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*Mr. Thos. Harris*  
1831

THE  
BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN  
MAGAZINE,  
AND COLONIAL JOURNAL.

Vol. I.]

FEBRUARY, 1831.

[No. 1.

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# THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN

## MAGAZINE,

### And Colonial Journal.

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FEBRUARY, 1831.

[No. 1.

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#### TO THE PUBLIC.

WE now present to the public, the first number of our projected work, which we trust will be received with some portion of the indulgence, usually shown to infant undertakings.— We shall neither spare pains nor expense, to make our Magazine more and more worthy the patronage of every rank, in this our native country.

At present we have extracted for the entertainment of our readers, various pieces from the latest English periodicals. In making our selections, we shall always aim at procuring papers, which, while they may contribute to the amusement of the public, shall be marked by purity of morals, correctness of style and good taste. It will rarely happen, that articles which we may insert, can be of a length that will require a continuation from one number to another. But we have been induced in the present volume to adopt this course. The story of "The Demon Ship," is one of intense and powerful interest, and its length precluded its entire insertion at once.

Among our selections will be found an excellent article on the "National Importance of Yachts." The Regatta is a delightful and healthful recreation, which of late attracted attention in Halifax; and was calculated to produce much public benefit and enjoyment. The removal of the

squadron however, has checked it in its infancy: and there appears but little prospect of its speedy revival; as without the aid of our naval friends, the attempt would be arduous, and probably unsuccessful.

"The Forger" is a tale of deep and pathetic character. It professes to be copied from the "Diary of a late Physician," which at present adorns Blackwood's Magazine; and we hope it will frequently be in our power to obtain from this source, materials for the future amusement and instruction of our readers.— "The First Lord Mayor's Show" is replete with humour and good sense, and "The Enthusiast" contains a beautiful and instructive moral.

We have devoted several pages to the Memoir of His late Majesty.— During the period in which that monarch held the reigns of government, the most brilliant success attended the British arms. But it is on other accounts, that a review of the life of the late King, has claims upon the consideration of mankind. The lapse of years which that life embraced, was marked by great and terrific events; and whether we regard his career as an individual, or the perilous occurrences of his time, they alike afford cause for reflection and anxiety.

The scenes which then disgraced France, and afterwards convulsed Europe, will occupy much of the at-

tention of the historian ; as well on account of their immediate effects, as their more remote and ultimate results. The present state of Europe, may in a great degree be attributed to those occurrences ; and the seeds of revolution were then sown, which at present are productive of agitation and alarm.

There are in this number, other papers which will be found worthy of attention ; and we have made the review of *New Books*, as copious as our limits would permit. A short article on "*The Drama*" and a *Commercial Report* for the month of January, will be found towards the conclusion of the number ; while notices of the *Fine Arts* publications, occupy a due proportion of its pages.

We gladly and thankfully avail ourselves of the communication from *King's College* ; and earnestly request similar ones from the respectable seminaries east, west and middle. Nothing can be more interesting to the Province, or more gratifying to ourselves

The work we have undertaken, is chiefly a compilation ; and so we apprehend it must be, for some time to come. Yet we are not discouraged by that circumstance ; for we look to the example of the first *Nova Scotia Magazine*. It did not contain many original productions, yet it succeeded to a wonder ; of which it is rather a singular proof, that tho' the work was dropped, we believe about 1790, the Editor having removed from *Halifax*, to a more important employment ; yet more than twenty years afterwards, at the sale of *Dr. Croke's* books, it brought more at auction, than the original charge to subscri-

bers. So much can a judicious selection effect.

What an encouraging contrast, does the present state of the Province, make with what it was then ? At that time even decent types could not be procured at *Halifax* ; and what was more, liberal education was but just dawning. Now what excellent seminaries are established in this and our sister Provinces ?

On these, and on all literary gentlemen in our society, we rely for such original articles as may interest, amuse or grace their country. Our humble task will be to cater, in the best way we can for the public taste.

As respects the mechanical part of this Number, we must ask the indulgence of our readers. It was our intention to have printed it with a new type, and experienced workmen were engaged in the United States. The difficulty of procuring a vessel by which freight could be sent, caused their subsequent detention, until the departure of the *Brig Hopewell* from *New York* ; and the extraordinary long passage of that vessel, caused a farther and unexpected delay.

In the mean time, after permitting the month of January to pass away, in the daily expectation of her arrival ; we commenced the present Number under manifold disadvantages,—pressed for sufficient time, and without adequate assistance. We trust therefore any errors which may appear, or any imperfections in workmanship, will be pardoned by the more fastidious of our friends ; with the assurance that in our future numbers, in this particular at least, they shall have no cause of complaint.

To the Editor of the *British North American Magazine*.

SIR,

I HAVE seen your Prospectus of a new Magazine, which I think, if properly managed may be a very useful work. One of many advantages of such periodicals is, that they serve the rising generation pursuing liberal studies, as the means of trying their strength in composition; and may much gratify their parents and friends, when such attempts are successful.

It was lately assigned as a task to the Students in this Seminary, in lieu of the weekly theme, to translate a

short Ode of Horace into English, and again to imitate the same in Latin, in a different measure.

I send you two or three samples of both kinds, which I thought the best, tho' there were several others, but a shade, if at all inferior. If you think these worth a place in your department of Poetry, they are at your service.

ACADEMICUS.

King's College, Windsor,  
Dec. 18, 1830.

HORACE.—ODE 9, LIBER I.

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus  
Sylvæ laborantes, geluque  
Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco  
Large reponens; atque benignius  
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,  
O Thaliarche, merum dista.

Permitte Divis cætera; qui simul  
Stravere ventos æquore fervido  
Depræliantes, nec cupressi,  
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere; et  
Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro  
Appone; nec dulces amores  
Sperne, puer, neque tu choreas,

Donec virenti canitiis abest  
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et aræ,  
Lenezque sub noctem susurri  
Composita repetantur hora.

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo  
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,  
Pignusque direptum lacertis,  
Aut digito male pertinaci.

## TRANSLATIONS.

## AD THALIARCHUM.

Beroul, my friend, fierce winter reigns,  
 The mountain tops are capped with snow,  
 Thick falling flakes deform the plains,  
 And shroud the bending woods below,  
 Whilst rapid rivers by his might  
 Are bound in icy fetters tight.

Now while the tempest howls around,  
 Betake you to the blazing fire,  
 Where in the social circle found,  
 You may defy its utmost ire ;  
 And let the generous bowl the while,  
 The lagging hours of night beguile.

When 'tis the Almighty's sovereign will  
 To quell the ocean's boiling rage,  
 The winds are hushed, the waves are still.—  
 Then scan not o'er to-morrow's page,  
 But seize the day in mercy given,  
 And leave all other cares to Heav'n.

Now suffer pleasure's soothing power  
 To chase all gloomy thoughts away,  
 While yet your cheek blooms like the flower  
 That sheds its genial sweets in May ;  
 For peevish age creeps on a-pace,  
 With snowy brow and wrinkled face.

Most precious gift that man e'er knew,  
 Next to the joys that reign above,  
 To honour and to virtue true.—  
 The modest maid may claim your love,  
 Whose winning grace and sprightly play  
 Cheat life of half its weary way.

As if a rose should bud and bloom,  
 When every plant is parched and sear,  
 To glad the eye amid the gloom,  
 Of the decayed and fading year ;  
 So beauty peering from her bow'r  
 Can charm us in our darkest hour.

C.

---

SEE'ST thou my friend Soracte's height  
 Now covered with its garb of white,  
 The forest trees once tall and straight,  
 Bending beneath their frozen weight ;  
 While rivers hastening to the main,  
 Are bound by ice as with a chain.  
 Then haste, take shelter from the blast,  
 Beside your cheerful fire ; till past  
 The elemental war, and now,  
 Let gen'rous wine clear up the brow.

Vex not your mind with earthly care ;  
 Of rash and curious thoughts beware  
 Nor seek to lift the veil, but wait  
 'Till heav'n reveal to-morrow's fate.  
 Enjoy the day with which you're blest  
 And let the Gods dispose the rest ;  
 At whose supreme and sov'reign will  
 The raging winds and seas are still.  
 Now while your health and youth remain,  
 Nor age with sorrow in its train,  
 Usurp their place, let pleasure coy,  
 And modest loves your time employ.  
 Let youthful sports awhile divert,  
 And fancy her sweet power exert.

P.

*This by one of the lowest Class.*

---

STERN winter spreads his empire wide,  
 Now summer's gentle reign is past,  
 The winds that whilom softly sigh'd,  
 Now murmur in the howling blast ;  
 And ev'ry tree and plant and flower,  
 Are blighted by his withering power.

The snow on mountain tops lies deep,  
 Descending thick the trees between,  
 The fleecy flakes o'er meadows sweep,  
 That lately looked so bright and green ;  
 On rivers hastening to the main,  
 The tyrant flings his icy chain.

But when the glories of the year  
 Are wrapped in winter's dismal pall ;  
 When nature's face is sad and drear,  
 Can no bright spot redeem them all ?  
 Sure, friendship's aid and beauty's smile  
 May well supply their place awhile.

Like as the flower so fresh and gay,  
 And once the garden's chiefest pride,  
 Beneath the touch of wintry day,  
 Has bow'd its drooping head and died ;  
 The beauty fading from you're cheek  
 Shall soon the frost of age bespeak.

Then seize the day with which you're blest,  
 Improve its every fleeting hour,  
 And let our God dispose the rest ;  
 'Tis he alone has sov'reign power—  
 The power of him who rules above,  
 Can only match his peerless love.

T.

## IMITATED IN LATIN SAPPHICS.

## HORACE BOOK I. ODE 9.

BRUMA discussit nemorum decorem ;  
 Arborea canent nivi sub rigente ;  
 Frigus et durum glacie sonoras  
 Illigat undas.

Luceat valde focus, atque lignum  
 Admovens scissum, gelidosque pellens  
 Ætheris vires generosa prome  
 Munera Bacchi.

Cæteras curas DOMINO relinque,  
 Cujus ad nutum resonans procella  
 Sternitur, nec jam properant fluenta  
 Murmure rauco.

Fata quid volvant, fuge sciscitari,  
 Carpesed lucem breviter morantem,  
 Floreas dum tu viridis, nec adsit  
 Curva Senectus.

Sperne nec campum, puerique ludos  
 Quære dilectos, facilemque risum  
 Dulce dicentis nitidæ puellæ  
 Aure susurros,

P.

ALTA Soractis rigida catena  
 Stringitur, condens caput inter astra  
 Plumem et sylvæ glacie fatiscunt,  
 Dulcis amice !

Esto festivus—dare ligna largus—  
 Atque quadrimum tabula reponere :—  
 Sanat angores, animique curas  
 Bacchicus humor.

Insuper cœlum fremitus domabit  
 Mentis, ut sedat pelagi procellas :  
 Et suo nutu facile patentem  
 Temperat orbem.

Siste crastinum, nebulis remotis,  
 Tempus inquirens vigili timore,  
 Abdicam mentem reserare Divi  
 Omnipotentis—

Spernito ne tu choreas juventæ  
 Fervidis horis, viridemve campum :  
 Martios in quo tulerat labores  
 Inclyta Roma.

Spernito ne tu teneros amores  
 Virginum, nec tu comites jocosos :—  
 Namque festinat pedibus citatis  
 Cana senectus—

O:



Nunc vides montem niveo colore  
 Atque pendentes onerosa mole  
 Arborea, stantem et fluvium quietum  
 Frigore denso.

Nam foco lato crepitans repono  
 Robur, et vinum geniale prome  
 Quod latescebat dolio Sabino  
 Quatuor annos.

Bona sic quærens animo relinque  
 Illa, quæ pectus lacerant premuntque  
 Dis, quibus ventos violenter flantes  
 Sternere fas est.

Quære tempus nec animo futurum,  
 Nec puer spernas teneros amores,  
 Neque tu ludos, donec est remota  
 Cana senectus.

C.

*Russian Superstitions.*—When a Russian peasant imagines that his cattle are of an unlucky colour, no persuasion can prevent him from changing them. This superstitious fancy extends even to his poultry; and it is by no means uncommon to see the hens, ducks, and geese in a farm-yard all of the same monotonous hue. When such is the case, should the peasant receive the present of a cow, differing in colour from the rest of his live stock only by the shade of a single hair, the animal would be sold on the instant, to prevent mischief from befalling the remainder of his herd.

Prince Belloselsky possesses to an eminent degree the talent of telling a ghost-story. At a large party, one evening, the ladies drew their chairs around him, and exclaimed, 'Do, Prince, terrify us a little.' Upon this, the Prince ordered the lights to be extinguished, with the exception of one, which was left burning in an adjoining apartment, the door of which remained ajar. The narrator commenced his tale, which turned, as might be expected, upon the apparition of a horrid phantom, advancing slowly, in the midst of darkness visible, towards a person in bed. For the last ten minutes, the prince had kept his hand extended on a marble table: his voice assumed a sepul-

chral tone. All at once, he applied his icy hand upon the bare arm of his hostess, who uttered a piercing scream. The terrified auditors rushed into the other room, and, in their confusion, extinguished the solitary light. The sudden darkness redoubled their panic. At last the servants made their appearance with flambeaux; and the prince, who began to be alarmed at the success of his experiment, succeeded with some difficulty in calming the apprehensions of his fair audience. 'Ladies,' said he, 'tis all your own fault: you requested me to terrify you a little, —and I like to make myself agreeable.'

—  
*Prince Talleyrand.*—The Prince is well known to be one of the wittiest men of his day,—and wit upon one's self is the best defence against the satire of others. A newspaper correspondent, giving an account of the prince's landing at Dover, expressed his surprise at seeing in Talleyrand, whom he had expected to look nothing but the cunning diplomatist, "the countenance of an open, candid, and honest character." This was shewn to Talleyrand, who coolly remarked, "It must have been, I suppose, in consequence of the dreadful sea-sickness I experienced in coming over!"

## FALL OF THE SECOND TEMPLE.

It was on the 10th of August, the day already darkened in the Jewish calendar, by the destruction of the former temple by the King of Babylon ; it was almost passed. Titus withdrew again into the Antonio, intending the next morning to make a general assault. The quiet summer evening came on : the setting sun shone for the last time on the snow-white walls and glistening pinnacles of the temple roof. Titus had retired to rest, when suddenly a wild and terrible cry was heard, and a man came rushing in, announcing that the temple was on fire. Some of the besieged, notwithstanding their repulse in the morning, had sallied out to attack the men who were busily employed in extinguishing the fires about the cloisters. The Romans not merely drove them back, but entering the sacred space with them, forced their way to the door of the temple. A soldier, without orders, mounting on the shoulders of one of his comrades, threw a blazing brand into a gilded small door on the north side of the chambers, in the outer building or porch. The flames sprung up at once. The Jews uttered one simultaneous shriek, and grasped their swords, with a furious determination of revenging and perishing in the ruins of the temple. Titus rushed down with the utmost speed : he shouted, he made signs to his soldiers to quench the fire : his voice was drowned, and his sign unnoticed in the blind confusion.—The legionaries either could not, or would not hear : they rushed on, trampling each other down in their furious haste, or stumbling over the crumbling ruins, perished with the enemy. Each exhorted the other, and each hurled his blazing brand into the inner part of the edifice, and then hurried to his work of carnage. The unarmed and defenceless people were slain in thousands, they lay heaped, like sacrifices, round the altar ; the steps of the temple ran with streams of blood, which washed down the bedies that lay about.

Titus found it impossible to check the rage of the soldiery ; he entered with his officers, and surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice. The

splendour filled them with wonder ; and as the flames had not yet penetrated to the holy place, he made a last effort to save it ; and springing forth, again exhorted the soldiers to stay the progress of the conflagration. The centurion Liberalis, endeavoured to enforce obedience with his staff of office ; but even respect for the emperor gave way to the furious animosity against the Jews, to the fierce excitement of battle, and to the insatiable hope of plunder. The soldiers saw every thing around them radiant with gold, which shone dazzlingly in the wild light of the flames ; they supposed that incalculable treasures were laid up in the sanctuary. A soldier unperceived, thrust a lighted torch between the hinges of the door ; the whole building was in flames in an instant. The blinding smoke and fire forced the officers to retreat ; and the noble edifice was left to its fate.

If it was an appalling spectacle to the Roman ; what was it to the Jew ? The whole summit of the hill which commanded the city, blazed like a volcano. One after another the buildings fell in with a tremendous crash, and were swallowed up in the fiery abyss. The roofs of cedar were like sheets of flame ; the gilded pinnacles shone like spires of red light ; the gate towers sent up tall columns of flame and smoke. The neighbouring hills were lighted up, and dark groups of people were seen watching in horrible anxiety the progress of the destruction. The walls and heights of the upper city were crowded with faces, some pale with the agony of despair, others scowling an unavailing vengeance. The shouts of the Roman soldiery, as they ran to and fro, and the howlings of the insurgents who were perishing in the flames, mingled with the roaring of the conflagration, and the thundering sound of falling timbers. The echoes of the mountains replied, or brought back the shrieks of the people on the heights : all along the walls resounded screams and wailings : men who were expiring with famine, rallied their remaining strength to utter a cry of anguish and desolation.—*Mihuan.*

THE COMING OF WINTER.

SILENT I wandered through a winding lane,  
Where late the Spring's triumphant hand had thrown  
It's archways green; alike from sun and rain  
Protecting those that love to stray alone,  
And speak to Nature with that inward tone,  
Which, trembling in the heart, is scarcely heard—  
A music all too mute for any sigh or word.

The place was known to some of thoughtful mould,  
Lovers of summer-solitudes. And there  
Full oft had been renewed the hours of old,  
Ere Evil in the heart had found a lair,  
Or Hope's high wing grew heavy with despair.  
I seemed to meet their minds within the place,  
And felt a heavenly breath come freshening o'er my face.

The way was as a labyrinth of love.  
There Peace and low-voiced Pleasure might be found,  
Seeking brief glimpses of the blue above,  
Or gazing fondly on the lifeless ground,  
As if some spirit spoke in every sound  
Or rustling step: for even the naked earth  
Hath seeds of human joy—of deep mysterious mirth.

But now, through all that peaceful pleasant path,  
O'er which a leafy arch had late been flung,  
The conquering Winter walks. A sign of wrath  
Is on each stem and twining tendril hung.  
The wind now wails, that in the spring-time sung  
Low symphonies of gladness; and the year  
Sheds fast and frozen tears o'er Summer's shadowy bier.

That native green cathedral, where the soul  
Swelled with the sweet religion of the fields,  
Is all in ruin; to Time's cold control,  
Fretted with flowers the vaulted verdure yields,  
From sharp decay no leaf its blossom shields,  
But every rich adorning object dies  
Which Nature's self beheld with glad admiring eyes.

Earth seems no longer the selected bride  
Of Heaven, but like a Widow, weepeth there.  
Across her brow the deepening shadows glide;  
The wreaths have perished on her pallid hair.  
Yet in her bosom, beautiful though bare,  
A radiant hope is sown, that soon shall rise,  
And ripen into joy beneath the brightening skies.

The sight in that forsaken place and hour  
That touched me most with pity and strange woe,  
With tears of solemn pleasure—was a shower  
Of loosened leaves, that fluttered to and fro,  
Quivering like little wings with motion slow,  
Or wafted far upon the homeless breeze,  
Above the shrubless mount, and o'er the sunless seas.

Oh ! could the Mind within a leaf be curled,  
 What distant islands might mine eyes behold ?  
 How should my spirit search the various world,  
 The holy haunts where Wisdom breathed of old,  
 The graves of human glory, dim and cold !  
 Or float far upward in the frostless air,  
 Returning home at last, to find its Eden there !

But those pale leaves that fell upon the ground,  
 When the wind slept, did most my thoughts engage ;  
 They spake unto my sense with such a sound,  
 As breaks and trembles on the tongue of age.  
 Each as it dropp'd appeared some perished page,  
 Inscribed with sad moralities, and words  
 That seemed the languaged notes of meadow-haunting birds :

So fast from all the arching boughs they fell,  
 Leaving that sylvan sanctuary bare  
 To the free wind, that musing through the dell  
 I paced amidst them with a pitying care.  
 Beauties were buried in those leaves—they were  
 The graves of spirits, children of the Spring—  
 And each one seemed to me a sacred, thoughtful thing.

Honour be theirs to whom an insect seems  
 A thing made holy by the life it bears !  
 Yet some have found, in forms unconscious, themes  
 For thought refined ; that each mute atom shares  
 The essence of humanity, its cares,  
 Its beauty and its joys—who feel regret  
 To tread one daisy down, or crush the violet.

Slight touches stir the heart's harmonious strings—  
 This feeling came upon me as I crept  
 By the stript hedge—a sympathy with things  
 Whose absent spirit with the sunshine slept—  
 That fell, or floated on—or as I slept  
 Complaining music made, as if the feet  
 Of Time alone should press existences so sweet.

And then, among those dry and yellow leaves,  
 I felt familiar feelings, known to all ;  
 That deep emotion when the warm heart heaves  
 And wakens up beneath a wintry pall.  
 My pleasures and my passions seemed to call  
 From out those withered leaves—and then a voice  
 Came with a livelier note, and taught me to rejoice.

The promises of Youth they fly and fade ;  
 Life's vision varies with the changing year ;—  
 But the bright Mind receives no certain shade  
 From dead delights ;—it rises calm and clear  
 Amid its ringlets grey and garlands sere.  
 Oh ! let not Time be ever tracked by grief,  
 Nor Man's instinctive Hope fall like an autumn-leaf !

## THE DEMON SHIP—THE PIRATE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

It has of late been much the fashion with writers of celebrity to choose Pirates for their heroes, insomuch that many of our youth, especially of the female sex, attach an idea of romantic grandeur to the very word *pirate*; and I once knew a young lady who, during a sail up the Mediterranean, was kept in a state of delirious excitement by the expectation, I mean the *hope*, of our being eventually captured by a Greek corsair. Not one, however, of these fascinating marauders made his appearance, and we were doomed, in visitation, I suppose, for our sins, to have an unmolested passage, and a safe disembarkation. To console my young friend under her acute disappointment, I shewed her a little MS. which had been bequeathed to me by a relative, a Colonel Francillon, who died before pirates came into fashion, and who would as soon have thought of seeking a hero in the Newgate Calendar, among footpads or house-breakers, as among the daring robbers of the ocean. It became evident that the young lady was sufficiently struck by the contents of the manuscript to be perfectly willing to take another sail over the Mediterranean, in a quiet way, without the interference of any robber chief to give piquance to the voyage. This calmed admiration of my young friend for gentlemen thieves, induced me to afford the Colonel's story an opportunity for more enlarged conversation of *robber-lovers*. I therefore give it to society with all its imperfections on its head. It will be seen ere the conclusion of the tale, that no one can better than myself vouch for the truth of the circumstances there brought together; and it would be too trite to remark, that events often occur in real life which in fiction would be regarded as gross violations of all probability.

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I WAS the only son of a widowed mother, who, though far from affluent, was not penniless;—you will naturally suppose, therefore, I was a most troublesome, disagreeable,

spoiled child. Such I might have been, but for the continual drawback on all my early gratifications, which my maternal home presented in the shape of an old dowager countess, a forty-ninth cousin of my mother's. This lady thought that she handsomely, purchased a residence in our family by her gracious acknowledgment of this semi-hundredth degree of consanguinity. I believe she had been banished from the mansion of her eldest son because her talents for reproof, and his ideas of his own impeccability, in nowise harmonised to produce domestic felicity. At all events, she became an omnipresent Marplot on mine. Whatever I was doing, wherever I was going, there was she reproving, rebuking, exhorting, and all to save me from idling, or drowning, or quarrelling, or straying, or a hundred et ceteras. I grew up, went to school, to college—finally, into the army, and with it to Ireland; and had the satisfaction, at five-and-twenty, to hear the dowager say I was good for nothing. She was of a somewhat malicious disposition, and perhaps I did not well to make her my enemy. At this time I had the offer of a good military appointment to India, and yet I hesitated to accept it. There was in my native village a retired Scotch officer, for whom I had conceived a strong attachment. His daughter I had known and loved from childhood, and when this gave place to womanhood, my affection changed in kind while it strengthened in degree. Margaret Cameron was at this period seventeen, and, consequently, eight years my junior. She was young, beautiful, and spoiled by a doating parent yet I saw in her a fine natural disposition, and the seeds of many noble qualities. To both father and daughter I openly unfolded my affection. Captain Cameron, naturally, pleaded the youth of his daughter. Margaret laughed at the idea of my even entertaining a thought of her, told me I was two thousand years her senior, and declared she would as soon think of marrying an elder brother, or even her father, as myself. I listened to the assertions of Margaret with

profound silence, scorned to whine and plead my cause, bowed with an air of haughty resignation, and left her.

When next I saw Margaret I was in a travelling dress at her father's residence. I found her alone in the garden, occupied in watering her flowers. "I am come, Margaret," I said, "to bid you farewell."—"Why, where are you going?"—"To London, to sea, to India."—"Nonsense!"—"You always think there is nonsense in truth; every thing that is serious to others is a jest to you."—"Complimentary this morning."—"Adieu, Margaret, may you retain through life the same heartlessness of disposition. It will preserve you from many a pang that might reach a more sensitive bosom."—"You do my strength of mind infinite honour. Every girl of seventeen can be sentimental, but there are few stoics in their teens. I love to be *coldly great*. You charm me."—"If heartlessness and mental superiority are with you synonyms," I said, with gravity, "count yourself, Miss Cameron, at the very acme of intellectual greatness, since you can take leave of one of your earliest friends with such easy indifference."—"Pooh! pooh! I know you are not really going. This voyage to India is one of your favourite threats in your dignified moments. I think, if I mistake not, this is about the twentieth time it has been made. And for early friends, and so forth, you have contrived to live within a few hundred feet of them, without coming in their sight for the last month, so they cannot be so very dear." This was said in a slight tone of pique.—"Listen to me, Margaret," said I, with a grave, and, as I think, manly dignity of bearing; "I offered you the honest and ardent, tho' worthless gift of a heart, whose best affections (despite your not unmarked defects of character) you entirely possessed. I am not coxcomb enough to suppose that I can at pleasure storm the affections of any woman; but I am man enough to expect that they should be denied me with some reference to the delicate respect due to mine. But you are, of course at full liberty to choose your own mode of rejecting your suitors; only, as one who still views you as a friend, I would that

that manner showed more of good womanly feeling, and less of conscious female power. I am aware, Margaret, that this is not the general language of lovers; perhaps if it were, woman might hold her power more gracefully, and even Margaret Cameron's heart would have more of greatness and generosity than it now possesses." While I spoke, Margaret turned away her lovely face, and I saw that her very neck was suffused. I began to think I had been harsh with her, to remember that she was young, and that we were about perhaps to part forever. I took her hand, assured her that the journey I had announced was no lover's ruse, and that I was really on the point of quitting my native land.—"And now, Margaret," I said, "farewell—you will scarce find in life a more devoted friend—a more ardent desirer of your happiness than him you have driven from your side." I stretched out my hand to Margaret for a friendly farewell clasp. But she held not out her's in return; she spoke not a word of adieu. I turned an indignant countenance towards her, and, to my unutterable surprise, beheld my beautiful young friend in a swoon. Now this to the cold reader sounds the very common-place of sickly romance, but it threw me into a confusion and agitation inexpressible. And was this the being I had accused of want of feeling! At that moment I felt that the world held nothing so dear to me as Margaret—I felt, better still, that I was dear to her. I will not go over the ten-thousand-times-trodden ground of lovers' explanations, and self-reproaches, and betrothals—we left the garden solemnly plighted to each other. But I pass briefly over this portion of my history. I was condemned, by the will of Captain Cameron, and by the necessity of obtaining some professional promotion, to spend a few years in India before I could receive the hand of Margaret.

I reached my Asiatic destination—long and anxiously looked for European letters—took up one day by accident an English paper, and there read—"Died, at the house of Capt. Cameron, in the village of A—, Miss Margaret Cameron, aged eighteen." I will not here dwell on my feelings. I wrote a letter of despair

to Captain Cameron, informing him of the paragraph I had read, imploring him for the love of mercy, if possible to contradict it, and declaring that my future path in life now lay stretched before me like one wild waste. The Countess of Falkendale answered my epistle by a deep, black margined letter, with a sable seal as largo as a saucer. My sole parent was no more;—for Captain Cameron—he had been seized by a paralytic affection in consequence of the shock his feelings had sustained. His circumstances were in irreparable disorder, and the Countess was residing with him in order, at his earnest request, to manage all his affairs. I remitted handsomely but delicately to my old friend.

The appearance of my name, about five years afterwards, among the "Marriages" in the Calcutta Gazette, was followed by successive announcements among the "Births and Deaths," in the same compendious record of life's changes. My wife perished of a malignant fever, and two infant children speedily followed her. I set out, to return over land to my native country, a sober, steady, and partially grey-haired colonel of thirty-six. My military career had been as brilliant as my domestic path had been clouded. The habitual complexion of my mind, however, was gravity—a gravity which extended itself to my countenance, and there assumed even a shade of melancholy. Yet I was a disappointed, not discontented, man; and my character had, I trust, undergone some changes for the better. I arrived at a port, of the Levant, and thence took ship for Malta, where I landed in safety.

At this period the Mediterranean traders were kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the celebrated "DEMON SHIP." Though distinguished by the same attractive title, she in no wise resembled the phantom error of the African Cape. She was described as a powerful vessel, manned by a desperate flesh-and-blood crew, whose rapacity triumphed over all fear of danger, and whose cruelty forbade all hope of mercy. Yet, though she was neither "built" of air nor "manned" by demons, her feats had been so wonderful, that there was at length no other rational

mode of accounting for them than by tracing them to supernatural, and consequently demonical, agency.—She had sailed through fleets undiscovered; she had escaped from the fastest pursuers; she had overtaken the swiftest fugitives; she had appeared where she was not expected, and disappeared when even her very latitude and longitude seemed calculable. One time when she was deemed the scourge of the Levant, she would fall on some secure and happy trading captain, whose careless gaze fell on the rock of Gibraltar; at another, when Spanish cruisers were confidently preparing for her capture off their own shores, her crew were glutting their avarice, and gratifying their cruelty by seizing the goods, and sinking the vessels of the Smyrna traders. In short, it seemed as if ubiquity were an attribute of the Demon Ship. Her fearful title had been first given by those who dreaded to become her victims: but she seemed not ill pleased by the appalling epithet; and shortly, as if in audacious adoption of the name she had acquired, shewed the word DEMON in flaming letters on her stern. Some mariners went so far as to say that a smell of brimstone, and a track of phosphoric light marked for miles the pathway of her keel in the waves. Others declared that she had the power, through her evil agents, of raising such a strange, dense, and portentous mist in the atmosphere, as prevented her victims from desecring her approach until they fell, as it were, into her very jaws. To capture her seemed impossible; she ever mastered her equals, and eluded her superiors. Innumerable were the vessels that had left different ports in the Mediterranean to disappear forever. It seemed the cruel practice of the Demon to sink her victims in their own vessels.

The Demon Ship was talked of from the ports of the Levant to Gibraltar; and no vessel held herself in secure waters until she had passed the Straits. Of course such a pest to these seas was not to be quietly suffered, so after having allowed her her full career for a somewhat unaccountable time, several governments began to think of preparing to put her down. To the surprise, however, of all, she seemed suddenly to disap-

pear from the Mediterranean. Some said that her crew, having sold themselves to the father of all evil for a certain length of time, and the period having probably expired, the desperadoes were now gone to their own place, and the seas would consequently be clear again. Others deemed that the Demon Ship had only retired for some deep purpose, and would shortly reappear with more fearful power.

Most of the trading vessels then about to quit the port of Valetta, had requested, and obtained, convoy from a British frigate and sloop of war, bound to Gibraltar and thence to England. So eager were all passengers to sail under such protection, that I had some difficulty in obtaining a berth in any of the holes and corners of the various fine fast-sailing copper-bottomed brigs, whose cards offered such "excellent accommodations for passengers." At length I went aboard the "Elizabeth Downs," a large three-masted British vessel, whose size made the surrounding brigs dwindle into insignificance, and whose fresh-painted sides seemed to foreshew the cleanliness and comfort that would be found within. One little hen-pen of a cabin on deck remained at the captain's disposal. However, I was fond of a cabin on deck, and paid half my passage-money to the civil little captain, who testified much regret that he could not offer me the "freedom of the quarter-deck" (such was his expression), as the whole stern end of the vessel had been taken by an English lady of quality who wished for privacy. He added, with a becomingly awe-struck manner, that she was a dowager countess. "I hate dowager countesses," said I, irreverently—"what is the name of your passenger?"—"Passenger!"—"Well—countess—what is the title of your countess?"—"the Countess of Falcondale."—"What," thought I, "cannot I even come as near to my former home as Malta without again finding myself under *her* influence? My dear fellow, give me back my passage-money, or accept it as a present at my hands, for I sail not with you," said I. But a man at thirty-six will hardly sacrifice his personal convenience to the whimsies of twenty-five;

so I stood to my bargain, determined to keep myself as much as possible from the knowledge of my old tormentor. Conscious of my altered personal appearance, I resolved to travel charmingly *incog.*, and carelessly assumed the name and title of Captain Lyon, which had been familiar to me in my childhood, as belonging I believe, to a friend of Captain Cameron.

