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THE  
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THE MIND.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

SIR,—The signature of a writer in your last Magazine, would have led a person to expect that the communication to which it was affixed would be altogether unassailable, and there is certainly no injustice in supposing, that one who flings aside the modest adjunct of *Philo*, with which the ancient sages used to qualify their titles, should substitute for the sense of incapacity which so unassuming a title indicated, something in the shape of a superior knowledge of his subject, or a greater share of penetration, than they possessed. But as the man who has been fearful of annihilation from a gigantic figure which he sees before him, and afterwards discovers that its only title to humanity was in the coat that covered the straw beneath, feels a contempt for it exactly proportioned to his previous terror; so I who expected an encounter with the "Wise man" which the aforesaid writer so unhesitatingly declared himself, was not a little relieved in finding that all his *wisdom* was the property of his *title*.

I am willing to grant that the view of human nature which your correspondent took, is by far the most amiable, because it is the most flattering of the two; but what has its amiability to do with its truth? If the man who desired to ascertain of what kind of wood his mahogany painted table was made, should be deterred from making his enquiries by a fear of spoiling the polish of the surface, he would stand but small chance of attaining his object, and he who sets out with an intention of discovering what human nature really is, must not allow the silly desire of rendering every thing conformable to his own *beau ideal* of humanity, to prevent him from removing the coating which conceals its rugosities.

There are some parts of your correspondent's communication, which I confess puzzle me a little, but not perhaps in the exact way which would be most agreeable to his inclination. After inveighing against the conduct of those who from a love of simplicity reject what is "complicated and abstruse" he concludes his declamation by the triumphant introduction of Newton's celebrated Philosophizing principle; "No causes shall be admitted but such as are both true and sufficient to explain the phenomena."

Why then quarrel with me for not being willing to admit more than a sufficiency? The retrenchment of superfluous causes was the very principle upon which my conduct was founded, and the difficulty to which I alluded above, consisted in the discovery how this quotation could be construed into an argument for giving credence to whatever is "complicated and abstruse." Pardon me, Sophos, if I venture to draw the line of distinction between sense and learning, by saying, that in this case you have made a dismal sacrifice of the one in order to have the pleasure of exhibiting the other.

In endeavouring to prove the absurdity of supposing that human conduct can be referred to any thing else than an "abstruse and complicated" principle, our author exclaims "can sweet and bitter waters flow from the same fountain, or can the operations of love and revenge be referred to the same principle?" It is strange, Mr. Sophos, that the wisdom for which you give yourself such unsolicited credit, never reminded you that it was neither the sweetness, nor the bitterness which constituted the water, but that these were qualities derivable from a thousand contingencies. If then self-regard be the fountain of human conduct, the peculiarities in the streams may owe their origin to the particular channel through which they flow; or, in other words, to the circumstances of its manifestation.

But we are aware that metaphor is made to transgress its legitimate bounds, when used as argument, and therefore without dwelling further upon this illustration, we proceed to shew in what manner love and revenge may be traced to the same primary principle. The object to which every violent passion instigates us is its gratification. No man is ever under the influence of any powerful emotion which originates in either passions, or desires, but he feels a discomfort which he persuades himself nothing but the attainment of his wishes can remove. The lover may whine and the revengeful man may rave, but the object of both is nothing more than self-gratification. No one ever loves another without expecting that the gratification of his desires will render him happy, and it is the height of absurdity to suppose, that a man ever desires the injury of another, without an impression that he will derive a pleasure from it. Should a man under the influence of revengeful feelings be incited to the commission of a crime, and afterwards be attacked by remorse, it is not a regret for the injury which he has done to another, but merely a conviction that the crime will be fatal to his own happiness, that constitutes his remorse. As long as the criminal retains the impression that the consequences of his misconduct will be visited on himself, he is incapable of experiencing pleasure. As soon however as his dread of retribution is removed, he is once more susceptible to impressions of happiness. The felon who looks forward to an eternity of suffering is miserable as long as he perceives no other prospect. The

same felon repents and having made his peace with God, the circumstance which had formerly rendered him unhappy is removed, and he has once more the power of enjoyment. In this instance had any other feeling than the fear of retribution been the occasion of his misery, repentance could never have affected its removal. It could not have been a benevolent feeling for the person injured, for the most Quixotic admirers of "complicated and abstruse" philosophy would scarcely like the idea of admitting that repentance was incompatible with benevolence. The motives of action in all these cases, instead of being irreconcilable with the theory which I have proposed, afford perhaps as good illustrations of its truth as any that could be advanced.

In another passage our author affords the strongest evidence that he has assumed his title on the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle. "Self regard is not a more universal principle than benevolence. The man, therefore, who asserts that self love is the sole origin of action, takes but a narrow and pitiful view of human nature." In this quotation we are at a loss which most to admire, the *sentiment* or the *logic*. One would have supposed, that a person with the definition of reasoning at his finger ends, should have possessed sufficient acquaintance with the nature of a syllogism, to be aware of what premises are necessary to a conclusion. We wonder how he should like to subscribe to a deduction made upon the same principle. "Mr. Sophos, there is not an arranter wise-acre than yourself in existence. The man, therefore, who asserts that you are any thing else takes a narrow and pitiful view of what he owes to truth." Whenever our author will consent to the validity of this conclusion, we shall coincide with the doctrines which he attempts to maintain.

It is not impossible however, that we have misapprehended what he intended for premises, and that this conclusion from a *petitio principii*, was designed for a mere side shot or corollary from the other, and peradventure the feelings which decorate the effusion ushered in by these sentences, are intended as apologies for this purpose. If this conjecture be correct, we are still unable to ascertain whether it is the first or second part of his syllogism which they are intended to prove. But we remember in our youthful days to have snatched a dusty volume of Watt from an inglorious repose in an old library, and to have particularly noted a remark to this effect. "The conclusion can never be stronger than the weakest of the premises." It is therefore immaterial at what part of the passage we commence, for the demolition of either conclusion or premises will destroy the whole fabric. We shall therefore reduce the ideas contained in his list of interrogations, to feelings not originating in a sense of duty and experienced from circumstances that do not affect us as individuals, and proceed to inquire the source in which they originate.

The mind is of such a nature, that a constant recurrence of the same objects gradually begets an inclination or proneness for them and the amount of this feeling is exactly proportioned to their capacity of imparting pleasure. This may be illustrated by a variety of examples. In the change of feeling which takes place between persons, for instance, indifference may be followed by friendship, friendship by affection, affection by love. As long as our sensations are sufficiently agreeable, they entitle our feelings to the strongest of these names, but should they gradually diminish, the appellations must recede in a retro-gression opposite to the scale in which they had advanced. In each of these several stages the misery which we should experience by the occurrence of any unfortunate event to the object of our affections, would correspond with the amount of pleasure which we derived from their prosperity, or in other words with the necessity of their happiness to our own.

The love which a father possesses for his child, though from the difference in their relative circumstances there is a variety in the manifestation, is regulated by the same principles, and the discomforts which he undergoes in order to benefit his child, or the grief which he feels at his misconduct, will bear a direct ratio to the amount of happiness which he expects to derive, in the one case, or which he thinks he has lost in the other.

The affection we entertain for things and for individuals, or for different things and different individuals, is exactly of the same kind, the variety of its appearance arising from the nature of the connexion between ourselves and them, and the species of pleasure which they are capable of imparting. We frequently feel an attachment to objects proportioned not to their real value, but to their association with agreeable sensations, and our feelings when they lose the power of pleasing are exactly proportioned to the amount of happiness of which this loss has deprived us. Every one is aware with what an intensity of grief a man watches the last struggles of a faithful dog, and this effect can be properly ascribed to no other cause than that which we have just named. We should like to learn of our author who thinks that the "principles of human conduct are as different as the distinguishing effects of its operations," for what reason a feeling so ardent and powerful as this should be allowed to remain in *sine nomine* infamy. If a love for one's country be entitled patriotism, why should not an affection for dogs be termed *philo-kunism*, or, even an inclination for the title of Sophos be honoured with the pompous designation of *Philo-sopheism*? If his principle be correct, the affection which we entertain for every species of objects, should originate in a different source, and Philosophy which pretends to explain the whole of the mind, would be sufficiently "complicated and abstruse" by the mere enumeration of benevolent feelings. But we flatter our-

selves that we have already said sufficient on this part of the subject, to render it plain that the view which we have taken is as much superior in point truth as it is in the power of adaptation to every circumstance and situation, and we therefore proceed to a different part of the subject,

In regard to the existence of the Moral Faculty, we have but a few remarks to make. The primary principles of all religion may be reduced to such as tend to the prevention of what is inconsistent with the existence of society or of what is usually termed vice, and the reward of that conduct which is essential to the social intercourse, or as it is generally called virtue. Now as the links which bind society together in every quarter of the globe are the same, or very nearly the same, it is easy to conceive that the exercise of reason in discovering them, should be attended with a similarity of result; and hence those who vauntingly adduce the universal presence of something in the shape of moral perceptions, as evidence of the existence of a moral faculty, would perhaps be well employed in speculating how it would be possible for *rational* creatures to exist without them, or how they could by any possibility be erased by education. With these primary principles it is true there is usually mixed a great deal of absurdity; but this owes its origin to peculiar customs and manners, and to a variety of circumstances connected with the particular situation of those who profess religion, or to the caprice of its institutors. When however a man is fully convinced of the truth of his speculative opinions, however erroneous they may in reality be, he is excited to a compliance with their injunctions even at the expense of present comfort; because he feels assured that a want of compliance, or in other words a neglect of duty, would be less tolerable than the sacrifice he is called upon to make. Upon this principle it is easy to account for the joy with which the devotee of India submits to be crushed to death by Juggernaut, or the extacy of a faithful Mussulman in the expectation of being slain in the act of fighting against infidels. In both instances death is of itself sufficiently repugnant, but the idea that the manner of meeting it will increase the amount of happiness which they are about to enjoy, renders them insensible to present misery.

But another evidence that self regard or a desire for happiness is the principle on which our conduct originates, may be derived from the nature of the rewards with which a compliance with duty is expected to be attended. We have before stated that the primary objects of religion were reducible to the prevention of vice and the encouragement of virtue, and these ends are accomplished by holding out fears of punishment and hopes of reward. But in order to render less disagreeable the restraint which the practice of virtue is supposed to involve, the nature of the rewards in a future state is always made to resemble

ble that which the individual thinks the most agreeable in this. Of this it will be unnecessary to give any example for every man's future prospects will furnish him with one of an unanswerable kind.

We fear Mr. Editor, our prolixity has already trespassed on your patience, and we feel it necessary to curtail what we would have desired to say until we again hear from our man of wisdom.

A.

[We have taken the liberty of removing some phrases from the communication of "A," because we think that sarcasm and ridicule should not be allowed to mingle in Philosophical or Scientific discussion.

We give the communication—divested of those harsher parts—hoping that Sophos will oblige us with a *brief* answer, and imagining that such enquiries do good; at the same time we believe that A's premises, as *general* principles, are founded on notions not correct, and not fitted to exalt man or honour his Creator; but are rather calculated—if taken as rules of action—to produce the evils and baseness which he supposes characteristic of humanity.]  
—Ed.

### DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

JOHNSON grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Every thing about him—his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his gruntings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer inmates—old Mr Levett and blind Mrs Williams, the cat Hodge, and the Negro Frank,—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life, during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established, and his habits completely formed. He had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys. He was about twenty years older than Burke, Goldsmith, and Gerard Hamilton, about thirty years older than Gibbon, Beauclerk, and Langton, and about forty years older than Lord Stowell,

Sir William Jones, and Windham. Boswell and Mrs Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by Lord Bute had placed him above poverty. Of those eminent men who were his most intimate associates towards the close of his life, the only one, as far as we remember, who knew him during the first ten or twelve years of his residence in the capital, was David Garrick; and it does not appear that, during those years, David Garrick saw much of his fellow-townsmen.

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of Mæcenas had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. The number of readers is at present so great, that a popular author may subsist in comfort and opulence on the profits of his works. In the reigns of William III., of Anne, and of George I., even such men as Congreve and Addison would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement,—by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was, perhaps, never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid,—at which men who could write well found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided patronised literature with emulous munificence. Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. Smith, though his *Hippolytus* and *Phædra* failed, would have been consoled with £300 a year but for his own folly. Rowe was not only poet-laureate, but land-surveyor of the customs in the port of London, clerk of the council to the Prince of Wales, and secretary of the Presentations to the Lord Chancellor. Hughes was secretary to the Commissions of the Peace. Ambrose Phillips was judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. Locke was Commissioner of Appeals, and of the Board of Trade. Newton was Master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silk-merchant, became a secretary of legation at five and-twenty. It was to a poem on the Death of Charles II., and to the *City and Country Mouse* that Montague owed his introduction into public life, his earldom, his garter, and his auditorship of the Exchequer. Swift, but for the unconquerable prejudice of the queen, would have been a bishop. Oxford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome Parnell, when that ingenious writer deserted the Whigs. Steel was a commissioner of stamps and a member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a commissioner of the customs, and auditor of the impost. Tickell was secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. Addison was secretary of state.

This liberal patronage was brought into fashion, as it seems, by the magnificent Dorset, who alone of all the noble versifiers in the court of Charles the Second, possessed talents for composition

which would have made him eminent without the aid of a coronet. Montague owed his elevation to the favour of Dorset, and imitated through the whole course of his life the liberality to which he was himself so greatly indebted. The Tory leaders—Harley and Bolingbroke in particular—vied with the chiefs of the Whig party in zeal for the encouragement of letters. But soon after the accession of the throne of Hanover a change took place. The supreme power passed to a man who cared little for poetry or eloquence. The importance of the House of Commons was constantly on the increase. The government was under the necessity of bartering for Parliamentary support much of that patronage which had been employed in fostering literary merit; and Walpole was by no means inclined to divert any part of the fund of corruption to purposes which he considered as idle. He had eminent talents for government and for debate. But he had paid little attention to books, and felt little respect for authors. One of the jokes of his friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, was far more pleasing to him than Thomson's Seasons or Richardson's Pamela. He had observed that some of the distinguished writers whom the favour of Halifax had turned into statesmen, had been made incumbrances to their party, dawdlers in office, and mutes in parliament. During the whole course of his administration, therefore, he scarcely patronised a single man of genius. The best writers of the age gave all their support to the opposition, and contributed to excite that discontent which after plunging the nation into a foolish and unjust war, overthrew the scrupulous minister to make room for men less able and equally unscrupulous. The opposition could reward its eugolists with little more than promises and caresses. St James's would give nothing—Leicester house had nothing to give.

Thus at the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the one word—Poet. That word denoted a creature dressea like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench prison, and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him; and they well might pity him. For if their condition was equally abject, their aspirings were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar amongst footmen out of place,—to translate ten hours a-day for the wages of a ditcher,—to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub street to St George's fields, and from St George's fields to the alleys behind St Martin's church,—to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December,—to die in an hospital, and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer, who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-cat or the Scriblerus Club, would have sat in the Parliament,

and would have been intrusted with embassies to the High Allies; who, if he had lived, in our time, would have received from the booksellers several hundred pounds a-year.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults—vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded all the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night, or a well-received dedication, filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy those luxuries, with the images of which his mind had been haunted while sleeping amidst the cinders, and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night-cellars. Such was the life of Savage, of Boyse, and of a crowd of others. Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waxed coats, sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking Champagne and Tokay with Betty Careless; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house in Porridge island, to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste; they knew luxury—they knew beggary—but they never knew comfort. These men were irreclaimable. They looked on a regular and frugal life with the same aversion which an old gipsy or a Mohawk hunter feels for a stationary abode, and for the restraints and securities of civilized communities. They were as untameable, as much wedded to their desolate freedom, as the wild ass. They could no more be broken in to the offices of social man, than the unicorn could be trained to serve and abide by the crib. It was well if they did not, like beasts of a still fiercer race, tear the hands which ministered to their necessities. To assist them was impossible; and the most benevolent of mankind at length became weary of giving relief, which was dissipated with the wildest profusion as soon as it had been received. If a sum was bestowed on the wretched adventurer, such as, properly husbanded, might have supplied him for six months, it was instantly spent in strange freaks of sensuality, and before forty-eight hours had elapsed, the poet was again pestering all his acquaintance for twopence to get a plate of shin of beef at a subterraneous cook-shop. If his friends gave him an asylum in their houses, those houses were forthwith turned into bagnios and taverns. All order was destroyed—all business was suspended. The most good-natured host began to repent of his eagerness to serve a man of genius in distress, when he heard his guest roaring for fresh punch at five o'clock in the morning.

A few eminent writers were more fortunate. Pope had been raised above poverty by the active patronage which, in his youth, both the great political parties had extended to his Homer. Young had received the only pension ever bestowed, to the best of our recollection, by Sir Robert Walpole, as the reward of mere literary merit. One or two of the many poets who attached themselves to the opposition, Thomson in particular, and Mallet, obtained,

after much severe suffering, the means of subsistence from their political friends. Richardson, like a man of sense, kept his shop, and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they are, would scarcely have done. But nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men, who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson, were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-eighth year. From that time, till he was three or four-and-fifty, we have little information respecting him—little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from cock-lofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth, to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labour had risen; and those rising men of letters, with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate, were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all night in the streets, for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the Wortons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill, were the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men, Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character, which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest, scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. All had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependents of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age,—the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature, he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed, had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities, appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours,—the slovenliness of his person,—his fits of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness,—his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity,—his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly in some respects. But if we possessed full information concerning those

who shared his early hardships, we should probably find, that what we call his singularities of manner, were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities—by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural that in the exercise of his power, he should be ‘*eo immitior, quia toleraverat*,’—that though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind, he had no pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence.

But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache—with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road, or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, ‘*foppish lamentations*,’ which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of misery. Goldsmith crying because the Good-natured Man had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good he detested and despised valetudinarians. Even great pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might cry, he said, for such events, but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh.

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson was impolite, not because he wanted benevolence, but because small things appeared smaller to him than to people who had never known what it was to live for fourpence half-penny a day.

The characteristic peculiarity of his intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judged of him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell;—if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him even below Boswell himself. Where he was not under the influence of some strange scruple, or some domineering passion, which prevented him from boldly and fairly investigating a subject, he was a wary and acute reasoner, a little too much inclined to scepticism, and a little too fond of paradox. No man was less likely to be imposed upon by fallacies in argument, or by exaggerated statements of fact. But if, while he was beating

down sophisms, and exposing false testimony, some childish prejudices, such as would excite laughter in a well managed nursery, came across him, he was smitten as if by enchantment. His mind dwindled away under the spell from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness. Those who had lately been admiring its amplitude and its force, were now as much astonished at his strange narrowness and febleness, as the fisherman, in the Arabian tale, when he saw the genie, whose statue had overshadowed the whole sea-coast, and whose might seemed equal to a contest with armies, contract himself to the dimensions of his small prison, and lie there the helpless slave of the charm of Solomon.

Johnson was in the habit of sifting with extreme severity the evidence of all stories which were merely odd. But when they were not only odd but miraculous, his severity relaxed. He began to be credulous precisely at the point where the most credulous people begin to be sceptical. It is curious to observe, both in his writings and in his conversation, the contrast between the disdainful manner in which he rejects unauthenticated anecdotes, even when they are consistent with the general laws of nature, and the respectful manner in which he mentions the wildest stories relating to the invisible world.

Many of his sentiments on religious subjects are worthy of a liberal and enlarged mind. He could discern clearly enough the folly and meanness of all bigotry except his own.

Nobody spoke more contemptuously of the cant of patriotism. Nobody saw more clearly the error of those who represented liberty, not as a means, but as an end; and who proposed to themselves, as the object of their pursuit, the prosperity of the state as distinct from the prosperity of the individuals who compose the state. His calm and settled opinion seems to have been, that forms of government have little or no influence on the happiness of society. This opinion, erroneous as it is, ought at least to have preserved him from all intemperance on political questions. It did not however, preserve him from the lowest, fiercest, and most absurd extravagances of party spirit,—from rants which, in every thing but the diction, resembled those of Squire Western. He was, as a politician, half ice and half fire;—on the side of his intellect a mere Pococurante,—far too apathetic about public affairs,—far too sceptical as to the good or evil tendency of any form of polity. His passions, on the contrary, were violent even to slaying, against all who leaned to Whiggish principles.

The judgments which Johnson passed on books were, in his own time, regarded with superstitious veneration; and, in our time, are generally treated with indiscriminate contempt. They are the judgments of a strong but enslaved understanding. The mind of the critic was hedged round by an uninterrupted fence of prejudices and superstitions. Within his narrow limits, he displayed a vigour and an activity which ought to have enabled him to clear the barrier that confined him.

How it chanced that a man who reasoned on his premises so ably, should assume his premises so foolishly, is one of the great mysteries of human nature. The same inconsistency may be observed in the schoolmen of the middle ages. Those writers show so much acuteness and force of mind in arguing on their wretched *data*, that a modern reader is perpetually at a loss to comprehend how such minds came by such *data*. Not a flaw in the super-

structure of the theory which they are reading, escapes their vigilance. Yet they are blind to the obvious unsoundness of the foundation. It is the same with some lawyers. Their legal arguments are intellectual prodigies, abounding with the happiest analogies, and the most refined distinctions. The principles of their arbitrary science being once admitted, the statute-book and the reports being once assumed as the foundations of jurisprudence, these men are allowed to be perfect masters of logic. But if a question arises to the postulates on which their whole system rests,—if they are called upon to vindicate the fundamental maxims of that system which they have passed their lives in studying, these very men often talk the language of savages, or of children. Those who have listened to a man of this class in his own court, and who have witnessed the skill with which he analyses and digests a vast mass of evidence, or reconciles a crowd of precedents which at first sight seem contradictory, scarcely know him again when, a few hours later, they hear him speaking on the other side of Westminster Hall in his capacity of legislator. They can scarcely believe, that the paltry quirks which are faintly heard through a storm of coughing, and which cannot impose on the plainest country gentleman, can proceed from the same sharp and vigorous intellect which had excited their admiration under the same roof, and on the same day.

