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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

DUCIT AMOR PATRIÆ.

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THE PROPRIETOR of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE has to apologise to his Patrons for the very late appearance of the present Number. The delay arose from the late Editor's refusing to deliver up some of the Papers and Documents connected with the Work. Arrangements have now been made to secure the more regular appearance of the subsequent Numbers, and also for the continuance of that portion of the Work which relates to MONTREAL, and other parts of these valuable Provinces.

Communications for the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, addressed to *Dr. Christie*, the Editor, at *Mr. Nickless's*, the Publisher, will meet with respectful attention.

* * * *The Frontispiece to this volume (a view of Montreal as seen from Longueuil) will appear in our next Number.*

CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

LITERARY REPOSITORY.

AND

No. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1824. Vol. II.

Original Papers.

ST. RONAN'S WELL.

This is another of the fascinating productions from the author of Waverley, Ivanhoe, &c. &c. and well may the words of the illustrious Stratford Dramatist be applied to the voluminous productions of this Great Unknown.

"What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?"
"Another yet."

But it is not from their number, nor from the rapidity of succession, with which his works appear that the foregoing quotation is suggested;—these are not the only points of similarity which exist between this writer and the immortal Shakspeare. The last has embodied in his scenic performances, some of the most important and best marked periods in the history of the country. So the author of St. Ronan's Well, in this and other of his Novels, has attentively detailed historical facts,—described the sentiments of the times,—and by his faithful delineations of character, has shown the height to which party feelings were carried at the periods to which his Novels refer. Both have excelled in their descriptive powers, when painting natural scenery or individual character; perhaps beyond any writer that ever lived.—Both have contributed to the entertainment of their readers by forsaking the description of natural occurrences, and soaring into the regions of fancy. Had they been cotemporary, they might with justice have been considered rivals in this line; as it is they have certainly not been exceeded, perhaps never equalled, in vividness of conception, or brilliancy

of description. And although there are some to whom this part of the writings of this author has been objectionable; yet it cannot be denied that publications of this description require a conceptive faculty, and a force of genius beyond any other kind. In the details of history, and in the description of natural phenomena, we can see and admire the deep research, and correctness of the writer, or the elegant taste of the scholar; but these are tied down to plain matter of fact accounts beyond which they cannot proceed. In this way their scope is circumscribed, and if they pass the bounds they incur the charge of inaccuracy, perhaps subject themselves to the imputation of ridicule. With the poet or novelist however who passes this boundary, the case is otherwise. He rises into the airy regions of imagination; rises as it were above the occurrences of life; and removes from the scenes and subjects of this globe, embodying in his descriptions another world, and peopling it with creatures of his own imagination endowed with feelings and faculties which were never "dreamt of in our philosophy." Both the authors above alluded to have succeeded in this kind of writing in an eminent degree. They have not only distinctly and minutely detailed the actions, and described the qualities of these creatures of their own imagination, but they have interwoven them in "the subject matter" of their writings, connected them with their details, and made them ministering agents to the developement of the plots of their stories.

The captious critic may blame, and the "surly cynic" may sneer at the introduction of this MACHINERY—this "*seria mixta cum jocos*"—this combination of accounts of supernatural beings, historical details, and delineations of characters who have been. But even this has its use. The times are now past and gone when the nursery tales of Hobgoblins operated influentially on the mind through life. The age of superstition has vanished from the land, and the prevalence of Christianity united with the mental improvement consequent on the diffusion of education, precludes all dread that too much credence will be given to supernatural descriptions. The happy infusion of them, therefore, which pervaded some of the former writings of this author can only have the effect of adding to the amusement they afford, and of exciting a desire to peruse them among readers who perhaps would not otherwise do so. Let it also be kept in mind that in attending to the accuracy of his details he describes his characters as they really were; he not only makes them speak the language of the times they lived in, but while stating the events of these times, he also shows to what causes the living characters of these days ascribed those events.

In the numerous productions which are universally ascribed to the pen of this justly celebrated author we find some discriminating features which decidedly mark their difference from the writings of other Novelists. The scenes he describes are laid in some certain part of the country. The events refer to particular periods of time, and he faithfully details the manners and customs of the inhabitants of those parts at that era. Hence they may be justly ranked in that class denominated Historical Novels. And although he was not the first who introduced this kind of writing, his labours have much increased and materially enriched our stock of them; and the marked approbation

with which they have been received will no doubt contribute to the perpetuating this most pleasing description of novel writing. In almost all the works of this class from the pen of this Great Unknown, we find the names he gives them marked by a peculiarity in selection. Unlike the great majority of Novelists he never designates the work by the name of the principal character, nor from any of the most material events on which the plot hangs; but either takes the name of some of the inferior personages; or that of the place where the scene lies.

The language of this writer forms another distinctive mark of his productions. In the various attempts to identify him, this peculiarity has been laid hold of; and conjecture for (*stat nomen in umbra*) has generally ascribed these works to the pen of an eminent Scotch Barrister. This opinion has gained strength from the obvious fact of the writer (whoever he is) being so well acquainted with the different provincial dialects of Scotland. His critical knowledge of that language in former times, as evinced in the expressions he puts in the mouths of his *Dramatis personæ*; many of whose epithets and phrases are, (from the fluctuations incident to a living language) not used in these districts at the present day. In those parts of his writings where he employs his own language, and more particularly in his descriptions of characters or scenery, we find a style possessing a rich softness, united with a pointedness and force of expression, entirely his own. If it at any time appears to approximate to what is termed floridness, there is never superfluity nor bombast. On minute examination it will be discovered that no word can be abstracted without a diminution of effect; and none can be added but at the risk of producing turgidity.

Critics have discovered different degrees of merit on a comparative view of the various works of this author; and it must be confessed that some of them have pleased the public more than others. It is hardly within the scope of the greatest genius who writes so much and with so great rapidity to be equally eminent in all his productions. The first of them, while it established his fame on a solid basis, and decidedly vindicated his claim to a high rank among writers of this class, placed him where none has yet risen above him. Of other writers, it has been observed, that as they progressed in their literary labours, an improvement of their taste, and an encreased maturity of judgment, have given their latter works a superiority over their earlier productions. With this author no such change has occurred. He started at once as a Novelist, and no encrease of his celebrity has been attained. But although he has not progressively improved, he has never fallen off. The universal interest excited by the announcement of any thing from his pen marks how high he stands in public favour; and the continued firmness with which he has maintained the elevated station where he was first placed, through so long and uninterrupted a course, evinces a mind endowed with powers of great variety and extent; while the pleasure each of his successive works affords, may fairly be looked upon as the strongest proof of their excellence.

Much has been said and written respecting the utility of Novels; and no doubt much of the flimsy trash which has issued from the press under this name, deserves reprehension, being more adapted to do

harm than good. Some of these authors have painted their characters in false colours. Instead of representing mankind, as it really is, they have pourtrayed monsters under a human form; attributing words and actions to their heroes and heroines, which, from their extravagance, could never be realised in nature; and placing them in situations far beyond the verge of probability. In this way they have "overstepped the modesty of nature," substituted the marvellous for the true; and given false and distorted pictures of men and events, more calculated to mislead than to improve. To the author of *St. Ronan's Well*, nothing of this kind can be attributed. He always paints from nature; and if he has in his previous works introduced imaginary beings, it has been more to show the belief which existed at the time he writes of, than for any other reason. His works are valuable for the historical facts they contain: many of the incidents he describes, are noted with a degree of accuracy, and a minuteness of detail, which are not to be found in many of the most authentic histories of the times we are possessed of. His minute accounts of those characters which were engaged in some of the most important political events of the country, and the secret and private feelings which influenced their behaviour during that time, are pourtrayed with an accuracy, which perhaps no other writer has attained. The beautiful and glowing description of scenery which he has often given, will tend to attract the attention of travellers to the country of which he writes, and render it an object of research for the curious, even more than it has hitherto been. At the same time the very general diffusion of his writings, combined with the pleasing manner in which he has interwoven historical facts and interesting occurrences, will extend a knowledge of the varied policy under which the country has been in former times. And it deserves to be mentioned, that although he has given a true account of some party feelings, which operate even at the present day, he has never, we believe, allowed his enthusiasm to carry him so far as to incur blame from the existing adherents of those parties.

His Novels, as was already mentioned, have all a reference to some particular period of time, and in some specified place. The one now before us comes nearer our own times than any of the preceding. The events of *St. Ronan's Well* are stated as happening little more than twenty years ago; a circumstance, which has allowed our author to delineate modern character; and, we believe, it is the first time he has done so. As a specimen of his talents in this line, he thus describes Lady Penelope Penfeather, one of his heroines, what in modern language would be called a blue stocking dame.

"She was the daughter of an earl, possessed a showy person, and features which might be called handsome in youth, though now rather too much pronounced to render the term proper. The nose was become sharper; the cheeks had lost the roundness of youth; and as, during fifteen years that she had reigned a beauty and a ruling toast, the right man had not spoken, or, at least, had not spoken at the right time, her ladyship, now rendered sufficiently independent by the inheritance of an old relation, spoke in praise of friendship, began to dislike the town in summer, and to babble of green fields."

"About the time Lady Penelope thus changed the tenor of her life, she was fortunate enough, with Dr. Quackleben's assistance, to find out the virtues of *St. Ronan's spring*; and, having contributed her share to establish the *Urbis in rure*, which had re-

pen around it, she sat herself down as leader of the fashions in the little province which she had in a great measure both discovered and colonized. She was, therefore, justly desirous to compel homage and tribute from all who should approach the territory.

"In other respects, Lady Penelope pretty much resembled the numerous class she belonged to. She was at bottom a well-principled woman, but too thoughtless to let her principles control her humour, therefore not scrupulously nice in her society. She was good-natured, but capricious and whimsical, and willing enough to be kind or generous, if it neither thwarted her humour, nor cost her much trouble; would have chaperoned a young friend anywhere, and moved the world for subscription tickets; but never troubled herself how much her giddy charge flirted, or with whom, so that with a numerous class of Misses, her ladyship was the most delightful creature in the world. Then Lady Penelope had lived so much in society, knew so exactly when to speak, and how to escape from an embarrassing discussion, by professing ignorance, while she looked intelligence, that she was not generally discovered to be a fool, until she set up for being remarkably clever. This happened more frequently of late, when perhaps, as she could not but observe that the repairs of the toilette became more chaperoned, she might suppose that new lights, according to the poet, were streaming on her mind through the chinks that Time was making. Many of her friends, however, thought that Lady Penelope had better consulted her genius by remaining in mediocrity, as a fashionable and well-bred woman, than by parading her new-founded pretensions to taste and patronage; but such was not her own opinion, and, doubtless, her ladyship was the best judge."

In addition, and somewhat as a contrast to this, he gives the following picture of Meg Dods, an "old-world Landlady," whose temper had been soured by the abstraction of a share of business, in consequence of the erection of a more splendid and fashionable Inn. Hers is a character of a very singular description, and is exceedingly well supported. Possessed of money, her father had been able to relieve the former Laird of St. Ronan's from some pecuniary embarrassments, and by that means became the proprietor of the Inn, which he had formerly rented. Dying, he left Meg, the subject of the present remark, and his only daughter, in full possession of all, as his sole heiress and executrix. She had chosen to lead the life of a lone woman, as she describes it: and since the erection of the other Inn, and the turning of the road in a different direction, had diminished her business, she spent the greatest part of her leisure time, and indulged the increased acrimony of her disposition, in scolding her servants, and maintaining a rude, turbulent rule over all who visited her; not even excepting the few solitary passengers whom chance, or any other circumstance, brought to her nearly deserted habitation. The chief propensities of her mind accorded with her external aspect, as here delineated:

"Nature had formed honest Meg for such encounters; and as her noble soul delighted in them, so her outward properties were in what Tony Lumpkin calls a concatenation accordingly. She had hair of a brindled colour, betwixt black and grey, which was apt to escape in efflocks from under her mutch when she was thrown into violent agitation—long, skinny hands, terminated by stout talons—grey eyes, thin lips, a robust person, a broad, though flat chest, capital wind, and a voice that could match a choir of fish-women. She was accustomed to say of herself in her more gentle moods, that her bark was worse than her bite; but what teeth could have matched a tongue, which, when in full career, is vouched to have been heard from the Kirk to the Castle of Saint Ronan's?"

We have an excellent picture of a village Lawyer, in the person of a Mr. Bindloose, and though forming rather a long extract, we cannot

avoid presenting it, in the following consultation with one of his clients, the no less celebrated Landlady, above described.

Now her arrival intimated matter of deep import. Meg was a person of all others most averse to leave her home, where, in her own opinion at least, nothing went on well without her own immediate superintendance. Limited, therefore, as was her sphere, she remained fixed in the centre thereof; and few as were her satellites, they were under the necessity of performing their revolutions around her, while she herself continued stationary. Saturn, therefore, would be scarce more surprised at a call from the Sun, than Mr. Bindloose at this unexpected visit of his old client. In one breath he rebuked the inquisitive impertinence of his clerks, in another stimulated his house-keeper, old Hannah—for Mr. Bindloose was a bluff bachelor—to get tea ready in the green parlour; and while yet speaking, was at the side of the whiskey, unfastening the curtains, rolling down the apron, and assisting his old friend to dismount.

The jappaned tea-caddy, Hannah—the best böhea—bid Tib kindle a spark of fire—the morning's damp—Draw in the giggling faces of ye, ye damned idle scoundrels, or laugh at your ain toom pouches—it will be lang or your weel-doing fill them. This was spoken, as the honest lawyer himself might have said, *in transitu*, the rest by the side of the carriage. “My stars, Mrs. Dods, and is this really your ainsell, in *propria persona*?—Wha lookit for you at such a time of day?—Anthony, hows a wi’ ye, Anthony?—so ye hae taen the road again, Anthony—help us down wi’ the apron, Anthony—that will do.—Lean on me, Mrs. Dods,—help your mistress, Anthony—put the horses in my stable—the lads will give you the key—Come away, Mrs. Dods—I am blithe to see you straight your legs on the causeway of our auld borough ance again—come in by, and we’ll see to get you some breakfast, for ye hae been asteer early this morning.”

“I am a sair trouble to you, Mr. Bindloose,” said the old Lady, accepting the offer of his arm, and accompanying him into the house; “I am e en a sair trouble to you, but I could not rest till I had your advice on something of moment.”

“Happy will I be to serve you, my gude auld acquaintance,” said the Clerk; “but sit you down—sit you down—sit you down, Mrs. Dods—meat and mess never hindred wark—ye are something overcome wi’ your travel—the spirit canna aye bear through the flesh, Mrs. Dods; you should remember that your life is a precious one, and you should take care of your health, Mrs. Dods.”

“My life precious!” exclaimed Meg Dods; “name o’ your willywhaing, Mr. Bindloose—Deil ane wald miss the auld girning’ ale-wife, Mr. Bindloose, unless it were here and there a puir body; and may be the auld house-tyke; that wadna be sae weel guided, puir fallow.”

“Kie, fie! Mrs. Dods,” said the Clerk, in a tone of friendly rebuke; “it vexes an auld friend to hear ye speak of yourself in that respectless sort of a way; and, as for quitting us, I bless God I have not seen you look better this half score of years. But may be you will be thinking of setting your house in order, which is the act of a carefu’ and of a Christian woman—O! its an awful thing to die intestate, if we had grace to consider it.”

“Aweel, I dare say I’ll consider that some day soon, Mr. Bindloose; but that’s no my present errand.”

“Be it what it like, Mrs. Dods, ye are right heartily welcome here, and we have a’ the day to speak of the business in hand—*festina lente*, that is the true law language—hoonly and fairly as one may say—ill treating of business with an empty stomach—and here comes your tea, and I hope Hannah has made it to your taste.”

Meg sipped her tea—confessed Hannah’s skill in the mysteries of the Chinese herb—sipped again, then tried to eat a bit of bread and butter, with very indifferent success; and notwithstanding the lawyer’s compliments to her good looks, seemed, in reality, on the point of becoming ill.

“In the deil’s name, what is the matter!” said the lawyer, too well read in a profession where sharp observation is peculiarly necessary, to suffer these symptoms of agitation to escape him. “Ay, dame, ye are taking this business of yours deeper to heart than I ever kend you take any thing. Ony o’ your banded debtors failed, or like to fail?—What then, cheer ye up—you can afford a little loss, and it canna be ony great matter, or I would have heard of it.”

"In troth! but it is a loss; Mr. Bindloose; and what say ye to the loss of a friend?"

This was a possibility which had never entered the lawyer's long list of calamities, and he was at some loss to conceive what the old lady could possibly mean by so sentimental an effusion. But just as he began to come out with his "Ay, ay, we are all mortal; *Vita incerta, mors certissima!*" and two or three more pithy reflections, which he was in the habit of uttering after funerals, when the will of the deceased was about to be opened, Mrs. Dods was pleased to become the expounder of her own oracle.

"I see how it is, Mr. Bindloose," she said; "I maun tell my ain ailment, for you are no likely to guess it; and so, if ye will shut the door, and see that nae of your giggling callants are listening in the passage, I will e'en tell you how things stand with me."

Mr. Bindloose hastily arose to obey her commands, gave a cautionary glance into the Bank-office, and saw that his idle apprentices were fast at their desks—turned the key upon them, as if it were in a fit of absence, and then returned, not a little curious to know what could be the matter with his old friend; and leaving off all further attempts to put cases, quietly drew his chair near her's, and awaited her own time to make her communication.

"Mr. Bindloose," said she, "I am no sure that you may mind, about six or seven years ago, that there were twa daft English callants, lodgers of mine, that had some trouble from auld St. Ronan's about shooting on the Springwell headmoors."

"I mind it as weel as yesterday, Mistress," said the Clerk; "by the same token you gave me a note for my trouble, (which was na worth speaking about,) and bade me no bring in a bill against the pair bairns—ye had aye a kind heart, Mrs. Dods."

"May be, and may be no, Mr. Bindloose—that is just as I find folk—But concerning these lads, they baith left the country, and, as I think, in some ill blude wi' ane another; and now the auldest, and the doucest of the twa came back again about a fortnicht sin syne, and has been my guest ever since."

"A weel, and I trust he is not at his auld tricks again, goodwife," answered the Clerk. "I have na sae mickle to say either wi' the new Sheriff or the Bench of Justices as I used to hae, Mrs. Dods—and the Procurator-fiscal is very severe on poaching; being borne out by the new Association—few of our auld friends of the Killnakeilty are able to come to the sessions now, Mrs. Dods."

"The waur for the country, Mr. Bindloose—they were decent, considerate men, that didna plague a pair herd callant mickle about a moor-fowl or a mawkin, unless he turned common fowler—Sir Robert Ringhorse used to say, the herd lads shot as many gleds and pyots as they did game.—But new lords new laws—naething but fine and imprisonment, and the game not a feather the plentier.—If I wad hae a brace or two of birds in the house, as every body looks for them, after the twelfth—I ken what they are like to cost me—and what for no?—risk maun be paid for. There is John Pirner himself has keepit the muir-side thirty years in spite of a' the lairds in the country; that shoots, he tells me, as if he felt a rape about his neck."

"It wasna about any game business, then, that you wanted advice?" said Bindloose, who, though somewhat of a digresser himself, made little allowance for the excursions of others from the subject in hand.

"Indeed, is it no, Mr. Bindloose," said Meg; "but it is e'en about this unhappy callant that I spoke to ye about—Ye maun ken I have cleikit a particular fancy to this lad, Francis Tirl—a fancy that whiles surprises my very sell, Mr. Bindloose, only that there is nae sin in it."

"None—none in the world, Mrs. Dods," said the lawyer, thinking at the same time within his own mind, "Oho! the mist begins to clear up—the young poacher has hit the mark, I see—winged the old barren grey hen—ay, ay—a marriage contract, no doubt—but I naun gie her line.—Ye are a wise woman, Mrs. Dods," he continued aloud, "and can doubtless consider the chances and the changes of human affairs."

"But I could never have considered what has befallen this pair lad, Mr. Bindloose, through the malice of wicked men. He lived then at the Cleikum, as I tell you, for mair than a fortnicht, as quiet as a lamb on a lea-rig—a decenter lad never came within my door—ate and drank aneugh for the gude of the house, and nae mair than was for his ain gude, whether of body or soul—cleared his bills ilka Saturday at u'en, as regularly as Saturday came round."

"An admirable customer, no doubt, Mrs. Dods," said the lawyer.

"Never was the like of him for that matter," answered the honest dame. "But to see the malice of men! Some of thae land-loopers and gillflirts down at the filthy puddle yonder, that they ca' the Waal, had heard of this puer lad, and the bits of pictures that he made fashion of drawing, an' they maun guide him awa' doun to the hottle, where mony a bonnie story they had clected, Mr. Bindloose, baith of Mr. Tirl and of mysel!"

"A Commissary Court business," said the writer, going off again upon a false scent. "I shall trim their jacks for them, Mrs. Dods, if you can but bring tight evidence of the facts.—I will soon bring them to fine and palinode.—I will make them repent meddling with your good name."

"My guide name! What the sorrow is the matter wi' my name, Mr. Bindloose? I think ye hae been at the wee cappie this morning, for as early as it is—My guide name!—if onybody touched my guide name, I would neither fash counsel nor commissary.—I wad be doun among them like a jer-faulcon among a when wild geese, and the best among them that dared to say onything of Meg Dods bye what was honest and civil, I wad sune see if her cockernonie was made of her ain hair or other folks. My guide name, indeed!"

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Dods, I was mista'en, that's a'," said the writer, "I was mista'en; and I dare to say you wuld haud your ain wi' your neighbours as weel as ony woman in the land.—But let us hear now what the grief is in one word."

"In one word, then, Clerk Bindloose, it is little short of—murder," said Meg in a low tone, as if the very utterance of the word startled her.

"Murder—murder, Mrs. Dods—it cannot be—there is not a word of it in the Sheriff-office—there could not be murder in the country, and me not hear of it—for God's sake, take heed what you say, woman, and dinna get yourself into trouble."

"Mr. Bindloose, I can but speak according to my lights," said Mrs. Dods; "you are in a sense a judge in Israel, at least you are one of the scribes having authority—and I tell you, with a wae and bitter heart, that this puir callant of mine that was lodging in my house has been murdered or kidnapped awa' among thae banditti folk down at the New Waal; and I'll have the law put in force against them, if it should cost me a hundred pounds."

The Clerk stood much astonished at the nature of Meg's accusation, and the pertinacity with which she seemed disposed to insist upon it.

"I have this comfort," she continued, "that whatever has happened, it has been by no fault of mine, Mr. Bindloose; for weel I wot, before that blood-thirsty auld half-pay Philistine, Mac Turk, got to speech of him, I clawed his cantle to some purpose with my hearth-busom.—But the poor simple bairn himsel, that had nae mair knowledge of the wickedness of human nature than a calf has of a flesher's gully, he threappit to see the auld hardened blood-shedder, and trusted wi' him to meet wi' some of the gang at an hour certain the neist day, and awa' he gaed to keep tryste, but since that hour naebody ever has set een on him.—And the man-sworn villains now want to put a disgrace on him, and say that he fled the country rather than face them! a likely story—fled the country for them!—and leave his bill unsettled—him that was sae regular... and his portmante and his fishing-rod, and the pencils and pictures he held sic a wark about!—It's my faithful belief, Mr. Bindloose—and ye may trust me or no as ye like—that he had some foul play between the Cleikum and the Buckstane. I have thought it, and I have dreamed it, and I will be at the bottom of it, or my name is not Meg Dods, and that I wad have them a' to reckon on.—Ay, ay, that is right, Mr. Bindloose, tak out your pen and ink-horn, and let us set about it to purpose."

The following dialogue between Lawyer Bindloose, Meg Dods and an eccentric old Nabob named Touchwood, exhibits a comparison of past-times with the present. At the same time it evinces one strong characteristic of this author, namely his never alluding to the practices and customs of old times without indulging in a satirical remark on those of the present.

"But at any rate, if you knew this country formerly, ye cannot but be marvellously pleased with the change we have been making since the American war—hill-sides

bearing clover instead of heather—rents doubled, trebled, quadrupled—the mild reekie dungeons pulled down, and gentlemen living in as good houses as you will see anywhere in England.”

“Much good may it do them, for a pack of fools!” replied Mr. Touchwood, hastily.

“You do not seem much delighted with our improvements, sir,” said the banker, astonished to hear a dissentient voice where he conceived all men were unanimous.

“Pleased!” answered the stranger—“Yes, as much pleased as I am with the devil, who, I believe, set many of them agoing. Ye have got an idea that every thing must be changed—Unstable as water, ye shall not excel—I tell ye, there have been more changes in this poor nook of yours within the last forty years, than in the great empires of the East for the space of four thousand for what I know.”

“And why not,” replied Bindloose, “if they be changes for the better?”

“But they are not for the better,” replied Mr. Touchwood, eagerly. “I left your peasantry as poor as rats indeed, but honest and industrious, enduring their lot in this world with firmness, and looking forward to the next with hope. Now they are mere eye-servants—looking at their watches, forsooth, every ten minutes, lest they should work for their master half an instant after loosing time—And then, instead of studying the Bible on the work days, to kittle the clergyman with doubtful points of controversy on the Sabbath, they glean all their theology from Tom Paine and Voltaire.”

“Weel I wot the gentleman speaks the truth,” said Mrs. Dods. “I fand a bundle of their baybee blasphemies in my ain kitchen. But I trow I made a clean house of the packman loon that brought them!—No content wi’ turning the tawpies heads wi’ ballants, and driving them daff wi’ ribbands, to cheat them out of their precious souls, and gie them the deevil’s ware, that I suld say sac, in exchange for the siller that suld support their puir father that’s aff work and bedridden.”

“Father! madam,” said the stranger; they think no more of their father than Regan or Goneril.

“In gude troth, ye have skeel of our sect, sir,” replied the dame; “they are gomerils, every one of them—I tell them sac every hour of the day, but catch them profitin’ by the doctrine.”

“And then the brutes are turned mercenary, madam,” said Mr. Touchwood. “I remember when a Scotchman would have scorned to touch a shilling that he had not earned, and yet was as ready to help a stranger as an Arab of the desert. And now, I did but drop my cane the other day as I was riding—a fellow, who was working at the hedge, made three steps to lift it—I thanked him, and my friend threw his hat on his head, and damned my thanks, if that were all—Saint Giles could not have excelled him.”

“Weel, weel,” said the Banker, “that may be a, as you say, sir, and nae doubt wealth makes wit waver; but the country’s wealthy, that cannot be denied, and wealth, sir, ye ken—”

“I know wealth makes itself wings,” answered the cynical stranger; but I am not quite sure we have it even now. You make a great show, indeed, with building and cultivation; but stock is not capital, any more than the fat of a corpulent man is health or strength.

Surely, Mr. Touchwood, a set of landlords, living like lords in good earnest, and tenants with better housekeeping than the lairds used to have, and facing Whit-sunday and Martinmas as I would face my breakfast—if these are not signs of wealth, I do not know where to seek for them.

“They are signs of folly, sir,” replied Touchwood; “folly that is poor, and renders itself poorer by desiring to be thought rich; and how they come by the means they are so ostentatious of, you, who are a banker, perhaps can tell me better than I can guess.”

“There is maybe a bill discounted now and then, Mr. Touchwood; but men must have accommodation, or the world would stand still; accommodation is the grease that makes the wheel go.”

“Ay, makes them go down hill to the devil,” answered Touchwood. “I left you bothered about one Air bank, but the whole country is an Air bank now, I think—And who is to pay the piper?—But it’s all one—I will see little more of it—it is a perfect Babel, and would turn the head of a man who has spent his life with people who love sitting better than running, silence better than speaking, who never

eat but when they are hungry, never drink but when thirsty, never laugh without a jest, and never speak but when they have something to say. But here, it is all ran, ride, and drive—froth, foam, and flippancy—no steadiness—no character.

A studious Book-worm with the usual eccentricities, the Reverend Josiah Cargill, forms another character in this work,—and the writer has given it in his usual happy style.

The Rev. Josiah Cargill was the son of a small farmer in the south of Scotland, and a weak constitution, joined to the disposition for study which frequently accompanies infirm health, induced his parents, though at the expense of some sacrifices, to educate him for the ministry. They were the rather led to submit to the privations which were necessary to support this expense, because they conceived, from their family traditions, that he had in his veins some portion of the blood of that celebrated Boanerges of the Covenant, Donald Cargill, who was slain by the persecutors at the town of Queensferry, in the melancholy days of Charles II. merely because, in the plenitude of his sacerdotal power, he had cast out of the church, and delivered over to Satan by a formal excommunication, the King and Royal Family, with all the ministers and courtiers thereunto belonging. But if Josiah really derived himself from this uncompromising champion, the heat of the family spirit which he might have inherited was qualified by the sweetness of his own disposition, and the quiet temper of the times in which he had the good fortune to live. He was characterized by all who knew him as a mild, gentle, and studious lover of learning, who, in the quiet prosecution of his own sole object, the acquisition of knowledge, and especially that connected with his profession, had the utmost indulgence for all whose pursuits were different from his own. His sole relaxations were those of a gentle, mild, and pensive temper, and were limited to a ramble, almost always solitary, among the woods and hills, in praise of which he was sometimes guilty of a sonnet, but rather because he could not help the attempt, than as proposing to himself the fame or the rewards which attend the successful poet. Indeed, far from seeking to insinuate his fugitive pieces into magazines or newspapers, he blushed at his poetical attempts while alone, and, in fact, was rarely so indulgent to his vein as even to commit them to paper.

From the same maid-like modesty of disposition, our student suppressed a strong natural turn towards drawing, although he was repeatedly complimented upon the few sketches which he made, by some whose judgment was generally admitted. It was, however, this neglected talent, which, like the swift feet of the stag in the fable, was fated to render him a service which he might in vain have expected from his worth and learning.

My Lord Bidmore, a distinguished connoisseur, chanced to be in search of a private tutor for his son and heir, the Honourable Augustus Bidmore, and for this purpose had consulted the Professor of Theology, who passed before him in review several favourite students any of whom he conceived well suited for the situation; but still his answer to the important and unlooked-for question, "Did the candidate understand drawing?" was answered in the negative. The Professor, indeed, added his opinion, that such an accomplishment was neither to be desired nor expected in a student of theology; but, pressed hard with this condition as a *sine qua non*, he at length did remember a dreaming lad about the Hall who seldom could be got to speak above his breath, even when delivering his essays, but was said to have a strong turn for drawing. This was enough for my Lord Bidmore, who contrived to obtain a sight of some of young Cargill's sketches, and was satisfied that, under such a tutor, his son could not fail to maintain that character for hereditary taste which his father and grandfather had acquired at the expense of a considerable estate, the representative value of which was now the painted canvass in the great gallery at Bidmore House.

Upon following up the inquiry concerning the young man's character, he was found to possess all the other necessary qualifications of learning and morals, in a greater degree than perhaps Lord Bidmore might have required; and, to the astonishment of his fellow-students, but more especially to his own, Josiah Cargill was promoted to the desired and desirable situation of private tutor to the Honourable Mr. Bidmore.

Miss Augusta Bidmore, his lordship's only other child, received also the instructions of Cargill in such branches of science as her father chose she should acquire, and

der tutor was capable to teach. But her progress was as different from that of her brother, as the fire of heaven differs from that grosser element which the peasant piles upon his smouldering hearth. Her acquirements in Italian and Spanish literature, in history, in drawing, and in all elegant learning, were such as to enchant her teacher, while at the same time it kept him on the stretch, lest, in her successful career, the scholar should outstrip the master.

