladly owned their allegiance to the son of their former sovereigns, if they had seen any likeli-

* Aid-de-camp to Lord George Murray, General of the Rebel Army, assistant Aid-de-Camp to Prince Charles Edward, Captain in the Duke of Perth's regiment, and afterwards an Officer in the French Service. Containing a narrative of the progress of the Rebellion from its commencement to the Battle of Culloden; the Characters of the Principal Persons engaged in it, and Anecdotes respecting them; and various important particulars relating to that contest, hitherto either unknown or imperfectly understood. With an Account of the Sufferings and Privations experienced by the Author after the Battle of Culloden, before he effected his escape to the Continent, &c. &c. Translated from a French MS. originally deposited in the Scots College at Paris, and now in the hands of the Publishers. London, Longman, Hurst, Orme, and Brown.

hood of his being able to accomplish his object, without their assistance: but notwithstanding their belief in the doctrine of hereditary indefeasible right, they were restive in a cause which showed so little chance of success, and which, in case of failure, put life and fortune in peril. Of the seven attendants of the Prince, it is asserted that five were Irishmen, one, his valet-de-chambre, was an Italian, and one only, the attainted and exiled Duke of Athol, a Scotsman. It is asserted also, that the confidence which the Prince reposed in his Irish adherents, made their advice extremely injurious to his interests. Sheridan, one of them, was his governor, and Dr. King, has said, that, as he was a Protestant, he (Dr. King) was apt to believe, that he had purposely neglected his education, of which it is surmised, he made a merit to the English ministry, for he was always supposed to be their pensioner. The only military man of the party was a Mr. Sullivan, also an Irishman, who had been aid-de-camp to the Marshal de Maillebois in Italy. The Elizabeth, a French frigate, with men, arms, and military stores on board for the use of the expedition, having been attacked by the Lion, English man of war, was glad to put back to a French port. The Prince, however, was soon joined by the Macdonalds, the Stuarts, and the Camerons. On his arrival at Perth in the month of September, he was joined by the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, brother of the Duke of Athol, Lord Nairn, and other persons of distinction, with their respective vassals. The Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray were appointed his lieutenant-generals, and our author was chosen as aid-de-camp to the latter, who says he was as much employed by the Prince, as by Lord George himself. Sir John Cope, with the army under his command, having marched to the north, the Prince and his adherents—now increasing every day in number—reached Edinburgh without opposition. “The next day King James was proclaimed at Edinburgh; and the Prince named regent to govern the kingdom in the absence of his father at Rome.” The following extract expresses the author’s sense of the transcendent military talents of Lord George Murray; insinuates, that the Prince was not quite the hero he has been generally represented; and shows, if there was no lack of courage among the other leaders, there was a lamentable deficiency of knowledge and discipline.

“Lord George Murray, who had the charge of all the details of our army, and who had the sole direction of it, possessed a natural genius for military operations, and was, indeed, a man of surprising talents; which, had they been cultivated by the study of military tactics, would unquestionably have rendered him one of the greatest generals of the age. He was tall and robust, and brave in the highest degree, conducting the Highlanders in the most heroic manner, and always the first to rush sword in hand into the midst of the enemy. He used to say, when we advanced to the charge,—I do not ask you my lads, to go before, but merely to follow me: a very energetic harangue, admirably calculated to excite the ardour of the Highlanders, but which would sometimes have had a better effect in the mouth of the Prince. He slept little, was continually occupied with all manner of details, and was altogether most indefatigable, combining and directing alone all our operations; in a word, he was the only person capable of conducting our army. His colleague, the Duke of Perth, though brave even to excess, every way honourable, and possessed of a mild and gentle disposition, was of very limited abilities, and interfered with nothing. Lord George was vigilant, active, and diligent; his plans were al-

ways judiciously formed, and he carried them promptly and vigorously into execution. However, with an infinity of good qualities, he was not without his defects: proud, haughty, blunt, and imperious, he wished to have the exclusive ordering of every thing, and, feeling his superiority, he would listen to no advice. There were few persons, it is true, in our army sufficiently versed in the military affairs, to be capable of advising him as to the conducting of his operations. The Highland chiefs, like their vassals, possessed the most heroic courage; but they knew no other manœuvre than that of rushing upon the enemy sword in hand, as soon as they saw them, without order and without discipline. Lord George could receive still less assistance from subaltern Irish officers, who, with the exception of Mr. Sullivan, possessed no other knowledge than that which usually forms the whole stock of subalterns, namely the knowing how to mount and quit guard. We can hardly, therefore, be astonished that Lord George, possessing so many qualities requisite to form a great general, should have gained the hearts of the Highlanders, and a general who has the confidence of his soldiers, may perform wonders. Hence, possessing the art of employing men to advantage, without having had time to discipline them, but taking them merely as they came from the plough, he made them perform prodigies of valour against various English armies, always greatly superior in number to that of the Prince, though the English troops are allowed to be the best in Europe. Nature had formed him for a great warrior; he did not require the accidental advantage of birth." pp. 19—21.

Sir John Cope having embarked his troops at Aberdeen, landed at Dunbar on the 17th of September * and the battle of Prestompans or Gladsmuir was fought on the 21st. Great differences of opinion have prevailed respecting the numbers composing both the rebel and the royal army. Our author says, that of the Pretender had about 1800 men, while that of General Cope amounted to 4000 regulars, besides volunteers. M. Patullo, muster-master of the rebel army, in his communications to Mr. Home, states its number at Preston to have been nearly 2500; and it has been stated as high as 5000. The statement most to be depended on seems to be that of M. Patullo; and it appears from a variety of documents, that the number opposed to each other were very nearly equal. From the information of Mr. Anderson of Whitbrough in East Lothian, the Prince was enabled to conduct his troops across a marsh to advantageous ground.

"When our first line had passed the marsh, Lord George dispatched me to the second line, which the Prince conducted in person, to see that it passed without noise or confusion. Having examined the line, and found that every thing was as it should be, on my return to Lord George I found the Prince at the head of the column, accompanied by Lord Nairn, just as he was beginning to enter the marsh, and I passed it a second time along with him. We were not yet out of the marsh when the enemy, seeing our first line in order of battle, fired an alarm-gun. At the very end of the marsh there was a deep ditch, three or four feet broad, which it was necessary to spring over, and the Prince, in leaping across, fell upon his knees on the other side. I laid hold of his arm, and immediately raised him up. On examining his countenance it appeared to me that he considered this accident as a bad omen." p. 26.

Lord George did not give the English time to recover their surprise. The Highlanders were enjoined to aim at the noses of the horses, without minding their riders, and before General Cope had his men formed

* The author uses always the old style of giving dates,

in order of battle, they rushed upon them sword in hand, and in less than five minutes gained a complete victory. "The field of battle presented a spectacle of horror, being covered with heads, legs, arms, and mutilated bodies; for the killed all fell by the sword." Our author says 1300 were killed, and 1500 taken prisoners. This is French exaggeration. According to Home, the killed did not exceed 200, and except by the Chevalier Johnstone, we are not aware that they have ever been estimated at more than 500. "This victory," says our author, "cost us 10 killed and as many wounded." The panic of the English was so great, that a Highlander killed, or at least cut down, fourteen of them; and another Highlander made ten prisoners, and drove them before him to the Prince like a flock of sheep,—"with a pistol in one hand, and a sword in the other, he made them do exactly as he pleased."

This victory afforded to the rebels a seasonable supply of arms and stores, and made the Prince master of Scotland, with which the author thinks he should, in the meantime, have contented himself. "This was the advice which every one gave the Prince; and if he had followed it he might still, perhaps, have been in possession of the kingdom." He was, however, resolute in his determination to advance to the south; and accordingly, he and his followers marched from Dalkeith in three divisions, each taking a different route—a stratagem which kept his enemies ignorant at what place he intended to enter England. This march was both well planned and well executed, for the three columns arrived nearly at the same time on a heath not far from Carlisle.—Though Marshal Wade was at Newcastle-on-Tyne with an army double that of the Prince, he was permitted, unmolested, to lay siege to that city, which, with its garrison, very soon capitulated. These successes were favourable to the increase of the rebel army, which now amounted to the number of nearly 6000 men. From Carlisle, the Prince advanced by Kendal, Preston, and Wigan, to Manchester, at which town he arrived on the 29th of November, 1745.

On the 4th of December, the rebel army was at Derby, and the Chevalier de Johnstone unfolds some circumstances in the affairs of the Prince, now for the first time made known to the public, but which, it appears, determined his retreat to Scotland. The Duke of Cumberland was within a league of Derby—the chiefs of the rebel army regarded a battle as inevitable—and the Highlanders, full of enthusiasm, were sharpening their swords, in preparation for the combat—when the intelligence brought by a courier from Lord John Drummond, brother to the Duke of Perth, completely changed the state of affairs. As the communication of Lord John Drummond on this occasion, exerted a decisive influence on the fortune of the Pretender, we must give our author's account of it in his own words.

"His Lordship informed the Prince of his having landed at Montrose, with his regiment of Royal Scots, newly raised in France, and some picquets of the Irish brigade. He added, in his letter to the Prince, that before his departure from France, the whole Irish brigade had embarked, besides several French regiments; and that there was every probability they would arrive in Scotland before his letter could reach the Prince. He informed the Prince, at the same time, that he had a force of three thousand men, partly composed of the troops brought by him from France, and partly of the Highlanders who could

not join the Prince before his departure for England. On our arrival at Derby, a courier had been dispatched to London, who returned next day, and informed us, that, besides the army of the Duke of Cumberland, which was within a few miles of Derby, there was another army of thirty thousand men encamped on Finchley common; which, however, with the exception of some regiments of guards, consisted mostly of militia." pp. 51, 52.