He was undoubtedly an excellent judge of compositions fashioned on his own principles. But when a deeper philosophy was required,—when he undertook to pronounce judgment on the works of those great minds which ‘yield homage only to eternal laws’—his failure was ignominious. He criticised Pope’s Epitaphs excellently. But his observations on Shakspeare’s plays, and Milton’s poems, seem to us as wretched as if they had been written by Rymer himself, whom we take to have been the worst critic that ever lived.

Some of Johnson’s whims on ‘literary subjects can be compared only to that strange nervous feeling which made him uneasy if he had not touched every post between the Mitre tavern and his own lodgings. His preference of Latin epitaphs to English epitaphs is an instance. An English epitaph, he said, would disgrace Smollet. He declared that he would not pollute the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English epitaph on Goldsmith. What reason can there be for celebrating a British writer in Latin, which there was not for covering the Roman arches of triumph with Greek inscriptions, or for commemorating the deeds of the heroes of Thermopylæ in Egyptian hieroglyphics, we are utterly unable to imagine.

On men and manners—at least on the men and manners of a particular place and a particular age—Johnson had certainly looked with a most observant and discriminating eye. His remarks on the education of children, on marriage, on the economy of families, on the rules of society, are always striking, and generally sound. \* In his writings, indeed, the knowledge of life which he possessed in an eminent degree is very imperfectly exhibited. Like those unfortunate chiefs of the middle ages, who were suffocated by their own chain-mail and cloth of gold, his maxims perish under that load of words, which was designed for their ornament and their defence. But it is clear, from the remains of his conversation, that he had more of that homely wisdom which

nothing but experience and observation can give, than any writer since the time of Swift. If he had been content to write as he talked, he might have left books on the practical art of living superior to the Directions to Servants.

Yet even his remarks on society, like his remarks on literature, indicate a mind at least as remarkable for narrowness as for strength. He was no master of the great science of human nature. He had studied, not the *genus* man, but the *species* Londoner. Nobody was ever so thoroughly conversant with all the forms of life, and all the shades of moral and intellectual character, which were to be seen from Islington to the Thames and from Hyde Park corner to Mile-end green. But his philosophy stopped at the first turnpike-gate. Of the rural life of England he knew nothing; and he took it for granted that every-body who lived in the country was either stupid or miserable. 'Country gentlemen,' said he 'must be unhappy;' for they have not enough to keep their lives in motion;—as if all those peculiar habits and associations, which made Fleet street and Charing cross the finest views in the world to himself, had been essential parts of human nature. Of remote countries and past times he talked with a wild and ignorant presumption. 'The Athenians of the age of Demosthenes,' he said to Mrs. Thrale, 'were a people of brutes, a barbarous people.' In conversation with Sir Adam Ferguson, he used similar language. 'The boasted Athenians,' he said, 'were barbarians. The mass of every people must be barbarous where there is no printing.' The fact was this: He saw that a Londoner who could not read was a very stupid and brutal fellow: he saw that great refinement of taste and activity of intellect were rarely found in a Londoner who had not read much; and because it was by means of books that people acquired almost all their knowledge in the society with which he was acquainted, he concluded, in defiance of the strongest and clearest evidence, that the human mind can be cultivated by means of books alone. An Athenian citizen might possess very few volumes; and even the largest library to which he had access might be much less valuable than Johnson's book-case in Bolt court. But the Athenian might pass every morning in conversation with Socrates: and might hear Pericles speak four or five times every month. He saw the plays of Sophocles and Aristophanes—he walked amidst the friezes of Phidias and the paintings of Zeuxis—he knew by heart the chorus of Æschylus—he heard the rhapsodist at the corner of the street reciting the Shield of Achilles, or the Death of Argus—he was a legislator, conversant with high questions of alliance, revenue, and war—he was a soldier, trained under a liberal and generous discipline—he was a judge, compelled every day to weigh the effect of opposite arguments. These things were in themselves—an education eminently fitted, not, indeed to form exact or profound thinkers, but to give quickness to the perceptions, delicacy to the taste, fluency to the expression, and politeness to the manners. But this Johnson never considered. An Athenian who did not improve his mind, was, in his opinion, much such a person as a Cockney who made his mark—much such a person as black Frank before he went to school, and far inferior to a parish clerk or a printer's devil.

Johnson, as Mr. Burke most justly observed, appears far greater in Boswell's books than in his own. His conversation appears to

have been quite equal to his writings in matter, and far superior to them in manner. When he talked, he clothed his wit and his sense in forcible and natural expressions. As soon as he took his pen in his hand to write for the public, his style became systematically vicious. All his books are written in a learned language,—in a language which nobody hears from his mother or his nurse,—in a language which nobody ever quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love,—in a language in which nobody ever thinks. It is clear, that Johnson himself did not think in the dialect in which he wrote. The expressions which came first to his tongue were simple, energetic, and picturesque. When he wrote for publication, He did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale, are the original of that work of which the *Journey to the Hebrides* is the translation; and it is amusing to compare the two versions. ‘When we were taken up stairs,’ says he in one of his letters, ‘a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie.’ This incident is recorded in the *Journey* as follows:—‘Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose, started up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge.’ Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. ‘The Rehearsal,’ he said, very unjustly, ‘has not whit enough to keep it sweet;’ then, after a pause, ‘it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.’

Mannerism is pardonable, and sometimes even agreeable, when the manner, though vicious, is natural. Few readers, for example, would be willing to part with the mannerism of Milton or of Burke. But a mannerism which does not sit easy on the mannerist, which has been adopted on principle, and which can be sustained only by constant effort, is always offensive. And such is the mannerism of Johnson.

The characteristic faults of his style are so familiar to all our readers and have been so often burlesqued, that it is almost superfluous to point them out. It is well known that he made less use than any other eminent writer of those strong plain words, Anglo-Saxon or Norman French, of which the roots lie in the utmost depths of our language; and that he felt a vicious partiality for terms which, long after our own speech had been fixed, were borrowed from the Greek and Latin, and which, therefore, even when lawfully naturalized, must be considered as born aliens not entitled to rank with the king’s English. His constant practice of padding out a sentence with useless epithets, till it became as stiff as the bust of an exquisite,—his antithetical forms of expression constantly employed even where there is no opposition in the ideas expressed,—his big words wasted on little things,—his harsh inversions, so widely different from those graceful and easy inversions which give variety, spirit and sweetness, to the expression of our great old writers,—all these peculiarities have been imitated by his admirers, and rodied by his assailants, till the public has become sick of the subject.

Goldsmith said to him, very wittily and very justly, ‘If you were to write a fable about little fishes, doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales.’ No man ever had so little talent for personation as Johnson, whether he wrote in the character of a disappointed legacy hunter, or an empty town fop, of a crazy virtuoso, or a flippant coquette, he wrote in the same pom-

pous and unbending style. His speech, like Sir Piercy Shafton's Euphuistic eloquence, bewrayed him under every disguise, Euphelia and Rhodoclea talk as finely as Inlec the poet, or Seged Emperor of Ethiopia.

We had something more to say. But our article is already too long; and we must close it. We would fain part in good humour from the hero, from the biographer, and even from the editor, who, ill as as he has performed his task, has at least this claim to our gratitude, that he has induced us to read Boswell's book again. As we close it the club-room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent, and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads, which live for ever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall thin form of Langton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick; Gibbon tapping his snuffbox, and Sir Joshua with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is that strange figure which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up,—the gigantic body, the huge massy face, seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the grey wig with the scorched fore-top; the dirty hands, the nails bitten and pared to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the 'Why, sir!' and the 'What then, sir?' and the 'No, sir!' and the 'You don't see your way through the question, sir!'

What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion,—to receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity; to be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries! That kind of fame which is commonly the most transient, is, in his case, the most durable. The reputation of those writings, which he probably expected to be immortal is every day fading; while those peculiarities of manner, and that careless table-talk, the memory of which, he probably thought, would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe.  
—*From a Review of Croker's Life of Johnson—Edin. Review.*

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## MY FIRST DUEL.

“ Snug lying here in the Abbey.—*The Rivals.*”

**T**HERE are some events in the life of a man that make an indelible impression on the mind; events that, amid the varied scenes of love, of war, or ambition, are to the last hour of existence as forcibly impressed on the tablet of memory as at the moment when they were first inscribed there by the hand of fate. Of this nature is our first duel—the recollection of the first time that we stood on the boundary line that separates the civilization of the ancient and modern worlds. There are several kinds of courage, it has often been remarked—all of which, if we take the trouble of metaphysically analysing we shall find are but the consciousness of our own force or skill. The squadron of steel-clad cuirassiers rides gallantly at the square of infantry, heedless of the bristling bayonets, of the kneeling front rank, or the murderous volley of the rear. The sailor, lashed to the helm, looks calmly on the raging tempest. The huntsman in pursuit of game, springs fearlessly across the yawning chasm, or boldly attacks the lion in his lair. Habit and a familiarity with danger, deadens the instinctive dread of death implanted in us by nature; yet the cheek of the bravest man may blanch, and the life's blood curdle in the veins, when he finds himself opposed to an adversary, who, without exaggeration, at twelve paces could wing a musquito. Such was my case when quite a raw and unexperienced youngster, exposed, at the age of sixteen, to one of the most slippery tricks that dame Fortune, in her most wayward humour can play a man. Every one must recollect the rancorous animosity that subsisted between the British and Americans for several years after the termination of war between the two countries. Time has now in some degree softened down this hostile feeling; but in 1819 it blazed fiercely forth at Gibraltar, where a slight misunderstanding at one of the guard-houses led to a succession of bloody, and, in some instances, fatal rencontres, between the garrison and the officers of the American squadron at that time in the bay. Similar scenes were enacted at Madeira though with less fatal results; and, only a few months afterwards when the United States corvette *Ontario*, and the British frigate *Hyperion*, were lying in the bay of Callao de Lima so rancorous a pitch had this feeling risen that the commanders of the two ships came to an understanding to allow their officers to go on shore only on alternate days: and by this timely precaution they prevented a hostile collision, which would in all probability have deprived the services of both countries of some valuable and gallant officers. It was during the heat of this rancorous feeling between the two nations, that I one evening entered a Cafe, in one of the Brazilian outposts, to meet by appointment a friend, from

whom I was to receive some letters of introduction for the interior of the country, for which I was on the eve of my departure. The streets were silent and deserted; the only sound to be heard was the vesper hymn sweetly floating on the evening breeze. On entering the Cafe I found it tenanted by a group of savage-looking *Minheiros* who were drinking and listening to a love-lay, sung with great sweetness to a guitar accompaniment by a mulatto youth; and a party of four American officers, who were going home invalided from their squadron, round the Horn. Forcibly as my attention was arrested by the picturesque costume of the Brazilian mountaineers—one of those dark satanic groups that the spirit of *Salvator* so revelled in delineating—it did not escape me that the subject of discourse with the American party was England, against whose institutions and people, abuse and unmeasured invective were levelled. No man, even of the most cosmopolitan composition, can digest violent strictures on the country of his birth; the language of the Americans jarred violently on my ear, but though it stirred up the ill blood of my nature, I did not exactly think myself called upon to play the *Don Quixote*, and to run a tilt against all those who would choose to asperse the majesty of England. By the young and ardent this feeling, I am aware, may be stigmatized as ignoble; but those whose passions have been mellowed by time and experience will, I think, own the prudence of the line of conduct I pursued.

