Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

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

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AND

Literary Repository.

DUCIT AMOR PATRIÆ.

VOL. II.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH NICKLESS,
BOOKSELLER,
Opposite the Court-House.
MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY THOMAS A. TURNER.

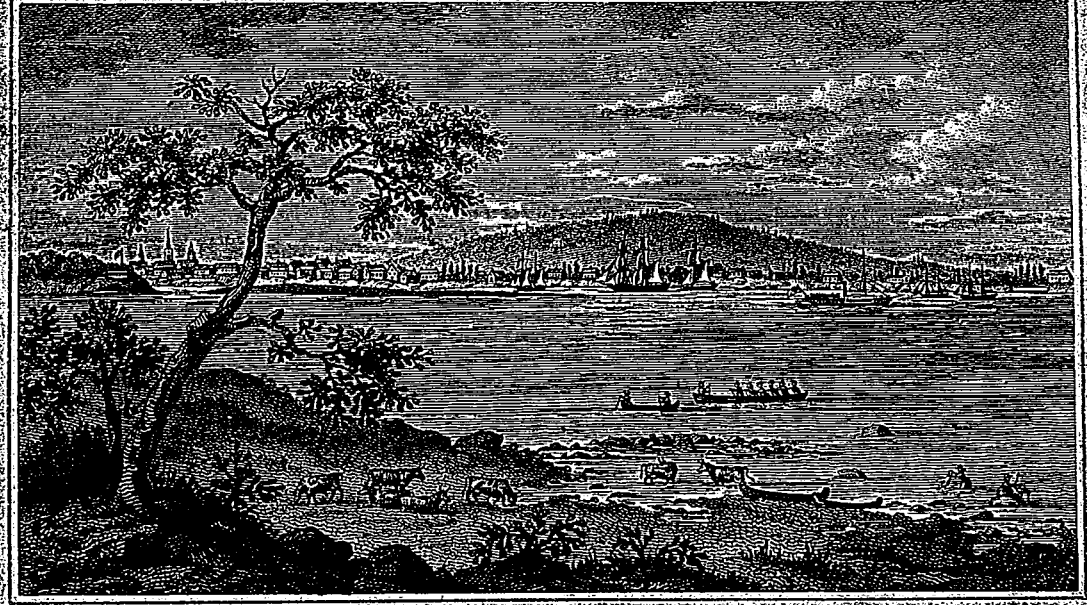
1824.

CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

SELECTED PAPERS.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.



Montreal from Longueil

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY REPOSITORY.

No. VII. JANUARY, 1824. Vol. II.

Original Papers.

MONTREAL.

NO. VII.

After a series of occurrences on or near the Canadian Lakes, which, as they added no feature of importance to the present campaign, we deem it unnecessary to detail, Sir George Prevost having received information that the Americans were assembling in considerable force on the Montreal frontier, thought it expedient to quit Kingston, and repair to Montreal, where he arrived on September 25th. He found, that the American Major-General Hampton, after advancing to the frontier line, and overpowering one of the British picquets, had suddenly moved to the Westward. In the meantime the British commander of the District, Sir R. Sheaffe, had moved the whole of his troops to the defence of the frontier line, and had called out 3000 of the sedentary militia. These were augmented to nearly 8000 by Sir George Prevost, who has amply testified to the readiness with which the Canadians obeyed the call. The force of the enemy collected on this occasion was greater than at any former period. In consequence of Sir George Prevost's solicitation to Admiral Warren for a supply of seamen to the lake service, he had received the crews of two sloops of war, part of whom he had sent to join Captain Pring on Lake Champlain, and the remainder to Lake Ontario. General Hampton, who had taken his post on the Chateauguay river, near a settlement called the Four Corners, crossed the boundary line

into Lower Canada on the 21st of October, surprised a small party of Indians, and drove in a picquet of militia, and having made a road for bringing up his artillery, proceeded against the British advanced posts, marching along both banks of the Chateauguay. On the 26th he was opposed on the north side by Lieutenant Colonel De Salaberry, with two companies of Voltigeurs and the light-infantry of the Canadian fencibles, who made so good a disposition of his force, and so brave and heroic a defence, as to check the advance of the enemy's principle column, led by General Hampton in person; and at the same time the American light brigade was repulsed on the south side by a flank company of embodied militia, supported by the Chateauguay chasseurs, reinforced by another flank company of militia. The enemy repeatedly returned to the attack, but was as often repulsed, and the day ended with his disgrace and defeat. Sir George Prevost, who arrived soon after the commencement of the action, bestowed the highest praises on the conduct of the defenders, of whom the force actually engaged did not exceed 300. The American army was stated by the prisoners to amount to 7000 infantry and 200 cavalry, with 10 field pieces. The British loss was trifling. That of the Americans was severe, and was partly incurred from parties of their own firing upon each other in the woods. Hampton's army afterwards entirely quitted Lower Canada, and retreated to its former encampment at the Four Corners.

In co-operation with the invasion, General Wilkinson on October 30th left Grenadier Island on Lake Ontario, with 10,000 men, in small craft and batteaux, and proceeded down the St. Lawrence with the avowed intention of taking up his winter quarters in Montreal. By keeping close to his own shore, he arrived on December 6th within six miles of the port of Prescott, which he endeavoured to pass unobserved during the night of the 7th; but he could not elude the vigilance of Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, who obliged him to undergo a heavy and destructive cannonade during his passage. Sir George Prevost having anticipated the probability of such a movement, had ordered a corps of observation, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, amounting to 800 rank and file, to follow and watch the motions of the enemy. Upon this Corps an attack was made by Brigadier-General Boyd with 3 or 4000 men, who moved forward about two o'clock in the afternoon from Christler's point, and attacked the advance of the British, which gradually fell back to the possition selected for the detachment to occupy; the right resting on the river, and the left on a pine wood, exhibiting a front of about 700 yards. The ground being open the troops were thus disposed; the flank companies of the 49th Regiment, the detachment of the Canadian fencibles, with one field-piece, under Lieutenant Colonel Pearson, on the right, a little advanced on the road; three companies of the 89th regiment, under Captain Barnes, with a gun formed in echellon with the advance on its left supporting it. The 49th and 89th thrown more to the rear with a gun, formed the main body of the reserve extending to the woods on the left, which were occupied by the Voltigeurs under Major Heriot, and the Indians under Lieutenant Anderson. At about half past two the action became general, when the enemy endeavoured by moving forward a Brigade from his right, to turn the left of the British and was repulsed by the

89th forming in potence with the 49th, and both corps moving forward, occasionally firing by platoons. His efforts were next directed against the right; and to repulse this movement the 49th took ground in that direction in echellon followed by the 89th; when within half musket shot the line was formed, under a heavy but irregular fire from the enemy. The 49th was then directed to charge the gun opposite, but it became necessary, when within a short distance of it, to check the forward movement, in consequence of a charge from their cavalry on the right, lest they should wheel about, and fall upon their rear; but they were received in so gallant a manner by the companies of the 89th, under Captain Barnes, and the well-directed fire of the artillery, that they quickly retreated, and by an immediate charge from those companies one gun was gained. The enemy immediately concentrated their force to check the advance of the British, but such was the steady countenance, and well directed fire of the troops and artillery, that about half past four they gave way at all points from an exceeding strong possition, endeavouring by their light infantry to cover their retreat, who were soon driven away by a judicious movement made by Lieutenant Colonel Pearson. The enemy, after the action, retired to their own shores, sustaining a loss in killed, wounded and prisoners of 300 men, while that of the British did not exceed 180. The final result of this combined attempt of the Americans, was, that both provinces of Canada were freed from the invaders who retired to winter-quarters in their own territories. A division of British gun-boats on Lake Champlain had in the meantime burnt a depot Magazine near Plattsburg. A detachment sent by the Commander in Chief, under Colonel Murray, for the purpose of restraining the depredations of a party of banditti organized by the American government, upon the inhabitants of the Niagara district, arrived at Fort George on December 12th, from which the enemy had made a hasty retreat across the river, burning the town of Newark as they fled.

It is with feelings of just regret, that every writer upon the American War has concluded his account of the campaign of 1813, in consequence of some retaliatory measures practised by the Belligerents, and which, if persisted in, would stamp a character on the war highly inconsistent with the supposed improvement of the age in the practice of justice and humanity. The peculiar circumstances under which the United States are placed with respect to emigrants from foreign countries, on whom their population was originally founded, and to whom they still are, and, for many years, will be indebted for a large accession of useful citizens, have made them desirous of introducing a new principle into the code of nations, that of the right of individuals to transfer their allegiance from the country of their birth to that by which they are adopted, and, in consequence, the right of nations to accept and support that transfer. This maxim being contrary to that of all the European governments, it is evident that frequent disputes must arise from putting it into practice, especially in time of war; and Great Britain being the country from which America derives the greatest part of its emigrant population, in every quarrel the two States must be involved in angry contention from this source, until some common rule of decision is agreed on between them. The actual existence of such a differ-

ence, with its lamentable effects, were made known in the general orders issued by the Commander of the British forces from Montreal on the 27th of October, 1813. The facts stated were, that 23 soldiers of the infantry of the United States, being made prisoners, were sent to England, and held in close confinement as British subjects; that General Dearborn had been instructed to put into similar confinement 23 British soldiers as hostages for the safety of the former; that the Prince Regent had given directions to put in close confinement, 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers to answer for the safety of the last 23 soldiers; and also to apprize General Dearborn, that if any of them should suffer death in consequence of executing the law of nations upon the first 23 confined as British subjects, double that number of the confined American officers should immediately be selected for retaliation; and moreover that the commanders of his Majesty's armies and fleets had received orders to prosecute the war with unmitigated severity against all the cities, towns, and villages of the United States, in case their government should persist in their intention of retaliation. In this dreadful state of mutual menace were affairs remaining at the conclusion of the campaign of 1813; and should the threats on each side be brought to effect, scenes of blood would ensue worthy only of the times of barbarism. But happily for the honor and humanity of civilized nations, so dreadful an alternative was obviated by the sentiments of justice and a better policy. The determined conduct of the British government, with the untenable ground upon which retaliation was first declared by that of the United States, doubtless produced that accommodation which was made public in another general order from Montreal on the 18th of the following July. Its substance was, that on the invitation of the American Government, Colonel Baynes, and Lieutenant Colonel Brenton having been deputed to meet Colonel Lear at Champlain, for the purpose of reconsidering the convention for the exchange of prisoners entered into in April last, between Colonel Baynes and Brigadier-General Winder, all objections to that convention were removed, and it was ratified, with a supplementary clause, by which the 23 British soldiers, and the 46 American officers and non-commissioned officers, detained as hostages were included in the convention, to be released and exchanged in the same manner as other prisoners of war mentioned in the articles of convention, notwithstanding the exception therein contained.

On January 7th, 1814, the President of the United States communicated to both houses of Congress, copies of a letter from the British Secretary of State, Lord Castlereagh, to the American Secretary, Mr. Monroe, with the answer of the latter, the subject of which was the proposed negociations for peace. Lord Castlereagh added, that the American Commissioner having declared their readiness to treat in London, he had transmitted this proposal by a flag of truce; and that the British Admiral on the American station would be ready to give the necessary protection to any persons sent by the United States in furtherance of the overture. The reply of Mr. Monroe, after expressing the President's regret at the new obstacle which had arisen to the negotiation for peace, finally conveyed the President's consent to the proposal, and made election of Gottenburgh for the place of conference. The

speech made by Governor Strong of the Legislature of Massachusetts on January 12th, distinctly expressed the desire for peace, and the disapprobation of the reasons for War alleged by the government of the United States, which from the first were the prevailing sentiments in that part of America. "The friends of peace (said the Governor) are accused of being under British influence; but their accusers ought to reflect whether partialities of an opposite kind have not produced the evils we suffer; and whether, if our conduct towards both belligerents had been impartial, a war with either would have been thought necessary. We had assumed the character of a neutral nation; but had we not violated the duties imposed by that character? Had not every subject of complaint against one belligerent been amply displayed, and those against the other concealed or palliated? It has indeed been suggested, that we have no connection with France in regard to the war, but when France and England were engaged in a most arduous struggle, and we interfered and assaulted one of them, will any man doubt our intention to assist the other?"