The Prince was still for giving battle to the Duke of Cumberland, and then to advance towards London; but this design was overruled by the chiefs, on the ground that a victory over the Duke could not be decisive,—that it must be attended with more or less of loss, which could ill be spared,—and that a second battle must soon after be fought with the army on Finchley Common, before they could enter London; whereas, if they returned to the borders of England, to meet a reinforcement of three thousand men, they would be in a condition successfully to cope with the forces sent against them.

The retreat was at length fixed upon, and the retrograde march commenced on the 6th, some hours before day-break. When the Highlanders understood they were not to be led to battle, nothing was heard from them "but expressions of rage and lamentation. If we had been beat, the grief could not have been greater."

The following account is given of the skirmish at Clifton Hall. The artillery had been detained behind the main body in consequence of the breaking down of some waggons; and on the 18th, when the Prince and the army had reached Penrith, the artillery, with Lord George and the Macdonalds of Glengary, 500 in number, had scarcely begun to march, when some of the enemy's light horse were observed hovering at no great distance, and at the same time the sound of a prodigious number of trumpets and kettledrums was heard. On gaining the summit of a hill, it was discovered, that, instead of the English army, the alarm had been occasioned by 300 light horse and chasseurs. It was, however, soon afterwards ascertained that the Duke of Cumberland had followed the rebel army, by forced marches, with 2000 cavalry, and as many foot soldiers mounted behind them. The badness of the roads having caused delays, this party came up with and attacked the Macdonalds of Glengary, who were in the rear. As the road ran between thorn-hedges and ditches, they could not surround them, nor present a broader front than the breadth of a road.

"The Highlanders received their charge with the most undaunted firmness. They repelled the assailants with their swords, and did not quit their ground till the artillery and waggons were a hundred paces from them, and continuing their route. Then the Highlanders wheeled to the right, and ran with full speed till they joined the waggons, when they stopped again for the cavalry, and stood their charge as firm as a wall. The cavalry were repulsed in the same manner as before, by their swords. We marched in this manner about a mile, the cavalry continually renewing the charge, and the Highlanders always repulsing them, repeating the same manœuvre, and behaving like lions." p. 60.

The Prince, having heard some intimation of this adventure, ordered the army to advance to the rescue of his artillery and its escort. The English cavalry continued their attack in the manner described till the exposed party came opposite the castle of Clifton Hall, where, on observing the Prince's army drawn up in order of battle, they halted,

and formed opposite to it, hedges separating the two armies, which were within musket-shot of each other.

“Mr. Cameron, of Lochiel, who was at the head of our army, having passed the bridge, after it had quitted the position taken by it, to wait for us and assist us, was the first to join Lord George with his regiment of Camerons, and rescue him and the Macdonalds of Glengary from the English cavalry. The sun was setting when our detachments formed a junction with the army. The Highlanders immediately ran to the inclosures where the English were, fell down on their knees, and began to cut down the thorn hedges with their dirks; a necessary precaution, as they wore no breeches, but only a sort of petticoat, which reached to their knees. During this operation, they received the fire of the English with the most admirable firmness and constancy; and, as soon as the hedge was cut down, they jumped into the inclosures, sword in hand, and, with an inconceivable intrepidity, broke the English battalions, who suffered so much the more as they did not turn their backs, as at the battle of Glads-muir, but allowed themselves to be cut to pieces without quitting their ground. Platoons of forty and fifty men might be seen falling all at once under the swords of the Highlanders; yet they still remained firm, and closed up their rank as soon as an opening was made through them by the sword. At length, however, the Highlanders forced them to give way, and pursued them across three inclosures, to a heath, which lay behind them. The only prisoner they took was the Duke of Cumberland's footman, who declared, that his master would have been killed, if the pistol, with which a Highlander took aim at his head, had not missed fire. The Prince had the politeness to send him back instantly to his master. We could not ascertain the loss of the English in this affair, which some estimated as high as six hundred men. We only lost a dozen Highlanders, who, after traversing the inclosures, continued the pursuit with too much ardour along the heath.

“Our army did not withdraw from Clifton-hall till some hours after the night had set in; but our artillery was sent off in the beginning of the action, with orders to continue to advance to Carlisle, without stopping at Penrith. We learned, from the footman, that the Duke of Cumberland, having given all his trumpeters and kettledrums to the light horse, had hoped to retard the march of our detachment, with the artillery; and if we had been in any manner the dupes of this artifice, we should have been all destroyed; for, in half an hour, the Duke would have got between us and our army, and our communication would thus have been cut off.” pp. 61—63.

On the 16th of January, orders were issued for collecting the whole army next morning on a moor east from Bannockburn, for the purpose of being reviewed. When the review was over, it was marched by bye-roads to the neighbourhood of Falkirk, where a memorable battle took place between it and the English army, commanded by General Hawley. The account of the onset is very animated, and agrees, in general, with that of Mr. Home, who was also present, on the field of battle. The Highlanders, in pursuing the English infantry, received the discharge of three regiments stationed in the hollow, at the foot of a hill, and taking them for an ambuscade, the cry of Stop was given, and flew from rank to rank, so as to throw the whole army into confusion.

“Fortunately the enemy did not perceive the disorder which had crept into our army, and of which Colonel John Roy Stuart was the innocent cause, by his excessive precaution and foresight. The Highlanders were in complete disorder, dispersed, and the different clans mingled pell-mell together, whilst the

obscurity of the night added greatly to the confusion. Many of them had even retired from the field of battle, either thinking it lost, or with the intention of seeking a shelter from the dreadful weather. It is often more dangerous to stop the fire and impetuosity of soldiers, of whom the best are but machines, and still more of undisciplined men, who do not listen to any orders, than to let them run every risk in order to carry every thing before them.

"I met, by accident, Colonel Brown, an Irishman, to whom I proposed that we should keep together, and share the same fate. He consented, but observed at the same time, that the Prince having made him the bearer of an order, he wished to find him with the view of communicating an answer. After having sought the Prince for a long time to no purpose, and without finding any one who could give us the least information respecting him, we fell in with his life-guards in order of battle, near a cottage on the edge of the hill, with their commander, Lord Elcho, who knew as little of what had become of Charles as we did ourselves. As the night was very dark, and the rain incessant, we resolved to withdraw to the mansion of Mr. Primrose of Dunipace, about a quarter of a league from Falkirk, having a crowd of Highlanders as guides who took the same road.

"On our arrival at the castle, we found Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke of Gordon, Mr. Fraser, son of Lord Lovat, and six or seven other chiefs of clans; but none of them knew what had become of their regiments. Other officers arrived every instant, all equally ignorant of the fate of the battle, and equally in doubt whether we had gained or lost it. About eight o'clock in the evening, Mr. Macdonald of Lochgary joined us, and revived our spirits, by announcing for certain that we had gained a most complete victory; and that the English, instead of remaining in their camp, had fled in disorder to Edinburgh. He added, in confirmation of this news, that he had left the Prince in Falkirk, in the quarters which had been occupied by General Hawley; and that the Prince had sent him to Dunipace, for the express purpose of ordering all of us to repair to Falkirk next morning by break of day." pp. 95—96.

It is with a strong expression of indignation that our author records the conduct of the Prince after the battle of Falkirk. Instead of taking the route to Edinburgh, in pursuit of a vanquished enemy, he returned to Bannockburn, to continue the siege of Stirling Castle,—a measure which was adopted solely by the advice of M. Mirabelle. But the battery, raised on a hill to the north of the fort, was quickly demolished; and this had scarcely been effected, when information of the arrival of the Duke of Cumberland at Edinburgh made the Highlanders decamp from Stirling. "To our eternal shame," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "we fled with precipitation from the same army which we had completely beaten sixteen days before." The rebel army left Stirling* on the 31st of January 1746, with the view of proceeding to Inverness, the capital of the Highlands. On the 16th of February the Prince slept at the Castle of Moy; and Lord Loudon, who was at Inverness with 2000 regular troops, having been informed where he was, formed the design of seizing on his person. We shall insert the author's account of the failure of that project.

"Whilst some English Officers were drinking in the house of Mrs. Bailly, an innkeeper in Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure,

* "On the morning of our leaving Stirling, the church of St. Ninian's, where we had fifty barrels of powder, accidentally blew up with a terrible explosion;" p. 109. We have always heard this event attributed to design, to prevent the ammunition from falling into the hands of the royal army.

her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation, and, from certain expressions dropped by them, she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilance of the centinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, which, to accelerate her progress, she had taken off; in order to inform the Prince of the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy, quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon; and the Prince, with difficulty, escaped in his robe de chambre, night-cap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. The dear girl, to whom the Prince owed his life, was, in great danger of losing her own, from her excessive fatigue on this occasion; but the care and attentions she experienced, restored her to life, and her health was at length re-established. The Prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him in the castle of Moy.

As soon as the girl had spread the alarm, the blacksmith of the village of Moy presented himself to the Prince, and assured his Royal Highness that he had no occasion to leave the castle; as he would answer for it, with his head, that Lord Loudon and his troops would be obliged to return faster than they came. The Prince had not sufficient confidence in his assurances to neglect seeking his safety, by flight, to the neighbouring mountains. However, the blacksmith, for his own satisfaction, put his project in execution. He instantly assembled a dozen of his companions, and advanced with them about a quarter of a league from the castle on the road to Inverness. There he laid an ambuscade, placing six of his companions, on each side of the highway, to wait the arrival of the detachment of Lord Loudon, enjoining them not to fire till he should tell them, and then not to fire together, but one after another. When the head of the detachment of Lord Loudon was opposite the twelve men, about eleven o'clock in the evening, the blacksmith called out, with a loud voice, "Here, come the villains, who intend carrying off our Prince; fire, my lads, do not spare them; give no quarter!" In an instant muskets were discharged from each side of the road, and the detachment, seeing their project had taken wind, began to fly, in the greatest disorder, imagining that our whole army was lying in wait for them. Such was their terror and consternation, that they did not stop till they reached Inverness. In this manner did a common blacksmith, with twelve of his companions, put Lord Loudon and fifteen hundred regular troops to flight. The fifer of his Lordship, who happened to be at the head of the detachment, was killed by the first discharge; and the detachment did not wait for a second. pp. 110—112. of *the History of the*

The battle of Culloden was fought on the 16th of April, when the Highland army, exhausted by the fatigues of a night march, and the want of provisions, sustained a signal defeat. The Prince is blamed for his eagerness for an engagement; for listening exclusively to his Irish advisers; and for the pusillanimity and dejection which he exhibited after the disastrous turn his affairs had taken.