I therefore took my seat, lighted a cigar, and listened attentively to the beautiful *modinha* sung by the mulatto, there was a plaintive softness in the air, and an exquisite simplicity in the words of the ditty, that told the pangs of unrequited love—

“ *Despois que Martillo partio,  
Partio comelle o prazer—  
Amor que pode, nao quer valer  
Na ha remedio senao morer,*”

that had well nigh allayed the angry feelings that were struggling for mastery in my bosom, when the strictures of the Americans, which had hitherto been levelled at Old England, were directed to me personally, and left me but one—one honourable alternative, “when a man openly insults you,” says my Lord Chesterfield, “knock him down.” If I did not on this occasion follow his Lordship’s advice,, *a la lettre*, I did something which, among *honourable men*, is deemed tantamount to it, and which produced a challenge from one of the party—a demand for satisfaction on the following morning on the plea that their departure was fixed for the succeeding day.—“Gentlemen” said I. “willing as I shall be to give you the satisfaction you require, I doubt my ability to do so at the early hour you have named; for I am a stranger here, and may experience

some difficulty in finding a second among my countrymen, who are quite strangers to me; and are, moreover, established in a country, where the laws of duelling are severe—banishment to the shores of Africa—I must, therefore, defer the rencontre till the evening, not doubting in the mean time to find some one to do me the office I stand in need of.”

A provoking sneer played round the lips of three of the party, and an exclamation of withering contempt was on the point of escaping them, when the fourth, who had hitherto been quietly sipping his sangaree, rose from his chair, and addressed me with great politeness of manner: “I cannot conceal from myself,” were his words, “that this quarrel has been forced upon you, and I regret from the turn it has taken, that there remains nothing but the last appeal; but if as you say you are a stranger here, and are likely to experience any difficulty in finding a second, I will most willingly do you that office: for I can conceive no situation so forlorn so desolate as that of a man in the solitary loneliness of a foreign land without a friend to stand by him in an honourable quarrel.”

The hearty pressure of my out stretched hand must have told him better than words could do, how deeply sensible I was of the service he was about to render me. We parted. The sun had scarcely gilded the balconies of the east when I arose, hurried on my clothes, and having given a few directions to my servant, hastened towards the spot where, on the preceding evening, I had parted from my new friend. It was a beautiful morning, the sun had risen in all the splendour of a tropical clime, and as I moved on through the silent streets, methought the fair face of nature had never looked so beautiful; not a sound was heard, save the solemn peal of the matin bell or the rustling of the silk matilla of some fair beata, as she glided past me to pour forth her morning orisons at the shrine of her patron saint. I at length reached the palace square, and observed my American friend slowly pacing the esplanade of the church St. Maria. He was tall and bony; his blue frock and ample white trowsers hung about him with republican negligence of manner; he wore his shirt collar open; and his long matted dark hair was shadowed by a broad brimmed hat of Chilian straw, white in comparison to the sallow hue of his complexion; his countenance I can never forget; it wore not the open frankness and gallant bearing of the soldier, but there was an expression of enthusiasm of a cool, determined cast, a stern intrepidity; and, as he stretched out his hand to welcome me, and fixed his large black eye on me with a concentrated gaze that seemed to read my thoughts, it struck me that I beheld the beau ideal of a duellist.

We moved on, each of us wrapped in his own meditation, when on clearing the city, he at length broke the silence that had pre-

vailed by asking me if I had ever been out before? On my answering the question in the negative. "I supposed as much," he continued. "At your age one has seldom drawn a trigger but on a hare or partridge: remember, therefore, to follow the implicit instructions I shall give you in placing you on the ground; and take this cigar," he added, handing me one from his case: "it is a powerful stimulant, and quickens the circulation of the blood."

We had by this time reached the field of action, and discovered my adversary, his second, and a medical attendant, smoking their cigars beneath the shade of a cluster of cocoa-nut trees, that stood in loneliness in the middle of the valley. They arose on our approach, saluted me sternly, and interchanged friendly greetings with my companion. "You will, of course," observed my adversary's friend, "have no objection to sixteen paces."—"As the challenged party we have the right of choosing our own distance," rejoined my second; "say therefore twelve paces instead of sixteen, *and the firing down.*"—"Twelve paces," I repeated to myself: "can he be playing me false?" But I did him injustice, for to this arrangement I owe to all human certainty my life.

The ground was measured. My second placed me with my back to the sun—a disposition that brought his rays right on my opponent's line of sight. The seconds retired to load. The ramming down of the balls grated with portentous effect upon my ear. All being ready, my second, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, bound one end of it tightly round my right hand, and measuring the length of my arm, which he marked by a knot brought it across the back over the left shoulder, where the knot was tightly grasped by the left hand. "Now, then" he said, on putting the pistol in my hand, "be cool! When the signal is given, let your arm steadily fall, till you find it brought up by the handkerchief, and then fire!" The appointed signal was given; both fired at nearly the same moment as possible, but with unequal success. My adversary's bullet passed through my hat; mine was more unerring in its aim—he reeled, and fell. My first impulse was to rush towards him, but I was arrested in my course by my second, who stood close beside me. "Remain where you are, sir," said he, "he may yet stand another shot." This was not, however, the case—the ball had entered the shoulder; and as the wounded man lay weltering in his blood, he said with a look of reproach to my companion—"B—n, this is all your doing." We conveyed him to a neighbouring hut, till the shades of the evening allowed us to convey him on board his ship. As we walked off the ground, my companion said to me, "You doubtless wondered why I rather placed you at twelve than sixteen paces. Know, then, that, at the latter distance, your adversary was a dead shot. At twelve, it occurred to me that he might by

chance fire over you, that unaccustomed to that distance, he might not correctly allow for the parabola described by the ball on leaving the pistol—the result,” he added, with a smile, “has proved that my calculation was correct. Had you, too,” he added “allowed your arm to have fallen with greater force, the shot would have taken effect lower, and might have proved fatal. But I must not find fault with you, as it was your first essay.”

On the following morning my generous friend—my preserver, in fact—and my wounded adversary, with his friends, sailed for the States. I have never seen them since, or even heard of them save a few short lines sent me by a vessel that spoke at sea, to inform me that the wounded man was doing well.

I have often reflected on the high-toned, generous feeling that entered so deeply into the peculiarity of my situation; the high resolve that, once pledged, sternly devoted itself to carry me through, indifferent to the ties of country and of friendship, I am ignorant if he yet walks this earth. But this I know, had I gone into the field with any one else, I should now be sleeping beneath the white walls of the English cemetery at R——.

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## THE POWER OF RUSSIA.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

So all this gallant blood hath gush'd in vain!  
 And Poland, by the Northern Condor's beak  
 And talons torn, lies prostrated again.  
 O, British Patriots, that were wont to speak  
 Once loudly on this theme, now hush'd or meek!  
 O, heartless men of Europe—Goth and Gaul!  
 Cold, adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek,—  
 That saw the world's last land of heroes fall!  
 The brand of burning shame is on you all—all—all!

But this is not the drama's closing act;  
 Its tragic curtain must uprise anew,  
 Nations, mute accessaries to the fact,  
 That Upas-tree of power, whose fostering dew  
 Was Polish blood has yet to cast o'er you  
 The lengthening shadow of its head elate—  
 A deadly shadow, darkening Nature's hue.  
 To all that's hallow'd, righteous, pure, and great,  
 Wo! wo! when they are reach'd by Russia's withering hate.

Russia, that on his throne of adamant,  
 Consults what nation's breast shall next be gored:  
 He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant  
 His standard fresh; and horde succeeding horde,  
 On patriots tombstones he will whet the sword,  
 For more stupendous slaughters of the free.  
 Then Europe's realms, when their best blood is pour'd,  
 Shall miss thee, Poland, as they bend the knee,  
 All—all in grief, but none in glory likening thee.

Why smote ye not the Giant whilst he reel'd?  
 O fair occasion, gone for ever by!  
 To have lock'd his lances in their northern field,  
 Innocuous as the phantom chivalry  
 That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky!  
 Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land  
 Once Poland; build thy bristling castles high;  
 Dig dungeons deep; for Poland's wrested brand  
 Is now a weapon new to widen thy command—

An awful width! Norwegian woods shall build  
 His fleets; the Swede his vassal, and the Dane;  
 The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be till'd  
 To feed his dazzling desolating train,  
 Camp'd, sunless, 'twixt the Black and Baltic main,  
 Brute hosts, I own; but Sparta could not write,  
 And Rome, half-barbarous, bound Achaia's chain:  
 So Russia's spirit, 'midst Slavonic night,  
 Burns with a fire more dread than all your polish'd light.

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen say)  
 Are crude and too colossal to cohere,  
 O lamentable weakness! reckoning weak!  
 The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year.  
 What implement lacks he for war's career,  
 That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,  
 (Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere)  
 Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,  
 And India's homage waits when Albion's star declines.

But time will teach the Russ, ev'n conquering war  
 Has handmaid arts: aye, aye, the Russ will woo  
 All sciences that speed Bellona's car,  
 All murder's tactic arts, and win them too;  
 But never holier Muses shall imbue  
 His breast, that's made of nature's basest clay;  
 The sabre, knout, and dungeon's vapour blue,  
 His laws and ethics: far from him away  
 Are all the lovely Nine, that breathe but freedom's day.

Say, ev'n his serfs, half-humanized, should learn  
Their human rights—will Mars put out his flame  
In Russian bosoms? no, he'll bid them burn  
A thousand years for dazzling martial fame,  
Like Romans: yet forgive me, Roman name!  
Rome could impart what Rus-sia never can;  
Proud civic rights to salve submission's shame.  
Our strife is coming! but in freedom's van,  
The Polish eagle's fall is big with fate to man.

Proud bird of old! Mahommed's noon recoil'd  
Before thy swoop: had we been timely bold,  
That swoop still free had stunn'd the Russ, and foil'd  
Earth's new oppressors, as it foil'd her old.  
Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold:  
And colder still Polonia's children find  
The sympathetic hands that we outhold.  
But, Poles, when we are gone, the world will mind,  
Ye bore the brunt of fate, and bled for humankind.

So hallow'dly have ye fulfill'd your part,  
My pride repudiates ev' a the sigh that blends  
With Poland's name—name written on my heart.  
My heroes my grief-consecrated friends!  
Your sorrow, in nobility, transcends  
Your conqueror's joy: his cheek may blush; but shame  
Can tinge not yours, though exile's tear descends;  
Nor would ye change your conscience, cause, and name,  
For his, with all his wealth, and all his felon fame.

Thee, Niemciewitz,\* whose song of stirring power  
The Czar forbids to sound in Polish lands;  
Thee, Czartoryski, in the banish'd bower,  
The patricide, who in thy palace stands,  
May envy; proudly may Polonia's bands  
Throw down their swords at Europe's feet in scorn,  
Saying—"Russia, from the metal of these brauds  
Shall forge the fetters of your sons unborn;  
Our setting star is your misfortune's rising morn."