It was the month of June, and the weather, though clear, was oppressively hot. There was so little wind stirring after we set sail, that for several days we made scarcely any way, under all the sail we could carry. I had no mind the first night to encosin myself in my berth. I therefore comfortably enough, stretched my limbs on a long seat which joined the steps of the quarter-deck. I was now then really on my way to my native shores, and should not step from the vessel in which I sailed until I trod the land of my fathers! Naturally enough, my thoughts turned to former days and old faces. From time to time these thoughts half sunk into dreams, from which I repeatedly awoke, and as often dozed off again. At length my memory, and consequently my dreams, took the shape of Margaret Cameron. The joyous laugh of youth seemed to ring in my ears; and when I closed my eyes, her lovely bright countenance instantly rose before them. Yet I had the inconsistent conviction of a dreamer that she was dead, and as my slumber deepened, I seemed busied in a pilgrimage to her early grave. I saw the churchyard of A—, with the yellow sunlight streaming on many a green hillock; and there was one solitary grass grave that, as if by a strange spell, drew my steps, and on an humble head-stone I read the name of "Margaret Cameron, aged 13." Old feelings, that had been deadened by collision with the busy, heartless world, revived within me, and I seemed to hang in a suffocating grief, that even astonished myself, over the untimely tomb of my first—ay, my *last*!—love. To my unspeakable emotion I heard, beneath the sods, a sound of sweet and soothing, but melancholy music. While I listened with an attention that apparently



deprived my senses of their power, the church-yard and grave disappeared, and I seemed, by one of those transitions, to which the dreamer is so subject, to be sailing on a lone and dismal sea, whose laden and melancholy waves reflected no sail save that of the vessel which bore me. The heat became stifling, and my bosom oppressed, yet the music still sounded, low, sweet, and foreboding in my ear. A soft and whitish mist seemed to brood over the stern of the ship. According to the apparently established laws of spiritual matter (the solecism is not so great as it may appear), the mist condensed, and then gradually assumed form, and I gazed, with outstretched arms on the figure of Margaret Cameron. But her countenance looked, in that uncertain light, cold and pale as her light and unearthly drapery that waved not, though a mournful wind was sighing through the shrouds of our vessel. She seemed in my vision as one who, in quitting earth, had left not only its passions but its affections behind her; and there was something forbidding in the wan indifference of that eye. Yet was her voice passing sweet, as still its sad cadences fell on my ear, in the words of a ballad I had once loved to sing with her—

“The green sod is no grave of mine,  
The earth is not my pillow,  
The grave I lie in shall be *thine*,  
Our winding-sheet—the billow.”

I awoke,—yet for a moment appeared still dreaming; for there, hovering over the foot of my couch, I seemed still to behold the form of Margaret Cameron. She was leaning on the rail of the quarter-deck, and overlooking my couch. I sat up, and gazed on the objects around me, in order to recover my apparently deluded senses. The full moon was in her zenith. A light haze, the effect of the preceding day, was rising from the waters. The heat was intense, the calm profound. There lay the different vessels of our little squadron, nought seen save their white sails in the moonlight, and nought heard save their powerless flapping, and the restless plashing of the becalmed waves, only agitated

by the effort of our vessel to cleave them. Still the moonlight fell on the white form and pale countenance of Margaret. I started up. “This is some delusion,” said I, “or because one of the countess’ women resembles my early idol, must I turn believer in ghost-stories, and adopt at thirty-six what I scouted at sixteen?” My gestures, and the suddenness of my rising, seemed to scare my fair phantom; and, in the hastiness of her retreat, she gave ample proof of mortal fallibility by stumbling over some coils of cable that happened to lie in her way. The shock brought her to her knees. I was up the steps in one instant; seized an arm, and then a hand, soft, delicate, and indubitably of flesh and blood, and restored the lady to her feet. She thanked me in gentle tones that sent a thrill through all my veins, and made me again half deem that “the voice of the dead was on mine ear.” A white veil or shawl had fallen from her head and shoulders; this I respectfully replaced, and had thus an opportunity of proving to demonstration that it was made neither of ether mist, or moonbeams. I now expressed my fears that my sudden gestures had been the cause of this little accident. “I fear,” she replied with the same melancholy music of voice, “my reckless song disturbed your slumbers.” After a few more words had passed between us, during which I continued to gaze on her as if some miracle stood before me, I ventured to ask, in a tone as indifferent as I could assume, whether she claimed kindred with Captain Hugh Cameron, of A——? The striking likeness which she bore to his amiable and deceased daughter must, I observed, plead my apology. She looked at me for a moment with unutterable surprise; then added, with dignity and perfect self-possession, “I have then, probably the pleasure of addressing some old acquaintance of Captain Cameron? How the mistake arose which induced any one to suppose that his child was no more, I confess myself at a loss to imagine. The error is, however, easily contradicted in my own person. I am the daughter of Captain Cameron; and, after this self-introduction, may, perhaps, claim the name of my father’s former

acquaintance." You may be sure I was in no mood to give it. I rushed to the side of the vessel, and hanging over it, gasped with an emotion which almost stopped respiration. It is inexpressible what a revulsion this strange discovery made in my feelings. There had been days—ay, weeks, in which one thought of Margaret had not disturbed the steady man of the world in his busy engagements; and now she returned upon his feelings as fresh as if only one day had elapsed since they vowed themselves to each other, and parted. I felt that there had been treachery. I became keenly sensible that I must have appeared a traitor to Margaret, and hurriedly resolved not to declare my name to her until I had in some way cleared my character.

I was still sufficiently a man of the world to have my feelings in some mastery, and returned to the side of Margaret with an apology for indisposition, which in truth was no subterfuge. I verily believe, as the vessel had given a sudden lurch at the moment she discovered herself, and my pendant posture over the ship's side might be an attitude of rather dubious construction, she passed on me the forgiveness of a sea-sick man. Margaret added, with an easy politeness which contrasted curiously with her former girlishness, that she presumed she had the pleasure of addressing her fellow passenger, Capt. Lyon? She had often, she observed, heard her father mention his name, though not aware until this moment of his identity with her brother-voyager. I was not displeased by this illusion, though I thus found myself identified with a man twenty years my senior. As I wore one of those charming rural Livorno hats, whose deep, green-lined flaps form a kind of umbrella to the face, I became convinced that mine, in such a light, was effectually screened from observation. My voice too had, I felt, been changed by years and climate. I therefore remarked, with an effort at ease, that I had certainly once possessed the advantage of Captain Cameron's acquaintance, but that a lapse of many years had separated me from him and his family. "There was, however," I remarked, very tremulously, "a Captain, since

made Colonel, Francillon, in India, who had been informed, or rather, happily for her friends, misinformed of the death of Miss Cameron." Margaret smiled incredulously; but with a dignified indifference, which created a strange feeling within me, seemed willing to let the subject pass. Margaret's spirits seemed to have lost the buoyancy, and her cheek the bloom of youth. But there was an elegance, a sort of melancholy dignity in her manner, and a touching expression on her countenance, to which both before had been strangers. If she were more beautiful at seventeen, she was more interesting at twenty-eight. Observing her smile, and perceiving that, with another graceful acknowledgment of my assistance, she was about to withdraw, I grew desperate, and ventured, with some abruptness, to demand if she had herself known Colonel Francillon? She answered, with a self-possession which chilled me, that she had certainly in her youth (such was her expression) been acquainted with a Lieutenant Francillon, who had since, she believed, been promoted in India, and probably was the officer of whom I spoke. "Perhaps," observed I, "there is not a man alive for whom I feel a greater interest than for Colonel Francillon."—He is fortunate in possessing so warm a friend," said Margaret, with careless politeness; but I thought I perceived, through this nonchalance, a slight tone of pique, which was less mortifying than her indifference. "I know not," said I, "anything which causes such a sudden and enchantment like reversion of the mind to past scenes and feelings, as an unexpected rencontre with those (or even the kindred of those) who were associated with us in the earliest and freshest days of our being." "Nothing; certainly," answered Margaret, "reminds us so forcibly of the change that has taken place in our being and our feelings." "True," replied I; "yet for the moment the change itself seems annihilated; our hearts beat with the same pulse that before animated them, and time seems to have warred on their feelings in vain."—"Perhaps to have taught a lesson in vain," said my companion. I paused for a moment,

and then added, rather diffidently, "And what lesson *should* time teach us?"—"It should teach us," she answered, with a sweet composure and gravity, "that our hearts best and warmest feelings may be wasted on that which may disappoint, and cannot satisfy them."—"I read your lesson with delight," answered I, in a tone somewhat sad; and added, "the only danger is lest we mistake the coolings of time for the conquests of principle." She seemed pleased by the sentiment, and by the frankness of the caution. "It may be," she said, in the power of Time and Disappointment to detach from the world, or at least to produce a barren acknowledgment of its unsatisfactoriness, but it is beyond their unassisted power to attach the soul with a steady and *practical* love to the only legitimate, the only rational source of happiness. Here is the touchstone which the self-deceiver cannot stand." I was silent. There was a delicious feeling in my bosom that is quite indistinguishable.—"These" at length, I said very timidly, "are the sentiments of Colonel Francillon; and since we have been on the subject of old friends, I could almost make up my mind to give you his history. It really half resembles a romance. At least it shows how often in real life, circumstances—I had almost said adventures—arise, which in fiction we should deride as an insult to our taste, by the violence done to all probability. Come, shall I give you the history of your former acquaintance?"—"Give me the history?" said Margaret, involuntarily, and with some emotion—it seemed the emotion of indignation.—"Ay, why not? I mean, of course, his Indian history; for of that in England, perhaps as your *families* were acquainted, you may know as much as I can."

The self-possession of men of the world generally increases in proportion to the embarrassment of those they address; yet I confess my heart began to beat quick and high as, taking advantage of Margaret's silence, I began to tell my own history.—Francillon had, I observed, arrived in India animated in his endeavours to obtain fortune and preferment by one of the dearest and purest motives

which can excite the human bosom. Here Margaret turned round with a something of dignified displeasure, which seemed to reprobate this little delicate allusion to her past history. I proceeded as though I marked not her emotion—Francillon was, I proceeded, under an engagement to a young and lovely compatriot, whose image was, even too closely, the idol of his bosom, but whose name, from natural and sacred feelings, had never passed his lip to human being. Here I thought Margaret seemed to breathe again. So I told my history simply and feelingly, and painted my grief on hearing of the death of Margaret with such depth of colouring, that I had well nigh identified the narrator with the subject of his biography. I am sure my companion was moved and surprised; but recovered herself. she said in a peculiar tone, with which an assumed carelessness in vain struggled, "It is singular that a married man should have thus grieved over the object of an extinguished attachment." There hath been foul play in two ways between Margaret and myself, thought I.—"Captain Francillon," I observed aloud, "was not married until five years after the period we speak of,—when he gave his hand to one whom I trust he has too much manly feeling ever to speak save with the tender respect she merited, but to whom he candidly confessed that he brought but a blighted heart, the better half of whose affections lay buried in the grave of her who had first inspired them." In vain, I sought to perceive what effect this had on my companion. Her face seemed studiously averted. The calm was profound; every breeze seemed to have died on the deep. It could not, therefore, be the night air that so violently agitated the white raiment of Margaret.

I continued my history—brought to Malta, and placed myself on board an *English Vessel*. Here, I confess, my courage half-failed me; but I went on.—"Francillon," I said, "now began to realize his return to his native land. On the first night of his voyage he threw himself, in meditative mood, on the deck, and half in thought, half in dreams, recalled former scenes. But there was one form, which recreated by a faith-

ful memory, constantly arose before his imagination. He dreamed, too, a something—I know not what—of a pilgrimage to the lone grave of her he had loved and lost; and then a change came upon his slumbering fancy, and he seemed to be ploughing some solitary and dismal sea; but even there a form appeared to him, whose voice thrilled on his ear, and whose eye, though it had waxed cold to him, made his heart heave with strange and unwonted emotion. He awoke—but oh!—the vision vanished not. Still in the moonlight he saw her who had risen on his dreams. Francillon started up. The figure he gazed on hastily retreated. He followed her in time to raise her from the fall her precipitate flight had occasioned, and discovered, with sensations, which for a moment well nigh overpowered him, that she whom he beheld was indeed the object of his heart's earliest and best feelings—was Margaret Cameron. I believe my respiration almost failed me as I thus ended. I spoke passionately, and uncovered my head when I uttered the concluding words. Margaret sprang to her feet with astonishment and emotion. ‘Is it possible!—have I then the pleasure to see—I am sure—I am most fortunate—’ again and again began Margaret. But her efforts at calmness, at ease, and even politeness, all failed her; and re-seating herself, she covered her face with her hands, and gave way to an honest flood of tears. I was delighted; yet I felt that I had placed her in an embarrassing situation. Seating myself, therefore, by her, and taking her hand, rather with the air of an elder brother than of a suitor,—“Margaret”, I said, “(if, as an early friend both of you and your father, you will again allow me thus to call you,) I fear I have been somewhat too abrupt with you. Forgive me if I have been too bold in thus forcing on you the history of one for whom I have little reason and less right to suppose you still interested. Bury in oblivion some passages in it, and forgive the biographer if he has expanded a little too freely on feelings which may be unacceptable to your ear.” I stretched out my hand

as I spoke, and we warmly shook hands, as two old friends in the first moment of meeting.

I had been longing to know some what of Margaret's own history, &c; but she seemed to have no intention of gratifying my curiosity, and I only too feelingly divined that her parents' altered circumstance had sent her out the humble companion of the Countess of Falcondale. “I am aware,” I said, smiling “that I have more than one old acquaintance in this vessel; and, in truth, when I heard that my former friend—I had nearly said enemy—the Countess of Falcondale, was on board, I felt half-inclined to relinquish the voyage.” Margaret hesitated—then said, half-smiling, half-sad, “I cannot *autobiographize* my friend has done. But—perhaps you heard of the unhappy state of my dear parent's affairs—and his daughter was prevailed on to take a step—perhaps a false one. Well—well, I cannot tell my history. Peace be with the dead!—every filial, every *conjugal* feeling consecrate their ashes!—but make yourself easy; my *mother-in-law* is not here. You will find but one dowager-countess in this vessel, and she now shakes your hand, and bids you a good night.” Margaret hastily disappeared as she spoke, and left me in a state—But I will teaze no one with my half-dreamlike feelings on that night.

Well, I failed not to visit my noble fellow-passenger on the morrow and day after-day, while we lay on those becalmed waves, I renewed my intercourse with Margaret. It can easily be divined that she had given her hand to save a parent, and that she had come abroad with a husband, who, dying, had there left her a widow, and—alas! for me—a rich widow. If the limits of my little manuscript would allow, I could tell a long tale of well-managed treachery and deception; how the ill-natured Countess suffered not to remain in the belief that the death of Captain Cameron's niece, which occurred at A——, shortly after my departure, was that of my own Margaret: how, in her character of su-

some manager of the paralytic officer's affairs, she kept my letters for her own exclusive eye; how she worked on Margaret's feelings to bring about a marriage with the Earl of Falcondale, in the hope of again acquiring a maternal footing in her son's house, and the right of managing a portionless and broken-spirited daughter-in-law; and how her marriage was kept from the public papers. For the Countess although I feel assured that there was a something inexpressibly soothing in her feelings, in thus over-reaching and punishing one who had so often mortified her self-importance,—yet I do believe the love of concealment, and management, and plotting, and bringing things about by her own exclusive agency, was, after all, the *primum mobile* in this affair. She had too little feeling herself even to conceive the pang she was inflicting on me, and she doubtless considered

herself the supreme benefactress of Margaret.

As my intimacy with Margaret, increased, I reflected with additional pain on her marriage. In the first place, I could not bear to think of her having belonged to another; and, in the second, I felt that her rank and wealth might give to my addresses an air of self-interest which I felt they did not deserve. I dreaded the end of my voyage as much as I had first desired it, and almost wished that we could sail for ever over those still, blue seas. Alas! it was not long ere I would have given all I held in life that Margaret and I had never met on those waves—ere I would have sacrificed all our late sweet intercourse to have known that she was safe in her narrow house of turf by the lowly church of A——, and her soul in shelter from the horrors it was doomed to suffer.

*To be Continued.*

#### ON THE NATIONAL IMPORTANCE OF YACHTS AND AQUATIC SPORTS.

It was wisely remarked by Voltaire, that in order to impress mankind with the highest possible idea of British power, His Britannic Majesty, (surrounded by the officers and seamen of his fleet,) should receive all foreign ambassadors in the cabin of one of his first-rate ships-of-the-line; the sagacious Frenchman being well aware how much the dignity of the Monarch was connected with the equipment and discipline of his navy; how much the glory of his empire depended on the encouragement that the Royal presence would no doubt give to nautical science; and how both would be confirmed and secured by the zeal and intrepidity which such condescension on the part of the King must necessarily excite in the bosoms of the officers and seamen of his fleet. Foreigners of the present day are by no means disposed to give us their opinions with the same degree of candour, and not without reason; for if there is among the nations one

feeling more bitter towards us than another, it is caused by the extreme jealousy with which they regard our maritime superiority: it behoves us therefore, to strain every nerve in support of this envied pre-eminence, and on no account to consider discussions on naval concerns interesting merely as matters of amusement or speculation. To us they are of vital importance: in the "wooden walls" the patriot must ever recognise the invincible arm of our strength, which, under Divine Providence, has preserved his individual independence, and maintained the prosperity and glory of his country. The interest that the nation has of late years taken in aquatic sports, (and which we rejoice to see is on the increase,) has tended in no small degree to add nerves to this strong arm of our power, and we shall presently show, that yachts are of much greater national importance than is generally supposed; nor is it possible to conceive a more

efficacious means of promoting nautical science, than by the establishment of those clubs where the aristocracy of the land strive to emulate each other in the scientific construction and seamen-like equipment of their vessels. Accordingly, with yacht sailing a new era sprang up in naval architecture, which has raised it from a mere imitative art, to place it in the rank of a science founded on mathematical principles.

Yacht sailing has been the means of calling forth the energies, rewarding the skill, and establishing the reputation of many scientific architects and ingenious mechanics, who, but for them, could never have had an opportunity of bringing their various improvements in the models of vessels, in the shape of sails, in the construction of all kinds of material, to the test of experiment; add to this, the provision made by the outfit of yachts for our naval artisans—our carpenters, ropemakers, blacksmiths, blockmakers, sailmakers, and a host of others—men on whose skill and ingenuity much of the national prosperity must ever depend. To a nation like ours, proud, and justly proud of the transcendent deeds of her seamen, it is a fact hardly to be credited, that till of late years she could make no boast of the achievements of her naval architects; and still more extraordinary, that while societies were formed, and prizes awarded, for every other improvement in mechanics, from a plough to a spinning-jenny, no inducement whatever, not even a medal, was held out to the man who should present his country with the most scientific model of a man-of-war. Long after Sir Isaac Newton made the actions and motions of fluids the subject of mathematical discussion, little or no improvement had taken place in British naval architecture; and the old Royal William (a ship that many of us have good reason to remember as *gardo* at Spithead) might be justly considered to exhibit (on a large scale and doubt) all the faults and all the good qualities of the ships of Tarshish, which brought gold, and silver, and ivory, and apes, and peacocks to king Solomon.

The cause of our decided inferiority (more especially to the French) in the art of ship building, has been accounted for in various ways. We humbly conceive that the most evident reason existed in the treatment which scientific men received at head-quarters. We find them complain—"that the most obvious improvements were ungraciously acknowledged, and rarely, if ever, adopted by the Navy Board, who imagined that they had already obtained the *acme* of perfection in nautical knowledge. The late Lord Melville thought otherwise; in discussing the subject of our inferiority to the French in naval architecture, his Lordship observed, "that it was partly owing to the *culpable neglect* shown to the projects of scientific men, which were too frequently *divided or contemned*." If his Lordship was dissatisfied with the conduct of the gentlemen at the Navy Board, the Commissioners for revising the civil affairs of the navy were, if possible, more so, with the acquirements of their inferiors at the dock-yards. In their able and judicious remarks on the theory and practice of ship-building at our dock-yards, the Commissioners go on to say—"When we have built exactly after the form of the best of the French ships that we have taken, thus adding our dexterity in building to their knowledge in theory, the ships it is generally allowed, have proved the best in our navy; but whenever our builders have been so far misled by their little attainments in the science of naval architecture, as to depart from the model before them in any material degree, and attempt improvements, the true principles on which ships ought to be constructed (being imperfectly known to them) have been mistaken or counteracted, and the alterations, according to the information given to us, have in many cases done harm.

"From the same cause, there has been infinite variety in the alterations made, and in the forms that have been adopted; the alterations being founded on no certain principles, no similarity in the form of the ships could be expected, and they

have the appearance of having been constructed on the chance that, in the multitude of trials made, some one might be found of superior excellence. While, therefore, our rivals in naval power were employing men of the *greatest talents* and most *extensive acquirements* to call in the aid of science for improving the construction of ships, we have contented ourselves, groping in the dark, in quest of such discoveries as chance might bring in our way."

Such was the state of things till towards the close of the war—"we groped in the dark deriding or contemning the projects of scientific men;" our builders in the mean time covered the shame of their inferiority with the cheering consolation, that if the science of ship building had set up the staff of her rest on the French side of the Channel, the practice was better understood on the English; if they had more skill in drawing lines, we had better workmen putting the materials together; [a fact, by the way, which Mr. Pering seems to doubt; they moreover [such tricks hath strong imagination] disabled the judgment of the French architects, by asserting that they had nothing but theory, and

"hardly knew  
Oak from deal board—a gimblet from  
a screw;]"

whereas our builders were perfect workmen, could handle the adze, the axe, and the saw; as if it were necessary, in order to become a skilful architect, that a man should first be a stonemason. Does any one suppose that Sir Christopher Wren mixed mortar? or that Palladio or Vitruvius carried a hod?

It is but justice to acknowledge that a much more liberal spirit now prevails at Somerset House, partly from the example set them by the Admiralty, and we incline to think in no small degree from the impulse given by yacht sailing to the public discussion of nautical science in all its branches, and the extreme interest that of late years has been taken by the nation in regattas,—the most elegant, the most national, and the most scientific of our amusements.

Having now taken a very cursory glance at the national importance of yachts, in so far as they have been the means of calling forth individual talent and ingenuity, thereby advancing the science of naval architecture and nautical science; and in so far as, by giving employment to our naval artisans, they have added materially to the maritime resources of the nation; let us now consider a subject of much higher importance namely, the effect they are likely to produce on our maritime population. Our readers will be satisfied with the momentous nature of the subject when we inform them that [without taking into our calculation the various clubs scattered through the empire] the Royal Yacht Club at this moment maintains a body of men equal to supply the full compliment of petty officers and able seamen to from six to eight of the largest frigates in his Majesty's service. Is it too much to say, that the force of all the clubs would "furnish forth" a like number of ships of the line? The vital interests of a maritime nation are closely connected with the moral character of its seamen, and we need not remind the naval part of our readers how much that character was deteriorated by a practice that obtained during the late war—we mean the demoralizing system that was resorted to of converting the fleet into a political engine of punishment, by sending thither all sort of miscreants to have their morals amended by the iron discipline of a man-of-war; thus respectable seaman and volunteers were placed on a level with the scum of the earth and severe corporal punishment was rendered unavoidable.

It was our fortune at one time to serve in a vessel off Toulon, that was in a great measure manned with delinquents sent from prisons to 'line our enterprise;' often, in blowy weather, when witnessing the ungrainly efforts of some reckless desperado, have we in bitterness of spirit exclaimed with honest Gonzalo, "we have great comfort in this fellow; methinks he has no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows; stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope

of his destiny our cable, for our own little advantage ; if he be not born to be hanging our case is miserable."

Did our limits permit, we could easily show that the practice of sending felons into the fleet during the war, was the great leading cause which rendered the naval service so very unpopular, and made impressment almost unavoidable. On the subject of impressment, it is not at present our "bent to speak," we are only anxious for the preservation of the moral character of the navy ; and should another war call us to arms, we fondly trust, [now that the real character of our seamen is known to the British aristocracy,] that there will not be wanting some patriot senators who will sternly oppose the baneful system which we have now brought to their notice. Let the civil power send victims to the hulks, to the Penitentiary, to the treadmill, to the — ; hang them if they will ; but in the name of justice send them not to contaminate the most interesting and valuable part of our population. The ancients placed their vessels under the protection of Castor and Pollux, and the Roman Catholics propitiate, the favour of their saints before

sending their ships to sea. Might not a superstitious mind suspect our gentlemen of the quorum of some such motive, when sending off a poacher or sheep-stealer to the navy ? "Go, go save your ship from wreck, which cannot perish having thee aboard, being destined for a dryer death on shore."

"The spirit of tyranny," says Mr. Hume, [not Joseph,] "of which nations are as susceptible as individuals, may be seen by the manner in which the former treat their dependants, the latter their inferiors:" and to speak seriously, the nation that exposes the moral and religious interests of any portion of her community to contamination, cannot be said to have arrived at the highest degree of political, far less christian excellence ; and the officer whose moral nature is not to a certain degree injured by following in the train of such a system, must be more elevated above his fellow creatures in wisdom and virtue than authority. It is still a melancholy fact, that however much it may be the interest of a good Government to prevent injustice, it is most difficult to remedy it, after it has run a long course, and been attended with great *political success*. Let us hope the best.

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#### THE SOLDIER'S CEMETERY AT GIBRALTAR.

"One would almost wish to lie along with the dead so sublimely honoured."

WHERE the gaunt Rock o'er ocean throws  
A strange, supernal shade,  
Hard by its base in deep repose  
Are laurell'd legions laid :  
Cold is each heart and busy head,  
O'er them no death-bell rings ;  
Few sculptures mark each low, lone bed ;  
The *brave* ask nobler things :

And seas, which raving lash the shore ;  
Gales round the rock which sweep ;  
Cannon from cloudy clefts whose roar  
Astounds the thund'ring deep—  
Wail them with knell and minstrelsy  
Sublime ; their deeds declare ;  
Honour their last home awfully :—  
Oh ! would that I slept there !



From the Diary of a late Physician.

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THE FORGER.

A GROOM in plain livery left a card at my house one afternoon during my absence, on which was the name Mr. GLOUCESTER, No. —, Regent street, and in pencil, the words—"Will thank Dr. — to call this evening." As my red book was lying on the table at the time, I looked in it from mere casual curiosity, to see whether the name of "Gloucester" appeared there—but it did not. I concluded therefore, that my new patient must be a recent comer. About six o'clock that evening I drove to Regent street and sent in my card, and was presently ushered by the man-servant into a spacious apartment somewhat shewily furnished. The mild retiring sunlight of a July evening was diffused over the room; and ample crimson window curtains half drawn, mitigated the glare of the gilded picture-frames which hung in great profusion around the walls. There was a large round table in the middle of the room covered with papers, magazines, books, cards &c. and in a word the whole aspect of things indicated the residence of a person of some fashion and fortune. On a side-table lay several pairs of boxing-gloves, foils, &c. The object of my visit—Mr. Gloucester, was seated on an elegant ottoman, in a pensive posture, with his head leaning on his hand, which rested on the table. He was engaged with the newspaper when I was announced. He rose as I entered, politely handed me to a chair, and then resumed his seat on the ottoman. His countenance was rather pleasing—fresh-coloured with regular features, and very light auburn hair, which was adjusted with a sort of careless fashionable negligence. I may perhaps be laughed at by some for noticing such an apparently insignificant circumstance; but the observant humour of my profession must sufficiently account for my detecting the fact, that his hands were not those of a *born and bred* gentleman—of one who, as the phrase is, "has never done any thing" in his life; but they were coarse, large and clumsy-lock-

ing. As for his demeanour also, there was a constrained and over-anxious display of politeness—an assumption of fashionable ease and indifference, that sate ill on him, like a court-dress fastened on a vulgar fellow. He spoke with a would-be jaunty, free and easy sort of an air, and changed at times the tones of his voice to an offensive, cringing softness, which I daresay he took to be monstrosly insinuating. All these little circumstances put together, prepossessed me with a sudden feeling of dislike to the man. These sort of people are a great nuisance to one; since there is no knowing exactly how to treat them. After some hurried expressions of civility, Mr. Gloucester informed me that he had sent for me on account of a deep depression of spirits, to which he was latterly subject. He proceeded to detail many of the symptoms of a disordered nervous system. He was tormented with vague apprehensions of impending calamity; could not divest himself of an unaccountable trepidation of manner, which by attracting observation, seriously disconcerted him on many occasions; felt incessantly tempted to the commission of suicide; loathed society; disrelished his former scenes of amusement; had lost his appetite; passed restless nights, and was disturbed with appalling dreams. His pulse, tongue, countenance, &c. corroborated the above statement of his symptoms. I asked him whether any accident had occurred in his family? Nothing of the kind. Disappointed in an *affaire de cœur*? Oh, no. Unsuccessful at play? By no means—he did not play. Well—had he any source of secret annoyance which could account for his present depression? He coloured, seemed embarrassed, and apparently hesitating whether or not he should communicate to me what weighed on his spirits. He, however, seemed determined to keep me in ignorance, and with some alteration of manner, said, suddenly, that it was only constitutional nervousness—his family were all so—and he wished to know whether it was in the power of medicine to relieve him. I replied that I would certainly do all that lay in my power but that he must not expect any sudden and miraculous ef-

fect from the medicines I might prescribe ;—that I saw clearly there was something on his mind which oppressed his spirits—that he ought to go into cheerful society—he sighed—seek change of air—that, he said, was under circumstances, impossible, I rose to go. He gave me two guineas and begged me to call the next evening. I left, not knowing what to make of him. To tell the plain truth my suspicion was that he was neither more or less than a systematic London sharper—a gamester—a hanger-on about town—and, that he had sent for me in consequence of some of those sudden alternations of fortune to which the lives of such men are subject. I was by no means anxious for a prolonged attendance on him.

About the same time next evening I paid him a second visit. He was stretched on the ottoman, enveloped in a gaudy dressing-gown, with his arms folded on his breast, and his right foot hanging over the side of the ottoman, and dangling about as if in search of a stray slipper. I did not like this elaborately careless and conceited posture. A decanter or two with some wine glasses, stood on the table. He did not rise on my entering, but, with a languid air, begged me to be seated in a chair opposite him. “ Good evening, Doctor—good evening,” said he, in a low hurried tone ; “ I’m glad you are come, for if you had not, I’m sure I don’t know what I should have done. I’m decidedly low to-night.”

“ Have you taken the medicines I prescribed, Mr. Gloucester ?” I enquired, feeling his pulse, which fluttered irregularly, indicating a high degree of nervous excitement. He had taken most of the physic I had ordered, he said, but without perceiving any effect from it. “ In fact, Doctor,” he continued, starting from his recumbent position to his feet, and walking rapidly three or four paces to and fro—“ d-n me, if I know what’s come to me. I feel as if I could cut my throat.” I insinuated some questions for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any hereditary tendency to insanity in his family—but it would not do. “ He saw,” he said, “ what I was driving at, but I was on a wrong scent.”

“ Come, come, Doctor !—after all,

there’s nothing like wine for low spirits, is there ? D—me, Doctor, drink, drink. Only taste that claret”—and after pouring out a glass for me, which ran over the brim on the table—his hand was so unsteady—he instantly gulped down two glasses himself.—There was a vulgar offensive familiarity in his manner, from which I felt inclined to stand off ; but I thought it better to conceal my feelings. I was removing my glove from my right hand, and putting my hat and stick on the table, when, seeing a thin slip of paper lying on the spot where I intended to place them—apparently a bill or promissory note—I was going to hand it over to Mr. Gloucester ; but, to my astonishment, he suddenly sprang towards me, snatched from me the paper, with an air of ill-disguised alarm, and crumpled it up into his pocket, saying hurriedly,—“ Ha, ha, Doctor—d—me !—this same little bit of paper—didn’t see the name, eh ? ” It is the bill of an extravagant young friend of mine, whom I’ve just come down a cool hundred or two for—and it wouldn’t be the handsome thing to let his name appear—ha—you understand ?” He stammered confusedly, directing to me as sudden and penetrating a glance as I ever encountered. I felt excessively uneasy, and inclined to take my departure instantly. My suspicions were now confirmed—I was sitting familiarly with a swindler—a gambler—and the bill he was so anxious to conceal, was evidently wrung from one of his ruined dupes. My demeanour was instantly frozen over with the most distant and frigid civility. I begged him to be re-seated, and allow me to put a very few more questions to him, as I was in great haste. I was thus engaged, when a heavy knock was heard at the outer door. Though there was nothing particular in it, Mr. Gloucester started, and turned pale. In a few moments I heard the sound of altercation—the door of the room in which we sat was presently opened, and two men entered. Recollecting suddenly a similar scene in my own early history, I felt faint. There was no mistaking the character or errand of the two fellows, who now walked up to where we were sitting : they were two sullen Newgate myrmidons, and

—gracious God!—had a warrant to arrest Mr. Gloucester for FORGERY! I rose from my chair, and staggered a few paces, I knew not whither. I could scarce preserve myself from falling on the floor. Mr. Gloucester, as soon as he caught sight of the officers, fell back on the ottoman—suddenly pressed his hand to his heart—turned pale as death, and gasped, breathless with horror.

“Gentlemen,—what—what—do you want here?”

“Isn’t your name E—T—?” asked the elder of the two, coolly and unconcernedly.

“N—o—my name is Glou—ces—ter,” stammered the wretched young man, almost inaudibly.

“*Gloucester*, eh?—oh d—me, none of that there sort of blarney! Come, my kiddy—caged at last, eh? We’ve been long after you, and now you must be off with us directly. Here’s your passport,” said one of the officers, pointing to the warrant. The young man uttered a deep groan, and sank senseless on the sofa. One of the officers, I cannot conceive how, was acquainted with my person; and, taking off his hat, said, in a respectful tone—“Doctor, you’ll bring him to his wits again, an’t please you—We *must* have him off directly!” Though myself but a trifle removed from the state in which he lay stretched before me, I did what I could to restore him, and succeeded at length. I unbuttoned his shirt collar, dashed in his face some water brought by his man-servant, who now stood looking on shivering with affright—and endeavoured to calm his agitation by such soothing expressions as I could command.

“Oh, Doctor, Doctor, what a horrid dream it was!—Are they gone? are they?” he enquired, without opening his eyes, and clasping my hand in his, which was cold as that of a corpse.

“Come, come—none of these here tantrums—you must *off* at once—that’s the long and short of it,” said an officer, approaching, and taking from his coat-pocket a pair of handcuffs, at sight of which, and of a large horse pistol projecting from his breast pocket, my very soul sickened.

“Oh, Doctor, Doctor—save me! save me!” groaned their prisoner,

clasping my hands with convulsive energy.

“Come—d—n your cowardly snivelling!—Why can’t you behave like a man now, eh?—Come!—Off with this peacock’s covering of yours—it was never made for the like of *you*, I’m sure—and put on a plain coat, and off to cage like a sensible bird,” said one of the two, proceeding to remove the dressing-gown very roughly.

“Oh, my God—oh my God—have mercy on me!—Oh, strike me dead at once!” nearly shrieked their prisoner, falling on his knees on the floor, and glaring towards the ceiling with an almost maniac eye.

“I hope you’ll not treat your prisoner with unnecessary severity,” said I, seeing them disposed to be very unceremonious.