The meeting and parting of the vanquished chiefs at Ruthven, is an interesting part of the narrative, and the account is more detailed than any which we had previously seen; and though it will lay us under the necessity of giving rather a long extract, we regard it as too valuable to suppress.

"I arrived, on the 18th, at Ruthven; which happened, by chance, to become the rallying point of our army; without having been previously fixed on. There I found the Duke of Athol, Lord George Murray, the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogilvie, and many other chiefs of clans, with about four or five thousand Highlanders, all in the best possible disposition for renewing hostilities and taking their revenge. The little town of Ruthven

is about eight leagues from Inverness, by a road through the mountains, very narrow, full of tremendously high precipices, where there are several passes which a hundred men could defend against ten thousand, by merely rolling down rocks from the summit of the mountains.

“Lord George immediately dispatched people to guard the passes, and at the same time sent off an aid-de-camp to inform the Prince, that a great part of his army was assembled at Ruthven; that the Highlanders were full of animation and ardour, and eager to be led against the enemy; that the Grants, and other Highland clans, who had, till then, remained neuter, were disposed to declare themselves in his favour, seeing the inevitable destruction of their country from the proximity of the victorious army of the Duke of Cumberland; that all the clans, who had received leave of absence, would assemble there in the course of a few days; and that, instead of five or six thousand men, the whole of the number present at the battle of Culloden, from the absence of those who had returned to their homes and of those who had left the army on reaching Culloden, on the morning of the 16th, to go to sleep, he might count upon eight or nine thousand men at least, a greater number than he had had at any time in his army. Every body earnestly entreated the Prince to come immediately, and put himself at the head of this force.

“We passed the 19th at Ruthven, without any news from the Prince. All the Highlanders were cheerful, and full of spirits, to a degree perhaps never before witnessed in an army so recently beaten, expecting, with impatience, every moment the arrival of the Prince; but, on the 20th, Mr. Macleod, Lord George's aid-de-camp, who had been sent to him, returned with the following laconic answer:—‘Let every man seek his safety, in the best way he can;—an inconsiderate answer, heart-breaking to the brave men who had sacrificed themselves for him. However critical our situation, the Prince ought not to have despaired. On occasions when every thing is to be feared, we ought to lay aside fear; when we are surrounded with dangers, no danger ought to alarm us. With the best plans we may fail in our enterprises; but the firmness we display in misfortune is the noblest ornament of virtue. This is the manner in which a Prince ought to have conducted himself, who, with an unexampled rashness, landed in Scotland with only seven men.

“We were masters of the passes between Ruthven and Inverness, which gave us sufficient time to assemble our adherents. The clan of Macpherson of Clunie, consisting of five hundred very brave men, besides many other Highlanders, who had not been able to reach Inverness before the battle, joined us at Ruthven, so that our numbers increased every moment; and I am thoroughly convinced, that, in the course of eight days, we should have had a more powerful army than ever, capable of re-establishing, without delay, the state of our affairs, and of avenging the barbarous cruelties of the Duke of Cumberland. But the Prince was inexorable and immovable in his resolution of abandoning his enterprise, and terminating in this inglorious manner an expedition, the rapid progress of which had fixed the attention of all Europe. Unfortunately, he had nobody to advise with but Sir Thomas Sheridan and other Irishmen, who were altogether ignorant of the nature and resources of the country, and the character of the Highlanders, who had nothing to lose, but, on the contrary, a great deal to gain on arriving in France, where several of them have since laid the foundations of their fortunes.

“Our separation at Ruthven was truly affecting. We bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and, on the point of being plundered, whilst they and their children would be reduced to slavery, and plunged, without resource, inso a state of remediless distress. pp. 148—152.

The latter part of the volume is taken up with the personal adventures and hair-breadth scapes of the Chevalier de Johnstone himself, after the defeat at Culloden, till he became an old man.—*Ed. Mag.*

POETRY.

(The original Hebrew of the following lines on the death of the Princess Charlotte, was written by an accomplished Poet of that nation, in London, and sung in the Synagogue on that occasion. The air to which it was adapted, and to which the English translation can also be sung, is perhaps the most ancient known, whose date is ascertained, it being the Lamentation for the Destruction of Jerusalem, and annually repeated to perpetuate the fatal day. We are told by all the ancient fathers the singular grief with which that event is remembered, and Gregory Nazianzenus and Throm mention that they go on that day to weep over its ruins. The following translation was made by Mr. Coleridge, and arranged by Mr. Bishop of London.)

Mourn Israel ! sons of Israel mourn !
Give utterance to the inward throes !
As walls of her first love forlorn,
The Maiden clad in roses of woe.

Mourn the young Mother, snatched away
From life and light ascending sun,
Mourn for the babe, death's voiceless prey,
Earned by long pangs, and lost ere won.

Mourn for the universal woe,
With solemn dirge and faltering tongue,
For England's Lady is laid low
So dear, so lovely, and so young !

The blossoms on her tree of life,
Shone with the dews of recent bliss,
Transplanted in that deadly strife,
She plucks its fruit in Paradise.

Mourn for the Prince who rose at Morn,
To seek and clip the firstling bud,
Of his own rose—and found the thorn,
The point bedewed with tears of blood.

Long as the fount of song o'erflows,
Will I the yearly dirge renew ;
And mourn the firstling of the Rose,
That snapt the stem on which it grew.

(Original.)

To

Think not my R—
That words can e'er tell
The love which this bosom
For thee does conceal :—

Think not that actions,
Howe'er ripe in art,
Can ever convince thee
How dear to this heart.—

Ah! dearer to me
Is thy lovely fond look
Than the rill of the fountain—
The calm of the brook.

Thine eyes shed a beam
Which no fear ever closes—
Thy lips have a fragrance
Far sweeter than roses.

Thy bosom's a refuge
From life's blighting cares—
Thy words are as soothing
As music's best airs.

What more can be said
But that this doating heart
Throbs high—and shall throb
With love till we part.

Then let Heaven but grant
One suit of my prayer,
And R——— shall never
Feel aught of life's care.

For her days shall sped on
Pure and calm as the ray
That shines on the flowerets
Each morning in May.

THE SHEPHERD'S GARLAND.—1597.

WHERE shall I find Content
Dwelleth he high or lowly?
Doth he ride in the car of state
Or the wave that travelleth slowly?
Doth he dwell in the courts of kings
Or in the hermit's lowly cell
Doth he dwell in the lord's hall
Or is he found in the hynds bordelle
Is he hidden in the laurel bough
Doth he couch under Cupid's wing?
Doth he swim in the bowl of wine?
Or doth he set on the minstrel's string?

When ye ride in the car of state,
He rides in the wave full slowly;
When you walk on the hills so high,
He walks on the vale full lowly:
When ye dwell in the courts of kings,
He seemeth a country swain,
When ye are dancing on the green,
He passeth with princely train:
O ye shall never find Content
Tho' ye should seek him ever,
He flyeth as ye pursue,
And ye shall catch him never.

To R——

(Original.)

There is a **THEME** on which my thoughts could dwell,

Until imagination—lured by chastened love—

Became a boundless ocean, vast as burning hell,

And ebon night, which sun nor moon could e'er remove.

There is a **NAME** which I could say, repeat,

Until my voice became the whispering mellow wind,

That wanders in the searchless drear retreat

Of **ECHO**, ere it bursts upon the wandering hind.

There is an **EYE** on which my doating sight,

Could gaze, until the regions of the gloomy dark

Enveiled my vision in drear eternal night,

Remote from day and beaming sun-shine's vivid spark.

And, oh! there is a **HEART** whose beating pulse

Vibrates affection's purest, sweetest strain.

But, ere I cease to love it—Nature must convulse,

And leave the world to grope in chaos trackless main.

That **THEME**—that **NAME**—that **EYE**—that **HEART** is thine,

Beloved **R——**, darling of my soul,

Whose days—whose years, shall ever twine with mine;

Far from blighting hate, and Anguish's chill controul.

HOME.

Oh! 'tis sweet to retire from the word and its wiles,

And renounce all life's idle inducements to roam;

To fly from its tumults, to court not its smiles,

And centre our joys in the circle at home.

To trust but to those who we know are sincere,

And who in our paths never scattered a thorn;

To live but for those who deserve to be dear,

And laugh this vain world and its vot'ries to scorn.

Not forced to applaud what our hearts disapprove,

Nor venture in whispers alone to condemn;

But to place all our hopes on the few that we love,

And feel we are safe in depending on them.

Not idly to linger, till time shall proclaim,

That the search after pleasure must shortly be o'er:

And nothing is left but a weak worn-out frame,

And regret for the days which no power can restore.

But ere the gay summer of youth shall be fled,

To find out the end of existence below,

And while we the sweet tears of gratitude shed,

Acknowledge this world hath no more to bestow.