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\*This venerable man, the most popular and influential of Polish poets, the President of the Academy of Warsaw, is now in London; he is seventy four years old; but his noble spirit is rather mellowed than decayed by age. He was the friend of Fox, Kosciusko, and Washington. Rich in anecdote like Franlin, he has also a striking resemblance to him in countenance.

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[The following little sketch from the *Comic Offering* for 1832, contains an admirable picture of vulgar pride, and a severe rebuke to the little-great who practise it.]

### THE MAN WHO CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLE.

IN the dullest part of the dullest county in England, is situated the little demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of—bless me!—I was almost betrayed by the mere force of habit into the imprudence of calling it by its name—

Once upon a time there happened to the said little town, a very dull bathing season—every town on the coast beside was full of company; bathers, walkers, donkey-riders, saunterers and pebble-gatherers, yet the luckless town of—was comparatively empty. Huge placards with ‘Lodgings to let’ stared every body in the face, from every window in every direction. Things of course were very flat, all ranks of people were malcontent. The shopkeepers were croaking, the proprietors of lodging houses in despair; and the few visitors who had ventured thither in hopes of making pleasant acquaintances and dissipating their dullness were sick of *ennui*. As for that class of incurables, the resident inhabitants, they, for want of better amusement, applied themselves with redoubled ardour to their favourite winter recreations of cards, and the most inveterate scandal of each other.

In this state of utter stagnation were affairs at ——— when, one very hot day in the middle of August, a stranger was seen to enter that worthy town-corporate. In the dearth of any thing in the news or variety which was felt so sensibly at ——— the arrival of a stranger would have been considered a seasonable mercy, could he have been approached without the direful risk of contaminating gentility by bringing it in contact with something beneath it.—But this stranger entered the town in so questionable a shape, that the very fourth and fifth castes in ——— stood aloof, holding themselves a peg above him. Even the shop-keepers, mantau-makers, and waiters at the taverns felt their noses curl up intuitively at him. The groups of loiterers collected at the doors of the inns, passed contemptuous comments on him as he pursued his way, and the few fashionables that were to be seen in the streets cast supercilious glances of careless superiority upon him, for he was on foot and alone, attired in a coat, waistcoat, and in short, a whole suit, of that sort of mixed cloth called pepper-and-salt colored, with a black silk handkerchief tied about his neck in a nautical style; he wore huge sea boots pulled over his knees, and to complete the picture, carried a large bundle in a red silk handkerchief at the end of a stout oaken cudgel over his shoulder.

Such was his dress: yet to close observers of character there was something wholly out of the common way about the lonely pedes-

trian. There was an expression of cool determined courage in his large grey eyes, that whatever might be the prevailing sentiments of the community towards him, few would have been bold enough to offer him actual insult, even if he had not grasped so substantial a weapon of offence and defence as the abovementioned stout oaken cudgel in a hand that betokened such weight of bone and power of muscle.

"I'll warrant me Jack that 'ere fist of his would prove a knock-me down argument," said a sailor to one of his shipmates who was intently surveying the stranger.

"Ey, ey, my lad, make yourself sure of that," replied Jack, between whom and the stranger a singular look of recognition had been exchanged, *en passant*.

"He's a rum sort of fish, howsomever," rejoined the first speaker, "and I wender what wind cast him on this shore; he dont look like a landsman, for all his pepper and-salt-gear. Mayhap you know somewhat about him, Jack?"

"Mayhap I do," replied Jack, pursing up his mouth with a look of importance; "but I han't sailed so many years in the King's service without learning to keep my own counsel—aye, or another's too, on occasion!"

"I'd wager, then, this odd genus is some rascally smuggler that you have fallen alongside of, who has given you a gallon of Dutch gin to bribe you to be mum, when you see him—and I would'nt mind betting a pint that that 'ere bundle of his is full of Injee handkerchers that he has runned ashore, and has now to sell. I'll just step up, and ask him for the first sight of em, for I wants a good un."

"I'd advise you, Ben, my boy, to take another observation of his fist, before you go to crack your jokes on him!" said Jack; and Ben having done so, wisely determined on keeping his distance.

There certainly was a characteristic something in the stranger, from the tie of his handkerchief to the slight roll in his gait, that savoured of a seafaring life. Even his way of setting on his hat had not the look of a landsman. The art of sturdy independence with which he shouldered his bundle, and trudged along, showed that he considered the opinions of the bystanders as a matter of perfect indifference. Yet there was that about him which forcibly arrested the attention of every one; people who would not own to themselves that they thought him worth looking at once, nevertheless turned round to look at him again.

The first step he took was to search for lodgings; but these though readily found, were not so easily obtained. It was in vain that he applied to the proprietors of every lodging-house; it seemed as though he carried a bill of exclusion in his face; people shut their doors on his approach, and from the genteel marine villa to the most paltry cabin, he could not find a roof

that would afford shelter to him and his bundle. The innkeepers were equally inexorable, and it appeared doubtful whether he would be permitted to rest the sole of his foot in the hospitable town of —.

Our pedestrian might have despaired even of obtaining a night's lodging in a place where the tide of popular opinion seemed to set so dead against him, but he was no sentimental novice; he had passed the meridian of life, and was too well acquainted with mankind not to know that while he could call to his aid a few of those potent little magicians called sovereigns (and most despotic sovereigns they are) he could ensure himself any thing he pleased in the little corporation. In fact, the prudential doubts of its inhabitants, as to the probability of his carrying any metal of that shape and colour in the queerly cut pockets of his thread-bare pepper-and-salts, was the whole and sole cause of his cool reception.

The witness of a sovereign, to which the stranger as a last resort appealed, procured him a supper and bed, and all things needful for rest and refreshment, at a small public house, whose crazy little creaking sign promised to travellers 'Good entertainment for man and horse.'

The next morning, being disincumbered of the unpopular bundle at the end of that oken cudgel which he still either grasped or flourished in a most nautical fashion, he entered the reading room.

"It is no use putting down your name, sir, for you cannot be admitted here;" was the answer he received from the pert superindendant of this place of fashionable resort.

"Not on my paying the usual terms of subscription?" demanded the stranger.

"No, sir, we cannot admit persons of your description on any terms, sir."

"Persons of my description?" repeated the stranger, most emphatically grasping his trusty cudgel, "and pray, sir, of what description do you suppose me to be?"

The Jack in office surveyed the sturdy stranger with a look in which contempt and alarm were oddly blended, as he replied—

"Can't exactly say, sir, but I am sure none of our subscribers would choose to associate with you."

"How do you know that, you saucy Jackanapes?" said the stranger, becoming a little choleric.

"Why, sir, because, sir, we make a point of being very select, sir, and never on no account admit persons of your description."

"But, it seems, you do not know of what description I am."

"Why, sir, no one can expect to keep these sort of things secret."

"What, then, is it whispered about who I am?"

"Whispered! Lord, sir, it was in every body's mouth before breakfast?"

"And what does that important personage, every body, say?"

"Oh, sir, that you are a broken down miller hiding from his creditors." And here he cast a shrewd glance on the thread-bare pepper-and-salts of the stranger. The stranger regarded him for a moment, with a comic expression on his features, made him a profound bow, and walked off.

Not a whit humbled by this repulse, the stranger repaired to the place of general promenade, and took possession of a vacant place at the end of one of the benches, on which were seated two or three of these important people who had from time immemorial, invested themselves with the dignity of the head persons in the place. It is hardly possible to suppose such people would condescend to exchange a few remarks with a stranger of whom the only particulars known were, that he trudged into town carrying his own bundle, wore a thread bare suit of pepper-and-salts, and slept at the Golden Lion.

These worthies did not allow him time to make their acquaintance, but with an air as if they dreaded infection, they rose and departed. Not the least discomposed by the distaste the great men of little ——— evinced for his society, the stranger proceeded to make himself as much at home on the bench as if it had been his inheritance. He drew from his pocket a box with an apparatus for igniting a match, lighted a cigar, and smoked for some time with great apparent relish.

At length perceiving a new set of loungers on the promenade, he hastily dispatched his cigar, and approaching one of the other benches, addressed a few courteous though trifling observations to its occupants, three ladies and a gentleman; but had his remarks been either of a blasphemous or indelicate nature, they could not have been received with a greater appearance of consternation by the ladies, who rose alarmed at the liberty the pepper-and-salt colored man had taken, while the gentleman observed with a most aristocratic demeanor, that he laboured under a mistake in addressing those ladies.

"Sir," said the stranger, "you are right: I took you for persons of politeness and benevolence. Discovering my error, I crave your pardon, and retire."

Although any reasonable person might have been satisfied from these specimens of the inhabitants of ——— that it was no spot for a friendly unknown individual to pitch his tent in, still 'the man who carried his own bundle' persevered in his endeavours to find some liberal minded person therein.—Yet, from the highest to the lowest, a general feeling of suspicion seemed to pervade the bosom of all, and the luckless stranger resided in the town a whole week without finding a single exception. Nay, worse reports still than being a bankrupt miller got afloat.

His hostess of the Golden Lion served up these on dits with all their variations and accompaniment to her guest at his meals,

protesting in the true tone of all dealers in such matters, her total disbelief of every thing that was said to the prejudice of her guest—a guest, who shewed so much good taste to prefer her house, and sufficient honesty to pay every thing before he consumed it—which to be sure she prudently added, was the way in which business was always carried on at the Golden Lion.

“ I wonder, then, Mrs. Pagan that you should do so unhand-some a thing by Jack Smith, Tom Balls, and some dozen other of your customers, as to chalk up such enormous scores against them as these,” said the stranger, drily, pointing with his oak stick to the hieroglyphics, with which the bar was graced.

“ Why, sir, to be sure, these be all ’sponsible persons,” stammered Betty Pagan. Her guest muttered to himself as he passed into the street—

“ Rather hard that my credit should be worse than that of Jack Smith, and Tom Balls, and the rest of Betty Pagan’s customers. Faith, I must be a most suspicious looking fellow! To be sure, reports like these are of a nature to give a death-blow to my vanity, if that were a failing to be cured by mortification. I am an ugly dog I am aware, but I did not know that my phiz was ill-looking enough to indicate an old smuggler, a broken-down miller (but for that the pepper-and-salts may be thanked,) a fraudulent bankrupt, hiding from his creditors, a returned convict, and a man who, having married three wives, has run away from them all!”

The habitual good temper, and light-hearted gaiety of the stranger was ruffled; and there was a compression on his brow, and an angry glow on his cheek, as he entered that notorious gossip shop, the Post Office. The mail had just arrived, and the letters having been sorted, were delivered to their respective claimants. But there was one letter that had not been claimed, which excited general curiosity.

According to invariable diurnal custom, all the towns-people who had nothing to do, were assembled in or near the Post Office—those who expected letters, to receive them, and those who did not, to take note of the epistles directed to their neighbours, and obtain, if possible, some clue whereby to guess their contents—either from observations of hands, or seals, or happily from the expression of the countenances of the recipients, or some hint or exclamation during perusal.