In the early part of February the American army under General Wilkinson, continued to occupy its position on the frontier of Lower Canada, at the French Mills on the Salmon River; but between the 12th and 16th of that month, the troops abandoned this station, after partially burning their block houses and barracks which had been erected at vast expence, and destroying their river-craft and batteaux. Two regiments proceeded to Sackets Harbour, and the remainder to Burlington and Plattsburg, where General Wilkinson took up his head-quarters. As soon as their retreat was made known to Sir George Prevost, he detached a party to press upon their rear guard, which took possession of a quantity of provisions and stores, and completed the destruction of their block houses, barracks and boats. The American General remained quiet in his new position till March 30th, when collecting a large force from Plattsburgh and Burlington, he attacked at an early hour the outposts of the communication leading from Odletown to Burtonville, and LaCole Mill, the chief attack being directed on the latter post, which was under the command of Major Hancock. The enemy brought a battery to bear upon it, which occasioned two attempts to take the guns, but both were unsuccessful. The resistance by the British commander, however, was so judicious and spirited, that after the enemy had persevered in the attack till night-fall, he withdrew his guns and retreated without attaining his object, after sustaining severe loss.

A large American force under Major General Brown, computed in the British accounts at 6000 men crossed the Niagara river on July 3d, and advanced into Canada, having driven in the piquets of Fort Erie, and summoned the garrison, which, to the number of 170, surrendered prisoners of war. They then proceeded towards the British lines at Chippawa, their attack upon which was anticipated by the sortie of Major General Rial, at the head of about 1500 regular troops, besides militia and Indians. This commander made his dispositions in the afternoon of the 5th, for attacking the invaders, who had taken a position with their right on the Niagara, strongly supported by artillery, and their left on a wood, with a body of Indians and riflemen in front. In the action which ensued, after the American light infantry had been

dislodged, the King's regiment was now moved to the right, whilst the Royal Scots and 100th regiment were now ordered to charge the enemy in front. They advanced with great gallantry, through a destructive fire, from which they suffered so severely (the commanders of each regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Gordon, and Lieutenant Colonel the Marquis of Tweedale being both wounded) that it was found necessary to withdraw them, and commence a retreat towards Chippawa, which was effected in good order, and without farther loss. After this action, General Riall retreated to a position near fort Niagara, and the American army took post at Chippawa. The British force in Canada had been at this time augmented by the arrival at Quebec of some transports from Bourdeaux, conveying veteran troops which had served under the Duke of Wellington in Spain. On July 25th, General Drummond arriving at Niagara, found that General Riall had moved forward to the falls, in order to support the advance of his division at that place: and he dispatched Lieutenant Colonel Morrison, with the 89th regiment and detachments of two others, in order that he might, if necessary, act with the united force of the army, against the enemy posted at Street's Creek, with his advance at Chippawa. General Drummond proceeded to join General Riall, learning that the Americans were advancing in great force; and pushing forwards he found, that the advance of Riall's division had commenced their retreat. He immediately drew up his troops in line of battle, when the whole front was warmly and closely engaged. The Americans gained a temporary advantage, during which General Riall, having been severely wounded, was made prisoner. In the centre, the enemy's repeated and determined attacks were resisted with the greatest steadiness and intrepidity by the detachments of the Royals and King's, and the light company of the 41st; and so obstinate was the encounter, that the British artillery-men were bayoneted while in the act of loading, and the muzzles of the enemy's guns were brought within a few yards of those of their opponents. The action continued from six in the evening to nine, when there was a short intermission, during which the Americans were employed in bringing up the whole of their remaining force, and with this they renewed their efforts to carry the height on which the British were posted till about midnight.—The gallantry with which they were received, and their severe losses, at length obliged them to give up the contest, and retreat with precipitation beyond the Chippawa. On the following day they abandoned their camp, threw the greater part of their baggage and provisions into the rapids, and having set fire to the Street's Mills and destroyed the bridge over the Chippawa, continued their retreat in great disorder to fort Erie. In this manner was defeated another attempt of the Americans to penetrate into Canada; respecting which it cannot escape observation, that although British valour and discipline were finally triumphant, the improvement of the American troops in these qualities was eminently conspicuous. That this defeat, and the arrival of succours from Europe, were timely events, may be inferred from the trial of a number of the inhabitants of Upper Canada for high treason, in the month of May, of whom fifteen were convicted, out of which number eight were executed at Burlington in the district of Niagara, on July 12th.

In correspondence with the vigorous measures adopted at this time by the British government for the prosecution of the war in other parts of the United States, Sir George Prevost assembled all the disposable force in Lower Canada, and on September 1st entered the State of New York, and occupied the village of Champlain, near the lake of that name. His force was estimated at 14 or 15,000 men, among whom were a number of veterans who had served in Spain; and the Commander and appointments were such as to give sanguine hopes of success. His first operations were directed against Plattsburgh, a fortified place on Lake Champlain, which was garrisoned by the American Brigadier General Macomb, with about 1500 effective men of different descriptions. The British army advanced by slow marches, gallantly surmounting every obstacle thrown in its way by the enemy, and on the 6th had arrived within a mile of Plattsburg. The following days were occupied in bringing up the battering train, and making approaches; and it was planned that the attack should be supported by the co-operation of the British naval force on Lake Champlain, consisting of a frigate, a brig, two sloops of war, and some gun-boats, under the command of Captain Downie. On the morning of the 11th, this flotilla appeared in sight of Plattsburg, and bearing down engaged at anchor in a bay off the town; at the same time the land batteries were opened against the fort, and threw in a continued shower of balls and bombs. The British flotilla was opposed by the American Commodore M'Donough, with a force nearly equal, and the conflict was fierce and bloody. Captain Downie was unfortunately killed at the very beginning of the engagement, and the rudder of his ship being disabled, and the brig, commanded by Captain Pring, becoming quite unmanageable, both vessels were left almost to the mercy of the enemy. The result, after an action of two hours, was the capture of the frigate, the brig and the two sloops, after a loss of 84 killed and 110 wounded, Captain Downie and two Lieutenants being among the former. The firing from the land against the fort continued till sun-set, and attempts were made by the parties to advance to an assault of the works, but were foiled. The destruction of the naval force having now put an end to all hopes of success, it was thought necessary by the British General to abandon the enterprize. The cannon were withdrawn from the batteries, and at two o'clock the next morning the whole army began its retreat, leaving the sick and wounded to the humanity of the foe. Great quantities of provisions were likewise left behind and destroyed; and the American accounts spoke of finding on the ground, or concealed, a large quantity of shot, shells, ammunition, entrenching tools, &c. The estimate of loss of every kind sustained by the British troops, as made by the Americans, rises very high; but the return sent by Sir George Prevost, of the loss in action of General de Rottenburg's division, from the 6th to the 14th of September, does not amount to 250. Deserters, who were probably numerous, are not, however, included. The Americans being now collected from all the circumjacent country, the British drew back to their lines, and every idea of penetrating into the territories of the United States on that side was relinquished. Such a conclusion of an expedition from which so much had been expected, naturally excited much dissatisfaction; but,

as our readers are already aware that the subject has elicited the sentiments of various writers on either side, we leave them to judge how far that dissatisfaction was well grounded.

An action before Fort Erie terminated more favourably for the British arms. On September 17th, the Americans stationed in that fort, joined by volunteers from the militia, made a sortie with their whole force, estimated at 5000 men, upon the entrenched position of Major General de Watteville, occupied by the 8th and De Watteville's regiments. Under cover of a heavy fire from Fort Erie, and favoured by the weather, they succeeded in turning the right of the picquets without being perceived, and attacking the picquets and their supporters, whilst another column attacked in front, they gained possession of two of the batteries. As soon, however, as the alarm was given, troops were assembled to oppose the enemy, by whose steadiness and bravery they were finally repulsed, the batteries and entrenchments were recovered, and the assailants were compelled to retire with precipitation to their works, leaving two hundred prisoners and wounded.

While these warlike operations were going on in Canada, the Commissioners of the two contending Powers were actively engaged in Europe in negociations for the restoration of peace. These Commissioners met at Ghent, on the 6th of August, and being laudably zealous for restoring the blessings of peace to the two countries, they compromised their differences on the 24th of December, 1814, when they signed a treaty of peace and amity between Great Britain and the United States.

TRANSLATION

Of the French Lines under the recently published print of Mary Queen of Scots, and her Secretary Chatelar, supposed to be the subject of the Secretary's Song.

A Queen is mistress of my heart,
She reigns from pole to pole!
Those eyes as bright
As solar light
Are Love's two sceptres o'er the soul;
And when towards me their flame they turn,
My soul the fires of passion burn,
And glow through every part.
Happy! were it mine to reign
Monarch of yon azure plain,
Then might she
Willing be,
Nor let me sigh in vain.
But ah! I sigh in silence now!
Venturous to love, but not that love avow.

C

STATISTICAL QUERIES,

APPLIED TO CANADA.

PREPARATORY to publishing and circulating Statistical Queries, more applicable to the present state of the country than it is possible to arrange in a given time, we have, in the meantime, deemed it proper to give publicity to the following general queries, in the hope that many of our readers who have the means of information, will not fail to return such answers as may contribute to the information of the public, and the general improvement of the British Provinces.

The benefits of statistical science are so well known and so justly estimated, that it is here quite unnecessary to say any thing in its favour. With Sir John Sinclair, the venerable father of Statistics, we may observe, that no science can furnish, to any mind capable of receiving useful information, so much real entertainment, none can yield such important hints for the improvement of agriculture, for the extension of commercial industry, for regulating the conduct of individuals, or for extending the prosperity of the state; none can so much tend to promote the general happiness of the species. With such invaluable advantages, we trust our readers will avail themselves of every opportunity for anticipating the object we have in view by publishing the following queries, and, by an unremitting correspondence, open to us every source of information in their powor.

ARTICLE I.

Physical State of the Country.

GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION.

1. What is the latitude?
2. What is the longitude?
3. What are the boundaries on all sides?
4. What are the superficial contents in square miles?

II.

CLIMATE,—THAT IS TO SAY, THE STATE OF THE SKIES.

5. What is the mean degree marked each month by the Thermometer?
6. What is the difference marked on the scale by the Thermometer between morning and noon?
7. What is the height of the Barometer each month?
8. What are its greatest variations?
9. What are the prevailing winds each month?
10. Are they general and common to the whole country, or do they differ according to certain diversities of situations, in some parts?
11. Have they any fixed periods of duration or return?
12. Are there sea and land winds daily, and what are their courses?
13. On what side is each wind first felt—is it on the side whence, or on the side whither it blows?
14. What are the qualities of each wind, that is to say, which wind is dry or rainy, hot or cold, violent or moderate?
15. In which month does it rain most?
16. How many inches of water fall in the year?
17. Are there any fogs or mists and when?
18. Are there any dews, where and when are they strongest.
19. Do the rains fall softly or by showers.

20. Are there snows—how long do they last?

21. Are there showers of hail and at what season?

22. Which wind bring snow and hail?

23. Are there thunder and lightening? at what time and during the prevalence of what wind.

24. To what quarter do they generally fly off and dissipate?

25. Are there hurricanes and with what wind?

26. Are there earthquakes; at what season; what are their presages and do they come after rains?

27. Are there tides; what is their height; what winds accompany them?

28. Are there phenomena peculiar to the Country.

29. Has the climate experienced changes that are ascertained? What are these changes?

30. Has the sea encroached upon or receded from the shores and to what extent and since when.

STATE OF THE SOIL.