ANECDOTES.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

A letter appeared in a newspaper, giving a ludicrous account of one of the heads of the Bourbon family; upon which, not only the Spanish ambassador, but all the ambassadors belonging to that family, joined in a memorial which was delivered to Lord Weymouth, insisting upon condign punishment being inflicted upon the printer, and even threatening us as a nation if such satisfaction was refused. To this the secretary of state answered like a man of sense and spirit, that he was surprised the ambassadors could be so ignorant of the constitution of this country, as not to know that it was out of the power of government to punish a printer in the way their excellences desired; that he was sorry for the affront offered to their sovereign; that the English newspapers took liberties with their own king, and a foreign prince had no great cause to be angry, if he was sometimes treated with the same freedom, since the laws of the land were equally the shelter of the offenders in both cases. As to the threats, he smiled at them; but added, that if what the printers had done could be construed into a libel, the attorney-general should be spoken to, a prosecution commenced, and such damages adjudged, as a jury of Englishmen thought equitable.

Prince Masserano, the Spanish ambassador, was greatly enraged at this answer of Lord Weymouth's, and exclaimed, "What, not punish the rascal who has called the King of Spain a fool?" "No," said Lord Weymouth, "I cannot, for these very printers have said the same of our king, who is a sensible man; and when brought to trial by our course of law, they were acquitted."

TECUMSEH.

The Indian warrior Tecumseh, who fell in the late American war, was not only an accomplished military commander, but also, a great natural statesman and orator. Among the many strange and some strongly characteristic events in his life, the council which the American General Harrison held with the Indians at Vincennes in 1811, affords an admirable instance of the sublimity which sometimes distinguished his eloquence. The chiefs of some tribes had come to complain of a purchase of lands which had been made from the Kickapoos. This council effected nothing, but broke up in confusion, in consequence of Tecumseh having called General Harrison "a liar." It was in the progress of the long talks that took place in the conference, that Tecumseh having finished one of his speeches, looked round, and seeing every one seated, while no seat was prepared for him, a momentary frown passed over his countenance. Instantly, General Harrison ordered that a chair should be given him. Some person presented one, and bowing, said to him, "Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat." Tecumseh's dark eye flashed, "My father!" he exclaimed, indignantly, extending his arms towards the heavens; "the

sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; she gives me nourishment, and I repose upon her bosom." As he ended, he sat down suddenly on the ground.

REPORTERS.

When the tax on newspapers, proposed by Mr. Pitt in 1789, was under discussion in the House of Commons, Mr. Drake said that he disliked the tax, and would oppose it from a motive of gratitude.—“The gentlemen concerned in writing for them had been particularly kind to him. They had made him deliver many well-shapen speeches, though he was convinced he had never spoken so well in his whole life.”

FLETCHER OF SALTON.

Mr. Fletcher is allowed to have been by far the finest speaker in the parliament of Scotland at the time of the union. He was remarkable for a close and nervous eloquence, which commanded the admiration of all who heard it. To an uncommon elevation of mind, he added a warmth of temper which would suffer him to brook from no man, or in any place, the slightest indignity. Of this he exhibited on one occasion an eminent proof. The Earl of Stair, Secretary of State and Minister for Scotland, having in the heat of debate used an improper expression against Mr. Fletcher, he seized his lordship by his robe, and insisted upon immediate and public satisfaction. The earl was instantly obliged to beg his pardon in presence of parliament.

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

Nearly forty years ago, his present majesty, then Prince of Wales, was so exceedingly urgent to have £800 to, an hour on such a day, and in so unusual a manner, that the gentleman who furnished the supply, had some curiosity to know for what purpose it was obtained. On enquiry, he was informed that the moment the money arrived, the prince drew on a pair of boots; pulled off his coat and waistcoat; slipped on a plain morning frock, without a star; and turning his hair to the crown of his head, put on a slouched hat, and thus walked out. This intelligence raised still greater curiosity; and with some trouble the gentleman discovered the object of the prince's mysterious visit. An officer of the army had just arrived from America with a wife and six children, in such low circumstances, that to satisfy some clamorous creditor, he was on the point of selling his commission, to the utter ruin of his family. The prince by accident overheard an account of the case. To prevent a worthy soldier suffering, he procured the money, and that no mistake might happen, carried it himself. On asking, at an obscure lodging-house in a court near Covent Garden, for the lodger, he was shown up to his room, and there found the family in the utmost distress. Shocked at the sight, he not only presented the money, but told the officer to apply to Colonel Lake, living in — street, and give some account of himself in future; saying which, he departed without the family knowing to whom they were obliged.

LAVALETTE.

When Lavalette had been liberated from prison by his wife, and was flying with Sir Robert Wilson to the frontier, the postmaster examined his countenance, and recognized him through his disguise. A postillion was instantly sent off at full speed. M. de Lavalette urged his demand for horses. The postmaster had just quitted the house, and given orders that none should be supplied. The travellers thought themselves discovered, and saw no means of escaping, in a country which they were unacquainted; they resolved upon defending themselves, and selling their lives dearly. The postmaster at length returned unattended; and then addressing himself to M. de Lavalette, he said, "You have the appearance of a man of honour; you are going to Brussels, where you will see M. de Lavalette; deliver him these two hundred Louis d'ors, which I owe him, and which he is no doubt in want of;" and without waiting for an answer, he threw the money into the carriage and withdrew, saying, "You will be drawn by my best horses, a postillion is gone to provide relays for the continuance of your journey."

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

In the battle of Zutphen, fought in the cause of liberty against the tyrant Philip of Spain, Sir Philip Sydney displayed the most undaunted and enterprising courage. He had two horses killed under him, and whilst mounting a third, was wounded by a musket shot out of one of the trenches, which broke the bone of his thigh. He had to walk about a mile and a half to the camp; and being faint with loss of blood, and parched with thirst, he called for drink, which was instantly brought him; but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked at it with wistful eyes. The gallant and generous Sydney took the bottle from his mouth without drinking, and delivering it to the soldier, said, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine." Sixteen days afterwards the virtuous Sydney breathed his last, in the thirty-second year of his age.

ALEXANDER, SECOND DUKE OF GORDON.

A protestant who rented a small farm under the duke, having fallen behind in his payments, a vigilant steward in his grace's absence seized the farmer's stock, and advertised it to be *rouped*, that is, sold by auction on a fixed day. The Duke happily returned home in the interval, and the tenant went to him to supplicate for indulgence. "What is the matter, Donald?" said the Duke, as he saw him enter with downcast looks. Donald told his sorrowful tale in a concise natural manner: it touched the duke's heart, and produced a formal acquittance of the debt. Donald, as he cheerily withdrew, was staring at the pictures and images he saw in the Ducal Hall, and expressed to the Duke in a homely way, a wish to know what they were. These, said the Duke, who was a Roman Catholic, "are the saints who intercede with God for me." "My Lord Duke," said Donald, "would it not be better to apply yourself directly to God? I went to muckle Sawney Gordon, and little Sawney Gordon; but if I had not come to your good grace's self, I could not have got my discharge, and both I and my bairns had been harried (turned out from house and home)."

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—One of the most important public transactions which have transpired in the parent State since our last, has been the act of the British Government in sending out an Embassy of Enquiry to the acting Government of Mexico. The following is the state of circumstances under which the commission is sent. Soon after the usurpation of ITURBIDE, it was understood that he was in secret alliance with the Royal family in Spain, and that he was acting in concert with the French and Spanish Courts. After Bolivar had succeeded in establishing the independence of Columbia, his first measure was to send some trusty friends into Mexico to open the eyes of the Mexicans to the true character and purposes of Iturbide. The consequence was, that a disaffection to his person and government soon spread through every part of the Empire, which ended in his formal deposition by the Mexican Congress, with which he himself was induced to submit, and abdicate upon a pension. The Mexicans were thus left without a government, and the country was in such an anarchical condition, as almost to lie at the mercy of the first invader. At this period the French invaded Old-Spain, and the Duc d'Angouleme, in one of his public despatches, went so far as to insinuate, that if the Cortes would submit, the fleets and armies of France would be at the service of Spain, to compel the submission of her South-American provinces. Such is the general state of things under which the Commission of Enquiry has been sent. It is one part of the character of the present Ministry, that they are most laudably anxious to maintain and augment our commercial resources, and at least to keep open all the channels, which the fortune of war, and the vicissitudes of public affairs, have unfolded to British capital and industry. To this end, therefore, they are naturally desirous to ascertain the exact condition of affairs in Mexico and Peru, and most particularly to determine, the important question,—whether their independence be established upon such a basis, and is maintained by such a degree of strength as will justify Britain in recognizing Mexico as a state now actually independent. If the Commission shall report the result of their enquiry to be, that such a condition actually exists in Mexico and Peru, it will then become the right of the British Government to say to France, that the interest of Great Britain will not allow the French Government to become the ally of Spain in an active war against the Spanish Americans. That the independence of these States, so far as regards all other Powers but Spain herself, must now be regarded as established and settled,—that it makes a part of the actual condition of things,—the *status in quo* of nations,—and that if France becomes an ally with Spain against them, England must become an ally with the South-Americans.

The unabated vigour of the Government of IRELAND, seconded by the zealous and combined exertions of the Magistracy, have been attended by present success, at least in the counties of Cork and Limerick, where the progress of insurrection has been checked, and the sanguinary violence of the rural population decisively restrained by the firm, temperate and judicious administration of that law, which the distractions of this unhappy country, have rendered necessary to the protection of life and property. "Every friend"—says a sensible writer in an Irish paper—"to the liberties of his country, must lament the application of a law, which, while it suspends the most important of our constitutional rights, imposes so galling a coercion on the habitudes of society; but who can reflect upon the still more formidable and revolting evils which it is designed to counteract, without admitting, that for this temporary sacrifice even of our best and highest privileges, we find an ample recompense in the re-establishment of that tranquillity on which the happiness and welfare of society so much depend?"