“No—not by no manner of means, if as how he behaves himself,” replied one of the men, respectfully. Mr. Gloucester’s dressing-gown was quickly removed, and his body-coat—himself perfectly passive the while—drawn on by his bewildered servant, assisted by one of the officers. It was nearly a new coat, cut in the very extreme of the latest fashion, and contrasted strangely with the disordered and affrighted air of its wearer. His servant placed his hat on his head, and endeavoured to draw on his gloves—showy sky-coloured kid. He was standing with a stupified air, gazing vacantly at the officers, when he started suddenly to the window, manifestly with the intention of leaping out.

“Ha, ha! *that’s* your game, my lad, is it?” coolly exclaimed one of the officers, as he snatched him back again with a vice-like grasp of the collar. “Now, since *that’s* the sport you’re for, why, you must be content to wear these little bracelets for the rest of your journey. D—me! it’s your own seeking; for I didn’t mean to have used them, if as how you’d only behaved perfectly;” and in an instant the young man’s hands were locked together in the handcuffs. It was sickening to see the frantic efforts, as if he would have severed his hands from the wrists—he made to burst the handcuffs.

“Take me, to *Hell*, if you choose!” he gasped in a hoarse hollow tone,

sinking into a chair utterly exhausted, while one of the officers was busily engaged rummaging the draws, desks, &c. in search of papers. When he had concluded his search, filled his pockets, and buttoned his coat, the two approached, and told him to rise and accompany them.

"Now, d—me! are you for a quiet or rough passage, eh?" said one of them, seizing him not very gently by the collar. He received no answer. The wretched prisoner was more dead than alive.

"I hope you have a coach in waiting, and don't intend to drag the young man through the streets on foot?" I enquired.

"Why, true, true, Doctor, it might be as well for us all; but who's to *stump up* for it?" replied one of the officers. I gave him five shillings, and the servant was instantly dispatched for a hackney coach. While they were waiting its arrival, conceiving I could not be of any use to Mr. Gloucester, and not choosing to be seen leaving the house with two police officers and a handcuffed prisoner, I took my departure, and drove home in such a state of agitation as I have never experienced before or since. The papers of the next morning explained all. The young man "living in Regent Street, in first rate style," who had summoned me to visit him, had committed a series of forgeries, for the last eighteen months, to a great amount, and with so much secrecy and dexterity as to have, till then, escaped detection; and had for the last few months, been enjoying the produce of his skilful villainy in the style I witnessed—passing himself off, in the circles where he associated, under the assumed name of *Gloucester*. The immediate cause of his arrest was forging the acceptance of an eminent mercantile house to a bill of exchange for L45. Poor fellow! it was short work with him afterwards. He was arraigned at the next September sessions of the Old Bailey—the case clearly proved against him, he offered no defence—was found guilty, and sentenced to death. Shortly after this, while reading the papers one Saturday morning, at breakfast, my eye lit on the usual gloomy announcement of the Recorder's visit to

Windsor, and report to the King's Council of the prisoners found guilty at the last Old Bailey Sessions—"of whom," the paragraph concluded "his Majesty was graciously pleased to respite during his royal pleasure, except E—T—, on whom the law is left to take its course next Tuesday morning."

Transient and any thing but agreeable as had been my intimacy with this miserable young man, I could not read this intelligence with indifference. He whom I had so very lately seen surrounded with the little bought luxuries of a man of wealth and fashion, was now shivering in the few remaining hours of his life in the condemned cells of Newgate! The next day (Sunday) I entertained a party of friends at my house to dinner; to which I was just sitting down when one of the servants put a note into my hand, of which the following is a copy:

"The Chaplain of Newgate is earnestly requested by E—T— (the young man sentenced to suffer for forgery next Tuesday morning) to present his humble respects to Dr. —, and solicit the favour of a visit from him in the course of to-morrow (Monday). The unhappy convict, Mr. — believes, has something on his mind, which he is anxious to communicate to Dr. — Newgate, September 28, 182—.

I felt it impossible, after perusing this note, to enjoy the company I had invited. What on earth could the culprit have to say to me? what unreasonable request might he put me to the pain of refusing? ought I to see him at all? were questions which were incessantly proposed to myself during the evening, but felt unable to answer. I resolved however, at last to afford him the desired interview, and be at the cell of Newgate in the course of the next evening, unless my professional engagement prevented me. About six o'clock, therefore, on Monday, after fortifying myself with a few extra glasses of wine—for why should I hesitate to acknowledge that I apprehend some distressing agitation from what is so unusual a scene?—I drove to the Old Bailey, drew up opposite the Governor's house, and was received by him very politely. He dispatched a tunkney,

to lead me to the cell where my late patient, the *soi-disant* Mr. Gloucester, was immured in chilling expectancy of his fate.

Surely horror has appropriated these gloomy regions for her peculiar dwelling-place ! Who that has passed through them once, can ever forget the long, narrow, lamp-lit passages,—the sepulchral silence, save where the ear is startled with the clangour of iron doors closing harshly before and behind, the dimly-seen spectral figure of the prison patrol gliding along with loaded blunderbuss, and the chilling consciousness of being surrounded by so many fiends in human shape, inhaling the foul atmosphere of all the concentrated crime and guilt of the metropolis ! My heart leaped within me to listen even to my own echoing footfalls ; and I felt several times inclined to return without fulfilling the purpose of my visit. My vacillation, however, was abruptly put an end to by my guide exclaiming, “ Here we are, sir ” While he was unbarred the cell-door, I begged him to continue at the outside of the door during the few moments of my interview with the convict.

“ Holloa ! young man there, here’s Df. — come to see you ! ” said the turnkey hoarsely, as he ushered me in. The cell was small and gloomy ; and a little lamp lying on the table, barely sufficed to shew me the person of the culprit, and that of an elderly, respectable looking man, muffled in a drab great-coat, and sitting gazing in stupified silence on the prisoner.— Great God, it was his FATHER !— He did not seem conscious of my entrance ; but his son rose and feebly asked me how I was, muttered a few words of thanks, sunk again—apparently overpowered with his feelings—into his seat, and fixed his eyes on a page of the Bible, which was lying open before him. A long silence ensued ; for none of us seemed either able or inclined to talk. I contemplated the two with feelings of lively interest. How altered was the young culprit before me from the gay Mr. Gloucester, whom I had visited in Regent street ! His face had now a ghastly, cadaverous hue ; his hair was matted with perspiration, over his sallow forehead ; his eyes were sunk

and bloodshot, and seemed incapable of distinguishing the print to which they were directed. He was dressed in a plain suit of mourning, and wore a simple black stock round his neck. How I shuddered, when I thought of the rude hands which were soon to unloose it ! Beside him on the table lay a white pocket handkerchief completely saturated either with tears, or wiping the perspiration from his forehead ; and a glass of water with which he occasionally moistened his parched lips. I knew not whether he was to be pitied more than his wretched and heart-broken father. The latter seemed a worthy, respectable person, he was an industrious tradesman in the country, with a few thin grey hairs scattered over his otherwise bald head, and sate with his hands closed together, resting on his knees, gazing on his doomed son with lack-lustre eye, which together with his anguish-worn features, told eloquently of his sufferings.

“ Well, Doctor, exclaimed the young man, at length, closing the Bible, “ I have now read that blessed chapter to the end ; and I thank God I think I feel it. But now, let me thank you Doctor, for your good and kind attention to my request ; I have something particular to say to you, but it must be in private,” he continued, looking significantly at his father, as though he wished him to take the hint, and withdraw for a few moments. Alas ! the heart-broken parent understood him not, but continued with his eyes riveted vacantly, as before.

“ We must be left alone for a moment,” said the young man, rising, and stepping to the door. He knocked, and when it was opened, whispered the turnkey to remove his father gently, and let him wait outside for an instant or two. The man entered for that purpose, and the prisoner took hold tenderly of his father’s hand, and said, “ Dear—dear father ! you must leave me for a moment, while I speak in private to this gentleman ” at the same time endeavouring to raise him from the chair.

“ Oh ! yes—yes—What ?—Of course,” stammered the old man, with a bewildered air, rising ; and then, as it were with a sudden gush

of full returning consciousness, flung his arms round his son, folded him convulsively to his breast, and groaned—"Oh, my son; my poor son!" Even the iron visage of the turnkey seemed darkened with a transient emotion at this heart-breaking scene. The next moment we were left alone; but it was some time before the culprit recovered from the agitation occasioned by this sudden ebullition of his father's feelings.

"Doctor," he gasped at length, "we've but a few, very few moments, and I have much to say. God Almighty bless you," squeezing my hands convulsively, "for this kindness to a guilty, unworthy wretch like me; and the business I wanted to see you about is sad, but short. I have heard so much of your goodness, Doctor, that I'm sure you won't deny me the only favour I shall ask."

"Whatever is reasonable and proper, if it lie in my way, I shall certainly—" said I, anxiously waiting to see the nature of the communication he seemed to have for me to execute.

"Thank you, Doctor; thank you. It is only this—in a word, guilty wretch that I am!—I have"—he trembled violently—"seduced a lovely, but poor girl—God forgive me! And—and—she is now, nearly on the verge of her confinement!" He suddenly covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed bitterly for some moments. Presently he resumed—"Alas, she knows me not by my real name; so that, when she reads the account, of—of—my execution in the papers of Wednesday, she won't know it is *her* Edward! Nor does she know me by the name I bore in Regent Street. She is not at all acquainted with my frightful situation; but she *must* be, when all is over! Now, dear, kind, good Doctor," he continued, shaking from head to foot, and grasping my hand, "do, for the love of God, and the peace of my dying moments, promise me that you will see her—(she lives at ———)—visit her in her confinement, and gradually break the news of my death to her; and say my last prayers will be for her, and that my Maker may forgive me for her ruin! You will find in this little bag a sum

of £30—the last I have on earth—I beg you will take five guineas for your own fee, and give the rest to my precious, my ruined Mary!" He fell down on his knees, and folded his arms round mine, in a supplicating attitude. My tears fell on him, as he looked up at me. "Oh, God be thanked for these blessed tears! They assure me you will do what I ask—may I believe you will?"

"Yes, yes, yes, young man," I replied, with a quivering lip; "it is a painful task; but I will do it—give her the money, and add ten pounds to the thirty, should it be necessary." "Oh, Doctor, depend on it, God will bless you and yours for ever, for this noble conduct!—And now, I have one thing more to ask—yes—one thing,"—he seemed choked—"Doctor, your skill will enable you to inform me, I wish to know—is—the death I must die to-morrow"—he put his hand to his neck, and, shaking like an aspen leaf, sunk down again into the chair from which he had risen—"is—hanging—a painful, a tedious——" He could utter no more, nor could I answer him.

"Do not," I replied, after a pause, "do not put me to the torture of listening to questions like these. Pray to your merciful God; and, rely on it, no one ever prayed sincerely in vain. 'The thief on the cross—' I faltered; then feeling, that if I continued in the cell a moment longer, I should faint, I rose, and shook the young man's hands; he could not speak, but sobbed and gasped convulsively; and in a few moments I was driving home. As soon as I was seated in my carriage I could restrain my feelings no longer, but burst into a flood of tears. I prayed to God I might never be called to pass through such a bitter and afflicting scene again, to the latest hour I breathed! I ought to have called on several patients that evening, but finding myself utterly unfit, I sent apologies, and went home. My sleep in the night was troubled; the distorted image of the convict I had been visiting flitted in horrible shapes round my bed all night long. An irresistible and most morbid restlessness and curiosity took possession of me, to witness the end of this young man. The first time the idea presented it-

self, it sickened me ; I revolted from it. How my feelings changed, I know not ; but I rose at seven o'clock, and, without hinting it to any one, put on the large top coat of my servant, and directed my hurried steps towards the Old Bailey. I got into one of the houses immediately opposite the gloomy gallows, and took my station, with several other visitors, at the window. They were conversing on the subject of the execution, and unanimously execrated the sanguinary severity of the laws which could deprive a young man, such as they said F.— T.— was, of his life, for an offence of merely civil institution. Of course, I did not speak. It was a wretched morning ; a drizzling shower fell incessantly. The crowd was not great, but conducted themselves most indecorously. Even the female portion, by far the greater—occasionally vociferated joyously and boisterously, as they recognised their acquaintance among the crowd.

At length, St. Sepulchre's bell tolled the hour of eight—gloomy herald of many a sinner's entrance into eternity ; and as the last chimes died away on the ear, and were succeeded by the muffled tolling of the prison bell, which I could hear with agonizing distinctness, I caught a glimpse of the glistening gold-tipped wands of the two under sheriffs, as they took their station under the shade at the foot of the gallows. In a few moments, the Ordinary, and another grey-haired gentleman, made their appearance ; and between them was the unfortunate criminal. He ascended the steps with considerable firmness. His arms were pinioned before and behind ; and when he stood on the gallows, I could hear the exclamations of the crowd,—“ Lord, Lord, what a fine young man ! Poor fellow ! ” He was dressed in a suit of respectable mourning, and wore black kid gloves. His light hair had evidently been adjusted with some care, and fell in loose curls over each side of his temples. His countenance was much as I saw it on the preceding evening—fearfully pale ; and his demeanour was much more composed than I had expected, from what I had witnessed of his agitation in the condemned cell. He bowed

twice very low, and rather formally, to the crowd around—gave a sudden and ghastly glance at the beam over his head, from which the rope was suspended, and then suffered the executioner to place him on the precise spot which he was to occupy, and prepare him for death. I was shocked at the air of sullen, brutal indifference, with which the executioner loosed and removed his neckerchief, which was white, and tied with neatness and precision, dropped the accursed noose over his head, and adjusted it round the bare neck—and could stand it no longer. I staggered from my place at the window to a distant part of the room, dropped into a chair, shut my eyes, closed my tingling ears with my fingers, and, with a hurried aspiration for God's mercy towards the wretched young criminal who within a very few yards of me, was, perhaps, that instant surrendering his life into the hands which gave it, continued motionless for some minutes, till the noise made by the persons at the window, in leaving, convinced me all was over. I rose and followed them down stairs ; worked my way through the crowd, without daring to elevate my eyes, lest they should encounter the suspended corpse, threw myself into a coach, and hurried home. I did not recover the agitation produced by this scene for several days.—This was the end of a FORGER !

In conclusion I may just inform the reader, that I faithfully executed the commission with which he had intrusted me, and a bitter, heart-rending business it was !

*Flight of Locusts in the North.*—It appears that there has been a flight of a considerable body of gregarious locusts in the vicinity of Stromness. This is a very curious fact, and we may expect some interesting dissertations on the specific nature and origin of these uncommon visitors, from the pens of the Scotch naturalists.

The name of Fleurette, the beautiful Bearn peasant, Henri Quatre's first love, has passed into a proverb : the French call the language of that graceful gallantry, whose very oaths are compliments, *parler des Fleurettes*.

**AS FAST AND FAR O'ER WAVES WE FLY.**


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As fast and far o'er waves we fly,  
 And see beneath the distant sky  
 Our native land's deep shadows fade,  
 We gaze upon the wave and sigh,  
 And think upon the absent maid  
 Who sits and listens to the wind,  
 And turns the dark thought in her mind,  
     Of what may be  
     Our lot at sea,  
 Till the breeze freshening to a gale  
 Calls us aloft to shorten sail ;  
 Then duty bids our wishes move,  
 And toil diverts our souls from love.

Sharply its breath the vessel feels,  
 Down on her groaning side she heels ;  
     Another reef is taken in—  
 Loudly the dreadful thunder peals,  
 Old Ocean echoes to the din :  
     Beneath the blow  
     She rises slow,  
 As smart the helmsman luffs her, then  
 We think no more, but feel like men,  
 But cheerly to our duty move,  
 And leave the future hour for love.

'Tis past ; top-gallant masts ascend,  
 O'er top-sail yards we gaily bend ;  
 The loosen'd sail abroad we shake ;  
 Top-gallant-yards aloft we send ;  
     No more the surges o'er us break ;—  
 Awhile with flowing sheet we glide,  
 Till slow we feel the swell subside,  
     And the sea slumber like a lake.  
     Then thoughts of home  
     Across us come,  
 With recollections warm and clear,  
 Our anxious hearts we fondly cheer ;  
 Our duty o'er—our wishes move  
 Again from toil to ease and love.

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## MY FIRST LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

THE old proverb says, "Once a man—twice a child." I have no objection to urge against the truth of the maxim—none to the sage Sancho who in his wisdom indited it; but I must frankly confess that, if this rule in mortal man's existence be invariable, some villain destiny has brought the two extremes (the two childhoods) of *my* particular life together, and I am afraid, intends to defraud me entirely of the middle term: for (shall I confess it?) I am at forty in some respects as great a child as I was at ten. Woodworth has very truly said, after Dryden,

"The priest continues what the nurse began,  
And thus the child imposes on the man."

that

"The child is father to the man;"

and it is only to be regretted that the child-father cannot keep the man his son under more subjection in his riper years. Indeed, it would be well for us if our pursuits as men were as innocent as our pursuits as children—our crimes would then be as venial, and their punishment as merciful.

I love childish shows—those "trivial, fond records"—and my Lord Mayor's Show usually finds me a gaping observer of the wonder of the 9th of November. But, out alas! if there is one honour more than another which illustrates the short-livedness of all honours, it is this preparatory pageant to a whole year of honour. There is something more or less melancholy in all grandeur, and more or less ridiculous in the most serious exhibition of it: if these sad deductions of sad experience are remarkable in one solemnity more than another, "it is in My Lord Mayor's Show." The whole design of the pageant is so incongruous, from the mixture of barbaric pomp (its men in armour)—with modern refinement (its men in broad cloth)—so cheerless, from the season and its sure circumstances of fog, frost, or drenching

rain, under one or more of which it yearly takes place, that, instead of being a gratification to the eye, or pleasing to our sense of the outward glory of public homage, it passes before us like the mockery and not the majesty of pomp, which should have somewhat of the poetry of pageantry, or else it is duller than a twice-told tale. Yet for this brief glory, good men, and therefore good citizens, have struggled "through evil report and good report," and having enjoyed it, have sat down contented for the rest of their lives. There are much worse ambitions; and it is well, perhaps that this is so short-lived: the best governors of Rome were her consuls for a year.

My first "Lord Mayor's show" occurred in that happy period of life, boyhood, when we are soonest "pleased with a feather." To be sure, a dense and thoroughly English fog, one "native and to the manner born," one of unadulterated Essex home manufacture, did, both on its going forth and on its return, make "darkness visible," obscured the glories of the day, and accompanied with a sleety sort of drizzle, rendered the paths of honour as slippery as the sledge at Schaffhausen. But what to me, then, were these accidental drawbacks upon the great occasion! True, I had seen what I went out to see as "through a glass darkly;" but that which I saw not, my imagination exhibited, all the rest was "leather and prunella." The obscured glories of that day still "haunt me like a vision;" and I have *assisted* at no Lord Mayor's Show since, without an undefineable sense of something to be seen which I had somehow not seen.

I shall not soon forget that first illusion, which, if I had not studied the programme, I might now suspect I had not beheld with these eyes, but in its stead, a gayer sort of funeral. Yet that foreknowing of the *dram. pers.* of that dullest of all the dolorous dramas represented on this stage, the world; that bitter fruit of knowledge, which I had intended as an olive of preparation to the wine of delight, did too well inform me had I

seen the voritable Lord Mayor's Show of November's sober seriousness, and not the Lord Mayor's pageant of my April imagination. It was an epoch in my life ; for it was the first of its many deceits in which I was undeceived. The show of my preconceiving was indeed a sight to have seen ; but I saw the real Simon Pure, and felt that all glory here is but " a naught, a thought, a pageant, and a dream." First impressions are last impressions.

It was of course, a dull dirty November day. The rains which at that season usually drench one half the world, leaving the other half parching with thirst, had first washed the city, and then left it one weltering kennel of mud. However, on the morning of the day big with the fate of Watson or of Staines (I forget which), the clouds contented themselves with a sleety sort of drizzle, a kind of confectionary rain, which, under pretence of powdering you all over with a sort of candy of ice, soaked your broadcloth through and through. At ten, the thick air instead of melting into " thin air," grew " palpable to feeling as to sight ;" it was sullenly stationary at eleven, and there was not the sixteenth of a hope that it would clear off. The " clink of hammers accomplishing the knights" (who needed it,) and " closing their rivets up," gave note of preparation. In a few minutes more a foggy, half-suffocated cry was heard, " a wandering voice," from one end of Milk-street to the other ; " They come ! they come !" " Where ? where ?" was the response ; and the glorious vision that I was to have seen passed unbeheld away, with all its banners, bannerets, bandy drummers, footmen, knights, coaches, carts, common-councilmen, tumbrels, and common stage-waggon, through an admiring mob, equally imperceptible. The darkness swallowed all.

Having by some mysterious instinct, with which nature, when she located that people of Britain called cockneys, on the northern shore of the Thames, must have abundantly gifted them, found their unseen way to Blackfriars, the Right Honourable and his retinue took water, and

felt out their way by the piles standing along the shore, to Westminster, where landing " all well," the common-serjeant, with an instinct natural to a lawyer, *male* Westminster Hall, and led " the splendid annual" within its legal gates. Certain mummeries being gone through, as well as the official labours of a hearty refection, the " corporative capacity of London paddled its way patiently from Westminster, clearing the small craft with a nautical skill never sufficiently to be wondered at and admired ; and miraculously weathered Blackfriars-bridge, in total safety, thanks to the pilot at the head of city-admiralty affairs, to whom the dark dangers of both shores were as familiar as posts and corners to a blind man.

Here the day as if it relented in its spiteful intention of damping the general joy and the corporative glory, smiled a momentary smile ; and the fog dissipating, within the circumference of fifty yards, it was perceived that the brave pageant was again marshalled ; and Solomon, in all his glory, for some moments seemed something less than Staines. It was but in mockery of the hopes of man ; for ere the word " forward !" could be given, the Sun, who had been struggling in vain to get a glance into the city, all at once gave it up as hopeless, and retired to Thetis' lap in the afternoon, instead of the evening.

And now all was " dark as Erebus, and black as night." Genius, what a gift is thine ! Some more enlightened citizen, darkling without, but bright within, suggested the bare possibility of procuring a dozen or two of links, and like a gallant soldier adventuring with a forlorn hope, himself led the way to the nearest oilman's. The " ineffectual fire" was procured ; and never was it more necessary, for thicker rolled the fog, dimmer and more dubious grew the way, and more and more like night became the day. " Forward !" was again the cry, and the procession moved through the mud and mob, in a manner truly moving.

And first came, beating out the way, to keep the press at peace, the city peace-officers, breaking it all the

way they went. After these followed a number of matronly old gentlemen called bachelors, in blue gowns, and in woollen night-caps of blue and white, carrying themselves under the weight of years and beer with great difficulty, but their flapping banners with more. Three times the word to halt ran along the line ; but these venerables were either so deaf that they did not hear the command, or hearing it, mistook its tenor, and thought it but superfluous idleness to bid those to halt who already halted. Next to these "most potent, grave, and reverend" seniors, came the under city-marshal on horseback—an attendant picking out the way for him.—Then a band of musicians, when their asthmas would permit them, playing very pathetically (as if in mockery of those who could see nothing) "See, the conquering hero comes!" Two trumpeters now tried to rend the air, and between them a kettle-drum sounded, as if muffled, for both catgut and parchment had relaxed under the moist fingers of the morn, and their mimic thunder was now mute.

After these came a juvenile as an ancient herald, bare-headed ; and then a standard-bearer, in half armour, which was no doubt exceedingly sparkling and burnished in the morning, but now, like Satan, had lost its "original brightness," and looked "like glory for a while obscured." Certain half famished squires dogged his heels, their upper halves perspiring to parboiling under the warmth of flannel-lined armour, but their lower man sitting as cold in their saddles as Charles at Charing-cross. Next came an ancient knight in a suit of scale-armour, looking like an amphibious fish on horseback, and just as wet as one ; and two other trumpeters, exploding something like the choke-damp of mines out of their trumpets, in "strains it was a misery to hear." And now, another knight, in the iron armour of King Harry, came toppling along, to shew the admiring age how much the strength of man was decreased since the days of sack and Shakspeare: for now he bent on this side, and now on the other, like a reed shaken by the wind. You might have thought him the most courteous of knights.

and these deviations from the perpendicular but knightly recognitions of the damsels he would have tilted for, if need were, in the listed field. His trumpeters tore the air to tatters about him, and he passed away, like the shadow of the strength and the youth of chivalry.

*Eureka ! eureka !* The crushing car of the Juggernaut of the show now rolled along, kneading the mud under its golden wheels. The mobility darted inquiring looks in at the open windows, which the mace-bearer and sword-bearer completely filled, and saw they could not see the Mayor for the mist, which enveloped him as with an extra civic garment. Up went a shout, however, that seemed to stagger the state-coach ; for it swaggered from the left to the right of Bridge-street, as if undecided on which side to spill its right honourable contents : but the mace-bearer shifting his seat a little, she righted with a heavy lurch, as a broad bottomed Dutch brig adjusts herself in a gale. Next came the retiring Mayor, some distance in the rear, and in much seeming hurry to overtake his successor, as if he felt he was too late even for the *late* Lord Mayor.

It was now no very easy task to tell an alderman's coach from his coal-waggon, save by the polite difference between the oaths of the driver of one and the other. The elder aldermen were, however, distinguishable by their asthmas, the younger by their sneezing. After these came the ominous-browed Recorder ; then the Sheriff's, brilliant and benighted ; then that love and loathing of good and bad apprentices—the kindly veteran Chamberlain ; then the Remembrancer ; and the Foreign Ambassadors, wondering every one, save him of Holland, at the climate. Then the Judges, enveloped in wig and darkness ; and, after them, several understood persons of distinction, who could by no means be distinguished. By the time that the head and tail of the procession had wound round St. Paul's, like the serpent round the Laocoon, and had reached Cheapside, the last link was burnt out ; and the finery of the first footmen was as dingy and undiscernible as the fluttering rags of the merry

bootless and shoeless boys who shouted before them, as if they would have drowned the clamour of Bow-bells with their "most sweet voices."

Such was "my first Lord Mayor's Show," and "let it be the last:" the undeceiving of all my imaginations of it, I have not yet forgiven in the Lord Mayors' Shows of other years. The general impression that it was a melancholy sight, has ever since affected me; and I am not singular in this feeling; for an ingenious friend of mine, who has illustrated Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," among the other heads into which he divides that hydra-like volume, has one which he calls "the Lord Mayor's Show Melancholy," a mental phantasma, which visits his imagination yearly on the ninth of November, at which time he is impressed with the constant passing and repassing of a dim and half-perceivable show of much supposed splendour, which gropes its way through the Bœotian fog and Stygian darkness; and then turning about, *hey presto!* there repasses a long-continued line of mourning-coaches, as if to shew the serious vanity and ultimate end of all human splendour.

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*Scientific Expedition in the North Atlantic.*—An expedition was to go this year, under the command of Captain Litke, to the northern parts of the Atlantic Ocean. Iceland was to be the seat of its scientific investigations, and of observations on the dip of the magnetic needle, and on the pendulum. M. Martens was to be the naturalist of the expedition.

**A DESERTER.**—A naval officer who held a civil employment at Rhode Island, during the American war of independence, and who was of a spare, skeleton like figure, was stopped by a sentinel late one night on his return from a visit, and shut up in the sentry-box, the soldier declaring that he should remain there until his officer came his rounds at twelve o'clock.—My good fellow, said Mr. W—, I have told you who I am, and I really think you ought to take my word.—It will not do, replied the soldier; I am by no means satisfied.—Then, ta-

king from his pocket a quarter of a dollar, he said will that satisfy you? Why yes, replied the sentry, I think it will. And now that I am released, enquired Mr. W. pray tell me why you detained me at your post? I apprehended you, said the soldier, as a deserter from the church-yard.

The above officer, when a young man and a stranger in London, stopped a gentleman to ask the way to the Admiralty. "Are you not mistaken in your inquiry?" said the gentleman; "I should think that your business lies with the Victualling-Office."

There are persons who are not easy unless they are putting your books or papers in order, that is, according to their notions of the matter; and hide things lest they should be lost, where neither the owner nor any body else can find them. This is a sort of *magpie faculty*. If any thing is left where you want it, it is called making a *litter*. There is a pedantry in housewifery as in the gravest concerns. Abraham Tucker complained that whenever his maid-servant had been in his library, he could not set comfortably to work again for several days.

**A PRIZE!**—Capt. J. T—w—r. R. N. when in command of his Majesty's ship *J—r—s*, on the coast of Portugal, made an arrangement to share prize money with another ship. They used to meet once a week at an appointed rendezvous, to telegraph to each other the occurrences of the past seven days. On one occasion, Capt. T. made the signal—"I have taken something." All hands came on deck as soon as the supposed good news had got wind between decks, and the question was immediately asked by signal—"What have you taken?" All the glasses of the ship being pointed with the greatest anxiety towards their lucky consort, when, to their utter chagrin, up went the unpalatable dissyllable—"Physic."

When the Persian Ambassador was at Edinburgh, an old Presbyterian lady, more full of zeal than discretion, fell upon him for his idolatrous belief, and said, "I hear you worship the sun!"—"In faith, Madam," he replied, "and so would you too if you had ever seen him!"

## THE FORGOTTEN ONE.

I have no early flowers to fling  
O'er thy yet earlier grave ;  
O'er it the morning lark may sing,  
By it the bright rose wave ;  
'The very night-dew disappears  
Too soon, as if it spared its tears.

Thou art forgotten !—thou, whose feet  
Were listen'd for like song !  
They used to call thy voice so sweet—  
It did not haunt them long.  
Thou, with thy fond and fairy mirth—  
How could they bear their lonely hearth !

There is no picture to recall  
Thy glad and open brow ;  
No profiled outline on the wall  
Seems like thy shadow now ;  
They have not even kept to wear  
One ringlet of thy golden hair.

When here we shelter'd last, appears  
But just like yesterday ;  
It startles me to think that years  
Since then are past away.  
The old oak-tree that was our tent,  
No leaf seems changed, no bough seems rent,

A shower in June—a summer shower,  
Drove us beneath the shade ;  
A beautiful and greenwood bower  
The spreading branches made.  
'The rain-drops shine upon the bough,  
The passing rain—but where art thou ?

But I forget how many showers  
Have washed this old oak tree,  
The winter and the summer hours,  
Since I stood here with thee.  
And I forget how chance a thought  
'Thy memory to my heart has brought.

I talk of friends who once have wept,  
As if they still should weep ;  
I speak of grief that long has slept,  
As if it could not sleep :  
I mourn o'er cold forgetfulness—  
Have I, myself, forgotten less ?

I've mingled with the young and fair,  
Nor thought how there was laid  
One fair and young as any there,  
In silence and in shade.  
How could I see a sweet mouth shine  
With smiles, and not remember thine ?

Ah ! it is well we can forget,  
 Or who would linger on  
 Beneath a sky whose stars are set,  
 On earth whose flowers are gone ?  
 For who could welcome loved ones near,  
 Thinking of those once far more dear.

Our early friends, those of our youth ?  
 We cannot feel again  
 The earnest love, the simple truth,  
 Which made us such friends then.  
 We grow suspicious, careless, cold ;  
 We love not as we loved of old.

No more a sweet necessity,  
 Love must and will expand,  
 Loved and believing we must be,  
 With open heart and hand,  
 Which only ask to trust and share  
 The deep affections which they bear.

Our love was of that early time,  
 And now that it is past,  
 It breathes as of a purer clime  
 Than where my lot is cast.  
 My eyes fill with their sweetest tears  
 In thinking of those early years.

It shocked me first to see the sun  
 Shine gladly o'er thy tomb—  
 To see the wild flowers o'er it run  
 In such luxuriant bloom.  
 Now I feel glad that they should keep  
 A bright sweet watch above thy sleep.

The heaven whence thy nature came  
 Only recall'd its own ;  
 'Tis Hope that now breathes forth thy name,  
 Though borrowing Memory's tone.  
 I feel this earth could never be  
 The native home of one like thee.

Farewell ! the early dews that fall  
 Upon thy grass-grown bed,  
 Arc like the thoughts that now recal  
 Thine image from the dead.  
 A blessing hallows thy dark cell—  
 I will not stay to weep. Farewell !<sup>22</sup>

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## THE ENTHUSIAST.

“It may be a sound,  
A tone of music, summer’s eve, or spring;  
A flower—the wind—the ocean, which shall wound,  
Striking the electric chain with which we’re darkly bound.”—BYRON.

THAT intimate and mysterious connexion which exists between the deepest feelings of our hearts and certain external objects is, perhaps more evident in sounds than in any other thing. They seem to go more peculiarly to memory. There are particular tones that will in a moment call up the shadows of the past, however we may strive to banish them; and there are airs and pieces of music which become actually painful, from being linked by remembrance to things gone by. In my early youth I was fond of “Rousseau’s Dream;” I used to play it on the flute when I was a boy at school; and it was mingled with all my recollections of those early times, when the world in the first gloss of novelty seemed a garden of inexhaustible delight. Again, it was connected with moments, more dearly, more dangerously happy; but other circumstances have intervened, and I should be almost ashamed to say the deep effect it has upon me now, if I were not sure that every one feels more or less the same. I remember an extraordinary instance of the effect produced merely by the tone of voice.

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When I was at Bordeaux, there was a young Englishman there whose history, or whose character rather, somewhat interested me, there are many that it may not interest, for it is that of an enthusiast. Let them pass it over.

In early life he had mixed much with society, and passing along on that sea of nothingnesses, which people in a large city call life, he appeared as thoughtless, as heedless, and as heartless as the rest. There were, indeed, some of those odd beings who retain a portion of their native character and feelings—those

hard stones whose points and angles are not even ground down by all the friction of the world—there were some of these I say, who found or fancied in him, a difference from the common. But the world saw it not, and therefore he was generally well received; for he laughed and talked with the rest, and jested and danced with those who would jest and dance with him; so that they all thought him like themselves, and did not shun him as a beast of another kind. But he felt himself alone; that there was none who felt as he did. However, he loved mankind, for he was an enthusiast in every thing. He loved the beauties of Nature, he loved the beauties of Art and all that was bright and good he admired, though, like the diamond, it might be found mixed with common earth: and wherever he met with a virtue or good quality, he sought it for its own sake; for he remembered the Eastern proverb, that the thorns remain after the roses have faded, and he wished to find excellencies and not defects. Every fool and every rascal can find fault, but he must have a good heart and a good understanding who can justly appreciate what is good.