31. Does the land consist of plains or of mountains—What is their elevation above the level of the sea?

32. Is the land covered with trees or forests, or is it bare and exposed?

33. What marshes, lakes and rivers are there?

34. Is it known how many square leagues there are of plains, mountains, lakes and rivers?

35. Are there any volcanoes burning or extinct?

36. Are there any coal mines?

NATURAL PRODUCTS.

37. What is the quality of the soil; clayey, calcareous, stony, sandy, &c. &c.

38. What are the metals contained in the mines?

39. What are the salts and salt mines?

40. What is the order and disposition and inclination of the different beds or layers of earth when examined in wells and in caverns?

41. What are the vegetables the most common, or of most general occurrence, such as trees, shrubs, plants, grain, &c.

42. Which are the most common animals such as quadrupeds, birds, fishes, insects and reptiles?

43. Which of them are peculiar to the country?

44. What are the sizes and weights of those animals, compared with others?

SECOND SECTION.

Article I.

POLITICAL STATE.

Population.

45. What is the Physical constitution of the inhabitants of the country: what is their ordinary height: are they lean or corpulent?

46. What is the colour of their skin and hair?

47. What composes their diet or nourishment; what quantity daily?

48. What sort of drink do they use; do they drink to excess or become intoxicated?

49. What are their occupations; are they husbandmen, vine-dressers, shepherds, sailors, or inhabitants of cities?

50. What are their most common diseases, constitutional or accidental?

51. What are their most remarkable qualities—are they quick or slow, witty or dull, silent or talkative?

52. What is the amount of the whole population?

53. What is that of the towns, compared with that of the country places?

54. Do the country people live in villages, or dispersed in isolated farms?

55. What is the state of the high-ways in Summer and in Winter?

ARTICLE II.

Agriculture—In a Village.

56. What is the number of the inhabitants, men, women, old men and children?

57. What are the occupations of those classes respectively?

58. What quantity of land is cultivated by the village?

59. What proportion do their measures of length or capacity bear?

60. What is the price of provisions compared to that of labour?

61. Are the Husbandmen proprietors or farmers?—do they pay in money or in produce?

62. What is the duration of leases, and what are the principal clauses and conditions which they contain?

63. How many corporation or inheritance farms are there dependent upon the village?

64. How much land do the farms contain, distinguishing the great from the small?

65. Which are the best cultivated, the great or the small corporation and associated farms?

66. Are the fields of the same farm contiguous or scattered?

67. Are the fields enclosed, and in what manner?

68. Are there waste and common lands, and what do they produce?

69. Has the public the right of a thoroughfare through private property?

(With respect to the details of a Farm.)

70. What is the number of the houses and inhabitants and animals, and the extent of the field of a farm?

71. How are the fields distributed or taken in rotation to receive the seed?

72. For how many consecutive years is a field sown or left in fallow?

73. What sorts of grain are sown each year, and what quantity in each acre?

74. In what seasons or months do the seed times and harvests take place?

75. What is the result of all the expences of different artificial modes of cultivating an acre of land, compared with its produce in a state of nature?

76. What is the number and extent of natural or artificial pastures?

77. What extent of land is requisite to feed an animal of each kind, ox, mule, horse, camel cow or sheep; how much does each of those consume in one day?

78. With what animals is the land laboured or ploughed—how are they yoked or tackled?

79. What are the utensils of husbandry?

80. What proportion does the rent or rate of lease bear to the purchase value or appraisement of the land?

81. What is the rate of interest for money lent?

82. What sort of food is used by the agricultural labourers or farmers' family; what might it amount to yearly; what are their necessary moveables and furniture?

83. What is the (average) weight of a fleece of wool, and the weight the carcase of the sheep?

84. What is the estimated profit from keeping a sheep or a cow?

85. What sorts of manure are employed?

86. How are the evenings of a family employed; what sort of industry is followed in-doors?

87. What remarkable distinction is there between the manners and constitutional habits of a village of vine-dressers and a village of farmers; a village situated on a plain, and a village in the mountains?

88. What is the nature of cultivating the vine?

89. How is wine manufactured; how is it preserved; what is its quality; what is the kind of grape raised; what is the product of an acre of vines; what is the price of any stated quantity or measure of wine?

90. What trees are planted; the olive, mulberry, chesnut, &c.—what are the peculiar modes of cultivation; what is the average produce of each tree; what would be the produce of an acre planted with any proposed tree?

91. What other species of cultivation is pursued in the country with respect to cotton, indigo, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c.—what is the peculiar method?

92. What new sort of useful cultivation could be introduced?

—

ARTICLE III.

Industry.

93. What arts are in the most general practice in the country?

94. Which are the most lucrative?

95. What are the most remarkable processes in each art, regarding their economy or other beneficial effects?

96. What manufactures and useful arts are carried on with most activity?

97. What kinds might be introduced?

98. Are there any mines, and of what sort; how are they worked in general, and more particularly with respect to iron mines, what are the approved modes of working them?

—

ARTICLE IV.

Commerce.

99. What are the articles of Import, and those of Export?

100. What is the balance or difference between the Exports to one country and the Imports from it, extending the calculation to the whole range of trade?

101. How is the transport by land effected; are there carts or waggons; how are they made;—how much do they carry?

102. What is considered the wt. of a load for a horse, a camel, a mule, an ass, &c.?

103. What is the charge or rate of carriage?

104. What is the nature of the internal and external navigation?

105. What are the navigable Rivers—are there any canals;—could they be made?

106. What is the general state or description of the coast; is it high—does the sea encroach upon it or leave it?

107. What are the Ports, Harbours, Creeks?

108. Is the exportation of grain free; is such freedom desired?

109. What is the interest of money or capital in trade?

—

ARTICLE V.

Government, & Administration.

110. What is the form of Government?

111. In what manner are divided the Civil and Judiciary powers?

112. What sort of taxes are imposed and now exist?

113. In what manner are they established, distributed and collected?

114. What is the expense of collection?

115. In what proportions are established with respect to the individuals taxed?

116. What is the amount of the Taxes imposed upon a village, compared with its income?

117. Is there a clear and precise code of Laws, or merely certain usages and precedents of customs?

118. Are there many law suits?

119. For what sort of controversies are suits chiefly instituted, either in towns or in country places?

120. How is right to property proved?—Are the titles in the vulgar tongue, and quite legible?

121. Are there many Lawyers?

122. Do the parties to a suit plead in person?

123. By whom are the Judges appointed and paid; do they hold their places for life?

124. What is the established order of succession or inheritance?

125. Are there rights of primogeniture, substitutions or entails?

126. Do children partake equally of any or all kinds of property; what is the consequence of the established principle with respect to agricultural property?

127. Are those properties held in mortemain, legacies to churches, endowments of different sorts?

128. What authority is allowed to parents over their children—to husbands over their wives?

129. Do the wives indulge in luxury—in what does it chiefly consist?

130. What sort of education is given to children—what Books are taught?

131. Are there printing establishments—Newspapers, Libraries?

132. Do the Citizens assemble for conversation, or to hear lectures?

133. Is there a great circulation and change among persons and things in the country?

134. Are there Posts established for the conveyance of persons and letters; are there conveyances in carriages or on horseback?

135. What establishments in short are there of any kind peculiar to that country, which are worthy of observation on account of their utility?

FRIENDSHIP.

Dear to the heart in sorrow's hour,
Midst pride's neglect and fortune's lower,
When cares and woe the bosom rend,
Dear is the soothing, faithful FRIEND.

Not those whose proffers teem with guile,
Or wait the world's approving smile;
Not those whose specious arts intend
To blast the sacred name of FRIEND.

But those who own a kindred mind,
Just, liberal, candid, true and kind,
Who prudence, feeling, interest blend,
And prove in word and deed a FRIEND.

Such may be worn within the heart,
Share in our joys, bid grief depart,
On such undoubting, safe depend,
Acknowledge, love, and claim as FRIEND.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE.

NO. I.

——Ingenuas, didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores—nec sunt esse feros.

MANKIND, in general, at least the learned and experienced part, must be fully sensible of the advantages arising from the progress of Science and the state and improvement of literature, especially in a country emerging from its infancy, and aspiring to the name of a free and enlightened colony. Whatever prospect the beauty of Nature, and fertility of soil, the seasonableness of climate, and situation of commercial advantages may hold out to the farmer—the trader or negociant, though they tend all to increase the wealth of the individuals engaged in these various pursuits, each with the aim of his own immediate benefit and prosperity,—yet it is fairly to be questioned if all this, alone, would tend to make a state internally happy, unless all orders of society and all branches of science were equally supported, and summoned to a proportionate share of interest and consideration.

In the organization of a new-formed country, it must so happen that her conquerors, and subsequently, the emigrants to her soil, must bring along with them,—minds already modelled to the peculiarities and customs of their native clime, and views of aggrandizement and opulence in proportion to their birth and situation in society; for being more the creatures of imitation than invention, (the latter gifted but to a few, the former natural to all) we carry along with us the bias of former customs—those which were instilled the earliest being the most liked and lasting. It is therefore to the government of a colony and to her settlers that she is to look for her amelioration; but unfortunately the views of the one are engrossed chiefly with her political relations and dispositions, and the interests of the other taken up by the absorbing speculations of the "auri sacra fames," for as gold is the magnet by which the world is moved, and as such, being the object of primary importance, every nerve is strained to that point; and whilst the zest of gain on the part of the government, and its speculators is only looked to,—the zest of learning on the part of the scholar, and his productions may lie unnoticed and unbefriended.

An attachment to a country (like that of the Roman's to his household gods) can only be brought round by the process of time, and by each individual feeling that its hearths are his home, and that the prosperity of his offspring is so interwoven with its own, that his hopes must extend to a period beyond his own sphere of action, in endeavouring to promote the extension of knowledge, and by so doing—rendering its youth learned, enlightened, a credit to the land which gave them birth, and afforded them the means of becoming competitors in science and literature with other countries on the surface of the globe.

In reviewing the histories of the various nations of the earth, we shall find that their systems of education more than any other causes, have

tended to give them, each, their peculiar stamp and spirit. It is not that nature differs so much in the formation of the different inhabitants, under the different influence of climates;—Man, is nearly the same, every where in point of animal instinct and physical power; take the child of the city, or savage of the wild, and we shall observe, their emulation of success, and their independence of restraint, marked in nearly equal proportion,—we shall find the generic qualities of the human passions and feelings equally alive in both,—but if we turn to consider the social qualities arising from the knowledge of right and wrong, and from the refinement of established laws, and liberal education; the former then leaves the latter more nearly allied to the brute species, and then alone commences to resemble the great author of his being, who gave him Hope to soar, and Reason to obey.

If we consider also, the effect of science and literature on the minds of men, in drawing them nearer together in bonds of unanimity and social order, and in the formation of laws to govern, and at the same time, a proper idea of freedom to uphold their relative situation the one with the other; we shall find that the most enlightened ages have been the most productive of happiness, independence and glory.

Let us commence with Greece; there, we shall see, that to the laws of Lycurgus, and the emulation he introduc'd amongst its youth—Lacedœmon owed her glory and independence; that with Athens, her philosophers and the foundation of her schools, produced that enquiry into the faculties of the human mind, and the cause from which the power of reason sprung, which though in the midst of those dark, and heathenish times, made Plato write his work on the immortality of the soul, long before the sun of Christianity had dawned, to light mankind; thus it is that the victories of Alexander,* fade under the recollection of the learning of Aristotle, and the eloquence of Pericles and history of Thucydides, eclipse the splendour of Athens, in the most renown'd age of her military exploits.