SPAIN.—Since the appearance of the Duc d'Angouleme, before CADIZ; he has offered the following terms to the CORTES. 1. That Spain shall proceed to constitute an upper Chamber or Senate of Nobles; upon the plan of the House of Peers in France or England, or if titles be wanting, or be objected to, that the Senate shall be constituted upon the plan of that of America. 2. The King to have a veto upon all laws, as the Kings of England and France, and to have the command of the armies and the administration of the public force in full. 3. The parochial Clergy and episcopacy of Spain to receive a sufficient stipend: Bishops no less than 10,000 dollars annually, no parochial clergy less than 8,000 dollars. And this to be secured in land, and not to be dependent on any annual supply. 4. The inquisition to be abolished. 5. The Press to be free, but to be responsible. 6. A perfect amnesty of all that has passed on both sides. Five days were allowed to decide on the acceptance or rejection of these proposals. The following is given as the answer of Ferdinand, which is said to have been returned on the last day of the term fixed, and to have been in the hand writing of the King. 1. That he has never ceased to enjoy personal liberty until the appearance of the French troops in Spain. 2. That the blood which has been shed in this unjust war, will recoil upon the head of Louis XVIII. and all Frenchmen. 3. That they are responsible before God for all the evils that may happen either to Ferdinand or his family. 4. That the King relies, confidently, upon the intervention of England. Shortly after this fruitless conference, the Cortes issued an official Decree, in which it is emphatically stated that "the present members have not listened, nor will they listen, to any proposal, from any foreign government whatever, having for its object a modification or alteration of the political constitution of the Spanish Monarchy; sanctioned at Cadiz in 1812; for they cannot fail in the sacred duties expressed in the powers conferred on them."

The *Moniteur* of the 7th of September contains an official dispatch, from which it appears, that, on the 31st of August, the French carried "with great vigour" the TRACADERO, situated on the Peninsula which projects itself towards the fort PUNTAL, on the Isle of LEON. The

loss of the Spaniards consisted of about one hundred and fifty men killed, and two hundred and fifty wounded. The French made nine hundred prisoners, and took more than fifty pieces of cannon in the batteries. To counterbalance this misfortune, it is said, that the Constitutionalists under RIEGO have gained a complete victory over the French in the Streets of JAEN, in which seven hundred of the latter were killed on the spot. The last accounts represent Riego as rapidly advancing upon Madrid, where it is hoped he will be equally successful.

An Extraordinary meeting of the Cortes was held on the sixth of September. In the evening, all the Ministers of State being present, the following message from the King, was read to the Assembly by the Speaker. "*Gentlemen Deputies*—On that important day on which the ordinary Cortes in the present year, closed their session, I announced to you, that, if circumstances should require it, I would seek in the extraordinary Cortes, a means of safety for the vessel of State. An exposition which my Ministers are, by my order, to submit to you, will shew that the vessel of the State is on the point of being wrecked; if the Cortes do not exert themselves to save it. What is to be laid before you will also palpably evince how ineffectual have been all the efforts made to obtain an honourable peace; because the enemy, bent upon pursuing his purpose of interfering, against all right, in the affairs of this kingdom, persists in not treating but with me alone and free, and will not consent to regard me as free unless I go to place myself amidst his bayonets. Inconceivable and ignominious freedom, whose sole basis is the disgrace of delivering yourself at discretion into the hands of your enemy! Make provisions, Gentlemen Deputies, for the exigencies of the country from which I should not, and will not, ever separate my lot, being convinced that the enemy holds as naught reason and justice, unless they be supported by force; examine quickly the evil and the remedy.

By a proclamation of the Military Governor of Cadiz, *Don Manuel de Latre*, we observe that every male between the ages of eighteen and forty-five was to present himself within three days after the 4th of September, to the Constitutional municipality, to be armed and embodied for the public service—that requisitions were issued for forty thousand sand bags, and for provisions and munitions of every description; and, in short, that every preparation was on foot for holding out to the last extremity.

GREECE.—It is said that the Castle of Morettimo, in Candia, has been taken, and that the Greeks were bombarding the Castle of Cance, by land and sea. Niketatos has arrived before Patras with 15,000 Greeks, to prevent any further landing of Turks. In Livodia, Odysseus has defeated in five different encounters the body of troops there. The naval fleet of the Greeks, it is said, and we believe it, have gone out to meet the Turks on their return. The Iriots have 14 fire ships with them. It is reported that the Persians have made peace with the Turks. A letter from Smyrna, dated 17th of July says, that great fears are entertained there and at Constantinople of the safety of the Europeans; in consequence of the subscriptions in England in aid of

the Greeks, and that an account of the London Meeting, Speeches, and Subscriptions, has been translated into the Turkish language, and presented to the Grand Seignior.

America.

COLUMBIA.—The Columbian Star, informs us, that, at the request of a deputation from South America, the late Pope of Rome appointed Monsigneur Muzzi to be Apostolic Vicar in the New World. He is to be clothed with extensive powers, and to be a kind of substitute for the Pope's own authority in governing the Church in America. The holy father "deplores the error of the insurgents who contemn the authority of the mother country," but, "desirous not to jeopardize the eternal salvation of so many Christians," he has granted their petition for the appointment of a Patriarch.

WEST-INDIES.—In an article under St. Vincent's head, it is stated that the two missionaries who have been arrested at Demarera, on suspicion of having excited the blacks to rebellion, are named Elliot and Smith, and that they are agents of the London Missionary Society, not of the Wesleyan, as has been erroneously reported.

Several parishes had called public meetings, "to declare and promulgate their sentiments, in the present unparalleled crisis of Colonial affairs."

Asia.

EAST-INDIES.—It appears by an official account published, that the revenues of India made up at Bengal, Fort Saint George, Bombay, Bencoolen, and Prince of Wales Island, amounted in 1821, to the enormous sum of £22,195,008. In 1812 they were only £16,488,924. The total charges for interest on debt, expence of St. Helena, and political charges paid in India were in 1812, 16,935,476, and in 1821, 21,592,880.

PROVINCIAL JOURNAL.

LOWER-CANADA.

Order in Council.—At the Court at Carlton-House, the 21st of July, 1823.—Present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

Whereas by an Act, passed in the third year of his Majesty's reign, entitled "An Act to regulate the Trade between his Majesty's possessions in America and the West Indies," certain articles enumerated in the schedule B annexed to the Act, are permitted to be imported into certain parts of his said dominions; and whereas some of the said articles are subject, on importation into the said ports, to the payment of certain duties, according to the rates set forth in schedule C. annexed to the said Act; and whereas, by an Act, passed in the fourth year of his Majesty's reign, entitled "An Act to authorise his Majesty, under certain circumstances, to regulate the duties and drawbacks on goods imported or exported in foreign vessels, and to exempt certain foreign vessels from pilotage," his Majesty is authorized, by and with the advice of his Privy Council, or by his Majesty's Order or Orders in Council, to be published from time to time in the *London Gazette*, whenever it shall be deemed expedient, to levy and charge any additional duty or duties of Customs, or to withhold the payment of any drawbacks, bounties, or allowances upon any goods, wares, or merchandize imported into or exported from the United Kingdom, or imported into or exported from any of his Majesty's dominions, in vessels belonging to any foreign country in which higher duties shall have been levied, or smaller drawbacks, bounties, or allowances granted upon goods, wares or merchandize when imported into or exported in vessels of such country, provided always, that such additional or countervailing duties so to be imposed, and drawbacks, bounties or allowances so to be withheld as aforesaid, shall not be of greater amount than may be deemed fairly to countervail the difference of duty, drawback, bounty, or allowance paid or granted on goods, wares, or merchandize imported into or exported from such foreign country in British vessels, more or less than the duties, drawbacks, bounties, or allowances there charged or granted upon similar goods, wares, or merchandize imported into or exported from such foreign country in vessels of such country; and whereas British vessels entering the ports of the United States, from the ports of his Majesty's possessions in America, or the West Indies, with cargoes consisting of articles of the growth, produce, or manufacture of the said possessions, are charged with a duty of one dollar per ton for tonnage duties and light money, and a discriminating duty of ten per cent is charged on the cargoes of such vessels, to which vessels of the United States, and cargoes of the same description, entering the ports of those States from the ports of the said dominions are not subject; His Majesty, by virtue of the powers vested in him by the said last cited Act, and with the advice of his Privy Council, is pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that from and after the date of this Order

there shall be charged on all vessels of the United States which shall enter any of the ports of his Majesty's in America, or the West Indies, with articles of the growth, production, or manufacture, of the said States, a duty of four shillings and three pence sterling for each and every ton burthen of such vessels, equal (as nearly as may be) to ninety-four cents of the money of the United States, and being the difference between the tonnage duty payable by vessels entering any of the ports of the United States, from any ports of his Majesty's dominions in America and the West Indies above enumerated; and further an addition of ten per cent. upon the duties set forth in table C. above referred to on any of the articles therein enumerated, which may be imported in any such vessel of the said States; such duties to be levied, collected and applied in the same manner, and to the same purposes, as the duties levied under the authority of the said Act of the third year of his Majesty's reign; and the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury are to give the necessary directions herein accordingly.

JAS. BULLER.