Alas! such intercourse, fraught as it is with dangers arising out of the best and kindest, as well as the most natural feelings on either side, proved in the present, as in many other instances, fatal to the peace of the preceptor. Every feeling heart will excuse a weakness which we will presently find carried with it its own severe punishment. Cadenus, indeed, believe him who will, has assured us, that, in such a perilous intercourse, he himself preserved the limits which were unhappily transgressed by the unfortunate Vanessa, his more impassioned pupil.

The innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy,
In school to hear the finest boy.

But Josiah Cargill was less fortunate, or less cautious. He suffered his fair pupil to become inexpressibly dear to him, before he discovered the precipice towards which he was moving under the direction of a blind and misplaced passion.

To sigh and suffer in secret, to form resolutions of separating himself from a situation so fraught with danger, and to postpone from day to day the accomplishment of a resolution so prudent, was all to which the tutor found himself equal; and it is not improbable, that the veneration with which he regarded his patron's daughter, with the utter hopelessness of the passion which he nourished, tended to render his love yet more pure and disinterested.

At length, the line of conduct which reason had long since recommended, could no longer be the subject of procrastination. Mr. Bidmore was destined to foreign travel for at welvemonth, and Mr. Cargill received from his patron the alternative of accompanying his pupil, or retiring upon a suitable provision, the reward of his past instructions. It can hardly be doubted which he preferred; for while he was with young Bidmore, he did not seem entirely separated from his sister. He was sure to hear of Augusta frequently, and to see some part, at least, of the letters which she was to write to her brother; he might also hope to be remembered in these letters as her "good friend and tutor;" and to these consolations his quiet, contemplative, and yet enthusiastic disposition, clung as to a secret source of pleasure, the only one which life seemed to open to him.

The honourable Mr. Bidmore's letters to his father soon after announced that poor Mr. Cargill had been seized with a nervous fever, and again, that his reconvalence was attended with so much debility, it seemed both of mind and body, as entirely to destroy his utility as a travelling companion. Shortly after this the travellers separated, and Cargill returned to his native country alone, indulging upon the road in a melancholy abstraction of mind, which he had suffered to grow upon him since the mental shock which he had sustained, and which in time became the most characteristic feature of his demeanor. His meditations were not even disturbed by any anxiety about his future subsistence, although the cessation of his employment seemed to render that precarious. For this, however, Lord Bidmore had made provision; for though a coxcomb where the fine arts were concerned, he was in other particulars a just and honourable man, who felt a sincere pride in having drawn the talents of Cargill from obscurity, and entertained due gratitude for the manner in which he had achieved the important task entrusted to him in his family.

His lordship had privately purchased from the Mowbray family the patronage or advowson of the living of Saint Ronan's, then held by a very old incumbent, who died shortly afterwards; so that upon arriving in England he found himself named to the vacant living. So indifferent, however, did Cargill feel himself towards this preferment, that he might not possibly have taken the trouble to go through the necessary steps previous to his ordination, had it not been on account of his mother, now a widow, and unprovided for, unless by the support which he afforded her. He visited her in her small retreat in the suburbs of Marchtown, heard her pour out her grati-

ende to Heaven, that she should have been granted life enough to witness her son's promotion to a charge, which, in her eyes, was more honourable and desirable than an Episcopal see—heard her chalk out the life which they were to lead together in the humble independence which had thus fallen on him—he heard all this; and had no power to crush her hopes and her triumph by the indulgence of his own romantic feelings. He almost mechanically through the usual forms, and was inducted into the living of St. Ronan.

As old age rendered her inactive, she began to regret the incapacity of her son to superintend his own household, and talked something of matrimony, and the mysteries of the muckle wheel. To these admonitions Mr. Cargill returned only slight and evasive answers; and when the old lady slept in the village church-yard, at a reverend old age, there was no one to perform the office of superintendent in the minister's family. Neither did Josiah Cargill seek for any, but patiently submitted to all the evils with which a bachelor state is attended, and which were at least equal to those which beset the renowned Mago-Pico during his state of celibacy. His butter was ill churned, and declared by all but himself and the quean who made it, altogether unentable; his milk was burnt in the pan, his fruit and vegetables were stolen, and his black stockings mended with blue and white thread.

Every hour that he could spare from his parochial duties, which he discharged with zeal honourable to his heart and head, was devoted to his studies, and spent among his books. But this chase of wisdom, though in itself interesting and dignified, was indulged to an excess which diminished the respectability, nay, the utility, of the devoted student; and he forgot, amid the luxury of deep and dark investigations, that society has its claims; and that the knowledge which is unimparted, is necessarily a barren talent, and is lost to society, like the miser's concealed hoard, by the death of the proprietor. His studies also were under the additional disadvantage, that, being pursued for the gratification of a desultory longing after knowledge, and directed to no determined object, they turned on points rather curious than useful; and while they served for the amusement of the student himself, promised little utility to mankind at large.

Bewildered amid abstruse researches, metaphysical and historical, Mr. Cargill, living only for himself and his books, acquired many ludicrous habits, which expose the secluded student to the ridicule of the world, and which tinged, though they did not altogether obscure, the natural civility of an amiable disposition, as well as the acquired habits of politeness which he had learned in the good society that frequented Lord Bidmore's mansion. He not only indulged in neglect of dress and appearance, and all those ungainly tricks which men are apt to acquire by living very much alone; but besides, and especially, he became probably the most abstracted and absent man of a profession peculiarly liable to cherish such habits. No man fell so regularly into the painful dilemma of mistaking, or, in Scottish phrase, *miskemning* the person he spoke to, or more frequently inquired at an old maid after her husband, at a childless wife after her young people, at the distressed widower after the wife at whose funeral he himself had assisted but a fortnight before; and none was ever more familiar with strangers whom he had never seen, or seemed more estranged from those who had a title to think themselves well known to him. The worthy man perpetually confounded sex, age, and calling; and when a blind beggar extended his hand for charity, he has been known to return the civility by taking off his hat, making a low bow, and hoping his worship was well.

Although the length of our extracts may afford the captious an opportunity to cavil, instead of offering any excuse, we only wish they may increase a desire to peruse the work among such as have not yet seen it; and that they may feel as much enjoyment from it as we have. In the selection of them we have indulged our partiality for what we consider the most striking and beautiful qualification in this author, namely his delineation of character.

The plot of *St. Ronan's Well* may be briefly detailed. Francis Tyrrel, and Valentine Bulmer Tyrrel are the sons of Lord Etherington. The first the offspring of a secret marriage, entered into when abroad.

The other by Ann Bulmer whom his Lordship had wedded on his return to England. These youths are educated together and sent to the University of Edinburgh, where they pass for cousins in consequence of the Earl's first marriage not being publicly known: although Valentine, from some hints which had escaped from his father, had formed a suspicion that his brother might succeed to the title and estates as being the elder, which feeling excited a corresponding hatred towards him. While spending the vacation on a shooting party at St. Ronan's Well, Francis becomes deeply enamoured of Clara Mowbray, the daughter of the proprietor of that place. Their attachment is fostered, and the intrigue carried on by Valentine, who well knows if his brother should marry without his father's consent, it would occasion an irreconcilable difference between them. A clandestine marriage is determined upon, Valentine having prevailed on the Pastor of the place, the Reverend Josiah Cargill to perform the service. When matters were in this train, he receives a letter from the Earl his father, desiring him to cultivate the acquaintance of the Mowbrays of St. Ronan, as, by the will of one of his ancestors, not only his succeeding to the title of Etherington, but a large acquisition to his estates depend upon his marrying one of that family. This entirely changed his schemes, and finding that if he could himself marry Clara Mowbray, he would establish his claim to a doubtful title, and effectually secure his father's favour to the injury of his brother. In this plan he succeeds by substituting himself for the bridegroom, the service being performed at night. The party are intercepted in their flight by Francis Tyrrel—a scuffle ensues—Valentine is severely hurt, and at last the parties enter into an agreement mutually to relinquish the lady. Several years pass away. Francis has been abroad—and Valentine has by the death of his father succeeded to his title and estates. At this time the story commences. Valentine, (now become Earl of Etherington,) is a dashing character in high life, unprincipled, a gamester, and in short, one who would hesitate at no obstacle to attain his wishes. Hearing of the return of Francis to the country, and it being rumoured that an action at law was to be brought against him to recover the estates and title, he determines to make another effort to obtain the hand of Clara Mowbray, by a second marriage, for the sake of the estates he would succeed to by that alliance. Francis hearing of this, also proceeds to St. Ronan's Well, where Clara resides. The brothers meet by chance, have a rencounter, in which Etherington is wounded. From this he recovers; contrives to engage Mr. Mowbray, the Laird of St. Ronan, and brother to Clara, to allow, and second his suite with his sister. Their frequent meetings, induce an intimacy and Etherington with his usual address leads Mowbray into play, at first allowing him to be the winner, but afterwards cheats him out of a large amount. In his distress Mowbray threatens to compel his sister to marry Etherington, some hints prejudicial to her honor, (from the story of the former clandestine marriage) coming indistinctly to his ear. She is driven to despair, leaves the house and dies. Mowbray becoming perfectly acquainted with the villainy of the false Earl Etherington, and his unjust pretensions to the title, (through a whimsical old merchant Peregrine Scroggie Touchwood,) to whom we have before alluded, meets with and kills the Earl.

in a duel. Francis Tyrrell who appears to be the true Lord Ethington, from documents in possession of the same Touchwood, leaves Britain in a state of melancholy, and is never more heard of. The other Dramatis Personæ who are of any importance, are properly disposed of. Such are the outlines of a story which the author has dressed up in his usual pleasing form: and by intermixing it with a variety of characters at a watering place, has succeeded in producing a work in interest perhaps little inferior to any of his former.

Where so much has been said in praise, it may savour of the spirit of hypercriticism to offer any thing in the shape of blame. But such as are unable to discover defects, are equally incapable of appreciating beauties. And without any pretensions to superior power of discrimination, we do not hesitate in saying, the writer has in the work before us rather too much extended the delineations of his characters. And, although these are written in a style which his high descriptive powers never allows to become irksome, still some of them might have been curtailed, without the reader's becoming less acquainted with them. This department occupies too large a space in the book, and is in other respects objectionable. Some readers have their time completely at their command; others are liable to frequent interruptions. The too long descriptions of characters are apt to make the latter lose sight of the thread of the subject, without conveying to them a whit more intimate knowledge of a character, than they could obtain, from an introduction in fewer words.

On perusing *St. Ronan's Well*, many readers will be apt to recognise the descendants of old acquaintances formerly introduced by this writer. There are traits in the character of the Reverend Josiah Cargill, which entitle him to rank as a descendant of the Dominie Sampson family; and it would appear the author had a secret dread that Meg Dods should be discovered as the great-great-grand-child of Dame Quickly. Although the characters here are in general well sustained, and never inconsistent in their action, we do not think the language of Captain McTurk so uniform as we usually find from the pen of this author, and which is also remarked by the writer himself, though not very satisfactorily accounted for. All these, however, and all the defects which the most fastidious critical eye can discover, may only be compared to a few dim floating nebulae on a clear sky, which even when congregated into one mass, only shows the superior brilliancy of the whole by contrast with the slight opacity they produce in one part.

ON LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETIES, &c. &c. &c.

The number and importance of the Institutions or Societies in any country, afford a very sure criterion, whereby we may judge of the progress it is making in civilization, and of its remoteness from barbarism. But of all the different kinds of Institutions which are organised, there is none to which this remark will apply so fully, as to those associations or societies formed for the purpose of promoting and diffusing useful information. And it deserves to be mentioned that the establishment of these societies and their flourishing state, is not only a proof of the civilised state of the country, but also furnishes a means of judging of the stability of its political condition. In these opinions we are borne out by the experience of times both antient and modern. We have always found that as soon as any country arose to a certain height in prosperity, and once got its political condition established on a fixed basis; the minds of its natives (instinctively, as it were) turned to the ways and means of promoting and encouraging the cultivation of useful knowledge. And farther, we find the stability of its political condition, and the prosperity of its establishments for education, in a direct ratio towards each other. In France, we have seen an example of this. During the former reign of the Bourbons, she had many literary societies and associations for this purpose; from whence emanated some of the most celebrated scientific characters of the age: but when the dreadful revolution dissolved the state of order, and substituted in its place anarchy and confusion, the literary associations and societies felt the concussion, and sunk under the blow.

These remarks have been suggested on reading a notice intimating the establishment of a Literary and Historical Society at Quebec—an institution which appears, (judging from the respectability of its founders,) to commence under the most favourable auspices, and from which we may anticipate great advantages to the country. Literary societies and associations of this kind as established in the old country, may be considered as being of two kinds. The first embraces only the promotion of some particular branch of science and confines itself to it, to the exclusion of all other subjects. The second is more extensive in its scope, including arts and sciences in general, and every subject connected with literature; hence history both antient and modern, natural and civil, forms a fair object for its countenance. And it deserves to be remarked, that the wider the range of subjects such societies embrace, the more attractive they become to men of genius, and the more widely is their utility diffused.

Our remarks for the present shall be confined to establishments of the latter description. In successfully promoting the interest of institutions of this kind, there are many things required. The curious reader and the man of research will no doubt contribute his share to make the department allotted to civil history as celebrated as possible, by furnishing his quota of antient and modern articles in this line. The old archives and records of the country will afford a large stock of materials for this purpose. Such parts of them as have never been published, and which are valuable from the light they throw upon the first

settlement of the country;—authentic anecdotes from creditable travellers illustrative of the customs and manners of the aborigines, either of this country or of any other, will all be interesting, and form proper subjects for such societies. These may be obtained, not only by searching these records, but also from individuals who may be in possession of anything of the kind, and who might be disposed, either to place them in the hands of the society for greater security, or to dispose of them for a valuable consideration. On entering upon what is termed natural history, a still wider field opens to our view, with a corresponding increase of sources from which materials for a literary and historical society may be drawn. Here the Mineralogist, the Botanist, the Agriculturist, and the student of nature in every department, as well as the Philosopher and the Mechanist, may contribute their share. The first will furnish an interesting subject from an account of the minerals and metals which are to be met with in the country; and by being able to arrange and class them properly, may not only aid in promoting this useful science, but also by his labours and example, contribute to excite a taste for this valuable study, in many who would not otherwise enter upon it. To prosecute this plan effectually and to render it useful to the society, a place for a Museum ought to be provided, where the mineralogist may arrange specimens of the objects of his study, as without such an accompaniment the fruits of his researches would be confined to details and accounts, which could not fail to seem dry and uninteresting to those not acquainted with the science. Under this head may be classed the knowledge collected by the geologist, a subject equally replete with interest and utility as any other. To afford scope for the labours of the botanist, a botanical garden ought to be provided, and carefully cultivated, also a place in the museum appropriated as a *herbarium* for the preservation of such dried plants as might be procured. It may not be improper to observe here, there is perhaps no country in the world can outvie the Canadas in the beauty and extent of its indigenous plants; a circumstance which when combined with the fact of some of them being of great value in the science of medicine, renders it a subject of regret that a taste for the cultivation of this beautiful study has been so long neglected in the country.

It forms one of the most striking improvements of the age in which we live, that the labours of the agriculturist are now subjected to certain fixed principles and confined within established scientific rules; and since this alteration has taken place in this important science (as it may now be termed,) it has become the subject of attention to societies of various descriptions, many instituted for the special purpose, and all tending to advance its interest, and accelerate its progress. The intimate connection and dependance which exists between agriculture and many of the other sciences, has aided in bringing about this state, and it has now arrived at such a pitch that agriculture forms one of the most important subjects which comes under the notice of a society dedicated to promote the diffusion of knowledge. For while such institutions are exerting themselves to advance the study of the other sciences, they would fall short of one material part of their design, did they not go a step farther and show the applicability of these sciences to

useful purposes. Hence it happens, that a detail of whatever rare or curious phenomena the agriculturist meets with, becomes a matter of importance to associations of this description; and whatever aberrations from the usual course of nature he observes, ought to find a place either among the records of such a society, or if more adapted for them, a place in its museum. Neither ought the observations or facts collected by the student of nature or the philosopher, to be excluded. If not illustrative of any known principles, they will excite among men that proper spirit for investigation; and that endeavour to account for and explain unknown phenomena, which seldom fails to draw forth and establish useful facts. Even the improvements and discoveries of the practical mechanic, become objects of interest among these institutions, and the advantages which arise from thence are reciprocal in their benefit; while the one adds to the value and interest of the society's collections by depositing his models and detailing his inventions; on the other hand the society by its more general acquaintance and superior influence, serves to promulgate the value of the discoveries and introduce the inventor to notice, who, without its fostering aid might have remained unknown; and the benefit of his services been lost to mankind. But this is not the only advantage which results from the establishment of such institutions. By drawing literary men together, and condensing the results of their labours, they form as it were a focus of knowledge from whence its influence emanates, and diffuses itself over the whole country. In their intercourse, these men have an opportunity of comparing their sentiments and opinions, and may subject the latter to the ordeal of friendly criticism; so that they go abroad in a more correct form, and assume a degree of polish and embellishment which they would not otherwise possess. In this manner when a society attains such a height as to give its transactions to the world, they present a congregated mass of knowledge and experience at one view, and in its best possible condition and form. Even before it reaches such a height of celebrity as to be enabled to give the result of its labours to the public, it may become a valuable depository for useful information, which can be referred to at any time. The formation of literary and historical societies is useful for introducing and cherishing a spirit of enquiry, and a taste for investigation. These are promoted by the emulation they excite among the members themselves, and diffused among others by the influence of their example. Hence societies of this kind become one of the most effective means of extending education. In progress of time when their means admit of it they adopt more solid methods of exhibiting their good effects; namely by bestowing premiums upon those who excel in such branches of art or science as they encourage. This constitutes a very effectual method of exciting a proper emulation, and societies from their superior means are enabled to do this to a greater extent than any individual could. We have already noticed the utility of these institutions for bringing forward and cherishing modest merit, when discovered among those in an inferior rank of life. Their happy consequences in this respect, could be proved from many instances which have occurred in the old country; and it may be justly said, without their influence, many an eminent genius would be left to
 "Waste its sweetness on the desert air."

ON THE SMUT IN WHEAT.

(For the Canadian Magazine)

On the arrival of a stranger in this country, nothing strikes him with so much astonishment, as the slovenly and defective manner, in which agricultural pursuits are carried on. This is, not only evinced in the clumsy, imperfect and expensive method, in which its operations are performed; but also in the wretched condition, in which the fields appear. Half tilled—overgrown with weeds—and so irregularly laid out and imperfectly cultivated, that to the experienced farmer, it is a matter of astonishment they could ever produce a sufficient quantity to feed those who reside upon the land, far less supply the population of the country, and furnish an item of exportation of no minor importance: such, however, is the fact, that in spite of the glaring defects in farming, such is the excellence of the soil and climate, and their aptitude for the culture of wheat, a crop equal to all these is produced every year. In the three seasons succeeding 1816, the average quantity of wheat exported from Quebec, (a great portion of it the growth of Canada) amounted to 195,115 bushels per annum. And it merits remark that in the course of this period there occurred one year in which the wheat crop was unusually deficient, and the whole three seasons were consequent to a war, and had suffered all the injury and neglect attendant on such a state of affairs. I remember, on my first arrival in the country when in conversation on this subject with an intelligent old resident*, I expressed my astonishment that the Canadian farmers appeared to have no idea of a regular rotation of crops. He assured me I was utterly mistaken, adding that the Canadians had a rotation of cropping which they regularly followed, and to which they adhered with great pertinacity. At the same time he informed me that this rotation consisted of wheat and weeds alternately!!! From all this it is evident that this is a subject in every respect deserving consideration. It would exceed my present time to enter minutely on a detail of the most approved methods of wheat culture in all its branches. The qualities of different kinds of wheat—the nature of the soils proper for them—and the various methods of cultivation—may perhaps form the subject of a future paper: the present shall be confined to what its title expresses, namely, “the Smut in Wheat.” I may also observe that this subject may, with great propriety, be the first noticed in treating of wheat as an article of agriculture. It is universally allowed that the selection of good seed forms the first object for the farmer’s attention. The smut is a disease; and I believe the only one which is liable to be propagated by the seed, and if not guarded against, in the selection and preparation of seed, no advantages of soil, culture or situation will prevent smut. It farther becomes the duty of the farmer to prevent this malady in his wheat from the ruinous consequences attached to it; for a very small portion of smut will render his whole crop unmarketable. His wheat, with labour and expense, may be cleared from foreign seeds; an error in the selection

* The late Colonel Murray.

of his soil or negligence in preparing it, or even, if an untoward season should prevent his sowing at the proper time, will only give partial disappointment. Although defective in quantity, what he has may be of a good quality; but with the smut it is different, where it appears the flour will be dark and unfit for market, and no experienced baker will buy it from his being well aware it never can make good bread.

In selecting his seed with the view of guarding against smut, but few directions are necessary. Smutty grains are easily detected, in a sample, from their colour; and no one who deserves the name of a farmer would ever sow wheat with this disease obviously amongst it. Experience has proved that old wheat is less liable to smut than new; hence the farmer may keep this in mind in choosing his seed, but when (as we shall hereafter see) it is considered how very infectious this disorder is, it would perhaps be better for the farmer never to sow any wheat without first subjecting it to the preventative operation, rather than trust to his faculty of discriminating by the eye.

It was very justly observed by an old Philosopher that as much benefit often accrued to science, from the failure of an experiment, as from its success. How far this is applicable to the present subject, the reader will see from the following extract from an old work: "If we take a grain of wheat which is blackened on the outside, and looks as if scorched, and open; it will be found to contain a whitish brown substance, resembling the unripe down of some thistles. Upon wetting this white or brownish substance in water, it will appear to separate, and by a microscope we may see it is composed of an infinite number of minute animals. This will take place, suppose the grain be not recently gathered, if we cut it up and steep it in water for a little. *In this experiment, care must be taken not to steep the grain too much before opened.*" Further experiments on this subject, and the methods which are now found to be efficacious in preventing this distemper, all prove that the writer of this article, here used a grain of smutty wheat which exhibited the phenomena described. And that by steeping for a short time he merely brought the ova or eggs of the animals into life, and by steeping longer he destroyed them entirely: all which is now proved to be the case in the plans for destroying the smut in wheat.

The smut in wheat called in scientific language *Ustilago* is defined to be "a vegetable disease to which wheat and other grain crops are often exposed in which a sort of black meal is produced in place of seed." *Vide Dixon's Farmer's Companion, Vol. ii, Page 441.* It has been attributed at different times and by different authors, to various causes. But the more recent experiments have discovered it to be the ovum or egg of a peculiar insect which lodges in the grain, and changes its contents from the pure white meal to the substance named smut.

It was long a question among agriculturists, how these insects were propagated during the growth of wheat. While some considered that their existence did not hurt the vegetative power of the grain, and that they grew up along with it; others contended that when sown, the heat and moisture of the earth served merely to bring these animalculi to perfection, and they seized upon the young stalks and heads, and de-

posited their eggs in the perfect grain. The decision of this question is not material to our purpose; it is sufficient for the farmer to know, if his seed be not free from smut, his crop will also have it, and this well established fact ought to induce him to use the necessary preventative measures.

Although this subject has very properly engaged the attention of many writers on agriculture, none of them seem to have come to such clear and correct conclusions respecting it as Mr. Young, from whose experiments the following facts may be deduced. Considering the smut of wheat to be what is above mentioned, namely the ovum or egg of an insect, his attention was directed to discover an effectual method of destroying its vitality while in this state; and for this purpose he adopted the plan of steeping his seed wheat in different kinds of fluids, just before sowing it. He employed first a strong lye, formed by pouring water on wood ashes, under the impression that the caustic alkali contained in this solution, would destroy the animal life in these eggs. With the same intention, he in other instances used lime water, and solutions of arsenic. Others have used strong brine, made with a solution of common salt in water; and some have employed urine, tobacco juice and other washes. From his experiments and numerous trials, it would appear that all those steeps have been found to answer effectually in destroying smut; but one precaution requires to be particularly attended to in the process; and that is to steep the seed for the proper length of time. For although either of these fluids will answer, some of them will produce the desired effect in a much shorter space of time than others; and it is a singular fact now well established, that the nature of the fluid in which we steep, is not of so much importance as the time the seed ought to remain in it. This strange fact might be inferred from the above quoted experiment where common water was used, for we are expressly cautioned not to leave the grain too long in the water, or no insect will be discovered by the microscope. The mode of steeping in pure water for preventing smut, has however been seldom tried, and perhaps is not to be entirely relied upon. In such instances as this has been done, I believe the seed on removing from the steep, has been dried with unslaked lime or wood ashes, and it is doubtful how far these may have operated in obtaining the desired object.

In the former part of this subject I have stated that no selection of soil or preparing of it will prevent smut. This remark is however only applicable where no care is bestowed in selecting seed free from this distemper. I would not from this have it supposed, that soil or tillage have no influence in increasing or diminishing smut in wheat; and although many have been of this opinion, and have detailed many experiments in support of this side of the question, to an unbiassed mind it does not yet appear certain. On the contrary, an equal number of intelligent agriculturists have considered that much depended on the selection of soil, its cultivation and the season, for occasioning smut in wheat. But this part of the subject may be with more propriety treated of in a detail respecting the cultivation of wheat in general. Here I have endeavoured to describe the nature of this disease, (the smut) and to detail as fully as the limits of a paper of this kind would allow,

the most approved methods of preventing it. For further information on this subject, I beg to refer your readers to Mr. Young's excellent work, intitled, "The Farmer's Calendar," Page 451.

It is only necessary to add that future experiments since Mr. Young wrote, have confirmed the validity of his plan; and it is now discovered there is less danger from steeping long than was formerly imagined. It has been found to have no bad effect if the seed should have sprouted 1-8 or 1-4 of an inch in the steep; and our best agriculturists never consider their seed wheat as effectually secured from smut, without steeping for 40 hours at least, some as long as 48.

GREECE.

When a nation becomes involved in war, it instantly attracts the attention of surrounding kingdoms, whatever be the nature of the dispute, or from whatever cause it may have sprung. To contemplate a new and weaker power struggling to repel the aggression of a stronger, or striving to support its state, and rise in the scale among nations forms an object which awakens our sympathy and excites our interest. An old and powerful country, led on by the ambitious views of its leader, and fighting to aggrandise itself, by subjugating the newer and weaker nations, constitutes an object of dislike. Its proceedings wear the aspect of violating justice, and excite disgust. But when we behold a state—formerly noble and potent—formerly great in arts and arms—formerly illustrious for its virtues—and celebrated for the great characters it produced—sunk by the overwhelming force of rude barbarians—torn down from its proud pinnacle by ruthless war—and levelled with the vile implements of a despot's power. Such a scene calls forth our deepest regret and excites our warmest pity. Even the fall of such a power has something grand in it, its overthrow is that of the mighty. The event comes on the mind unprepared, and the shock is great as unlooked for. The boasted sagacity of the politician, and the experience of the sage, are not prepared to expect such an occurrence;

"The sunset of life (which) gives mystical lore,
"And makes life's coming events as if seen long before."

are all equally deceived and struck with wonder at the catastrophe.—But when after the lapse of ages, during which the stupendous ruins have slept, as it were among the wreck of their own fall—when the feeble remains of their former power begins to rise again—when the dim glimmer of the former virtuous and pure fire begins to break through the vile rubbish which has so long smothered it—how deeply, intensely and sincerely does it attract the warmest feelings of our nature?—Every heart beats with keen anxiety, and every breath sends forth an ardent wish for its success—expectation stands on tiptoe, and hope (which dare hardly be entertained), looks forward to see the feeble spark rise to its pristine state of meteoric brilliancy.

Such are the feelings the present Greek contest have excited.—Greece, a name endeared to the Philosopher, the Statesman, the Scholar, the Poet and the Soldier, and where youth may find examples to emulate—and old age enlarge its experience. To the *Philosopher* the names of Socrates, Bion, Diogenes and Plato, will render the country where they flourished, an object of veneration. Lycurgus, Cadmus, Aristides and Solon, with a long train of others, have their names “familiar as their household Gods,” in the mouths of statesmen. The attainment the Greeks reached in History, Oratory, Medicine, and other Sciences make the labours of their literati interesting to the Scholar. Thales of Miletus as an Astronomer, Euclid as a Mathematician, have left discoveries which outshine the lustre of those in modern times. In the delightful field of Poetry, the Greeks outvied all others,—Hesiod; Homer, Sappho, Anacreon, and Sophocles, all bear witness to this. The deeds of Thermopylæ, the siege and sack of Troy—the long wars with the Lacedemonians, Persians, and other nations, all mark their illustrious conduct in arms.

The following lines have been drawn forth by the arduous, and we hope successful struggle in which Greece is now engaged.

Hark! to that Soul-arousing cry—
That comes impetuous on the breath
Of herald winds, from fields of death,
Where, 'neath their levelled altars, lie
The martyred Sons of Liberty!
With mingled tones of shout and wail,
It rides in thunder on the gale,—
List! how it shakes the ether round:
And, are your hearts so dull to sound,
Ye heard it not—that cry of dread?—
Irruptive on their sleep profound,
So deeply loud, it might awake the dead—
It doth—lo! surgent from the tomb,
Repose of twice a thousand years—
Where still perennial laurels bloom,
And Fame her graven column rears,—
As if to them that cry appealed,
The mighty Spirits stalk the field,—
Where too thy Tyrant foes withstood,
Now wet with their decendants' blood—
Heroes of later GREECE—to save:
Whom Freedom's equal love inspires,
In emulation of their Sires,
To win, like them, or find it in the grave.

Nurse of the brave—the strong—the free!—
ENGLAND! wilt thou not hear that call?
Wilt thou unmoved his victims see
Before the Stern Oppressor fall,
Or crouch beneath his iron thrall?
Rouse! rouse thee from thine apathy!
And quickly stretch a saviour hand,
To rescue that unhappy land!
Behold where prostrate now she mourns—

To thee her closing eye she turns;
 Oh! let her not implore in vain;
 But break the wretched Captive's galling chain.

Devoted Land! that once was Greece—
 How fallen now! no more the same,

Save in thine'antient pride of place—
 Save in thine ever honored name,

And still some remnants of thy noble race!
 Nor wholly quenched is yet the flame

That lighted up thy early charms,
 Of arts when Mother, and of arms;

Yet still one inextinguished spark
 Of that bright flame thy bosom warms,—

A gleam amidst the ambient dark,
 To guid mankind it shines a beacon mark.

But deeper horrors shock the view—
 The soul turns sickening from the sight—

Lo! where the ruthless Moslem crew
 Prevail in sacrilegious fight,

And, strong in overwhelming might,
 Bear down the still resisting few!

Their struggle short—they sink—they die—
 The CROSS of CHRIST is stricken down!—

The Faithful's shrine is overthrown!—
 And, where its scattered fragments lie,

The Infidel erects his own,
 While red with blood the Crescent flouts the sky.

Just GOD! and shall this be—
 Nor thy avenging hand put forth

To blot apostate Nations from the earth?
 Shall Christian Europe tamely see

The Turk triumphant o'er the Faith—
 Thy sheep thus butchered in the fold—

And thy destroying thunders thou withhold?
 Oh! for a voice so loud and deep,

To rouse them from this slothful sleep;
 Oh! for an arm like levin bolt,

To aid the friendless GREEK's revolt,
 And crush his cruel foes in one wide sweep.

Shame! shame! on our degenerate days—
 When Britons bear a sightlike this;

The generous spirit then decays?—
 The flame, that spirit once could raise,

Now Freemen from their breasts dismiss,
 And Judas-like, betray the GOD they kiss?—

Oh how unlike the days of old—
 Ere age had let that flame grow cold;

Time was, that in this holy cause,
 They had not made or doubt or pause,

Their hearts and hands had measure kept,
 And every sword had from its scabbard leapt.