When was Rome more renown'd than during the Augustian age, a period obscuring all the glories of the Scipios, when eloquence in the breast of Cicero, and poesy in the soul of Virgil, stamped it, with the seal of immortality; but when that zest in the reign of the succeeding Cæsars, fell, when Luxury usurped the seat of Learning, and degenerated the organic powers of the mind, Rome, waned from her glory and became weakened and effeminate; nor was it until the overthrow of Constantinople, which scattered forth, the learned minds of that proud city to seek for shelter on its shores, that Italy resumed a shadow of her former splendour in learning and science under the genius, and patronage of the house of Medici.

It was then with the arts, that the glory of the republics of Italy sprung up, Florence, Venice, Mantua, Ferrara, Genoa, all with the light of science shining upon them, regenerated from the gloom of Gothic darkness, and oppression. "Nisi literis exculti sunt ii, qui velut in

* Plutarch says that "Alexander made his expedition against the Persians with better supplies from his master Aristotle, than from his father Philip; and Lucan, that Cæsar media inter prœtia semper Stellarem cœlique plagis superisque vocabat.

reipub: puppi sedentes, clavum tenent; multis eos, muneris sui, cis-que præcipuis, partibus necessario, defuturos."—Thus it is, that with the exception of a few of the Cæsars, more attention is drawn in history to the age of the Medici, whose territorial dominion was but small, than to the Emperors of Rome who were denominated the masters of the world.

We cannot instance any exception, where the glory of a nation or state, has not been at its highest point of prosperity, when its ruler, has been the scholar, and patron of the arts as well as of arms. In the annals of Britain, attention turns immediately to the reign of Alfred, (the great, the learned, the founder of her first university;) it is to him that she owes her jurisprudence that ground-work of her glorious constitution, it is to him, that she owes, more, than to all the victories of her Edwards and her Henries, *who purchased Fame, with the sacrifices of war*; and not, Glory with the offerings of Peace, who that delights not to dwell on the pages of Shakespeare and Spenser, whilst the martial fame of Essex is passed over without observance; or, who rarely advocate the names of Malborough and Blenheim, whilst those of Dryden, Addison and Pope, rise continually with interest in their remembrance. The great and flourishing ages, however, of the arts and of Literature have been but four, that of Pericles, of Augustus, of the Medici, and of Louis the 14th. The latter though not perhaps equalling any of the former, deserves to be proudly upheld, and the memory of Corneille, of Racine, and of Moliere, must live in their works, when the fame of Turenne, of Conde, of Villars, &c. will long have been amassed with the herd of warriors, who have overrun, and ensanguined the Earth.

It were needless to enumerate further instances of the glory which attaches itself to the cultivation and prosperity of the arts and literature, or to the lasting interest which is drawn forth by the existing and still imperishable works of the painter, sculptor, philosopher, and bard: these memorials of genius to immortality out-living the frail powers of the mortal frame, when the head that conceived, and the hand that delineated, have long been consigned, to the gloomy habitations of darkness, and desolation.

LINES TO ——.

O! there is a thought that will sting us to madness!
A pang that once felt can be never forgot;
A grief that surpasses all others, in sadness,
Alas! I have felt it, ah! would I had not,
O! yes, 'tis to find that our life's dream is past,
No sunshine of bliss to illumine the shore!
Dark, dark is the path, and with sorrow o'ercast;
And hope, the sweet cherub, can flutter no more.

E.

AN ESSAY

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

Next to the desire that our countrymen should be virtuous and good, ought to be the wish that they should possess some portion of knowledge; of that knowledge which gives a man resources within himself; which discovers to him the certain, though remote, consequences of vile conduct; and which enables him to employ his talents, to the greatest advantage for himself, his family, and his country.

We cannot, then, without regret, contemplate the state of knowledge in this Province. That there should, in this enlightened age, be numbers of persons, proprietors of land, who cannot write their names—would, in many parts of Europe, appear incredible. What would be the astonishment of a Swiss peasant, if he saw, as may often be seen here, the proprietor of two hundred acres of land, undertake a journey of four or five miles to get a letter read? In some parishes, there are probably not more than half a dozen persons who can read. Such is the difficulty of procuring instruction, that the country merchants, those persons who conduct the river craft, and others who necessarily require some knowledge of writing and arithmetic, are obliged to send their children to a great distance, to one of the few places in which they can be educated; or to engage some poor and illiterate pedagogue to reside in their houses for that purpose. The expence, in either case, is such as few are able, and still fewer are willing, to incur.

The seventeenth act of the first session of the third Provincial Parliament, enabled the majority of the inhabitants of any parish, to erect a school-house and a house for a teacher, at the joint expence of the parish. And the liberality of the British Government has, in every instance in which these accommodations have been provided, discovered itself in granting a salary for the support of the teacher. But, though nine years have elapsed since this law was enacted, twelve parishes only have yet availed themselves of the assistance which it offered them.* —Those who, like me, have been accustomed to estimate knowledge above all price, will be astonished at this fact. But, without inquiring into the causes of past neglect, I would only recommend the utmost efforts in future, to remove as soon as possible, this stigma from the country.

Much has been said in favour of knowledge in all ages. And, after the encomiums that have been bestowed upon it by the immortal writers of other times, it cannot be expected that I should advance much that is new, or any thing that is better than has formerly been said in its praise. This circumstance, however, forms no objection to the propriety of the present address on that subject. To render the observations of these illustrious writers useful to ourselves or our contemporaries, they must be adapted to the peculiar circumstances of our own times. They must

* See the names of those Parishes in the Provincial Accounts laid before the House of Assembly in 1809.

be placed in such a light, as to meet the prevailing errors and prejudices of our own age.

My present object is to combat the prejudices which have prevailed in this age, against the instruction of the lower orders, and particularly those which have hitherto prevailed against the instruction of the Canadians. In the execution of this duty, I shall consider,—First, the consequences which we might naturally suppose to follow from the instruction of a rural people;—Next, the consequences that have actually followed from it, in those countries in which it has been accomplished; Lastly, the application of the argument to the particular circumstances and condition of the Canadian people.

1.—Of the probable Consequences of the Education of a Rural People. These may be considered as affecting a rural people, either in their political attachments, in their religious sentiments, or their individual happiness.

With regard to the attachment which the inhabitants of any country may form for the government under which they live, I would lay it down as a fixed principle, that no attachment of this kind can be depended on, while the people themselves remain in ignorance. While this ignorance continues, they are capable neither of appreciating the merits of their government, nor of foreseeing the fatal consequences of attempting a change.

When a government possesses only a moderate share of excellence, still it is better for the people to submit, than to risk the consequences of a revolution. This is a position of which the experience of all ages proves the truth. History renders it undeniable to all who are fitted to receive historical information. And all those in every country who possess only a moderate portion of knowledge, are convinced of its truth. They are firmly attached to good order, and regard revolutions with horror. But how are the totally ignorant to learn this important lesson? How are they to come to the knowledge of it, who have no means of instruction; who have no records of the past besides uncertain tradition, and the family tales which they learned almost as soon as they acquired the use of speech? To them the history of nations is sealed up, the experience of other times is lost. The admonitions conveyed in the revolutions of their country is never heard. Their mind remains as fearless of innovation, as if no such events had ever before occurred to illustrate its dreadful consequences.

But if general knowledge be advantageous under a government of only moderate excellence; it must be far more advantageous and desirable, under a government so transcendently excellent as the British. Under such a form of government, ignorance is to be deprecated as one of the most dangerous symptoms that can present themselves. Public information is, in such a case, the best possible means for securing good order; the most rational and successful method of promoting that attachment to the established system, on which the only reasonable hope of its permanence can be founded. For in what other way are the generality of its subjects to become acquainted with its merits? How can they be persuaded of its superiority, if they have no means of judging what portion of their happiness is derived from it, and if they are totally

ignorant of the consequences that would result from its destruction?

The truth is, that the attachment of ignorant people to a good and to a bad government, is the same. It is, in both cases, equally possible, for it is always accidental. Even under the best forms of government, and the most upright administration, much hardship and many privations must be suffered, in the present condition of men; and the ignorant are never able to distinguish whether their misfortunes are occasioned by the tyranny of their superiors, or by the necessary imperfection of human things. Nor do they know that the blessings which they enjoy are separable from their condition, and might be wrested from them by a change of government. Under tyrannical government, on the other hand, they are equally ignorant what portion of their calamities is referable to the tyrant that oppresses them. They feel, indeed, the misery of which he is the remote, though certain cause; but his minions everywhere proclaim, that this misery cannot be prevented, that it arises from the necessary imperfection of human government, and that no nation in the world is happier than theirs. They have no knowledge and no experience by which they can refute these assertions. And they submit or resist, just as a greater or less degree of art is employed to deceive them.

The conduct of the uninformed subjects of every kind of government appears to be this:—If, by chance, they are pleased with the government under which they live, all goes on well. They are contented and happy. They will do every thing in their power for the support of government. They will encounter death in its defence. But if some fit of ill-humour seize them, if some measure of administration give them offence, if some demagogue inspire them with disaffection, their attachment will be extinguished, and most probable will never be revived.—They will then become a prey to every pretender who warmly professes an interest in their welfare. Their simplicity and credulity form the foundation of his hopes, and give success to all his schemes. It is vain to oppose reason and common sense to the torrent with which they proceed. Their passions are inflamed, and cannot be calmed, but by time and the calamities which inevitably follow. Such a people know not their own interest. They cannot be taught it by the example of other nations. They have no means of learning it, except from the fatal experiment which involves them in ruin. It is on ignorance and credulity that the ascendancy of demagogues and revolutionists has always been founded. This is the soil on which they have ever sowed with most success the seeds of anarchy and confusion.

It is however objected, that the small degree of instruction which the lower classes can ever attain, is rather hurtful than salutary. Seditious writings, it is observed, are easily disseminated among a people who have been taught to read. And this, it must be acknowledged, is an engine of discord which could not otherwise be employed. But, there is good reason to believe that the cause which is the instrument of this abuse, is at the same time the means of preventing another and a far greater evil. The art of reading which sometimes gives rise to the perusal of seditious publications, prepares the mind for resisting impressions of a much more dangerous nature. Let us consider only

what are the methods usually employed to inflame the minds of a people wholly rude and ignorant. They are neither pamphlets nor newspapers; but contrivances far more destructive than either. They are, at first, secret whispers and insinuations, quietly, but assiduously circulated among the unthinking multitude; afterwards, more bold, avowed, and animated appeals to their prejudices; and, at last, inflammatory discourses and unqualified declamations, addressed, *viva voce*, to crowds of discontented persons, who swallow every extravagance of the impassioned orator with greediness, repeat it with confidence, and communicate it from one to another, without reflexion, without discrimination, or any regard to truth. But people who are accustomed to read, are more capable of sober reasoning, and more disposed to reflect. If they are to be duped and inflamed, it is certain that much greater talents, at least, and much more art must be employed. And, if experience is to be our guide in this subject, it seems to assure us, that hardly any talents, or any arts are sufficient for this purpose.

So far, therefore, as political attachments are concerned, we are authorised to conclude, that public and general information is, in the highest degree, advantageous. It renders men patient of the inconveniencies which they suffer under governments that have reached only a moderate degree of excellence; it is the only means of discovering the superiority of those which approach nearest to perfection; and, in all cases, it removes one of the most formidable instruments of faction.