There were many fair and many bright around him, and perhaps he won a smile or kindly wish as he passed along, but that was all he sought; for he was a creature of imagination, and had raised in his own mind an ideal standard of perfection, which man but seldom finds realised on earth. It is not, perhaps, that there were many not as bright, but he had given this being of his fancy his mind’s peculiar colouring, and decked her with all the charms he loved the best.

Time passed on. He had faults, many faults, and failings not a few; and where even the world, that rude

judge, blamed him once, he blamed himself a thousand times. But in some things he was fortunate ; for there were two or three who esteemed and cherished him, and perhaps loved him the more because he was an enthusiast even in friendship, where mankind are privileged to lie.

Oh ! how often our brightest wishes destroy us in their accomplishment ! Friendship was not enough for him—he longed for something to love. He went through the world seeking for that being his fancy had drawn so bright—and he found her. She was all that he had fancied, all that he had wished for—and for nearly a year, he indulged in a dream of happiness too soon to be broken. His imagination, his judgment, his heart, his soul, centred all in her. Like a mad gamester, he cast all upon one stake. Fortune, and hope, and happiness, and peace, and almost life itself.

It matters not how or why, but he was disappointed. It was all gone ; existence had nothing more for him ! Like the wretch, whose eyes the lightning had once touched with too bright a light, there was nothing but darkness for him on earth ! He was an enthusiast in misery as he had been in pleasure, and the tormenting memory of disappointed hope, like the Promethean vulture, preyed on him for ever ! And yet he lived, for there were some to whom his life was dear. He strove powerfully to evade the fate that followed him, for Death came close upon his steps. He lived, but still the pangs of his bosom few can tell but himself. There was, however, one dreadful thought, more bitter, more dangerous, than the rest. He felt the necessity of flying from himself in every thing ; and the voice of a demon kept crying to plunge into vice for forgetfulness. "What had virtue given him ?" it would ask ; "what had pure and honourable love ?—misery of the deepest hue. Try, then, Vice," it urged "seek illicit passion. At all events, in the pleasures of the present, the past will be forgotten."

Such were the thoughts that flashed like madness across his brain, and

when he arrived in France, the wide-diffused immorality, the heedlessness of right and wrong, which prevailed around him, familiarised his mind with evil ; but still he hesitated, and, like a child about to plunge into the ocean, he lingered unwilling on the shore.

The conflict was still violent in his heart when he arrived at Berdeaux, one of the most corrupt towns of France, and he sought much for some one to be with him in the rambles that he used to take in the neighbourhood, for he loved not to be alone with his own thoughts. But the irritation of his feelings made his walks too long and too rapid for most of those with whom he associated, and often when he was thus alone he would occupy his thoughts with examining all the faces that went by him, and commenting upon them in his own mind ; at all events, it served to distract his attention. He was thus wandering one day up the Rue de l'Intendance, when a form passed him that recalled the times gone by—that suddenly raised up memory, but in a less painful form than she generally assumed—he knew not why. There might, indeed, be a resemblance to some one of whom he wished not to think ; but if there was, it was but slight ; and yet there was something in the flashing of that dark bright eye through its long black lashes, that made a strange thrill pass through his breast, and he turned to look after the beautiful stranger.

The foreign fashion of his clothes, and a manner of walking peculiar to Englishmen, had caught the lady's attention, and she had also turned to regard the foreigner. She did so twice, when she thought he had passed on, and twice his eyes met her's.

Physiognomy is one of the most natural weaknesses to which we are subject. All mankind are, more or less, physiognomists. That lady's countenance seemed one of those which hold the most direct correspondence with the heart, and in a single glance the Enthusiast had pictured to himself every trait of her character. He fancied it wild, and



kind, and ardent; in short, somewhat like his own—and he was not far wrong. He was always glad of any subject to employ his mind; this was a new theme, and a more agreeable one than those he usually found, and that day, and the next, and the one that followed also, it gave him something to think of.

It was the day after that he saw the lady again, and then meeting unexpectedly, they both suddenly stopped, as if they had known each other before.

Could she have thought of him, as he had thought of her? the stranger asked himself. The lady seemed almost to divine his thoughts, and as she hurried on, a deep blush ran rapidly over her cheek, and mounted even to her beautiful forehead. The Englishman had still paused, and, as he was about to proceed on his way, he perceived that in the embarrassment of the moment the lady had let her glove fall, and that it was lying at his feet. He picked it up, and asked himself, "Should he keep it as a kind of relic of one of the fairest creatures he had ever beheld, and whom he might never see again?" But he rejected the idea at once. It was ungentlemanlike, it was wrong—and he turned after the lady to restore her glove.

She had already passed out of that street, and entered another, when the Enthusiast overtook her. He bowed and returned her the glove, adding a few words of mere common civility; but language has only half the burthen of expressing what we mean, manner makes up the other half; and the young Englishman told her a great deal more than he could well have done in words. The lady seemed to set great store by her glove, for she thanked him far more than was necessary, and he expressed how happy he had been in finding it as warnily; so that had any one heard the conversation, they would have fancied a diamond was the subject and not a glove. The young Englishman prolonged it as much as he could, for at times there was a peculiar tone in that lady's voice, which went thrilling to his very heart, and raised up the memory of

joys and hopes like flowers that Time had trodden under foot; and when he parted from her, the delusion vanished, and grief came back like a re-established tyrant, more cruel for having been banished for a moment. Memory re-awakened, tortured him; all that he would fain have forgot was more painfully remembered; and after a sleepless night of misery, he rose, ready to plunge into any thing for oblivion.

Some undefined emotion led him again, at the same hour, to the same spot where he had twice before met the beautiful stranger. If he hoped to meet her again, he was not disappointed; for scarcely had he entered the street when he saw her advancing towards him. He little cared what was the etiquette on the occasion, whether to bow or not.—At no time had he been much restrained by those things, and now the state of his mind had made him utterly reckless. But the lady saved him all doubt on the subject. There was a beaming light in her eye which said, at least, that she had not forgotten him; and when she came near, she gently inclined her head and made a half-pause, so that he could speak or not, as he liked. He did not let it pass. They spoke, and spoke long. Heaven knows how they managed it, but from a simple inquiry after her health, the conversation changed to subjects far, far different. The Enthusiast spoke with all the fervour of his feelings, with that energy which makes reflection nothing; and the lady's lip brightened with assent, and her eye lighted up as she listened, till remembering they were in the open street, the colour came quickly up into her cheek. She cast a look round her, in which fear certainly had its share, and again left him.

The young Englishman would not think of what he was doing—thought was destruction—any thing for forgetfulness—and for several days he gave himself no moment for reflection.

What is that mysterious chain which connects all externals with our innermost soul; that gives the beauties of nature their correspondence with all the finer feelings of our

breast, and which once broken, there is no farther reference between excellence and enjoyment? The Enthusiast looked upon nature with the same eyes that had once adored her, but he found no loveliness now. The communication seemed cut off between him and all that was bright. He dared not turn to himself for pleasure, his bosom was a hell, and yet he madly sought to make for himself a happiness which Heaven had denied him.

I have said that it was several days before the Enthusiast again saw the fair stranger, and when he did so, she was leaning on the arm of a gentleman who had made himself a name amongst the most immoral of an immoral city. He was sure that she saw him, and yet she bent down her eyes, and passed on without notice; but on inquiry of a friend who passed at the moment, he found a reason for her conduct. She was, it appeared, the wife of the man on whose arm she leaned, and more unhappy than most French wives are; for though their husbands may be dissolute, they are not in general jealous. Her's was both; and though her name was the purest in the city, there were few methods of persecution to which he did not subject her. He had been known to strike her, the informant added.

The young Englishman's heart burnt in his bosom. "God of heaven! to strike a woman, and such a woman too! Can he be a gentleman? can he be man?" exclaimed the Enthusiast; and he felt ashamed of his species.

It was two nights after that Rhode gave a concert at the theatre, for the benefit of some charitable institution, and the first person the young Englishman saw on entering was Madame —, surrounded by a party of her friends. Her husband was not there; he had no motive; neither charity nor music were at all accordant with his mind. There were many young men about her, who strove for her attention; but

the lady's eyes wandered round the theatre, as if in search of something. They met those of the young stranger, and it seemed as if their pilgrimage was done; for they strayed no farther, and a bright smile lighted up her lip, though there either really was, or the stranger fancied it, an expression of melancholy mingled with it. Rhode played. To those who have heard him, words were useless; and to those who have not, no language can express how Rhode can play. But at every exquisite sound he drew from his instrument, the lady's eyes sought the countenance of the Enthusiast; and the Enthusiast replied in the same mute language. Music is a dangerous thing; it softens the heart, and establishes an unreserved sympathy between all that feel it. It throws open the gates of the fortification, and the enemy is in the citadel before we are aware.

In going, they passed each other on the staircase. Her husband was not there, and she acknowledged the young stranger by a gentle inclination of the head; and there was that quick glance of intelligence, which told that they both felt alike, and said, perhaps, more than either wished to say.

The Enthusiast returned home, and leaning on the table, he covered his face with his hands. There are those who could feel as he did, and they will know the tumult of passions which stirred within his bosom. He felt he was standing on the brink of a precipice, but there have been those who have so stood, and cast themselves down for forgetfulness. One bitter thought, however, still came across him, that though he might wander from right; that he never could love but that one whom he had always loved—that though he might gain the affections of another, he never could return it from his heart. He was somewhat of a poet too, and heedless that no one would ever see the lines, he wrote his feelings as they rose:—

TO EUGENIE.

Oh! bright midst the brightest, and fair midst the fair,  
And gay midst the gayest art thou;

And thousands are watching, one moment to share  
The smile that illumines thee now.

But the deep-beaming glance of that eloquent eye  
Is turn'd from the crowd for a while,  
Towards the pale stranger, untaught yet to sigh,  
Like the rest, for the light of thy smile.

It shines upon marble, fair creature ! his heart  
Has been temper'd in fire and in tears ;  
'There one moment of sorrow has acted the part  
Of ages of happier years.

Then small were the triumph, to add to the train  
Of adorers who kneel at thy shrine,  
A heart, all whose warmth was expended in vain—  
Too cold to be worthy of thine !

Oh ! what a register the man in the moon must have of good resolutions never kept ! The Enthusiast resolved that he would avoid all occasion of seeing that lady ; and the next morning found him early at his window, for he knew that her husband lived on the opposite side of the place, and he wished to ascertain, merely from curiosity, which was the room that she generally frequented ; and thus he saw her often at the window, and often her eyes turned towards where he stood.

Frequently in life, like the float of Sinbad the Sailor, we are hurried on upon an unceasing current into an abyss where all is darkness ; and the young stranger, like the adventurous seaman, desperately committed himself to the stream.

It matters not to tell all the little incidents. They met each other often ; and there were many things which, though trifling in themselves, served to establish a wild sort of interest between them. To be made love to (as it is vulgarly called) is what every French woman expects, as a matter of politeness ; and it is very easy to perceive whether she wishes it to be seriously, or merely out of compliment. The Enthusiast took a singular course—not from any plan, for he was always a creature of impulse, but he never made any profession of love to Eugenie, for something whispered that it would be false. He offered no vows of affection ; but he took every means of seeing her. He behaved to her gently and kindly, and openly showed how deeply he was

interested in all that concerned her. He boldly and recklessly touched upon her domestic griefs, but he did it so feelingly that they seemed to be his own. He broke through all forms and ceremonies of ordinary life, and that taught her to do so likewise.

Carnival time came on, and all the follies of the season. It is then that the intoxication of pleasure becomes general. Every one gives himself a greater license. The grave become cheerful, the cheerful become gay ; the gay carry mirth into folly, the vicious take a deeper plunge into vice, and those who are hanging on the brink of evil generally jump in and join the rest. It was one day among the first of the carnival that the young stranger, on returning to his lodging, received a letter which had been left during his absence. He broke it open. The paper was blank, but inclosed was a lock of dark-brown hair, and he knew the very ringlet from which it had been cut. He always obeyed the first impulse, and it now led him towards the house of her who had sent it, but she was not at the window as he expected. He passed and repassed, and the second time, he perceived the *fille de chambre* at the door. She had a silken mask in her hand and a domino, and the young Englishman stopped and spoke to her, and, taking the mask out of her hand, asked to whom it belonged. " It belongs to Madame," replied the girl, and went back into the house, saying she must not let any one see it ; but he had already remarked that there was a small knot of lilac ribbon

where it tied, and he doubted not that he should know it again.

I will not appeal to stoics, or to moralists, or to fools, for what they would have done, had they been situated as the young Englishman. They would most probably have all done alike, and would most probably all have done wrong. He was an Enthusiast in every thing, and did wrong, of course. He went to the masked ball. It is in France, what it is everywhere—a scene of intrigue, and generally of a low nature. For the greater convenience of the ladies they wear masks, while the male part of the crowd go without.

There are, however, occasions on which Curiosity, that vagabond seducing cicerone, leads some of the good and virtuous to this scene of vice; but, luckily for the patience of the world, there are in general very few who attempt to maintain any character there.

This night was like the rest. There was a crowd of "fools with varnished faces," and there was a din of waltzes, and quadrilles, and squeaking voices, and scraps of sentences in all the languages of the earth floating in the air together. Babel was nothing to it.

Excitement is what all the world take more or less. It is a species of drinking—to the mind what wine is to the body, a stimulus which is sometimes necessary, but which may become a vice. In this sense the Enthusiast was a drunkard. Excitement was his only refuge from thought, and in the masked ball he caught the spirit of the moment. He spoke to all, he jested with all. He teased those who attacked him, and then frightened those who, coming for concealment, fancied themselves discovered. To have seen him, one would have fancied that it was his element: that his mind, of all others, was best suited to its weak wit and trifling amusement. But still, in passing through the crowd, his eye was seeking one particular object; at length it caught a glance of the domino and the lilac ribbon, and, passing on, he assured himself that it was the same. "Adieu beau masque," said he, in the jargon of Bordeaux, "je vous connais."

The domino replied nothing, but

passed her arm through his. Another female masque who had hitherto accompanied her dropped behind, and she hurried with the Englishman from the crowded *salle de spectacle* to the concert-room, which was almost empty. "Eugenie!" said the Enthusiast.

—"Oh, cher ami!" replied she. "Do you not despise me?" He was about to reply, when some one entered the hall, who turned the thoughts of both into another channel—it was the husband of her that leaned upon his arm.

All is freedom in a masked ball, and the husband approached directly to the lady, and addressed her as a common mask. The Englishman felt her tremble violently; but nevertheless she answered without hesitation, and in a well-feigned voice. Still there was something caused a cloud to come over the husband's brow. He glanced an angry look at the young Englishman, and turning quickly away, left the hall. "I must fly," said the lady; "he suspects something—he is going home;" and leaving his arm, she quitted the *salle de concert* as quick as lightning. The Englishman followed, and found that the husband was detained at one of the doors by some kind friend, who told him an interesting story, whereat the narrator laughed loud and the husband bit his lip.

In our cold climates of the North, virtue has a thousand safeguards; and though vice is always vice, and infidelity can never be defended upon any excuse of custom or of temperament, yet Forsyth's remark upon the women of Italy is true, and is equally applicable to the French and Spanish. "An Italian beauty," he says, "with an Italian temperament, remaining faithful to an Italian husband, in the midst of Italian manners, is more virtuous than an English wife can possibly be." I mean not by this to make any excuse for either Eugenie or the Enthusiast; they both knew they were going wrong, yet both hurried on with that ardour which is rarely found in our chilly climes, and both tried to blind their own eyes to the tempting evil before them. Women reason little upon these matters; passion is their guide. Eugenie had married, as most French

women marry, a husband of her parents' choice. His ill-treatment had crushed every feeling of affection that she had ever experienced, or wished to experience towards him; and every weakness that inhabits a woman's bosom rose angrily at the unconcealed breach of all that he had promised at the altar. There had been a time when even moderate kindness might have won for him her gratitude and affection; but he had been himself the first to teach her to contemn and to detest him, and now that she passionately loved another, memory became officious in recording all her wrongs.

The Enthusiast went on blindly too, but he strove to set sophistry against his judgment. He tried to persuade himself that marriage was but a simple contract, which, when broken by one party, was no longer binding on the other; and by dint of listening only to one side of the question, he out-reasoned his own reason, or at least succeeded in driving away thoughts which he dared not entertain.

The next masked-ball arrived, and the Enthusiast was there, but he looked in vain for Eugenie. Her husband was present with a female mask, but it was not her whom the Englishman sought, and the evening passed away in looking for her in vain. At length wearied with the search, he left the theatre and returned towards his dwelling; but

hearing a light footstep behind him in the silence of night, he turned round and saw the domino he had sought. She spoke not, but caught his arm for support, for she was agitated almost to agony; and though she still hurried on with him, her steps vacillated and her whole frame shook.

They passed on into another street. The Englishman was agitated too, but he strove to soothe her. "Be calmer, dearest Eugenie," he said; "do not alarm yourself."

"Oh heaven!" she cried, in a voice that went to his very soul, "no one can tell what I have suffered, or what I suffer."

The words he scarcely heard; but there was a tone, an expression in the voice that touched the deepest chords of his heart. It was the very tone, the very manner of one that he had long loved—that he loved still—deeply, purely, painfully loved! It was a tone that he had heard from the lips of purity itself. And he felt as if he were committing sacrilege. It went straight to his heart; it cleared away the mist from his own mind; it called up all the painful, but loved ideas of other days—all the bright hopes that were never to be fulfilled, and the dreams that had passed away like summer clouds. It smote reproachfully upon his ear, telling him of folly, of weakness, and of crime. His heart throbbed—his brain turned giddy—and he—stopped!

Erasmus in his "Remains," tells a story of two thieves, who were recommended by their mother to rob every one they met with; but warned, on peril of their lives, to avoid one *Black Breeches* (Hercules).—Meeting him however, without being aware of it, they set upon him, and were slung across his shoulder, where Hercules heard them muttering behind his back, *a long way off*. "This surely must be he that our mother warned us of." In contempt and pity he let them escape. What

modern wit can come up to the grotesque grandeur of this invention?

The hero acts from outward impulse, the martyr from internal faith, and so far is the greatest character of the two. And yet it may be suspected, whether the latter is properly a voluntary agent, or whether if he could do it unperceived, he would not abstract himself from the scene.

The heroic ages were those in which there was a constant question between life and death, and men ate their scanty meal sword in hand.

## HORRIBLE STANZAS.

FEAR haunts me like a sheeted ghost, there comes no rest to me,  
 The swelling thoughts have sunk and fled which buoy'd my spirit free.  
 A form of ill, unchanging still, a dark embodied shape  
 Weighs my crush'd heart, and grimly waits to shut me from escape ;  
 Dim-seen, as goul by starlight pale, gorged with his hideous fare,  
 Yet all-distinct upon my soul there comes his wolfish glare.

The heaven is dark, as if a pall were spread upon the sky,  
 And earth is like a grave to me, with vultures gather'd by ;  
 And though I breathe, my soul lies dead, and o'er it floats a troop,  
 Long-bill'd, of birds obscene and vile, prepared for bloody swoop ;  
 One—fiercer, deadlier than them all—one gloats upon my heart,  
 And half I laugh in bitter joy, to think no blood will start !

No blood, no blood to wet his maw ! that blessed torrent's flow  
 Was suck'd by countless beaks and bills,—dried up long years ago !  
 'Tis thus I dream, yet not in sleep ; for sleep, the torturer, brings  
 Before my closed eyes a train of bright and noble things :  
 The smiles of maidens fair and young, the glance of beauty bright,  
 And tones remember'd long ago,—all fill me with delight.

Then happy—like the Indian chief between his pangs of pain—  
 I quite forget in present ease the torture and the chain.  
 A dream is mine. Sweet, mellow, faint, as if from o'er the sea,  
 Or some calm lake, at evening heard, when hush'd the breezes be,  
 A strain begins,—and o'er mine ear the blessed music falls,  
 Bathing my heart, as moonlight bathes some donjon's craggy walls ;

A spell of power—a talisman each anguish to allay—  
 And memory's wand brings back again the long-departed day,  
 The proud young time, when, free as air, I walk'd beneath the moon,  
 And listen'd to one gentle voice that sung its witching tune ;  
 I bend, in sleep, to kiss her brow, as ends that falling strain—  
 Gone ! Gone !—The agony comes on !—The fiend is here again !

Close, close beside me glooms the form that haunts me night and day !  
 The phantom stands beside my bed, in morning's twilight grey,  
 Dim, undefined, and terrible. Ah ! well my thrilling blood  
 Told me that, foe to human kind, a demon near me stood.  
 It spoke at last : and o'er my soul death's deep'ning shadows flit—  
 "I takes ye up for debt," it said, ' and this here is the writ."

## FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

*Memoir of His late Majesty, George the Fourth.* By the Rev. G. Croly. 8vo. pp. circ. 500. London, 1830. J. Duncan.

ALTHOUGH produced as a Memoir of our late Sovereign, this volume contains views of society in England and, occasionally in France, from the middle of the last century; characters and biographical sketches of many of the most distinguished individuals who figured during that period; anecdotes of leading public characters, such as Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, &c.; expositions of the national policy at different important epochs; and many other matters of general attraction and interest. We have successive ministers characterised, and their measures dissected; we have bon-mots, recollections, party negotiations and intrigues; we have political and satirical poetry; we have Buonaparte and the Catholic question; we have morals, wars, changes, &c. &c. &c.; all revived upon the canvas, and painted with a vigorous hand, by an author whose power of delineation is too highly appreciated to require any eulogy from us.

The book is altogether such a work as might be expected from a man of strong sense and practised literature, living so near the time embraced in his descriptions, and aiming more at a free and popular narrative than at the philosophy of more remote history: yet it abounds with profound observations; and often in a tone of sarcastic scorn lashes the follies and vices it is forced to depict. But a few extracts, which we now proceed to give, will convey a better idea of Mr. Croly's performance than any long commentary of our own; and as we always prefer making an author speak for himself, to exhibiting ourselves as his spokesmen, here follow remarks on public and private education, as brought into discussion on the system adopted towards the Prince of Wales.

“The great schools were panegyricised, as breeding a noble equality among the sons of men of the various ranks of society; as inspiring those

feelings of honour and independence, which in after-life make the man lift up his fearless front in the presence of his superiors in all but knowledge and virtue; and as pre-eminently training the youth of the land to that personal resolution, mental resource, and intellectual dignity, which are essential to every honourable career; and are congenial, above all, to the free spirit and high-minded habits of England. All those advantages must be conceded, though burlesqued and tarnished by the fantastic and selfish tales of extraordinary facilities, furnished to the man by the companions of the boy; of the road to fortune smoothed, the ladder of eminence miraculously placed in his grasp, the coronet, the mitre, the highest and most sparkling honours of statemanship, held forth to the aspirant by the hand of early association.—Hopes, in their conception mean, in their nature infinitely fallacious, and in their anticipation altogether opposed to the openness and manly self-respect, which it is the first duty of those schools to create in the young mind. Yet the moralist may well tremble at the contamination of morals which so often defies the vigilance of the tutor; the man of limited income is entitled to reprobate the habits of extravagance engendered in the great schools; and the parent who values the affections of his children, may justly dread the reckless and unruly self-will, the young insolence, and the sullen and heartless disdain of parental authority, which spring up at a distance from the paternal eye. But the question is decided by the fact, that without public education, a large portion of the youth of England would receive no education whatever; while some of the more influential would receive, in the feeble indulgencies of opulent parentage and the adulation of domestics, an education worse than none. The advantages belong to the system, and to no other; while the disadvantages are accidental, and require nothing for their remedy beyond increased activity in the governors, and a more vigorous vigilance in the nation.”

We cannot agree with Mr. C. however, in thinking Eton or Westminster the place for educating the heir to the throne. A *coup d'état* over Lord North's administration strikes us as very able, in this early part of the volume, which is also diversified by an episode about Swift, and other retrospects; but we pass to the commencement of the prince's chequered career, 1733, when the Commons voted him 50,000*l.* for income, and 100,000*l.* for the outfit of his household. Here the author says finely.—

"There are no faults that we discover with more proverbial rapidity than the faults of others; and none that generate a more vindictive spirit of virtue, and are softened down by fewer attempts at palliation, than the faults of princes in the grave. Yet, without justice, history is but a more solemn libel; and no justice can be done to the memory or to the virtues of any public personage, without considering the peculiar circumstances of his time. The close of the American War was the commencement of the most extraordinary period of modern Europe: all England, all France, the whole continent, were in the most powerful excitement. England rejoicing at the cessation of hostilities, long unpopular and galling to the pride of a country accustomed to conquer; yet with the stain of transatlantic defeat splendidly effaced by her triumph at Gibraltar, and the proof given in that memorable siege, of the unimpaired energies of her naval and military power,—France, vain of her fatal success, and exulting in the two-fold triumph of wresting America from England, and raising up a new rival for the sovereignty of the seas,—the continental states, habitually obeying the impulses of the two great movers of the world, England and France, and feeling the return of life in the new activity of all interests, public, personal, and commercial. But a deeper and fearful influence was at work, invisibly, but resistlessly, inflaming this feverish vividness of the European mind. The story of the French Revolution is still to be told; and the man by whom that tale of grandeur and atrocity is told, will bequeath the most appalling lesson ever given to the tardy wisdom of nations.

But the first working of the principle of ruin was brilliant; it spread an universal animation through the frame of foreign society. All was a hectic flush of vivacity. Like the Sicilian landscape, the gathering fires of the volcano were first felt in the singular luxuriance and fertility of the soil. Of all stimulants, political ambition lays the strongest hold on the sensibilities of man. The revolutionary doctrines, still covered with the graceful robes of patriotism and philosophy, seemed to have led the whole population of France into enchanted ground. Every hour had its new accession of light; every new step displayed its new wonder. Court formality—hereditary privilege—the solemnity of the altar—all that had hitherto stood an obstacle to the full indulgence of natural impulses, all the rigid barriers established by the wisdom of elder times against popular passion, were seen suddenly to shrink and fade away before the approach of the new regeneration, like mists before the sunbeams. The listless life of the man of rank was supplanted with an excitement that kindled all the latent activities of his nature: the man of study found with delight, his solitary speculation assuming a life and substantial shape before his eye, and the long arrears of fortune about to be paid in public fame and power; the lower classes listened with fierce avidity to the declaration, that the time was at hand for enjoying their share of that opulent and glittering world on which they had gazed, with as little hope of reaching it as the firmament above their heads. Thus was prepared the Revolution, Thus was laid under the foundation of the throne a deadly compound of real and fantastic injury, of offended virtue and embittered vice, of the honest zeal of general good, and the desperate determination to put all to hazard for individual license, rapine, and revenge,—a mighty deposit and magazine of explosion, long visible to the eyes of Europe, invisible to the French government alone, and which only waited the first touch of the incendiary, to scatter the monarchy in fragments round the world. 'Philosophy' was the grand leader in this progress of crime; and it is a striking coincidence that at this period



its title to national homage should have been suffered to aid its popular ambition.

“The peace of 1763 threw open the continent; and it was scarcely proclaimed, when France was crowded with the English nobility. Versailles was the centre of all that was sumptuous in Europe. The graces of the young queen, then in the pride of youth and beauty; the pomp of the royal family and the noblesse; and the costliness of the fetes and celebrations, for which France has been always famous, rendered the court the dictator of manners, morals, and politics, to all the higher ranks of the civilized world. But the revolution was now hastening with the strides of a giant upon France: the torch was already waving over the chambers of this morbid and guilty luxury. The corrective was terrible: history has no more stinging retrospect than the contrast of that brilliant time with the days of shame and agony that followed—the untimely fate of beauty, birth, and heroism,—the more than serpent-brood that started up in the path which France once emulously covered with flowers for the step of her rulers,—the hideous suspense of the dungeon,—the heart-broken farewell to life and royalty upon the scaffold. But France was the grand corrupter; and its supremacy must have in a few years, spread incurable disease throughout the moral frame of Europe. The English men of rank brought back with them its dissipation and its infidelity. The immediate circle of the English court was clear. The grave virtue of the king held the courtiers in awe; and the queen with a pious wisdom, for which her name should long be held in honour, indignantly repulsed every attempt at female levity to approach her presence. But beyond this sacred circle the influence of foreign association was felt through every class of society. The great body of the writers of England the men of whom the indiscretions of the higher ranks stand most in awe, had become less the guardians than the seducers of the public mind. The ‘Encyclopedie,’ the code of rebellion and irreligion still more than of science, had enlisted the majority in open scorn of all the heart should prac-

tise or the head revere; and the Parisian atheists scarcely exceeded the truth, when they boasted of erecting a temple that was to be frequented by worshippers of every tongue. A cosmopolite, infidel republic of letters was already lifting its front above the old sovereignties, gathering under its banners a race of mankind new to public struggle—the whole secluded, yet jealous and vexed race of labourers in the intellectual field, and summoning them to devote their most unexhausted vigour and masculine ambition to the service of a sovereign, at whose right and left, like the urns of Homer’s Jove, stood the golden founts of glory. London was becoming Paris in all but the name. There never was a period when the tone of our society was more polished, more animated, or more corrupt. Gaming, horse-racing, and still deeper deviations from the right rule of life, were looked upon as the natural embellishments of rank and fortune. Private theatricals, one of the most dexterous and assured expedients to extinguish, first the delicacy of woman, and then her virtue, were the favourite indulgence; and, by an outrage to English decorum, which completed the likeness to France, women were beginning to mingle in public life, try their influence in party, and entangle their feebleness in the absurdities and abominations of political intrigue. In the midst of this luxurious period the Prince of Wales commenced his public career. His rank alone would have secured him flatterers; but he had higher titles to homage. He was, then, one of the handsomest men in Europe; his countenance open and manly; his figure tall, and strikingly proportioned; his address remarkable for easy elegance, and his whole air singularly noble. His contemporaries still describe him as the model of a man of fashion, and amusingly lament over the degeneracy of an age which no longer produces such men. But he possessed qualities which might have atoned for a less attractive exterior. He spoke the principal modern languages with sufficient skill; he was a tasteful musician; his acquaintance with English literature was, in early life, unusually accurate and extensive; Markham’s discipline, and Jack-

son's scholarship, had given him a large portion of classical knowledge ; and nature had given him the more important public talent of speaking with fluency, dignity, and vigour. Admiration was the right of such qualities, and we can feel no surprise if it were lavishly offered by both sexes. But it has been strongly asserted, that the temptations of flattery and pleasure were thrown in his way for other objects than those of the hour ; that his wanderings were watched by the eyes of politicians ; and that every step which plunged him deeper into pecuniary embarrassment was triumphed in, as separating him more widely from his natural connexions, and compelling him in his helplessness to throw himself into the arms of factions, alike hostile to his character and his throne."

'This is not only superb writing, but just and solid reasoning ; nor is the following less so, though towards the close of our quotation it goes into amusing detail.

"In other lands the king is a despot, and the heir apparent a rebel ; in England the relation is softened, and the king is a tory, and the heir apparent is a whig. Without uncovering the grave, to bring up things for dispute which have lain till their shape and substance are half dissolved away in that great receptacle of the follies and arts of mankind, it is obvious that there was enough, in the contrast of men and parties to have allured the young Prince of Wales to the side of opposition. Almost prohibited, by the rules of the English court, from bearing any important part in government ; almost condemned to silence in the legislature by the custom of the constitution ; almost restricted, by the etiquette of his birth, from exerting himself in any of those pursuits which cheer and elevate a manly mind, by the noble consciousness that it is of value to its country ; the life of the eldest born of the throne appears condemned to be a splendid sinecure. The valley of Rasselas, with its impassable boundary, and its luxurious and spirit subduing bowers, was but an emblem of princely existence ; and the moralist is unfit to decide on human nature, who, in estimating the career, forgets the temptation. It is neither

for the purpose of undue praise to those who are now gone beyond human opinion, nor with the idle zeal of hazarding new conjectures, that the long exclusion of the Prince of Wales from public activity, is pronounced to have been a signal injury to his fair fame. The same mental and bodily gifts which were lavished on the listless course of fashionable life, might have assisted the councils, or thrown new lustre on the arms, of his country ; the royal tree, exposed to the free blasts of heaven, might have tossed away those parasite plants and weeds which encumbered its growth, and the nation might have been proud of its statelines, and loved to shelter in its shade. 'The education of the royal family had been conducted with so regular and minute an attention, that the lapses of the Prince's youth excited peculiar displeasure in the king. The family discipline was almost that of a public school ; their majesties generally rose at six, breakfasted at eight with the two elder princes, and then summoned the younger children : the severer teachers next appeared, and the time till dinner was spent in diligent application to languages and the severer kinds of literature, varied by lessons in music, drawing and the other accomplishments. The king was frequently present ; the queen superintended the younger children, like an English mother. The two elder princes laboured at Greek and Latin with their tutors, and were by no means spared in consequence of their rank. 'How would your majesty wish to have the princes treated?' was said to be Markham's inquiry of the king. 'Like the sons of any private English gentleman,' was the manly and sensible answer. 'If they deserve it, let them be flogged : do as you used to do at Westminster.' The command was adhered to, and the royal culprits acquired their learning by the plebeian mode. The story is told, that on the subsequent change of preceptors, the command having been repeated, Arnald, or one of his assistants, thought proper to inflict a punishment, without taking into due consideration that the infants whom Markham had disciplined with impunity were now stout boys. However, the Prince and the Duke of

York held a little council on the matter, and organised rebellion to the rod: on its next appearance they rushed upon the tutor, wrested his weapons from him, and exercised them with so much activity on his person, that the offence was never ventured again. Louis the Fourteenth, when in his intercourse with the accomplished society of France, he felt his own deficiencies, often upbraided the foolish indulgence which had left his youth without instruction; exclaiming, 'Was there not birch enough in the forest of Fontainebleau?' George the Third was determined that no reproach of this nature should rest upon his memory; and probably no private family in the empire were educated with more diligence in study, more attention to religious observances, and more rational respect for their duties to society, than the children of the throne.