Does caution check? does fear restrain?
 Away with such unenglish words!

Yet, if we will not draw those swords,
 Let them in shameful sheaths remain,—

Your prudence still shall be in vain:
 Their aid might hasten or delay,

But, come it will—nor far the day,
 When Freedom's banner shall be seen to fly.

When, maugre Jew or Islamite,
 In sordid policy's despite,
 Though to the dust now trampled down,
GREECE shall again assert her own,
 And lift her beauteous head, and wear her pristine crown.

Hark! where again the peal is heard—

That burst of woe hath reached the skies,
 To such can living ear be surd?

Shall Heaven and Earth not hear his cries,
 That for his faith and country dies?

Shall Christians, in the common feud,
 Behold the patriot **GREEK** subdued,

Nor raise an arm in his defence?

But skulk behind some mean pretence,
 Deaf to his call?—where mingles faint

The Mother's shriek—her infant's plaint—

And dying groan of Warrior and of Saint!

ENGLAND! wilt thou not list that call?

CHRISTIANS! will ye refuse to hear?

Shall Paynim Slaves defy you all—

O'erturn your shrines—your banners tear—

And on th' ensanguined wreck their standards rear?

Crusaders of a later age

Up! in the sacred cause engage

Of **FREEDOM** and the **CROSS!**

And no insensate war to wage,

But one where Justice—Pity calls,

Where triumph waits on him who falls,

Where Glory is to win, or life the worthless loss!

Go forth! the righteous cause espouse,

While yet you may afford it aid—

Your wonted ardour let it rouse,

Gird ye! and draw the battle blade

To show that ardour not decayed.

Freemen—to whom so much pertains

As you—to break the Captive's chains

Whom shall its hopes so much console,

As they who combat for the Faith

And in the pious ranks enrol?

Then forth! his banners underneath—

Soldiers of **CHRIST**—repay your leader's death!

But—to the glorious Vision shine

'Tis no distempered dream deceives—

No fictitious web that Fancy weaves—

But Fate, who lifts her veil divine

And shows the written destinies within

How brightly dawns the future's golden morn!

The Crescent wanes—its beams for ever shorn!

Their Country freed, that erst they bled to save,

The Shades retire of Eld's illustrious dead!

While Pontus rolls her crimsoned wave,

Through which the routed Infidel hath fled,

'Tis o'er—and dove-eyed Peace descends again,—

The Sister Muses in her train,

With Art and Science joined once more,

While smiling Plenty sheds her teeming store,

Her bonds are burst, and where her prison stood—

How crumbled low, she plants the blessed good,

And liberated Greece again adores her **GOD!**

READING AND RECITING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The great and successful exertions which have of late years been made in this country to diffuse more widely the advantages of education, merit both the approbation and cordial co-operation of every philanthropic individual. And perhaps there is no branch of learning more important than a thorough and complete acquaintance with the English language. The French has for many years been considered the language of commerce—and although an acquaintance with it is still no less necessary to the Merchant than the Scholar; yet if we reflect on the rapid pace with which the English tongue is now extending itself over the world—if we recollect that at the present day the Sun never sets on a country where it is not spoken, we cannot avoid viewing it as a subject which deserves an increasing attention, proportionate to its universality. If an acquaintance with this language be important from these considerations; the study of it is of no less consequence as an object of taste and an accomplishment; and the reading and reciting it with propriety ought to form a part of the acquirement of every well educated man as well as a grammatical knowledge of it. The following Essay on this subject will be found valuable to our readers.

I come now to treat on that which shews some of the practical uses of literary subjects. But before I proceed, it will be necessary to make four preliminary observations: 1. That this essay can be supposed to contain very little more than general rules. 2. That I am not writing for the instruction of children, but of such grown-up persons as cannot procure the help of a living instructor; 3. That I only recommend passages taken from dramatic authors to be delivered in a theatrical manner. Pieces from our best poets, especially Milton, Young, and Thompson, ought not to be *spouted*, but read or recited with taste, animation and dignity, according to their peculiar nature, because elocution is merely the *art of good speaking*, whereas elegant reading and recitation may be termed, the *art of delivering written language*. I come now immediately to my subject, and shall first give directions how to recite or read passages from the best English authors in prose and verse, and then point out some peculiar advantages of delivering them with propriety and elegance. My first direction is, *let suitable pieces be chosen*. Never attempt to rehearse any that are not adapted to your voice and powers of mind; and if well suited, they ought not to be too long, must be often read over in private to be well understood, and animate you by being felt. Hence it is evident how highly necessary good natural sense and extensive reading are, in order to read properly, as a retentive memory is needful to recite well. Much pains must also be taken in the delivery, that it may be suited to every part, quite easy and graceful.—2. *Nicely distinguish each different part in a piece*. On examination, observe not only its peculiar diction, and the figures of speech introduced, but how far it is intermixed, or whether only one subject, and in one strain. If wholly narrative, deliver it in a deliberative easy way, as if you were telling a judicious story: should it be didactic, pronounce it distinctly, as if you were instructing a son; if pathetic, the feelings must be exercised, but they must be kept in order, and affecta-

tion avoided. When the subject is descriptive, conceive it in your imagination, and endeavour to represent the different scenes before the mental eyes of your hearers; if argumentative, reason with force and dignity, rather slowly, with proper pauses; and when humorous, deliver it in a pleasant manner, making the particular turns of wit or humour easily distinguished, by being well touched. Should the strain of the piece be any of the above intermixed, the modulation of your voice must be changed, and naturally varied accordingly.—3. *Begin with easy pieces.* To read, and especially to recite well, any passages from Milton, Young, or Thomson, in genteel company, requires a taste for blank verse, as well as extensive reading and much practice; so it may be also said of delivering extracts, in peculiar metre, from any lyric poet, and indeed of many pieces in prose by Dr. Johnson, and eastern tales in general: such, therefore, as are not complete English scholars, and well qualified as to their voice and delivery, had much better begin and continue some time with pieces from Murray's English Reader, or Pinnock's explanatory Reader; as their examples are gradually progressive, and generally in good language. Very lately two judicious selection of pieces, with rules for recitation, have been published: one by Mr. Ewing, and the other by Mr. Wright. As to good readers who confine themselves to prose, they may find many excellent pieces in the British Essayists, 45 vols. 12mo. or in the Christian Classics; 2 vols. 12mo.—4. *Attend strictly to punctuation and pronunciation.* The usual grammatical stops and marks must be observed, especially in blank verse; and persons of taste, in some parts of a piece, will make additional rests and particularly striking pauses. As to pronunciation, we ought to avoid that which is in the least degree vulgar or provincial; also guard against that which is irregular; and likewise watch lest we get into a monotony, which is a dull uniform way of pronouncing and reading. As this is a very common fault in many preachers, public speakers, and readers, happy are those who by a nice ear can avoid it, or that have some well qualified hearers to inform them when first getting into a monotony, before it becomes a habit. With respect to a proper accent, emphasis, and various inflections of voice, they may be acquired by hearing the best Speakers in the Senate, the Theatre, or the Bar. Also keeping company with genteel well-educated people is a considerable help towards attaining a just articulation and the management of the voice. But in the country, where all those helps are not to be had, a person of taste, with a delicate ear, by often consulting Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, may in time become correct in pronunciation.—5. *Avoid all improper tones, and reading too fast or too slow.* Some in reciting poetry use a sing-song tone, and others in reading religious productions get into that which is whining and canting, both of which are highly disgusting. There are many also, who either give an improper tone to the last word in most sentences, or altogether drop it. Many at the beginning of a subject or sentence pitch too high or too low, which they are not able afterwards to alter, and it leads to other errors in the delivery. These faults may be avoided by beginning and proceeding in your own natural voice, and reading or reciting no louder than is necessary to be distinctly and audibly heard by every one in the room. But previous to the recital of any piece, where there is not the assistance of a living

tutor, the speaker ought to repeat it aloud to himself before a large glass: in doing this, he should pay attention to graceful attitudes of body, and expressive variations of countenance, and especially, to avoid any unpleasant looks, which otherwise he might have, in recitation before company. 6. *Save your breath in reading, but especially in reciting.* This indeed could always be done by reading or reciting very slowly; but that would be very improper on some subjects, and besides, it would bring most into a heavy drawling manner. However, an impetuous disposition, in reading too fast, must be curbed, and mere vociferation and declamation avoided; by which means, and strictly observing the stops, we may prevent a strained or broken articulation. Besides, in every piece there are parts of *minor* importance, where every judicious person may save his breath; and thus, by *all* these means, he may obtain a command of breath and voice, which such as are vehement, or unthinking, will not possess.

"I come now to point out some of the chief benefits resulting from a good delivery of written language in company, which are as follows: 1. *It makes social reading a personal pleasure.* Many educated persons are sometimes called to read in company, and when not able to do it correctly, it must be a pain and discredit to them; but if done well, it is easy and pleasant to themselves. Such a rational accomplishment will most likely prevent from following less commendable amusements, and afford much inward satisfaction.—*It entertains and may improve others.* The French have so much vivacity, that if they do not improve their company, they amuse them; but the English being in general phlegmatic, it is truly desirable that elegant reading and recitation should be more common amongst us. For this purpose we should take the advice of Dr. Watts, and, when we are in company, always have an entertaining book in our pocket, and be able to introduce it judiciously, and read it well.

"This method ought never to curtail free conversation, much less to supersede it; but reading and reciting are pleasant and improving ways of supplying its deficiencies. If they were in more general use, we should not so very often have to lament such unpleasant as well as unprofitable chasms in social intercourse, and so much frivolous conversation. It is true, that a good reader may not be in himself communicative, but when he uses his talents judiciously he is sure to afford entertainment.—3. *It recommends Literature.* Many beautiful passages in our celebrated authors, and many fine pieces in our selections in prose and verse, lie neglected until brought into notice by being recited or read well. To produce this most desirable end, the writings or lectures of Sheridan, Henderson, Walker, Mrs. Siddons, and Mr. Smart, while they improve the art of delivering written language, have at the same time diffused a taste for English literature. Good reciters and readers, in several meetings, do the like in proportion to their talent, zeal, and connexions.—Lastly, *It is very likely to benefit youth.*—Having been engaged for above twenty years in the tuition of youth, I have had considerable experience in teaching this art. Where there were great defects in the speech, the voice, or memory, I have not succeeded; but in such of the rising generation as became any way proficient, I have observed how much they were delighted with it. I have also

remarked, that it has led to a greater love of other parts of useful and ornamental learning in every young gentleman under my care who excelled in recitation or elegant reading.

"I shall conclude with the following judicious remarks on the subject by Lindley Murray:—"If there were no other benefit from reading well than the necessity it lays us under of understanding what we repeat, and the habit thereby acquired, it would compensate for the pains we take on the subject. But the pleasure we feel ourselves, and impart to others, in the exercise of this art, must give additional importance to it. The perfect attainment of it will doubtless require great practice, joined to extraordinary natural powers. But as there are degrees of excellence in the art of good reading, the student whose aim falls short of perfection in it, will find himself amply rewarded for every exertion he may think proper to make."

ESSAYS ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

LOVE

Is a passion, (or according to some an affection,) produced from a delicate union of physical wants and moral sentiment. Its first effect is to submit the stronger sex to the weaker. The lover conquers by appearing to be subdued; and his mistress finds in the necessity of defending herself, a plausible reason for arbitrary sway; and from the fear of virgin modesty arises the most decided superiority. Armed at first with cruelty, to discourage hope, she continues vigorous to prove his constancy, and with wonderful address, in the same instant will excite desire and impress respect. Ever attentive to protract his defeat, even when it is most desired; ever inclined to facilitate the means even when she most fears the accomplishment; she exercises on her fascinated lover all that powerful ascendancy which results from the united charms of wit, caprice and beauty; one moment despiriting him with denials, the next encouraging him by kindness. In fine, trying every method to prolong the combat, rather than retire from danger, she at length arrives at the summit of female dominion, and becomes more dear to her lover by the very obstacles she placed in the way of his happiness. Love communicates to the soul an incomprehensible mixture of force and weakness. The greatest difficulties cannot damp the lover who is animated by the charms of his mistress; yet the slightest rigour is sufficient to drive him to despair. In the wide round of this extensive ball, nothing truly interests the lover save the object beloved. Love, were it only founded on the qualities of the mind, would leave the passions to stagnate, and sense must degenerate into apathy. Were it only attached to the exterior beauties of person, the most delicate springs of the heart would relax, and a thousand sensations as tender as they are rational would be lost to the lover. Real love, then, is equally engaged by moral beauties and physical attraction. It is tender and impassioned, respectful and ardent, delicate and impetuous, sighing after enjoyment, but wishing only to obtain it by sentiment. It may (and perhaps ought) to be enterprising. But true love seeks not exclusively its own

happiness, because to render a lover happy, the happiness must be reciprocal. In the midst of mankind a lover is alone unconcerned in the bustle of human affairs; from the moment he truly loves he is no longer merely a man; he is more—he is a lover. With the object beloved every thought is connected, every action assimilated. His solitary walks are to think uninterruptedly of his mistress; his frequent stops and pauses proceed from the same thoughts more dignified, more sublimated.

We must credit the lover many virtues, love supposes him possessed of all! In fact none but a generous and noble soul is susceptible of a sentiment so pure, so disinterested. It necessarily implies a refined taste and superior judgment to love a beautiful and virtuous woman, and to succeed in pleasing her, it is essentially necessary to resemble her. So a lover is at once, brave, susceptible, tender, humane and generous. The sweet passion with which he is inspired, contributes to elevate and develop those fine feelings; and insensibly confers a greater energy on their actions and effects.

HUMANITY

Is one of the most pleasing and important feelings of our nature. It enters into every process of our good conduct and is the mother guardian of the virtues, which without it would degenerate into selfish habit or mercenary collusions. Humanity is that virtue which is as it were made up of all the other virtues. It consists in being merciful; he who does not show mercy to his fellow men cannot be said to be a humane man. It is also closely allied to justice, and intimately connected with humility, for the man cannot be said to be humane who does not stoop to consider the wants of his inferiors. True humanity looks for no recompence for its good actions, and hence its benevolence is exercised upon objects unable to make any return for it. Next therefore to piety towards heaven, humanity deserves to be cultivated. Let us beware of becoming even spectators in scenes of cruelty, least by often viewing such spectacles we come at last to lose that sympathetic feeling which vibrates at the pain of another. When the natural horror of seeing the blood of animals shed, is lost, we soon transfer the same callous disposition to sufferers of our own species, and when any advantage of their persons, fortunes, or reputations may be taken with impunity, which can gratify either our avarice or taste for illegitimate pleasure, our ambition or our revenge, we improve with avidity the infernal occasion; till at last we fall the victims of our own infatuation, and suffer the miseries we have inflicted.—Our falling from humanity, or (what is the same thing, our progress to cruelty) is not all of a sudden. The human heart is not so bad at first, but it may be made worse. Even the greatest Tyrants we have heard of were not so all at once immersed in the commission of enormities. Domitian and Caligula did not attain the height of their atrocity all at once. But they often plunged into barbarities, and their very natures became as it were changed, till at last they committed outrages, which at the beginning (when less hardened in guilt,) they would have shuddered at. “Is thy servant a dog?” (said the prophet Hazael) that he should do these things?” Probity and justice are the foundations of society, and form its security; goodness and benevolence, its utility: gentleness and politeness, its charms.

FRIENDSHIP

Is that ardour of kindness, that unbounded confidence, that unsuspecting security which cannot be extended beyond a single object: hence the axiom "he that hath friends has no friend." A divided affection may be termed benevolence, but it cannot arise to friendship; for the limited power of the human mind cannot contemplate more than one idea. As we love one more, we love another less; and however impartial we may be for a time, the balance will soon incline to one side or another. Besides if we should love our friends equally or each according to their merit which is very difficult to do, nothing can secure them from jealousy of each other. Every man is ready to rate his own merit highest, and upon the least mark of neglect he is apt to think himself treated below his deserts. Besides as every good man expects such treatment as he gives, and if he divides his esteem among his friends he can in return claim no more than a divided esteem from them, and if he regards them equally, they may justly rank some other in equality with him.

This would be the source of an endless communication of confidence which would (from the depravity of mankind) end in treachery at last. Friendship when it is sincere and virtuous cannot be parted; we have something that assures us we shall meet even after death. It would not be worth the while to cherish the impressions of a virtuous friendship if so generous an engagement was to be dissolved with mortal life; such a thought would add even new horrors to the awful gloom of the grave. No, No! the good man who is capable of forming a real disinterested friendship is not circumscribed to the short possession of such a blessing, by the short space of human life.

It is true death may for a while interrupt the constant intercourse which tried friends would wish to continue uninterrupted, but this will by no means put a stop to it. It will be renewed with redoubled lustre and continue with unabated ardour in the regions beyond the grave.— This is evident from actual experience as well as from what is written; for we are assured that though worms destroy this body, yet the soul, the more noble part instead of being weakened by being detached from its mortal prison will rebound back to its former state; having all its powers as it were refreshed by its being for a while confined. These powers can suffer no diminution; for although we find the body turn weak yet the faculties of the soul continue unimpaired, and even in death an attachment to our friends is as sincere as when it first began. The best end of friendship is to be forward to do good offices to our friends and to study to insinuate the love of virtue into all ones acquaintances; and to promote their most important interest by inciting them to the practice of every thing that would recommend them to the higher degree of divine favour.

AN ESSAY
On the expediency of Educating the people of Lower Canada, written in the year 1810, with the view of recommending the establishment of Schools throughout the Province.

§ 2.—OF THE CONSEQUENCES WHICH HAVE ACTUALLY FOLLOWED FROM GENERAL EDUCATION, IN THOSE COUNTRIES IN WHICH IT HAS TAKEN PLACE.

PERHAPS it may be thought I have dwelt too long on the probable consequences of education, or what may be termed, the examination of the subject *a priori*.—I have been induced to extend my observations to this length, because those who have argued against the diffusion of knowledge, have, for the most part, confined themselves to these general reasonings; and I wished to meet them on their own ground. But, the propriety and expediency of what I contend for, will more clearly, and I think, undeniably, appear by considering the state of those countries in which this object has been accomplished. The countries which appear to be most deserving of notice, in this view, are Iceland, Denmark, Switzerland, Scotland, and the Northern States of America.

If any of the ancient nations could be cited as examples, Athens seems to be the only one, which can, with any propriety, be mentioned. It is certain, that the Athenian people possessed considerable knowledge with respect to several subjects; that they had a very delicate ear, with regard to the use and pronunciation of their own language; and that they acquired a degree of political knowledge, probably exceeding that which the common people of any other country, ancient or modern, ever possessed. The delicacy of their ear with regard to language, arose from the close attention which they gave to the public orators, and to dramatic representation. Their political knowledge also, they derived from their orators, who were obliged to explain to them, in the clearest manner, all public measures, and all their relations with other Grecian States, and with foreign nations. It does not appear, that this diffusion of knowledge among the Athenians was, in any respect, injurious to public peace and good order, or to the virtue and patriotism, (to the sobriety, industry or bravery of the citizens. They were an ingenious and scientific, an enterprising and highly commercial nation. There never was a braver, or a more public-spirited people. Their bravery alone defended Greece against the vast power of the Persian empire; their patriotism and love of liberty, proved the best, and most formidable obstacles to the usurpation of the Macedonian Princes.—Yet, their means of information were far inferior to those, which such, among the moderns as acquire the first elements of education, do, or may derive from the press. Their method of obtaining information was momentary, fluctuating and calculated to inflame the passions: among the moderns, it is permanent, and fitted to improve the reasoning faculty.

But, undoubtedly, the most proper examples must be sought for in modern times, and in countries that more nearly resemble our own.—

And, to remove every shadow of doubt on this subject, nothing shall here be taken upon trust or conjecture: on the contrary, my authority for every statement that is brought forward shall be distinctly noted.

All writers who have given us any account of Iceland, are agreed, that a certain degree of information is possessed by its inhabitants. During their long nights, which sometimes continue several weeks, one of the family frequently reads for the instruction or amusement of the rest, who are employed in certain branches of industry.* Thus, the habit of reading serves to alleviate the horrors of a most inhospitable climate, and to elevate the ideas and sentiments of a people, who are doomed to subsist on a most sterile soil.

Accordingly, "The character of the Icelanders is good. They are calm, discreet, orderly, and serious in their religion, capable of great labour of mind and body, and accustomed to live upon little, not abounding much in men of genius; but producing, in the various universities of the North, many zealous and indefatigable scholars, who have struck with successful vigour into the most intricate and untrod-den paths of literature."† Some of these virtues are, no doubt, produced by other causes: but it cannot be doubted, that they are all promoted by education, and the habit of reading.

The dominions of the King of Denmark, are in general, supplied with schools. In each parish, there are two or more, in which children are instructed in Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic. A house, a small salary, and some other advantages, are allowed to every Teacher.‡

The history of the Danes furnishes no reason whatever for supposing or suspecting, that any hurtful consequences, can proceed from this instruction of the people. On the contrary, the Danish government is by experience, convinced of its beneficial operation; and has given the most striking proofs of this conviction, by not only supporting the former establishment; but by confirming and increasing it. In the month of October of the year one thousand eight hundred and six, a new law was promulgated, which rendered the Danish schools more useful, and more efficacious, than they could ever have formerly been. By this law, the Island of Zealand, the most populous part of the kingdom, is divided into districts so small that all the children resident in each, may, without inconvenience, attend the school which is established in it. A decent income and house are provided for the Teachers: All parents are compelled to send their children to school, as soon as they reach the age of seven: Instruction is provided in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Religion: None are allowed to leave school, till they understand these branches: And those who have capacity and inclination, are instructed in the history, and geography of their country.¶

I do not quote this law, as a model to be imitated in all respects; for, surely, the compulsory part of it, might have been omitted. But I quote it as an experimental proof of the expediency of general instruction. In reality, what stronger proof of this expediency, can we desire.

* Edinburgh Review for Jan. 1804. † Ibid.

‡ Pinkerton's Modern Geography. § Monthly Magazine for June, 1807, p. 476.

than to find it attested by the conviction, not only of travellers who may occasionally visit that country; not only of the most intelligent observers resident in it; but of the very persons who conduct the government, and who are consequently most deeply interested in maintaining its good order, and promoting its prosperity? And what stronger proof can any government give of having such a conviction, than enacting a law, still farther to confirm, extend, and even enforce the instruction of its subjects?

The romantic country of the Swiss, like that in which we live, is inhabited, partly by Roman Catholics, and partly by Protestants. It appears that there is here a regular establishment of schools. In some of the Cantons, there is a school in every village.* The inhabitants of different parishes exult in the superior education of their children, as much as in the beauty of their women, or the bravery of their ancestors.† The peasants, in general, are more intelligent, entertaining, and companionable, than persons of the same rank in almost any other country.‡ In fact, all travellers express pleasure and surprise at the intelligence and penetration which they discover. Their countenance bespeaks ingenuity; and their conversation and manners confirm this prepossession. It would be an endless task to quote all the passages in Coxe, Moore, and other travellers, which confirm this statement. Those which I have mentioned below, are sufficient for my present purpose. Such as wish for farther satisfaction, may consult these authors themselves.

Yet the following account of the school establishment in the country of the Grisons, shows that the source from which the Swiss peasants have derived this elevated character, is of a very limited nature. We may thence judge what advantage would arise from a more extensive and better concerted establishment.

The country of the Grisons, before it was seized by the French, consisted of three Republics, the League of God's House, the Grey League, and the League of the Ten Jurisdictions. Each of the Leagues was divided into smaller communities. In each community, Mr. Coxe informs us, there was a small school in which children were taught to read, write and cypher; but which was open only during Winter, from the ninth of November to the seventh of April. The League of God's House, containing twenty-nine thousand inhabitants, consisted of twenty-two communities; that of the Ten Jurisdictions, having fifteen thousand inhabitants, of eleven communities; The inhabitants of the Grey League, were fifty-four thousand; but the number of communities is not mentioned, and consequently, the number of schools is not ascertained. But, if we suppose them to have been in the same proportion to the population, as in the other two Leagues, we may take them to have been about forty-one. This gives us for the whole country of the Grisons, seventy-four schools; while the population amounted to nearly one hundred thousand, and the superficial extent of country was between four and five thousand square miles. At an average, therefore, one of these little schools, open for no more than

* Coxe's Travels in Switzerland, Let. 10. † Ibid. Let. 24. ‡ Ibid. Let. 4.

five months in the year, afforded the only school instruction, for a population of thirteen hundred and fifty, and for an extent of sixty-three square miles. At any rate, this was the real proportion for the two Leagues of which the number of schools is ascertained. From so limited and imperfect an establishment, did the Swiss peasants derive education which made them respectable in the eyes of all travellers who visited the country.

The parochial schools of Scotland were instituted by an Act of the Legislature of that country upwards of a century and a half ago. The legal establishment has given at least one school, open throughout the year, and conducted by a person of proper qualifications, to every Parish; that is, at an average, to a population of sixteen hundred. But so great is the esteem in which education is held by the people in general, that in most parishes, a private school is supported, and frequently two or more, in addition to that established by law. It is certain, therefore, that there is at least one school for every eight hundred inhabitants.*

This institution is known to have been attended with the happiest consequences. None but those who have witnessed, can probably conceive how much the amusement of reading contributes to alleviate the toilsomeness of a most laborious occupation. How respectable does that peasant appear, who relieves the fatigues of the day, by the culture of mental qualities in the evening, in comparison with him who spends his life in the unvaried routine of labouring, eating, and sleeping? †

The advantages derived from this admirable institution, are satisfactorily attested by the following extract from a speech of the Lord Justice Clerk, one of the first legal characters in that country, delivered at the conclusion of the Circuit Court in Glasgow, in April eighteen hundred and eight. After some observations relative to the business that had come before the Court, his Lordship said:

"I must in justice say, that the number of criminals in custody for trial, was comparatively small, in reference to the immense population of this district of the country. But, if reference be made to the list of criminals in other countries, even in our sister kingdom of England, we shall see just reason to be proud and thankful, that our lot has been cast in a land, whose inhabitants are so distinguished for the virtuous simplicity of their lives.

"A few days before I left home, there was transmitted to me, officially, by the Secretary of State, a printed list of all the commitments and prosecutions for criminal offences, in England and Wales, for the last three years, and horrible to tell, the least number of commitments in any of these years, was considerably above four thousand, and above three thousand five hundred were actually brought to trial.

"This is a fact, Gentlemen, which I see fills you with astonishment, and I confess that I could not have believed it myself, if I had not read it in an official document.

"I had not time, and indeed it would be a work of great labour, to make an accurate enquiry and comparison; but, to hazard a guess, I should be disposed to say, that setting aside our two rebellions, the

* Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland. † See Currie's Life of Burns.

above number of trials in England for one year, is nearly equal to the whole number that has appeared in Scotland since the Union.

“Supposing this calculation to be accurate, or in any remote degree accurate, it calls upon us for very serious reflexions; and to consider, if we can discover the causes of this proud inferiority. Allowance must, no doubt, be made, for a difference that has always existed in the population of the two countries: for it would be unreasonable to suppose that the number must not, in a great degree, be in proportion to the number of people in any two countries.

“It may be said also, that commerce and manufactures, hardly existed in this country in the earlier part of the last century. True—but, now at least, we are treading fast on the heels of England; and yet, thank God, the same consequences do not follow. In this very city and district, commerce and manufactures have long been introduced, to an extent equal to any place or district in the United Kingdoms, the capital alone excepted. And, yet it was stated by a political writer, but a few years ago, that one Quarter Sessions at Manchester, sends more criminals to transportation than all Scotland in a year.

“We must, therefore, look to other causes for the good order and morality of our people. And I think we have not far to look. In my opinion, the cause is to be found, chiefly, in our institutions for the education of youth, and for the maintenance of religion.

“The institution of parochial schools in the manner, and to the extent in which they are established in Scotland, is, I believe, peculiar to ourselves; and, it is an institution, to which, however simple in its nature, and unobtrusive in its operation, I am persuaded we are chiefly to ascribe the regularity of conduct by which we are distinguished. The child of the meanest peasant, of the lowest mechanic, may, and most of them do, receive a virtuous education from their earliest youth. At our parochial schools, they are not only initiated in the principles of our Holy Religion, and in the soundest doctrines of morality, but most of them receive different degrees of education in other respects, which qualify them to earn their bread in various ways, and which, independent even of religious instruction, by enlarging the understanding, necessarily raise a man in his own estimation, and sets him above the mean and dirty crimes, to which the hardships and temptations of life might expose him.” *

No person can surely imagine, that the opinion delivered in this manner by the learned Judge, was peculiar to himself. His Lordship appears evidently to have given an opinion coincident with that of the generality of those who know the subject, and particularly with that of the British government whose servant he is. Thus, as in the case of Denmark, we find the expediency of general instruction, confirmed by those who have witnessed the progress of its operation, and who are most interested in preserving the subordination and good order of society. It cannot, surely, be overlooked, that these arguments are founded, not on theory, but on the immoveable basis of practice and experiment.

* Scott's Magazine for August 1808.

But, in no country, can we find an example more pertinent to our present purpose, than in the United States of America. That Union exemplifies the effects both of knowledge and of ignorance, in people situated as nearly as possible in the same circumstances, living under the same government, and descended in general, from the same stock. In the Northern States, the education of all the inhabitants is most carefully provided for; in the Southern, the education of the poor is entirely neglected. The different effects arising from these two situations, are unequivocally marked in the opposite characters of the people.

A pretty correct idea of the state of education in the different parts of the American Union, may be obtained from the following facts, extracted from Winterbotham's American Geography.

In New-England, education is very generally diffused among people of all ranks, and a person that cannot both read and write is very rarely to be found. There is a school in almost every township, supported by a public tax, and subject to the direction of a committee elected for the purpose.

In New-York, much attention has been paid to education in latter times. Still, however, many places are destitute of schools, and in many others they are conducted by low and ignorant persons, unfit for the purpose. Knowledge is less generally diffused in this State, than in New-England.

In Pennsylvania, numerous schools are supported by the different religious societies. There are private schools, kept separately by Masters and Mistresses for the youth of both sexes. The Quakers support a school for the instruction of Africans of every different shade of colour; and into this, persons of every age and sex, whether free, or slaves, are admitted. There are none, whose parents, or guardians, or masters will take the trouble to make application, but may be admitted into one or other of these schools. The means therefore, for obtaining education are, in this State, ample. But a more extensive taste for information is wanted, to render these means effectual; for, it is stated by our Author, that a great proportion of the labouring people are still extremely ignorant.

In New-Jersey, there is no regular establishment of schools. The usual method of obtaining instruction, is this. The inhabitants of a village, or of any particular part of the country, enter into an agreement to support a school-master upon such terms as may be mutually agreeable. This method is evidently precarious; and, accordingly, the encouragement is generally so inadequate, that no person of proper qualifications can be found to undertake the task.

In Maryland, so far from every township's possessing a school, as in New-England, whole counties are destitute of that advantage. Many of the schools formerly established, have been neglected. A great proportion of the people, are therefore, wholly uneducated.

In Virginia, in the Carolinas, and in Georgia, we are informed of Colleges, many of which are said to be, in no respect, superior to Grammar Schools; but no mention is made of Common Schools. From this circumstance, it is plain that little or no information can be diffused among the labouring class of society. Indeed, great part of this class

consists of slaves, a race of men so peculiarly unfortunate, as to be seldom within the reach of instruction.

According to this statement, the diffusion of knowledge, fantastic as the idea might seem, were it not founded in fact, appears gradually to decrease as we proceed from North to South. One might almost determine the latitude of a place by the degree of information diffused among its inhabitants.