New Catholic Church.—We have been favoured with a cursory inspection of a plan and elevation of the new Catholic Church proposed to be built in Montreal; and feel highly gratified in being able to report that, as a whole, the plan is of a character which well entitles it to the approbation of the public, no less as an architectural display of external taste and ornament, than in internal usefulness and convenience. The front, which is to run parallel with Notre-Dame Street, will be 150 feet in length, and will be composed of plain cut stone in the simple gothic style, terminating in two splendid square towers, 184 feet in extreme height, and 90 feet asunder. Each front of these towers is decorated with a dial plate of a clock. There are three grand entrances in front, finely ornamented in the true gothic style, supported by square massy pilasters of the same order. These entrances are surmounted by three corresponding windows, over which the main front terminates in a fine row of embrasures 90 feet long, at the extremities of which the towers begin to be distinguished. The length of the building from front to rear, we believe, is 253 feet and is finished in a manner worthy of so fine a front. Each of these longitudinal walls contains a gothic door, and are surmounted at the extreme termination with a neat gothic tower. The interior seems to be commodiously and appropriately laid out, and is made to contain, between the floor and gallery, thirteen hundred pews. Spacious accommodation is reserved for the great altar; and every exertion is made to combine tasteful arrangement with utility. It is proposed to warm the Church in winter by means of heated air, which we deem a better and safer method than by stoves. From the slight inspection which we have had of this interesting plan, it is impossible to convey a more perfect idea of its beauty and dimensions, but we think it highly deserving of public encouragement, as conferring on this city a lasting public ornament of architectural elegance.

Execution of William Pounder.—On the 17th inst. this criminal underwent the awful penalty of the law. He appears after his conviction, to have made a new and full confession of the deed, and to have shown his great abhorrence of the crime. A great crowd of persons were present at his execution.

Masonic Installation.—In consequence of a Patent lately received from His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Principal Grand Master of the Grand Masonic Lodge of England, for the purpose of dividing the Grand Lodge of Lower-Canada, and the appointment and induction of Office-Bearers for the District of Montreal, the formal installation of the Honourable William MacGillivray, as Grand Master of that District, took place here on Wednesday last the 9th instant, at which several Members of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Quebec assisted. After the Ceremony of the Installation the Members of the several Lodges walked in procession, of which the following is a program, to the Episcopal Parish Church, where an excellent and an appropriate Sermon was preached by the Provincial Grand Chaplain, and a Collection of £51 6d. made in aid of the Montreal General Hospital.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

Band of Music of the 70th Regt.

Provincial Grand Tyler.

Brethren, not Members of any Lodge, two and two.

The Lodges according to their Numbers, the Juniors walking first.

Members of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Quebec.

M. W. the Honble. Claude Dénéchau, (Member of Lodge No. 77.)

Grand Master.

R. W. Francis Coulson, (Member of Lodge 77,) late Grand Master.

R. W. J. F. X. Perrault, (Member of Lodge 23,) P. D. G. M.

R. W. J. Stillson, (P. M. Lodge 22,) P. S. G. W.

M. W. William Ross, (Member of Lodge 22,) P. G. Secretary.

Members of the Provincial Grand Lodge Montreal, viz:—Provincial

Grand Sword Bearer.

Provincial Grand Director of Ceremonies, Joseph Bigelow.

Provincial Grand Deacons, S. W. Monk.—Foster.

Provincial Grand Secretary, Turton Penn.

Provincial Grand Register, Henry McKenzie.

Acting Provincial Grand Treasurer, H. Gates.

Provincial Grand Chaplain, Rev. B. Stevens.

The Provincial Junior Grand Warden, G. Garden.

The Provincial Senior Grand Warden, M. Scott.

The Banner of the Provincial G. M. of Montreal.

The Provincial G. M. of Montreal, The Hon. Wm. MacGillivray.

When the procession returned to the Lodge a letter was found on the table from Mrs. Barrett, soliciting aid in behalf of the Orphan Asylum; when a collection of £8 was instantly made.

We feel great pleasure in notifying these acts of charity towards our most useful Institutions; and feel gratified that the ancient fraternity of Free-Masons have so nobly contributed to the maintenance of that spirit of munificence by which they have been so nobly distinguished in every age.

General Hospital.—We have great pleasure in publishing the following communication, as it shows in what estimation the Montreal General Hospital is held; and as it may be an inducement for others "to go and do likewise."

The Treasurer of the Montreal General Hospital, begs to acknowledge the receipt of a liberal donation of £34 1 0, transmitted by the

Revd. John McKenzie, being the amount of a collection made in the Church of Williamstown, on Saturday, the 13th Sept. the day before administering the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The Races.—The Montreal Races commenced on Wed. 24th Sept. They were well attended on that day, and the sport seemed to afford universal gratification. The second race between Leshmahago and Sir Walter was beautiful, and almost equally contested. During the first heat a feat was performed by Capt. O'Brien, one of the riders, which conferred the highest honour on his horsemanship, and gave evident proofs of the highest skill in the equestrian art. While about the middle of the course the girth of his saddle got loose, which had nearly the consequence of throwing him to the ground; but the Captain dexterously threw himself out of the saddle altogether, and preserved his seat on horseback. The saddle, however, was still so fast as to remain behind, until the termination of the heat, which the Captain won, though he ultimately lost the race.

Launch.—On Saturday last the launch of the Steam Tow-Boat HERCULES took place. A large concourse of people were collected on the shore, to view her consignment to the watery element. About two o'clock the preparations for launching commenced, and half an hour after, the vessel was started and moved, slowly at first, but with accelerated speed, into the river. The plunging of her stern into the water, and the manner in which she rose—climbing as it were, the steep ascent of a mountain of water—was wonderfully fine. When she touched the water, two rockets were let off from the stern, and the usual ceremony of christening the Boat with a Bottle of Rum, was gone through by one of the proprietors at the bows. Immediately upon gaining her seat upon the water, the party on board gave three cheers, which were repeated by the crowd on shore, and made the air resound with acclamations. The Steam-Boats La Prairie and Montreal fired repeated salutes, until the tow-boat was brought along-side of Mr. Munn's Wharf, which was done at half-past three. The model of this Boat is very fine; she is one hundred and ten feet in length, and has probably the greatest power of any boat in America. The power of a Steam-Engine upon the plan of Boulton and Watts, is calculated by the size of its Cylinder, with boilers sufficiently large to afford a constant supply of Steam. The cylinder of the CHANCELLOR KENT of New-York—calculated for 100 horse power, is only 48 inches in diameter, while that of the Tow-Boat is 55. We feel much pride in belidding another production of the awakened spirit and enterprise of our citizens; and more especially when the facility promised to trade by this Boat is so great, and interests so nearly the whole community.

Execution at Montreal.—On Friday the 24th inst. at 10 o'clock in the morning, pursuant to their sentence Abraham Paradis, Warren Glossen, and Jean Baptiste Albert, suffered the awful punishment of the law; they behaved with propriety, and much resignation, and it is to be hoped that this warning will produce that salutary dread of Justice and the belief of its necessity, for the safety of Society; the apparent indifference on which subject rendered such a painful proof of the determined guardianship of the Laws, indispensable.

Military Inspection.—On the 22d inst. His Lordship the Commander of the forces, made the half-yearly inspection of the 37th Regiment upon the Plains of Abraham, and on the 23d, that of the 68th Light Infantry, upon the same ground. The weather was uncommonly fine on Monday and the first mentioned corps performed the several manœuvres with that precision and steadiness for which it stands conspicuous.—The 68th Regiment was less fortunate in the weather, which on Thursday was raw and unpleasant and the field of exercise, from the heavy rain on Tuesday and Wednesday, in a very unfavourable state for Light Infantry movements: nevertheless this distinguished corps went through a variety of manœuvres peculiar to Light troops with astonishing celerity and accuracy. We understand that His Lordship expressed himself highly satisfied with the appearance and discipline of each Regiment.

UPPER CANADA.

THE CROP.—The wheat crops were got in in good order, and would have been an excellent crop had it not been for the *Hessian Fly*, which greatly injured many fine fields; still, however, there is much good wheat in the Country.

LEGISLATURE.—In this Province the intended Winter Circuit of the Judges is supposed to have rendered it expedient to call together the Legislature in the Autumn. There is reason to believe that the session will be short and tranquil. It may too become memorable, as the last session of the last Parliament of Upper Canada. For it is almost reduced to a certainty that ministers are bent on re-uniting the Canadas under one Legislature.

TOBACCO.—The Tobacco in the Western District is this season very promising. Towards the close of last month sharp frosts materially injured what was still on the ground. We are happy to learn however, that the greater part of the crop had been previously secured.

Agricultural Report.

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL—OCTOBER, 1823.

There is much difficulty attached to a correct Agricultural Report in this District. In similar situations in Britain the same system of farming is nearly pursued by every individual, whilst, here, on the contrary, there scarcely seems to be any regular plan or rotation at all followed up. Enquiries for information, upon Agricultural subjects, are consequently attended with very little benefit; and there are few individuals calculated to answer one question which may be of use to the writer of a public report. His reports, therefore, must necessarily apply but to a very limited portion of the country.

The cold weather which prevailed during the early part of the month, rendered the gathering in of the Potatoe-crop a very desirable work, and greatly facilitated their security, though the crop was rather a light one.

The fineness of the weather since the middle of the month has greatly contributed to the advancement of ploughing. Notwithstanding the failure of Fall-wheat sown last year, several considerable quantities have again been sown this fall with more sanguine and perhaps more just expectations of success.

Stock is not in such good order, as about this period of last year;—fall foggage being very short; a Farm produce still fetch very low prices, with the exception of Hay, which bears an adequate price.

Much emulation exists among the neighbouring farmers in improving their breed of Cattle, a number of Cows and Bulls having lately been imported from England and Ayrshire in Scotland. Too much praise cannot be given to these enterprising individuals who thus contribute to the improvement of the Stock of the Country.

In consequence of the great influx of Emigrants this year, labour still continues to be reasonable; but these having come principally from Ireland, few good ploughmen are found amongst them.

We are glad to find that there were prospects that the bonded wheat from this Country, would, under the operation of the late Act regulating the Corn Trade, be entered for home consumption on paying the duty of 17s. per quarter. The quantity which is bonded is extremely great, and the constant and serious diminution which it undergoes, while under lock, as well as the loss of interest, must have proved a very great disadvantage to the proprietors, during several years, which it has been in that condition.