"There can be no difficulty in relieving the memory of George the Third from the charge of undue restraint; for nothing can be idler than the theory, that to let loose the passions of the young is to inculcate self control. Vice is not to be conquered by inoculation; and the parent who gives his sons a taste of evil, will soon find that what he gave as an antidote has been swallowed as a temptation. The palpable misfortune of the prince was, that on emerging from the palace, he had still to learn human character, the most essential public lesson for his rank. Even the virtues of his parents were injurious to that lesson. Through infancy and youth he had seen nothing around him that could give a conception of the infinite heartlessness and artifice, the specious vice, and the selfish professions, that must beset him at his first step into life. A public education might have, in some degree, opened his eyes to the realities of human nature. Even among boys, some bitter evidence of the hollowness and hypocrisy of life is administered; and the prince's understanding might have been early awakened to the salutary caution, which would have met out before him, naked, if not ashamed, the tribe of flatterers and pretended friends who so long perverted his natural popularity. But

there was much in the times to perplex a man of his high station and hazardous opportunities, let his self-control be however vigilant. The habits of society have since been so much changed, that it is difficult to conceive the circumstances of that singular and stirring period. We live in a day of mediocrity in all things. The habits of fifty years ago were, beyond all comparison, those of a more prominent, showy, and popular system. The English nobleman sustained the honours of his rank with a larger display; the English man of fashionable life was more conspicuous in his establishment, in his appearance, and even in his eccentricities: the phæton, his favourite equipage, was not more unlike the cabriolet, that miserable and creeping contrivance of our day, than his rich dress and cultivated manners were like the wretched costume and low fooleries that make the vapid lounge of modern society. The women of rank, if not wiser nor better than their successors, at least aimed at nobler objects: they threw open their mansions to the intelligent and accomplished minds of their time, and instead of *fete-ing* every foreign coxcomb, who came with no better title to respect than his grimace and his guitar, surrounded themselves with the wits, orators, and scholars of England. The contrivance of watering places had not been then adopted as an escape, less from the heats of summer than from the observances of summer hospitality. The great families returned to their country-seats with the close of parliament, and their return was a holyday to the country. They received their neighbours with opulent entertainment; cheered and raised the character of the humbler ranks by their liberality and their example; extinguished the little oppressions, and low propensities to crime, which habitually grow up where the lord is an absentee; and by their mere presence, and in the simple exercise of the natural duties of rank and wealth, were the great benefactors of society. A noble family of that time would no more have thought of flying from its country neighbours to creep into miserable lodgings at a watering-place, and hide its diminished head among the

meagre accommodations and miscellaneous society of a sea-coast village, than it would of burning its title-deeds. The expenses of the French war may have done something of this; and the reduced rents of the nobility may countenance a more limited expenditure. But whether the change have been in matter or mind, in the purse or the spirit, the change is undeniable; and where it is not compelled by circumstances, is contemptible. The prince was launched into public life in the midst of this high-toned time. With an income of 50,000*l.* a year, he was to take the lead of the English nobility, many of them with twice his income, and, of course, free from the court encumbrances of an official household. All princes are made to be plundered; and the youth, generosity, and companionship of the prince, marked him out for especial plunder. He was at once fastened on by every glittering profligate who had a debt of honour to discharge, by every foreign marquess who had a *bijou* to dispose of at ten times its value, by every member of the turf who had an unknown Eclipse or Childers in his stables, and by every nameless claimant on his personal patronage or his unguarded finance, until he fell into the hands of the Jews, who offered him money at fifty per cent.; and from them into the hands of political Jews, who offered him the national treasury at a price to which a hundred per cent. was moderation. At this time the prince was nineteen, as ripe an age as could be desired for ruin; and in three short years the consummation was arrived at,—he was ruined."

We have read this picture of the change of manners with great pleasure; but we leave the subject, for an example of the characteristic personal sketches—Fox and Pitt.

Fox, "too generous and too lofty in his habits to stoop to vulgar conspiracy; perhaps, and too abhorrent of blood, and too fond of his ease, to have exhibited the reckless vigour, or endured the long anxieties, or wrapt up his mystery in the profound concealment of a Catiline, he had all the qualities that might

have made a Caius Gracchus; the eloquence, the ingenuousness of manner, the republican simplicity of life, and the shewy and specious zeal of popularity in all its forms. Fox would have made the first of tribunes. He, unquestionably, possessed the means, at that period, to have become the most dangerous subject of England. Fox's life is a memorable lesson to the pride of talents. With every kind of public ability, every kind of public opportunity, and an unceasing and indefatigable determination to be at the summit in all things, his whole life was a succession of disappointments. It has been said, that on commencing his parliamentary course, he declared that there were three objects of his ambition, and that he would attain them all:—that he should be the most popular man in England, the husband of the handsomest woman, and prime minister. He did attain them all; but in what diminished and illusory degree: how the 'juggling fiend kept the promise to the ear, and broke it to the hope,' is long since known. He was the most popular man in England, if the Westminster electors were the nation; his marriage secured him beauty, if it secured him nothing else, and his premiership lasted scarcely long enough for him to appear at the levee. In a life of fifty-eight years, Fox's whole existence as a cabinet minister was but nineteen months; while Pitt, ten years his junior, and dying at forty-seven, passed almost his whole life, from his entrance into Parliament, at the head of the country."

We regret we cannot find room for the portrait of George III.; but we wish to relieve our theme, at least, some *bon mots* offer themselves: the folks say, quite handy. Hare was a wit of the day (1787).

" 'Pleasant news, this, from America,' said he, meeting General Fitzpatrick on the first intelligence of Burgoyne's defeat. The general doubted, and replied, 'that he had just come from the secretary of state's office without hearing anything of it.' 'Perhaps so,' said Hare; 'but take it from me as a foreign rumour.' Fox's negligence

his fortune had inducod his friends to find out a wife for him among the great heiresses. Miss Pulteney, afterwards Countess of Bath, was fixed upon; and Fox, although probably without any peculiar inclination to the match, paid his court for a while. A seat was frequently left for him beside the lady, and he made his attentions rather conspicuous during Hastings' trial. Some one observed to Hare the odd contrast between Fox's singularly dark complexion, and Miss Pulteney's pale face and light hair. 'What a strange sort of children they will make,' was the observation. 'Why, duns, to be sure,' replied Hare; 'cream coloured bodies, with black manes and tails.'

"On the king's opening the session of parliament, the prince had gone in state in a military uniform, with diamond epaulettes. At dinner Doyle came in late, and, to the prince's inquiry, whether he had seen the procession? answered, that he had been among the mob, who prodigiously admired his royal highness' equipage.' 'And did they say nothing else?' asked the prince, who was at this time a good deal talked of, from his encumbrances.

'Yes. One fellow, looking at your epaulette, said, 'Tom, what an amazing fine thing the prince has got on his shoulders!' 'Ay,' answered the other, fine enough, and fine as it will soon be on our shoulders.'

The prince paused a moment; then looked Doyle in the face, and laughing, said, 'Ah! I know where that came from, you rogue; that could be nobody's but yours. Come, take some wine.'

The Lewes races were thinly attended, in consequence of a rainy day. The prince and a few persons of rank were there, and underwent a drenching. On their return, some observation was made on the small number of noblemen on the course.

'I beg pardon,' said the prince; 'I think I saw a very handsome sprinkling of the nobility.'

The conversation turning on some new eccentricity of Lord George Gordon; his unsuitness for a mob leader was instanced in his suffering the rioters of 1760 to break

open the gin-shops, and in particular, to intoxicate themselves by the plunder of Langdale's great distillery in Holborn. 'But why did not Langdale defend his property?' was the question. 'He had not the means,' was the answer. 'Not the means of defence?' said the prince; 'ask Angelo: he a brewer, a fellow all his life long at cart and tierce.'

"The prince's regiment were expecting orders for Ireland. St. Leger said that garrison duty in Dublin was irksome, and that country quarters were so squalid, that they would destroy the lace and uniforms of the regiment, which even then were remarkably rich. 'Well then,' said the prince, 'let them do their duty as dragoons, and scour the country.'

"A heavy-heeled cavalry officer, at one of the Brighton balls, astounded the room by the peculiar *impressiveness* of his dancing. A circle of affrighted ladies fluttered over to the prince, and inquired, by what possibility they could escape being trampled out of the world by this formidable performer. 'Nothing can be done,' said the prince, 'since the war is over; then he might have been sent back to America, as a republication of the stamp act.'

Our next choice falls on a vivid sketch of the French court at the breaking out of the revolution--1795.

"The bewildered career and unhappy fate of the Duke of Orleans are now matter of history. He was born in a hazardous time for a man of weak understanding, strong passions, and libertine principles.—The monarch but a grown child: the queen, estimable but imperious, full of Austrian 'right divine,' and openly contemptuous of the people: the court jealous, feeble, and finding no resource for its weakness but in obsolete artifice and temporary expedient: the nobility a mass of 'naughty idlers, a hundred and twenty thousand gamblers and intriguers, public despisers of religion and the common moral obligations by which society is held together; chiefly poor, and living on the mendicant bounty of the court; worthless consumers of the fruits of the

earth, yet monopolists of all situations of honour and emolument, and by their foolish pride in the most accidental of all distinctions, birth; by their open meanness of solicitation for that last livelihood which a man of true dignity of mind would seek; a dependence on the public purse; and by their utter uselessness for any purpose—but that of filling up the ranks of the army; rendered at once weary of themselves and odious to the nation. But beyond those central; projecting points in the aspect of France, those fragments of the old system of the monarchy, the politician saw a wilderness of living waves, a boundless and sullen expanse of stormy passions, furious aspirations, daring ambition, and popular thirst of slaughter; a deluge, rising hourly round the final, desperate refuge of the state, and soon to overtop its last pinnacle. But the Duke of Orleans was not to see this consummation.—He returned to France; was seized by the men of liberty; condemned without a hearing by the votaries of immaculate justice; and murdered on the scaffold by the purifiers of the crimes of lawgivers and kings. The son of that duke has now peaceably ascended the magnificent throne which dazzled the ambition of his father. Whether France will long suffer a king, may be doubtful. But, while his claim is that of the national choice, entitled, by an exertion of extraordinary courage, justice, and moderation, to the disposal of the throne; we must rejoice that France has obtained a man of virtue, and that such a man should be endowed with so illustrious an opportunity of redeeming his name, and of spreading the benefits of wisdom and power to mankind.”

The prince's marriage is a subject of great embarrassment to a biographer, but Mr. Croly has extricated himself with great credit: we can on-

ly cite a small portion of his account.—“Never was there a more speaking lesson to the dissipations of men of rank, than the prince's involvements. While he was thus wearied with the attempt to extricate himself from Lady Jersey's irritations, another claimant came; Mrs. Fitzherbert was again in the field. Whatever might be her rights; since the royal marriage, at least, the right of a wife could not be included among them; but her demands were not the less embarrassing. A large pension, a handsome outfit, and a costly mansion in Park Lane, at length reconciled her to life; and his royal highness had the delight of being hampered with three women at a time, two of them prodigal, and totally past the day of attraction, even if attraction could have been an excuse; and the third complaining of neglects, which brought upon him and his two old women a storm of censure and ridicule. But the whole narrative is painful, and cannot be too hastily passed over.”

And with this we must close our review. From the extracts it will be seen that the author's style is yet remarkable for the use of epithets rarely employed by other writers in a similar way or sense; and that his favourite phrases of sterner, opulent, fierce, vigorous, masculine, trivial, &c. &c. &c. figure frequently in alliterative or sonorous construction. This we notice as a peculiarity, not as a blemish. The force and talent of the whole will be acknowledged by every reader of discernment; and a work of the kind more likely to have a popular run we can hardly imagine. If we add to its literary merits, that an excellent portrait of the king is given as a frontispiece, and that this volume is printed in Moyes' beautiful manner, we have done our duty towards heartily recommending the *Memoir of George IV.*

## FROM THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

BARRY CORNWALL.

The name of "Barry Cornwall" is probably more familiar to our readers than his poetry. Among the authors included in the Paris editions of the Poets just out, he is one of the very pleasantest, and we shall give one of his Dramatic Sketches nearly whole, in the confidence that we are not wasting room. A short biography precedes his works, from which we first extract a passage or two :

"Bryan Waller Proctor was born in London, and is of a respectable family in the northern part of England. He received the first rudiments of his education at Ealing, a village near London, and was removed from thence to Harrow Grammar School, where he remained four years, and numbered among his school fellows Lord Byron, Mr. Peel, the minister for the home department, and several individuals who subsequently became noted in the world.

"The models on which Barry Cornwall has founded his poetic style may be found among the older lyric and dramatic poets of England.—Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Decker, Marlow, and Massinger, among our writers on the drama, and Milton in the epic walk, he seems to have read with more than common care, and to have studied some portions of their works so closely as to have imitated them unconsciously, as

may be observed in his printed works. In stature Proctor is below the middle height rather than above. His physiognomy is mild, and displays with that sedateness and melancholy cast which is observable in his poetry, the indications of kindness of heart and an amiable, although somewhat of a feeble rather than a masculine character. He has married recently, and much of his time is necessarily occupied with the affairs of business. It is probably owing to this that his appearance before the public has been so rare of late. A page or two in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' or an occasional contribution to some of the literary annuals, are all, in which, for several years, his pen is to be recognized by the public."

The "Broken Heart" is founded upon a Tale of Boccaccio. The story is this—Jeronymo was sent from Italy to Paris in order to complete his studies. He was detained there two years; his mother being fearful lest he should marry a poor and beautiful girl (Sylvestra) with whom he had been brought up from his infancy. During his absence his mother contrived to have Sylvestra married. He returned, and after wandering about her dwelling, succeeded in getting into her chamber, conversed with her, (her husband being asleep,) and at last died on the bed beside her.

## SCENE I.

*A Room.*JERONYMO, *his* MOTHER.

MOTHER.

Pr'ythee, take comfort, child; why, how you look—  
Speak, dear Jeronymo!

JERONYMO.

You have done this?

MOTHER.

'Twas for your good.

JERONYMO.

Oh, mother, mother! You  
Have broke the fondest heart in Italy.  
My good—what's that? Is't good that I shall die?

Is't good that I shall pine, and waste away,  
And shrink within my natural compass, and  
In melancholy idlesse haunt the nest  
Where my white dove lies guarded—

MOTHER.

Patience—nay—

JERONYMO.

Until I die, good mother? I shall die  
(Mark me, and think my words a prophecy)  
Before you, day by day.—My head feels light:  
But then my heart's gone, so it matters not.  
Sylvestra, sweet Sylvestra!

MOTHER.

Name her not,

Oh! she's the cause of all our sorrow—all.  
You must not think of her now.

JERONYMO.

No! not now?

MOTHER.

No; for she's married.

JERONYMO.

Ha, ha, ha! good mother.

Shame! at your time to jest.

MOTHER.

I told you this

Before; she's married—married.

JERONYMO.

Pshaw! I know it:

Am I not—broken-hearted?

MOTHER.

Oh! sweet heavens.

Jeronymo.

JERONYMO.

Well.

MOTHER.

Why do you talk thus?

So strangely, dear, to me? My own boy—think  
On me, sweet.

JERONYMO.

Surely: for you thought of me,  
Even in absence; therefore I'll be grateful,  
And do you a good turn, mother, pray, believe 't:  
I'll make you heir of all my father's lands,  
Chattles, and gold, and floating argosies,  
With not a widow or a child to share 'em with you.  
Here's Gratitude.

## SCENE II.

### *Sylvestra's Chamber.*

JERONYMO.

So, all is hushed at last. Hist! There she lies,  
Who should have been my own. Sylvestra! No:  
She sleeps; and from her parted lips there comes  
A fragrance, such as April mornings draw  
From the awakening flowers. There lies her arm,  
Stretched out like marble on the quilted-lid,



And motionless. What if she lives not?—Oh !  
 How beautiful she is ! How far beyond  
 Those bright creations, which the fabled Greeks  
 Placed on their white Olympus. That great queen  
 Before whose eye Jove's starry armies shrank  
 To darkness, and the wide and billowy seas  
 Grew tranquil, was a spotted leper to her ;  
 And never in such pure divinity  
 Could sway the wanton blood, as she did—Hark !  
 She murmurs like a cradled child. How soft 'tis,  
 Sylvestra !

SYLVESTRA.

Ha ! who's there ?

JERONYMO.

'Tis I.

SYLVESTRA.

Who is it ?

JERONYMO.

Must I then speak, and tell my name to you ?  
 Sylvestra, fair Sylvestra ! know me now :  
 Not now ? and is my very voice so changed  
 By wretchedness, that you—you know me not ?  
 Alas !

SYLVESTRA.

Begone. I'll wake my husband if  
 You tread a step : Begone !

JERONYMO.

Jeronymo.

SYLVESTRA.

Ha ! speak.

JERONYMO.

Jeronymo.

SYLVESTRA.

Oh !

JERONYMO.

Hide your eyes :

Aye, hide them, married woman ! lest you see  
 The wreck of him that loved you.

SYLVESTRA.

Not me.

JERONYMO.

Yes.

Loved you like life—like heaven and happiness,  
 Loved you and kept your name against his heart  
 (Ill-boding amulet) till death.

SYLVESTRA.

Alas !

JERONYMO.

And now I come to bring your wandering thoughts  
 Back to their innocent home. Thus, as 'tis said,  
 Do spirits quit their leaden urns, to tempt  
 Wretches from sin. Some have been seen o' nights  
 To stand and point their rattling finger at  
 The red moon as it rose (perhaps to turn  
 Man's thoughts on high.) Some their lean arms have stretched  
 'Tween murderers and their victims. Some have laughed  
 Ghastly, upon—the bed of wantonness,  
 And touched the limbs with death.

SYLVESTRA.

You will not harm me ?

JERONYMO.

Why should I not ?—No, no, poor girl ! I come not  
To mar your delicate limbs with outrage. I  
Have loved too well for that. Had you but loved—

SYLVESTRA.

I did—I did—

JERONYMO.

Away—My brain is well ;  
(Though late 'twas hot.) You loved ? away, away !  
This to a dying man ?

SYLVESTRA.

Oh ! you will live  
Long, aye and happily ; will wed, perhaps—

JERONYMO.

Nay, pr'ythee cease. Sylvestra ! you and I  
Were children here some few short springs ago,  
And loved like children : I the elder ; you  
The loveliest girl that ever tied her hair  
Across a sunny brow of Italy.  
I still remember how your delicate foot  
Tripped on the lawn at vintage-time, and how,  
When others asked you, you would only give  
Your hand to me.

SYLVESTRA.

Alas ! Jeronymo.

JERONYMO.

Ay, that's the name : you had forgot.

SYLVESTRA.

Oh ! no.

Can I forget the many hours we've spent  
When care had scarce begun to trouble us ?  
How were we wont, on Autumn nights, to stray,  
Counting the clouds that passed across the moon—

JERONYMO.

Go on.

SYLVESTRA.

And figuring many a shape grotesque :  
Camels and caravans, and mighty beasts,  
Hot prancing steeds, and warriors plumed and helmed,  
All in the blue sky floating.

JERONYMO.

What is this ?

SYLVESTRA.

I thought you liked to hear of it.

JERONYMO.

I do.

SYLVESTRA.

Then wherefore look so sadly ?

JERONYMO.

Fair Sylvestra,

Can I do aught to comfort you ?

SYLVESTRA.

Away !

You do forget yourself.

JERONYMO.

Not so. Can I

Do aught to serve you ? Speak ! my time is short,  
For death has touched me.

SYLVESTRA.

Now you're jesting.

JERONYMO.

Girl !

Now, I am—dying. Oh ! I feel my blood  
Ebb slowly ; and before the morning sun  
Visits your chamber through those trailing vines,  
I shall lie here, here in your chamber, dead !

SYLVESTRA.

Pr'ythee go :

You fright me.

JERONYMO.

Yet I'd not do so, Sylvestra :

I will but tell you, you have used me harshly  
(That is not much) and die : nay, fear me not.  
I would not chill, with this decaying touch,  
That bosom where the blue veins wander 'round,  
As if enamored and loth to leave their homes  
Of beauty ; nor should this thy white cheek fade  
From fear at me, a poor heart-broken wretch.  
Look at me. Why, the winds sing through my bones,  
And children jeer me ; and the boughs that wave  
And whisper loosely in the summer air,  
Shake their green leaves in mockery, as to say,  
" These are the longer livers."

SYLVESTRA.

How is this ?

JERONYMO.

I've numbered eighteen summers. Much may lie  
In that short compass ; but my days have been  
Not happy. Death was busy with our house  
Early, and nipped the comforts of my home,  
And sickness paled my cheek, and fancies (like  
Bright but delusive stars), came wandering by me.  
There's one you know of : that—no matter—that  
Drew me from out my way (a perilous guide,)  
And left me sinking. I had my gay hopes, too,  
What needs the mention !—they are vanished.

SYLVESTRA.

I—

I thought—(speak softly for my husband sleeps,)  
I thought when you did stay abroad so long,  
And never sent nor asked of me or mine,  
You'd quite forgotten Italy.

JERONYMO.

Speak again.

Was't so, indeed ?

SYLVESTRA.

Indeed, indeed.

JERONYMO.

Then be it

Yet, what had I done Fortune, that she could  
Abandon me so entirely ? Never mind't :  
Have a good heart, Sylvestra ; they who hate  
Can kill us, but no more, that's comfort. Oh !  
The journey is but short, and we can reckon  
On slumbering sweetly with the freshest earth

Sprinkled about us. There no storms can shake  
Our secure tenement; nor need we fear  
Though cruelty be busy with our fortunes,  
Or scandal with our names.

SYLVESTRA.

Alas, alas!

JERONYMO.

Sweet! in the land to come we'll feed on flowers.  
Droop not, my beautiful child. Oh! we will love  
Then without fear: no mothers there; no gold,  
Nor hate, nor paltry perfidy, none, none.  
We have been doubly cheated. Who'll believe  
A mother could do this? but let it pass:  
Anger suits not the grave. Oh! my own love,  
Too late I see thy gentle constancy:  
I wrote, and wrote, but never heard, at last,  
Quitting that place of pleasure, home I came,  
And found you married! Then—

SYLVESTRA.

Alas!

JERONYMO.

Then I

Grew moody; and at times, I fear, my brain  
Was fevered: but I could not die, Sylvestra,  
And bid you no farewell.

SYLVESTRA.

Jeronymo!

Break not my heart thus: they—they did deceive me.  
They told me that the girls of France were fair,  
And you had scorned your poor and childish love;  
Threatened, and vowed, cajoled, and then—I married.

JERONYMO.

Soft! The night wind sounds

A funeral dirge for me, sweet. Let me lie  
Upon thy breast; I will not chill't, my love.  
It is a shrine where Innocence might die:  
Nay, let me lie there once; for once, Sylvestra.

SYLVESTRA.

Pity me!

JERONYMO.

So I do.

SYLVESTRA.

Then talk not thus;

Though but a jest, it makes me tremble.

JERONYMO.

Jest?

Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale  
I've told you.—On its glassy surface lies  
Death, my Sylvestra. It is Nature's last  
And beautiful effort to bequeath a fire,  
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate  
Through life; and looked out, in its various moods,  
Of gentleness and joy, and love and hope,  
And gained this frail flesh credit in the world.  
It is the channel of the soul; its glance  
Draws and reveals that subtle power, that doth  
Redeem us from our gross mortality.

SYLVESTRA.

Why now you're cheerful.

JERONYMO.

Yes ; 'tis thus I'd die.

SYLVESTRA.

Now I must smile.

JERONYMO.

Do so and I'll smile too.

I do ; albeit—ah ! now my parting words  
Lie heavy on my tongue ; my lips obey not,  
And—speech—comes difficult from me. While I can,  
Farewell. Sylvestra ! where's your hand ?

SYLVESTRA.

Ah ! cold.

JERONYMO.

'Tis so ; but scorn it not, my own poor girl.  
They've used us hardly : bless 'em though. Thou wilt  
Forgive them ? One 's a mother, and may feel,  
When that she knows me dead. Some air—more air :  
Where are you ? I am blind—my hands are numbed ;  
This is a wintry night. So,—cover me.

[Dies.]

THE SONG OF BEAUTY.

I TURN on every side,  
And gaze along the land,  
And yet, both far and wide,  
The lowly and the grand,  
The noble and the clown,  
The fallen and the free,  
The court, the camp, the crown,  
Alike are slaves to me !

The soldier wields his sword,  
And glories in the fight ;  
The miser views his hoard,  
And revels in delight ;  
The statesman's dearest aim  
Is rank and high degree ;  
But power, gold, and fame,  
They'd give them all for me !

Let fraud or force obtain  
A mastery on earth—  
I hold my right to reign  
From nature at my birth :  
I care not for the strife,  
Who conquer or who flee ;  
So long as there is life,  
There will be slaves for me !

The monarch is my tool,  
The soldier is my lamb,  
The scholar is my fool,—  
Yet mistress as I am  
Of all beneath the sun,  
Of man, and earth, and sea,  
I'd give them all for *one*—  
I'd give them all for *three*.

## VARIETIES.

*The late Lunar Eclipse.*—We regret that we cannot insert the whole of the communication from our correspondent P., who writes from South Wales, where he observed the late lunar eclipse: though avowedly “no astronomer,” he has sufficient enthusiasm for one, and talent for relating what he had an opportunity of observing. The following is the substance of his letter. He describes the moon when totally immersed in the earth’s shadow as appearing of “a deep coppery, or blood red colour, the sky at the time being perfectly clear, and the stars, even those near the moon, twinkling with exceeding brilliancy; the ruddy appearance of the moon seemed not in the intervening atmosphere, but in the very substance of the moon itself. After this coppery colour had continued for some time without much variation, a still greater degree of darkness appeared on the eastern side, which gradually increased, as if it would spread itself over the whole surface of the moon; this at length proved to be only a dark patch or deeper degree of shadow, which slowly passed over the moon’s disc to the western side.” The following paragraph confirms the statement of the appearance of the moon, as described in the *Lit. Gaz.* (Nos. 711 and 712), “When this total obscuration had continued upwards of an hour, the eastern limb became perceptibly more bright, and this luminous appearance gradually extended itself towards the middle of the moon’s disc, the eastern edge proportionably increasing in brightness for at least twenty minutes. I can easily imagine that if the moon were seen at this time through clouds, or a hazy atmosphere, this bright appearance of the eastern side might be mistaken for the light of the clear moon, though it would in reality bear no comparison with its brightness when disencumbered of the earth’s shadow. When the moon’s edge had been a

few minutes clear of the shadow, it formed one of the most beautiful objects I ever beheld: there was the greatest part of the moon’s disc still involved in the coppery shadow, the eastern margin was already bright and clear, and in the front of that there was a brilliant capping formed by the penumbra, perfectly distinct from the moon’s disc, yet so near as to give it an elongated appearance towards the east, much resembling the figure of a bright eyeball, with its iris projecting and increasing in brilliancy every moment.

I do not know how this would have appeared through a telescope, having none by me, and if I had, I should not have made use of it. I would by no means exchange the glorious and splendid scene I now enjoyed for the tame and deadened effect produced by the qualifying medium of a telescope. In a few minutes the distinction of the two lines became more confused, until at last the moon resumed its roundness, and the shadow progressed towards the west. When about one third of the moon’s disc had become clear, the penumbra might be seen forming a bluish-coloured border with slight prismatic tints around the red shadow, and separating it from the light part, till at length it disappeared entirely—not a cloud having appeared above the horizon after the first clearing up.” From the observations made during this eclipse, our correspondent infers, “that the earth’s shadow had three degrees of intensity; first, the penumbra or outer prismatic fringe; then the coppery shadow, or general obscurity; and lastly, the dark nucleus, or centre of the shadow, which passes as a dark patch over the moon’s surface.” We are inclined to think, that the “minute but brilliant point of light,” which our correspondent P. suspected he saw north of the moon’s centre, during the total obscuration, must have been an illusion of the sight;—ap-

appearances such as he describes have been seen with the telescope, but never, we believe, with the naked eye. During the annular eclipse of 24th June, 1778, a bright white spot was observed near the north west limb, which continued visible a minute and a quarter. A luminous point has also been observed near Heraclides, which resembled a small nebula, or star of the sixth magnitude. In 1794 a very brilliant spot was seen on the obscure part of the moon, which continued visible for five minutes. A luminous appearance was also observed on the dark part of the moon in May, 1821.—Herschel has discovered volcanos in the moon, emitting fire, similar to those on the earth: one of these, as late as the year 1826, was observed to be apparently burning with great activity.—*Lit. Gaz.*

*On Sounds on the Peak of Teneriffe.*—"There is another observation," says Mr. Allison, in his Narrative of an Expedition to the Summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, on the 23d and 24th of Feb. 1829, "which I made, that may be worth mentioning. Soon after the sun went down, the wind became much louder, and had an acuter sound, although the force was considerably less than in the day. It has been observed from the earliest antiquity, that the air becomes more sonorous at night than in the day; but I am not aware that the cause of it is well ascertained.—The general opinion I believe, is, that the air becoming colder, is therefore denser and more susceptible of conveying the sonorous waves. This, to a certain extent, may be correct, as it has been well ascertained by Dr. Priestley, that the force of the pulsations of sound depends considerably upon the degree of density or rarefaction of the air; and I think Captain, now Sir Edward Parry, mentions the surprising distance he was enabled to hear sound during the winter at the North Pole. From frequent observations which I have made in Teneriffe, I am inclined to attribute the increase of sound at night to a certain increase of moisture, and to an equality of temperature in the different strata of the atmosphere; because,

instead of becoming colder, it was four or five degrees warmer when the sound of the wind became more sonorous. Humboldt has made a similar remark; and, as many observations fully coincide with his opinion, I beg to quote it. He ascribes the diminution of sound during the day to the presence of the sun, which influences the propagation and intensity of sound, by opposing to them currents of air of different density, and partial undulations of the atmosphere, produced by unequal heating of different parts of the ground. In these cases a wave of sound, when it meets two portions of air of different density, is divided into two or more waves, a part of the primitive wave being propagated with more rapidity through the denser portions than the parts that pass through air of less density. In this way the wave is broken down into different parts, which arrive at the ear at different times. These different portions of the wave passing again through succeeding portions of the atmosphere of different density, may be so wasted and frittered down, as to be incapable of affecting the tympanum. My observation respecting the intensity of sound is not confined to the Peak. At the town of Orotava, situated about two miles from the sea, the noise of the waves in the morning occasionally had a grave low sound: at the same time the air appeared to be particularly dry, and distant objects were very indistinct. Towards the middle of the day, or the beginning of the afternoon, the island of Palma, nearly sixty miles distant, could be seen distinctly; and the ridge of mountains that surround the valley of Orotava were apparently brought so close, that the vegetation upon them could be observed: at the same time the sound of the sea invariably passed from a grave to an acute sound. The natives prognosticate rain when this particular clearness of the atmosphere takes place, and I have generally found them correct."—*Annals of Philosophy.*

*Australasia.*—Captain Sturt, with his party, crossed the country in twenty-one days from Sydney, and

embarked on the river, down which they proceeded seven days, when they entered a new river, running from east to west, which they named the Murray, and into which the Murrumbidgee flows. In a few days more they reached another river, forming a junction with the Murray, and examined its banks about five miles up. The next stream that fell into the Murray flowed from the south east, and was denominated the Lindsay. Lower down still, the expedition having been a month afloat, the Murray was found to enter and form a lake of from fifty to sixty miles in length, and from thirty to forty in breadth. This lake, called Alexandrina, lies immediately to the eastward of Gulf St. Vincent, and extends southward to the shore of Encounter Bay. There has thus been ascertained to exist considerable facilities for interior communications by water from the north of Harris to the southern coast in this country.—The river, so surveyed, is reported however to be very shallow where it enters the sea, and only fit for boat navigation.

**ORDER OF CREATION.**—The general order of time in which the earth with its furniture and its inhabitants came to its present form, is sufficiently manifest from the only authentic history we have of its creation, from reason and from observation. The first step which was taken to change the original chaos into a convenient dwelling-place for living, acting, and intelligent beings, was the formation of dry land. That was necessary to provide for the accommodation of animal and vegetable life. When provision was made for the existence and support of the vegetable kingdom, “the earth brought forth grass and herb yielding seed after their kind, and the tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed was in itself after his kind.”

The creation, and continued production of the vegetable kingdom, made provision for the animal. Then the earth brought forth cattle that walk upon the earth, fowls that fly in the firmament of heaven, reptiles that creep in the dust, and fishes that move in the waters; and each after his kind.

But the tenant of this fair earth,

with all its productions of animal and vegetable life, and so richly provided with furniture of a thousand kinds, was not yet created. His creation was to close this august work of the great Architect of the universe. Man was not formed and placed upon the earth, until the earth was fitted for his reception, his convenience, and his happiness—until two great lights were formed, one to rule the day, and the other to rule the night, and the stars also—until the waters which were under the firmament were divided from those above the firmament, and gathered together in one place, and dry land appeared—until grass, herbs and trees yielded seed and fruit after their kind, and cattle, the fowls of heaven, every creeping thing, and every living creature which moves in the waters, were formed, and made to produce others after their kind, and put in subjection to the lord of this lower creation.

Such is the general order in the work of creation, as learned from the Bible, from reason, and from observation; and yet we have the strongest evidence, that this order was not strictly and minutely pursued through the whole process of bringing the earth into the state in which it is now presented to our view. The whole of the mineral kingdom, all rocks and metals, soils and mountains, were not completed before the creation of the vegetable and animal kingdoms were commenced. So far from it, rocks, soils, and metals, are daily forming at the present time. In many instances, vegetables and animals are deposited in solid rocks far below the surface of the earth. Nay, whole mountains of a great height, and hundreds of miles in extent, are composed of little else than the relics of animals. The greater part of these animals were evidently different kinds of shell fish. But fishes, of the kind that swim, are also found inclosed in solid rocks. In one instance, the relics of one fish were found in the mouth of another, apparently in the act of struggling for his freedom when both captive and captor were suddenly arrested, and confined, where they closed their struggles and their lives together; and were afterwards converted into stone. In another instance, one hundred and sixteen dis-



ferent kinds of fish were found petrified within a short distance. It has been remarked, that fishes had probably met in general assembly, and were taken when in the act of legislating.

In excavating the section of the Erie canal at Lockport, after descending twenty feet into solid rock, several rattlesnakes were found with the whole form, though in the state of stone, almost precisely retained. At the same place and nearly the same depth, a toad was taken from the solid rock, which when found was in a torpid state, which he had retained perhaps for thousands of years, but when exposed to air and heat soon gave indications of life, and after a short time gained strength enough to hop, but after a few hops closed his existence forever.