A farther proof that this statement is correct, may be taken from the different proportion in which newspapers are published in the Northern and Southern States. A few years ago, the proportion which the population of the New-England States, held to that of all the rest, was as one to four and a half. The proportion in the number of newspapers published annually, was, as one to two and a half. So that, while the other States, taken collectively, possessed about four times the population of New-England, they issued only twice the number of newspapers. In other words, they had, in proportion to their population, only half the number of persons who could read.*

From this difference of education, there arises a difference of manners and character, correspondent to the cause. The inhabitants of the Northern parts of the Union, are, comparatively, simple in their manners, virtuous and religious; among those of the Southern parts, immorality and irreligion predominate. The former are, for the most part, in easy circumstances; few are in affluence, and few reduced to poverty. The latter are divided into two classes, the rich and the poor; and the distinction is no where more strongly marked. In the Northern States, are few or no slaves. In the Middle States, there are more; but they are, in many cases, provided with instruction. In the Southern States, they abound; and, for aught that appears, remain as ignorant, as when they left the coast of Guinea. In the North, is an industrious and enterprising people, lovers of their country, and possessing an ardent attachment to the country from which their ancestors emigrated. In the South, the inhabitants are, in a great measure, destitute of taste for knowledge, addicted to low pleasures; and, though violent sticklers for liberty, are the very patrons and propagators of slavery.

3. OF THE EXPEDIENCY OF INSTRUCTION IN THE PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

The reasonings contained in the first part of this Essay, and the facts brought forward in the second, are sufficient, I humbly conceive, to establish the certainty of this general principle,—That the diffusion of knowledge, whether considered in a political, religious, or moral point of view, is of the highest importance. It is now time to consider whether there is any thing peculiar to the Canadians which is likely to prevent education from producing the same beneficial effects upon them, which it is calculated to have upon human nature in general, and which it is certainly found to have upon the inhabitants of those countries in which it is generally diffused. An attentive survey of the particular situation of the inhabitants of Canada, will show that they form no exception to the general principle here laid down; but that, on the

* Oliphant's North America.

contrary, every circumstance in their condition corroborates the truth of it, and even affords new proofs of its universality.

The discussion of this part of the subject, is the more necessary;— because many general rules have exceptions; and general truths are often acknowledged, even while objections are found and sustained, against their particular application.

The Canadians, as we have already observed, are to be regarded as an agricultural people. And it is among such a people, that education may, in general, be most easily introduced, and also its advantages most safely enjoyed. The rural inhabitants of most countries possess a simplicity and an ingenuousness in their manners, which dispose them for the sober enjoyments of reading, and which, at the same time, prevent them from abusing their knowledge to dangerous or licentious purposes.

I have all along been speaking chiefly of the inhabitants of the country as distinguished from those of the larger towns. With regard to the latter, however, I would recommend the plan of instruction, most probably invented, and certainly carried to the utmost practical perfection, by Mr. Joseph Lancaster. It is impossible to say too much in praise of a system which possesses every advantage with respect to the labouring classes; which combines mildness, order, and virtuous tendency, with the highest efficacy in the real business of making scholars; which joins almost incredible economy, to practicability in every situation in which numbers of people are collected into one neighbourhood. I cannot help remarking farther, that the countenance which this plan has received in England from persons of the very highest rank, is no inconsiderable proof, among others, of the liberality of the British government, and of its disposition to promote general information.

The general employment of the Canadians, as it shows the practicability and safety of their instruction, suggests also an additional reason for endeavouring to introduce it. To what cause are we to attribute the small progress which the Canadians have made in the improvement of their lands, and in all the arts connected with agriculture? Why does even the small portion of land which is cleared, still yield so small a part of the riches which might be drawn from it? Why is it so difficult to promote the raising of hemp, even after all competent judges are satisfied of its being advantageous to the proprietor, and suitable to the climate of the country? The answer to all these questions, must be the same. It is the entire ignorance of the land-cultivators that arrests the progress of these necessary arts. Their general ignorance cuts them off from all knowledge of the new and superior methods of treating the soil, or the grain, or of improving the breed of domestic animals. It does more than even preclude them from the knowledge of improvements. It confirms their prejudices in favour of all previous habits, and of all ancient errors. It prevents them from adopting even those improvements, which they see introduced by others.

Of all the diseases which afflict the human race, that which cuts off the greatest number of lives prematurely, is understood to be the small-pox. And yet, there is not another, of which the means of prevention are so certain, are so easily applied. It is, therefore, melancholy to

reflect, that ignorance, and the prejudices arising from it, should deprive vast numbers of men of almost every nation, of the means of escaping this fatal calamity. Till the Canadian peasantry shall receive some portion of instruction, it is not to be expected, that they can derive any considerable advantage from the Jennerian Discovery. A practice which would annually save a number of lives to this Province, and prevent the distress of a much greater number of suffering infants and anxious parents, must, as to Canada, remain almost wholly inefficacious.

The very thin and limited population of this Province, and the comparative ease with which its inhabitants can procure the necessaries of life, render the diffusion of knowledge more practicable here, than in many other countries. In many of the great nations of Europe, the crowded state of population, and the prevalence of poverty, will, in all probability, for ever exclude multitudes from the benefits of education. But the vast extent of unappropriated lands in Canada, opens a more cheering prospect for our posterity. They need not fear a crowded population, or a monopoly of the soil for centuries to come. Now, therefore, while our number is small, and while land is cheap and plentiful; now is the time to plant the germ of knowledge, which will enlighten, enrich, and felicitate the future multitudes, that will one day cover this fertile portion of the globe. Being once fixed in the soil, and having once struck a firm root, this plant will not soon wither or decay. Knowledge has a natural tendency to propagate itself; and having once found a favourable soil, will not be easily eradicated. — But, if we delay to disseminate its seeds, till vice and luxury shall have poisoned the soil; we shall in vain expect to cultivate it, with the same prospect of success.

I hold it to be a very reasonable expectation, that the riches and population of this country should long continue to increase. Our climate, indeed, is severe; but the soil is excellent; the air pure; the situation admirably adapted to commercial pursuits. These are permanent advantages, and may reasonably be expected to be attended with permanent effects. In consequence of their operation, the country may long be expected to rise in opulence, and in number of inhabitants. With this increase, however, of commerce and riches, we must look for the same disadvantages which other countries have derived from the same causes. Vices will multiply, and all sorts of degeneracy commonly arising from increased affluence and abundance of the conveniencies of life. It is, therefore, highly necessary to make some provision against this certain and coming evil. Instruction is the only means than can be devised, for preparing the minds of the lower orders to resist the additional temptations which they will then have, to imitate the increasing prodigality and debauchery of their superiors. This is the only means that can be expected to cure that improvident spirit, for which they are already but too remarkable, and which will certainly grow upon them by imitation and example. And though this remedy cannot be expected to remove the evil entirely: it is yet the only one which can be employed with any prospect of success, and, at all events, it will most certainly be attended with numerous, and permanent advantages.

The education of the people at large in this Province, is the only means of uniting the inhabitants of Canada. It is by this means that they may be blended into one people. While the lower classes remain wholly ignorant, there will never be wanting among their superiors, persons who will abuse their credulity and their prejudices to the purposes of faction. Ignorance is the means of perpetuating national antipathies, of keeping alive the remembrance of unreasonable jealousy and suspicion. Let light rise among the people, and these bitter animosities will die. Why should the inhabitants of Canada consider themselves as of two distinct nations? Though their ancestors were descended from different originals, have not they themselves, the most serious reasons for unanimity and concord? Do they not breathe the same air? Are they not nourished by the same benignant soil; and all enriched by the commerce of the same River? Are they not protected by the same Government? Have they not the same laws, the same rights, and one common interest? The happiness of the one cannot be injured without impairing that of the other. The welfare of both is promoted by the same means. Though their languages are different, their interests cannot be separated.

It is ignorance alone that perpetuates the dissensions that disturb this Province. It is ignorance that, in all countries, has preserved alive the seeds of contention. Ireland has, for seven centuries, been connected with the English Government. But the greater part of the inhabitants, being wholly ignorant, have not in all that time, laid aside their national antipathy against the inhabitants of Britain. The more enlightened peasantry of Scotland, in the course of one century, entirely dropped the most deadly animosities that one people ever entertained against another. At this moment, they are happy and proud to consider that the British Isles contain but one nation. The mists of prejudice are dissipated before the light of knowledge.

The disturbances which, a few years ago, agitated Ireland, are a memorable proof of the miserable effects of general ignorance. They were a consequence of that darkness which affords the inhabitants of any country, no knowledge of the dangers of civil discord, nor any conviction of the necessity of good order; but which leaves them a prey to the interested and the factious, to those who would establish their own power on the ruin of public happiness. The same cause gave rise to all the miseries which France has suffered. In the beginning of the Revolution, the total ignorance of the great mass of the people, laid them open to be duped by a multitude and a succession of tyrants. And, at a later period, the nation, from the same reason, fell a victim to one of the most tyrannical military despotisms, that ever disgraced the history of nations. These examples are yet fresh in our memory. They have been recorded in the blood of thousands, for the admonition of distant posterity. Let us not, then, conceal these salutary lessons from the eyes of our countrymen. It is possible to open the eyes of their children, at least; that these may see the dismal consequences of civil disorder, and attach themselves to regularity and peace. If we discharge not our duty in this respect, we become blameable for whatever disasters may, at any future period, arise from their want of this necessary knowledge.

Selected Papers

CAMPAIGNS OF A CORNET.

NO. VIII.

The Baron's wound, like Mercutio's, was neither "as deep as a well nor as wide as a church-door," but still it was serious enough to give him great pain and anxiety. An English surgeon belonging to another regiment declared that it was unnecessary to be under any apprehension, but the Baron, who found a new tie to existence in the possession of the four hundred crowns, for which he had paid so dear, and who thought it was better to bear the ills he had than fly to others that he knew not of, betrayed considerable anxiety with regard to the consequences of the clerical admonition which he had received. We were compelled to leave our gallant commander, and proceeded without him to our regiment, where in a few days afterwards he joined us. We found our corps stationed in the neighbourhood of the Ebro, within a few leagues of Saragossa. I was struck with admiration at the fine appearance and perfect appointment of the men, who, though they had been abroad many years, displayed the good discipline and martial air of veterans, with all the neatness and cleanliness which our troops are remarkable for at home. The town at which we were stationed was called Reomilines, and abounded in good provisions. Instead of the "spare fast," which oft with soldiers doth diet, I found my brothers in arms indulging at this place in all sorts of luxuries—that is to say, feasting in great plenty on very tolerable joints of mutton. The great desideratum I soon found to be bottled London porter, which was considered very reasonable at a dollar a bottle, a price equivalent at that time to about six and four pence. While all the infantry of the army, and some favoured regiments of cavalry, were passing the winter amid the snows of the Pyrenees, with no other hopes of glory than what a death by starvation could furnish, we were enjoying ourselves in this peaceable part of the country, performing the regular routine of our military duties, studying the Spanish character, and visiting whatever was worthy of observation in the neighbourhood. The only incident which occurred to enliven the tedium of our residence at Reomilines, which really partook of the character of country quarters (with the exception of falling out with the Spanish men, and in love with the Spanish women, and out of humour with the amusements of a Spanish village); the only incident, I say, which can properly claim insertion in these military commentaries, was one of rather a serious nature to the parties concerned.

In consequence of the accumulation of offences, it was determined at this time to hold what I may call a species of martial assizes—sessions of *oyer* and *terminer* of all campaigning quarrels and breaches of punctilio, and a general gaol delivery of all plundering sergeants, licentious corporals, and poor petty-larceny privates. The court was held

under the warrant of the Commander of the Forces, at the headquarters of General Lord ~~his name~~, the president; and I, having been summoned to sit upon the court, was present at all the proceedings, although my services were not called for, in consequence of the requisite number of thirteen members having been already filled up. Many cases occurred which would have afforded a high relish, even to the vitiated palates of an Old Bailey audience. The most common charge was that of plundering the peasantry, relieved occasionally by a complaint of the importunate gallantry of some Irish grenadier. The only case of which I have now any distinct recollection, was the trial of an officer, whose whole conduct appeared to be tinctured with something more than eccentricity. There were three distinct charges against him; 1st, For neglecting his duty while upon picquet, by which a portion of the baggage had been lost; 2dly, For using the troop horses for the purpose of dog-hunting, whilst at an hospital station; and 3dly, For being intoxicated while in quarters, disobeying the orders of his commanding officer, and calling him an ass. In the language of this military indictment, all these offences were *laid*—as unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, highly subversive of all military discipline, and contrary to the articles of war and the act of parliament in that case made and provided. The judges of this august court, instead of the usual paraphernalia of wigs and gowns, were required to appear in full regimentals, with their swords, and a competent supply of ball-cartridge, in case of emergency. The court met in a spacious apartment in a neighbouring convent, which had, I believe, formerly been appropriated to similar purposes, by the holy fraternity of Saint Dominick. The court only sate from eleven o'clock till three, and the trial lasted several days. I was particularly amused with the demeanor of some of the juvenile judges, who, whilst the witnesses were giving their evidence, were often busily employed in discussing the eternal and unchangeable principles of *dress*. The prosecutor was the commanding officer of the regiment to which the offender belonged, and was a principal witness upon all the three charges, although a great part of his evidence consisted merely of *hearsay*. The evidence in support of the first charge was, that the criminal on the morning when the loss took place, had been placed in a situation to prevent the enemy from intercepting our baggage, but that instead of keeping a diligent watch, he had snugly established himself under the lee of a house, and was expounding Anacreon, with a running commentary, to an admiring circle, consisting of the sergeant, corporal, trumpeter, and three of the most enlightened of his men. He was just finishing the sixth ode of that author, to which his companions were adding a practical commentary, in their earnest attentions to their officer's flask of brandy, when one of the servants from the baggage came galloping in, followed by two French dragoons at the distance of about three hundred yards, and told the astonished philologist, with the woe-begone countenance of Priam's messenger, that "half his baggage was taken." There was no remedy for this evil, and the party was forced to make a hasty retreat. The second charge was founded on an offence which had long been committed with impunity, and which was now for the first time brought under martial cognizance. There being no fox-hunting in

Spain, it was a common amusement with the officers of the army—an amusement originally introduced by a colonel of great sporting celebrity—to tie a kettle, or some other noisy appendage, to the tail of a dog, when the terrified animal scouring over the face of the country, afforded a chase which frequently led these military Nimrods a ride of twenty miles over hill and dale. It appeared that the accused had certainly partaken of the amusements which this novel style of hunting afforded; but there was no evidence to shew that he had ever ridden troop horses, a fact which only existed in the fertile imagination of his prosecutor. The accused seemed quite regardless of the evidence which was brought forward to substantiate the two first charges, but he applied himself with great earnestness to the last, vehemently denying the imputation of inebriety, and setting up the truth of the words he had spoken as a justification. To establish this part of his case, he cross-examined his prosecutor with considerable ingenuity, and at last ingenuously demanded from him, whether he did not himself think he was a fool. This was almost too much for the dignity of the court, and being considered in the light of a contempt, it certainly tended to aggravate his punishment. As the charges were not made out in the clearest manner, he was only sentenced to three months suspension, which I afterwards understood he dedicated to the Muses; and having now no baggage to lose, he gave himself up to the unrestrained delight of perusing his favourite Anacreon.

In the month of February 1813 we left our country quarters on the Ebro, and proceeded to join the army in France under the command of the Marquess of Wellington. We passed through the town of Pampeluna, and halted there on Sunday, when a curious incident occurred.

The officer of a dragoon regiment, related to a noble family, was so smitten with the charms of a pretty chambermaid, at the Posada where he was staying, and so dazzled at the thought of twenty dollars, which it was understood she was possessed of, that he was determined at all events to become master of the prize. In England he might have purchased a licence, and tied the holy knot without farther trouble, but in Spain there was a preliminary ceremony to go through.—The fair chambermaid was unwilling to endanger her soul by uniting herself to a heretic, so that our gallant countryman was constrained to embrace the Catholic faith, before the Catholic fair. This was done in the cathedral church of Pampeluna, at an immense concourse of Spaniards, and the two ceremonies of renunciation and union were performed by the cardinal archbishop. As may be supposed, this match did not turn out very happily. A few weeks after their marriage the parties separated; the lady returned to her household gods, and the Neophyte to the faith of his forefathers.

The Pyrenees presented a very different aspect as we recrossed them. On every side of us the rocks were covered to their lofty summits with snow, which contrasted finely with the clear blue sky. The depth of the snow was such that we were frequently compelled to dismount, and lead our horses through it. Descending from the higher mountains, we found a comparative summer in the valleys, and we proceeded, at the usual day's march of fifteen or twenty miles, through the towns of Tolosa, Irun, and Fontarabia, where "Charlemagne with

with all his peccage fell. On the day of leaving St. Jean de Luz we passed Bayonne, which was at that time besieged by the first division of infantry under Sir John Hope. The regular road lies directly through the town, but in consequence of the siege we were forced to diverge to the left, and across the Adige between Bayonne and the sea. Our march until we reached the river was through heavy sands. The pontoon-bridge, by which we crossed, was one of the most successful and ingenious contrivances which the engineer department had produced during the war. The Adige is of considerable breadth, and judging at the moment, I should have said it was nearly as broad as the Thames at London-bridge. The passage of the river was effected in the following manner: several *chasse-marees* were brought up and anchored with double chain-cables, at regular distances across the river, and over these a double net-work of cables was thrown, the strength of which was sufficient to bear any weight, and at the same time afforded a firm and secure footing. Although exposed to the enemy's fire during the whole time of passing, we accomplished our transit without any accident whatsoever. On leaving Bayonne our route for several days lay through sandy forests, and here was the commencement of our privations and fatigues. The deep sandy roads knocked up our horses and baggage-animals, while the want of all fresh provisions compelled us to subsist entirely on the most execrable ration beef. The houses, or rather the hovels, in which we were lodged at night, were generally untenanted and despoiled of every convenience. In one respect we were fortunate enough—we had plenty of clothing, in which some of the infantry regiments were miserably deficient. On our march we met some regiments proceeding to St. Jean de Luz to procure clothing; for the most part they were entirely without shoes and stockings.

We now diverged to the right, and passing the town of Dax, celebrated for its hot-wells, we again inclined toward the Pyrenees, and recrossed the Adige. We had been for some days close upon the heels of the army, and we were highly chagrined to find how many laurels had been reaped without our assistance. The victory of Orthes had been succeeded by several gallant charges, in which both the cavalry and infantry had been engaged. We frequently fell in with waggon loads of sick and wounded; and large bodies of prisoners going to the rear. On the day on which we recrossed the Adige, we met the fifth and seventh divisions of the army, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. the Earl of Dalhousie, not—

Dalhousie the great god of war,

Lieutenant-Colonel of the Earl of Mar's

but a worthy descendant of his. The day before we joined the army, we had halted about two o'clock in the afternoon, in the expectation of taking up our quarters for the night in a neighbouring town, when we received orders to push forward to the front, and, marching at a sharp trot till two o'clock in the morning, we arrived at our station. For miles before we reached the army the country before us was one blaze of light, and as we passed through the camps of the different regiments

On the road-side, we were received with loud cheers. The night of my arrival was, I think, the most miserable I ever spent. The rain had been falling in torrents, and as our baggage was left far behind us, we had neither tents nor provisions, except what our holster-pipes could contain. Into one of mine I had crammed a Bologna sausage, which seemed made for the purpose, and a little bread and cheese, while in the other I had contrived to deposit a comfortable bottle of brandy. — As soon as I arrived I threw myself from my horse, and applying my mouth to the mouth of the flask, (a proceeding technically termed *sucking the monkey*), I soon fell into a sound sleep, which I enjoyed for about three hours and a half, when I was roused for the purpose of commanding a foraging party. I soon found that our yesternight's exertions had taken effect on both horses and men; all around me I saw nothing but

Troops of pains and regimental woes.

We seemed just to have forestalled a party of the enemy, who appeared to be advancing with views similar to our own; however, as I pushed forward as vigorously as our tired horses would allow me, I gained the place in view, and we suffered no disturbance. We found plenty of straw in the town, and I was fortunate enough to secure, on my own account, a good supply of wholesome provender, consisting of bread, ham, and a little very pleasant brandy. We returned to the camp in about two hours, and found our baggage had arrived, which enabled me to make a comfortable cup of tea, to which a slice of the captured ham afforded an excellent relish. I was startled out of a gratifying doze, into which I had just fallen, by the bugles sounding to horse, and in less than ten minutes we were all of us mounted and in order. A large body of the army, of which we formed a part, moved upon the town of Tarbes, a large and populous place. The scene, in passing through this town, was one of the most brilliant I had yet beheld. We saw the enemy, stationed at the top of the hills which overlooked the town, engaged with several bodies of our troops, which were attempting to turn their position. As we marched through the principal streets of Tarbes, the inhabitants flocked out of their houses to gaze at us as we passed, and certainly a gallant sight it was, our colours being all displayed, and our hands striking up a variety of gay and martial tunes. We were greeted on every hand with cries of *Vivent les Anglais! Vivent les Portugueses!* although the French were yet contesting the outskirts of the town. The moment we made our appearance in the suburbs, the enemy commenced a brisk fire upon us. The troop of artillery attached to our brigade, was immediately sent forward to return the compliment. It fell to the lot of the squadron to which I was attached to perform the duty of covering the guns, (that is to say, of ranging ourselves in line close behind them). I now began to think the matter rather serious, and certainly it seemed high time to prepare our testamentary documents. This friendly salutation between us and the enemy continued for the space of three or four hours, when the position being nearly turned, we were ordered forward to charge a body of dragoons which yet kept their station. Nothing struck me more forcibly on this occasion than the contrast between my own

horse and the steeds of the old campaigners, which had been used to the service. While my own charger snorted, pranced, and plunged under me, and like the war-horse in Scripture seemed to cry, Ha! ha! the horses which had been accustomed to the sound of the firing and had seen their fellows drop around them, stood trembling excessively as if in terror of a similar fate. This fact furnishes an illustration of the distinction between physical and moral courage. A young soldier when he first goes into battle, however hot and impatient he is, has still a little *trobbing at his heart*, and a little trembling in his limbs; while a veteran, on the contrary, loses all these symptoms of rash and youthful valour, and becomes more collected and calm in proportion as he is acquainted with the extent of the dangers with which he is environed. But to the charge. The enemy prudently fled off as we advanced, and just as we were preparing to make a deadly onset upon them, they put spurs to their horses and made off with the most mortifying coolness. I confess I had wrought up my spirit to perform some terrible prodigies of valour, and when I saw our prey escape, I felt in the situation of a bow, the string of which has slipped just as the arrow has been drawn to the head. Although we were disappointed in the present instance, a few days afterwards we had a rencontre which was sufficient to satisfy the keenest appetite. I have already, in the commencement of these my commentaries, attempted to describe my sensations during an infantry charge; but the same operation when I was mounted on the back of an ungovernable beast of a charger, proved a very different affair. It was about sunset after a long day's march, and we had halted and were just lighting our camp-fires, calculating amongst ourselves who would be the happy man to go out upon picquet, when we were suddenly ordered to mount and advance immediately. The enemy's picquet was within a few yards before us, and I with about twenty men was ordered forward to skirmish with them. Skirmishing is by no means a pleasant occupation; it is too like a harlequinade. My men made a very skilful use of their carbines, and we gradually drove the enemy's skirmishers in. I observed that they fell in upon a regiment of French dragoons, which were stationed upon an open space of ground on the outside of a small town. The object of our movement I immediately found to be, to attack this body of horse. Our regiment had no sooner arrived on the plain than we formed in front of the enemy. I was called in with my party just as our soldiers had drawn their sabres. This looked as if they were in earnest. The squadron to which I belonged was the first, and indeed the only one which charged. We advanced at a steady trot till we were about ten yards from the enemy, when the words "gallop," "charge," followed close upon one another, and every man dashed the rowels in his steed, and fixed himself firmly in his saddle. Like a young sportsman who first draws a trigger, I no sooner touched my horse's flank with my heel, than I involuntarily shut my eyes; and immediately after I felt a most tremendous shock. This made me look about me, and I perceived that the impetus of my noble charger had laid three French jades and their riders prostrate before me. One of the dragoons, a light active fellow, had just gained his legs, and with *sacre* in his mouth, and a long *sobre* in his hand, was

about to wreck his vengeance upon my Bucephalus; when a back-handed blow from my sword upon his headpiece put a speedy termination to his schemes of revenge. Our squadron did not cover the whole front of the French regiment, but as far as we did extend, wherever we came in contact, the enemy were, to use Bonaparte's own expression, completely "bouleversée, renversée." A portion of the enemy retired about a hundred yards, and immediately formed again with great adroitness; but we were so little disordered by the first attack, that we were ready, as soon as they were in order, to make a fresh charge, which we instantly did with the same spirit and the same success as before. The discomfited party, supported by a fresh squadron of hussars, again shewed front in the town; and so slightly had our men suffered in these two charges, a thing almost unparalleled, but proceeding, no doubt, from the weak state of the French horses and men, that we repeated the dose again in the centre of the market-place, while the French inhabitants were looking out of their windows, and screaming with horror and amazement at the skilful manner in which we administered it. The French displayed their usual gallantry, and though they were evidently unfit to stand up before us, on being driven out of the town they tried the experiment a fourth time with the same success: nothing but darkness prevented us from either killing or capturing every man of them.

A great number of prisoners fell into our hands; but our principal object, as is the usage and practice of dragoons, was to capture horses, and not men; seeing that the quadruped will fetch about two hundred crowns, whereas the bipod is utterly worthless. We returned into the town with our prizes, where in consequence of the darkness of the night and some of our men having straggled, a little plundering took place. Indeed so great was the hurry and confusion of all these transactions, that after I had got into camp, I discovered a couple of fine roasted gallinas, and a bottle of sparkling champaigne, which made an excellent supper; nor could I complain of the want of provisions for several days afterwards. I was roused the following morning by a messenger from my old friend and commander, the Baron, who had received a severe wound in the head, and was just delivering up his sword to the common enemy. I found him certainly on the point of capitulation; he was still sensible, and beckoning to me to approach the spot where he lay, which was a dry ditch, covered by a tarpaulin, supported at the corners with four sticks, he appointed me his executor, desiring me to transmit the produce of his effects to his mother at Nuremberg. There was something very melancholy in my poor friend's departure, under privations and in circumstances like these, though at the same time the scene was not altogether free from the ludicrous. Begging every one else to withdraw, he recounted to me in a whisper the various places in which his multifarious treasures were deposited. He had very little vested in any government funds, or in real securities; but in the folds of his doublet, and in various parts of his equipage, he told me, a very considerable sum in gold would be discovered. His principal regret at leaving this world seemed to be the loss of the fine prospect of plunder, which our present circumstances promised. He compared himself to Moses, who perished the moment he was en-

tering upon the land of promise. Before we marched, I performed the duty of my new office, and consigned the remains of the gallant officer to a hole which I caused to be dug for the purpose. He was interred like a soldier, in the most unsophisticated style, without either winding-sheet or coffin. Perchance, reader, if thou hast sojourned in the village of Carbon, thou hast stepped over the ashes of as true a soldier as ever smoked pipe and drank brandy beneath the canopy of Heaven.

The Baron, and one dragoon wounded, were the only losses which we sustained, while, on the contrary, the French had about two hundred men, *hors de combat*. After three or four days' hard marching, I was sent back, with my own troop and a company of Portuguese *caçadores*, to a small town called St. Martory, to guard the passage of a bridge against the brigands in the mountains and the French troops on the other side of the river, and to prevent them from annoying the rear and cutting off the supplies of our army. The duty was by no means either a safe or a pleasant one. We were forced to be perpetually on the *qui vive*, not knowing the point from which the enemy would come upon us, though we were assured they were prepared to do so. Our horses were never unsaddled, nor did our men put off their clothes: and we stationed constant picquets on the opposite side of the river towards the Pyrenees. Some of the Portuguese who were employed on this service, caused us considerable alarm one night.— Three French deserters, by a circuitous route, were intending to reach St. Martory, and the Portuguese in their alarm multiplied these three men in buckram into a large body of the enemy. The bugle roused me from my bed, to which, as a special favour to them, I had for that night only consigned my wearied limbs, and seizing my sword and belt, and placing my casque upon my head, I sallied forth, clothed in the *inexpressibles* usually worn by the Highland regiments. I believe many of the troop wore the same regimentals. The Portuguese were firing pretty sharply when I arrived amongst them, and I expected a serious affair of it. The sergeant of the Portuguese informed me that they had killed one of the enemy, (and sure enough one of the poor dragoons had fallen) and that the rest were lying behind an embankment. I instantly ordered our men to charge; but as we were proceeding on a trot, we were stopped by the two other deserters, who were lying flat on their faces directly in our road, and who, on being questioned, informed us of the true state of the affair. Thus we returned shivering to quarters, without any loss of life, though not entirely without loss of blood.

AN ADIEU.

An adieu should in utterance die,
If written, but faintly appear;
Should be heard in the burst of a sigh,
Or seen in the fall of a tear.

... SIR GEORGE PREVOST, upon the receipt of despatches from Mr. Foster, acquainting him with the proposed repeal of the Orders in Council by the British Government, immediately opened a communication with Major-General Dearborn, commanding the American forces on the frontier of Lower Canada, for the purpose of concluding an armistice, until the Congress should determine upon the proposals transmitted to them by Mr. Foster. An armistice of about three weeks did accordingly take place; and whatever might be the advantage arising from it to the American commanders and their troops, from the time and opportunity it afforded them of increasing their means of attacking the Canadas, it is obvious that the cessation of hostilities was of far more importance to Sir George Prevost, by enabling him to mature his preparations for defence. In fact, at the very time the armistice was negotiating, a regiment had arrived in the river from the West Indies; and after the conclusion, and during the continuance of it, considerable reinforcements of men and supplies were forwarded to Upper Canada, where they arrived before the resuming of hostilities, and materially contributed towards defeating the attempts which the enemy afterwards made to invade that province.

Intelligence of the conclusion of the armistice was despatched to General Brock, on the 12th August, by Brigade-Major Sheekleton, and must have reached him at Amherstburg, before he left that place for Fort George, where he arrived the 6th September; but whatever may have been General Brock's opinion of the policy of the measure, we do not find in his letter of the 7th September to Sir George Prevost, that the receipt of that intelligence had at all interfered with any intention he had previously entertained of "sweeping" (according to the Review's assertion) "the Niagara line of the American garrisons, which he knew were then unprepared for vigorous resistance." In fact, as that letter states, the armistice was to terminate the *next day*; and so far was General Brock from being in a situation to act offensively, that he states his expectation of an almost immediate attack, and of his having sent to Amherstburg to Colonel Proctor, as well as to Colonel Vincent at Kingston, for reinforcements, to enable him to meet it; expressing at the same time his hope, that if he could continue to maintain his position for six weeks longer, the campaign would terminate in a manner little expected in the United States.