The unclaimed letter was of a most tempting appearance, sealed, with a coronet—to the Right Hon. Admiral Lord A— B— and franked by the Duke of A—. Many were the surmises offered on the subject. Could it be possible that a man of his high rank meant to honour them with his presence for the season? But then he had not engaged lodgings. No matter, there were plenty disengaged. The most noble duke evidently supposed that his uncle was actually there, and it was impossible for so great a man to make a mistake. Lord A— B— would

doubtless arrive that day with his suite. It would be the salvation of the town for the season to be able to announce such an arrival in the country papers—the presence of my Lord, was perhaps a prognostic of a visit from the duke and the mighty duchess.

All present were impressed with the necessity of calling an immediate town meeting, to propose presenting him with the freedom of the town, in a gilt box, which doubtless his Lordship would be polite enough to take for gold. During the discussion, in which by this time the whole town was engaged, there were some whose curiosity to know the contents of this important epistle was so great, as to betray them into the endeavour of forestalling Lord A—— B—— in reading all that was come-at-able in his letter; but the envelope was folded so as to baffle the most expert in the art of round-readings.

How far the ardour of making discoveries would have carried some of them I am not prepared to say—perhaps it might have led to felonious attempts on the sanctity of the ducal seal and frank, had not the stranger (who had remained an unnoticed listener in the crowd, and had quietly seen the letter passing from hand to hand through a large circle) now stepped into the midst, and making a low bow, said—“Gentlemen, when you have amused yourselves sufficiently with that letter, I will thank you to hand it over to me its rightful owner.”

“To you !” exclaimed the whole town and corporation in a single breath, looking unutterable things, at the thread-bare pepper-and-salt, of the independent individual before them. “We are surprised at your impudence in demanding this letter, which is franked and sealed by the Duke of A——, and addressed to Admiral Lord A—— B——.”

“I am he, gentlemen,” returned the stranger, making a sarcastic obeisance all round. “I see you do not think that the son of a duke can wear such a coat, and carry his own bundle on occasion. However, I see one within hail who can witness to my identity. Here, you Jack Brace-yard, have you forgotten your old commander ?”

“Forgotten your honour ! No, no, my lord,” exclaimed Jack, springing into the midst of the circle. “I knew your noble lordship the moment I seed you ; but I remember your honour’s humour too well to spoil sport by saluting, when you thought fit to hoist foreign colours.”

“Jack, you are an honest fellow ! and here’s a sovereign to drink my health, for we have weathered many a hard gale together, and here’s another for keeping my secret, old heart of oak.

And now, gentlemen,” continued Lord A—— B——, “if you are not yet satisfied that the letter belongs to me, here are, I trust, sufficient proofs !” as he spoke he produced from his pocket book a bundle of letters, bearing the same superscription.

The post master immediately handed him the letter, and began

a string of the most elaborate apologies, which his lordship did not stay to listen to, but walked back to the Golden Lion, leaving the assembled population of ——— mute with consternation.

That afternoon the whole corporation, sensible too late of their error, waited in a body on Lord A—— B—— to apologize for their mistake and entreat him to honour the town with his presence during the remainder of the season.

Lord A—— B—— was busily employed in tying up his bundle when the deputation entered, and he continued to adjust it all the time they were speaking. When they concluded, having tightened the last knot, he replied as follows:

“Gentlemen, I entered your town with every intention of thinking well of its inhabitants. But you will say that I came in a shabby coat carrying my own bundle—and took up my quarters at a paltry alehouse. Upon my word it was the only place where you would give me admittance ! Your reception of me would have been very different had I arrived in my carriage. Gentlemen, I doubt it not, my rank, fortune, equipage will procure respect any where from people of your way of thinking. But gentlemen, I am an odd fellow, as you see, and sometimes try whether I can obtain it without these adventitious distinctions; and the manner in which you treated me, while I appeared among you in the light of a poor and most inoffensive stranger, has convinced me of my error in looking for liberality of construction here. And now gentlemen, I must inform you that I estimate your polite attention at the same value that I did your contempt, and that I would not spend another night in your town if you would give it to me for nothing;’ and so I wish you a very good morning.”

As his lordship concluded, he attached his red bundle to the end of his bludgeon, and shouldering it, with a droll look at the discomfited corporation, he trudged out of the town with the same sturdy air of independance that he had trudged in.

The sagacious town and corporation remained thunderstruck with the adventure. However their conduct in the affair had been too unanimous to admit of their recriminating on each other the blame of this unlucky mistake; so they came to the wise resolution of making the best of a bad business, and digesting the bitter rebuke as well as they might; moreover they determined that their town should not loose the credit of a visit from so distinguished a personage, and duly announced in the country papers Lord A—— B——’s arrival and departure from the town of ———.

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## THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY, OF HARTFORD, CONN.

[The following Poem has obtained the premium of fifty dollars, offered by  
 the Albany Literary Gaz.]

A'MID those forest shades that proudly rear'd  
 Their unshorn beauty toward the favouring skies,  
 An axe rang sharply. There, with vigorous arm  
 Wrought a bold emigrant, while by his side  
 His little son with question and response  
 Beguiled the toil.

“ Boy, thou hast never seen  
 Such glorious trees, and when their giant trunks  
 Fall, how the firm earth groans. Rememberest thou  
 The mighty river on whose breast we sail'd  
 So many days on toward the setting sun?  
 Compared to that, our own Connecticut  
 Is but a creeping stream.”

“ Father, the brook  
 That by our door went sing'ing, when I launch'd  
 My tiny boat with all the sportive boys,  
 When school was o'er, is dearer far to me  
 Than all these deep broad waters. To my eye  
 They are as strangers. And those little trees  
 My mother plant'd in the garden bound  
 Of our first home, from whence the fragrant peach  
 Fell in its ripening gold, were fairer sure  
 Than this dark forest shutting out the day.”

“ What, ho! my little girl,”—and with light steps  
 A fairy creature hasted toward her sire,  
 And setting down the basket that contain'd  
 The noon's repast, look'd upward to his face  
 With sweet, confiding smile.

“ See, dearest, see  
 Yon bright-wing'd parroquet, and hear the song  
 Of the gay red-bird echoing through the trees  
 Making rich music. Did'st thou ever hear  
 In far New England such a mellow tone?”

“ I had a robin that did take the crumbs  
 Each night and morning, and his chirping voice  
 Did make me joyful, as I went to tend  
 My snow-drops. I was always laughing there,  
 In that first home. I should be happier now  
 Methinks, if I could find among these dells  
 The same fresh violets.”

Slow night drew on,  
 And round the rude hut of the Emigrant,  
 The wrathful spirit of the autumn storm  
 Spake bitter things. His wearied children slept,  
 And he, with head declin'd, sat listening long  
 To the swoln waters of the Illinois.  
 Dashing against their shores. Starting, he spake—

“Wife!—did I see thee brush away a tear?—  
 Say, was it so?—Thy heart was with the halls  
 Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,  
 Carpets and sofas, and admiring guests,  
 Befit thee better than these rugged walls  
 Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit-home.”

—“No—no”—All was so still around, methought,  
 Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal  
 Which' mid the church where erst we paid our vows  
 So tuneful peal'd. But tenderly thy voice  
 Dissolv'd the illusion:”—and the gentle smile  
 Lighting her brow,—the fond caress that sooth'd  
 Her waking infant, reassur'd his soul  
 That wheresoe'er the pure affections dwell  
 And strike a healthful root, is happiness.

—Placid and grateful, to his rest he sank,—  
 But dreams, those wild magicians, which do play  
 Such pranks when reason slumbers, tireless wrought  
 Their will with him. Up rose the busy mart  
 Of his own native city,—roof and spire  
 All glittering bright, in Fancy's frost-work ray.  
 Forth came remember'd forms—with curving neck  
 The steed his boyhood nurtur'd proudly neigh'd—  
 The favourite dog, exulting round his feet,  
 Frisk'd with shrill, joyous bark—familiar doors  
 Flew open—greeting hands with his were link'd  
 In Friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate  
 From congregated haunts, where mind with mind  
 Doth blend and brighten—and till morning—rov'd  
 'Mid the lov'd scenery of his father-land.

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## Miscellaneous—Scientific, &c.

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[We intend appropriating certain pages monthly to scientific and other notices, as appear below; and will insert with pleasure original communications suited to this department. The space thus appropriated might be turned to useful account by the members of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, as a vehicle by which to make enquiries, and convey information, connected with the Arts and Sciences, and Literature in general.]

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### SCIENTIFIC VOYAGE.

THE only voyage of this nature now in progress under the auspices of the British government, is that of H. M. S. Beagle, Captain R. Fitzroy, which vessel has just sailed from Plymouth. After touching, as usual, at Madeira, the Beagle will commence her scientific operations on the coast of Patagonia, at the Rio Negro, and examine the coasts so far as the southern part of the Gulf of St. George, at which place the late surveys of Captain King, in the adventure, began. There are many points on this coast, particularly to the southward of the Rio Negro, which are laid down at random, having never been closely examined. The Falkland Islands form also an important point for survey; these, with the exception of the eastern islands, never have been thoroughly examined. The exterior coasts of the archipelago of Tierra del Fuego, and the shores of the principal channels, will employ the officers of the Beagle considerable time, as well as the dangerous coast of the continent in the Pacific Ocean to the southward of Chiloe, which is rendered more so from its boisterous climate, and exposure to the south-west gales.

The most interesting part of the Beagle's survey will be among the coral Islands of the Pacific Ocean, which afford many points for investigation of a scientific nature beyond the mere occupation of the surveyor. The attention of Captain Fitzroy and his officers will be directed to many useful inquiries respecting these Islands, and the hypothesis of their being formed on submarine volcanoes will be put to the test. The lagoons, which are invariably formed by the coral ridge, will be minutely examined; and the surveys of them will form, with those of Captain Beechey in his late voyage, the basis of comparison with others at a future period, by which the progress of the islands will be readily detected. In her course through the Polynesian Archipelago, the Beagle will visit and ascertain the positions of many islands which are doubtful; and others, whose existence is also uncertain, will either be correctly laid down or expunged from the charts. The coast of New South Wales will

most probably be visited; and in the progress towards Torres Straite inside the Barrier Reefs on that coast, the position of several doubtful points, essential to navigators, will be ascertained; after which the *Beagle* is expected to return by the Cape of Good Hope to England.

The *Beagle* has been fitted and supplied with every thing necessary to the forwarding of a voyage of so much interest and importance; and efforts of government towards completing her have been well seconded by her Commander, who has spared neither cost nor labour to qualify himself for collecting every species of useful information. Captain Fitzroy has embarked draftsmen at his own expense, from whose knowledge and abilities, as well as those of his officers and his own, in various departments of natural history, a rich harvest may be expected. The internal arrangements of the *Beagle* have been planned and completed under the direction of Captain Fitzroy. The experience of the Commander while on the same service with Captain King, afforded him much advantage in this respect; and, in consequence, the *Beagle* after being almost rebuilt from the water's edge, and having new deck, new cabins, and fittings of every description, can stow away more stores of all sorts that she could on her former voyage. Even in the single but important article of water, twenty-three tons are now stowed away, where eighteen only could be carried formerly. On a service like that on which the *Beagle* is employed, these are important advantages. The boats have been constructed purposely for this ship; and Captain Fitzroy has been fortunate in obtaining some valuable officers and a choice crew. We know of no one more deserving of them.