Not many years since, in the vicinity of Paris, there was found imbedded in solid rock, and forty feet below its surface, a board several feet long and eight or nine inches wide. At the same place a hammer was found, the handle of which, with the board, was petrified, but the hammer being of iron, retained its natural state.

These are a few instances, among thousands, which might be mentioned, to prove that the changes our earth has undergone, have been gradual and constant, and that minerals, rocks and soils, and even mountains have been formed since the creation both of the vegetable and animal kingdoms commenced, and even after man was formed, and had made some advances in the arts of civilization. Indeed no one can doubt for a moment, who has paid the least attention to the subject, that our globe has been subject to constant and important changes from the time that the materials of which it is composed were formed out of nothing, until the present moment. And these changes which come within our knowledge are so great as to afford strong evidence that the earth could not have existed for a much longer period than that assigned by Moses.—*Scientific Tracts.*

*Principles of Geology, by Charles Lyell, Esq. Vol. I.*—Mr. Lyell's book is a masterly performance, and its publication will form an epoch in

the history of a science, which, while its professors are most of them in chase of theories—thinking of little but *cosmogonies*—is yet adding daily to our real and useful knowledge of the globe, and detecting or defining the laws of nature. The leading object of the author is to shew that those forces which are now confessedly in operation, constantly working changes, are precisely such as have produced the earliest traceable effects on the earth's surface. The introductory portion of the volume—after defining the legitimate objects of geology, and tracing the history of its progress through its chief professors from remote antiquity to the days of Werner and Hutton—is occupied with the removal of sundry popular, and some speculative objections to the doctrine which he professes to establish. Among the latter is what may be termed the theory of the progressive development of organic life. The strata of the earth apparently have been deposited successively, at different periods. In the earlier or deeper strata are found, it is said, nothing but vegetation, and first, of the simplest kind—then successively, nearer the surface, come shells, then fishes, then oviparous animals, then birds, then quadrupeds, and finally, in the gravel and sand, the diluvian formations, quadrumanous animals, and the remains of such species as now people the surface, along with the consummation of organic life, man.

This theory, by certain geologists, Cuvier, the chief of them—is maintained as indisputable; and this theory, as most conflicting with his own conclusions, Mr. Lyell sets himself earnestly to subvert.

A very little examination shews on what a very slight foundation this magnificent structure is built. In the lowest strata in which *any thing* organic has appeared, even vertebrated animals have been found—not numerous, it is true, but one undoubted specimen is as good as a thousand for the distinction of the absolute doctrine in question. The simplest vegetation, again, seems the cryptogamic, but even dicotyledons have been found along with them, and these, few though comparatively they may be, are at once fatal to

the theory of successive development. Geological facts, in short, do not warrant the now popular notion of a traceable gradation from the simplest to the most complex forms in unison with the successive strata of the earth; nor will the confessedly recent origin of man interfere with the author's doctrine, that the laws of nature now in operation differ not from those which produced the oldest known effects. In his mind, man is not the concluding link, no, nor any link, in the supposed series; his superiority consists not in any part of his organization which is in common with animals, but in his intellect—his reason, with which there is nothing to compare in animals—no gradation, no approach. The instincts of animals are unimprovable, or, at best, the improvement of which they may seem slightly susceptible, is not transmissible—the race-horse is not more intelligent than the cart-horse. The truth apparently is, that too little is yet known to warrant such broad deductions—our acquaintance, geologically, with the globe in its whole circumference, is comparatively insignificant; and facts are continually concurring to shew how precipitate these speculations have been. In spite of the eternal babble about the inductive process, it is for ever lost sight of. Mr. Lyell is a sober inquirer, and as far as the real facts and discoveries of geologists have yet gone, he finds no ground for concluding that the globe has ever been governed by different physical laws.

The proper object of geology is to investigate the changes which have taken place in the organic as well as in the inorganic portions of nature; but as the inorganic changes are most apparent, they claim the author's first attention. The great agents of changes are aqueous, rivers, torrents, springs, currents, and tides, and igneous, volcanos and earthquakes.—Both are instruments of destruction as well as of reproduction, and both too, may be regarded as antagonistic forces. The aqueous are perpetually levelling the inequalities of the earth's surface, while the igneous are incessantly active in disturbing the level—elevating one portion and depressing another. Two-thirds of Mr. Lyell's interesting volume are taken

up with estimating the workings of these potent agencies, describing at the same time all the most memorable effects recorded in every part of the globe. The several geological changes in the organic kingdoms of nature will occupy another volume, which, from the author's extensive knowledge and sober judgment, will, we doubt not, be looked for with interest.

*Fossil Trees in an erect position.*—In geological writings mention is frequently made of fossil trees being found in strata, in their natural erect position, and therefore still on the spot where they grew. We have always objected to this opinion, and maintained that those fossil trees only, in which the roots are spread through a soil different from that surrounding the trunk and branches, are to be considered as in their natural and unaltered position. In the sandstone quarries around Edinburgh, fossil trees are found in all positions, from the upright to the horizontal, and enveloped in the same general mass. These, therefore, are trees which have been moved from their original situation and position.

*Newspapers.*—The population of the British Isles at present is very nearly double the population of the United States, the one being above 23,000,000, and the other about 12,000,000. Deducting the blacks, the American population will be about 10,000,000. In the British Isles there are at present 334 newspapers, of which 19 or 20 are daily, viz. 16 in London, and 3 or 4 in Ireland. In the United States in 1810, there were 564 newspapers; in 1823, they were 598; and in last spring Mr. Cooper estimated the number at 800. The whole number of papers printed annually in England and Ireland, on an average of the last seven years, as I find from the amount of stamp duty, was 28,027,000. This gives an average circulation of about 1100 for each. The average circulation of the American journals, (1800) the result is as follows:—

550 weekly papers	28,000,000
200 Semi-weekly or tri-weekly	20,800,000
50 Daily	15,600,000
	<hr/>
	64,400,000

If this estimate is fairly made, it shows that there are nearly two and a half times as many papers printed in the United States as in England, for less than half the population (excluding the blacks). Combining the two ratios, it results, that a million of persons in the United States purchase five times as many newspapers as a million of persons in the British Isles! There is not a town in Great Britain but London that does or can support a daily paper. In the United States every considerable town has one or more. Rochester, a town with six thousand inhabitants, Troy with nearly the same number (both in the state of New York) have each their Daily Paper, while neither Manchester nor Glasgow has one! Think of the capital of Scotland wanting a paper of this description, while an American town of the size of Dalkeith has one. Think too of Leith, with a population of more than 20,000 persons, trying in vain some years ago to establish a weekly paper. Philadelphia and Liverpool have nearly the same amount of population, but the English town has probably six times as much trade as the American. Now, Liverpool has eight weekly papers, which put forth eight publications in all per week. Philadelphia has eight daily papers, and eight or ten others, which put forth about seventy publications per week!—Scotland, with 2,100,000 of inhabitants, has 33 papers, not one of which is published more than thrice a week. Pennsylvania, with 1,200,000 inhabitants, had 110 papers in 1823, of which 14 or 15 were published daily.

—*Scotsman.*  
*Connexion of Diseases with the Rock Formations of a Country.*—Amongst a great many of the communes of Calvados, in France, near to each other, and exposed to the same climatic influences, there is one which is particularly liable to fever. Nearly the whole of these communes are situated upon *lias* and *red marl*, and some other clayey formations, which retain at the surface a humidity favourable for the formation of miasms. On the contrary, the communes situated on rocks having a loose texture, and which permit the rain water to escape more easily, such as the great *oolite*, *chalk*, &c.

or which do not present any beds capable of arresting the course of the water, as granite, and certain slates, appear less liable to fevers. It results from these general considerations, that the soil, by its greater or less hygroscopic quality, may have an effect on the state of health, by favouring more or less the development of certain diseases. M. de Caumont does not regard this observation as new, but communicates it with the view of ascertaining in what proportions (every thing being equal) the fevers and other maladies are developed in the principal geological regions of Calvados; for example in that of granite, slate, limestone, clay, &c.—*Journal de Géologie.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF PALESTINE.—The Hebrew muse has been called the denizen of nature: with equal propriety may she be termed the denizen of history. She draws much of her sublimest inspiration from the instructive record of God's dealings with his people. Even the Psalms are full of the finest imagery gathered from historical events; but the prophetic poetry is by far the most copious in its sublime and beautiful allusions. The history of the Hebrews in its spirit is all poetry; their poetry is almost a history, both of the past and the future. For the Prophets, what could be more appropriate, in the exercise of their functions as the messengers of God, than to paint their warnings with an unceasing and energetic appeal to the well known experience of the nation? Such an appeal was not addressed to a people ignorant of their own history. It was the pride of a Hebrew, as well as his duty, to have the law and the testimony inscribed upon his heart. A Jew well instructed, could almost repeat the contents of the sacred Books from memory. On their study the utmost expenditure of wealth and labour was lavished.—They were copied with the richest penmanship; they were incased in jewels; they were clasped with diamonds; they were deposited in golden arks. The whole of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm is composed in praise of their wisdom, and to inculcate their perusal. How striking was the last charge of Moses to the people; 'And thou

shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up—thou shalt say unto thy son, We were Pharaoh's bondmen in Egypt; and the Lord brought us out of Egypt with a mighty hand!"

Powerful indeed must have been the influence of such familiarity with these sublime compositions! The unceasing frequency with which their remarkable passages are referred to by the sacred poets, showing with what prevailing power they dwelt in the popular imagination. How could it be otherwise? Almost every rite in the ceremonial of the Hebrews was founded upon, or in some way connected with the remembrance of supernatural interposition. Almost every spot in the land of the Israelites was associated with the history of those glorious events. Three times a year, the whole Jewish multitude went up to the tabernacle or to Jerusalem at the feasts. Did they pass through the valley of Hebron? There lay the bones of the patriarchs, Abraham Isaac and Jacob. Did they stand on the plains of Mamre? There Abraham erected an altar to Jehova, and entertained the angels. Did they visit the borders of the Dead Sea? Its sluggish waves rolled over the cities of the plain, and they traced the ruins of the fire-storm from heaven. If they looked towards Nebo, it was the sacred and mysterious burial-place of Moses. If they passed near Gilgal, there the sun and moon stood still at the command of Joshua. If they rode on the mountains of Gilboa, there the glory of Israel was slain upon their high places. Such thrilling recollections must have met them at every step, besides being often mingled in the memory with some vivid burst of poetry. An event, like that of the passage of the Red Sea, commemorated in a song such as that of Moses, was a treasure in the annals of the nation, whose worth in the formation of the national spirit we cannot adequately appreciate. Nor can we conceive the depth of the emotion, which must have dilated the frame of a devout Jewish patriot every time he remembered that sublime composition.

*Insect Transformation.*—The natural process by which one insect is transformed into the other, or rather by which the one ceases and the other begins to exist, for the word transformation is almost as objectionable as transmutation, well deserves the attention of the student. A sailor would find it no easy process to cut for himself a suit of clothes out of a set sail, holding, the while, only by the portion he was cutting. This is an operation which is performed every day by the tentmaking caterpillars. Difficult, however, as this may be considered to be, it appears as nothing when compared with another problem performed by a different family of caterpillars.—“Country fellows, for a prize,” says Kirkby, “sometimes amuse the assembled inhabitants of a village by running races in sacks. Take one of the most active and adroit of these, bind him hand and foot, suspend him by the bottom of his sack, head downwards, to the branch of a lofty tree; make an opening in one side of the sack, and set him to extricate himself from it, to detach it from its hold, and suspend himself by his feet in its place. Though endowed with the suppleness of an Indian juggler, and promised his sack full of gold for a reward, you would set him an absolute impossibility; yet this is what our caterpillars, instructed by a beneficent Creator, easily perform.” The manner in which this is effected we shall now describe.

A caterpillar, when about to change into a chrysalis, usually steals away from the plant on which it has been feeding, to find some secluded corner where it may undergo its transformation unmolested; as if it were previously aware, that it would no longer be able to escape from its enemies. Having thus selected a safe spot, the caterpillar begins, in order to attach itself securely, to weave a mooring of silk, the structure of which is well worthy of notice. The threads of which this is composed, are so fine that they are not easily distinguished; and we are not collect being not a little astonished at seeing a chrysalis of the admirable butterfly (*Vanessa Atalanta*) hanging within an inverted glass tumbler where we had confined it, the

being transparent, and all but visible. It is necessary, therefore, in order to see it distinctly, to confine the caterpillars within a black box or other vessel. The silk threads are not drawn tight along, so as to be parallel with the surface, but are formed into a sort of projecting button, the caterpillar, for this purpose, alternately raising and depressing its head over the spot so as to draw out the threads, in the same way as a tambouring needle is worked in making a dot upon muslin; the base is accordingly made the broadest part, and the centre the most projecting, for a reason which will immediately appear. When it has finished this little button of silk, which is thickly interlaced and strong, it turns round to examine it with its hinder pair of prolegs, and if it judges it to be sufficiently firm, it thrusts these among the meshes, taking secure hold with the numerous hooks with which these are fringed, and swings itself fearlessly into the air, hanging with its head downwards.

All this seems easy enough of performance, but it is only preliminary; for it has still to throw off its skin, together with the hooks by which it is suspended, and this without losing its hold. The old skin is rent by the forcible bending of the upper part of the body, which pushes through some of the angular projections of the chrysalis; a tedious and probably painful operation, in which it is often engaged the greater part of a day, and sometimes two, according to its strength. When the first rent is made, however, the included chrysalis soon wedges itself through the breach, the lower portion swelling out greatly more than the upper, so as to form an inverted but somewhat irregular cone. The included insect continuing its laborious exertions, by successively contracting and dilating the rings of its body, pushes off the now rent skin by degrees from the head towards the tail.

There are two circumstances worthy of notice in this process; the position of the insect, in hanging with its head downwards, throws a great portion of the fluids of the body

towards the head, by means of their weight, which swells out the part that splits, and also pushes back the old skin, while the sloughing skin is prevented from resiliating by a series of pegs, which act like the toothed rack of a sluiceway. The old skin, being by these means pushed towards the tail, is of course compressed into several folds, which in some degree prevent the extension of the tent, and serve to keep the chrysalis from falling; for being now detached from the skin, it has no hold upon the meshes of the silk button, and is, in fact, at some distance from it.

This then, is the part of the process, where the nicety of the mechanism is most worthy of admiration; for the hooks by which the insect is in the first instance suspended from the meshes of the silk are sloughed off, together with the skin, the grasp of whose folds becomes then the only support of the chrysalis. But this chrysalis now deprived of feet, and some distance from the suspensory cordage of silk, has still to reach this, fix itself there, and cast off the sloughed skin altogether. This operation causes, says Bonnet, a spectator to tremble for the consequences, for every movement seems to render its fall almost certain. It is, however, provided with means which answer the same purpose as hands, to enable it to climb; it can elongate and contract at pleasure the rings of its body. It accordingly with two contiguous rings, lays hold, as with a pair of pincers, of the portion of the sloughed skin nearest the head, and, elongating the rings beyond this, seizes upon a more distant portion, while it lets go the first. Repeating this process several times, it at length arrives at the silk button.—*Insect Transformations.*

*Dr. Falpy.*—In returning thanks the other day to his pupils for the present of a handsome piece of plate, the learned and venerable master of Reading School spoke of “the flowers that had occasionally illuminated his path.” “Powers *illuminata?*” exclaimed a young Aristarchus. “To be sure,” observed a more amiable critic; “*sub* flowers.

## AN AUTUMN WALK.

BY DELTA.

## I.

SWEET is the smile of the vernal morn,  
 When upon zephyr's wing is borne  
 The breath of the opening flowers, and skies  
 Day after day to the gazer's sight  
 Expand a thousand fairy dyes,  
 More softly pure, more serenely bright ;  
 When Ocean lulls his foamy roar,  
 To tell that the boreal storms are o'er ;  
 While naked boughs put on their green,  
 And morning listens the early lark ;  
 And the snow-drop, like a spirit, is seen  
 Peeping up from earth's caverns dark :  
 Oh, then is the season of hope—the heart  
 Feels of the universe a part ;  
 The blooming flowers—the budding trees—  
 The brightening sun—the tender sky—  
 The singing birds, and the humming bees—  
 Speak they not all to the ear or eye—  
 To say, after darkness, and cold, and rain,  
 Come loveliness, warmth, and life again !

## II.

Nor glorious less is the summer noon,  
 When, from its azure zenith, June  
 Looks on the beautiful earth, to spread  
 A darkening shadow beneath the bowers,  
 And the boughs of the chesnut overhead  
 Are spangled over with gorgeous flowers ;  
 When the trout leaps up from the tepid stream ;  
 And the cattle, from the hot day-beam,  
 Take to the shelter of cooling groves,  
 Where, 'mid the pillar'd emerald gloom,  
 From tree to tree the cushat roves,  
 And unseen flowers the air perfume :—  
 Then to the loiterer of the fields  
 A source of enduring joy it yields,  
 To pause amid the pastures green,  
 And hearken a thousand notes that fill  
 The air with music from throats unseen—  
 A long, loud song of praise, until  
 The bosom's cares are subdued to rest,  
 And a holy calm pervades the breast.

## III.

How should the seasons the heart employ ?  
 To Spring give hope, and to Summer joy ;  
 But to Autumn belongs majestic thought—  
 The shadows of Time and Eternity,  
 Like visions before the eye are brought  
 From her yellow woods and her changing sky :  
 Thou, Autumn, now art around my way,  
 As lonely thus abroad I stray :

While the afternoon melts into eve—  
 Alas ! how rapidly day is done !  
 And clouds of a thousand colours weave  
 Their glories around the setting sun.  
 All nature seems bathed in a tender grief ;  
 There is a red-brown tint on the leaf,  
 That proclaims of desolation blank ;  
 And the flowers that erewhile bloom'd so fair,  
 Now, seeding, wither along the bank,  
 Seer'd by the chill of the alter'd air :  
 The aspect of all things seems to say—  
 Man like the seasons shall pass away !

## IV.

October, my moralist thou shalt be—  
 Shake down thy fragile leaves from the tree ;  
 Pour out thy tears from the sullen cloud ;  
 And, while the gleaner forsakes the field,  
 Let the winds of evening, piping loud,  
 A chorus sad to the partridge yield.  
 What saith the river that rushes down  
 From its nursing mountains, foamy and brown ?  
 It tells of tempest—of sleet and rain—  
 Of summer past and of winter near,  
 Of glories that shall not revive again,  
 Until a new life re-illumine the year :—  
 Of the shortening and the lengthening night ;  
 Of departed sunshine ; and beauty's blight ;  
 Omens of death and of pale decay—  
 Types of destruction's impending gloom—  
 Flitting o'er man on life's thorny way,  
 And pointing alike to his goal—the tomb ;  
 For, when finishes Age's childlike reign,  
 No second boyhood comes round again !

## V.

Thus to my soul—in my lonely walks  
 Of contemplation—Autumn talks :  
 The red-breast, as it hops along,  
 Like a restless spirit, from bough to bough,  
 Seems warning me, with its dirge-like song,  
 Of the changes that wait upon all below !  
 Speaks not the hollow-sounding sea  
 Of what hath been—and no more shall be !  
 Of days that are past—of friendships gone ;  
 Of visions whose glory made boyhood bright !  
 Of pleasures flown—for ever flown—  
 Of hopes that shone, but to set in night !  
 The fading flower and the falling leaf,  
 Do they not emblem that life is brief ?  
 'Tis not in beauty—they seem to say—  
 From year to year to retain its glow ;  
 'Tis not in strength to resist decay—  
 All is doom'd to the dust below—  
 The meek and the mighty—the free and the slave—  
 The rich and the poor—the coward and brave,—  
 The young and the old, meet they not in the grave ?

## SARAH CURRAN.

“ Her life began and closed in woe ! ”

SARAH CURRAN has been the theme of story and of song ; and so long as “ The Broken Heart ” of Washington Irving be read, and the exquisite melody of “ She is far from the land,” of our national poet Moore, shall preserve its popularity : so long must the real history of the inspirer of these pathetic records, continue to interest the sympathies of the gentle and the good. When I first saw her, she was in her twelfth year, and was even at that age, remarkable for a pensive character of countenance, which she never afterwards lost. A favourite sister, to the best of my recollection a twin, died when she was eight years old, and was buried under a large tree on the lawn of the Priory, Mr. Curran’s seat near Dublin, directly opposite to the window of the nursery. This tree had been the chosen haunt of the affectionate pair ; under its shade they had often sat together, pulled the first primroses at its root, and watched in its leaves, the earliest verdure of the spring. Many an hour for many a year, did the afflicted survivor take her silent stand at the melancholy window, gazing on the well-known spot which constituted all her little world of joys and sorrows. To this circumstance she attributed the tendency to melancholy, which formed so marked a feature of her character thro’ life. Fondly attached to both her parents, her grief may be imagined, when at the period of attaining her fourteenth year, Mr. Curran publicly endeavoured to obtain a divorce from his wife. As there existed no ground but his caprice of temper for this disgraceful proceeding, he of course failed in the attempt ; and as the public were acquainted with his early history, and the sacrifices that had attended Mrs. Curran’s acceptance of his hand, his conduct attracted no small share of popular odium. Mr. Curran’s origin was humble, and even his splendid talents might not have been found sufficient to have raised him to the position in society

he subsequently occupied, had it not been for his marriage with a lady of family and fortune. He began his career as private tutor in the family of Dr. Creaghe, of Creaghe castle in the county of Cork ; a gentleman of large property, as well as an enlightened and eminent physician. Miss Creaghe, a young lady of considerable taste and acquirements, proved but too sensible of the genius and the talents of this accomplished inmate of her parental dwelling, and a private marriage was the consequence. After a short time subsequent to its discovery had elapsed, Dr. Creaghe consented to forgive his daughter, received her once more beneath his roof, and allowed her fortune to be expended on Mr. Curran’s studies at the Temple.

That he had requited the affection of this amiable woman by attempting to repudiate her, will surprise no one in the least acquainted with the general details of his domestic conduct. The breaking up of his establishment, the dispersion of his family, and his own loss of character, were the consequences of this unhappy step. His appeal to a court of justice was heard with impatience and repelled with indignation.

In this perplexing position my young friend shone conspicuous, and was as much distinguished among the members of her own family as they were from the ordinary rank of society. Her engaging manners and amiable qualities attracted the attention of many whose friendship never afterwards deserted her. Among these was the Rev. Thomas Crawford, of Lismore, one of the earliest of Mr. Curran’s college friends. To be unhappy was in itself a letter of introduction to which he was never inattentive. He was acquainted with every member of Mr. Curran’s family ; and the youth, the amiable disposition, and deep affliction with which his youngest and favourite daughter was overwhelmed by the



separation of her parents, induced Mr. Crawford to offer her an asylum in his house. If any thing could have caused her to forget her father, it would have been the part this worthy man so generously acted towards her. She was to him, indeed, as a daughter : he loved her and valued her as such. Under his protecting care she remained, until Mr. Curran recalled his banished children once more to their home, and formed a new establishment for their reception. But, alas ! my poor friend's life was but an April day ; or rather, it consisted of " drops of joy, with draughts of ill between." The two or three years she spent under the parental roof, were the last she was permitted to number of enjoyment and happiness.

During the long war in which England often single-handed, struggled, with glory and success, for her own integrity and the liberty of Europe, her peaceful shores were repeatedly threatened with invasion by a foreign foe. The rumours of such an event becoming very prevalent about the year 1801, reached the ears of a young enthusiast, at that time an exile from his native country, in Switzerland. In that cradle of liberty did Robert Emmett, as he said, endeavor to forget the miseries of his native country, and the dishonour with which his soul beheld her branded, and live the life of a freeman !

When Switzerland, after a vain resistance, was fettered by the shackles of Bonaparte, Ireland was immediately menaced with a Gallic descent ; and Emmett, in an ill-fated hour, landed on her shores, as he affirmed, to avert the calamity of her becoming a French province. His plans, by the little that is known of them, appear to have been perplexed and incoherent in the extreme ; and had they been otherwise, the premature commencement of the insurrection would have rendered them abortive. After a slight disturbance, of only a few hours' duration, on the night of July 23, 1803, in which Lord Kilwarden, and some other loyalists, were unfortunately assassinated, peace and good order were again restored. A few of the ringleaders were punished, and amongst the number, this unhappy worshipper of Utopian freedom became a sacrifice to his ro-

manic dreams of liberty and patriotism. Previously to this eventful period of his life, Mr. Curran's eldest son, Richard, had been intimate with Robert Emmett, at Trinity College ; and their youthful friendship, on his return to Ireland, was unfortunately renewed. He introduced his friend to his father and sisters, and Emmett became a constant visitor at the Priory. An attachment, as ardent as it was unfortunate, was soon formed between him and Curran's youngest daughter. In the outpouring of his soul to this object of his idolatry, the enthusiast revealed all his plans and intentions respecting the meditated overthrow of the Irish government.— Happy would it have been for him, had he attended to the words of wisdom and of warning that fell from her gentle lips ! But, alas ! on this occasion they were of no avail. Dazzled with the splendour thrown by Roman story over deeds admired, because successful, he persuaded himself that, as tyranny was weakness, those whom he considered the enslavers of his country could be easily subdued ; and he rushed with heedless impetuosity into the struggle.

Mr. Curran's politics had formerly been what are called " liberal ;" but from the time that this party had succeeded to power, he attached himself to the government, under which he enjoyed a post of honour and emolument. His surprise and indignation could hardly be wondered at, when it was announced to him that he was an object of suspicion to his former friends, and that he was supposed to be implicated in Emmett's designs. He repaired instantly to the Castle of Dublin, and insisted on remaining in custody there, until every person arrested for the plot had been examined. As his loyalty had not always been so apparent, it was a severe trial to his feelings, both as a parent and a man of honour, to be assured, beyond all doubt, that at least one of his family was implicated ; that letters from his daughter had been found amongst Emmett's papers ; and that an order had been issued, from the Lord Lieutenant, to have his house and correspondence examined. As Mr. Curran was conscious of his own innocence, he only felt as a father whose eyes were thus

suddenly opened to domestic injury and affliction. Without taking time to inquire into the extent of his misfortune, he pronounced sentence of banishment for ever, from the paternal roof, on the innocent cause of his temporary vexation. Amongst Emmett's papers were found various letters from Sarah Curran, all warning him against his fatal design, and pointing out to him its folly and impracticability. There was also one letter refusing the offer of his hand, and giving, as her reason, the impossibility of leaving a father she so fondly loved. For a short time after the explosion of the plot, Emmett was concealed in a safe retreat in Dublin, his passage secured on board an American vessel; and the last time I saw my friend happy, she believed him to be "far away on the billow," beyond the power of his enemies, and destined to reach, in safety, the more hospitable shores of America.— That very day he was arrested! I shall not attempt to describe her feelings, on receiving a letter from Emmett, informing her that, as she had refused to accompany him, he was determined to remain in Ireland and abide his fate. Thus, if possible, was another barb added to the arrow which smote these hapless lovers; nor could my poor friend ever forgive herself for being, as she thought, the certain though innocent cause of Emmett's unhappy end. Her arguments were not wholly disregarded by him, as, in one of his replies, he remarks, "I am aware of the chasm that opens beneath my feet; but I keep my eyes fixed on the visions of glory which flit before them, and I am resolved to clear the gulf, desperate as may be the attempt."

The circumstances of Emmett's trial and condemnation are too well known to render it necessary for me to recapitulate them in this place.— After the delivery of his animated and affecting defence, Lord Norbury pronounced sentence of death upon him, and the ill-fated man was executed the following day, in Thomas-street, near the spot on which he had established the revolutionary depot of arms and ammunition. Before his death, (when removed to Newgate; after his trial,) he authorised a gentleman to announce to government,

as his own declaration, that he was the chief mover and instigator of the insurrection; and, out of the sum of 2,500*l.* which he had received on the death of his father, had expended 1,400*l.* in the preparatory outlay.

A loss of reason, of some months' continuance, spared my poor friend the misery of travelling, step by step, through the wilderness of woe which Emmett's trial and execution would have proved to her; and, when she recovered her senses, her lover had been for some time numbered with the dead. As soon as her health permitted, she left the residence of her father, whose heart remained untouched by those misfortunes and sufferings which excited the pity and sympathy of every one beside. Mr. Curran refused to see his daughter after her recovery, and she was again thrown on the world, which, with more than poetic truth, *had proved a broken reed, and pierced her to the heart.* But God raised up friends to this stricken deer; and, in a letter of hers now before me, written at the time, she says, speaking of that kind and amiable family who received her when deserted by her father, "I find a pleasure in reflecting that my father introduced me to the dear Penroses, as if it were to atone for his continued severity towards me." I received several letters from her, during her residence at Woodhill, near Cork, the seat of Mr. Cowper Penrose, of whose tenderness and affection, as well as the kindness of the whole family, she makes constant mention.— While under the protection of this gentleman's roof, she again became the object of an ardent and disinterested attachment. Among the many who met and admired her was Colonel Sturgeon,\* a person of peculiarly engaging manners and deportment, and who, with the "gay good humour" of the military profession, possessed discernment and sensibility enough to appreciate and esteem merits such as her's; and, had not her heart been seared by early grief and disappointment, one who could not

\* Colonel Henry Sturgeon was the son of Lady Anne Wentworth; and grandson, by his maternal descent, of the celebrated Marquis of Rockingham.

have failed to have experienced the most flattering reception. When he first tendered his proposals, Miss Curran did every thing in her power to induce him to desist from a pursuit which, she assured him, could only terminate in disappointment.—She confided to him every particular of her sad and eventful life, her love and her devotedness to Emmett, and the utter impossibility of her ever being able to return any other affection, however it might deserve the best efforts of her heart, while, at the same time, she was not insensible to Colonel Sturgeon's merits,—well calculated, under other circumstances, to make the impression he desired.

In vain did she employ all the eloquence of grief, unfold the secret recesses of a heart where one image reigned supreme, and plead his own cause for him, by proving how little he deserved, at least, but a divided affection.

The constancy and tenderness of her attachment to Emmett seemed to have rendered her the more interesting to Colonel Sturgeon; and, as he continued a welcome guest at Mr. Penrose's, an intimacy still subsisted between them. She had hoped that his passion had subsided into the more placid sentiment of friendship, when a sudden call of military duty in a distant land proved to her how fallacious had been her hopes. The peaceful, but deceitful, calm of her expectations was suddenly interrupted by Col. Sturgeon's arrival in haste, at Woodhill, and announcement that, in four days, he must leave Cork for London, and thence for immediate foreign service. He again renewed his suit with all the energy of despair. He had a friend in every member of the Penrose family, all of whom were anxious that the union of two persons so calculated to make each other happy should not be deferred. They united their entreaties to Miss Curran to give a favourable answer; and in three days, she became the wife of a gallant soldier, than whom no second suitor could better deserve her hand.

After yielding thus, as it were, a surprised consent, her heart failed her; and on the morning of her wedding day, she implored her kind friends to allow her to proceed no farther. They remonstrated with her

and told her she would be trifling with one of the most amiable of men, should she manifest such a disposition. She was married at Glanmire Church, near Woodhill; and was in fact a *mourning bride*. One of four female friends who accompanied her in the coach to Glanmire, told me, that she knew not who shed most tears on the road. After a year's residence in England, Colonel Sturgeon was ordered to Sicily, where my poor friend endeavoured to make him happy and herself cheerful. Some, perhaps, who have, casually met her, both before and after her marriage, have not considered her so remarkable a person as she really was; forgetful that the refinement of true genius is opposed to all intellectual ostentation; that talents, in one so afflicted as she has been, must often be veiled by the darkness of cherished sorrow; and that genuine sensibility flourishes not on the rugged highway of common life, but delights to expand its blossoms in the shelter and secrecy of fostering kindness.

Col. and Mrs. Sturgeon returned to England in 1808, and, after a stormy and dangerous passage of several weeks, exposed to all the inconveniences of a crowded transport, arrived at Portsmouth. A short time before they landed, Mrs. S. had given birth to a delicate and drooping boy, whose death soon after, seems to have put a finishing stroke to her sufferings, at Hythe, in Kent.

The last request Mrs. S. made to her father was, that she might be buried under her favourite tree at the Priory. She was spared the cruelty of a refusal, as, after her death, Mr. C. said, he "*would not have his lawn turned into a church-yard*;" and she was buried at the little village of Newmarket, in the county of Cork, where her father was born. Colonel Sturgeon did not long survive her: he was killed in Portugal during the Peninsula war, by a random shot fired from a vineyard at a party of stragglers following the troops, who were often thus rewarded by the poor deluded natives on account of their heresy.

In person Mrs. S. was about the ordinary size, her hair and eyes black. Her complexion was fairer than is usual with black hair, and was a little

freckled. Her eyes were large, soft and brilliant, and capable of the greatest variety of expression. Her aspect, in general, indicated reflection and pensive abstraction from the scene around her. Her wit was keen and playful, but chastised, although no one had a quicker perception of humour or ridicule. Her musical talents were of the first order; she sang with exquisite taste; I think I never heard so harmonious a voice.

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## REMEMBRANCE.

MINE, Mary, thou canst never be,  
 But kindly w<sup>ill</sup> I think of thee.  
 The memory of the past shall fling  
 A balm upon each bitter thought,  
 And soften with its shadowy wing  
 The agonies which grief hath wrought.  
 I cannot, though I would, forget  
 The beauty of thy youthful years,  
 Ere Sorrow's bitter fountains wet  
 Mine eyes with unavailing tears.  
 Then we were happy; and thy heart,  
 Unused to play the mourner's part,  
 Responded with a throb divine  
 To each enraptured pulse of mine.

Even when upon the boundless deep,  
 My thoughts were ever turn'd on thee;  
 In vision, I beheld thee weep  
 As when thou had'st adieu to me.  
 Thy form has haunted still my heart,  
 By starry night and gaudy day;  
 I see it in the moonbeam's start,  
 I see it in the morning grey.  
 Time cannot from my mind erase  
 The memory of that angel face,  
 Nor the corroding hand of Care  
 Sweep out the thoughts imprinted there.