Had any attack been made on Fort Niagara, or had that general sweeping of the American garrisons on the frontier, (which the critic seems to think so easy an achievement) been attempted, there cannot be a doubt but that this invasion of the American territory, before the enemy had made an attack upon our own frontier, would have united the whole population, not only of the states bordering upon that line, but of every other part of the union, in the prosecution of the war. The militia already assembled upon that frontier, and who were known to

be dissatisfied, and anxious to return to their homes, would in the event of an attack upon their territory, not only have cheerfully remained to repel the aggression, but would have been further obliged to pass the frontier, for the invasion of Canada; which, without such an attack on our part, they could not have been compelled to do. Aware of this circumstance, it was the policy of the American Government, to hold out lures to our officers, commanding on the frontiers, to induce them to commence an offensive warfare. Sir George Prevost, however, saw through their design, and fortunately disappointed it. The consequence was, that finding their militia could no longer be kept together, and that the season was fast approaching, when all offensive operations must cease, the American commanders urged the troops on that line, to that ill concerted expedition, which ended in the battle of Queenstown, and which, though attended with the irreparable loss to the British forces of their gallant Commander, terminated in the disgrace and defeat of the American army; and was thus the means of preserving, at least for that campaign, the Province of Upper Canada. Brilliant as had been the success of our arms at the Battle of Queenstown, and complete as had been the overthrow of the enemy, they still remained in sufficient force on the opposite territory, to make an immediate attack upon their frontier, notwithstanding the dismay with which the critic seems to think the Americans were filled,* something more than hazardous. Out of the small force of less than 900 regular troops which we had on the field that day, nearly 100 of them were killed or wounded, and many were necessarily engaged in guarding the prisoners, whose numbers amounted to more than our own regular force.— The enemy had received reinforcements in their line during the day of the action, and others were constantly arriving. Under these circumstances is it to be wondered at, that Major-General Sheaffe should not have listened to the suggestions of any of his officers, if such were made, and the fact is more than doubtful, to cross over immediately after the action, when according to the Reviewer's sagacious opinion, "Fort Niagara might have been taken," and the whole of the Niagara line cleared of the American troops!"

The Reviewer has indeed thought fit to characterize the armistice as one, for which no reason, civil or military, was ever assigned; whereas it was notorious to the army employed on the Niagara line that General Sheaffe was influenced in this step by the motives and circumstances already stated, all of which were immediately communicated by him to Sir George Prevost. If any thing further were necessary to be adduced in vindication of the policy of the defensive system, of which these armistices formed a part, and which the Reviewer has thought fit so groundlessly to denominate short-sighted and ill-judged; although attended with results so favourable to the safety of both Provinces, it will be found in the complete approbation expressed by his Majesty's Government. In Lord Bathurst's despatch to Sir George Prevost, of the 4th July, 1812, written before the intelligence of the declaration of war, by America, had reached England, his Lordship

says, "The instructions given by you to Major-General Brock and Sir John Sherbrooke, cautioning them against any premature measures of hostility, or any deviation from a line of conduct strictly defensive, meets with the full approbation of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent."

In a subsequent despatch of the 10th Aug. Lord Bathurst approves of the general principles upon which Sir George Prevost intended to conduct the operations of the war, by making the defence of Québec paramount to every other consideration, in the event of invasion. In a later despatch of the date of the 1st October, 1812, his Lordship says, "I have it in command from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, to convey to you his most unqualified approbation of the measures which you have adopted for defending the Provinces under your charge, and of those to which you have had recourse for deferring, if not altogether preventing, any resort to actual hostility." On the subject of the armistice, he adds, "The desire which you have unceasingly manifested to avoid hostilities, with the subjects of the United States, is not more in conformity with your own feelings, than with the wishes and intentions of his Majesty's Government, and therefore your correspondence with General Dearborn cannot fail to receive their cordial concurrence."

In a further despatch from Lord Bathurst, dated the 10th October, 1812, acknowledging the receipt of the letter from Sir George Prevost, which announced the surrender of General Hull, with his army, to General Brock, and communicating his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's approbation of the conduct of General Brock, his officers and troops, on that occasion, his Lordship adds—"I am further commanded by his Royal Highness to say, that in giving every credit to Major-General Brock, and the army under his command, he is fully sensible how much your exertions and arrangements have contributed to the fortunate conclusion of the campaign in Upper Canada." In Lord Bathurst's despatch of the 16th November following, he says, "The measures which you have taken for obstructing the navigation of the Richelieu, by the erection of works on the Isle aux Noix, appear well calculated to impede the advance of the enemy in that quarter."

Having thus briefly adverted to the principal occurrences of the first campaign in Upper Canada, it becomes necessary to say a few words with regard to those of the Lower Province, during the same period: and which, being under the immediate direction of Sir George Prevost, the Reviewer has thought proper to characterize as *utterly insignificant*. * Almost immediately after intelligence of the war had arrived at Québec, Sir George Prevost repaired to Montreal; for the purpose of providing for the defence of that frontier; and having established a cordon of troops in the situations most exposed to attack, between the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu rivers, consisting of all the flank companies of the 49th and 100th regiments, together with three battalions of embodied militia, and one of Canadian Voltigeurs, which last four corps had been raised and disciplined previous to the war, he returned

to Québec, in order to meet the Provincial Parliament. The legislature had been summoned, principally, for the purpose of obtaining from them an act authorizing the circulation of army bills, a measure to which, from his deserved popularity with that body, they did not hesitate to accede, and without which, from the want of specie, it would scarcely have been possible to carry on the public service. To many of the arrangements and measures of Sir George Prevost, for reinforcing and strengthening Upper Canada, as well as for guarding the approaches to the Lower Province, reference has already been made.—The whole summer had been unceasingly employed in these important objects, and the greatest exertions had been made to transport and convey to Kingston, by the tedious route of the St. Lawrence, against the current, and along a frontier much exposed to the enemy, the various supplies which the exigencies of the Upper Province demanded; all of which, by the judicious and able arrangements made by him for that purpose, arrived safe and without loss, or with very inconsiderable molestation.

In the month of August Sir George Prevost again repaired to Montreal, in order that he might be ready to take the field, should the movements of General Dearborn, who commanded the enemy's forces on that frontier, indicate any intention of attacking our line of defence, which had been entrusted to the charge of Major-General de Rottenburg. General Dearborn having, on the 16th November, advanced from Plattsburg to Champlain town, close upon our frontier line, thereby threatening the front of Major-General de Rottenburg's position, Sir George Prevost, upon the receipt of this intelligence, crossed the St. Lawrence with a considerable portion of the force then at Montreal, in order to strengthen the point thus threatened, and established his head-quarters at Chambly, where he remained for several weeks. Whether this movement on the part of General Dearborn was made in the expectation of finding that no effectual resistance would be offered by the Canadian population to his further advance into the Province, or with the view of preventing the sending of reinforcements from the Lower to the Upper Province, he was equally disappointed in both these objects. The able measures adopted by Sir George Prevost in the disposition of the regular troops, as well as of the militia, who displayed the most ardent spirit of loyalty, and the most resolute determination to repel every attempt of the enemy to invade the Colony, induced the American Commander in Chief to abandon any further intention of advancing. After pushing forward a few reconnoitring parties which were invariably forced to retreat without effecting their object, he was ultimately compelled, by the advanced season of the year, to close the campaign, and to put the army into winter quarters.

The result of the first campaign was highly honorable to the military talents of the forces. The enemy, notwithstanding their superior resources, were foiled in every attempt which they made to invade the Provinces, with the loss in one instance of the whole of their army, together with the Commander; while, in the other, their troops suffered a total defeat, attended with the capture of a General Officer, and upwards of 700 men.

But while thus engaged in his military duties, Sir George Prevost

was not unmindful of the importance of our naval superiority upon the Lakes, though in this as in every other part of his conduct, he has fallen under the indiscriminate censure of the Quarterly Reviewer, who has accused him of neglecting to preserve the naval ascendancy which we enjoyed on Lakes Erie and Ontario, at the commencement of the contest.

As early as the month of December, 1811, as appears from a letter addressed by Sir George Prevost to General Brock, he had directed his attention towards our marine on Lake Erie, and had given directions for the building of a schooner at Amherstburg. Our force on the Lake, at that period, consisted of the ship Queen Charlotte, and Hunter schooner, both of which were armed and actually employed. The Americans possessed at the same period a brig, the Detroit, and a sloop, the former a very fine vessel, and in readiness for any service, although then laid up at Presque Isle. During the whole of the campaign of 1812, our vessels navigated the Lake without any attempt on the part of the enemy to interrupt them, and materially contributed to the success of our arms in that quarter, by the countenance and protection afforded by them to the garrison at Amherstburg, and by the transportation from Fort Erie of such stores, provisions, and supplies as were indispensable for the security of the former post. In direct variance with the Reviewer's assertion,† that "not one effort was made by Sir George Prevost to increase our marine at that period," it is a remarkable fact that the schooner Lady Prevost, which he had ordered to be built in December, 1811, was launched and fitted out, and was actually employed on the Lake within a month after the declaration of war; and essentially assisted in the transport of the arms, provisions, &c. before mentioned, during nearly the whole of the first campaign. Of the force which the enemy then possessed on this Lake, consisting of the Detroit and a schooner, the former fell into our possession upon the surrender of General Hull with his army; and, although she was recaptured in the October following, under circumstances which, considering the superiority of the enemy, reflected no discredit upon the officer commanding her, and the men under him, she made no accession to their strength, as she was burnt the day afterwards by our troops, and the Caledonia, a private vessel, captured with her, was rendered a mere wreck by the fire from our fort and batteries. On Lake Erie, therefore, during the whole of the campaign of 1812, our naval ascendancy was decided; to strengthen and preserve which, the efforts of Sir George Prevost materially contributed. On Lake Ontario, our superiority, as well at the commencement of hostilities, as long prior and subsequent to that period, was still more apparent and efficient. In March, 1812, our force on that Lake consisted of the Royal George ship of 24 guns, the brig *Moir*, of 16 guns, and two schooners; whilst that of the enemy was composed of a single brig laid up at Sackett's Harbour. But the importance of maintaining this great superiority over the enemy was not lost sight of by Sir George.

* Review, p. 414.

† Ibid. p. 415.

Prevost. As early as January, 1812, Captain Gray, an able officer of the Quarter-Master-General's department, under which the marine was placed, was despatched to York for the purpose, amongst other services, of consulting with Major-General Brock, upon the best means of preserving the ascendancy which we possessed upon Lake Ontario. In consequence of Captain Gray's suggestion, the building of a very fine schooner, called the Prince Regent, was commenced at York in the following March, which was launched, equipped, and employed upon the Lake in conveying supplies of great importance on the 3d July, immediately after notice of the declaration of war had been received in Upper Canada. This fact furnishes a full contradiction to the assertion of the Reviewer, that "after slumbering away the summer and autumn without one effort to increase our marine in amount or efficiency, Sir George Prevost suddenly awoke, in the depth of winter, to a sense of the condition to which his supineness had reduced the British cause, and the building of two frigates commenced with convulsive activity." That Sir George Prevost, with so decided a naval ascendancy on both Lakes at the commencement of the war, should not have thought himself justified in any extraordinary exertions to increase that ascendancy, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered, that for every purpose of the defensive system which he had adopted, the British force upon the Lakes was amply sufficient, and that Government would not have approved, in the then state of affairs, of the expense which such a measure must unavoidably have occasioned. — Aware, however, as Sir George Prevost was of the important advantages which the dominion of the Lakes afforded for the preservation of the Canadas, he had, both long before, and immediately after the commencement of the war, called the attention of His Majesty's Government to that subject. He had also in his communication with General Brock, and particularly by the Deputy Assistant Quarter-Master-General, invited his consideration of the same matter. It certainly affords a strong proof of the conviction of that gallant and able officer, that our force on those waters needed no extraordinary exertion at that time to increase it beyond what had been already made; that, excepting in his letter before referred to, of 2d December, 1811, he never once mentioned the subject of our marine in his various different communications with Sir George Prevost, respecting the means of defending the Upper Province, until in his despatch of the 11th October, 1812, he acquainted the Commander of the forces with the recapture of the brig *Detroit* by the enemy. Previous, however, to this period, and as soon as Sir George Prevost had reason to suppose from the refusal of the American Government to accede to the Armistice, or to consider the revocation of the Orders in Council a sufficient ground for pacification, that the war would be continued, and that renewed efforts would be made for the invasion of the Canadas, he had strongly represented to His Majesty's Government the absolute necessity of experienced officers and able seamen being sent to him, to enable him to preserve the ascendancy which our marine then enjoyed. In a letter addressed to General Brock, on the 19th October, 1812, he authorized that officer to take whatever measures he might deem necessary for the accomplishment of the same object, without further reference to himself. It

was not ascertained, until towards the end of October, that any extraordinary exertions were making by the enemy to equip and fit out a squadron at Sackett's Harbour. The arrival of Commodore Chauncey, with a number of shipwrights and seamen, making their intentions evident, Captain Gray, of the Quarter-Master-General's department, was sent to Kingston, to direct the laying down of the keels of two frigates, the one at that place, and the other at York; and in the month of December, more than 120 shipwrights, together with 30 seamen, engaged at Quebec, arrived in the Upper Province, and the building of the two frigates immediately commenced. In the same month, directions were given for the building of a ship, of the dimensions and tonnage of the Queen Charlotte, together with several gun-boats at Amherstburg, on Lake Erie. During the whole of the summer after the declaration of war, the superiority of our fleet on Lake Ontario, had enabled us uninterruptedly to transport from Kingston to York, and Fort George, all the supplies of stores, provisions, and reinforcements of men, necessary for the defence of Upper Canada; nor was it until the month of November, when those services had been completed, and our vessels were on the point of being laid up for the winter, that with all the great advantages which they derived from the immediate vicinity of their resources, particularly of officers and men, seconded by the strenuous exertions which they made, the Americans were able to do more than to fit out the *Oneida*, a vessel perfectly ready for any service at the commencement of the war, and six small schooners, carrying one or two heavy guns each. With this force they ventured out for the first time on the Lake, in the beginning of November, under the command of Commodore Chauncey; and availing themselves of the absence of the *Moira* brig, and our three schooners, at the head of the Lake, to make on the 11th an ineffectual attack upon the Royal George, under the batteries of Kingston, they retired to Sackett's Harbour, without attempting to interrupt our vessels on their return to Kingston; nor did they again shew themselves upon the Lake until the following year. Up to the month of November, therefore, which may be called the conclusion of the first campaign, as far as respected our means of defending the Province, our ascendancy on Lake Ontario had been preserved. To this object, the measures adopted by Sir George Prevost, by the building of the *Prince Regent*, and the supply of officers and men furnished to our marine, after the commencement of the war, essentially contributed. The superior advantages enjoyed by the enemy, in being able to obtain shipwrights and seamen to an unlimited amount, together with the proximity of all their means for the building and equipment of vessels, had enabled them to launch a frigate at Sackett's Harbour, before the end of the year 1812, and to fit out a squadron, which at the commencement of 1813, gave them a temporary ascendancy on Lake Ontario, before officers and seamen could be sent to Canada from England. This ascendancy on their part was, however, of short duration; for we shall find in pursuing this subject, that the measures planned by Sir George Prevost during the summer of 1812, and carried into effect during the autumn and winter, were such as in their consequence secured to us a full equality, and occasionally the superiority on that Lake, during the two remaining

campaigns. Of the nature and extent of the exertions thus made by Sir George Prevost to increase our marine on Lake Ontario, the Reviewer has himself furnished the most abundant proof. "Such," he says, "were the zeal and exertions of Sir James Yeo and his followers on their arrival at Kingston, that before the end of May they were prepared to take the Lake with the British fleet,* now composed of two ships of 24 and 22 guns, a brig of 14, and two schooners of 12 and 10 guns."

Sir James Yeo did not arrive at Quebec with his seamen, until the 5th May, and it was not until after the 16th that he reached Kingston, to which place Sir George Prevost had accompanied him from Montreal. The state of forwardness in which he then found the fleet was such, that he was enabled to complete its equipment, and actually to set sail on the 27th of the same month; within little more than a week after his arrival at Kingston. The previous exertion requisite to accomplish the building of the Wolfe, a ship carrying 24 guns, the altering and refitting the brig Moira, and the making of the various repairs and alterations in the other vessels, while at the same time a ship of a large class had been built at York, and was nearly ready to be launched in April, and a ship and several gun-boats were in a state of great forwardness at Amherstburg, may be easily conjectured; particularly, when it is considered that the stores and supplies of almost every description, necessary for the armament and equipment of these vessels, had been transported to the Upper Province from Quebec and Montreal, the greater part of them during the winter, and through roads before deemed impassable for many of the heavy articles required. These difficulties were, however, soon surmounted by the energetic measures of Sir George Prevost; and he had the satisfaction to find on his arrival at Kingston, that the important object of having a fleet ready to take the Lake as early as it was probable that officers and seamen could be sent from England to command and man it, had been accomplished. Upon Sir James Yeo's arrival, as already mentioned, not more than ten days were requisite to put the squadron into a complete state of equipment, and from the period of its appearance on the Lake, the enemy ceased to enjoy the temporary ascendancy which their superior resources of men and supplies had enabled them, during the preceding month, to acquire.

(To be continued in our next.)

* Review, p. 418.

MEMOIRS OF THE BARON DE KOLLI,

Relative to his Secret Mission, in 1810, for liberating Ferdinand VII, King of Spain, from Captivity at Valençay. Written by Himself.

THE downfall of Napoleon, and the final subversion of a system which overwhelmed so many rights and pretensions, and repressed, by its terrors, the murmurs of those it aggrieved,—was likely to be followed by a torrent of abusive publications: and every one, we believe, expected, that, as soon as it was safe and profitable to bring to light the crimes of the departed tyranny, the press would overflow with the memoirs and testimonies of those who had been its victims. To the surprise of all the world, however, and the signal mortification of Legitimacy, nothing of this actually happened. The abuse of the Emperor was far less after his abdication than it had ever been during his reign; and we believe we state the truth but feebly and inadequately when we say, that all that has since been disclosed of his conduct and character, has tended, not only to raise the general opinion of his extraordinary talents, but to mitigate the severity of the judgments which had sometimes been passed on his moral defects. Till the period of his death, indeed, there were no publications of any note, in which his merits or demerits were treated of. Since that event, there have been many in which he is warmly eulogized; and none, till very lately, in which his conduct has been seriously impugned. There were circumstances, indeed, in the avowed policy and pretensions, as well as in the personal character of the restored sovereigns, which probably made their more judicious friends averse to provoke comparisons, and shut their mouths on the most questionable and unpopular of his proceedings. But what deterred the weaker courage of Subjects, only inflamed, it would seem, the loyal zeal of the Monarchs themselves; and the living Bourbons, determined, if possible, to divide the sympathies of the world with the dead Emperor, have endeavoured to effect a diversion in favour of Legitimacy, by producing various volumes of their own inditing, concerning their sufferings and exploits! We have already given our readers, in a preceding article, a pretty full account of the most remarkable of these performances, and have only now to say, that in the present low state of the Ultra press, we imagine the Baron de Kolli must be regarded as a very important auxiliary. His story, to be sure, relates to rather antiquated matters;—but he was employed in behalf of the most legitimate of all the legitimates; and he was employed by the English Government, when it was far more legitimate than it is supposed to be at this moment.

The Baron was sent by our Government, in 1810, to endeavour to effect the deliverance of the present King of Spain from the Castle or Palace of Valençay, to which he had been sent by Napoleon, after his abdication in favour of Joseph. Of the importance of this mission, different opinions will probably be entertained; but as to the ability with which it was planned, and the judicious selection of the person to whom it was intrusted, no doubts can possibly remain, after perusing the revelations of the Baron de Kolli, in the volume now before us.—Our national pride has sometimes been mortified, and sometimes sooth-

ed, by the contempt which is expressed all over the Continent, for our talents for intrigue—our skill, in other words, in deception and imposture, in trick and successful disguise. This mission, accordingly, was not committed to the clumsy hands of an Englishman,—and so far all was well; but we fear that English feelings predominated too much in the choice; for, except in honesty of intention, and disregard of personal hazard—qualities which might have been found at home—we really do not think that a more awkward intriguer, a more bungling manager of a plot, could well have been discovered among the British-born subjects of the crown.

There was, to be sure, the most formidable apparatus for concealment and disguise—seals and ciphers of Bonaparte's Secretaries of State, French passports, and *feuilles de route*, orders of the Ministers of War and of the Marine, &c. &c., all procured by the English ministry, from the best sources. We cannot help feeling an awkward sort of shame at this barefaced disclosure of the direct agency of a proud Government; in such a low scene of forgery and falsehood; and if there are occasions—which may, after all, be doubted—which render the use of such things indispensable, we must be permitted to doubt, whether the deliverance of Ferdinand was ever worth such a sacrifice on the part of this country. But, however that may be, the success of the plot manifestly depended on the utmost caution, circumspection, and secrecy on the part of the agent; and a very short abstract of his proceedings, will show how eminently the Baron de Kollis was deficient in all these qualities. In the *first* place, he seems to have set out on his journey, without having taken the least pains to ascertain whether the Royal captive was at all inclined to cooperate in the scheme of his removal—a matter exceedingly doubtful up to this hour—he being at that time very agreeably occupied, we believe, in embroidering a petticoat for the Virgin Mary, and in other respects so lavishly supplied by Napoleon with all sorts of luxuries and indulgencies, as to make it very unlikely that he would have gone upon the perilous and Quixotic undertakings, to which we seem to have invited him. In the *second* place, the Baron's original passports were so extremely defective, that they described a person of a different stature and complexion, and exposed him at every step to detention and detection. *3dly*, While waiting at Antwerp for his English instructions, he forms a casual acquaintance with a young man there—and, without any previous knowledge whatever of his character, or any kind of recommendation, proceeds, on the faith of his open and expressive countenance, to admit him to his confidence, appoints him his secretary, and associates him at once in all the trusts and hazards of his delicate expedition.—*4th*, on the coast of Quiberon, he falls in with another Baron, like himself an *intriguer* by profession, and then in the pay of the English,—and, as it turned out, also of the French Government; and though he suspected, from the first, that this person was playing a double part, and sought his confidence only in order to betray him, he gives him so much of his talk and society, as to enable him to put the French police on their guard, and ultimately to ensure the miscarriage of his hopeful undertaking. *5th*, When he gets to the neighbourhood of Valençay, he takes no steps whatever to sound the dispositions of the

prisoner as to the plan of an escape, or to consult his pleasure or ability as to the manner of carrying it into effect—but settling with himself that he would make the Prince gallop away on a post-horse at midnight, he exhausts the whole resources of his genius in preparing a decoy for his pursuers, by sending off an empty chaise in an opposite direction! 6th, He then admits into his confidence another entire stranger—without even the apology this time of liking his appearance,—but merely because he was, or said he had been engaged in the Royalist insurrection of La Vendée. In this promising position of his affairs, his last confident opens the door one morning to a detachment of police officers,—to whom he immediately confesses the nature of his mission, and is forthwith committed to the Donjon of Vincennes, while his papers are transmitted for the inspection of the higher authorities.

There is something so absurd and almost incredibly bungling in the account that is here given of this rash and abortive undertaking, that, on first glancing at it, we could scarcely help suspecting that the whole publication was a dull and impudent fabrication, for the purpose of trying what lamentable trash would be swallowed by the English public under the name of Secrets of State, and of ridiculing, by this excessive caricature, the known *gaucherie* of our cabinet in all sorts of Continental interference. The singular minuteness, however, of the details, and especially the fact of the work having now been in the hands of the public for several months, without any contradiction on the part of the many distinguished persons who are referred to in the course of it, have nearly satisfied us of its authenticity; and induced us, in that view, to give some account of it to our readers—both as a singular illustration of Oxenstiern's memorable reflection, *Quam parca sapientia regitur mundus!* and as containing some curious specimens of the audacious falsehoods that were announced, and at due season avowed, in the department of the Police under Napoleon,—as well as of the extraordinary vigilance and inflexible rigour with which it was administered.

The Baron does not favour us with any account of his family or early history. All he says is, that he had been previously employed in secret missions in France, Germany, and Italy; and that he had good recommendations to persons of the highest rank and station in Great Britain. He appears indeed to be a person of some consideration (though we find he is only qualified as 'the Sieur de Kollin' in a rescript of the French King;) for Lord Wellesley presents him with a sword of honour—and instead of being paid in base ingots and bank bills, he is presented with various lots of Diamonds to the value of 200,000 francs and upwards. He is detained some time at Antwerp, waiting for a passage to England—and it is in this interval that he picks up his friend M. Albert de St. B——, whose mild and open countenance at once seduces this veteran intriguer into an entire reliance on his fidelity and prudence—and he brings him with him to England, through many perils, as his secretary. There he is presented to the Duke of Kent and the Marquis of Wellesley, to whom he forthwith introduces his secretary:—and then the plot for the liberation of Ferdinand is concocted with the noble Marquis and Admiral Cockburn—the parties all meeting very secretly in a house belonging to the Admiral, after

nightfall—and repairing separately to the rendez-vous, the Marquis and Admiral in borrowed carriages, and without any of their usual attendants! We really were not aware that there was ever so much mystery practised in England. But the beauty of it is, that all these most secret proceedings are regularly reported to the police at Paris—the agents of which astonish the Baron on his apprehension, with a minute account of all his proceedings, as well in London as elsewhere. We fear the young gentleman with the mild and open countenance must be responsible for these disclosures—as the reader will by and by, we suspect, find good reason to believe. This trusty secretary, however, remains behind in London; and, at last brings down to Plymouth the forged papers and other credentials, consisting of a letter from Lord Wellesley, to the Baron himself, and two letters, one in Latin and one in French, under the hand of our late venerable monarch George III., to Ferdinand at Valençay—all which are given at full length in the work now before us. At last they embark about the end of February, having previously taken on board, for the delight and recreation of the expected Royal visitor, a great quantity of plate and fine wines, chests filled with linen and clothes, an excellent selection of books! astronomical instruments and maps! consecrated plate and ornaments for divine service, and a Catholic Priest to officiate, during the proposed voyage to Spain.

They soon get over to Quiberon Bay, where they fall in with another adventurous Baron, calling himself de Ferriet, also, at that time, in the pay of the English Government, who is very eager to engage our hero in a project for assassinating Napoleon, or raising a new insurrection in La Vendée. The Baron, however, fights rather shy of his brother intriguer; and openly expresses to the Admiral his suspicions of his fidelity. However, he talks enough before him to put his future proceedings completely in his power,—and de Ferriet is afterwards landed on the coast, without any attempt to watch or restrain him. We learn, in a note that he certainly did give information to the French police of de Kollis's destination—that he was afterwards engaged in 1814, in a plot to arrest the Duc de Berri,—and ultimately shut up for some time in the Tower of London under a charge of high treason. The Baron and his amiable Secretary, however, are at last happily landed in the night, and begin their progress towards Valençay under no very favourable auspices. The faithful Albert drops behind in the darkness of their march, and the valorous Baron finds himself alone. He calls loudly on his companion, but is answered only by the barking of distant dogs. He then turns back to look for him; and at last falls over him in the bottom of a ditch! He pours a glass of Madeira (with a comfortable flask of which he seems to have been provided) down his throat; and, finding his pulse quite strong and natural, cannot help concluding that 'his indisposition proceeded rather from moral than physical causes!' However, he is at last roused and brought to his senses; when he begs to be allowed to rest for a few hours, and entreats the Baron to go on without him. 'I made new efforts,' says the Baron, 'to induce him to follow me. I appealed to his sense of honour; to his views of interest. But all was in vain! A desperado of an adventurer, on whose conduct the fate of nations and the liberty

of Princes depended, might have made short work with such a craven associate. But our Baron acts in the spirit of a different system; and, after earnestly exhorting this stout-hearted and open-countenanced Royalist to die rather than betray the secret of the State, and the 'King's fate',—and, at the same time, not very consistently, assuring his readers that he had put no material secrets in his power,—he says, with the most marvellous generosity we ever happened to hear of, 'Here is a packet which contains a thousand pounds worth of diamonds; should we never meet, they are yours! If not, we shall settle the account when we meet on such a day at Paris, or on some other at Vincennes!' and so saying, he leaves the slender youth to his repose, and travels on all day as fast as his post-horses can carry him. When lounging through an Inn in the evening, while his carriage is getting ready, he sees the faithful Albert, who, in spite of his exhaustion, had got on before him, warming himself comfortably at a fire,—and again prevails on him to rejoin him; but is very soon compelled to leave him a second time behind. They do meet again, however, at Paris; and Albert, who is still acting as his Secretary, is allowed to go unmolested when he is taken up. Yet M. de Kolli, with a romantic sort of generosity, still professes to believe that he had not betrayed him. He is so exceedingly sentimental, indeed, on the score of this young gentleman, that it is not easy to tell what he would be at. These are his last words with regard to him.

'He even endeavoured to raise my suspicions of Albert. My opinion as to him was already settled. *M. de St. B * * ** had not betrayed the cause of Ferdinand. Why happened it, notwithstanding, that he forfeited my esteem? The reader will excuse my silence; Albert had committed more than one fault, and the police furnished me with ocular demonstration of it; but, like him, I will not give my enemies the pleasure of smiling, at learning, that the defenders of a just cause are not always actuated by the interests of virtue alone. The name of Albert will not appear again in these Memoirs; can he make himself equally forgotten elsewhere?'

But we are anticipating a little on the course of this extraordinary narrative,—though there is not a great deal more of the plot to be unravelled. After taking a view of the outside of Valençay, and doing all he could to excite suspicion and notice, by stationing saddle-horses at one place, and parading an empty carriage, with close blinds and attending footmen, in another—he enters into engagements, as he terms it, with the *Sieur Richard*, of whom he knew nothing but that he talked zealously in favour of the Bourbons, and said he had been wounded in the Vendean war. He did not indeed tell him exactly what he had come for; but let him understand that he was engaged in some Bourbon plot,—and delivered an oration to him, which, however, had only the effect of making him look pale, upon the delight of 'dying for a captive Sovereign,—and sharing the fate of the faithful, whose ghosts are still trembling on the shores of Quiberon, or the deserts of Grenoble.' At last, on the morning of the 24th of March, he gives him 2700 francs to purchase things for their journey; and soon after, the faithful *Sieur* opens the door to eleven armed officers of the police, who immediately take them both into custody! The

Baron is examined first by M. Desmarest, and then by Fouché, to both of whom he at once avows his mission, and admits the fabrication of his papers,—and both give him, in return, ‘a most accurate account of my transactions in London, my arrival at Quiberon, and of my slightest movements in France up to the moment of my arrest!’ They then endeavour to persuade him still to go, under their superintendance, with his credentials to Ferdinand, and to urge him to attempt his escape, as they wished to know whether he really had any desire to change his place of residence. If it turned out that he was really so disposed, they added that little obstacle could be offered to his coming out; and that, whatever afterwards became of him, the Baron might then turn to his own purposes the funds which had been provided for the occasion. The Baron rejects this insidious proposal with disdain; on which the agents of the police rejoin, with admirable composure, ‘then we will send one to him not quite so mad as you, nor quite so proud;—and the worthy Baron is forthwith immured, *au secret*, in the Donjon of Vincennes. Before we presume however, to tell any of the secrets of that prison-house, in which the unhappy liberator of Ferdinand sojourned for four long years, we must reveal a little of the obliquities of the Duke of Otranto, as the Baron was afterwards enabled to establish them.