In the scientific department Captain Fitzroy is equally well provided. Astronomical, and various other instruments, for the purpose of obtaining latitude and longitude, variation, dip, &c. and observing atmospherical and other phenomena, have been supplied to the *Beagle*, together with a number of the best chronometers that have ever been sent out of England. With these latter is a machine invented by Mr. Dent, late partner with the celebrated chronometer-maker, Mr. Arnold. The use of this machine is to carry the time shown by one chronometer, to another in any other place, forming a means of comparison between the two, without disturbing or removing either,—a point most desirable where many chronometers are used. Before the invention of this machine a common watch was generally employed, which, in long intervals of time was not to be depended on. Of these machines Mr. Dent has yet only made four, one of which is used at the Royal Observatory, and the rest at other Observatories abroad; but we are quite sure that they only require to be known in order to be fully appreciated by those who are employed in astronomical pursuits. The steering

compasses, supplied to the *Beagle* are the very best of Mr. Stebbing's construction.

Commander Fitzroy while employed in the same vessel in the late survey of a part of these coasts with Captain King in the *Adventure*, took on board three natives of *Tierra del Fuego*, a race of people totally different in their habits and manners from the Patagonians their near neighbours. They accompanied him to England, and are now on their return with him to their native land, with advantages over their countrymen which will, no doubt, occasion much astonishment. The present expedition of the *Beagle* is already remarkable, from the moderate number of persons employed in it, as well as the extent of service contemplated; the fruits of it will, we trust, be equally so, from their variety and importance.

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### ON THE NUTMEG TREE.

In the first place, it should be observed, that in the propagation of the Nutmeg plant, a shady and well sheltered situation is absolutely necessary, and, where it can possibly be obtained, the advantage also of a rill of water, for the purpose of frequent irrigation.—The shade of trees of large growth, which admit of a free circulation of air to the nutmeg plant, are the best for that purpose.

These advantages being secured, but little difficulty remains in cultivating this valuable spice with success, care being taken that, after the young plants are established, the roots are never again disturbed by weeding or digging around them, as the fibres run so near the surface of the ground, that the tree is liable to be destroyed by want of attention in this respect.—The advantage of frequent irrigation, in dry situations particularly, will be obvious, from the thick foliage of the tree, as it advances in growth, preventing rain penetrating to its roots. Care, also, should be taken that the branches are not broken or cut, as this not only destroys the natural and uniform beauty of the tree, but increases the growth of superfluous shoots.

The most successful (and, indeed, the only properly authenticated) method of propagating this plant, is from the seed, which it yields abundantly, at almost all seasons; and which being planted, when perfectly ripe, a few days after it is taken from the tree, will grow in about three months, if placed in a light and good soil, about two inches deep, and afterwards kept moist, but protected from the heat of the Sun and heavy rains. With the advantage of such attention, this plant has flowered here, in the Botanic Garden, at the age of 33 months, but a longer period is generally required to produce flowers; after which, the fruit of the bearing trees arrives at maturity in about eight months, and they continue to bear constantly.—*St. Vincent Almanack.*

[In a former number we gave an extract from Audubon's Journal, and noticed his commencing a new Tour in search of scientific objects; the following is in reference to this Journey. It may be recollected that this indefatigable traveller has a work on Ornithology in the British Press, which for splendor and information will far exceed any thing previously published on the subject.]

### AUDUBON'S SCIENTIFIC JOURNEY.

WE are obliged to the kind friend, who has followed our example so far as to give us the subjoined extracts of a letter from that distinguished traveller and naturalist, J. J. Audubon. The great interest evinced in his success by the scientific, will make all communications from him acceptable. The letter now quoted was written immediately on his return to St. Augustine, E. Florida, after a tour of 100 miles into the interior of that peninsula. His distant friends will be glad to hear of the continued success of his splendid work, "The Birds of America," which was advancing rapidly towards completion, as we are informed by recent advices from Europe. In our own country, also the importance of his great undertaking begins to be justly appreciated. Twelve copies of the work, which arrived subsequently to Mr. A's. last visit to Philadelphia have already been subscribed for in the U. States, including two copies by the Legislature of Louisiana, and one copy by the Legislature of South Carolina. It is not improbable, and certainly not too much to expect that this brilliant example, so liberally advanced by the Legislative bodies of Louisiana and South Carolina, will eventually be followed by such assemblies in every state in the Union. More than this has already been accomplished by the public libraries and institutions of Great Britain.—Since his departure from this city, Mr. Audubon has procured in Carolina and Florida several hundred specimens of birds, including some new species; and has added twenty or thirty drawings to his port Folio.  
—*Phil. Gaz.*

St. Augustine, Jan. 19, 1832.

— "I have just returned from the head waters of the river St. John, in consequence of my having received a kind and flattering letter from Louis M'Lane, Esq. Secretary of the Treasury Department, which enables me to be received on board the vessels of war on the different stations surrounding this peninsula. \* \* \* I have traversed much of this country since my absence and regret to say that it is poor, beyond any idea to be conveyed in a communication of this nature. I hope very soon to forward you some shells and other objects of natural history, from the lakes, rivers and lagoons of this extraordinary country, together with a journal of my travels. Since I wrote to you last, I have discovered, shot and drawn a new Ibis, and have named it *Tanta lu fus cus*.—

My next movements are as follow.—I leave this place on board the U. S. schr. Shark, Lt. Comd. Pearey, as soon as the wind will permit; sail round to the river St. Johns, in order to ascend it as far as practicable; return to Pensacola in about 5 weeks sail to Charlestown to refit; return here in about a fortnight to follow the brooks, &c. of the coast as far as Cape Sable, making occasional incursions into the country—it is of little consequence what part we visit, so that I obtain plenty of birds, plants, shells, fishes, and quadrupeds. I have discovered three different new species of Heath, one bearing a yellow blossom, the two others a red and purple one;—also, a beautiful new *Kelania*, and several extraordinary parasitical plants, bearing some resemblance to pine apple plant, growing on the eastern side of the cyprus tree in swamps, about six or ten feet above water. I possess specimens of all these in abundance, which shall be forwarded to you when I reach Charlestown. \* \* During my late excursion I almost became an amphibious being—spending the most of my days in the water, and by night pitching my tent on the barren sands.—Whilst I remained at spring garden, the alligators were yet in full life; the white headed eagles setting, the smaller resident birds pairing;—and strange to say, the warblers which migrate, moving eastwardly every warm day, and returning every cold day,—a curious circumstance, tending to illustrate certain principles in natural economy, to which I shall again allude on a more appropriate occasion.

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### CROMATOMETER.

A VERY simple and ingenious instrument, bearing the above name, has been recently brought to perfection by Mr. T. F. MOLT, Music Master of Quebec. It is intended to assist persons in tuning the Piano, Harp, Guitar or other similar stringed instruments, which by its aid they are enabled to do with much greater accuracy and in a far shorter time than is required by the ordinary method. The properties of the Chromatometer are thus described by the inventor—“The chief difficulty in tuning a piano, consists in tuning the thirteen intervals in one octave, because this is done by an extremely delicate progression through fifths and thirds; but supposing that persons have acquired the facility of forming such intervals as fifths and thirds, it must again be observed that there is a nearly imperceptible modification to be established in them, some of them exceeding, a little, the compass of a fifth, others being perfect, and others again a little less than perfect, and to effect this modification requires a talent with which few are gifted. The Chromatometer does away with all these difficulties; the ear has to create no interval, it receives the intonation from the instrument, and it will thus be an easy matter for an amateur to tune a piano, if not

at the very first trial, at least, after a second or third attempt, because it only remains to form unisons, and this is easy enough, as the ear naturally and strongly, protests against all that is incorrect in them."

Mr. Molt has tuned a Piano, in our possession, to the scale of his Chromatometer and given it a much finer tone and more perfect unison than it had yet received, though it has before been under his hand. Amongst the recommendations of this instrument are, the small space it occupies, the facility with which it is kept in order and the perfect simplicity of its construction, to which may be added that it is not only a safe guide to the ear in tuning instruments but is an equally correct regulator of the voice, and therefore particularly useful to those who have not a piano, harp, &c.

Mr. Molt has secured the patent right in this Province, and is applying for a similar privilege in the United States; we therefore abstain from giving a description of the construction of the Chromatometer, as it would enable any musician, with a little mechanical ingenuity, to form one for himself. The inventor, with a view of obtaining that compensation which the instrument he has now perfected well deserves, proposes to set on foot a subscription, and if encouragement is given to him by a sufficient number of these instruments being subscribed for, he will immediately have those which may be required made, under his own direction, and will warrant their accuracy. The prices are moderate, as will be allowed by those who have seen the instrument, and will range from £8. 15. to £2. 15. according to the quality of the wood, of which the case or box containing them is made.

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### WILL OF THE LATE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER.

THE late Rev. and Right Honourable the Earl of Bridgewater, in his last will and testament, directed his trustees to lay out and invest in the public funds the sum of eight thousand pounds, to be paid to some person or persons, who should be appointed by the President of the Royal Society to write and publish a work on the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, manifested in the creation, illustrating such work by all reasonable argument. For the purpose of acquiring the most able assistance, and of placing the whole transaction above even the suspicion of favouritism, or partiality, the late President of the Royal Society was induced to request the aid of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London. With their concurrence, after much deliberation, the work has been placed in the hands of the following distinguished individuals: and the following are the subjects assigned to them.

The mechanism of the human frame, by Dr. Charles Bell; geo-

logy, and minerology, by the Rev. Dr. Buckland ; the adaptation of external nature to the moral condition of man, by Dr. Chalmers ; the adaptation of external nature to the physical condition of man, by Dr. John Kidd ; the habits and instincts of animals, by the Rev. W. Kirly ; chemistry and meteorology, by Dr. Prout ; human and comparative anatomy and physiology, and vegetable physiology, by Dr. Roget ; astronomy and general physics, by the Rev. W. Whewell.

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### ON TINNING CAST-IRON WEIGHTS.

THESE are first to be well rubbed and cleansed in a bath of sulphuric (oil of vitriol) which has been diluted with a proper quantity of water. After this preparation, they are to be dipped into water, in which sal-ammoniac has been dissolved, in the proportion of one-seventeenth of the quantity of water employed. During these operations, we melt fine and pure tin, with which has been previously mixed copper, in the proportion of three ounces of this latter metal to one hundred pounds of the tin. When the mixture has been melted at a proper degree of heat, not so high, however, as to hinder it from attaching itself to the pieces of cast-iron to be tinned, they may be plunged into it.

The weights should be previously turned into shape, in the lathe, and be made smooth before tinning them ; and when they have become cold, after the tinning process, they may be polished in the lathe by means of burnishers in the usual manner.

In order to render the three ounces of copper easily fusible in the tin, it should be previously melted with six pounds of that metal, taken from the one hundred pounds.

This tinning of the weights is designed, not only to preserve their size and weight better, but also to prevent them from rusting ; and we can thus substitute these cheap cast-iron weights, in the room of the more expensive ones of brass or copper.