Let years pass on of earthly woe,  
 Still thou wilt be to me for ever,  
 As if Fate doom'd our barks to go  
 United down Life's stormy river.  
 To blot thy memory from my breast,  
 Absence and Time alike hath striven;  
 Alas! who calm on earth can rest,  
 That once hath had a glimpse of Heaven!

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Camden, a tale of the South, 3 vols. 12mo.*—This is an American tale, published originally at Philadelphia, and fairly brought into the English market by Mr. Newman, for what it is worth, and not reproduced as 'fresh fish.' To the few who have any knowledge of the military details of the American war of independence, Camden will be recognised as the scene of General Gates' defeat in South Carolina, by Lord Cornwallis, in the year 1780. Success is the criterion of worth with half the world, and Gates's reputation rose as much above his real deserts, by the Convention of Saratoga, as it sunk fathoms deep below them by the disasters of Camden. His best merit in the one case was that he was cool, cautious, and *lucky*, and his greatest discredit in the other, that he was enterprising, dashing, and *unlucky*. He preferred a short but barren route to the south, to a fertile but circuitous one—the measure was bold and adventurous, but not, therefore, precipitate and ill-judged. Circumstances called for a *speedy* encounter with the enemy; and unhappily the troops were surprised—forced into action, when weakened by disease and short allowance, and after the exhaustion of a night's march—the Carolines fled at the first onset, and the rest were overwhelmed by numbers, after a resistance that commanded the admiration of their conquerors.

In the tale comes a Captain Templeton to the house of old General Lethbridge, who resides on his property, in a state of retirement, a few miles from Camden, to announce the advance of General Gates, and solicit his co-operation, and influence in the neighbourhood. This captain is the hero of the novel, and Miss Lethbridge, the general's daughter, is the heroine. The young folks had met before, and had felt a mutual attachment, the ardour of which, however, had been chilled by misunderstandings—these are of course soon cleared up, and the dying embers of affection rekindle and blaze afresh.—The old general bestirs himself with

out loss of time, collects his friends, joins the troops, and mingles in the fatal fight. The officers connected with the tale are most of them wounded, and all captured. Among them is the colonel of Templeton's regiment, the Marylanders, who after the battle is introduced to the Lethbridges, and when released on parole, visits the family, where he falls in love with the young lady or her fortune, and forthwith resolves by hook or by crook to supplant the captain. The colonel is a very Lovelace, as profligate, as mischievous, as plotting, and unprincipled, with even more of the *infernal* about him. He is a disciple of Hume and Voltaire, and of course, in the writer's conceptions, not only capable of villainies of every kind, but disposed to execute them. He contrives to involve his rival in charges of cowardice, disobedience, and treason, and the victim is finally eashiered upon one of them. The details of the profligate colonel's intrigues—the merited punishment he at last meets with—the clearing up of Templeton's honour—his restoration to rank, and the final reconciliation with the heroine and her friends, constitute the texture of the tale.

The piece is completely American—not merely in subject, but in character. Dusty Sam is coarse painting, and so is fat Captain Roebuck, but doubtless both of them have resemblance to realities—one of them is a Kentuckian. Old Lethbridge is well sustained, with all his predilections in favour of the Great Frederick of Prussia. The young ladies are, both of them, agreeable sketches—scarcely refined or affected enough for our boudoirs. Like all the ladies who figure in American novels, they are full of exclamations and expletives—Lord, how mad you make me—with a thousand similar phrases, universal with the most cultivated in England a century ago, and still general enough in the middle ranks of society. Colonel Tarleton and his Dragoons, and one Captain Huck, of the same corps, seem to have left a terrible impression—they are re-

presented as very devils incarnate. The novel is well calculated, by its local and historical information, to extend our acquaintance with America, and we are glad to see it reprinted. Mr. Newman, we hope, will go on—will select the best, and not be deterred by competition of loftier pretension.

*The Book of Scotland, by William Chalmers.*—This is really something like what a book should be—full of information—and that upon topics in which thousands, if they have not a direct interest—as they have not perhaps in nine-tenths of what they concern themselves about—have yet an indirect one, in marking the influence of public institutions upon a large integral portion of the nation, and at least in the indulgence of a liberal curiosity. The subjects are neither new nor strange but we know not where a general view of them can be got at all, and certainly no where so completely as in Mr. Chambers' book. A similar volume for every country in Europe would be a welcome acquisition, but one that is all but hopeless. Mr. Chambers has well considered his subject, and attempts nothing but what he shews himself perfectly competent to accomplish. He is perhaps something too discursive, where little more than description and statement were required; but in general, the reader will perhaps readily excuse what, while it seems occasionally to interrupt, often eventually adds to his information.

The Scotch government before the Union, and the changes which took place on that event, are distinctly and *learnedly* stated—his acquaintance with the times is obvious. The local administration and municipal institutions follow, with the courts of judicature, civil and criminal. The more prominent and peculiar laws and usages are then exhibited—such as relate to debtor and creditor, landlord and tenant, master and servant, the game laws, marriage, the management of the poor, the licensing system, customs of heritable and moveable property, entails, registration, &c. Then follow the important topics of the Scotch

church, schools, banking system, &c. every one of which numerous subjects involves matters of comparison with English practice, and also of discussion. We have no space for particulars: but the chapter on the subject of pauperism perhaps struck us more remarkable, for the ability with which it is stated and discussed, than any other. The poor laws of Scotland are pretty much of the same nature with those of England, and have existed from nearly about the same period, but they were not so early, nor have they been so generally enforced. Compulsory assessments, however, *now* pervade half the parishes of Scotland; and as those are precisely the most populous districts, of course but a small portion of Scotland can any longer boast of independence of poor laws. The career of pauperism has been rapid in Scotland. In addition to the common causes which perhaps inevitably exist in the progress of luxury, the separation of classes has precipitated the matter—brought about by peculiarities in Scotland more traceable and definable than elsewhere.

The withdrawal of the rich from the poor can be referred in this country, with great accuracy, to the invention of building new towns at certain convenient distances from the old. The practice was little known eighty years since; and the fashion seems to have been led by the citizens of Edinburgh, towards the year 1770. Strangers and others who have seen this splendid and romantic town, are mostly struck with the contrast between the old town, occupying a central ridge of ground, and the new and new-new towns, lying at easy distances across the ravines, on its north and southern quarters. Before these latter places of residence were built for the accommodation of the upper and nearly all the middle ranks, the whole population, then amounting to 60,000 persons, was crowded into the ancient city. All degrees of rank were thus, as a matter of necessity, placed in the immediate proximity of each other, and a state of society was produced of a peculiar nature. Like the tenements in

Paris, and most of the towns in the Italian states, the *lands*, or fabrics of houses, were divided into flats or separate dwellings, with their individual outer doors, to the lands or landing-places on the stair, which was common to all parties. As is the practice still in the above foreign towns, each flat had its distinct degree of respectability; and the rank of the tenant was lowered in quality in proportion to his distance from the ground floor. Peers, lords of session, clergymen, advocates, attorneys, shopkeepers, dancing-masters, artizans, and others in a still lower grade, occupied flats and half flats from the first to the eighth story. The cellar was, moreover, dedicated to the use of a cobbler, chimney-sweep, or water-carrier, with a shop constructed on the street-level, when the land faced a great thoroughfare; each tenement thus exhibiting a specimen of the chief component parts of a little town. And as nearly all the houses partook of the same character, both on the main street and in the alleys or closes, it will be perceived, that the society of the place must have been formed in adaptation to the tangible peculiarities of the town.

There arose much of what would be reckoned uncomfortable, from a residence in such hampered situations; but allowing this to be true, the system of all classes congregating in the immediate proximity of each other, had an excellent effect in keeping the number of the poor within bounds, and in preventing the introduction of assessments. The rich took an interest in their "poor neighbours," (that being, let it be remarked, the appellation of the destitute and poor at the time of which we write), and these in return paid them by condescendence and real respect. All was so well arranged, that each mutually conferred a benefit on the other. When a humble, and apparently very honest family, known to the neighbourhood lost its chief support by the sudden death of a parent—when sickness and want had entered their dwelling—or when any minor misfortune overtook the poor inhabitants of the stair, the whole *land* was interested,

and the intelligence spread by means of an undercurrent of communication, at all times current through the medium of gossips, servants, or hair-dressers, the latter of whom then acted as a species of morning newspaper to the upper classes.

...*The Edinburgh Cabinet Library, No. 1.—The Polar Regions.*

Another series has been commenced of these interesting and valuable works, the object of which is to place within the reach of persons of small income and limited leisure the vast stores of information accumulated in volumes, folio, quarto, and octavo, of which the prices are suited alone to the purses of the great, and the contents to the study of men whose pursuit is literature, or whose command of time is not circumscribed by an engrossing and laborious avocation. It is well observed in the prospectus to this series, that the best foundation of useful knowledge is laid in an extensive acquaintance with the realities of nature and human life. Works of fiction, while they tend to exalt the imagination, and refine the taste, may also betray the youthful mind into error, unless the impressions they make are corrected by a careful survey of the scenes and events of real existence. The representations too of the aspects of nature, the vicissitudes of human life, and the varied features of human character, convey, not instruction merely, but also afford an exhaustless store of solid and rational entertainment. The works then composing this series are to be chiefly such as exhibit under their real form man, and the objects by which he is surrounded, especially in his domestic and social nature, amidst scenes and occupations analogous to those which engage the great body of mankind.

The first of the series, to which we have been referring, has recently made its appearance, comprising a narrative of discovery and adventures in the Polar Seas and Regions, with illustrations of their climate, geology, and natural history, and also an account of the whale-fishery. It is very suitably dedicated to Mr. Barrow, of the Admiralty, as "the chief promoter of discovery in the

Polar Sea and Regions." The volume now before us not only enters into an account of the climate, the animal and vegetable productions, the geology of the Polar Regions, and the details of the whale-fishery, but presents the public with highly interesting accounts of the ancient voyages to the North, the early as well as the more recent voyages in search of North-East and North-West passages, together with the late voyages directly towards the North Pole. To have thus stated the objects and contents of this volume is, so far as they go, to pronounce upon it the highest praise.—When it is added that the names of "Professor Leslie, Professor Jameson, and Hugh Murray, Esq. F.R.S.E." stand in the title-page as compilers, or more properly authors of the volume—for the greater part appears to have been re-written—a still stronger warrant is afforded for asserting that such an undertaking is likely to prove eminently beneficial to the rising generation.

*Cabinet Cyclopaedia—History of France, Vol. I., by Eyre Evans Crowe.*—Our national literature has long wanted a condensed history of France—not a mere sequence of events—but a survey made by somebody deserving the name of historian, with time to gather up opinions and customs, and an eye to mark their bearings upon current ages and after ages—the bias of parties—the prejudices of professions—the struggles of different orders in the state—and thus through masses of facts develop the successive steps of cultivation, and still more those which checked the march of constitutional government. Such an historian, not to the very perfection of beau-idealism, but yet in a very respectable degree—Dr. Lardner has unearthed in the person of Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe. The name is new to us, but he is obviously no novice in scribbling. His history of France is worthy to figure with the works of his associates, the best of their day—Scott and Macintosh—he is less easy than the first, but more graceful than the second—he has not the power, perhaps, of ready combining so conspicuous in the one, but shews no deficiency in what is considered the other's chief

excellence—he generalizes and even moralizes with quite as much effect, if it be with less solemnity and pretence. We were satisfied that Sir James was not so immensely in advance of his age, as to the philosophy of history, that all new competitors must of necessity be distanced in the race—Mr. Crowe will run him hard. It must not, however, be forgotten, he has had the benefit of Sismondi's able performance.

The early periods of the history Mr. C. does but glance at. From Clovis to Charles Martel there exists, he observes, not a personage worthy of the readers attention or memory—there is not recorded an event or an anecdote which could excite any feeling save disgust. Charlemagne, whose reign constitutes the great epoch of modern history, claims a closer regard; but his successors, again require as little as the Merovingians; and the reins of the Capetians, up to St. Louis, are described by Sismondi as one interregnum, during which the history of France was a history, not of its monarchs, but of the nobles. The remark, however, applies only to the first four Capetians—Louis the Fat, and his successors shewed more activity, and paved the way for the greater decision of St. Louis. This was the age of the Crusades. Pilgrimages had been long in fashion; vast numbers visited the holy sepulchre; they went in crowds; one bishop headed a body of three thousand, another one of six; the greater the assemblage, naturally the more they were liable to illtreatment—they began to excite alarms. These unarmed expeditions, with the cruelties exercised upon them by the Mahometans, suggested hostile ones. "The universal thought of an age is often-referred," says Mr. C. acutely, "to the first bold utterer of it. To Peter the Hermit, is attributed the honour of the first Crusade," &c.

To consolidate and legalize the royal authority, which Phillip Augustus and his son had strengthened and extended, was the task of St. Louis, and his chief resource was to balance the lawyers against the nobles. The nobles had need of men of study and business to aid them.

Legists were thus introduced into Parliament, and these soon engross-



ed all its authority and power. They became almost a fourth order in the state. Raised from the lower or middling classes, they were jealous of the aristocracy, and more so of the priesthood; and they laboured with inveterate diligence to raise royalty, to which they owed their own elevation and honours, on the ruin of those two estates. The ensuing hundred years of French history might be called the age of lawyers, so universally did they dominate and bend every power and institution to their will. It was their teachings and maxims that gave to Kings that divine right which the church at that time claimed for itself. That devotion to royalty, which in romance is considered to be the characteristic of the high-born, was in reality first held and forced upon them by the plebeian lawyer. This profession, which in later times has given to the cause of liberty its ablest advocates, laid, in the 13th century, the firmest foundations of absolute power.

The princes of the house of Valois are well known in English history. The throne came to them by the operation of the Salique law, then in Mr. C.'s judgment, recently established. Louis X. left a daughter, but Philip, his brother, succeeded, and was the first that so succeeded. This maxim was by no means previously established, known, or understood. Chance, the mature age of Philip, the friendless state of Louis' daughter, together with the circumstance of her mother's infidelity, were the true origin of a rule so unique and so important! The Salique law was confirmed by a decree of the States General, which the new King summoned for the purpose. Philip left only daughters. A son of Philip the Fair succeeded: he died without children, and the crown thus passed to the Valois branch. Our Edward's claim was not, therefore, so utterly unreasonable as Hume affirms. Hume is wrong in stating that his claim was not entertained by any in France, and wrong too in stating that the Salique law was an old established opinion.

It is not till the reign of Francis the First that Mr. C.'s history enters much into detail.

That period (he says) may be call-

ed the frontier line of modern history; it is the horizon which bounds our historical view; all within it stretching in continuance up to the very present, separated only by three centuries—an interval which, however great it may seem to us, is in reality no very extended portion of time. To this epoch may be traced the different political systems and fortunes of the European states. They had then, each of them, attained their national limits. Nations like men, when they arrive at maturity of growth, seek to exert their force externally. To encroach upon, to conquer, to reduce their neighbours, is the natural impulse of the many as of the few. Laws and civilization have restrained the forwardness of man; it is to be hoped that a still greater degree of enlightenment may yet equally tame the envious and ambitious spirit of nations; and that man in the aggregate may at length be taught the moral wisdom and forbearance which have been forced upon the individual.

The extract closes with a hope, which takes the form of a moral aphorism, and one that is beginning to be generally tasted. Mr. Crowe's volume terminates with the reign of Henry IV.—and as a mere narrative is remarkable for neatness in the sketching of events; but it has higher merits.

*The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the Year 1600.* By Thomas Colley Grattan, Author of "Highways and By-ways," &c. 4 vols.

A work in four volumes is, nowadays, a most unusual departure from the practice of the *Rule of Three*; but we apprehend few who read the work will hesitate to decide, that the custom has been in the present case—

"More honoured in the breach than the observance."

The reputation of Mr. Grattan is deservedly high; he is one who in the more beaten, as well as the less explored paths of society, has found much that is new and much that is interesting. His "travels", have not been profitless, either to himself or his country; and if he have journeyed from Dan to Beersheba, he certainly has not found "all barren."

'The "Heiress of Bruges" (his first effort at a continued story,) will add greatly to his reputation, and become highly popular among the works of fiction, so prevalent and so eagerly sought for in our day.

As many of the leading points in the plot, hang upon the character of Liger Van Rosenhold, we give it in the author's own words:—

"Liger Rozen was a man of circumstances, not a man to make them. His impulses, feelings and passions, through all integral parts of an energetic combination, required events to draw them out. Had he been a man of genius, these elements would have created events instead of following them. But as it was, he was only a strong minded clever fellow, prompt to seize on, and turn to the best account whatever might answer for his purpose."

Liger was fortunate in availing himself of a lucky moment; for he discovered a great treasure concealed near the miserable abode in which he resided, and the yearnings of his soul were for a time satisfied by the possession of unbounded wealth. But wealth alone could not fill a soul which sought for every species of distinction. By the assistance and wise counsel of his confidant and confessor, a keen and intelligent priest, he obtains the office of chief Burgomaster of Bruges,—an office to which he had long aspired. Liger Von Rozenhold was blessed with one lovely daughter, whose youth had passed according to the custom of her country, in the studies and obscurity of a convent; but her father's ambition and affection, united in calling her at an early age to her splendid home, there to receive the homage of many suitors, brought together by the wide spread fame of her riches and beauty. Liger gratified his overwhelming pride by making her the star in a species of "Casket Scene," that ill accorded with her humble birth or modest feelings. The Priest (exalted into a Prior) did not fail to remember, that a young and richly dowered maiden could be made the tool of political intrigue. Revolt had disturbed the peaceful citizens of Bruges, and the Burgomaster and Prior become leagued with Maurice of Nassau. Among those who seek the hand of the fair Theresa, is Count

Ivan of Bassenvelt, a colonel of Walloons, and the chosen friend of the enterprising Maurice. The Count's character—chivalrous and noble—is admirably drawn, and excites the deepest interest: he grows into a living creature under the author's pen, and is decidedly the most fascinating hero of modern novels. The terror of Flanders, with a high price set upon his head, he yet finds leisure for gentler pastime, becomes enamoured of Theresa, even within her convent walls, which he has somehow or other, (we do not exactly understand how) managed to scale or penetrate, and at the same time inspires the most disinterested love in the bosom of Beatrice, a Motisco girl, whom he releases from her loathed captivity, on the eve of her "becoming a nun." This creature's affection is of the most pure and disinterested kind; she casts aside her female attire, accepts an officer's commission in Ivan's regiment, promotes all his ambitious views with extraordinary devotion, and also (oh, woman! woman!) aids him in his plan of obtaining the hand of her rival and friend. Even when at the festive board, and 'guised as a Walloon officer, the purity, the exquisite purity of her character remains untainted; the *woman* is never absent from the *heroine*, and she excites both affection and admiration.

Theresa, meantime, is perfectly unconscious of Bassenvelt's passion, and entertains a horror of his reputed moral conduct, blended with a secret and undefined admiration of his chivalrous exploits. Her heart is given to her father's secretary and apprentice, a protegee of the Prior's, whose quiet, modest character affords a powerful contrast—(Mr. Grattan luxuriates in contrasts)—to the intrepid daring of Count Ivan. Boonen appears throughout a kind and gentle youth; and the contending state of Theresa's feelings, is drawn with much skill and knowledge of human nature. The varied scenes and chances of war, form the chain of events, and wherever the high minded Beatrice appears, she gains our good opinion. As the plot thickens, the attention becomes rivetted to the story. The riches and power of the Burgomaster cannot save him from the imputation of treason, or a rigorous im-

prisonment. Even when he was occupied in displaying his greatness at the court of the Archduke Albert, Theresa pleads for him, but in vain, to the Archduchess Isabella, who insists on the sacrifice of her hand to a false friend of Bassenvelt's, as the price of her father's safety. The Heiress is rescued by Boonen, but to be seized on by the soldiers of Bassenvelt, to whose strong hold she is taken, where she meets her *ci-devant* friend Beatrice, who not only affords her protection, but displays Count Ivan's character in its proper light, and does full justice to his nobility of thought and action. The castle is besieged and eventually destroyed; the gallant Bassenvelt anticipating the intentions of the foes he so bravely combats, and springing the mine with his own hand. Our heroine after witnessing what she imagines to be the death struggle of the devoted Boonen, is saved by the exertions of her humble lover, and sheltered by Prince Maurice. She is restored to her father just at the time when his property is destroyed by the opposite party. Bassenvelt saves her from the arms of Count Lyderic, the husband destined for her by the Archduchess Isabella; and the *denouement* proves that Count Ivan of Bassenvelt—the hero—the proscribed—the victorious—is one and the same person as actually the — but we must not destroy the great source of enjoyment to all romance readers,—we must leave them to solve the riddle to which we have given them a clue. If mystery be what they love, they will be satisfied to their heart's content.

Some of Mr. Grattan's earlier works may have been more highly finished, yet in none has he put forth such strength as in the present; and when to this no common praise, we add, that his local descriptions, and his occasional sketches of manners and customs, are graphic, and stamped with a reality at once novel and instructive, we may be permitted, in common justice, to pronounce "The Heiress of Bruges" one of the most successful efforts of the present day.

#### *Dowling's Statutes.*

The object of this little book is to enable the public to obtain, within a small compass, the various civil, criminal, and colonial acts, passed dur-

ing the last Session of Parliament, at a moderate rate, without the necessity of purchasing the Scotch, Irish, and local acts. These latter are evidently uninteresting to the generality of persons in this country. Each act is accompanied by notes, pointing out the change effected by it in the law. These are clear and free from technicality; so that the general reader, as well as the magistrate and the lawyer, may find advantage in them. The statutes are printed at length, and the preface states that the work will be continued annually. We think it will be found useful, and can recommend it warmly "to all whom it may concern."

#### *Deadly Adulteration, &c. By an Enemy to Fraud and Villainy.*

"Deadly Adulteration and Slow Poisoning, or Disease and Death in —" We cannot proceed farther with the alarming title-page of this small but eventful volume, the production of "An Enemy of Fraud and Villainy." It is a treatise not to be read with firm nerves, or, we may add, with a wavering faith. It is a most portentous catalogue of calamities; and shows us (we are afraid we must believe it all,) how impossible it is to escape death and destruction in some shape or other. We have long known how many hundred ways there are of dressing an egg; we are now convinced that there are quite as many modes of poisoning people. The writer of this little work has pointed out such numberless instances of what he terms "blood empoisoning and life-destroying adulterations," pervading every luxury and necessary of life, that we begin to feel surprised that the world has lived so long; and must now express our opinion that he who desires to survive longer must forego a practice which he has hitherto considered essential to existence—he must cease to eat and drink. A third part of the book is devoted to an exposition of abuses in the manufacture of wine, spirits and beer; the remaining portions are employed in an analysis of nameless and unnatural matters, which we have hitherto considered to be flour, tea, spices, confectionary, medicines, &c. &c. but whose real quality and character we shudder to contemplate. It is clearly the opini-

on of the writer before us, that there is nothing in the world perfectly free from quackery but his own production. Nevertheless we honestly recommend it; for if people must be poisoned, it is but right that they should know how—unless they should think, with the poet, that ignorance is bliss, as in this instance we believe it to be.

*The Life of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D.* By James Boswell. Complete in one volume.

This book is certainly a literary curiosity. The whole of Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, with Malone's notes, complete in one pocket volume, and at a price in proportion to the comparatively small quantity of paper expended in forming it, is an acquisition of no ordinary importance to those who love the luxury of reading, but desire to obtain it upon the easiest terms. The work has been printed at the Chiswick press; the type is remarkably clear, and its outward appearance highly attractive.

*Tales of other Days.* By J. Y T. with Illustrations by Cruikshank.

These tales, consisting of mere incidents, some fanciful, some approaching the historical, and all of them very well told, have, it seems, appeared in print before—in some periodical we presume—and are now collected in a volume, for the sake of some illustrations from the pencil of the immortal and mirth-loving Cruikshank—with a due regard to historical propriety, the costume of each character, the Devil and all, being given on the best authority. The Devil, of course, in any thing Cruikshank has to do with, could not be forgotten, though he figures but in three of the sketches, and only twice in *propria persona*. The engravings are by Thompson and Williams, and are delicately executed.

*Sweepings of my Study.*

It is exceedingly absurd in any author to deplore the day on which he began to scribble as the "most unlucky in his calendar," at the very moment when he is conveying the produce of his brains (?) into the hands of the public in return for certain coin of the realm. If these Sweepings of a Study had been swept into the kennel, neither the writer

nor the reader would have sustained a very severe loss.

*The Legal Observer.*

Most professors have hitherto had some periodical publication, having for its peculiar object frequent and easy communication between their various members. It did seem somewhat strange, that the branch of the legal profession, consisting of attorneys, solicitors, and others, who have lately established their institution in Chancery-lane, should have remained without one. Such a publication has now appeared, with the above title. It will contain, as the prospectus promises, a considerable portion of useful matter, connected with the profession; such as, the analysis of new Acts of Parliament, abstracts of reports, manuscript as well as published, and biographical sketches of eminent legal characters. We have seen the first number. It is edited with much ability, and will we feel assured, prove a very valuable acquisition to a numerous and intelligent class.

*Biblical Lore.*—At a recent discussion on some points in biblical history, it happened to be remarked, that there was no account of the death of Eve. "Nor of Adam either," said one of the company. "I beg your pardon," replied a religious lady, who began to think there was too much of scepticism in these remarks, "if you read your Bible carefully, you will find it stated that *Adam was gathered to his forefathers!*"

*Botany in Denmark.*—Botany shares with chemistry, the little attention paid to science in Copenhagen. It is indeed the favourite study in Denmark. It is taught in some of the learned schools; and besides those whose course of study requires them to attend lectures on botany, there are also a few who study it as amateurs. I have seen says a traveller, in North Jutland, a party of half-a-dozen proceeding along the road with their vasculums slung over their shoulders. But the value set upon it in general does not appear to be very great. "At the lectures which are given gratis," said Horneman, "I have perhaps a hundred pupils; *mais quand il faut payer, ma foi! je n'ai qu'un vingtain.*" "And what is the fee?" "Five dollars?" "about 13s. English."

## FINE ARTS—PUBLICATIONS.

Engravings of Ancient Cathedrals, drawn and engraved by John Coney, No. 6.

This is an exceedingly beautiful work, and a valuable acquisition to the painter and the architect, as well as the lover of art. The present number contains Views of the Cathedrals of Milan, St. Omer, Rheims and Mechlin; they are engraved by the artist, who has made every drawing on the spot, and they convey extraordinary ideas of the magnitude and splendor of the greatest of Continental wonders—the churches—in the decoration of which so much wealth has been expended.

Juliet; engraved by W. Say, from a picture by Miss F. Corboux.

A very beautiful mezzotint—not quite Juliet, but still beautiful. Miss Corboux is a young artist of high promise; and in this picture she has evinced great taste in the general arrangement of her subject, and no slight talent for character and effect. The face, perhaps, betrays too much contemplation, and too little passion; the figure is also somewhat too womanly. But it is a promise of excellence, and an omen, we trust, of more perfect Juliets to come.

The Orphan Ballad-singers; engraved by T. Romney, from a picture by W. Gill.

It is no mean compliment to Mr. Romney, that our eye, satiated as it is with the beauties of at least twenty annual volumes, can rest upon this little print, not merely unwearied, but with pleasure.—The place, the persons, the sentiments, are all in admirable keeping, and the scene at once tells its own story—and tells it too, to the heart. It is sweetly engraved.

Views illustrative of Pugin's Examples of Gothic Architecture.

Mr. Pugin, who has done so much for the practical architect, and whose works elucidate the actual construction, as well as exhibit the various styles of design, of our early ecclesiastical and domestic buildings, has given us in the present publication, a series of picturesque views of several of the buildings which are delineated geometrically in his "Gothic Examples." That pictorial effect, and that truth of lo-

cal portraiture, which technical drawings cannot give, is here satisfactorily supplied. The plates (23 in number) are spiritedly executed on stone, and every scene is enlivened by figures, that not only serve as a scale to the buildings, but have frequently a considerable degree of dramatic or historic interest. As an instance of this, we may refer to the Great Hall of Eltham Palace, where the artist has introduced Henry the Eighth and his court, assembled upon some festival of state. One or two of the subjects are, we believe, now represented for the first time—among others, the Parsonage House at Great Snoring, Norfolk; and if our conjecture be correct, it is not a little astonishing that so singular and so truly beautiful a specimen of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth century, should have so long escaped the notice of the antiquarian draughtsman. The descriptive letter press, by Mr. W. H. Leeds, is, although brief in itself and but a secondary feature, judiciously drawn up, and evinces a critical knowledge of the subject, and a degree of taste, that are by no means very common in publications of this description, where, to say the truth, the literary part is generally executed in a very slovenly manner.

Specimens of Art, original and selected, from the most approved Masters. Parts 1 to 6.

A very pleasing work, publishing in monthly numbers, each consisting of four mezzotint prints, engraved from interesting pictures by the old masters, and occasionally by the most distinguished of the Modern Schools of England and France. Judgment and good taste have been exercised in selecting subjects: with one or two exceptions, they are such as will afford a correct idea of the styles of the respective artists, and the engravings are in general executed with truth and effect,—with those of Mr. Porter (a name hitherto new to us,) we have been especially pleased. If he be young in his profession, he will certainly arrive at eminence in this branch of art. The work is also recommended by its extraordinary cheapness, and we have no doubt will be equally welcome to the collector, and to those with whom the formation of Albums is an enjoyment at once instructive and

amusing. Among the most attractive of the collection are, the King of the French after Gerard, his Queen, after Laree, and that of our own good Sovereign, from a portrait by Hulfam, an artist, whose picture of George the Fourth (given also in this collection,) is considered the most striking resemblance of his late Majesty ever taken.

### The Family Cabinet Atlas, in Monthly Parts.

A very beautiful little work, well deserving attention. The maps are clear, charmingly engraved on steel, and as accurate as the size will allow, and as all common references require.

Select Views of the principal Cities of Europe; from Paintings by Lieut. Col. Batty, F.R.S. Part 3. Lisbon.

Colonel Batty has long been a favourite with the public, and the work he is now producing, cannot but add to his reputation. It is arranged in a most judicious manner, and published in a very tasteful and elegant form. The number contains a plan of the city it is intended to illustrate, and each plate is accompanied by a descriptive etching,—an idea altogether new, but of obvious interest and utility. The city of Lisbon is described in six designs of its most attractive features: the first is Belem Castle, engraved by Brandstedt; it is followed by the Convent of St. Jeronymo, rendered by the burin of Le Sueur, an exquisite work of art; the city from the Rua de San Miguel; again from another point; the Largo de Pelourinho; and the city again, from Almada, are the other subjects; the last named being exquisitely engraved by W. Miller. To enter into any description of the prints, would occupy more space than we can afford; but we must warmly recommend the publication as a most valuable acquisition, alike to the lover of art and the lover of nature.

Of the twentieth number of the *National Portrait Gallery*, the three

engravings are—the late Duke of Kent, the present Earl of Harewood, and the late Archdeacon Nares.—The Duke of Kent's portrait, by Scriven, from Sir William Beechey's picture, is bold and characteristic; and that of Archdeacon Nares is worthy of its pious and excellent subject.

The fourth part of this highly interesting and beautiful work contains like its precursors, three engravings. Perawa, by I. S. Cotman and W. Le Petit, is an extremely brilliant and sunny view of a fine picturesque old fort. The Caves of El-lora, by G. Cattermole and W. Woolmoth, is though sweetly engraved, somewhat deficient in effect as a view of those architectural singularities. Shuhur, by W. Purser and P. Heath, is a scene of extraordinary beauty; the castellated buildings touched with a broad bright light, the clear unruffled water enveloped in deep shadow—the banks and those that are upon them—all are beautiful, and form a most delightful view, at once quiet and animated simple and luxuriant.

We close our list with *The Cyprus Wreath for an Infant's Grave*—a beautiful little volume, addressing itself principally to the sympathies of mothers on the loss of infant children. It comes in, among the numerous embellished books which the season has produced, like a moral commentary on their pride and pleasures. Perhaps the cheerful binding hardly prepares us for what is to follow;—or rather the piety which pervades these pages is too entirely mingled with mournful feelings, and its clouds and tears are not sufficiently relieved by the light of hope and cheerfulness. There are one or two essays by the editor, the Rev. John Bruce; and the poetry consists of selections from various moral and religious writers.

## THE DRAMA.

## DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Miss Huddart, a young lady who has been greatly admired and applauded in the country, has appeared at this theatre, in Belvidera, Constance, and Alicia, and has not succeeded to the extent which her previous reputation justified her in anticipating—a result which has too often attended a similar trial, and dissipated full many a glorious dream. We are very sorry for such disappointments, which imply blame in no one, and which yet produce much misery in sanguine and delicate natures. In this case, we can see exactly how it happened that the lady succeeded in the country greatly, and in London but moderately; and yet we are afraid the rural critics will not do her justice, on the *venire de novo* which has been awarded on the town's judgment in error. The truth is, that Miss Huddart has the qualification of a great provincial actress, and is, therefore, unfit for any place worthy her ambition, or her powers, on the London boards. She is a very handsome girl, and, so far, gifted by Nature either for town or country; but her "full and heightened style" marks her out the favourite of rustics, who, being unsophisticated, lavish their admiration on the artificial and pompous. She has a notion of tragic acting as something akin to Nature but vastly above it; her stage mirror is a magnifying-glass of formidable power; so she falls in love "like any princess," launches her images as if they were so many ships of the line; takes the obvious symbol of every feeling, and exaggerates it to the utmost extent of her physical capacity, which is not small. Your real provincial critic, who thinks after the fashion of Rymer, has only one idea of tragic acting—in his wisest censure, it consists in taking the simple notion of fondness, rage, indignation, or any other emotion, and carrying its expression to the utmost excess on this side of the ridiculous, without any delicate shades or intellectual marking, and we are not sure that he is altogether wrong. An actor who seeks,

by an infinite variety of tone, to give a running commentary on the author raises perpetual questions, which is beside the main purpose of playing, while no one can misunderstand a rant fit for the gods. The less discrimination, perchance the more wonder—the simpler the feeling portrayed, the more universal the sympathy: it is enough for the enjoyment of tragedy to know that the heroine is fond, or indignant, or sad, as the general tenor of the scene requires—

"Ophelia rages; poor Monimia  
moans;  
And Belvidera pours her soul in  
love;"

and if the rage be wild enough, and the moan be deep enough, and the love be earnest enough, what more is wanted? Now, in these respects, Miss Huddart is all that can be desired; she is very loud, and very loving, and very stately, and superlatively sarcastic,—and thus fills up the imagination of Bath and Dublin, and only fails there when she is too good for her admirers. Why will a lady who might give and receive such entire satisfaction, come to London to learn all that she is *not*? Tragedians, men or women, who have been most admired in the country, have failed here; while those who have burst into popularity in London, were there only known to the discerning few. Miss O'Neil was thought tame and prosaic at Dublin, while Miss Walstein "towered above her sex;" Mr. Kean was only cherished for his versatility at Exeter, but Mr. Vandenhoff swept proudly by the good people of Liverpool—and we all know how judgment was reversed in London. Miss O'Neil was only Mrs. Beverley; but any one could see that Miss Walstein was an actress!—Whatever may be the respective merits of the provincial and metropolitan taste, which we do not presume to decide, it is a sad thing when their difference crushes a generous aspiration, especially of a beautiful woman.