It cannot be denied, however, that many politicians and legislators have discovered an unaccountable antipathy to the diffusion of knowledge. But whatever may have been their reasons for adopting this jealous policy; it must be observed, that those who have adopted it, have seldom been illustrious characters; and all tyrants and usurpers range themselves in this number. On the contrary, those who have been at the head of regular, long-established, and enlightened governments, have ever appeared to consider the instruction of the people as highly advantageous. It is well known that the Roman government, whether Republican or Imperial, was always favourable to the civilization of mankind. Among the English monarchs, Alfred the Great paid the utmost attention to the instruction of his people; and his example was followed by all those among his successors, who have been distinguished either for the greatness of their deeds, or the liberality of their minds. The great number of Colleges and Universities, established a few centuries ago, in all parts of Europe, sufficiently demonstrates, that, even under absolute governments, when they are permanently established, and regularly administered, the sovereigns have found the greatest advantages to be connected with the diffusion of knowledge. And, with respect to the British government, we have already seen, that the principal security for the hope of its permanence, must be, its being well understood. To command the respect of its subjects, it requires only to be known; and, to secure permanent respect, demands that it should be known.

It must appear surprising that any suspicion should ever have arisen, that Religion might suffer from the diffusion of knowledge. It is cer-

tain that the most ignorant nations have ever been the most superstitious, and the most immoral. Though Savages may possess many virtues, yet these are to be attributed more to their poverty than to their ignorance. When plentifully supplied with the necessaries and pleasures of life, they have generally given themselves up to odious vices, and brutal sensuality.* Experience puts it beyond a doubt that knowledge is favourable to religious sentiments, and to moral impressions. Persons who possess not the art of reading, but who are yet instructed by their teachers in the doctrines of Religion, are certainly far superior to those who enjoy not even this advantage. Still, however, the knowledge of such persons is far inferior to that which they might attain, if, in addition to this instruction, they possessed also the sagacity and reflexion produced by the habit of reading. I speak here of the Christian Religion in general, without regard to any of the particular classes and parties that have been introduced among its professors. And do not, then, all Christian, Greeks, Catholics, Protestants, and all others, with the exception of a few Mystics, admit that the doctrines of their Religion are addressed to the understandings of men? Are not all the arguments which the Gospel offers, either for the encouragement of virtue, the destruction of sin, or the consolation of the afflicted, addressed to our reason? And does it not follow, that, like all other sound arguments, they must be weighed by judgment, before they can influence our conduct; and that they must be more effectual, in proportion to the extent in which they are understood, and in proportion to the conviction which we have of their truth?

It is admitted that the most illiterate may, by the pains and care of their instructors, acquire some general knowledge of the outline of moral duty. But, it is evident, that the task of instruction must, in this case, be an exceedingly difficult one. And, after all the pains which it is possible to take, persons so rude and illiterate, generally remain liable to a variety of errors from which a very slight expansion of the reasoning faculty would be sufficient to set them free. They have always been disposed to rest in the external forms of Religion, and to consider the observance of its rites as an atonement for the neglect of moral duty. They talk about sublime doctrines and mysteries, they wonder and are astonished, without ever considering the intimate connexion which these subjects possess with the conduct of human life. Besides, as has been observed by QUINTILIAN, the impressions which are made through the medium of the ears, are evanescent and transitory; those which pass through the eyes, are incomparably more permanent.—Were there no other method of teaching Religion and Morals, than oral instruction; we should then be obliged to confine ourselves to this; and should still have reason to be thankful to Providence for the possession of it. But, when, in addition to this, another and more effectual method is in our hands; who will justify our conduct, if we confine ourselves to the use of an inferior mode of instruction, and entirely neglect that which we know to be better calculated for producing the effect intended? By what arguments can we extenuate our neglect of so im-

* Robertson's America, Book 2.

portant a duty to our countrymen and fellow-christians? No diligence on our part, no activity, no labours however great, can prove that we have been faithful to their interest; so long as we entirely overlook the means, which we know to be most effectual for their instruction.

"But the publications which many persons read, are trifling, or improper; some so, manifestly useless, that the perusal of them can be considered as, in no respect, different from idleness; and others directly immoral and flagitious in their tendency. Numbers of the novels and comedies which persons possessing a little information, devour so greedily, are either so completely insignificant, or so pernicious; that it has been doubted, with great appearance of truth, whether those who confine themselves to such reading, would not have been happier had they never learned to read."

Such is the full extent of one of the strongest objections that have ever been brought against the diffusion of the art of reading. But it must be observed, that the abuses to which this art may be turned, can never prove that it is not, in itself, a most valuable attainment. They can never balance the numerous advantages which this art brings to its possessor. As well might it be said that the gift of reason is useless or pernicious, because thousands every day abuse it, either to the injury of others, or their own destruction. With equal justice, we might decry all civil power, and all political institutions; because many are the disappointments and distresses which they unavoidably occasion to individuals. In the same manner, we might wish the Sun to become invisible to our hemisphere; because he sometimes scorches, although he much more frequently nourishes, the fruits on which we live.

But, independently of this general reasoning, it may easily be shown that this objection does not apply to the case before us. The Canadians are to be considered as an agricultural people; at least, it is chiefly of those who are so employed, of whom I now speak. Of the people employed in husbandry, it is to be observed, that they have always been found of a graver deportment than the inhabitants of towns, or those who are employed in manufactures. Their amusements are of a graver nature, and their ideas and reasonings are of a more sober cast. When, therefore, they learn to read, the publications which engage their attention are suitable to the general turn of their minds. They are such as tend, for the most part, to improve the mental powers, and afford useful lessons of morality and virtue. The subjects to which such persons generally confine their reading, are Religion, History, Geography, Voyages and Travels. Such we know to be the case with the inhabitants of Iceland, with the peasantry of Scotland and of Switzerland. And such, no doubt will be the case with the Canadian husbandmen, whenever they shall have it in their power to participate of such amusement.

If we now bring down our attention to the common occupations of life, we shall find knowledge no less favourable to private happiness, than to political attachments and religious sentiments.

It has sometimes been objected, that the instruction of the peasantry is accompanied with the disadvantage of raising their ideas above the

employments necessary in their condition, and inspiring them with a taste for other occupations, often to their hurt, and sometimes to their ruin. The little knowledge which they acquire, it is said, raises them, in their own esteem, above their former equals and companions; so that they are no longer willing to be confined to the same ignoble pursuits, or the same unpolished society.—In answer to this objection, it is sufficient to say, that this consequence does not follow from education in those countries in which it is generally diffused. Every person who has been in these countries, knows that no people are more happy, or more contented, or more averse to change. The attachment of the Swiss to their country, to their own manners, and their own pursuits, is universally known. The ground of the objection appears to be this:—In countries of which few of the inhabitants can read, any individual who happens to receive a little instruction, finds himself elevated above his former associates. He conceives himself fitted for higher pursuits, and nobler undertakings, than those of which the grovelling herd around him ever dreamed. Hence he becomes discontented with the condition in which his ancestors have left him. He engages in schemes beyond his talents, and unsuitable to his attainments. His projects are perhaps disproportioned to his capital, which is not necessarily augmented by the accession of the first rays of knowledge. And the result is distress and embarrassment, perhaps, vice and infamy. But all this, whenever it does happen, arises plainly from the imperfect manner in which knowledge is diffused. It is the scarcity of education, that prompts the vanity of him who has received a little, and allures him out of the plain road which his ancestors have beaten, and which his countrymen still tread. The misfortunes which take place in this manner, are consequences of the very evil of which I complain. They arise from the rarity of education, and cannot be prevented but by rendering it more common.

With regard to women, it is undeniable, that ignorance, and the thoughtlessness arising from ignorance, are the sources of the greatest number of deviations from virtue and respectability. Ignorance leaves women a prey to the arts of the seducer. It diminishes the effect of those religious sentiments which are the greatest supports of their natural love of modesty and decorum. It begets an improvidence, and an inattention to future honour and respect, which are as fatal to the correct conduct of women, as destructive of the industry and frugality of men. It is an observation of Dr. Smith's, in his "Wealth of Nations," that those unfortunate women who live in London by prostitution, are chiefly supplied from the least cultivated, and least enlightened parts of the British dominions. In the manufacturing towns throughout Great Britain, they consist in general, of those who have been collected in crowds, and at an early period of life, at the manufactories; in which they are soon able to earn a little money, but are neither taught the lowest elements of education, nor accustomed to think, nor instructed in the nature, or importance of female virtue.

There is one argument, which I have sometimes wondered how those who oppose the instruction of the people, would answer. It arises from the pleasure and enjoyment which every person who can read, de-

rives from this source. Is not every person who can read, happy that he can? Is there a man, who having once acquired this art, would be willing, for any consideration, to unlearn it? As this question can never be answered but in the negative, every person should be ashamed of endeavouring to conceal from his fellows, an attainment which is never gained without a certain elevation of mind and genuine satisfaction, to both of which the rest of mankind are strangers. Hence it appears, that those who argue against the diffusion of knowledge, proceed upon a system of entire selfishness. Enjoying the advantages of knowledge themselves, they discover no regard whatever for the happiness of the millions who have never had a glimpse of its rays. They resemble those who have argued, that a state of rude barbarity is preferable to a state of refined society; and who, with equal inconsistency, have, after all their theories, still refused to return to the woods, to the hovel, and the canoe. Just in the same manner, our opponents, however desirous to retard the progress of knowledge among others, have ever been sufficiently eager to advance themselves by its aid.

Among all nations, light has been deemed a fit emblem of knowledge. In the English language, to ENLIGHTEN, is to *instruct*; and in French, LUMIERE, is equivalent to *knowledge* or *understanding*. TO ILLUSTRATE, and to ILLUMINATE, are words of Latin original, and primarily meant to convey *light* to an object. The Greek word from which the English term, IDEA, is derived, had a similar application to *light*, and to *knowledge*. And the Italian, CHIARO, is applied exactly in the same manner. Were we to examine the practice of all languages, we should find traces of the same mode of reasoning in every one of them. By the unanimous consent of the human race, knowledge resembles the perception of light; ignorance is allied to obscurity and darkness. This consent could not be produced by education, nor extorted by power. It would not be occasioned by any exterior cause. It has its foundation in those natural, unrestrained, and undisguised feelings of the soul, which are common to all mankind. They who object to the diffusion of knowledge, ought to extend their objections to those things which the whole human race have connected with it; to the light of the Sun, and to the power of vision.

"EDUCATION," say the ancient poets "*is the fairest inheritance; it* is an incorruptible possession; useful even to husbandmen, and humanizing all who obtain it. He who acquires this, sees twice; he alone has the true use of his eyes, and he is possessed of a superior understanding."

[*To be Concluded in our next.*]

THE FALL OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

CANTO II.

CONTENTS.

The instability of Fate—rise of Mahometanism—its progress—loss of Palestine—Pilgrims—inroad of Tamerlane—re-extension of the Ottoman power—Mahomet 2d—his Conquests in Greece—design on the City—the Siege—the last Constantine—night previous to the assault—terror of the people—Hope—the assault—success of the Turks—death of the Emperor, and fate of Constantinople.

I.

Years pass away,—and with them things conform,
Now smiles the sunshine, and now swells the storm,
Now beams the rainbow of delighting Hope,
Which, when the portals of our fancy ope,
The scene of bright imagination's sway
Darts forth its genial, vivifying ray;—
How fair it beams,—but, hark,—upon the wind,
What distant murmur awes again the mind?
Lo, on the far horizon there appears
A small, stern speck to set the world in tears;
Slowly it comes, the prophet of the wrath
Which soon shall spread perdition in its path,
Cloud comes on cloud, whilst gradually expires
The day-god's ray, and all his wonted fires;
Peal comes on peal, the thunder-dealing cloud
Now shakes the timid, and appals the proud,—
Flash comes on flash, whilst Terror's sable form
Stalks through the air,—the demon of the storm;
Now, sweeps the blast,—what havock it imbues,
Now strikes a pile, and now a fleet pursues;
Now hurls its ire in one convulsive roar,
Till cities crumble,—navies are no more.

II.