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### NOTICE OF A MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

IN one of the cities of the British empire, a mechanics institution was established, a few years ago, when Brougham and Birkbeck, and many enlightened liberal men, were suggesting and stimulating the popular instruction of the working classes. To this institution a talented efficient lecturer was procured, whose engaging and attractive manner soon gained him reputation. It was a delightful scene to walk in, on a winter's evening, and see a crowd of young men, and among them many of the middle aged and old, who instead of spending their leisure time in the dissipation of a tap room, were listening with breathless attention to the

reasonings of the lecturer, and viewing his experiments with lynx-eyed curiosity. Many of them belonged to trades which could easily furnish an excuse for non-attendance, on the score of fatigue and want of cleanliness. But these very classes seemed to be among the most indefatigable of the audience. No storm could frighten, no distance detain—there they were, with clean washed faces, and aprons neatly tucked up, and almost every one with a book for the purpose of exchanging at the library. The benevolent mind, in viewing such a scene would naturally spring forward to the hour, when the wilds of America, the deserts of Africa, and the lone isles of the Pacific, would boast their Broughams and their mechanic institutes—and every shade of humanity, from the blooming white and red, to the deep glossy black, know no distinction but mind—no superiority but intellect.

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### IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

“ He who through vast immensity can pierce,  
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe;  
 Observe how system into system runs,  
 What other planets circle other suns;  
 What varied beings people every star,  
 May tell why God has made us as we are.”

POPE.

SOME astronomers have computed that there are no less than 75,000,000 of suns in this universe. The fixed stars are all suns, having, like our sun, numerous planets revolving round them. The Solar System, or that to which we belong, has about 30 planets primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is in diameter three thousand six hundred millions of miles, and that which it controls much greater. That sun which is nearest neighbour to ours is called Sirius, distant from our sun about twenty two millions of miles. Now if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun; or if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the systems of the 75 millions of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation! Every sun of the 75 millions, controls a field of space about 10,000,000,000 of miles in diameter. Who can survey a plantation containing 75 millions of circular fields, each 10 billions of miles in diameter! Such however, is one of the plantations of Him—“ who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance;” he who “ setting up the orbit of the earth, stretches out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in.”

## MUSIC.

Substance of Mr. Lloyd's Lecture, concluded from page 525.

It is impossible in a single lecture to condense the rules for the employment of these various combinations of sounds producing Harmony; *first principles* only are attempted to be developed, and a satisfactory reason assigned for the pleasurable sensation which they produce on the ear, arising from the approximation of their vibrations when heard in connexion. But as an explanation may be expedient of some of the foregoing observations, it will be necessary to make a few concluding remarks.

The whole compass of sound from the lowest to the highest is called the *Great Scale*, including about nine octaves, although seven comprehends those of practical use. The great scale is divided into two general parts, viz. the treble or acute part, and the bass or grave part.

The term *tune* when applied to instruments or voices, implies that each one accords with the other, on any respective sounds being heard together. *Tone* implies the quality of sound elicited from any instrument or voice, the excellency of the production of which constitutes one of the essentials in a good performer.

It will be obvious to any person inspecting the division of the string in the former part of this lecture, that such must be the foundation of the principles of playing the violoncello, violin, and guitar, where the fingers on the neck of these instruments perform the part of artificial bridges, by lengthening or shortening the strings at discretion. And the same mathematical division must also furnish the principles of the formation of all musical instruments; a modification of the rule being had according as they may be composed of strings or pipes, as Pianos, and Organs, or of a single tube, as the flute, bassoon, clarionet, &c. furnished with holes and keys to lengthen or shorten the column of air produced on properly sounding them.

When harmonies are heard on an organ or piano forte, they are termed *compressed*, on account of the performer being unable to extend them beyond an octave with either hand; but when they are produced by a full band either military or orchestral, they are called *extended* or *dispersed* harmonies, because some of the gravest and acutest, and intermediate sounds of the great scale are heard together.

To illustrate this, we shall suppose the gravest note heard, is that of C below in the bass, and for the sake of example state its vibrations to be 100 in a second of time; if the G above the C, E, G,

and C respectively ascending also be sounded, with the addition of the C and C again above, the vibrations which will meet the ear will stand thus:—

C below	100	} Vibrations in a second of time.
G the fifth	150	
C the octave	200	
E the third	250	
C the double octave	400	
G its fifth	600	
C third octave	800	
C quadruple octave	1600	
C quintuple octave	3200	

Now it will be perceived at a glance at the above statement, why such a combination of sounds should prove agreeable to the ear. And it must be remembered that the rule which holds good with regard to the combination of sounds in the key of C, is equally applicable to any similar series in any other key formed either by flats or sharps.

The discord most frequently occurring in music is that called the dominant seventh, composed of a note, its third fifth and seventh, which last sound is a full tone below the octave. When the ear hears this combination it feels pained until what is termed the *resolution* takes place. An explanation of this phenomenon, and the results also of all other allowable discordant combinations are to be referred to the principles of vibration already laid down. It would carry us into a very lengthened enquiry to pursue it here; and indeed those who are desirous of exploring these matters, must be well grounded in the principles of melody, previous to attempting those of harmony. The subject may be hereafter resumed should opportunity offer, and a view taken of what has been here advanced with reference to its practical utility.

In conclusion it may not be amiss to remark, that other theories have been maintained by eminent musicians of the old school, in order to account for the philosophy of sound, theories all more or less fanciful and unsatisfactory. Musicians of the present day are unanimous in referring them to the principles of vibration here laid down, and attempted in a hasty manner in this lecture to be developed; because they appear not only the most rational, but have stood the test of experiment and proof.

To such persons as are desirous of more information, they are referred to the following works, Chladni's Treatise on Acoustics, Martin's Philosophia Britannica, vol. ii. Lord Stanhope on Temperament, &c. &c.

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Erratum—In this article in last months number, page 524, line fourth from bottom for "as 5 to 4" read "as 5 to 3."

## PRIZE CHRONOMETERS.

**THE** British Admiralty offer two annual premiums, one of £300 another of £200 for the best instrument that shall be produced of this kind. The makers send them to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, where they are kept and tried, their variations carefully noted, and the reward adjudged to the most perfect. On the first of May last, of forty offered, two, manufactured by Mr. French, were decided to be the most accurate, and the premiums were accordingly both awarded to him. From the official result, it appears, that the accuracy of these two time keepers was most extraordinary, and far surpassing every thing of the kind on record; the one varied six tenths of a second on its mean daily rate, during twelve months, while the other varied something less than a second.

To such a degree of curious nicety (says the Literary Gazette,) has Mr. French carried these chronometers, that the scientific and mechanical world, by comparing the same months of 1826 with those of 1827 will see, with surprise, that one has varied only one second and seventeen hundredths in fifteen months, while the other has varied only sixty-three hundredths of a second in seventeen months.

Thus, an expert navigator could have sailed to China and back again with the one, and not have been out of his longitude more than half a mile—while, with the other, a voyage might have been performed round the world, and the greatest error need not to have exceeded fifty or sixty perches. These facts speak for themselves and require no further comment. We ought however, to state, that the above two, and one for which Mr. French had previously gained a prize, are eight day chronometers.

## MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

April 4. Mr. J. Foreman delivered a lecture on Mensuration, and illustrated his discourse by working several problems, connected with the science, in presence of the members.

11. J. Leander Starr, Esq. read a paper on architecture.

18. Architecture was continued by Mr. Starr, who dwelt chiefly on the historical parts of the science. Mr. Johnson followed and explained the orders, which he illustrated by several drawings.

25. Mr. Miller read a paper on Cart making, chiefly relating to the formation of wheels, shafts &c. so as to offer least resistance to the draft of the horse. After the lecture an interesting conversation occurred in which one great good of the Institute, as a *test or of intons*, was visible.

May 2. Mr. Watson read a paper on Friction; and illustrated his subject by apparatus demonstrating at what angle on the inclined plane friction is overcome; also, that weight of body, not size of surface, influences friction; that the power of friction increases in substances lying one on the other according to the time they are so placed, by the surfaces becoming more assimilated; that friction is lessened by smooth surfaces, until they become perfectly smooth and flat, in which case they ad-

here closely, by the exclusion of air from between them and the pressure of the atmosphere outside. This last fact was demonstrated by two leaden balls, which were flattened at certain points; when those points were placed carefully together, one ball was suspended from the other by cohesion. After the lecture an interesting conversation ensued. Mr. O'Brien cited cases in which it was proved, that beams of timber placed as horizontal supporters were made much stronger by being sawed about half way through at the centre. Mr. Miller remarked, that by bringing the stones of a mill too closely together, he has caused the machinery to stop by the power of cohesion. The paradox, of tubes and arches being stronger than solid substances, was also dwelt on and explained.—In this conversation Mr. Watson stated a fact not less pleasing and encouraging than true; that the preparation of lectures repaid lecturers for their trouble, by the study which it occasioned, and the information which resulted.—A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. O'Brien, for an incline plane and other articles, furnished by him to the lecturer.

May 9. Mr. J. S. Thompson read a paper on History; which was followed by an interesting conversation on the customs of the North American Indians, on ignorance in Geography, and on the Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

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## MONTHLY RECORD.

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*Provincial Parliament.*—From the latter part of March the House was principally occupied in Committee of Supply, in the consideration of Quarantine Bills, and in the further regulation of the Custom House question. The House was prorogued on April 14, having opened the Session on January 25.

Want of space prevents us following up our general Record for the present; but little new appears in any part of the world.

**MARRIAGES.**—At Halifax, April 3, Mr. C. Boggs, to Miss Harriet D. Ritchie. 7, Mr. Thomas Cunnings, to Miss Elizabeth Crow. 12, Mr. W. Wilkinson, to Miss Margaret Taylor. 24, Mr. Thomas Sargent, to Miss Elizabeth M. Allen. 26, Mr. J. G. Fielding, to Miss M. A. Fielding.—At Pictou, April 4, Mr. Kenneth Morrison, to Miss Christy Campbell.—At Salt Springs, West River, April 5, Mr. John McLean, to Miss Isabella Fraser.

**DEATHS.**—April 1, Miss Agnes Quinon, aged 12. 2, Mrs. Margt. Bronan, aged 31. 4, Mrs. Jane Wilson, aged 44. 11, Mr. Thomas Banner, aged 26. 18, Mrs. Elizabeth Willis, aged 44. 20, Lawrence Malowney, aged 12. 23, Mrs. Jane Lydiard, aged 26. 30, Mr. Valentine Kennikill, aged 64.—At Cole Harbour, April 29, Mrs. Catharine Morris, aged 62.—At Lawrence Town, April 26, Samuel S. Parker, Esq. aged 36.—At Mahone Bay, Mr. John Duggen, aged 64.—At Windsor, April 11, Mrs. Margaret Brown, aged 57. 19, Mrs. Catharine Jack, aged 49. 24, William Bowes, Esq. aged 63.—At Pictou, April 2, Mrs. Janet Calder, aged 26.—At West River, April 21, Mrs. Mary Smith, aged 50.

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END OF VOLUME II.

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