Horticulture.—The Montreal Horticultural Society held their annual Show of Vegetables, on Wednesday last, when the following Premiums were awarded, viz: to Mr. Angus McGillivray, for producing the finest Celery; to Mr. John P. Hogg, for producing the finest Red Beets; to Mr. James Kippen, for producing the finest Onions, and Carrets; to Mr. James King, for producing the finest Red Cabbages; to Mr. François Fresne, for producing the finest Winter Cabbages; and to Mr. John Donnallan, for producing the finest Cauliflowers, and Brocoli. The Vegetables in general exhibited were much finer than the Committee had anticipated from the unfavourableness of the late season.

The following Members were elected for the Committee for the ensuing season:

Hon. JOHN RICHARDSON, Esq. *Presdt.*—Mr. H. CORSE, *V. President.*
Messrs. W. WILSON, and A. MCGILLIVRAY, *Stewards.*
JOHN P. HOGG, *Treasurer,* and R. CLECHORN, *Secretary.*

Civil Appointments.

CASTLE OF ST. LEWIS, QUEBEC, Oct. 17, 1823.

His Excellency the Governor in Chief having found it expedient to entrust the Commissions of Editor and Printer of the Quebec Gazette to John Charleton Fisher, Esq. L.L.D.—Public Notice is hereby given thereof; and the QUEBEC GAZETTE will, for the present, and until further arrangements can be made, be issued and published, "By Authority," from the office of the Quebec Mercury, on Thursday, in every week, of which all public officers and departments of the Civil Government are required to take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

By Command of His Excellency the Governor in Chief.

ANDREW WILLIAM COCHRAN, Civil Secy.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,

Quebec, October 16, 1823.

His Excellency the Governor in Chief has been pleased to make the following Appointments, viz:—Charles Bridgeman Felton, Esquire, to be Clerk of the Inferior District of Saint Francis, by Commission, dated the 25th day of August last.

Joseph Gamache, Gentleman, Surveyor of Lands for this Province.
Gabriel Marchand, Esquire, Commissioner to take the Oaths and Subscriptions of all and every person or persons, rendering their Accounts as Public Accountants.

Army List.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

War-Office, August 15, 1823.—Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, Corporal R. Cust to be Quarter-Master, vice Perry, who retires. Dated August 7, 1823.

3d Regiment of Dragoon Guards, P. Dundas, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Todd, promoted to the 8th Light Dragoons. Dated July 24, 1823.

4th Ditto, Serjeant-Major E. Lawless to be Regimental Quarter-Master, vice Jolly, deceased. Dated July 31, 1823.

15th Regiment of Light Dragoons, Lieutenant E. Studd to be Captain, by purchase, vice Carpenter, who retires. Lieutenant G. Hume, to be Lieutenant by purchase, vice Studd. G. Musgrave, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Hume. All dated August 7, 1823.

2d Regiment of Foot, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Rolt, from the half-pay, to be Lieutenant-Colonel, vice J. Jordan, who exchanges, dated August 7, 1823. Captain J. Williams to be Major, by purchase, vice Gornoo, who retires. Lieutenant W. Hunt to be Captain, by purchase, vice Williams. Ensign J. B. Dalway to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Hunt. H. F. Kennedy, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Dalway. All dated July 31, 1823.

6th Ditto, Lieutenant W. H. Eden to be Captain, by purchase, vice Clarke, who retires. Ensign T. Holyoake to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Eden. R. Curteis, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Holyoake. All dated July 31, 1823.

August 20, 1823.—2d Regiment of Life Guards—Hon. James Dutton to be Cornet and Sub-Lieutenant, by purchase, vice C. J. Baillie Hamilton, who retires.

1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards—Lieutenant and Adjutant A. J. Stammers, from 8th Light Dragoons, to be Lieutenant, vice Westra, who exchanges.

7th Regiment of Light Dragoons—John James White, Gent. to be Cornet, by purchase, vice Phillipps, promoted.

8th Ditto—Lieutenant Hon. Charles Westra, from the 1st Dragoon Guards, to be Adjutant and Lieutenant, vice Stammers, who exchanges.

7th Ditto—Lieut. William Wood, from half-pay 7th Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Thomas Wood, who exchanges.

15th Ditto—Lieutenant Courtenay Phillipps, from half-pay of the 8th Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Gilbert East Jolliffe, who exchanges receiving the difference.

10th Regiment of Foot—Captain Edwin Bloomfield, from half-pay of the Regiment, to be Paymaster, vice Hugh Dive, who exchanges.

40th Ditto—Captain Joseph Jocelyn Anderson, from half-pay 6th West India Regiment, to be Paymaster, vice John Campbell, who exchanges.

52d Ditto—Captain Charles Levinge, from half-pay 10th Foot, to be Captain, vice Archibald Murray Douglas, whose appointment has not taken place.

64th Ditto—Lieutenant James Gammel, from half-pay 72d Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice John Thomas Walford, who exchanges, receiving the difference.

69th Ditto—John Lord Elphinstone, to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Hamilton, promoted in the Rifle Brigade.

2d Royal Veteran Battalion—Lieutenant Bartholomew Hartly, from half-pay Royal York Rangers, to be Lieutenant, vice Maurice O'Connell, placed upon half-pay.

Horse Guards, Aug. 30.—When Regimental Officers wear their great coats, they are for the sake of convenience, permitted to wear their swords, slung outside the great coat, with a black leather waist belt.

It is, however to be distinctly understood, that this indulgence is not to be resorted to on any other occasion—that the waist belt shall be perfectly uniform, of the plainest and most economical pattern; and having no ornaments, beyond the usual rings and buckles, with a clasp in front bearing the number of the Regiment.

By command of his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief.

HENRY TORRENDS, Adjutant-General.

COMMERCE.

A TABLE

OF THE TOTAL EXPORTS OF

WHEAT AND OTHER GRAIN, AND OF FLOUR AND BISCUIT,
FROM QUEBEC,*(The only Port of Entry and Clearance in the Canadas)**From the year 1793 to 1822, inclusive.*

Years.	Quarters WHEAT.	Barrels FLOUR.	Quintals BISCUIT.	Bushels PEASE.	Bushels BARLEY.	Bushels OATS.
1793	60,887	10,916	9,822	180	3,043
1794	51,819	13,787	15,047	832	1,135
1795	49,344	17,967	19,722	3,189	1,129
1796	396	4,352	3,882	271
1797	3,928	13,932	8,147	1,226	1,490
1798	11,466	9,530	12,165	3,244	6	2,715
1799	16,109	14,475	21,535	495	70	476
1800	27,141	20,271	24,623	3,193	1,382	5,517
1801	59,059	38,146	32,303	6,559	3,744	5,013
1802	126,254	28,301	22,051	424	5,585	1,898
1803	45,946	14,432	17,581	1,605	450	1,460
1804	25,193	14,319	21,255	286	4,253	2,981
1805	2,752	18,590	26,462	4,155	6,911	5,016
1806	12,114	10,997	23,659	6,191	5,153	2,734
1807	28,943	20,442	28,047	7,181	5,010	2,369
1808	23,338	42,462	32,587	52,934	5,994	2,669
1809	24,777	20,726	35,860	60,776	8,478	7,540
1810	21,363	12,519	16,467	18,923	16	866
1811	107	19,340	13,063	4,487	1,016
1812	32,897	37,652	19,237	22,384	1,098
1813	517	279	3,032
1814	1,217	384	519
1815	1,920	1,296	188
1816	1,137	456	169	613
1817	18,208	38,047	14,085	5,754	15,751
1818	50,224	30,543	8,461	49,637	12,967	6,049
1819	4,737	12,086	11,256	10,861	2,037	1,082
1820	39,881	45,369	8,732	3,152	682	3,700
1821	39,810	22,655	11,281	2,899	690	3,977
1822	18,411	47,674	11,492	3,154	680	5,091

TONNAGE OF VESSELS AND NUMBERS OF THE MEN,

Cleared out from Quebec in the following Years.

YEARS.	VESSELS.	TONNAGE.	MEN.
1800	64	14,293	781
1801	89	18,142	971
1802	101	21,264	1,151
1803	95	20,399	1,057
1804	85	16,797	888
1805	69	15,076	731
1806	79	19,041	856
1807	239	42,293	2,039
1808	334	70,275	3,330
1809	434	87,825	4,174
1810	661	143,893	6,578
1811	532	116,687	5,553
1812	399	86,436	4,054
1813	193	46,514	2,280
1814	181	38,605	1,889
1815	194	37,382	1,847
1816	288	61,211	2,901
1817	334	76,559	3,950
1818	409	94,675	4,343
1819	650	155,842	6,934
1820	596	149,661	6,746
1821	436	102,898	4,644
1822	641	149,353	6,825

LIVERPOOL PRICES CURRENT—AUG. 28.

Ashes, Montreal Pots, (new)	- - -	41s. a 42s.	—	Pearls,	-	59s. a 40s.
Flaxseed, per ton, for crushing,	- - -	£31. a £55.				
Oil, per ton	- - -	Pale Seal,	-	28 a 29.		
		Brown do	-	22		
		Cod,	-	22 a 23.		
Planks, per foot, of 2 inches,	- - -	4d.				
Lathwood, per fathom, 4l.	10s. a 5l. 5s.	—	Oak plank, B. Am.	-	none.	
Staves, per M.—Quebec red,	1½ in. by 5½ feet,	- - -	£52 a £55.			
Do. Pine	- - -	- - -	17 a 17.			
Timber, per cub. foot,—Oak; Quebec,	5s 6d a 5s 9d	—	Pine, B. A.	1s 11d a 2s.		

Montreal Prices Current.