And this is fate,—the chariot of the hour
Rolls over all things with supernal power,
Princes and pageantries, and all besides,—
O'er these and thousands, Time, the phantom rides!—
And ev'n when Nature's elements at rest
Allow some quiet to encalm the breast,
Lo,—Man uptakes the rod, the sword, or brand,
And hurls his vengeance with a blood-stain'd hand;
Empire's—ambition's, or Religion's dart,
All goad and lacerate the human heart,
And the loose spirit, (ever yet unnam'd,)
To be made humble, and be quite reclaim'd,
Must forge a fetter for its restless will,
(When all are safe beside) to work itself no ill.

* Pallidæ morsæquo pulsat pede, pauperum tabernas Regumque turres.—Horace.

There came a sound from Araby of woe,
A sound which shouted, Sion as its foe;—
Nor long had time heard the denouncing strain,
Sweep like a Simoom o'er the desart plain,
When Nature 'came convuls'd, and there stalk'd forth,
Arm'd against Heaven, a giant of the Earth.
It rose colossal, and with furious stride,
Soon, from fair Mecca, touch'd the Euxine's side;
In its huge grasp a flaming brand it bore,
And fir'd the confines round of either shore:
The land became volcanic, and the cry
Of Mahomet arose, which shook the sky;
Then was the Earth all frantic—Reason drew
Affrighted back, and Hope for succour flew;
But it availed not—Superstition's fire,
Kindled the zealot Infidel's huge pyre,
And fierce Imagination warm'd a heaven
With looser joys, than Israel's prince had given,
Houris, with large dark eyes and thrilling veins,
Predestin'd Man its pleasures for Earth's pains;
And Fancy's borrow'd gems bedeck'd a shrine,
Where all was dazzling, though not all divine!

III.

As the wild flame which gathers in its course,
Fury and strength,—or as the untam'd horse,
Which darts its rider desperately along,
Nor heeds down-trampling the surrounding throng:
So spread that Creed, its tenets by its sword,
Teaching mankind to spurn Jehovah's word.
The Simoom flew where Babylon once rose,
(Yet now the panther finds a safe repose,)
And pours Euphrates on its silvery stream;
Or fam'd Persepolis, in morning's beam,
Bath'd its rich towers: or where the Magi spread
Great Zoroaster's* name, (that mighty head
Of proud idolatry);—the fire-blast flew,
And to its meteor blaze, the nations drew,
Who by infatuation blindly driven,
Bless'd that fierce Prophet in his new-form'd Heaven.—
How prone to change, and crime, Earth's offspring are,
To hail the rising of each new-born star,—
Let record tell—not long had time swept past,
When Salem's temples totter'd 'neath the blast,
And Othman's sons on Syria's sacred throne
Call'd Palestine,—the land of God,—their own.

IV.

Round Sion's mount, and Siloe's calm brook,
The weary pilgrim cast his lingering look
O'er desert travers'd and o'er ocean cross'd,
To gaze upon that land still lov'd, though lost;
Lost to his soul's devoted prayers—to hear
The Moslem chaunt the ezan† on his ear,
And see the rites of Mahomet prophane
The shrine that echoed once with David's strain;

* The age of Zoroaster is unknown; he was the inventor of the Magi, and is supposed to have flourished about 2500 years before the Christian æra.

† The ezan or aizan, the Creed of Grace, containing the Mahometan Faith.

Yet still he lov'd to gaze, and blend his dreams
With thoughts of Judah's vales, and Jordan's streams;
And raise his staff with rapturous acclaim
At the inspiring sound of Godfrey's name;
When Europe's zeal and piety array'd
Its chivalry and cross, in arm'd crusade,
Where Gaul's and Britain's banners waiv'd on high,
And "Cœur-de-Lion" was the battle cry;
And Templar-champions in the Christian cause
Left History fraught with valour's rich applause!

Lost pride—lost pomp—Tradition's self might blush
To hear no sound now save the sceptic's gush
Of impure incense;—Chivalry, its plume
Might lend to sweep the spider's dust-dyed loom
From off the fallen piles where Salem stood,—
For Sion's daughter weeps in solitude;
Her shrines deserted, and her temple shorn,
Widow'd, she stands, forsaken and forlorn,
Drooping, with Faith and Pity at her side,
To mourn her Lord—the bless'd—the crucified.

V.

But hark—gaunt Terror o'er those desart sands
Comes with infuriate cry and fiery hands,—
Arabia pours forth many a swarthy son,
And Persia's race to Islam's altars won,
Join in the fierce array, to raise that creed,
With the destroying sword, and deadly deed.
Not Scythia's myriad hordes—nor Timour's rage,
Which chain'd that captive Caliph* in his cage,
'Till on the steel's relentless bars, his veins
Let forth their gushing tide, to ease his pains,
These—(for a while o'erwhelming as the flood
Which comes, a deluge to appease the mood
Of some destructive element of fire,
Raging around in fierce volcanic ire,)
Could not yet quench the embers that broke forth,
Again, (despite this flood-storm of the north,)
And sent a flame so far, so wild on high,
As to turn pale the meteors of the sky.

VI.

Where Syrian mountain, and where Phrygian plain,
Stretch forth their fields and forests to the main,—
Behold, once more the Crescent shines afar,
And Echo trembles to the trump of war.
The blue Propontis with its shores along,
Hears the wild sounds of many a Turkish song;
Not as of yore—when the more tuneful Greek
Skimm'd its calm waters with his light Caique,
And rais'd his glance to gaze on Ida's brow,
And thought on Troy—(where stands no vestige now)
When that enamour'd fair to Iliun's boy
Gave all her charms, and made him all her joy,

* Bajazet the 1st, who, when taken prisoner by Timour, or Tamerlane, is said to have been put by that haughty barbarian into an iron cage, and exposed to every outrage, which not being able to bear, at length beat out his brains against the bar of his cage.

Loving to muse the smiling hours away,
With the inspiring theme of Homer's lay;
Or view'd Olympus in its snowy shroud,
Where sate the thunderer on his ermin'd cloud;
And Fancy lent all splendour to the view,
Making Imagination deem it true:
Not as of yore,—alas, on Asia's shore
The loitering Greek is seen to smile no more;
Each hamlet now, swarms with Mahomet's crew,
And mosques, not temples, sound with "Alla! Ilu!"
Led by Ambition's all-aspiring aim,
To make Byzantium humble to his name,
Behold that Chieftain frames the dark design,
To plant his sword on St. Sophia's shrine,
With tears and bloodshed saturate the land,
And frown on all who blench'd not to his hand.
The soil o'erdarkening, see the spa his come
In wild, yet warlike, and tumultuous hum,
And cannon, threatening in its stern array,
Crowns every height, and frowns along the way.

VII.

Spirits of Sparta,—who in days long gone,
Beheld your towering mountains, Freedom's throne;
Who, in the defiles of that glorious pass
Wert made immortal with LEONIDAS:
Sons of Athena, who in yore withstood
The arrows of the *Persian* multitude:—
Corinth and Thebes,—where was the valour fled,
Like that which fired, those who at Leuctra bled?
Why did your arms not seize the sword, the spear—
The brand—or aught, when Moslem's steps drew near;
Chase from Morea's hills, the turban'd band,
And join in Freedom's chorus o'er the land?—
Nor here alone—for on the fields of Thrace,
Where smiling Plenty show'd its happy face;
There hath the Titan, war, display'd his form,
And frown'd as doth the thunder-bearing storm;—
There, hath the war-horse in its pride down trod
The fruitful harvest, and the flower crown'd sod,
And plough'd the land, e'er Industry could store
The promis'd gifts, which Ceres deign'd to pour.
Dark was that hour, when Rapine in its car,
With harness'd wolves, came howling to the war,
And sanguinary Slaughter, gorg'd with prey,
Yell'd forth its shouts to urge on Fury's sway,
On Thracia's shore, and Galata's near side,
Where castled Bosphorus,* with streaming Tide
Washes Byzantium's bulwarks—all around,
With shouts, "for God and Mahomet," resound.

VIII.

Day sped on day—the fierce Barbarian urged
His rude assault, which still the nearer verg'd
To that appalling hour, which would recall
Her offspring's hopes, or close Byzantium's fall.
The cannon thunders with its awful peal,
The walls now tremble, and the turrets reel;

* The term "castled Bosphorus," is here used—as Mahomet first began his inroad on the Greek Empire, by building castles on either shore, which commanded the straits and was the first cause of rupture between him and the Emperor Constantine.

And to astound them see the navies ride,
By art and labour launch'd upon that tide* :
Now the proud satrap heads the Persian band
Who boasts of conquests at his chief's command,
Now, the stern Bashaw with his Turkish host,
Who cries for Rapine, as his craving most ;
Thousands on thousands crowd the glittering plain,
Where steps already trample on the slain.
So dark and deadly hath ensanguin'd war
Sent forth the flames of its malignant star.
Far different burns the feeling of each breast,
Where rears the Roman his undaunted crest ;
He, as he hears the cannon and the crash,
Defies—defends—dares all things but be rash ;—
So well he feels the duty with the zeal
To save his strength, 'till danger grows more real ;
Then shall the valour, which the Cæsars led
So oft to triumph, nerve his arm and head,—
And (should misfortune stretch oppression's pall,)
Make even Byzantium glorious in her fall.
Though foes surround, and friends forego the fight,
His heart's disdain frowns on the Azimite,
And spurns the piteous craft which could deny
A heart to Hope—and hand to Liberty !

IX.

Calm and collected on that rampart wall,
Stood the last Cæsar—and if doom'd to fall,
The fire of Roman valour in his eye
Bespoke the hero—still prepar'd to die ;
Yet nerved with Freedom's last, devoted aim,
To conquer, or concede a soul to Fame.
Around him stood th' invincible remains
Of Rome's last line—who never yet felt chains.
Yes,—of that glory on whose brow impearl'd,
Sate the bright crown, the magnet of the world.
Strong, in the ardent spirit of each breast
By Fame exalted, and by Faith impress'd,
Byzantium hears her busy sons prepare
Each stout defence, and guard—with anxious care
And where her Lord's imperial form appears,
Or brave Justiniani's—loudly cheers.
There too conjoin'd hath Venice, Adria's bride,
Sent forth her sons,—the freeborn of her pride,—
And Genoa—twin States of noble claim
To Liberty, the load-star of their fame :
Sons of that clime, where Freedom, forced to roam,
Found men its guardians, and their hearts its home,
Warm in the zeal which Patriotism drew
From Honours's breast, in Honour's light they flew ;
And on its altars, in a nation's cause,
Held forth the buckler, for the world's applause.

* Mahomet conceived and executed a plan of a bold and marvellous cast—that of transporting his fleet of light galleys over land, and launching them into the harbour opposite the city.

† The Azimites so called on account of their use of unleavened or azimed bread in their Sacrament. It is lamentable to think that the differences of the two schisms of the Latin and Greek Churches was the cause of the former, under the Pope, refusing any succour to Constantine and his cause.

X.

The Moon was up,—and 'twas a night of May,
The star-gem'd sky shone as a diamond spray,
So calm the heavens—so beautifully clear,
None would have deem'd that slaughter was so near;
The few small clouds, each clad in silvery light,
Seem'd as Hope's smiling messengers—and bright
As seraphs of the skies;—(for hope will play,
Even when the phantom, Death, appals the way:)
The cannon's blast, which lately with its roar
Had shaken both the city and the shore,
Was hush'd as when the tempest-wind subsides,
And calmness silences the upstart tides.
Yet silence, in that self-absorbing mood
Was even as aweful, as when storms are rude,
Aweful, as if Earth had yawn'd forth a grave,
And mankind shudder'd, whom its jaws would crave
To be its victim, first—yet stood aghast,
Speechless and pale, each shrinking, to be last.
The city lay in stillness—whilst the tower
Of St. Sophia, own'd the lovely power
Of Cynthia's rays, and glitter'd in its beam,
Whilst far beyond the calm Proponti's stream,
Shone as a mirror—and redoubled there
The stars bright rays, with its reflecting glare.
This could not last—who that hath seen Fate bring
Pleasure and Hope upon its passing wing;
But by his fears, some sorrow was foretold:
Or saw time shift his glass—whose drops now gold,
Chang'd were to gall, ere he could call the hour,
All, all that Fortune's happiest smiles could shower.