The Baron was arrested at Vincennes on the 24th of March; and he was never afterwards in the vicinity of Valençay. A letter, however, from the commandant of that fortress, dated on the 6th of April, and published in the *Moniteur* soon after, announced to the Minister of Police that Ferdinand had just apprised him that an emissary of the English Government had introduced himself, and, under the false notion that he was forcibly detained, had proposed to assist him to escape—that the commandant had immediately arrested the emissary, who declared himself to be the Baron de Kollé, and who, with the numerous papers found on his person, was accordingly transmitted to the Minister of the Police—and another pretended letter from Ferdinand to the same effect was subjoined. There is falsehood enough in this to disgust and offend all honest minds—but the documents and disclosures now made public by the Baron tend, if not disavowed, and contradicted, to cover his Grace of Otranto with still deeper disgrace. The fact it seems is, that after the Baron’s arrest, the *Sieur Richard*, his treacherous confidant, was sent by the Police, with the letters and credentials which had been taken from his master, to seek admission to Ferdinand at Valençay, and to urge him to attempt his escape—but that, not being acquainted with the person of the King, he addressed himself by mistake, and in a very awkward manner, to the *Infanto* his uncle, who, suspecting some dishonesty, immediately informed the Commandant—and that the letters which have been already alluded to were then concocted between him and the Minister of Police, and given to the world as proofs of Ferdinand’s satisfaction with his condition and the malignant restlessness of the English. The documents produced by the Baron, however, go still farther than this. The *Sieur Richard* in an affidavit, declares, that he went to Valençay in consequence of an order signed by the Duke of Otranto, and that his secret instructions from the Duke were, ‘to favour the escape of the King, and to

bring him as a prisoner to the Donjon of Vincennes—that, he secreted and has preserved these instructions, and has now delivered them to the Baron de Kolli. The instructions themselves, bearing to be signed by the Duke of Otranto, are accordingly printed by the Baron in this volume; and they certainly contain the following very extraordinary passages. After directing him how to gain admittance to Ferdinand, it is said,

“After that, he must explain the means he possesses of facilitating his escape, and leading him in safety to the coast of Normandy, where vessels will be in waiting, &c. &c. He must insist upon the Prince being alone, or at least to have not more than one attendant. In either case, the governor will provide him with two or three trusty persons, who will be supposed to be agents of Albert, or gained over by him.

“As to the method of quitting Valençay, he must prevail upon the Prince to withdraw himself from the observation of his guards: if he will not consent to try it, Albert will propose to him to carry him off by means of forged orders, upon which the governor will deliver him to the person intrusted with the execution. It is perfectly understood that the Sieur Albert is not to propose or to use this last plan, but in the event of the Prince refusing, or not venturing to risk the first,

“The Sieur Albert will bring the Prince straight to Vincennes, persuading him that he is proceeding to the coast of Normandy, a little way round.

“In the event of the Prince refusing to fly, in order to repair to the coast, Albert will at least try to get from him an answer to the letter delivered to him.

“As to every other point, the Sieur Albert will follow the directions which the governor is requested to give him; for that purpose he will settle the mode of communicating with M. de Barthemy, so as that no one in the chateau shall have any suspicion of it.”

The most extraordinary paper of all, however, is the cool and deliberate avowal of all this, made by this same Duke of Otranto, in answer to a categorical requisition which the Baron addressed to him after the first restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, and which he has now printed in the following terms.

“The Duke of Otranto attests and declares, that the Baron de Kolli, who was intrusted with a mission from the British government to his Catholic Majesty, King Ferdinand VII., did every thing to execute it, which honour, fidelity, and zeal could have inspired; that his arrest, which took place on the 24th of March 1810, at a house in the park of Vincennes, prevented him from repairing to Valençay; that a person named Richard was sent there under his name; that all his effects, money, and diamonds, were deposited at the office of the general of police, as being the private property of Baron de Kolli. The Duke of Otranto further certifies, that all that has been printed respecting the Baron and his mission is a *fable*, devised and purposely substituted for the true report which was made, and in which the Duke of Otranto proposed, 1. That the affair should not be made public; 2. That the Baron de Kolli should be sent back to the Marquis Wellesley, to whom the Duke wished to show a mark of respect and confidence.

(Signed)

“THE DUKE OF OTRANTO!”

“Paris, May 20, 1814.

We do not feel particularly proud of the figure which our Ministers and Princes of the Blood make in this publication. But we should blush indeed for the honour of the nation, if any detail so humiliating as this could be really extracted from the records of our Foreign, or even our Alien Office.

The rest of the Baron's book consists chiefly of the story of his imprisonment at Vincennes, and of his attempts to escape. These last remind us of Baron Trenck; and are scarcely inferior in interest. Like him, he mines through the massive walls in his cell, by the persevering labour of six months, employing very nearly the same devices to get rid of the rubbish and avoid detection—like him, too, he gets clear into the open court, but is caught on the outworks, and remanded, of course, to a more safe and rigorous captivity. He was worse off than Trenck, however, in having to pluck out by the roots a huge beard of ten months growth the night before he attempted his escape, and in having to elude the vigilance of two watch-dogs in the court-yard, with whom he had sagaciously established a cordial intimacy some weeks before, by feeding them regularly with the fragments of his dinner. His imprisonment seems indeed to have been abundantly severe; being entirely secluded from the visits of his friends and children, or even any society with his fellow-prisoners, and denied the use of writing materials, or the amusement of books. We cannot say, however, that he submitted to those privations with meekness. On one occasion, when some of the turnkeys are approaching to search him, he stabs himself in several places with a pair of scissors; and on another, when a brutal attendant was long in coming with his meagre supply of food, he fells him to the ground with a billet from the fire—his nerves, however, having been disordered just before this last piece of violence by a frightful dream, in which this same keeper attempted to bite off his hand, with teeth like rolls of paper containing confectioners' mot-toes! He is also extremely active in contriving the means of secret intercourse with his fellow captives, and is repeatedly detected both in this and in practising on the compassion or cupidity of his attendants—so that it is but fair to say, that he brought some part of the rigour with which he was treated on his own head.

Upon the approach of the Allies to Vincennes in 1814, an order is given by the Duke of Rovigo, then Minister of the Police, to remove the prisoners to Saumur, in which the Baron assures us, that he read with his own eyes, the following significant and ominous hint. 'As the person named Kollé is one of the most dangerous of the state prisoners, I should be better pleased to hear of his death than his escape!' We did not think it usual to put such perilous intimations in writing. The Baron, however, is safely conveyed to Saumur; where, after running infinite risks from the frenzy of the mob, and the desperation of his keepers, he is at last liberated in consequence of the entry of the Allies into Paris in March 1814; and immediately bestirs himself to recover the evidence of the tricks that had been played upon him by the Police in 1810; in the way we have already explained. He is less successful, however, in his attempts to recover the property which had been seized at the time of his arrest—especially the diamonds of which we have already spoken. The restored King of France, upon consi-

dering a memorial from him, having been pleased merely to order that the sum of 15,000 francs taken from him in money should be restored, with his horse and sword of honour, but that the diamonds, *having been given by a government then at war with France*, must remain confiscated. The Baron is very angry at this decision; of which he has ever since been endeavouring to procure a reversal, but in vain. Among other contrivances for effecting that end, he tells us, that he lately sent a copy of his present work, in manuscript, to the French ministers, with a letter expressing his regret at being obliged to state such a fact in it—but, getting no satisfaction, he now gives it to the world. He distinctly accuses the Minister of Police of having embezzled his diamonds—and complains that the Duke of Rovigo still retains his sword of honour, though ordered by the King to restore it.

Having settled these matters in the best way he could, and regained possession of his original credentials from the English Government, the magnanimous Baron determines, after all, to deliver the letters of our venerable Sovereign, according to his original undertaking. He therefore gets a magnificent port-folio prepared, studded with golden fleurs-de-lis, and ornamented with the Spanish and English colours, with these words richly embroidered—George III., King of Great Britain, to Ferdinand VII., King of Spain and the Indies, Prisoner at Valencay; and with the precious documents in this brilliant envelope, as he fondly terms it, he has at last the happiness of being presented before the restored Monarch at Madrid, in February, 1815, and is received with such kindness as fully indemnified him; he assures us, for his long sufferings at Vincennes.

During the hundred days, the Baron was again engaged in support of Legitimacy—though in a way more unexceptionable, we think, than in 1810. Anxious to show, that the unjust detention of his diamonds had in no degree weakened his devotion to the house of Bourbon, he leaves his retirement in Spain, and accepts a commission in a corps of volunteers, chiefly emigrants, which Ferdinand authorizes to be raised on his frontier, at the request of the Duchess D'Angoulême.—His original bad luck, however, pursues him—his corps is defeated, and he, being made prisoner along with a number of emigrants, is in danger of being shot as a rebel along with them. He escapes this fate, however, on the representation of a Spanish general; and, being finally liberated by the result of the battle of Waterloo, resigns his military commissions, and retires to the tranquillity of a private station,

(Edinburgh Review, Oct. 1822.)

TRANSLATION OF A MANUSCRIPT, FOUND AMONG THE BAGGAGE OF A
 FRENCH OFFICER, KILLED AT WATERLOO.

Whether the lines I now scrawl may ever fall into other hands besides my own, I know not. If not, the knowledge of my crimes and misery will go with me to the grave; yet I should wish it otherwise, because a relation so fatal as mine might be of use to others, who like myself, are the slaves of passion. A true and faithful relation it shall be in every particular, because I have sworn to myself to conceal nothing. Names only are altered; not from any fear of the world's reproach falling upon myself, to whom it could do no greater injury than has already befallen me; but because I am unwilling that others who were innocent, should come in for a share in that reproach.

I was born in a village within a few miles of Bourdeaux, of respectable, though not rich parents. My father had been in trade, and was unfortunate, and having saved as much from the wreck of his fortune as would support his family with tolerable comfort in privacy, he wisely resolved not to risk his all upon the doubtful prospect of making it better. He accordingly retired to a small country house, with my mother, myself, and four daughters, and there devoted his life to the care and education of his children.

Having learned by experience, that the commerce of France was not in so flourishing a state as to secure wealth to every speculator; and as his circumstances were not such as could authorise his sending me into the army, he determined to breed me up to the profession of medicine, hoping that I might soon acquire a competency, and so be enabled to provide a home for my mother and sisters, in case he should die before them. Would to God he had bound me apprentice to the meanest mechanical trade, or had suffered me to follow my own inclination, and go as a volunteer into the service. But I am digressing.

With this view I was instructed in the learned languages, and at the age of seventeen was sent to Paris for the purpose of studying my profession. O that I had died before I reached it, and thus escaped the guilt and wretchedness which were my lot! But it was otherwise ordained, and I reached the metropolis full of all those delighted sensations which every youth experiences on first entering into life. Yet I was studious and regular in my habits; for though I was naturally as much inclined to gaiety and dissipation as any of my companions, I knew that my father was poor, and could with difficulty support me at the university at all. This knowledge, and the extreme love I bore to the most indulgent of parents, kept a continual restraint over my inclinations; and I beheld my class-fellows go to balls, masquerades, and plays, without joining them; not indeed with indifference, but with resignation. In this state of innocence four months glided past, during which, though I was not without many moments in which chagrin and discontent were the prevailing feelings in my breast, I never felt for any length of time what it was to be seriously unhappy. But at the end of that time a change took place in my circumstances, which to any other man would have been the cause of real and permanent happiness, and which to me was the cause of acute and permanent misery.

I was returning one night from a late lecture, through one of those dark bye streets with which our capital abounds, when the cry of murder alarmed me. I ran towards the spot from whence the noise seemed to proceed, and observed a single man struggling with three others, who had got him down and were trampling upon his body. Being armed with a heavy cudgel I immediately flew to his assistance, and with a blow stretched one of his assailants on the earth. The other two, terrified by the fall of their comrade, and believing, I suppose, that more aid was at hand, took to their heels; and whilst I was employed in lifting the wounded stranger, the third likewise made his escape.

Why should I enter so minutely into the particulars of a transaction, which only serve to throw my future deeds into a darker shade? The man whom I had saved was the Chevalier St. Pierre, one of the most noble, most generous of human beings. He was returning from the Theatre of Feydeau, when the robbers attacked him; and having warily defended himself, he was severely hurt in the scuffle. I conducted him to his lodgings in the Place Vendome, and having promised to wait upon him the next morning, I left him to the care of his servant, and took my leave.

On the morrow I did not forget my promise, and was I received with every mark of affectionate regard. St. Pierre was just three years older than myself, and was a captain in the 16th hussars. He was a man of good family and connexions, and being likewise blessed with a heart of more than human mildness, he imagined himself under obligations to me too great for him ever to repay. He accordingly declared himself my friend, and offered to assist me to the utmost of his ability in any way which I should desire. My predilection for the army still continued; I told him of it; and in a few days I was appointed a cornet in the same regiment with my friend.

Conscious, however, that I had taken too decisive a step, without consulting my father, I immediately wrote to him a full account of the whole affair; not forgetting to dwell at great length upon the mighty interest of the Chevalier, and upon the glorious prospects which were now before me. The result of this letter I awaited with some anxiety; but it was favourable, and my transport was complete. All was now joy and delight with me. St. Pierre insisted upon my sharing his lodgings, and as my excellent father, together with his approval of my conduct, had sent me all the money he could raise, both by his own funds and by his credit, I was speedily equipped in such a style as not to disgrace my new friend. By him I was introduced to the gay circle of his acquaintances—I was received amongst them much to my own satisfaction; and in a few days the quiet retired student of physic was converted into the polite and fashionable Cornet Duman of the 16th hussars.

About a week after this change had taken place, I was conducted by my friend to the house of Madame St. Omar. It was a *fete* in honour of her daughter's birth-day, who had just completed her seventeenth year. The apartments were brilliantly illuminated, and crowded with beauty and fashion; but from the moment of my entering them I saw nothing save Julia St. Omar. I was introduced to her by St. Pierre, himself as his preserver, and she extended her hand to me with a smile.

—O such a smile.—Years have elapsed; but it has never faded from my memory. I danced with her; St. Pierre was still too ill to dance; I spoke to her of fifty things, but my conversation returned always to the same subject. I watched her during the whole evening; and once or twice saw a blush upon her cheek when our eyes chanced to meet. I beheld St. Pierre pay her the most marked attention, and a throb of jealousy beat at my heart; but I repressed it, because I thought she received his attentions with coldness. I returned to my lodgings madly in love.

“You remember that lovely girl with whom you danced,” said St. Pierre, as we sat together next morning at breakfast.

“Remember her!” cried I; “I shall never forget her.” St. Pierre looked grave. “She is to be mine, my friend, on Monday.” “Your’s on Monday!” cried I, in a voice of anguish. “Yes, Dumain,” replied he. “Does it grieve you to learn that your friend is to be so soon made happy with the hand of the woman whom he adores?” “Oh, no, no!” I replied, scarce articulately; “I am happy, very happy to hear you are so fortunate.”

I rose and left the room, for I could not dissemble to him, and walked out into the air to cool my brain and resolve upon something. To be unfaithful to my benefactor was impossible. I determined to stifle my passion in the bud; see her only once more, and set off next day to join my regiment now on the Spanish frontier. Oh! that I had gone without seeing her.

In the evening I went to Madam St. Omar’s, without communicating my intention to St. Pierre. Madam St. Omar was from home; but Julia was within. It was a balmy evening in May—she was sitting in an apartment which commanded a beautiful prospect of the garden of the Tuilleries—the casement was open, and the twilight was approaching. I besought her to sing, and accompany herself upon the harp. She did so. The song was of love, and I heard her voice tremble at that part where the poet says,

“Even in another’s arms, I’ll think of thee alone.”

I was leaning over her entranced. It was too much for me. The arm which rested upon her chair slid insensibly round her waist, and I told my fatal secret. Oh, God! what shall I say were my feelings when I found my love returned. At first they were of rapture alone; but the next moment the recollection of my friend and benefactor came upon me, and I shrunk from her in dismay. She looked horror-struck. “But you are another’s,” I cried, “and that other is my friend. Oh, Julia, let us be unhappy, but we shall never be guilty!” So saying, I snatched up my hat and hurried out of the house.

I flew to our lodgings, but my conscience struck me so, I could not face St. Pierre. Fortunately he was out, and was not to return till late next day. I sent him a hurried note, mentioning that I had received a sudden order to join; and leaving it upon his table next morning, I threw myself into a voiture, and, without once stopping to rest, arrived at Bayonne.

Here I passed some weeks in great uneasiness of mind, which was not relieved either by the silly conversation of my brother officers, or

the account of St. Pierre's marriage, which he in due time communicated. This last piece of intelligence, indeed, came upon me like a death-blow; for though I knew it must come, yet even that certainty did not lighten it. In this state I continued, without any comfort, except what I derived from the rumours now afloat, that our regiment was soon to join our brave army in driving the English out of Spain.

In about a month after I had quitted Paris, St. Pierre arrived, bringing with him an order to cross the Pyrenees. All was now bustle and preparation; but for me, new troubles awaited me. To drown my sorrow I had plunged into dissipation, and was now so much in debt that I could not move. What to do, I knew not. I could not apply to my relations, because they had not the means of extricating me from my difficulties. St. Pierre saw my distress; for having left Julia behind him, we once more occupied the same lodgings. By inquiring among the other officers, he soon discovered the cause of at least part of my chagrin; and this most noble of men, most generous of friends, discharged my bills, and set me at liberty to march with the regiment.

My business is not to describe scenery, nor to give a detail of the events of a campaign. With my own feelings alone am I concerned. Our march was long; but, partly from the constant change of place, partly from the anticipations of glory I now experienced, the period which it occupied was to me like a gleam of sunshine in a stormy day. I was almost happy, that is, to say, I forgot my sorrows for the time, and entered with cheerfulness into the sports and merriment of those about me. St. Pierre and I occupied the same tent. We were constant companions even on duty—for I was the cornet of his troop; and we loved each other as friends have seldom loved.

At length we reached the army. We found it in front of the lines of Torres Vedras, whither the English had retreated; and we confidently expected that our first assault upon these lines would drive them into the sea. We were disappointed; for they maintained their position, and compelled us to retire. St. Pierre and I were together during the whole day, till towards the close of the action, when the throng of flying troops separated us. When at last we halted, I eagerly inquired for him. A soldier informed me he was killed. In the depth of affliction I sought the regiment, and what was my joy when I found myself locked in his arms. His horse had been shot under him, and his fall had given rise to the soldier's story.

In this manner nearly two years elapsed. At the close of every action St. Pierre and I sought each other, and met as those who love do meet when both have escaped impending danger. Our troops fought bravely; but what could they do against a superior force, and an exasperated populace. We were driven from post to post; our baggage was plundered and our wounded slain by the Guerillas; till, finally, our generals were changed, and a retreat in form was begun. It was long and toilsome. Not a moment was given for repose—not a position was seized, though many strong positions were passed over; and we who brought up the rear were harrassed by continual skirmishes. At length we halted upon the heights of Vittoria, where we trusted that at least some time would be given for recruiting our exhausted strength. But we were deceived. The English attacked us when we dreamt not of

being attacked, and our army was routed almost without resistance. The greater part of the cavalry had been already sent off to join the Emperor. Our's was almost the only regiment left, consequently upon us much of the toil of this day devolved. We did what we could to check the pursuing enemy, but what could our exertions avail against odds so tremendous. After charging six times, we likewise fled. The enemy's horse followed. St. Pierre's troop rallied and charged, and I fell covered with wounds. St. Pierre would not leave me. He sprang from his horse, placed me before him, and holding me on, for I could not keep my seat, cut his way with me through the middle of the enemy. It was night before we stopped or my wounds could be dressed. I had fainted from loss of blood, and when the surgeon examined my hurts he shook his head. There were two sabre cuts on my head, and a ball through my right arm. From a state of insensibility I was quickly recovered, and put to bed; but I was given to understand that there was no chance of my recovery. "Oh, that these prognostications had been realized." But let me proceed.

St. Pierre watched me with more than a brother's care; he sat by my bed-side, administered with his own hands whatever was ordered by the surgeon, and wept over me when he saw me writhing in agony. On the third day I felt so great a diminution of pain, and so overpowering a lassitude steal over me, that I took it for granted the mortification had already commenced. Believing therefore that my last hour was approaching, I called for St. Pierre. He drew back the curtain—for he was watching beside me.

"St. Pierre," I said, in a feeble tone, "I cannot die without confessing to you my villainy and ingratitude. I love Julia—I have loved her from the moment you introduced me to her; and though I knew she was your bride, I told her of my love."

"My dear Dumain," cried the noble St. Pierre, "I knew it all already. Julia, the morning after our marriage, confessed the whole transaction. Had I but known it sooner she should have been yours."

This was too much for me. I burst into tears, and, overcome by my feelings, I fainted. In dropping my head upon the pillow, the bandages gave way, and my wounds bled afresh. St. Pierre ran for the surgeon—he was not to be found; but accidentally meeting another, he brought him to my chamber. On beholding the manner in which my hurts were dressed, this surgeon lifted up his eyes in amazement; and stripping off all the bandages, he re-dressed them himself, declaring that in a few days I should be able to travel. Before they elapsed I had recovered my senses—nor can I say whether the sensations I experienced; on hearing that my life was not really in danger, were agreeable, or the reverse. Now, indeed, I know well what they might have been.

I shall not dwell longer upon my convalescence. In a fortnight I was declared out of danger; but, at the same time, I was desired to return to my native place for the benefit of my health. For this purpose leave of absence was given me, and along with it I was presented with a troop vacant in the corps.

The evening before my departure St. Pierre entered my chamber. "Dumain," he said; "let us forget the conversation which passed be-

tween us some time ago. I cannot now make you happy; neither am I happy myself; but let not any circumstance break off our friendship. In you I have the most unbounded confidence. In Julia my confidence is equally great. To convince you of this, I have desired her to pay a visit to an aunt of mine in Bourdeaux; you will therefore see her when you return thither. Tell her that I envy you your wounds, as they have been the means of sending you to her.

What could I say in return for conduct so noble? I wrung his hand, but answered not a word. Oh, that he had put less trust in a villain!

I was received by my relations with the warmest affections. My battles, my wounds, my honours, my renown, were the sole subjects of conversation in the village. Julia, too, who was now with the Countess of —, sent to inquire after my health. I waited upon her next day.

When I entered the saloon, I was introduced to the Countess, who soon retired, leaving us together. I trembled all over to find myself again alone with Julia. "Dumain," said she, "I have long wished for such an opportunity as this of speaking a few words to you. You have acted like a man of honour. There is now an insuperable bar between our loves, but we shall still be friends. Though I may not regard you with any warmer feelings, be assured of my lasting esteem and respect." She held out her hand to me with a countenance little roused; except that a faint blush partly overspread it. I grasped it warmly, but immediately checked myself. "Yes, Julia," I replied, "we shall indeed be friends, and our friendship shall be refined by the recollection that had not circumstances intervened, it might have borne a dearer title." Oh, vain delusive thought; that where love has once been, it can ever give place to friendship.

No matter. We fancied ourselves friends, and nothing more. We sought each others society with all the eagerness of lovers; and as my connexion with St. Pierre was well known, the scandalous world spoke not out against us. Weeks passed on in this delightful state. We were still innocent; yet we were every day more and more convinced of the real state of our sentiments.

I had been several months at home, and the period of my leave was fast expiring. The day of my departure was at length fixed—I had but one other week to remain. Would that I had died before that week came.

Let me not think of what followed. The thin veil which had hitherto hung over our eyes, the thought of a separation tore from them. We again confessed a passion doubly guilty, and, Oh God! Oh God! my friend was dishonoured.

When once guilty of such a crime as I had committed, how does the mind of a man become thoroughly depraved. I now thought of St. Pierre with aversion: I even wished, that on my return to the army I might find him no more. With this was joined a terrible apprehension for the consequences of my intrigue, and I left Bourdeaux with the thoughts of a demon rather than of a man. Poor Julia was, like myself, completely wretched. O guilt! thy pleasures are short-lived; thy tortures are eternal.

On my return to the regiment, I found St. Pierre promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and loaded with honours. Our regiment

was dismounted, and formed part of the force destined for garrisoning Bayonne, which it was every day expected would be invested. It was here I rejoined it. St. Pierre met me with open arms. He inquired after Julia with all the fondness of an affectionate husband, but I thought he looked suspicious while he spoke. Yet it might have been no more than the whispers of my own conscience, which gave him that appearance. Certain it is, however, that he was much changed. He was pale and thin; and though he still smiled beautifully when he spoke, it was languidly.

I had not been above six weeks in Bayonne, when I received a letter from Julia, giving the most fatal intelligence. My fears were but too dreadfully realized. She was pregnant; I gazed upon the letter in a stupor. She conjured me to save her from infamy and death; she hinted some fearful things, but she proposed no plan. For me, my thoughts were too confused to arrange any thing like a plan. I thought of quitting my regiment, and flying with her to some foreign country. God! I even thought of assassinating St. Pierre. The former idea, however, was generally prevalent, but I had no time to realize it; for our garrison was driven within the walls, and the English army sat down before the place.

Let those who can, imagine what were now my feelings. Cut off from all communication, even by letter, with the woman whom I loved more than soul and body, and whom I had ruined. Ignorant even of her situation, and without the hope of being able to see her again, perhaps for ever; at all events, till it was too late to assist her. Half mad, I sometimes thought of deserting to the enemy; but what would they have done for me? A deserter would not be trusted with his liberty. Yet I was forced to continue thus for upwards of a month. It was then we learned, for the first time, of the change in the government.

When the news arrived, St. Pierre came to me with a face lighted up with transport. "I shall soon be with Julia again," cried he; "and then I shall be the happiest man on earth." I turned away my face, for I dared not look at him. I attempted to speak; but the words died upon my lips. I rushed from the apartment.

I flew to the southern rampart, with the intention of escaping, if possible, through our own guards, and those of the enemy. It was evening; and just as I had reached the gate, I was met by an aid-de-camp, who told me what immediately caused an alteration in my plan. We were that night to make a sortie.

I hastened back to St. Pierre, whom I found busy in preparing for the business of the night. The order which he had received had effaced all recollection of the scene between us in the morning. The regiment was already under arms, and at midnight was to advance. What horrible ideas now rushed upon my brain. I even prayed that St. Pierre might fall.

At the appointed hour we attacked. There was no light, except what the stars emitted; till the heavens were illuminated by the flashes of our guns. The slaughter was great, because the combat was obstinate. At length we began to fall back. We were in the rear of the whole column. St. Pierre and I were together in the rear of all, ming-

ling every now and then with the enemy. Yet neither of us was hurt; though I hoped that every bullet was destined for the heart of my friend. My wishes, however, were vain. We reached the gate. St. Pierre turned to me. "Now, Damaïn," cried he, "all is over." No more chances of being separated from Julia. The name rung in my ears—a frenzy seized my brain—my pistol was in my hand—I fired—and St. Pierre fell dead at my feet.

Stupified with horror, I stood still, and the gate was shut upon me. The enemy surrounded me; they disarmed me without resistance; and I was conducted to their camp, a prisoner and a murderer. Oh what would I not have given for any weapon of destruction, that I might have at once ended my miserable existence. But they had taken mine away, and thus watched me so closely, that I could not lay my hand upon any other. My thoughts dwelt upon no other object but my murdered friend, till at last my intellect gave way, and I became a maniac.

How long I continued in this state, I cannot tell; but when I came to myself, I found myself in my father's house. There were several letters for me from Julia, which alone prevented me from putting my original intention of suicide into force. She was in retirement not far from Paris, where her situation could be perfectly concealed; and as her husband's death was known, her seclusion was not wondered at. She had heard of my illness, and only lived till she should know my fate, when, be it what it would, she was resolved to share it. If I lived, she would live for me; if I died, she would follow me to the grave; and sleep beside me there.

"Beloved of my soul!" I exclaimed, when I had finished the perusal, "I shall live, hateful as life is, for thy sake. Murderer, villain, as I am, with thee I may yet be—oh no, not happy; but I may live." Being now determined to preserve myself for the sake of her who was so soon to make me a father, I grew rapidly better, and was soon able to set off for her retreat. I found her within two months of being a mother. She knew not the circumstances of her husband's death; nay, she heard that I was taken in striving to defend him. "My own, my generous, my gallant Damaïn," she said, "would have preserved the life even of his rival." Oh there were ten thousand scorpions in those words.

Time passed, and the great Napoleon again entered France. Devoted to the service of this master of war, I determined instantly to join his standard; but Julia besought me not to do so till we were united. I agreed to this, and lived in quietness whilst the army was collecting on the frontiers of Flanders. Did I say quietness? O no, the ghost of my murdered friend for ever haunted my imagination, sleeping and waking; nor did I ever know a moment's ease, except when I was listening to the harmony of Julia's conversation.

It was now within a very short time of the period of her confinement, when one morning we walked out together into a green field, adjoining the house where she lived. There had been cattle in that field all along, through the middle of which we were accustomed to walk without apprehension. But, unknown to us, a savage bull had lately been put in. When we were about the middle of the field it came towards us, growling, and pawing the earth. Julia was alarmed; nor did I feel very com-

fortable, as I had not even a stick with which to defend her. At last, after tearing up the grass with its hoofs, and lashing its sides with its tail, it ran at us. I seized Julia's arm, and placed her behind a tree, entreating her, in a hurried manner, to keep that between her and the bull. I myself ran to meet him, and threw my hat in his face. It had the effect of turning him; but when I came back to Julia, I found she had fainted. I bore her to the house, but the fright, and the injury she had received, together brought on a miscarriage; and before medical assistance could be procured she was a corpse. The child was still-born, and I was left like a blasted and branchless oak upon a common. I saw in it the hand of an avenging God; the prize for which I had waded through blood, through the blood of the best of friends and benefactors, was snatched from me, just as I had fancied it within my reach. I gazed upon her lifeless body, still beautiful even in death, with all the calmness of a fixed despair. I took my hat, and quitted the house.

Mounting my best horse, I made all haste to the frontier, and arrived this morning in the camp. To-morrow is fixed upon for the day which shall determine the fate of France, and to-morrow shall my eternal fate be fixed. It is now midnight; the night is tempestuous.

Here I broke off, for the ghost of St. Pierre at that moment appeared to me. He has told me that I shall fall to-morrow; but, why did he: I had already so determined it. My blood runs cold! My hair stands on end! O can I be forgiven! No, no; the murderer, the adulterer, has nothing to look for, except —

Here the manuscript abruptly ends. All that can be said in conclusion is, that the body of the unfortunate writer, covered with gashes, was recognized by one of his old companions next morning. He has gone to his last account; but he has done well in leaving this recital as a warning to others.

THE EMIGRANT.

When fire sets the forests on-blaze
 It expires on their desolate track;
 But the love which has lighted our days,
 Still burns when our prospects are black.

I must go to the Huron's wild grounds,
 Whilst thou bloom'st to thine own native sun;
 Oh, the ocean that parts us has bounds,
 But the grief of our parting has none.

Can the eagle fly home to his mate?
 Can he build by Niagara's foam?
 And are we interdicted by fate,
 From a spot of the world for our home?

Thou art lost to me ev'n as the dead,
 And our tears unavallingly flow;
 Yet to think they could cease to be shed,
 Would be worse than this burden of woe.

POETRY.

:(SELECTED.)

An attempt to give the meaning of Metastacio's beautiful "Partenza."

THE PARTING.

Oh hour of anguish to my heart,
 Adieu, my ROSA! we must part!
 Ah! how shall pass my sunless day
 When, Charmer, thou art far away?
 Oh! I shall live in ceaseless pain,
 Nor e'er of comfort taste again,
 While thou, my ROSA, who can tell
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell?

When Joy and Pleasure lead thy way,
 To me shall once remembrance stray?
 Say, shall my peace, for ever lost,
 One sigh to ROSA's bosom cost?
 While guided by thy foot steps dear,
 I shall be ever—ever near.
 But thou, my ROSA, who can tell
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell?

I, from this joy deserted shore,
 Shall wander forth the wide world o'er,
 Call on each rock and mountain wild,
 And ask if ROSA there has smiled;
 From Tropic heat to Polar snow,
 My ROSA seek where'er I go.
 But thou, meanwhile, ah! who can tell
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell?

How often shall I musing stray
 O'er each dear path, each pleasant way,
 Where I have lived so happily,
 Where I have lived—have lived with thee;
 While cruel memory, in vain
 Past bliss recalling, gives but pain,
 And ROSA, who alas can tell
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell?