PRODUCE OF THE COUNTRY.		
Pot Ashes, -	per cwt.	32 0d a 32 6
Pearl Ashes, -	per	32 0 a 32 6
Fine Flour, -	per bbl.	30 07 dull.
<i>S. fine.</i> do. -	per	35 0
Pork, (mess) -	per	75 0 a 80 0
Pork, (prime) -	per	57 0 a 62 0
Beef, (mess) -	per	45 07
Beef, (prime) -	per	35 05 nomin.
Wheat, -	per minot.	5 6 a 0 0
Barley, -	per	1 8 a 1 10 1/2
Oats, -	per	1 0 a 1 3
Pease, -	per	2 0 a 2 3
Oak Timber, -	per cubic ft.	
White Pine, -	per	} none.
Red Pine, -	per	
Elm, -	per	
Ash, -	per	
Staves, standard, per 1200		
West India, do. per		
Whiskey, countrymanfctr.		2 9 a 0 0

IMPORTED GOODS, &c.		
Rum Jamaica, -	per gall.	3 3d a 3 8
Rum Leewards, -	per	2 6 a 2 8
Brandy Cognac, -	per	6 0 a 0 0
Brandy Spanish, -	per	5 0 a 5 3
Geneva Holland, -	per	5 3 a 0 0
Geneva British, -	per	
Port Wine, -	per Pipe,	£35 a 50
Madeira O. L. P. -	per	36 a 60
Teneriffe L. P. -	per	35 a 35 0d
Do. (Cargo), -	per	23 a 25 0d
Sugar Muscovado -	per cwt.	45 0d a 56 0d
Sugar Loaf, S. fine. -	per lb.	0 9 a 0 10
Coffee, -	per	1 6 a 1 7
Tea, Hyson, -	per	6 0 a 6 6
Tea, Twankay, -	per	5 6 a 5 9
Soap, -	per	0 6 a 0 7 1/2
Candles, -	per	0 8 a 0 8

State of the Thermometer, FOR OCTOBER.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer.			Winds.	Weather.
	morn.	noon.	even.		
1	52	56	58	N. E.	Cloudy.
2	58	60	58	W. by N.	Clear.
3	62	64	64	W.	do.
4	64	62	62	W.	Cloudy.
5	60	60	60	W.	Rain.
6	60	62	62	W.	Clear.
7	58	58	58	N. W.	High Winds.
8	58	58	58	E.	Rain.
9	50	50	50	E.	Cloudy.
10	54	54	52	N. E.	Rain.
11	52	50	50	N. E.	H. winds wh. shrs.
12	52	52	50	N. E.	Cloudy.
13	50	50	50	E.	Rain.
14	50	50	50	N. E.	Cloudy.
15	48	50	50	N. E.	Clear.
16	50	50	50	N. E.	Rain.
17	50	52	50	E.	Clear.
18	50	50	48	N. W.	Cloudy.
19	48	50	50	N. W.	Clear.
20	50	50	50	N. W.	do.
21	52	52	52	W.	Rain.
22	50	50	50	W.	do.
23	50	50	50	E.	Occasional showers
24	52	52	52	E.	Cloudy.
25	52	52	52	N. E.	Clear.
26	50	50	50	E.	Cloudy.
27	50	50	50	E.	Clear.
28	54	56	54	S. E.	do.
29	52	52	52	S. E.	do.
30	52	52	52	E.	do.
31	50	50	50	S. E.	do.

Births.

At the Villa of His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, near Stamford, on the 27th Sept. the Lady Sarah Maitland; of a Son.
In this City, on the 30th inst. Mrs. Joseph T. Gaudet; of a Son.

Marriages.

In Rouge Mount, on the 24th Aug. by the Revd. Edward Patkin, Mr. Daniel Bachelor, to Miss Pheby Hyde, all of the same place.

In Eaton, on the 26th August, by the Revd. J. Taylor, Mr. Rufus Sayer, to Miss Ruth Alger.

In this City, on the 25th ult. by the Revd. Mr. Bethune, Frederick Griffin, Esq. to Jane, youngest daughter of Thomas Porteous, Esq.

At Kingston, on the 25th ult. by the Revd. Arch Deacon Stuart, Mr. John Burley, to Miss Lucy Buell.

In this City, on the 29th Sept. by the Revd. Mr. Dumouchel, Mr. A. L. B. Laflamme, Merchant, to Miss Marie Angelique, daughter of P. A. Dezery, Esq. both of this City.

On the 2d inst. at Friends Meeting House, Pelham, Joseph Alleyn, of Niagara, late of the City of Cork, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of William Smyth, formerly of Mountrath, in the Queen's County, Ireland.

At the same place, on the 8th, Richard M. Wilson, to Phebe, daughter of Jesse Wilson, of Pelham.

On the 5th inst. by the Revd. Mr. Stevens, Mr. John Nowlan, to Miss Mary Howard, both of this City.

On the 7th inst. by the Revd. Mr. Lesaulnier, Mr. Leon Louis Karch, of St. Antoine de Tilly, to Miss Marie Louise Emilie, eldest daughter of Mr. Pierre Ignace Lemaire St. Germain, of this City.

On the same day, by the Revd. Mr. Bedard, Mr. Charles Philippe Leprohon, Merchant of St. Laurent, to Miss Angele Nolin, of this City.

At St. Albans, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Poud Castleton, to Miss Lydia Spooner.

On the 11th inst. by the Revd. Mr. Bethune, Mr. William Boston, Painter, to Miss Louisa Charlotte Andrews, both of this place.

On the same day, by the Revd. Robert Easton, Mr. James Armstrong, of Kingston, to Jane, third daughter of Mr. Wm. Matthews, of this City.

On the 13th inst. Mr. Simon Sicard, to Miss Hypolite Bergue, both of this City.

On the 14th inst. by the Revd. Robert Easton, Mr. J. Poet, to Miss Amelia Boreland, both of this City.

At Quebec, on the 16th inst. by the Revd. Mr. Mills, Mr. Nicholas Lanfesty, Grocer, to Miss Eleanor Rachel Dennis, both of that City.

At Hallowell, on the 21st inst. by the Revd. Mr. Campbell, of Ballville, the Rev. M. Morley, (Missionary to the Maghawks,) to Christiana, widow of the late James Cumming, Esq. of Hallowell.

At Adolphustown, on the 24th inst. by the Revd. Mr. Morley, Mr. Joseph Haezill, of Hallowell, to Miss Mary Peterson, eldest daughter of Mr. Nicholas Peterson, Senr. of Adolphustown.

At Quebec, by the Revd. Messire Jacques, Mr. F. Hubert Paré, to Miss Marguerite Dasselva dit Portugais, both of that place.

Obituary.

At Shefford, England, Aug. 19, Robert Bloomfield, Poet, aged 57 years.

In London, on the 12th August, the Lady of Sir Robert Wilson.

In this City, on the 9th instant, Jean Francois Bouthillier, Junior, Esquire.

In Eaton, on the 11th inst. Mr. Caleb Sturtwart aged 64.

In the village of Sherbrooke, on the evening of the 17th inst. in a fit of Apoplexy, Gilbert Hyatt, Esq. aged 62 years.

At the Manor House, in the Seignior of Mascouche, on the 14th inst. Elizabeth Ann, Infant Daughter of George Henry Monk, Esq. aged 3 years.

At Quebec, on the 18th inst. Charlotte, daughter of the Honorable Ls. R. C. Delery, of Boncherville, aged 14 years.

Suddenly, on the 25d inst. while on a visit, to St. Thomas, Messire Vallee, Curate of St. Pierre and St. François, Riviere du Sud, aged 51.

In Quebec, on the 2d inst. William Straith, Esquire, Ensign of the 6th Royal Veteran Battalion, and formerly Quarter Master of the 98th Regiment.

At Quebec, on the 15th inst. Miss Irvine, sister to the Honorable James Irvine.

Same place, on the 16th inst. Lucy, second daughter of Captain Cardan, Royal Engineers, aged 6 years.

Same place, on the 16th inst. Matilda Louisa, youngest daughter of Mr. John Miller.

At Kingston, (Jamaica,) David Vass, Esq. late Captain and Paymaster of the Berwickshire Militia.

At Magdeburg. (Prussia,) Count Carnot, aged 70, whose history is interwoven with the most of the events of the whole French Revolution.

At Berthier, on the 19th ult. Mr. Martin dit Pelland, Major of Militia, aged 85.

At Chambly, on the 13th inst. Miss Helen Mary, daughter of John Yule, Esquire.

In this City, on the 5th inst. Mlle. Marie-Anne Douville, aged 80 years.

Suddenly, on the 11th inst. François Levesque, Esq. of this City, aged 51 years.

ERRATA.

REFERENCE TO "TITHES AND PARISH SCHOOLS IN SCOTLAND."

In No. III. of the Canadian Magazine.

Page 209, Line 52—for *as a beginning*, read, *has a beginning*.

210, 5—for *resumed*, — *renewed*.

— 29—for *fine*, — *price*.

— 30—for *mediunt*, — *minimum*.

212, Note at bottom—for *sold*, — *valued*.

215, Line 15—for *rescuring*, — *reserving*.

— 55—for *Thesamer*, — *Thesaurer*.

— 40—for *Fraguair*, — *Traquair*.

— 48—for *given*, — *Grier*.

— 50—for *marchact*, — *marknacht*.

— 51—for *Guthine*, — *Guthrice*.

216, 18—for *absum*, — *absence*.

— 25—for *intromel*, — *intromet*.

217, 5—for *Attornies*, — *Attour*.

— 22—for *piousness*, — *pious uses*.

— 37—for *to be their to*, — *to pertain to*.

218, 10—for *ctent*, — *stent*.

— 37—for *attur*, — *attour*.