XI.

Night now had wan'd and as the morning's beam
Chequer'd the orient sky with crimson stream,
Behold the watch-guards on Byzantium's towers,
Beheld a meteor rise, with flaming powers,
And awefully, so scattered round its light.
All deemed it there, a signal of the fight.
Then ran the wild alarm from street to street,
And aged and offspring flew with trembling feet;
The palsied grandsire tottered neath his crutch,
And sigh'd to think he'd lived to witness such;
The matron caught the infant in her arms;
The virgin rose—regardless of her charms;
And with her zone unlac'd and shevell'd hair
Which screen'd her snow-white bosom from the air,
Rush'd to the door of St. Sophia's shrine,
Pure as that mother of its saint divine.
Vast and capacious as the temple stood,
It could not hold the eager multitude,
Who, on their knees, implored th' Almighty hand
To keep the turban'd Giaour from off their land;
The infant's cry—the aged's wail and prayer,
In mingled sounds of woe, confus'd were there;

Whilst some in Superstition's warm belief,
In hopes of aid divine,* thus strangled grief,
So firmly did Imagination prey,
To deem that Heaven would prove their shield to-day.

XII.

How beautiful is Hope, oh, what were life,
Without its aid benign, to soften strife;
To soothe the rugged pathway of our care,
And bloom, as roses, scattering incense there;
How beautiful is Hope; the Pilgrim's heart,
Through the world's round, would feel full many a smart
Of keener anguish, were it not for such,
To heal the wounded bosom with its touch!
Then, let man taste the balsam it distills,
To cheers his fears away, and soothe his ills,
Upon Hope's bosom let him lay his head,
And woo the cyren to his thorny bed.
In her fair arms, unheed the coming hours,
And dream his fortune lies alone midst flowers;
Dream while he may---for when just lulled to rest,
With Fancy playing round Enchantment's breast,
His soul is startled, and in waking, hears
The loud, ton'd thunder, rattling from the spheres;
He clasps, to press, Hope's image in his arms,
'Tis flown and left him to his lone alarms;
He flies until o'ertaken by Despair,
Falls and sepulchres all his Life's joys there.

XIII.

Morn rose with hues of blood, and with it rose
A strange, stern murmer from that field of foes;
The towering mountain, in whose fiery womb
The fierce volcano burns, ere it illumes
The scene around, with aweful tones within,
Warns, as it groans forth its prophetic din:
The whirlwinds issuing from their stormy caves,
Herald the angry roar of ocean's waves,
Ere they uptoss their wild heads to the skies,
And ask of fate a human sacrifice:
The death-denouncing demon of stern war,
Sets man with Force and Fury's power to jar;
His fellows rest—and if his voice be still,
His step and clanging steel detones his will+:
Arm, arm, Byzantium, Constantine awake!
But, wherefore call, when Glory is the stake:
Each at his post, where Honour leads his glance,
Beholds the powers of Mahomet advance;
The stir of thousands strikes the watch-guard's ears.
'Till, lo! the phalanx in its might appears.
As roll the billows, dashing on the rock
Which meets their fury, and resists their shock;

* The confidence of many, was founded on a prophecy of an enthusiast, that the Turks one day would enter Constantinople, and pursue the Romans as far as the Church of St. Sophia; but that an angel would descend from Heaven with a sword in his hand, and deliver the Empire. VIDE GIBBON.

+ Under pain of death, Silence was enjoined; but the physical laws of motion and sound, are not obedient to discipline or fear. VIDE GIBBON.

As shakes the oak, the rain-drops from its leaves,
When the wind bellows and the thunder cleaves:
Thus comes the foe—thus adverse arms repel
The blows, till sound seems frantic with the knell.
The Moslem multitude their wild forms toss;
Now towers the Crescent loftiest—now the Cross,
The mass of thousands now bears that on high,
This—now sustain'd by Valour floats the sky;
Long was the conflict,—deadly was the strife
On that steep rampart, trembling with the rife
Burthen of slaughtered victims: when that stern
Impatient Soldan, with the fiery yearn
Of fierce ambition, ordered on his host
Of Janizaries,—feared and favoured most.*
Hark, to the trumpet,—hark the tambour's roll,
Shrieks of the wounded and the dying soul;
The roar of cannon, and the rack of steel,
With war's revenge, the ready blow to deal,
The call to Valour, and the cry to blood,
The thousand murmurs of the multitude,
Commingled ring: "Alas, how long! how late!
The dauntless Roman fought for Freedom's fate;
His fallen numbers tell, nor yet appals
His soul, until Justiniani falls!
Then rush'd the Cæsar, onwards, with a soul
Whose bursting feelings brooked at no controul;
"On to the fight now," Valour leads the rest,
And Rome's last hopes crowd round the regal crest;
Born for a hero—lo, his heart, nor flies,
Nor sues—for Heroism ever dies,
Sooner than thus succumb, where Glory's aim
Leads on to immortality of Fame!
Behold the purple he disdains to wear,
But like the lowliest soldier, nerv'd to share
The deadliest danger, and most daring deed,
Lives, strives alone, to vanquish and be freed.
Alas, fair Fortune doth not always crown
The brightest hope, or trial for renown:
Though Justice bears a sword, yet strikes she not
The vilest ever, with untoward lot.
Yet is Truth just, where Candour's voice requires
Applause or censure for its pure desires;
And all the harvest which this life presents,
Time, reaps and stores in record's monuments.

XIV.

Lo, as the eagle on its bloody lair
Which flaps its wing with spirit lingering there,
(Though the last plume of its proud pinion, rent
Leaves it, deserted, and the element
Which raised its soaring flight unto the skies,
Murmurs around it with bemoaning sighs:)
So stood the last, lost Constantine,—and there
With his proud heart, indignant at despair,
Implored awhile, a death-blow of the brave,
And would not stoop, subdued, who could not save.

* The Janizaries, ever since the establishment of that formidable body, have borne the fate of the Turkish empire, and its Sultans, in their hands.

Firm to the last, he strives, one moment more;
'Tis past,—and lo, Byzantium's hopes are o'er!
Now rush'd, the Giaour, infuriate at delay,
And seiz'd, unspar'd, the victim and the prey;
Slaughter led on, whilst Lust and Rapine near,
Urged the full fury of their wild career.
Temples, and shrines, the matron and the maid:
Speak, ruthless war, in demon might array'd,
With brandish'd sword, and rude licentious gaze,
Darting uncheck'd through Passion's fiery ways:
Who shall denounce thee, as the tongue should tell,
With hand uprais'd gainst Heaven and heart in Hell?
Who shall denounce thee?—Mark the Mother's tears,
Who, weeps the slaughtered promise of her years!
Mark the fair form, which Cytherea's charms
Might envy, lest it waken Love's alarms!
Mark the torn relic of each fair abode!
And, mark the altars, now defiled, of God!

XV.

Weep, Memory, weep,—'tis Pity calls in tears,
To mourn the fortunes of these former years,—
Alas—amidst a mountain of the dead,
Where friend and foe there found a gory bed;
The pale worn relics of her lost lov'd lay,
Who ruled Byzantium at her closing day!
Alas, her heroes,—and alas, the hour
Which first saw Glory's hallowed meteor shower
Its splendour on her halls, when her first lord
Entwined the palm and olive round the sword.
The turban'd Saldan makes those halls rejoice,
Which long had echoed to a Roman voice;
Her sun hath set,—dim twilight marks the loss
Of famed Byzantium,—city of the Cross!
Yet, yet along, the tracks of Time which tell
How nations flourish'd, and how Empires fell:
Awful and grand, behold her name appears,
Though Fame is heard in sighs,—Hope seen in tears;
The unexpiring record of her worth
May claim the gorgeous tribute of the earth,
Bid every heart in sympathy, recall,
How Glory wept at the "last Cæsar's fall,"
And in fair memory eulogize the name,
Which liv'd "to Freedom," and expired "to Fame."

[END OF SECOND CANTO.]

OF THE MANUFACTURE OF POTASH.

Potash, (so termed, probably from the large pots or kettles in which it is manufactured) is a substance, found in the ashes of all vegetables growing at a distance from the sea. It is extensively used for many purposes in the arts and sciences, being necessary in the making of glass, in bleaching, in soap-making, and also in medicine, where it is employed in many different forms and under various modifications, both as an ingredient in some compounds, and as a chemical agent for various operations in pharmacy. This substance has obtained in science different names at different periods; it has been termed "Kali," "Vegetable Alkali," &c. &c. but the epithet Potash is that by which it is known in commerce, and by which it is designated in those operations in the arts where it is most abundantly used.

Potashes, although to be found in the ashes of all vegetables, placed at a distance from and beyond the influence of the sea air, is nevertheless more abundant in some plants than in others. *Wormwood* and some other herbaceous plants, such as potatoe-tops, furnish a large portion; next to those the leaves of some trees and shrubs contain it in abundance, and after these the different kinds of timber. The ashes of Beech are said to have produced from 11*lbs.* to 13*lbs.* of potash per quintal: Boxwood will give from 12*lbs.* to 14*lbs.* per quintal: in general the ashes of hard wood contain more than those of the softer kinds.

The method of manufacturing the Potashes of commerce, and such as are commonly brought to market is as follows: After the wood or vegetables are burnt, the ashes are collected into large wooden vessels named *Leach Tubs*. These are formed with a false or moveable bottom, placed at a small distance above the true bottom, so as to admit a portion of Quick-lime being introduced between them; the upper or moveable bottom is also placed at a small angle with the lower, in order to facilitate the draining off the fluid. Water is then poured upon the ashes in the tub, and after being allowed to stand for some time so as to dissolve all the saline matter, it is drained off by an orifice in the bottom. A second, or even a third portion of water, generally hot, is now poured on, and after being suffered to stand as before is also drained off. In this manner the ablution with different portions of water is continued until it passes off without taste or colour. The different portions of the drained fluid are then mixed together, and known by the name of *Ley*. This Ley is next put into a large kettle and boiled until the water be evaporated, and the saline mass remains in the bottom, under the name of *Black Salts*. But as it is obvious that in this state the Potash must be mixed with a large portion of vegetable matter and other impurities, it requires an additional operation to fit it for the market. This is performed by putting this impure salts into an iron pot or kettle, where they are subjected to a strong heat so as to melt them, and burn away all the impurities which are combustible, from whence it is thrown while in a state of fusion into smaller vessels, termed *coolers*, where it concretes into hard solid masses, and is packed in barrels for market.

It is evident from this brief account of the present method of manufacturing this article, that it goes to our market mixed with many sub-

stances calculated to injure its quality, and depreciate its value, as well as to deceive those who are not judges of it. Besides affording many opportunities to the unprincipled to commit fraud, by mixing their ashes with sand, lime, and other impurities while melting them, the process is objectionable, as it gives no method of separating those extraneous matters which exist along with the Potashes in the ashes of the wood. An additional cause of its impurity may arise from the gross ignorance of the manufacturer; for when the performance of these processes are left to the charge of illiterate men, it can hardly be expected that an equal degree of care will be paid to all of them. Chemical investigation has proved that the ashes of burnt vegetables contain many saline substances different from Potash, or potashes combined with other substances which totally alter its nature, many of these are dissolved in the water and washed from the ashes in the above process, without any attention being paid to separate them. *An example of this is familiar* to every manufacturer. When boiling the Ley for evaporation, there is a saline substance which separates in chrystals before the black salts are formed. This substance is the Sulphat of Potash or Potashes, united with the sulphuric acid,—a substance very different in its nature and properties from that which it is his object to obtain. These are termed *Neutral Salts*, and which, although improper to be mixed with Potashes, are nevertheless valuable. Instead of being left joined with the substance they are manufacturing, were these chrystals which thus readily separate in the operation carefully removed, and treated in the same manner as sediment Pearl ashes, they would be readily purchased by Glass-houses and bleachers, where they answer all the purposes of genuine Potashes, while the value of the latter would be encreased in proportion to their encreased purity. On the contrary, some manufacturers remove these chrystals, and throw them back on the top of their leach tubs for the purpose of re-dissolving them by the next water they pour on; others continue the evaporation without removing them; and not a few add them to their potashes during the process of melting. All which methods are pursued for the sake of œconomy, as it might be deemed a waste to lose this portion of salts, by many manufacturers who are ignorant of their nature,—not knowing that they will never unite with pure Potashes, and being unacquainted with a market for them.