Here shall I say, this glassy rill
 Has seen disdain her features fill;
 Here—pledge of pardon and of peace,
 Her lily hand has blessed my kiss;
 Here Hope display'd her visions fair,
 And here I've languished in despair.
 But thou, my ROSA, who can tell
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell?

At distance on my weary road
 When I behold thy new abode,
 And when again I dare impart
 The homage of a faithful heart,

Oh God ! who knows 'mid all my woe,
 My bursting sighs, my tears that flow,
 Oh God !, Oh God ! who, who can tell,
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell ?

Think what a cherish'd foe to rest
 Is Rosa's memory in my breast ;
 Think, that though every hope is gone,
 I cling to ruin and—love on !
 Think, life of this afflicted heart !
 What anguish wrung my soul to part.
 Think ! Think !—Oh Heaven ! but who can tell
 If thy least thought on me shall dwell ?

STANZAS, WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS,

(By the Author of "Astarte," &c.)

I've plunged in every wild extreme,
 That youth, and youthful folly knows ;
 I've tasted deeply of the stream
 That round the shrine of pleasure flows ;—
 And like the BEE, from flower to flower,
 Sipping each sweet, I've wandered free ;
 Yet never found I earthly power,
 Domestic Love ! compared to thee !

Sweeter than Passion's fever'd sigh,
 Dearer than Pleasure's fairy dream ;
 Before Thee all life's sorrows fly,
 Like mists before the morning beam !
 Thou only canst the roses fling
 That make life's rugged pathway blest ;
 And scatter from thy downy wing
 That peace which heals the wounded breast !

It is not in the revel loud,—
 At Mirth, or Fashion's midnight shrine,
 Where rival beauties thronging crowd,
 That Love asserts its power divine ;—
 'Tis when the tortured frame is torn
 By all the pangs Disease can give ;
 Mid anguish, scarcely to be borne,
 Its smile can bid the sufferer live !

Domestic Love !—thy hand can shed
 Soft opiates o'er the burning brow ;—
 And round the couch of sickness spread
 Those soothing hopes that cheer me now !—
 Yes !—let the libertine deride
 As priestcraft, wedlock's silken chain,—
 But tell me, has he ever tried
 Its power, in sorrow, or in pain ?

And Thou, who in life's summer hour,
 Taught my young bosom to believe
 Marriage, an arbitrary power,
 Invented only to deceive ;

Who saidst, "At sight of human ties,
 Made for the base and slavish mind,
 The rosy god affrighted flies,
 Nor leaves one ray of bliss behind:"—

Oh!—didst thou know how false, how vain,
 This doctrine of thy heart will prove;
 Thou'dst own, that Hymen's fancied chain
 Is the true bondage wove by Love!
 For where two youthful hearts unite,
 And own one faith, one fate, one name,
 Think not Love's torch will burn less bright,
 Though Reason sanctifies the flame.

THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG, AND HER LOVER'S REPLY.

(By Richard Ryan.)

Oh! take this rose, and let it lie,
 Close to thy fond devoted heart;
 There let it live its hour and die,
 And never from the dear rose part.
 For yester-morn at noontide's hour,
 As wand'ring by the Ganges' stream,
 Oppress'd and faint, I sought a bower,
 And fairies sent me this sweet dream:

I thought a sylph, with wings of light,
 Bade me select the brightest tree,
 And gather for my soul's delight
 A sun-bright rose, and give it thee.
 Then take this rose, and near thy heart,
 Oh! ever wear of love this token,
 And never from the dear rose part,
 For if 'tis lost my heart is broken!

THE REPLY.

You gave a rose, and bid me keep,
 From all my nymphs the fragrant gem;
 But, sad mischance, while deep in sleep,
 The lovely rose was stol'n by them.
 They kiss'd its leaves, and stole its dew,
 To scent their own delicious breath;
 And each to each the bright rose threw,
 Until it sunk from bliss to death.

Then every leaf that late had giv'n,
 To nymphs as bright its odours sweet,
 Whose breath was as the breath of heav'n,
 Was trod beneath the fair one's feet.
 So like to thee, ill-fated flower,
 Is he, who trusts in beauty's eyes;
 For tho' in bliss glides many an hour,
 Yet grief o'ertakes him ere he dies.

EPITAPH ON A MUCH-RESPECTED FRIEND.

Oh! there's a tear, which Memory loves to shed,
 O'er the lone spot where sleeps the silent dead!
 Oh! there's a sigh which swells the feeling heart,
 When the stern grave tears dearest friends apart!
 That tear still more sincere, that sigh more true,
 When worth departed claims them as its due;
 When the 'rest soul, its stay and solace gone,
 Bends dumb with grief above the votive stone.

Such tears were hers; and such the heartfelt sighs
 O'er her loved grave, who here entombed lies:
 Thus mourn'd the parents who her fate deplore;
 But grief was dumb, it wept, and could no more.
 "Here rests that head, with Learning's treasures fraught,
 "That mind so swell'd with Genius and with Thought;"
 May Truth exclaim, while Pity cries forbear,
 "More are the Gem—more pure the Virtues there."
 Oh! how that breast with meek Religion glow'd,
 How rich the bounties which that hand bestow'd:
 Sure these claim more than human praise can give,
 A longer space than learning can, to live.
 Here Reader stop, nor pass this humble sod;
 Such were her virtues while on earth she trod;
 Not her's alone what wisdom could impart:
 More rich was she! her's was the feeling heart;
 A heart so true, though with affliction tried,
 That ever droop'd when'er another sigh'd;
 A hand, that while it gave would point the way
 To those bright joys that never can decay.

Now droops the lyre, which friendship's purest flame
 Awoke to consecrate so dear a name;
 Enough the meed, if he who wanders near,
 As erst he reads, will drop one friendly tear;
 Enough, if any by her virtues fired,
 Shall prove she lived, and not in vain expired.

TO INDIFFERENCE.

HENCE, cold-blooded maiden! why haunt thus my dwelling?
 This warm beating heart has no shelter for thee:
 With meek-eyed Affection my bosom is swelling,
 Who dooms thee for ever a stranger to me.
 Go, find thee a home in the breast of the miser;
 To the scholar pedantic thy lessons impart:
 Bid the stern philosophic misanthrop grow wiser,
 And reign o'er the infidel's obdurate heart.
 But dare not approach the warm mansion of Feeling,
 Nor seek, frigid damsel, a refuge with me;
 For Friendship and Love still my bosom is stealing
 'Gainst every unwelcome intruder like thee:
 Then fly me, thou icy-rob'd maiden, for ever,
 Nor think with thy presence my peace to molest;
 For Sympathy's soul-soothing influence never
 Shall yield to Indifference a place in my breast.

THE DRAMA.

CAIUS GRACCHUS.

In these days, indeed, tragedies are "plenty as blackberries," and usually are almost as mawkish, and moulder nearly as soon; but the name of Knowles gives promise of something of another and a better order than the sickly productions of romance in its dotage. He alone in our day has written a play which lives on the stage: and however opinions may differ as to its degree of merit;—no one can deny to it the praise of vivid action, of true domestic pathos, and of picturesque arrangement in the principal scenes. It is something in these days to have one dramatist, who trusts in the simple strength of the affections—who does not think it necessary to smear over the rude figures of old time with a modern varnish, or to trick out his characters in the faded flowers of sentimental poesy. Mr. Knowles has many faults; he is often careless, now and then extravagant; but there is a spirit of truth and nature in his dramas which will redeem a thousand faults, and live in spite of them.

Caius Gracchus will scarcely take so deep root as *Virginus*, because its story is so inferior in interest; but it will add to the reputation of the author with all who admired the purest excellences of his former work. Its incidents are a portion of a noble history; but they do not stand out from it unlike all else, as those of *Virginus*, and its domestic interest is not so closely involved in its very texture. It shews us, indeed, young valour nipped in its early bloom; glorious aspirations suddenly chilled by ingratitude and death; and the vain struggle of generous sympathy for the wrongs of the people with unbending power, repaid as it has been a hundred times in the great tragedy of life! But these incidents are not of the same heart-touching kind with those which bring on the fate of the sweet *Virginia*; which concentrate the interest in a fair victim, whom the first of dramatists should draw, and Miss Foote alone should personate; which reconcile the wayward heart to care for the wrongs of a nation, when they are concentrated in the sufferings of an innocent girl. Mr. Knowles has not been tempted by the difficulty of his subject to violate the truth of history, and to destroy the simplicity of a classic scene by the introduction of barbaric ornaments or romantic episodes; which we take to be no small praise. His latest play is less tinged with the sad embroidery of poetic thought than his first, in the same proportion that its story has less of poetry in its web; an instance of noble forbearance, and a proof, to our feelings at least, of the genuineness of the author's dramatic power. The diction of Caius Gracchus is generally simple and nervous, occasionally lax and wordy, and now and then harsh and displeasing, but never turgid or lifeless. Its chief merit, however, consists in the perpetual play and interchange of passion and action, and in the individual marking of the characters.

The play opens with the first appearance of young Gracchus in public life to defend Vettius, his brother's friend, who is accused by the patricians. The tragical end of his brother's career; the deep seclusion in which he has nursed his hopes of vengeance and of freedom; give an interest to his sudden start into action, and make him the chief object of the people's hopes. He succeeds; Vettius is acquitted on his plain and manly appeal; and he is marked out for popularity, ingratitude, and a grave. Cornelia immediately sees the fate of her son, but rejoices in the virtue which must undo him, and endeavours to sustain the sinking spirits of his wife Lucinia. Her firmness is soon put to a severe trial, for he is taken by Opimius as his questor, in order to remove him from Rome, and is forced to take a hurried leave of the family in the bosom of which he has passed his life. He serves his office with honour; and, before he is expected, returns to Rome to expose the machinations of his enemies, and for his sudden return is cited before the censors. While Opimius the consul, brave in his absence, is making an harangue against him, he appears, and, having by a simple statement of his services put his enemies to confusion, avows himself candidate for the office of Tribune. He is elected; and Cornelia thus expresses her mingled joy and sadness at the news—

“It would come to this!

I knew that it would come to this, Lucinius!

And I could tell what further it will come to

If I would! No matter! Two such sons, as mine

Were never made for mothers that have eyes

Which are afraid of tears—that come to me

As old acquaintance. I did rear my boys

Companions for the gods; why wonder I

If they will go to them ere other men!

Many a time as they have stood before me,

Such things as mothers seldom look upon,

And I have seem'd to feed on them with my eyes,

My thoughts have ponder'd o'er their bier, where they

Lay stiff and cold.”

Caius enters with the flush of triumph in his cheek, which “lights him up as he did feel a god,” but which his mother shudders at while she anticipates the time when she shall look upon that cheek and think upon that flush. Lucinia, his wife, tries to go up to him and wish him joy, but is overcome by her feelings, and faints in his arms. The Senate now find it necessary to work directly for his ruin; and Opimius is employed to cajole Livius Drusus, his colleague, to supplant him in the affections of the people. The scene in which the Consul flatters this good easy man into a great opinion of himself, and an entire subservience to the wishes of the Senate, is one of the best in the play, though being very inadequately performed, it produced no effect on the stage. From this interview, the ready dupe goes to the rostrum, proposes to exceed the plans of Gracchus for the welfare of the poor to the Senate's own instance, and steals the voices of the pitiful crowd. Gracchus sees the design, and challenges him as the dupe of the senate; a most animated scene ensues, in which Gracchus calls on his rival to speak out, upbraids him for his treachery, and, on his asserting

in the ordinary cant of the minions of tyranny, "that he is one who loves alike the senate and the people—the friend of both," retorts in the following terms—

The friend of neither—

The senate's tool!—a traitor to the people!

A man who seems to side with neither party,

Will now bend this way, and then make it up

By leaning feebly to the other side

Talk moderation—patience—with one foot

Step out, and with the other back again—

With one eye glance his pity on the crowd,

And with the other crouch to the nobility;

At any public grievance raise his voice,

And like a harmless tempest calm away;

Idle and noted only for his noise.

Such men are the best instruments of tyranny:

The simple slave is easily avoided.

By his external badge; your order bears

The infamy within!

The people, as Cornelia foresaw, desert Gracchus; and he loses his office of Tribune. It is clear now, that his ruin is intended; for the

Senate openly proposes to abrogate his laws. As he is about to confront them, and while his partisans are waiting his arrival, Cornelia seeks him, and begs him not to expose his life for those who forsook him, in a state where "the heart of public virtue has not the blood to make it beat again." He replies by the following passionate and picturesque argument:—

Remember you, Messina, mother?

Once from its promontory we beheld

A galley in a storm; and as the bark

Approach'd the fatal shore, could well discern

The features of the crew with horror all

Aghast save one! Alone he strove to guide

The prow, erect amidst the horrid war

Of winds and waters raging.—With one hand

He raled the hopeless helm—the other strain'd

The fragment of a shiver'd sail—his brow

The while bent proudly on the scowling surge,

At which he scowl'd again. The vessel struck

One man alone bestrode the wave, and rode

The foaming courser safe;—twas he, the same

You clasp'd your Caius in your arms and cried

Look, look, my son, the brave man ne'er despairs,

But lives where cowards die! I would but make

Due profit of your lesson!

At last he seems to yield to her entreaties, and sits down; but still dwells on the infamy of breaking his word. When his mother asks, "What will be left to her if she should lose him?" he replies simply—

"My Monument;" she feels the full force of that figure by which everlasting fame and honour seem embodied, and bids him to go. He joins his friends; they are insulted by Opimius, as he passes to sacrifice; and against his will, retaliate and kill one of the lictors. He receives the news with agony; he feels that blood has been shed, and must be wash-

ed away only by blood; and after declaring his purpose to await his destiny alone at the foot of his father's statue, he yields to the entreaties of his friends, and consents to stand or fall with them. For this night he returns to the home where he had been most happy, and takes a last farewell of the familiar objects which old custom had made dear to him, and endeavours to soothe his wife. When morning dawns, in spite of her passionate entreaties, he joins his followers on Mount Aventine. The senate proclaims a pardon to all who will abandon his cause; he is deserted, surrounded, beaten, and proposes to offer himself up singly as the victim. This his friends prevent; the battle is renewed almost without hope; and Gracchus makes his way into the temple of Diana, where Cornelia, his wife, and child, have taken refuge, and, after embracing them, stabs himself with a dagger, contriving his death so as to avoid shewing the weapon, and falls with the name of Rome on his dying lips. This scene is short and hurried, but intensely pathetic; the request of Caius to his mother, that she will make his child con over the lessons she taught him, and none else, finely combines a world of tender recollection with a father's hope; and the manner of his death is more decorous, more delicately conceived and executed, than any violent death we remember to have seen represented in the presence of the spectators.

Of the characters, Cordelia is by far the most noble. There is more intermixture of human weakness with her strength than we usually attribute to the most heroic of Roman ladies; yet fortitude is not apathy, nor is magnanimity best shewn by suppressing all vestiges of the struggle by which the mind has attained its majestic composure. Her griefs are solemn; her prophetic forebodings, while they give a mournful tinge to the earlier parts of her son's career, do not lead her to desire that he should pause, until indignation against the hollow-hearted people interposes; and her maternal love and pride, so soon to be bereft of all but recollection, awaken a revering pity for one who would disdain to appeal to ordinary sympathies. We cannot look at the part without thinking of Mrs. Siddons; fancying we see her grandest action, and drink in her mellowest tones. Gracchus is not so individualized; but he is vividly drawn, impetuous, eloquent, and generous; and all he says and does breathes of present life. Licinia, his wife, is too mere a wife for the mate of such a spirit; her love, though not sensual, is selfish; and it is scarcely credible that a Roman lady would desire her husband to read to her all day, or that he could or would if she did.—The commons are not, we suspect, much like the old citizens of Rome; and their introduction in tragedy is always dangerous, because it vulgarizes the play to the galleries. As soon as these rude plebeians appear, the spell is broken; the idea of illusion and antiquity is gone; and those who have gazed in happy wonder at the gorgeous spectacle, feel, at once that the temples are but canvass, and "the men and women merely players." Mr. Kemble, indeed, could sustain tragedy in spite of a present mob; but Mr. Macready has too much of the stuff which is common to all humanity, so to stem the tide. The nobility of his mind is not so externally marked.

(New Monthly Magazine, Dec. 1823.)

Monthly Register.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—Nothing has yet transpired to lead to the belief that the late order for embodying four new regiments, is in any way connected with an immediate prospect of hostilities. This measure is now generally thought to be adopted for the purpose of enabling Government to dispatch a larger force to the West Indies; those troops in Ireland ordered for the latter place will be supplied by the new raised corps. The officers for these regiments are to be taken exclusively from the half-pay list. There are also some vessels of war of the first class fitting out with every dispatch; but whether as a counteracting measure to the proceedings of any other nation or not, has not yet transpired.

The public accounts from England, mention that in some minds, a degree of dissatisfaction has arisen at the idea of advancing loans to the Allied powers. It being thought that by this means they only want to get possession of our specie, preparatory to entering on a war with some power. In speaking on this subject, a London Ministerial Journal says, "Are there no seeds? Are no clouds rising? The Allied powers show a suspicious anxiety to get possession of our precious metals by loans, which they lock up in their coffers instead of applying them to the ostensible purposes for which they were borrowed. It is quite consistent with a state of peace to prevent them from raising loans in this country. In what way this can best be done, we know not, but we are quite sure it ought to be done, both as it regards the interest of the States and of individuals, and that the sooner the Legislature adopts some decisive measure upon the subject the better."

At the general annual meeting of the Ship-owners held in the City of London Tavern, the Committee congratulated the meeting on the passing of the amended consolidated Register Act, which went into operation on the first of January last. The principal features of this act are so formed as to materially facilitate the operations in the shipping trade, tending to obviate many of the difficulties with which that branch has been hitherto clogged, and extending its privileges beyond what they have been.—It provides against vessels being fraudulently sold, while in foreign ports, under the pretence of their being unseaworthy.—Extends the amount of repairs a vessel may undergo in a foreign port, without forfeiting her British rights and privileges. This was formerly confined to 15s. per ton, but is now extended to 20s. This act further provides for lost or mislaid Registers, and is calculated to meet those difficulties which formerly arose from Registers being hostilely detained; or from the owners being absent. By this act, the share-holders of ships can have them registered in the name of three trustees, without all the proprietor's names being mentioned, in the same manner as joint Stock Companies; with many other advantages.

The trade with India has by passing the 4th George IV. chap. 80, been put upon a different footing from what it has hitherto been, and approximates more nearly to the condition of a free trade. British registered vessels are now allowed to enter upon the coasting and general trade in the Indian seas, on the same conditions, and only subject to the same restrictions as India built vessels. And vessels of any size under British registers may trade to and from India, (China excepted,) with only the restrictions of their proceeding in the first instance, to some of the principal settlements in India. There is also an important change in the controul and regulations for the government of Lascar seamen.

An alteration in the extension of their privileges somewhat similar, has been provided for the South Sea Whale Fishery. The vessels used in this trade may now be of any size the owners choose, and can fish in any latitude or longitude, from the East of the Cape of Good Hope to the West of the Straits of Magellan.

Ireland is now on the same footing in respect to trade, as the coasting trade of Great Britain. The duties in both countries being now equalised, there is no longer any draw-back on articles exported from the one country to the other.

There is the most flattering account of the state of the revenue, as will be seen by the following official statement, for the quarter ending the 5th of January last.

THE QUARTER'S REVENUE.

"We lay before the public the official account of the Quarter's Revenue. It amply justifies our assurances that it would prove to be satisfactory—most satisfactory indeed. In every item of Income, there has been an increase beyond the corresponding Quarter last year, except in the Assessed Taxes, upon which a large reduction was made. In all the great sources of Revenue, the Customs, the Excise, the Stamps, the Post Office, and Miscellaneous, there has been an increase.

"Such is the substance of the Official Account, as it relates to the income of the Quarter, applicable to the Consolidated Fund. The surplus of the Quarter, that is, the excess of income beyond the Charge is £3,104,773, being above three millions beyond the surplus of the corresponding Quarter, in which however, the Charge for the Reduction of the National Debt was nearly two millions more than this Quarter.

"The second official paper relates to the net produce of the Revenue for the Years and Quarters ended on the 5th January, 1823 and 1824.—There has been a decrease in the last year of £630,000, owing to the diminution of the Revenue on Spirits chiefly, and to the reduction that took place last year in the Assessed Taxes. But the Customs increased above a million last year, and there was also an increase in the Stamp, Post Office, and Miscellaneous Duties.

"In the net Revenue for the Quarter, there is an increase in the Customs, Stamps, Post Office, and Miscellaneous, whilst the Assessed Taxes have experienced a diminution from the cause we have already stated, and the Excise has fallen off owing to the decreased demand for Spirits. Yet there is still an increase in the Net Revenue of the Quarter of £262,000."

Income and Charge on the Consolidated Fund in the Quarters ended 5th January, 1823 and 1824.

INCOME.	Quarters ended 5th January.	
	1823	1824
	£12,609,973	£13,484,773
CHARGE.	Quarters ended 5th January.	
	1823	1824
	£12,517,940	£10,380,000
Surplus,	92,632	5,104,773
	12,609,972	13,484,773

Exchequer Bills issued for the Consolidated Fund, at 10th October, 1823, and paid off out of the Growing Produce of that Fund, in the Quarter ending 5th January, 1824,

1,723,310

Surplus as above stated, 2,104,773

Deduct Monies issued in further part of £8,700,000 estimated as the Surplus of the Consolidated Fund for the year 1823,

8,937,146

167,627

Total at 5th January, 1824, to be provided for by Exchequer Bills, charged on the Growing Produce of the Consolidated Fund, for the Quarter ending 5th April, 1824,

1,554,683

Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain, in the Years and Quarters ending 5th January, 1823, and 5th January, 1824, shewing the Increase or Decrease on each head thereof.

	Years ended 5th January		Increase	Decrease
	1823	1824		
Customs,	9,397,110	10,406,430	1,009,317	
Excise,	25,747,441	23,956,467		1,907,974
Stamps,	6,208,552	6,362,620	154,068	
Post Office,	1,359,000	1,387,000	28,000	
Taxes,	6,994,007	6,188,877		805,130
Miscellaneous,	413,400	1,188,060	774,660	
	<u>50,109,510</u>	<u>49,439,454</u>	<u>1,966,045</u>	<u>2,596,104</u>
			<u>Deduct Increase,</u>	<u>1,966,045</u>
				<u>Decrease on the Year,</u>
				<u>630,059</u>
	Quarters ended January 5			
	1823	1824	Increase	Decrease
Customs,	2,406,238	2,833,345	447,107	
Excise,	6,291,908	5,847,132		444,776
Stamps,	1,450,987	1,556,810	105,823	
Post Office,	324,000	361,000	37,000	
Taxes,	2,545,231	1,946,084		599,147
Miscellaneous,	144,342	860,684	716,342	
	<u>13,162,706</u>	<u>13,425,055</u>	<u>1,306,272</u>	<u>1,043,923</u>
			<u>Deduct Decrease,</u>	<u>1,043,923</u>
				<u>Increase on the Quarter,</u>
				<u>262,349</u>

Courier, January 6.

It is ordered for the future that no British subject is to accept of any foreign order, or to wear the insignia, without first obtaining a warrant under the sign manual, granting his Majesty's permission to do so, which warrant is to be addressed to the Earl Marshal of England.

A new coinage of half crowns is coming out, which it is said will be much superior to those in circulation, in the elegance and execution of the device. Owing to an omission of the wreath round the head of his Majesty as represented on the double Sovereigns, but few of them have been struck off, and it is intended that in future they shall bear the same device as the half crowns, in place of St. George and the Dragon as at present.

Captain Franklin is to set out again next Spring, on an expedition overland to the McKenzie and Copper Mine Rivers.

Nautical Science has received a very great improvement, in an invention by Mr. Adams, the Rector of the Academy of Inverness; Mr. A. by the adapting of an eye-tube to the telescope of a sextant, has contrived a method of taking altitudes at sea when the horizon is invisible. He has lately returned from a cruise among the Orkney Islands, on board of the *Clio*, where he has been for some time, to ascertain more fully how far his discovery is applicable in practice. It appears from the report that considerable dexterity and care is requisite at first in adapting and managing the eye-tube; but as soon as this is attained, the discovery will be highly useful in navigation, as by it the latitude—time at the ship, and of course the Longitude can be ascertained in situations where the horizon is invisible.

A new description of Wheat has been lately introduced into Britain by Captains Irby and Mangles from Mount Heshbon, hence termed Heshbon Wheat. The ears are bearded, twice the size of common Wheat—one of them weighed 103 grains Troy. The number of grains on one ear were 84. The stalk was 5 feet 1 inch in height.

The average weight of an ear of common Wheat is only 42 grains Troy, with about 41 grains on each; and the stalk seldom exceeds 4 feet 2 inches in altitude.

A requisition has been signed by 59 members to discontinue the Journal termed "The Dublin Evening Mail," in consequence of its having become the vehicle of individual and malicious slander.

SPAIN.—We have to mention some farther changes in the internal affairs of this still unsettled country. Although the suspicions of Ferdinand's making an effort to recover his South American Dominions, has received little to strengthen them; yet there are reasons to think the project is not altogether abandoned. On the 2d of December his Majesty issued four important decrees. The first appoints the Marquess of Casa Irujo as Minister of Grace and Justice, for Spain and the Indies. Don Narcissa de Heredia to be the Minister of War; Major General Don Joseph de la Cruz, Minister of Finance; the others remain as they were. The Duke del Infantado having refused the situation of President of his Council, the appointment of Don Ignacio Martinez Vilela, to that office, forms the subject of the second decree. By the third, Saez, formerly Prime Minister, is made Bishop of Tortosa, and is no longer confessor to the King. The substance of the fourth decree is to establish a Council of State, in the following words. "His Majesty seeing the absolute necessity for the good government of his vast monarchy, of establishing a Council of State, which may unite the knowledge and the experience requisite to guide the resolutions of his sovereign authority," has nominated 10 individuals, composed of persons elected from the old Council of State existing on the 7th of March 1820, and others to be a Council of State. His Majesty is to have the power of increasing their numbers, and either he or one of his two brothers may from their rank preside. The ministers to be ex-officio members. This Council of State had assembled on the 19th of December, and continued their sittings during the succeeding days. The subject which engrossed their attention during these successive sittings, was the proposed amnesty for those who had espoused the cause of the Cortes. They were chiefly engaged in searching for precedents among the archives during the reign of Charles V. when the affair of the Comuneros happened, and in the time of Philip V. which regarded those guilty of taking part with the Arch Duke of Austria. The chief difficulty in settling this point arises from the capitulation which the loyal troops have made with the soldiers of the Cortes.

The King on being requested by the Clergy to re-establish the Inquisition, merely stated, that he was not advised to do so by the Allied Sovereigns.

FRANCE.—Here a new arrangement has been adopted with regard to the amount of pensions to such men as have been employed in diplomatic situations in foreign countries. An ordinance founded upon a report presented by M. Chateaubriand, and consisting of 13 articles, has been promulgated, establishing this subject. The principles upon which the pensions are granted by this ordinance are two, viz. the time the applicants have served, and the rank they have attained to. None can obtain pensions but after 30 years service, or after 25 years in cases of serious infirmities. And every applicant must have held the rank for 5 years before being entitled to the pension which is allowed to men of that rank. According to this ordinance, Ministers who had a salary above 60,000 francs to have a pension of 10,000 francs. Ministers with a salary of 60,000 francs and under, 8000. Presidents, Charges d'Affaires, (named by his Majesty in that quality,) and the Counsellors of Embassy, 6,000. The first Secretaries of Embassy, 5,000. All other Secretaries of Embassy and of Legation, 4,000. Consuls General, 6,000. Consuls, 5,000. Vice Consuls, 3,000. Dragomans of the first class at Constantinople, 5,000. Dragomans of the second class in the same Capital, as well as the first Dragomans of the Consulate General, 3,000. Lastly, all Dragomans, except those above mentioned, and the Interpreters Chancelliers 2,400 francs.

Brussels hitherto the seat of splendor and fashion, has of late lost its attraction as the residence of Englishmen, and is now scarcely frequented by any person of rank and consideration. This is attributed to a set of sharpers and gamblers who have driven the more respectable society to Paris, Italy, and the Low Countries.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor of Russia has published an Ukase, forbidding all foreign vessels "to touch at the Russian settlements along the North West Coast of America,

from Behring's Straits to 51 degrees north latitude, as well as in the Aleutian Islands; on the East Coast of Siberia; and the Karile Islands; (that is to say, from Behring's Straits to the South Cape in the Island Ooroop, viz. in 45 deg. 51 min. north Lat.) or even to approach within a less distance than 100 Italian miles." He is still proceeding with his plans of improvement, and has assigned 1,250,000 roubles for erecting new buildings in the University of St. Petersburg, and for the purpose of promoting instruction in general.

GREECE.—From this quarter we have little, or indeed, we may say nothing of interest, except the favourable accounts of the progress of the Greek cause. They had obtained possession of Corinth; which may be considered a very material acquisition;

AMERICA.—

COLOMBIA.—This country, which is daily advancing to a regular organized state, breathes nothing but a pacific aspect, towards England. An attack had been made on the British sloop of-war the *Carnation* by the forts of Cartagena. Admiral Owen demanded an explanation of the affair from the official authorities of the government of Colombia. The reply from them has been highly gratifying, and it would appear every satisfaction and reparation which an offence of the kind required, had been offered. Commodore Owen was not authorized to arrange the business definitively without consulting his government; he had therefore only stated his own views as to the reparation which ought to be made, and which included a provision for those who had been wounded in the affair, extending even to a passenger, who happened to be on board the *Carnation* at the time. And this, as it would seem at the request of the Colombian government: for in conclusion he adds, "I rejoice extremely that the just views of the Colombian government have led them to meet the demands it was my duty to urge, and without which satisfaction it would have been impossible on my part to hold further intercourse with it. That satisfaction given, I will meet them with the security of friendship, and shall be always happy in an opportunity of proving my good will."

The question of independence and recognition of these States is now settled. Great Britain has manifested her feelings, by appointing Consuls and Envoys in their different ports and cities. And the United States in a notice to the Allied powers, have intimated their intention to assist the Southern States, in the event of any attempt being made to re-subject them to Spain.

Two Mexican Companies are forming; the one in Paris by the firm of Millets and Co. and the other in London by Messrs. Barclay & Co. Their object is said to be to work the mines in Mexico, which have been long neglected, and are now full of water.

The Army.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

War-Office, December 12, 1828.

8th Regiment of Light Dragoons—Captain John Earl of Wiltshire, from half-pay 95th Foot, to be Captain; vice Henry Clinton Van Cortlandt, who exchanges, receiving the difference.

Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards—Ensign Hon. Henry Sutton Fane, from 93d Foot, to be Ensign and Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Hall, promoted in the 35th Foot.

3d Regiment of Foot Guards—Battalion-Surgeon Edward Salmon, to be Surgeon-Major, vice Hay, who retires.—Assistant-Surgeon John Richard Ward, to be Battalion-Surgeon, vice Salmon; Thomas Richardson, Gent., to be Assistant-Surgeon, vice Ward.

1st Regiment of Foot—Captain Barton Tenison, from half-pay, 72d Foot, to be Captain, vice Mitchell, appointed to the 95th Foot.