If Miss Huddart had gone on, gathering applause at Dublin or Liverpool, she would have enjoyed all she won, and the glory of success in London would have still hovered over her prospects. Now, she may yet be hailed by her old friends, and complain with them of our injustice; but we are afraid the enchantment is dissolved, and the splendours of a London triumph will haunt her fancy no more!

This has been a great month for Mr. Macready; for, by the force of his own genius, he has been, step by step, overcoming the reluctant prejudices of the critics, and even compelling the acknowledgment out of the house, of powers which have always been felt within it. He has played Pierre, King John, Hastings, and the Stranger; and last, and finest of all, Werner, in Lord Byron's play, adapted by himself to the stage. His Pierre was occasionally too familiar, and now and then too loud; but it had beauties of the highest order, of which we chiefly remember his passionate taunt of the gang of conspirators (a set worthy of Cato-street), and his silent reproach to Jaffier by holding up his manacled hands, and looking upon the poor traitor with steadfast sorrow. In King John, there is a want of the amenity with which Kemble reconciled the weak and odious monarch to the nature which his actions outraged and his weakness degraded; and some of the more declamatory speeches were given with a hurry which scarcely permitted them to be understood; but his scene where he suggests to Hubert the murder of Arthur, and that of his own death, were most masterly—the last, as a representation of death by poison, true, forcible, and terrific, yet without any thing to disgust, is an extraordinary triumph of art. His Hastings is only striking in one scene—that where he is suddenly doomed to die, and, in the midst of the strange perplexity of his fate, utters forgiveness to his betrayer; but in this, his horror and amazement were most naturally and powerfully expressed, and his words of consolation fell on the ear in tones which cannot pass away. But of his old

parts, none has been so perfect as his Stranger, which, as he now plays it, is an eloquent illustration of Rousseau's doctrine, that a philanthropist and a misanthrope are the same thing; every look and tone is that of a man who fancies he hates mankind, because his heart is overflowing with love which cannot be satisfied. In this play, Miss Phillips, whom we have too rarely seen of late, played Mrs. Haller very beautifully, and almost charmed us to excuse the great sin of that exemplary penitent, and lady-like house-keeper, which she unblushingly confesses, of giving away the Count's oldest hock to poor women in their sicknesses, when, as Mr. Solomon justly observes, "common Rhenish would have answered the purpose just as well!"

Lord Byron's "Werner," which, from mere aristocratic self-will and noble perversity, he was pleased to pronounce unfit for the stage, has been produced, with slight additions and large curtailments judiciously made, and has been entirely successful. If unfit for representation, it is fit for nothing else; for the characters are mere outlines shadowed from the story, and the language is meagre and prosaic. But the situations have interest; there are opportunities by which the actors are enabled to profit; and Werner, as Mr. Macready has breathed into him the warmth of affection, is a being capable of exciting the most earnest sympathy. As represented he is a man, proud, voluptuous, and above all, weak—craving after the return of his fatherly love with mere anxiety from his sense of inability to repose on his own character and resources, and vainly lavishing his fondness upon a son whose stern, simple, unrelenting nature repels all his advances with disdain. There is slender hint of this conception in the text; but it is made out by the actor, so that it must stand distinct and alone in the memories of all who may see it. Ulric, on the other hand, is an impersonation of mere will; indifferent to means and feelings, rather than inclined to evil; and "severe in youthful beauty," retaining a certain air of innocence,



as if the needful crime once committed, passed away and left no trace behind it. This part, far easier of course than that of Werner, was excellently represented by Wallack; and, although the daring youth provoked us by his obstinate rejection of his father's expressions of regard, we did not like to see him at last seized by officers of justice, in execution of the doom pronounced upon him by the pious licenser. Lord Byron leaves him to march off free as air to the mountains; and Mr. Macready would have left him to renew his atrocities behind the scenes; but Mr. Colman was not to be satisfied with such imperfect justice, and religiously ordered him to the gallows. Mr. Cooper's Gabor, the sturdy Hungarian, is one of his most weighty and striking performances, and heightens the effect of the best scenes. The ladies, Mrs. Faucit and Miss Mordaunt, had little to say or do, but did that little well; and the play had every advantage of arrangement and decoration, and uniformly good acting.

Two little afterpieces have been successfully produced here, "The Jenkines," and a "King's Fireside;" the first a pleasant picture of domestic misery in low life; and the last, a representation of domestic happiness in high life; the old story of Henry the Fourth of France being caught by the English ambassador racing round his library with one of his children on his back, with some needful additions, to introduce the Dauphin wise and magnanimous beyond his years. There is not much in it, except the jest of a little prince and princess, formally announced by their high-sounding titles, and then strutting in with most ludicrous and legitimate pomposity. It reminded us of that prettiest scene in the prettiest of pantomimes, where a Lilliputian king and queen come out of a twelfth cake, and dance the prettiest minuet in the world!

#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Although we detest the "Fair Penitent," as all good critics and good christians should, we think Miss Kemble's Calista has given

more satisfactory assurance of her possessing the highest tragic powers than any character she had previously acted. There is in it a grander indignation, a loftier bearing, a more self-sustained dignity, than we have before observed; she moved and looked more like Mrs. Siddons than we have yet seen her look or move; and there was the same nobleness of style which distinguished her aunt from all other actresses. In screams, sobs, and hysterics, there is little distinction between her and several other aspirants for the station which she fills; amidst these, indeed, she strews the lighter graces of gentlewomanly manner and feeling; but it is in the haughty composure, the self-collecting and self-asserting power, which vindicates a superiority to circumstances, and sometimes even to passion itself, that her true superiority is manifest; and, unpleasing as the part of Calista is, it affords more scope for this development than the more amiable and lovely heroines, whose sufferings and virtues she had before portrayed. In her next part—that of Inez de Castro, in Miss Mitford's tragedy,—she will have ample opportunities of putting forth her noblest powers and happiest fascinations, and will no doubt avail herself of them to achieve her first triumph in contemporaneous tragedy.

The announcement of a new comedy, in five acts, under the title of "The Chancery Suit," drew but a thin house; because, we suppose, in the like cases, the word of promise has so often been kept to the ear and broken to the hope, that the words "new comedy" repel. In the present instance, we believe—although the drama is not all we look for in a comedy—that the original repugnance has been fairly overcome, and that the piece promises to have a run. Its acts are miscellaneous, and have much matter in them, if little art; there are palpable hits, and one charming miss at the least; a little sentiment, no prosing, and a great deal of Power. This actor, if not the richest, is, to our tastes, the most agreeable of stage Irishmen; he does not surfeit us with a musical brogue, as Johnston did, but

buzzes about the verge of vulgarity, and skims the surface of impudence with a light wing, and a decent consideration for fastidious nerves. In this play, he figures as libeller and duellist extraordinary—a compound very disagreeable in theory, but which he so craftily qualifies, so sweetens by good humour and good jokes, that Mr. Murphy O'Doggrelly is, in his representation, the pleasantest gentleman of the press who ever “had a duty to perform.” Mr. Warde is a care-worn, law-worn barrister, who has left Westminster Hall, after thirty years' study and practice, to search for the playmate of his youth, who had been his rival in love—and he plays the lawyer very sensibly, and the brother very touchingly. Mr. Bartley, as the brother, all excitement and depression, is natural and amusing; worthy to be loved and laughed at, and he is loved and laughed at accordingly. Miss Ellen Tree is a ward in Chancery, for whom any youth would bid defiance to Lord Brougham; Mrs. Gibbs,

an ancient card-player, whose astonishing run of luck causes an actual insurrection in the village coterie; and Mr. Meadows, “a most respectable solicitor,” who does not stick at trifles. The piece has been decidedly getting up; and though it may not have that absolute immortality on earth, which belongs to the subject of its title, it may yet live in “The Tatler's” golden records many evenings more.

A new singer, Miss Inverarity, has made the most brilliant *debut* since that of Miss Pator—opening, with a just confidence, in the difficult part of Cinderella, and splendidly triumphing in its finale. We do not profess to criticise her in her art; but we believe she is worthy of the admiration she excites, and are sure that she is a very lovely and engaging girl. May she receive as much applause as her predecessor in the part from the public, and never, like her, have occasion to feel its caprice or appeal to its mercy!

*Asiatic Mountains and Volcanoes.*  
—At a recent sitting of the French Academy, M. de Humboldt presented it with a treatise on the direction of the chains of mountains in the interior of Asia, and on the volcanoes which are found there. Various Chinese and Japanese manuscripts had affirmed the existence of these volcanoes, at a distance of four or five hundred leagues from the sea. M. Humboldt has collected new information on the subject, and has sufficiently established the existence of volcanoes situated much more to the northward than those hitherto known. M. Humboldt also remarks, that the Caspian Sea having evidently occupied in former times a more extensive space than at present, the volcanic mountains of Asia must have formerly been placed under circumstances different from those of their present state.

*Human Fossil Bones.*—M. Bernidi has visited a grotto at the foot of

Mount Grifson, and precisely at the extremity of that little post which commands the sources of Mare Dolce, near Palermo. The following is the order of succession of deposits:—1. bones mingled with calcareous stones and clay; 2. bones cemented to the rock and to calcareous tuffa; 3. bones cemented to the rock and to indurated clay; 4. bones cemented to pieces of rock and to quartz, by means of a calcareous cement. The walls of the grotto above the deposits are rough, and pierced by a species of *modiola*, while those beneath are smooth, and as it were polished. The bones have evidently been deposited at different periods: and besides those of the human species, belong to hippopotami, to the mammoth and to other mammiferæ.

*Teeth of Fossil Elephant.*—Four teeth of the elephant, and a portion of the tusk, have been found at Chertette, a village near Liege.

## AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

There is often a singular contradiction between the speeches and the actions of governments. All the Continental powers are declaring that nothing was ever so complete as their amity, yet all are raising every soldier and buying up every horse, musquet and cannon, that they can lay their hands on. Austria is sending her 120,000 men into Italy. Prussia is mounting 20,000 cavalry. Russia is moving her half million, and rousing her wild men and her deserts to the sound of the drum. France declares in the meekest spirit, that she will have 300,000 men on foot in three months, and will in the mean time continue drilling a million and a half of national guards. But of all those deprecatory powers, not one deprecated the idea of stirring a soldier, or burthening herself with additional expenses so much as England. Yet in the very teeth of the declaration, we have the following. "The regiments of the line are about to be filled up to their establishments of 740 men per regiment, which will produce an addition to the army of about 10,000 men. The increase of vigilance rendered necessary by the aspect of affairs, or rather the existence of strong excitement at home and abroad, both real and artificial, is quite sufficient to account for this addition to the disposable force of the country." We confess that this raises our surprise. We have already an immense standing army, no less than 81,000 men, besides the whole establishment of ordnance, commissariat, hospitals, half pay, invalids, &c. &c. the whole amounting to the revenue of a Continental kingdom; and to this we are called on now to add ten thousand men. No distinct ground has been assigned, but it is hinted that the popular disturbances and the state of the Continent alike require it. To this we answer without hesitation that, for the popular disturbances the true force is a yeomanry, and that ten regiments of the guards, horse and foot, would not be as efficacious in putting down the night gatherings of a populace, as a thousand

stout yeomanry cavalry raised in the district. In the next place we say, that the 10,000 men will be altogether trivial, on the great scale of European war. The fact is, that our whole military system is an error. Our diplomatists and ministers have been of late years dazzled by the whiskers and epaulettes of the loungers about the foreign courts, until they are all *army mad!* But the true force of England is her Fleet! an arm in which no foreigner can ever rival her, which belongs to her almost exclusively, and which, without the unconstitutional and hazardous effect which the presence of a standing army always produces, does ten times the work at a tenth of the expense.

But we are told, Ireland is to be kept in order. We answer; it was kept in order before by the militia and yeomanry, safe forces, which costing infinitely less than the standing army, are infinitely more suited to the ideas of Englishmen. But we have the West Indies to watch. If the negroes are turbulent, there is no force adequate to the service but a West Indian militia, which the planters could easily raise, and which, by being inured to the climate, would outlast twenty of our battalions. If they are to be defended from an enemy, it must be by a Fleet. They are always to be fought for by Sea, and the conqueror will have the islands.

On the continent we can do nothing in competition with the enormous armies of France, Russia, and Austria on their own ground. The Peninsula was a case entirely by itself; and when we shall have such a case again, we may raise such another army. We shall have time enough to make our preparations, if we keep the mastery of the Sea! Yet let us hear.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, "in the motion he was about to make, thought the best course he could pursue was to state the supplies he intended to require, and then to set forth the ways and means. The vote he required was, on account of the army £7,450,000, for the navy

£5,391,000, for the ordnance 169,500 and for the miscellaneous expenditure £1,930,000, making in the whole £16,950,000," out of nearly seventeen millions of money, an astounding sum at any time; and above all times in the midst of peace. We have nearly *eleven millions* for the army; for almost the whole under the heads of ordnance, miscellaneous services, &c. goes to the army. And this too, when ministers are declaring on all occasions, the principle of *non intervention!* The additional 10,000 men will cost upwards of half a million a year, or the interest of about twelve millions sterling! And yet, for what conceivable purpose? Is it fright at the rick burners, or at the speeches of Mr. O'Connell, or at a rebellion in the moon? We long to know the reason, deep as it may be in the cabinet bosom.

There can be no doubt that a great deal of the distress of the peasantry, and in consequence, a great deal of their insubordination, have arisen from their want of any thing which might be called a stake in the land. The old custom of providing the labourer with ground, however trifling its extent might be gave him a feeling that he belonged to the country, and had duties to fulfil as an Englishman. But the grasping and short-sighted system of refusing land to the cottager, while it was thrown into large farms, and men were displaced for sheep, necessarily produced a total alienation in the men thus thrown out, and we can have nothing new to learn in the intelligence, that they looked on these masters as their enemies. By this system, the whole labouring population would in a few years have perished, or become a loose mob, roving from place to place for employment, or, when employment failed, for plunder, and inclined to take a part in every public disorder. On this system the labourer, when his day's work was done, would have had no refuge but the ale house, or some miserable lodging, where without comforts or any other association but with men in his own situation, equally discontented, equally without connection with the land, and equally exposed to the suggestions of every low tempter, whether poacher, smug-

gler or incendiary; in time the rebel would have found him fit for his purpose, and we might see this body, which forms the strength of the British population, converted into the readiest instrument of public ruin.

But what a striking difference there must be in the habits, as there is in the condition, of the labourer returning, after his day's work on his master's grounds, to a little holding of his own, where the hours between his regular employment and his going to rest may be given to some labour in his own little portion of ground, and where every hour not merely employs him healthfully, but is turned to eventual benefit. The difference is actually as broad as between the honest, kind hearted, and virtuous peasant, and the sullen, brutal, and vicious serf; between the industrious labourer of old times, and the Captain Swing of the present. We are glad to see that the cottage system is beginning to be adopted; and we are scarcely less pleased to see, that its commencement has been made, and peculiarly sanctioned, by an English prelate. It is only justice to the Bishop of Bath and Wells to acknowledge, that from him the idea has derived its chief and earliest support; that he has allotted gardens, of about half an acre each, or in some instances more, to the cottages of his labourers. The plan is so obviously good, that it is almost unnecessary to say it has succeeded. The example has been followed. The Earl of Roseberry, with a view to better the condition of the cottagers on his estate at Postwick, Plumstead, and Saxlingham, twenty-three in number, has allotted half an acre to each in addition to what they previously occupied.

The truth is, that a new principle of treatment must be adopted to the people by their superiors. A landlord must no longer consider his tenantry merely as machines working for his profit, and to be disposed of in whatever way that profit can be most expeditiously made. This infamous and inhuman system originally began in the Highlands, where the old tenants of the lairds, the poor peasantry, whom it should have been the pride and honour of their masters to encourage, civilize and make happy, were driven like brutes from the soil on

which their fathers had lived from time immemorial, to which all their natural feelings were bound, and of which in the eye of Heaven and of man—where man was not the slave of Mammon—they were as justly entitled to the undisturbed possession as their cruel masters. We have not now to learn that avarice is a blinding passion, as well as a base and criminal one. But a stronger proof of its blindness cannot be asked than in the results of this odious monopoly in both Scotland and England. In Scotland, the old tenantry, driven away in bitterness and disgust to find a refuge in the colonies, have been succeeded by a population which scorns those masters; and the masters themselves have, in a crowd of instances, decayed away, and seen their hereditary estates given into the hands of strangers and manufacturers. In England, the extinction of the cottage holdings and the property of the labourers, has been followed by the scourge of the poor rates, and that scourge by the more direct one of agricultural insurrection, robberies and burnings.

The only cure for this tremendous evil is an instant return to the old principles of country life. The landlord must be taught to feel that his tenantry are as much entitled to life as himself, and that he is in the eye of Heaven but a steward of his property; that good nature and humanity to his people are not only virtue, but wisdom—and that no man, let his number of sheep or bullocks be what they may, can more truly do his duty to himself or his country than he who is the means of fostering a body of industrious, honest, and contented human beings. Bees may be good, but we cannot help thinking that man is of more importance; and that even if the adoption of the humane system should compel the landlord to keep a hunter the less, or drink port in place of claret, he would be sufficiently recompensed by the knowledge that a hundred or a thousand human beings looked up to him with gratitude for his protection, and with the honest zeal in his service, and the genuine devotedness, that once made the feel-

ing of the English tenant for his landlord. Even as mere matter of profit, there can be no doubt that the more numerous the tenantry the more productive the soil, and of course, the more profitable to its proprietor. But there should be a higher feeling; a man invested with the power of doing so much good as a great English landlord can, ought to feel that the power was an actual demand upon his benevolence, that he was as accountable for his use of this extensive means of making his fellow men comfortable and contented as any other depository of power, and that of all the pleasant sights of earth, the pleasantest is the happy human countenance.

*List of the Ministry*:—Earl Grey, First Lord of the Treasury. Lord Brougham, Lord Chancellor. Lord Althorp, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Lord Melbourne, Home Secretary. Lord Palmerston, Foreign Secretary. Lord Goderich, Colonial Secretary. Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty. Marquis of Lansdowne, President of the Council. Lord Durham, Lord Privy Seal. Marquis of Anglesey, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. Stanley, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Denman, Attorney-General. Mr. Horne, Solicitor-General. Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief. Lord Auckland, President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint. Mr. C. Grant, President of the Board of Control. Lord Holland, Duchy of Lancaster. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord Chamberlain. Lord Plunkett, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Mr. Pennefather, Attorney-General of Ireland. The Hon. Agar Ellis, Woods and Forests. Mr. R. Grant, Judge Advocate General. The Duke of Richmond, Post Master-General. Lord John Russel Paymaster of the Forces. Mr. P. Thompson, Vice President of the Board of Trade, and Treasurer of the Navy. Lieutenant-General Sir James Kempt, Master General of the Ordnance. ——— Surveyor-General to the Board of Ordnance. Right Hon. C. W. Wynn, Secretary at War.

## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

JANUARY.

The shipping lists published by the Clerk of the Bills of Entry at the London Custom-House exhibit an increase of exports during the month of December. This circumstance, in a great measure, shows that the disturbed state of the Continent has not so powerfully acted on our own commerce as it was some time ago feared that it would. Nor do we find that, among the exports, manufactured articles are less in proportion than others. It is evident, therefore, that the recovery which our trade had begun to experience some months ago, would have received no check from those occurrences which were thought unfavourable to its continuation. The danger of a relapse, if any, will arise from causes not similar to those from whence commercial distress usually springs. In adverting below to the state of some of our manufacturing districts, we shall have occasion to enter into some explanations on that subject.

On looking over the daily and weekly reports of the movements of the metropolitan trade, we find no circumstance calling for especial notice, notwithstanding that, at this period of the year, a general inactivity of trade usually prevails. There has been neither more nor less business transacted than in some of the other good months of the year.—Stocks of all kinds of produce are going off, and supplies are regularly arriving from most parts of the world. Commercial credit was never better than at present, and no want of money is experienced excepting where it may arise from causes that are not of a general application. On the best bills the rate of discount continues at 2 and a half per Cent. and good bills are easily negotiable at 3 per Cent. This is quite the reverse from the state of things at the same period last year, when it was with the utmost difficulty that good bills could be discounted at 5 per Cent.

In the Corn Market there was, in the early part of the month, a tendency to high prices; but the supplies have not proved as scanty in some of the descriptions of grain as was expected, and the weekly averages have remained pretty steady. On Thursday, the 22d, the imperial weekly average of wheat was 67s. 2d., the aggregate average of the six weeks, which regulates duty, 65s. 8d. and the consequent duty on foreign wheat 21s. 8d.

The accounts from some of the manufacturing districts are such as to show that, if any impediments are again thrown in the way of trade, the distress thereby produced will be attributable to circumstances of a very different nature from those which produced it last year. At that period the thousands who suffered would have rejoiced at the offer of employment on any terms; now the same persons find that employment with the bare means of livelihood, such as circumstances will allow of being placed within their reach, is not enough. Either the Manufacturer must remain with his produce on hand, in consequence of the increase of value imposed by the workmen's combinations for an advance of wages, or he must suspend his work altogether, and throw again those who depend on him for support to that state of beggary to which they had so lately been reduced, by the general diminution in the demand of his produce. Such, in fact, is the alternative to which the workmen are driving themselves and others. We have seen many accounts from Manchester of the proceedings of the workmen of the different Mills who have turned out for an advance of wages. It appears that in some cases the operatives were willing to continue at the present rates, but they were prevented by the combination. The most serious part of the business is a set of resolutions by the chairman of the

delegates of the operative spinners in the United Kingdom, in which they determine that "a general strike of all those spinners who are receiving less than four shillings and two-pence per 1000 hanks for No. 40, and other numbers in proportion, on all sizes of wheels, shall take place on Monday, the 27th of the present December, not one of whom shall return to work until the full prices be given."

At Ashton the master spinners have declined making any alteration in their list of prices demanded by the men, and the hands working in fifty-two mills have left their employment, so that the mills are at a stand. The men who have turned out, with the women, children, and others dependent on them, are said to amount to about twenty thousand persons. Indeed the whole population of Stayley Bridge, Dunkinfield, and Mossley, with a large proportion of that of Ashton, depend on the factories that have been closed for their means of subsistence. The distress in which that district will probably be plunged by this event is expected to be exceedingly severe, especially if the season prove a very rigorous one. It is said that the whole number of spindles now at a stand in consequence of the general turn-out, is upwards of a million.

The operations of the Money-market have been chiefly governed by the state of affairs on the Continent; but the fluctuations, compared with what they were in the preceding month, have been quite unimportant, the whole range of the price of Consols not having exceeded two per cent. The leading features have been a very great scarcity of money-stock, and a general disposition to speculate for the fall. Had either of these circumstances acted singly on the market, the effect must have been far more serious than we have found it; but being brought at the same time into operation, they have counteracted each other in such a manner, as to produce that degree of evenness in the market which we have recorded. The price of Consols at the opening of the month was at 82 three eighths; the highest quotation has been 83 one-eighth, and the lowest

81 one-eighth. On the 23d of the month, the closing price was 82 one-eighth. Consols for money have been closed all the month, on account of the usual payment of the dividends.

In the Foreign Stock Exchange a general decline of prices has taken place. Russian stock, which at the beginning of December was at 95½, has been gradually falling since the arrival of the news of an insurrection having broken out in Poland. We left the price on the 23d at 88, with no immediate prospect of any improvement. Portuguese stock has experienced a fall of altogether five per cent. since the beginning of the month. In the other descriptions of foreign funds the decline has not been so great as in Russian and Portuguese stock: but by comparing the list of the closing prices of the 23d, which is given hereunder, with that of the report of the preceding month. It will be seen that none have escaped the depressing influence of circumstances.

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Reduced, 81 eighth, quarter.—Ditto Consols for Account, 82 eighth.—Three and a half per Cent. Reduced 90 eighth.—Four per Cents, 1826, 93 half, 9.—India Bonds, 8, 10.—Excheq. Bills, 18, 20.

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

Brazilian Five per Cent. Bonds, 56, half Chilean Six Ditto, 19, 20.—Colombian Six Ditto, of 1824, 17, 18.—Danish Three Ditto, 56 three-quarters, 7 quarter.—French Five per Cents. 87, 88.—French Three Ditto 56 three-quarters, 57 half.—Greek Five per Cent. Bonds,—21, 3.—Mexican Six Ditto, 35, 6.—Peruvian Six Ditto, 14 half, 15 half.—Portuguese Five Ditto. 39, 41.—Russian Five Ditto, 87, half, 8.—Spanish Five Ditto, 15 three-quarters, 16 quarter.—Ditto Five Ditto, of 1823.—11 half, 12.

#### SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 29, 30.—Bolanos, 180, 190.—Brazilian Imperial, 62, 3.—Ditto Nacional, 24, 5.—Ditto Company's, 4 half, 5 half.—Ditto Cocaes. 4 half, 5 half.—Colombian 7, 8.—Real del Monte, 50, Mexican 10, to half.

## COLONIAL.

Upon Colonial affairs we can at present bestow but casual and brief remark. We trust however, that in our future numbers, this department will be ably and faithfully filled.

The Legislature of the Province, after a session of about two months, was prorogued by the Executive on the 13th of January. During the period of its sitting, the attention of both Branches, was directed to the consideration of subjects of public interest and importance. The votes of last year for the Road Service, which were not incorporated into a law, owing to the unfortunate dispute between His Majesty's Council and the late House, were readily agreed to; and a Bill of Supply was passed, and received the assent of the Executive some time previous to the adjournment. Various Resolutions, having for their object, the general improvement of the Province, were subsequently passed; and had the revenue been in a more flourishing state, numerous other subjects of importance, would doubtless have been amply and readily provided for.

The crops of the last year were unusually productive; vast quantities of provisions have been brought to market during the winter, and continue daily to arrive; for which fair prices have been obtained. We observe, among the various kinds of produce brought in, that there is a large and increasing supply of Oatmeal; and that the demand for this description of food is rapidly increasing. That article is at once nutritive, palatable and cheap; and while it can be raised and manufactured by our farmers with certainty and profit, would if once in general use, go far towards rendering the people of this Province, free from that dependence upon their neighbours, which makes them the sport and victims of speculation, or scarcity in other countries.

While upon this subject, we cannot refrain from alluding to the improvement, which has taken place in many parts of the Province, as respects the use of ardent spirits. Temperance Societies have in several instances been formed, and the most beneficial effects have resulted from their establishment. We shall not here enter into any disquisition, as to the merits or demerits of such institutions; the object of their founders is benevolent and patriotic; and if the intemperate can be thus reclaimed, and general abstinence from the immoderate use of spirits inculcated by such means, they are deserving of every encouragement. It is however worthy of consideration, whether the more influential members of those bodies, should not exert themselves to introduce a substitute of a wholesome description.—Beer is decidedly the best—it is most Englishman-like; but as it is at present sold, malt-liquor can only be drank by persons who are in good circumstances.

Late in the autumn intelligence was received, of the determination of His Majesty's government to open the ports of the West Indies, to the vessels of the United States. There has not since been sufficient time, to afford data for judging of the effects of this measure; while the principle upon which it was founded, and the restrictions by which that trade is to be controlled and regulated, are yet unknown. But if we are to judge of the effect it will have on the West India markets, by that which has been experienced here, it would seem that the prices of the necessaries of life, must in general be much advanced. English vessels will not be sent to the Islands with provisions, unless protected by exorbitant duties; and the Americans will not proceed thither, until scarcity shall have ensued there; certain, and we may add, unreasonable profits.



In the Canadas and New Brunswick their respective Legislatures are now in session ; and we shall feel thankful in obtaining from our correspondents, details of their proceedings. Among the Laws passed by the Assembly of Lower Canada last year, there was one continuing the sittings of that Body, notwithstanding the demise of the King. We presume this example will be followed in the different colonies ; as nothing can be more absurd than the necessary dissolution of a Colonial Assembly, being consequent upon the occurrence of such an event. A novel attempt has however been made to renew commissions which had been granted during the late reign, but which has very properly been resisted ; it being a manœuvre to extort fees which should not for a moment have been countenanced by the authorities of the Province ; and which will doubtless meet with the reprehension of His Majesty's Government.

That there may be local causes of complaint in the colonies, there cannot be a doubt.—Those will exist every where. But it must be a source of congratulation and of gratitude to every well regulated mind, that while the nations of continental Europe are reeling and convulsed to their centre, —while the flame of revolution is rapidly and furiously extending : the people of these Provinces, secure in the protection of the Parent State, and admitted to the enjoyment of equal laws, are rapidly advancing in prosperity and improvement, and bid fair at no distant period, to become valuable appendages of the British empire.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE HON. SIR ROBERT SPENCER.

On the 4th of November, died the Hon. Sir Robert Spencer, Captain of his Majesty's Ship Madagascar, in his fortieth year. He was the second son of George and Lavinia, Earl and Countess Spencer. They had taught him in his earliest years the fear of God, and the love of his country ; and his life was a beautiful picture of the discharge of those high duties. Having, from his earliest youth, devoted himself to the naval service which he entered in 1804, he pursued it to his last moments with an unabated and enthusiastic ardour.

All the energies of his active mind were unremittingly employed in the science of his profession, and in its discipline ; and these great acquirements, united with his native gallantry and tried spirit, made him an early and bright example to the British Navy, rich as it is in the display of nautical skill and bravery.

So happily did the firmness of his mind combine with the benevolence of his heart, that the attachment and devotion with which he inspired the officers and men with whom he sailed, can be understood only by those who witnessed the result ; for they saw the affectionate confidence which was reposed in his fatherly protection, and the instantaneous

obedience which was given to his masterly commands.

It is also difficult to describe the unequalled delight of his society. The playfulness and gaiety of his mind, the tenderness of his heart, the good sense, the deep feeling, and the entire absence of all selfishness, which peculiarly belonged to his conversation, gave to his social intercourse a charm, which no one who ever partook of it in his familiar hours can recollect without the deepest sorrow for his loss.

Without any personal knowledge previously existing, his present Majesty, when Lord High Admiral, selected Sir Robert Spencer to be his Private Secretary—an honour solely derived from the distinguished reputation he had deservedly obtained in the service, and the high estimation in which he was universally held by the naval profession.

He had been appointed Surveyor General of the Ordnance, and was actually recalled to fill this office when the final termination of his honourable career took place. A sudden malady, on board his Majesty's ship Madagascar, in a very few hours put a premature end to his valuable life, to the inexpressible grief of his ship's company.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

We are informed that Mr. Thomas Campbell has entirely withdrawn himself from the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Remarks on a New and Important Remedy in Consumptive Diseases. By John H. Doddridge, Surgeon.

A History of the late Revolution in France. By the Rev. Arthur Johnson.

The fifteenth volume of "The Annual Biography and Obituary," to be published on the 1st of January, 1831, will contain Memoirs, among other distinguished persons, of Sir Charles Vinicombe Penrose, the Right Hon. George Tierney, Sir George Montagu, His Majesty Geo. IV., Lord Redesdale, Sir Charles Brisbane, Dr. Gooch, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Bishop James, Sir Thomas Staines, Dr. Somerville, Sir Charles Morice-Pole, Bart., William Bulmer, Esq., Sir Eliab Harvey, the Right Hon. William Huskisson, Major General David Stewart, William Hazlitt, Esq., Major Rennell, &c. Beauties of the Mind, a Poetical Sketch; with Lays, Historical and Romantic. By Charles Swain, Author of "Metrical Essays."

Description of an Invention for forming an Instantaneous Line of Communication with the Shore, in cases of Shipwreck, and illuminating the scene by Night. By John Murray.

The Military Bijou; or the Contents of a Soldier's Knapsack; being the Gleanings of Thirty three Years active Service. By John Shipp, Author of his own Memoirs.

Memoir of George IV. By the Rev. G. Croly. 8vo. 15s.

Life and Adventures of Giovanni Finati. By William Banks. 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.

Parties and Factions in England at the Accession of William IV., in 8vo. Price 2s. 6d.

Statutes at Large, 4to. 12 Parts. XI. George IV. and I. William IV. 20s.

Rübe's British Celestial Atlas. Royal 4to. 25s.

Pratt's History of Saving's Banks. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

The following are in a course of preparation.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.: The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

By Col. Napier: The third volume of his History of the Peninsular War.

Voyage to the Pacific and Behring's Straits.

An attempt to prove that Lord Chatham was Junius. By John Swinden. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

A Country Rector's Address to his Parishioners at the close of the twenty-fifth year of his Residence among them.

Romance of History. Third Series. Romantic Annals of France, 11: 11s. 6d.

Lingard's England, Vol. VIII. 4to. 35s.; same in 8vo. 2 vols. 24s.

Nicholas's Observations on Historical Literature. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The History of the First Revolution in France, from 1787 to 1802. By John Bell, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

A Narrative of the Peninsular Campaigns, from 1808 to 1814. By Major Leith Hay. 2 vols. 12mo. 21s.

Murray's Family Library, Vol. 18 — The Life of Bruce, the African Traveller. By Major Head. 5s.

The Political Life of the Right Hon. George Canning. By Augustus Granville Stapleton. 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.

The Life of Mrs. Jordan. By James Boaden. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

By W. Dunkin: The History and Antiquities of Bicester; with an inquiry into the History of the Roman Station at Alchester.

By the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, F. T. C. D. A Treatise on Optics; the first volume containing the theory of unpolarized light.