- 17th Ditto—Captain Frederick Macbean, from half-pay of the Regiment, to be Captain, vice George Berkeley, who exchanges, (receiving the difference, &c.)
- 16th Ditto—Ensign Robert Colquhoun, to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Skinner, promoted.
- 20th Ditto—Captain George Bolton, from half-pay 14th Foot, to be Captain, vice Richard George Horsley, who exchanges.
- 33d Ditto—Lieutenant William Henry Grote, to be Captain, by purchase, vice M'Gregor, who retires; Ensign James Paterson, to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Grote.
- 35th Ditto—Captain John Byrne, from half-pay 22d Foot, to be Captain, vice Hay, appointed to the 91st Foot.
- 38th Ditto—Lieutenant Aldworth Blennerhasset, from half-pay 78d Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Trant, appointed to the 95th Foot.
- 54th Ditto—Lieutenant Richard Gethen Creagh Cooté, from half-pay 2d Garrison Battalion, to be Lieutenant; vice Gascoyne, appointed to the 94th Foot.
- 57th Ditto—Ensign Henry Shadforth, to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Mangles, who retires; Archibald Robertson, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Shadforth.
- 61st Ditto—Major George Edward Pratt Barlow, from the 34th Foot, to be Lieutenant-Colonel, by purchase, vice Royal, who retires.
- 82d Ditto—Lieutenant J. M'Gregor Drummond, to be Captain, by purchase, vice Hutchinson, who retires; Ensign Charles Hartford, to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Drummond.
- 87th Ditto—Lieutenant James Serjeant, from half-pay 94th Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Beauchamp Newton, who exchanges.
- 91st Ditto—Captain William Hay, from 35th Foot, to be Captain, vice Gibbons, appointed to the 95th Foot.
- 95d Ditto—James Gordon, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Fane, appointed to the Coldstream Foot Guards.
- 99th Regiment of Foot—Major General Sir Thomas Bradford, K. C. B. to be Colonel; Lieutenant-Colonel William Grove White, from half-pay 48th Foot, to be Lieutenant-Colonel. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel James Allan, from half pay 56th Foot; Major Peregrine Francis Thorne, from half pay 60th Foot, to be Major.—Brevet Major William Gray, from 3d Royal Veteran Battalion; Captain George Crozier, from half pay 64th Foot; Captain James Kirkman, from the 2d Royal Veteran Battalion; Captain David Monro, from half-pay 94th Foot; Captain William Alexander Craig, from the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion; Captain George Topp Lindsay, from half pay 22d Foot; Captain Anthony Bacon, from half pay 18th Light Dragoons, to be Captains.—Lieutenant John Orr, from half pay 89th Foot; Lieutenant Alexander Stuart, from the 2d Royal Veteran Battalion; Lieutenant Robinson Sadleir, from the 3d Royal Veteran Battalion; Lieutenant Thomas Workman, from half pay 65th Foot; Lieutenant Alexander Innes, from half-pay 42d Foot; Lieutenant John Armit, from half pay 40th Foot; Lieutenant Bartholomew Hartley, from the 2d Royal Veteran Battalion; Lieutenant Henry Nichols, from the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion; Lieutenant Thomas Richardson Timbrel, from half-pay Rifle Brigade; Lieutenant Charles Gascoyne, from the 54th Foot, to be Lieutenants.—Ensign William Bedford, from half pay 35th Foot; Ensign John Bickerton, from the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion; Ensign Isaac Toogood Coward, from the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion; Ensign John Alexander, from the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion; Ensign John Ayres Kingdom, from half pay 94th Foot; Ensign John Wetherall, from half pay 35th Foot, to be Ensigns.
- 95th Ditto—Major General Sir Colin Halkett, K. C. B. to be Colonel; Lieutenant-Colonel Gustavus Brown, from half pay, to be Lieutenant-Colonel.—Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Dudley St. Leger Hill, from half pay; Major Edward Fitzgerald, from half pay 60th Foot to be Major.—Brevet Major John Mitchell, from the 1st Foot; Captain Arthur Gore, from half pay 90th Foot; Captain Frederick Gibbons, from the 91st Foot; Captain Dansie Carter, from half pay 58th Foot; Captain Pierre Toussaint de Barallier, from the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion; Captain Robert Robison from the 1st West India Regiment; Captain William Martin Yorke, from half pay 17th Foot, to be Captains.—Lieutenant George Mordaunt Dickens, from the 2d Royal Veteran Battalion; Lieutenant John Cuisine, from half pay 95th Foot; Lieutenant William Mayes, from the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion;

Lieutenant William Saunders, from the 3d Royal Veteran Battalion; Lieutenant Robert Cuming; Hamilton Gordon, from half pay 48th Foot; Lieutenant William Newhouse, from half pay 65th Foot; Lieutenant Henry John Sperling, from half pay 9th Foot; Lieutenant Joseph Carruthers, from half pay 17th Foot; Lieutenant David Dickson, from 2d Royal Veteran Battalion; Lieutenant Thomas Abercromby Trant, from 38th Foot; to be Lieutenants.—Ensign Edward Mayne, from 2d Royal Veteran Battalion; Ensign Robert Henry Bunbury, from 2d Royal Veteran Battalion; Edward Harrison, from 3d Royal Veteran Battalion; Ensign James Young, from half pay 52d Foot; Second Lieutenant John Parker, from half pay Rifle Brigade; Ensign Thomas Alcock, from half pay 36th Foot, to be Ensigns.

1st West India Regiment—Captain William Abbott from half pay 68th Foot, to be Captain, vice Robison appointed to the 95th Foot.

1st Royal Veteran Battalion—Lieutenant Robert Johnston, from half pay 23d Light Dragoons, to be Lieutenant.

HOSPITAL STAFF.—Staff Sergeant John Alexander Schetky, to be Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, vice Nicholl, deceased; Hospital Assistant James Christie, from half pay, to be Hospital Assistant to the Forces, vice Michael Gallagher, whose appointment has not taken place.

War-Office, December 19, 1823.

2d Regiment of Life Guards—Lieutenant Thomas Brett, from the 8th Light Dragoons, to be Cornet and Sub-Lieutenant, vice John Potter Macqueen, who exchanges; dated November 22, 1823.

8th Regiment of Light Dragoons—Sub-Lieutenant John Potter Macqueen, from the 2d Life Guards, to be Lieutenant, vice Thomas Brett, who exchanges, dated November 22, 1823.

1st or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards—John Humphries, Gent. to be Solicitor, vice Wilkinson, deceased; dated December 11, 1823.

1st Regiment of Foot—Ensign J. Clayton Cowell, to be Lieutenant, vice E. Mainwaring, deceased; dated February 11, 1823.

14th Ditto—Edward C. Lynch, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice A. Donald, who retires; dated December 11, 1823.

20th Ditto—Captain Robert Edward Burrowes, from the 65th Foot, to be Captain, vice James Goldfrap, who exchanges, dated March 1, 1823.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Navy.

The Cambridge 80 gun ship, Captain Thomas J. Maling, is expected at Spithead, in the course of a few days from Chatham, to be paid, and receive her final orders. She has been fitted for foreign service, and is intended it is said, to be stationed round Cape Horn. It is understood that the Consuls who have been appointed to Buenos Ayres, Lima, Chili, &c. will take a passage in her and embark at this port.

Hampshire Chronicle.

Captain Charles Bullen, C. B. is appointed to the command of the squadron employed on the African station, in the room of the late Commodore Sir Robert Mends, and will hoist his broad pendant on board the Maidstone frigate, ordered to be commissioned in the river.—*Portsmouth paper.*

The Hussar 46 gun frigate, Captain G. Harris, C. B. is completing her stores and provisions at Spithead for foreign service, and destined it is said, for the West Indies.—*Id.*

The Tweed 28 gun ship was commissioned on Monday at Portsmouth, by Captain Frederick Hunn, and is to be fitted for home service.—Lieutenant Wm. Kelly, Wm. Hargood and G. E. Dixon, and Mr. Cox, Purser, are also appointed to the Tweed. Captain H. Patton and Lieutenant J. Commeller are appointed to the Rattlesnake 28 gun ship, ordered to be fitted out at Chatham.

The Jupiter 60 gun ship will, it is said, on her return from the East Indies, be fitted for the flag of Rear Admiral W. Lake, G. B. appointed commander in chief on the North American station.—(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEATHS AND MARRIAGES.

IN GREAT-BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

FOR DECEMBER 1823.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Leighton Buzzard, Mr. T. Gurney.

BERKSHIRE.

Married.] At Reading, the Rev. P. Filleul to Miss C. E. B. Valpy—The Rev. P. French to Miss P. A. Valpy—T. Haggard, Esq. to Miss Jaques—Mr. J. Ford to Miss J. Sharp.

Died.] At Bradfield, Mrs. Moor—At Reading, Mr. J. Fardon—At Maidenhead, L. Norman, Esq.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Married.] At Ditton Park, the Hon. P. F. Cust to Lady J. M. Scott—At Buckingham, Mr. J. Lee to Miss Lecvèr—A. O. Baker, Esq. to Miss L. Reed, of Leckhemsted—At Great Marlow, J. Heath, Esq. to Miss S. M. Thompson.

Died.] At Great Marlow, Mr. Shaw—Mrs. Crake—Mrs. Morton, 93—At Stoney Stratford, Mrs. Mulpas, 81—Near Buckingham, Miss Smithson—At Sherrington, Mr. R. Higgins—At Aylesbury, Mr. J. March.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Married.] At Cambridge, Mr. J. Hatfield to Miss M. Albin—Mr. O. Nutter to Miss H. Smith.

Died.] At Abington, C. Pern, Esq.—At Weston Lodge, Mrs. Keene—At Ely, Mr. J. Leaford, 83.

CHESHIRE.

Married.] Mr. Fisher, of Stockport, to Miss E. Lowe—At Walfasey, the Rev. R. Anderson to Miss Weston.

Died.] At High Legh, Mr. J. C. Legh—At Rudheath, S. Harrison, Esq.—At Altringham, Mr. J. Newmarch, 79.

CORNWALL.

Married.] At Kenwyn, Mr. T. Wharam, to Miss J. Bull—Mr. N. Hearl, of West-Looc, to Miss S. Soady—At St. Clear, the Rev. G. P. Norris, to Miss M. A. Marshall—At Breage, F. Rogers, Esq. to Miss C. G. B. Williams.

Died.] At St. Allan, Mr. S. Gurney—At Camelford, Mrs. Burt—At Newlyn, Mr. W. Hichens—At Truro, Mr. W. Courties—Mr. H. Goulton—At Boscarn, Mr. Hicks.

CUMBERLAND.

Married.] At Carlisle, Mr. G. Longmoor, to Miss M. Dixon—Mr. W. Anderson, to Miss A. Murray—Mr. R. Myers, to Miss M. Johnston—Mr. J. Bell, to Miss

M. Stalker—At Stanwix, Mr. J. Boustead, to Miss D. Nicolson—At Penrith, Mr. J. Pattinson, to Miss S. Salkeld—At Alston, Mr. J. Crawhall, of Newhouse, Weardle, to Miss A. Wilson—At Workington, Mr. J. Peat, to Mrs. M. Rees—Mr. J. Sim, to Miss B. Fletcher—At Crosthwaite, Mr. J. Coward, to Miss M. Wright—At Harrington, Mr. J. Hüttingdon, to Miss Brennan.

Died.] At Carlisle, Miss Forster—Miss B. Monkhouse—Mr. J. Kellet—Mrs. M. Noble—Mr. T. Sportridge—Mr. H. Richardson—Mr. J. Twentymen—At Stanwix, Miss G. Hill—At Cumwhitton, Mr. Blacklock—At Cöckermouth, the Rev. T. Wallis—At Caterlain, Mr. J. Dawson, 89—At Whitehaven, Miss Fisher—Mr. R. Holderness, 76—Mr. T. Saunderson—Mrs. Lewthwaite—At Keswick, Mrs. A. Dover—At Penrith, Mrs. M. Mitchell—At Ravenglass, Mrs. E. Thompson.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] O. Shore, Esq. son of S. Shore, Esq. of Norton Hall, to Miss E. Brewin—H. Worthington, Esq. to Miss M. Daniel, of Stapenball House—At Chesterfield, Mr. D. Hodkin, to Mrs. Pearson.

Died.] At Chesterfield, Mrs. M. Gloyne—Mrs. Sykes

DEVONSHIRE.

Married.] At Exeter, Mr. G. Tremlett, to Miss Drew—At Littleham church, G. P. Amory, Esq. to Miss S. M. Dunch—At Barnstaple, C. E. Palmer, Esq. to Miss F. Edgcumbe—At Stoke Damarel, Mr. Bone, to Miss Pickthorn—At Plymouth, Mr. H. M. Gibson, to Mrs. Jackson—Mr. S. Hannaford, to Miss Hamblin.

Died.] At Cloakham-hous, Axminster, J. Alexander, Esq.—At Bideford, T. Burnard, Esq.—At Axminster, S. Taunton, Esq.—Miss Edwards—At Heavitree, Miss D. Davy—At Colyton, the Rev. J. Cornish—At Burrington, Miss A. C. Buckingham—At Tavistock, Mr. J. Pleave—At Topsham, F. Pyle, Esq.—At Tamerton, Mrs. M. Pole—At Spitchwich Farin, G. Leach, Esq.—At Dartmouth, Mr. N. Wright—At Farway, Lieut. J. Fife, R. N.—At Tiverton, Mr. E. Boyce—At Plymouth, R. Wills, Esq.—T. Harris, Esq.—Lieut. Symons—Mrs. Behenna—Lieut. J. Cawkit—Mrs. Bolinar—Mr. J. Arnald, 83—At Exeter, Mrs. Vicars—Mr. G. Arden—Mrs. E. Heath—Mr. F. Stevens—At Crediton, G. Shute, Esq.—At Barnstaple, Miss Betty Martin.

DORSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Shaftesbury, the Rev. J. H. Dakins, to Miss S. M. C. Mansel—At Blandford, Mr. T. Oakly, to Miss Howell—At Beaminster, Mr. E. Symes, to Miss M. Melmoth—At Dorchester, Mr. Bird, to Miss Kellaway—Mr. T. Hellyer, of Cerne, to Miss J. Samson.

Died.] At Pentridge, Mrs. E. Hobson—At Compton Pauncefoot, Mrs. Hunt, 86—At Dorchester, Mrs. Harvey, 90—At Sherborne, Mr. R. Watts, 77—Mrs. Deering—At Newton House, near Yeovill, W. Harbin, Esq.—At Langton Herring, near Weymouth, the Rev. W. Cox—At Weymouth, Mrs. Russell.

DURIAM.

Married.] At Gateshead, Mr. S. Muggerridge, to Miss E. Sanderson—At Darlington, Mr. W. Sheraton, to Miss Stowell—At Chester le Street, Mr. C. Banks, to Miss A. Winter—At Barnard Castle, Mr. T. Pratt, to Miss A. Ewbank—At Bishopwearmouth, Lieut. Barnes, to Miss Croudace—At Monkwearmouth, Mr. T. Lowry, to Miss M. Bell—At Sunderland, Mr. P. Watson, to Miss A. Dixon.

Died.] At South Shields, Mrs. Wetherburn—At Sunderland, Mrs. Foreman—Mrs. Hick—Mrs. A. Wood—Mr. G. Wardle—Mr. G. Soppit—Mrs. Carter—At Monkwearmouth, Mrs. E. Harrison—At Chester le Street, Mr. R. Weatherly—At Durham, Mr. T. Robinson—Miss Turbot—W. Hall, Esq.

ESSEX.
Married.] At Coggleshall, Mr. W. Death, to Miss L. Unwin... At Thaxted, Mr. G. Willis, to Miss B. Hockley... At Waltham Abbey, Mr. P. Christie, to Miss E. L. Jones... At Epping, Mr. H. Nicols, to Miss Ingham... Mr. T. A. Oates, of Billericay, to Miss Woodward... At Chigwell, T. Dutton, Esq., to Miss C. Elsee... At Colchester, Mr. W. Layzell, to Miss Theobald... At Harlow, R. P. Peake, Esq., to Miss S. Foreman.
Died.] At Earls Colne, H. Anderson, Esq... At Billericay, Mrs. J. Ouy... At Manningtree, Mr. J. Meen... At Langham, Mr. W. Rush—At Coggleshall, Mr. W. Matthews... At Maldon, Miss Page... At Oxford House, S. Leightonhouse, Esq... At Braintree, Mr. J. Jocelyne... At Boreham, Mrs. Butterfield... At Chipping Ongar, Mr. J. Osborne... Mr. S. Walker... At Hoxne, Mrs. Sower... At Walthamstow, Miss K. Dobree.

HAMPSHIRE.

Married.] At Old Alresford, Mr. J. Carpenter, to Miss Thorp—At Ropesly, Mr. J. Alder to Mrs. Wareham—At Southampton, E. F. Dayrell, Esq., to Miss L. J. Lyster—Mr. J. Gilpin to Miss T. Pitman—At Romsey, Mr. A. Nash to Miss Martin—At Winchester, Mr. H. Kernott to Miss E. Stevens—At Carisbrooke, J. W. G. Manners, Esq., to Miss C. Clarke—Mr. Britton, of Romsey, to Miss Haskett.
Died.] at Andover, Mrs. New, 81—Mr. Criswick—At Christchurch, J. B. Slann, Esq.—At Stubbington, J. Dewes, Esq.—At Newport, I. W. Miss J. Buckler—Miss E. Wadmore—Mrs. Dashwood—At West Titcherley, Mr. T. Miller—At Shirley, Captain W. R. Smith.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Eardisley Church, S. R. Cockburn, Esq., to Miss Coke.
Died.] At Belmont, Mrs. Mathews—At Hereford, T. Knill, Esq.—Mr. R. Jones—Mr. Havard—J. W. Weston, Esq.—Near Leominster, Mrs. Edwards—At Ledbury, Mr. Merrick—At Calverhill, Mrs. Whitney.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Hertford, Mr. Bindel to Miss Woodhouse—At Hemel Hempstead, R. Playfair, Esq., to Miss E. White.
Died.] At Harpenden, Mrs. Keeling... At Hertford, B. Rooke, Esq., 80... Mrs. E. Ellis... Mrs. E. Payne... At his seat, Asbridge, aged 70, John Wm. Egerton, 7th Earl of Bridgewater, to which title he succeeded on the death of the late Duke. He was a General, Colonel of the 14th Dragoons, and Master of Greatham Hospital; and was long distinguished for his love of the Fine Arts, his hospitality, and the employment given to the poor on his large estates.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Married.] At Kimbolton, E. Baillie, Esq., to Lady G. F. Montague.
Died.] At Huntingdon, Mrs. Goodes... At St. Neots, Mr. G. Morton.

KENT.

Married.] G. Corbett, Esq., to Miss A. Burton, of Staplehurst—At Sutton, E. Noakes, Esq., to Miss M. Hoggart... At Faversham, W. Curteis, Esq., to Miss A. Shepherd... At Chatham, Mr. J. Arrowsmith to Miss J. Smith... Mr. W. Woodhurst to Miss J. Fryer... Mr. J. Sincock to Miss F. Barden... Mr. E. Levitt to Miss C. Wood... At Folkstone, Mr. H. Lewes to Miss L. Papson... At Wickham, Mr. H. Larkin to Miss Epps... At Pluckley, Mr. J. Philpot to Miss Ralph.

Died.] At Chalk, next Gravesend, Mrs. Nash... At Canterbury, Mrs. Whitaker... At Gravesend, Mrs. Claverley... Mrs. Eglantine... At Sandgate, Mrs. F. Leigh... At Stroud, Mr. D. Bearratt, 77... Mrs. B. Howes, 88... At Folkstone, Mrs. E. Marshal... At Kemp's Corner, Mrs. J. Bishop... At Whitstable, Mrs. Morganson... At Chatham, Mr. S. Bargeny... At Greenwich, F. Smith, Esqr... At Staplehurst, Mr. Luck... At Monk's Horton, Mr. S. Bradley... At Dover, Mrs. M. A. Hatton.

LANCASHIRE.

Married.] At Liverpool, Mr. T. Smith to Miss S. Dalston... At Manchester, Mr. J. Nicholson to Miss S. M. Veil... Mr. J. Hoyle to Miss M. Warren... Mr. A. Bell to Miss M. Griffiths... Mr. T. Smith, of Hulme, to Miss M. Bayley... At Prestbury, Mr. N. Higginbotham to Mrs. E. Hammond... At Rochdale, Mr. W. Heaps to Miss M. Jones.

Died.] At Morely Hill, near Liverpool, W. Ewart, Esqr... At Liverpool, Mr. J. Smith... Mr. J. Williamson... At Manchester, Mr. R. Dean... Mrs. Howarth... At Salford, Mr. J. Jackson... At Blackburn, Mr. Halsall... At Preston, the Reverend R. Blacoc.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Married.] At Swintford, Mr. J. Lenton to Miss G. Bottrell... At South Kilworth, Mr. T. Cave to Miss A. Hill... Mr. J. Blaines, of Great Easton, to Miss White... At Long Clawson, Mr. F. White to Miss S. Swain.

Died.] At Leicester, Mr. J. Sheppard... Mr. H. Davies.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Married.] At Lenton, the Reverend J. W. Bloodworth to Miss M. A. Hall... At Tathwell, the Reverend B. Beridge to Miss B. Chaplin... At Great Hale, Mr. Jugall to Miss Tookey... At Binbrook, Mr. J. Eyers to Miss M. Grant... At Normanton, Mr. W. Smith to Miss Sparks... At Stamford, Mr. C. Willmer to Miss E. Stanton... Mr. J. Nicols to Miss C. Mills... At Boston, Mr. T. Smith to Miss J. Pass... At Lincoln, W. H. Kejk, Esqr. to Miss M. J. Sharrer... Mr. W. Hewson to Miss S. Wood... At Sutterton, Mr. J. Gilding, 21, to Miss E. Cousins, 62.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Ludford, Mr. R. Taylor, to Miss M. Coston. At Shrewsbury, Mr. S. Hughs to Miss M. Taylor—T. L. Gittons, Esq. to Miss P. G. Symons—Mr. E. Vaughan to Miss E. Richards—Mr. J. R. Cruchloe to Miss E. Bayley—Mr. Widding to Miss F. Haycock—At Church Stretton, Mr. G. Speak to Miss E. Mathews. —At Stretton, Mr. J. Corfield to Miss M. Bridgman—At Donnington, Capt. Adlderley, R. N. to Miss A. Bishton—At Hules Owen, Mr. E. B. Walker, to Miss J. Green—Mr. J. Martin, of Much Wenlock, to Miss M. Summerfield.

Died.] Near Ludlow, Miss Hooper—At Shrewsbury, Mr. E. Jones—Miss A. Whitford—At Rowton, Miss M. Lloyd—At Burwarton, Mr. H. Smith, 81... At Ludlow, Mrs. E. Case—At Newport, F. Eginton, Esq. of Meritown-house—At Donnington, J. Glover, Esq.—At Overton, Mr. R. George.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Somerton, Mr. J. Stone to Miss E. C. Smart—H. Clark, Esq. to Miss S. A. Merchant, of Timberscombe—The Rev. E. Phillips to Miss E. Allen, of Frome—At Bath, E. Newport, Esq. to Miss E. Shirley.

Died.] At Bath, Mrs. Wise—Mrs. G. Blackwood—At North Petherton, Mr. A. Barnard—At Midsummer Norton, Miss F. M. Whalley—P. Miles, Esq. of Clifton House—At Bruton, Miss L. S. Saunders—At Henton, Blewett, Miss E. Bingham.

Provincial Journal.

FEBRUARY, 1824.

THE leading object among our Provincial occurrences for this month is the address brought up from the committee of the Legislative Council, by the Hon. Mr. Richardson, on the 7th, relative to the claim set up by the Government of the United States to the free navigation of the St. Lawrence to the Sea, and the award of Barnhart's Island to that Government by the Commissioners under the Treaty of Ghent; this address concludes with an earnest recommendation "That His Majesty may be advised not to concede to the said United States, upon any terms or conditions, the navigation through the St. Lawrence to Sea;" and at the same time expresses a hope, "that means may be taken to procure, by negotiation, the reciprocal right or exercise of navigation, during peace, of the several internal channels of the St. Lawrence, southward of the 45th degree of north latitude, in whichever territory the said internal channels may be situate, in order to prevent those collisions, which must otherwise take place to the injury of both nations."

To an address from the House of Assembly, praying His Excellency the Governor in Chief would be pleased to extend the term limited by Proclamation for the officers and militiamen, who served during the late war, to claim the lands granted in accordance with the gracious intentions of His Majesty, His Excellency made the following reply: "I think that ample time has been already given to all persons having such claims to the favorable consideration of His Majesty on this point; and I now feel it my duty to put a period to it; having carried His Majesty's intentions into effect in the fullest manner."

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

LOWER-CANADA.

MONTREAL.

The Court of King's Bench for Civil Pleas, opened on 1st and closed on 20th. Some alterations have taken place in the Court-Room, calculated to afford much better accommodation for the Gentlemen of the Bar; an additional gallery is also erected for the convenience of the public.

The store of Messrs. Handyside & Co. was entered, and £18 taken out of an iron chest—also, some wearing apparel, from an adjoining apartment.

150 Copies of M. Chaboillez's reply to P. H. Bedard were sold in one day.

The Criminal Term of the Court of King's Bench began on the 25th—there were sixty-six prisoners in gaol for trial.

Married.] Mr. F. M. Petterson to Miss Julia Bolle.

Died.] Miss Charlotte Vandeleur Hipwood, aged 19, deeply regretted by her relations and friends—Mrs. Mary Hall Ellis, wife of Mr. Arthur Fessenden.

QUEBEC.

LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—At a general meeting of the members held at the Castle of St. Lewis, the laws and bye-laws arranged by the committee for the management of the Society were submitted, and ordered to be printed for the use of the members.—His Excellency Sir Francis Burton, President of the Society, announced from the chair to the meeting, that His Excellency the Governor in Chief, Founder, and Patron, of the Society, had kindly and magnificently ordered an annual subscription of £100 currency to his name.—At this meeting also, Mr. A. Stuart made a donation of two valuable books for the use of the Society.

The Royal Standard was hoisted, and a salute fired, on the anniversary of His Majesty's Accession to the Throne.

On the 5th, the Thermometer stood at 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ below zero, Fahrenheit's scale.

Eight trains arrived in the course of this month from Madouaska, by the way of the Lake and Portage of Temiscouata.

The Rivals and Monsieur Tonson, were performed by the Gentlemen of the Garrison Amateur Club, on the 6th.

The Amateur Performance enabled the Gentlemen concerned to present £90 to the Rev. Dr. Mills and Rev. Dr. Harkness, for distribution among the needy of their respective congregations.

Died.] Mr. George Cuthbert Ross, late of Montreal—Mr. P. Chauveau—Thomas White, Esquire, of a decline.

CHAMBLAY.

The House of Mr. Black is entirely consumed by fire, no part of this Gentleman's property was insured.

STE. MARIE-NOUVELLE-BEAUCE.

Died.] Miss Catherine de Tonnancour, second daughter of the late Charles Chevalier de Tonnancour.

THREE RIVERS.

Died.] Mrs. Margaret Russel, wife of Mr. James Russel, aged 41.

UPPER-CANADA.

AUGUSTA.

Mr. Henry Young was thrown from his sleigh, and so much bruised as to occasion his death in a few hours afterwards.

BROCKVILLE.

Married.] E. Dunham, Esquire, to Miss Jane Ann Parsons.

COBBOURGH.

Married.] Robert Summers, Esquire, to Miss Esther Thompson.

CORNWALL.

A man undertook, for a wager, to eat a piece of pancake the instant it was taken from the fire; it stuck in his throat, and he expired instantly!

KINGSTON.

Married.] Mr. James Buck to Miss Margaret Wade—Mr. James Dawson to Miss Mary Knight.

MARYSBURGH.

A murder of a most revolting character has been committed on the wife of Mr. Hart; the perpetrator of the dreadful deed, was the uncle of the former.

NIAGARA.

The weather was so mild during the whole month of January, that the Packet passed and repassed between this and York, as occasion offered.

The Bank of Upper Canada is about establishing a branch in this Town.

The Lady of Mr. Gordon of the Field Train Department, and her friend, were unfortunately drowned, crossing the river from Lewiston.

This place is improving very rapidly, and promises to become an ornament to Upper Canada.

YORK.

Married.] Mr. J. G. Booth, to Miss Catherine Purvis.

Civil Appointments,

(BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR IN CHIEF.)

Alexander Edward Gillen, Esquire, to be a Commissioner for the Trial of certain small Causes in the Parish of St. Roch, in the County of Leinster.

Archd. Rae, Gentleman, to practice Physic and Surgery, in the Lower Province.

Jacob Doige, Inspector of Flour and Meal, for the Borough of William-Henry.

Provincial Military Appointments,

(BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR IN CHIEF.)

THIRD BATTALION OF QUEBEC.

Captain Archibald Ferguson, Esquire, to be Major, in the place of Major J. B. D'Estimauville, jun. deceased, from 28th September 1823.

Lieutenant John Macnider, Esquire, to be Captain, in the place of Major Ferguson, from ditto.

Ensign John Neilson, Esquire, to be Lieutenant, in the place of Captain Macnider, from ditto.

Mr. William Sheppard, Gentleman, to be Ensign, from 1st February.

Mr. John Sexton Campbell, do. do. 2d do.

Mr. Wm. Robert B. Smith, do. do. 3d do.

Mr. Jno. George Irvine, do. do. 4th do.

Mr. Archibald Campbell, do. do. 5th do.

Mr. Charles W. Ross, do. do. 6th do.

Montreal Price Current.

FEBRUARY 1824.

Produce of the Country.

Pot Ashes, 1st sort per cwt.	52s	a	00	0d
Pearl Ashes, . . . per cwt.	32s	a	00	0d
Fine Flour, . . . per bbl	32s6d	a	00	0d
Sup. do. per bbl	35s	a	37	6d
Pork, (mess) . . . per bbl	85s	a	00	0d
Pork, (prime) . . . per bbl	60s	a	00	0d
Beef, (mess) . . . per bbl	00	a	00	0d
Beef, (prime) . . . per bbl	00	a	00	0d
Wheat, per min.	5s2d	a	5	6d
Barley, per min.	2s6d	a	00	0d
Oats, per min.	1s6d	a	1	8d
Pease, per min.	2s10	a	00	0d
Oak Timber, . . . per cub ft.	00	a	00	0d
White Pine, . . . per cub ft.	00	a	00	0d
Red Pine, per cub ft.	00	a	00	0d
Elm, per cub ft.	00	a	00	0d
Ash, per cub ft.	00	a	00	0d
Staves Standard, per 1,200	£10	a	00	0d
West India, do. per 1,200	£10	a	00	0d
Whiskey, Country Manufacture,	2s.	9d.		

Imported Goods, &c.

Rum, Jamaica, per gallon,	3s6d	a	3s7d
Rum, Leeward, per gallon,	2s9d	a	2s10.
Brandy, Cognac, per gallon,	6s6d	a	0 Od.
Brandy, Spanish, per gallon,	0 0	a	0 Od.
Geneva Holland, per gallon,	7s6d	a	0 Od.
Geneva British, per gallon,	0 0	a	0 Od.
Port Wine, per pipe,	£65	a	0 00.
Do. Inferior per pipe,	£40	a	0 00.
Madeira, O. L. P. p. pipe,	£70	a	0 00.
Teneriffe, L. P. p. pipe,	£40	a	0 00.
Do. Cargo, p. pipe,	£22	10s	0 00.
Sugar Muscovado, p. cwt.	50s	a	60.
Sugar Loaf, s. ref. p. lb.			94d a Od.
Coffee, p. lb.			1s7d a Od.
Ten, Hyson, p. lb.			6s6d a Od.
Tea, Twankay, . . . p. lb.			6s0d a Od.
Soap, p. lb.			5d a Od.
Candles, p. lb.			8d a Od.