Besides this substance, the Potashes of commerce are frequently mixed with others which deteriorate their value, such as sulphate of lime, from their having been improperly employed in the manufacturing, or from its being fraudulently mixed during the melting. Muriate of Potash, or Potash combined with the Muriatic Acid,—also vegetable ashes or sand, the latter perhaps mixed from negligence, or a fraudulent intention to encrease the weight.

The great importance of this article and the urgent necessity for having it as pure as possible, has been the means of attracting the attention of the Legislator in different countries. Hence Inspectors have been commissioned by Government, under whose surveillance it is obliged to pass before being brought to market.—This wise regulation owes its origin to the laudable desire every country feels to preserve the character of its staple articles of manufacture in the market. The same causes united with the very general use of Potash, has attracted the no-

tice of the learned and scientific towards it; and Chemistry which is now brought forward to illustrate and improve the arts of life, as well as to develope the mysteries of nature, has not been inattentive to the nature and properties of this substance. The celebrated VAUQUELIN has carefully examined the Potashes of Commerce from different countries, and after numbers of experiments on different specimens, has given the following TABLE of the respective quantities of pure Potash and foreign substances contained in a given weight.

	Potash.	Sulphate of Potash.	Muriate of Potash.	Insoluble Matter.	Carbonic Acid and Water.
Pearl Ashes,	754	80	4	6	308
Russian Potashes,	772	60	5	56	254
Dantzic Ashes,	603	152	14	79	204
American Potashes,	857	145	20	2	119
Potashes of Treves,	720	165	44	24	199
Potashes of Vosges,	444	148	510	34	304

N. B.—The quantity he used was 1152 parts.

The method of detecting the substances with which potashes are generally mixed is in the present enlightened state of chemical knowledge, well ascertained. A small quantity of the Potash is first to be dissolved in water; if the solution be muddy it contains vegetable ashes which are not soluble in the water. Seperate these from the mixture either by filtering it through paper, or by allowing it to stand until the ashes subside and pour off the pure liquid. If to this we add a few drops of any acid, (nitrous acid,) and a precipitate of a viscil or gelatinous nature takes place, there has been sand mixed with the ashes in melting. By using a weak solution of the nitrate of silver (caustic,) the muriate of Potash will be detected in the same manner. The sulphate of Potash is known from the chrystals it forms on evaporation.*

The substance called Pearl-ashes is nothing more than the Potashes of Commorce refined to a certain degree, by being put in vessels for the purpose, and submitted to an intense heat in a furnace, until melted.—They are then thrown upon iron plates and allowed to cool and harden. This process has the effect of burning away such of the vegetable matter as may have escaped being burnt when first melted—hence it improves their colour, and from the mode in which they are cooled, changes the appearance of the ashes, from being in large indurated masses, as emptied from the coolers, to that of a white rough powdery aspect. The Pearling as it is termed, also diminishes the causticity of the ashes, and although necessary to prepare potashes for some purposes is not so in others.

The more recent discoveries in Chemistry, particularly those made by Sir H. Davy, have shown Potash (the vegetable alkali) which had been hitherto considered in its pure state as a simple substance, to be a compound body. And it is now proved to be composed of the substance termed Oxygen, united to a base or other substance, possessing all the

* To obtain Potash in a state of perfect purity, for medical or chemical purposes, writers on chemistry have adopted many different processes: but a little attention to the proper use of the above tests will be sufficient to discover Potash of the requisite degree of purity for all the ordinary purposes of the arts.

characteristic properties of a metal, together with the singular peculiarity of being highly inflammable, taking fire on being placed in contact with water or ice. Sir H. Davy first made this singular discovery by means of his Galvanic Battery, the most powerful instrument for chemical decomposition which has been found out. Afterwards he, in concert with Guy Lussac Thenard and other chemists, discovered a method of decomposing Potash upon the principle of chemical affinity, and in a more simple manner. They inserted a quantity of iron filings into a gun barrel, bent in such a form that the middle part of it could be submitted to a white heat, and the extremities kept cool. To one end of the barrel, and connected with its interior by a small orifice, they affixed a tube containing Potash, (the purer the better) while at the other end of the barrel was placed a safety tube with a little mercury in it, so as to admit the escape of any gas or vapour which might be produced during the operation. When the apparatus is thus prepared, the middle part of the barrel which contains the iron filings is heated to whiteness, and while it is attaining that temperature, the Potash in the end tube is kept cool by a freezing mixture. As soon as the portion of the barrel containing the filings has become sufficiently hot, the freezing mixture is removed, and heat applied to the tube containing the Potash. This is encreased until the alkali melts and passes over into the barrel, where it comes in contact with the filings, and where it is decomposed. Its oxygen combines with the hot filings, and the base is found in its brilliant luminated form, adhering to the inside of the other end of the barrel.

Chemists have given to this substance the name of Potassium, and have ascertained it to be a metal of specific gravity of 6 to 10 compared with water. At the temperature of 32° Farenheit it is hard and brittle, of a christalized texture when broken, and in colour like silver. At 50° Farn. it becomes soft and malleable, at 70° more liquid, and at 100° completely fluid. When exposed to the atmosphere it becomes quickly opaque and covered with a crust which is pure Potash. Brought in contact with water, it rapidly decomposes it, with an explosion accompanied with intense heat and flame. From all which it would appear that Potash is a metal in a state of rust, (in chemical language, in a state of oxid) and is incapable of existing in its metalic form in our atmosphere but by artificial means. An explanation of the uses of Pot and Pearl Ashes, in the different arts where these articles are employed, would form a subject too extensive to enter upon at present. It may, however, be briefly stated, that in the manufacturing of Glass, Potashes are used, from the principle which alkaline substances possess of causing flicit (or silicious) substances to melt and become fusible, when subjected to a sufficiently high temperature. In the composition of Soap, Potashes are used from their property of effecting a union between oily or fat substances and water. And as it is not improbable that this union may arise from some chemical change produced in the oil or fat by the action of the alkali or potash, it is the same quality which operates in rendering the potashes useful in the art of Bleaching.

In a former number of this Magazine,* an extract from Tilloch's

* No. 2. p. 183.

Philosophical Magazine appeared, intimating that the "*lime rock*, properly prepared, had been discovered to be a substitute for ashes, so far as regards bleaching." Should this be the case, and should such a discovery once come into general use, it might operate in diminishing the sale of *Potashes*. It will however require time to effect such a change, and to overcome the prejudices of the ignorant, the strongest obstacle to innovations, whether good or bad. As I have had no opportunity of knowing the method this writer has of preparing his Lime Rock for bleachers, nor of the description of Lime rock proper for his purpose, I am unable to offer an opinion on the merits of the discovery. But its announcement from so respectable a work bespeaks it deserving notice; and should excite an ardent endeavour in the inhabitants of this Colony to preserve the character of their ashes, by every equitable *means they can employ.*

C.

THE MONTREAL CURLING CLUB.

This Club was instituted in January, 1807, by some natives of North Britain, to introduce their favourite national Game on the St. Lawrence. They were joined by several others, making in all twenty; of which number the Club, when full, is composed. The game had been previously played occasionally at Quebec, but it is believed no regular Club was formed so early in that city.

The Rules of the Game are framed upon the practice in Scotland, with perhaps some few deviations, which would not be interesting to those who do not understand it; and Curlers do not require such information. But as some of the general principles or directions are well expressed in the Motto prefixed to the Book containing the Rules, Regulations and Proceedings of the Club—it is here subjoined:—

Soft fair, draw to a hair;
Your stone being well directed,
You'll hit your aim, and win the Game;
If you miss, be not dejected!

The original Rules of the Club have, in several instances, been altered, as they now stand, new Members are admitted by ballot, which must be unanimous, as one dissenting voice excludes a Candidate. The Members meet to dine, twice every season—at the beginning and end of Winter; the dinner is upon an economical plan, consisting chiefly of dishes most in use in Scotland, and a bowl of hot Whiskey Punch or Toddy is always introduced after dinner. For some years after its institution, the Club met to dine every two weeks during winter, which proved an inducement to some Gentlemen to become Members for the sake of conviviality, who were not "*Keen Curlers*"—and partly from this cause, partly from the interruption of such recreations caused by the late war with the United States, no meeting of the Club for dinner or play took place for several years. It has since been revived on a footing somewhat different, as above mentioned; and it is hoped will not again meet with a similar interruption.—Formerly the losing party on the ice paid for the Bowl of Punch, but that rule is also res-

tinded, and the game in general is played without any stake; there having been only two exceptions of late years, when matches were made up for a dinner, not including wine and other beverage. Those who are absent from the Club for more than two years become honorary Members; and a small fine used to be imposed on such as were absent, without a good reason, on the days fixed for playing; but that was also soon given up, it being supposed "that those who feel no interest in the Game will not be induced to attend from the mere consideration of the fine."

Every Wednesday is a Club-day for playing, but Members who choose may play at any other time when ice can be found, which is often not to be met with, from the great quantity of snow that usually falls every winter, and remains so long, and this is the principal impediment in Canada to the healthful and manly game of Curling; the success of which, on good ice, depends upon precision and skill more than on strength. Instead of *Whin* or other stones, as used in Scotland, *Cast-Iron* balls are used by this Club, and also at Quebec; they are of different sizes, from about 45lbs to 65lbs weight, and have lately been declared to be the property of the Club, as a body, with only one exception in favour of a particular member. They do not run so well as *Whin Stones* in mild weather, or when the sun shines bright and warm; but in general answer the purpose fully as well, and possess one great advantage, that they cannot be cracked nor broken.

The Club appoints a Secretary, who is also Treasurer, and whose duty it is to record their Proceedings, and any thing remarkable connected therewith, from which some interesting facts may occasionally be collected regarding the change of seasons, &c.—For example, on the 27th February, 1822, the ice was not fit for playing from the effects of a hot sun; the same year there was no play after the 19th March, and then it took place early in the morning; other seasons were later, and on the last of March, 1820, a match was played on the River St. Lawrence, upon the Current St. Mary's (where the ice seldom takes, and when it does freeze is generally rough) behind Molson's Brewery, "from 10, A. M. till 1, P. M. the ice was smooth and keen, and the rink about the usual length." Also in 1807, so late as the 11th April, a game was played on the River, a little below the Port, at 5 o'clock in the morning.

The Game is very interesting to those who play, or to spectators who understand it; however in this Country, where it is yet but little known, bye-standers are apt to consider it as a puerile amusement; and a Canadian farmer at Quebec, who had seen the game for the first time, gave the following description of it:—"J'ai vu aujourd'hui une bande d'Ecossois qui jettoient des grandes boules de fer, faites comme des bombes, sur la glace, après quoi, ils crioient *soupe, soupe*; ensuite, ils rioient comme des foux: je crois bien qu'ils sont vraiement foux."

"To-day I saw a band of Scotchmen, who were throwing large balls of iron like tea-kettles on the ice, after which they cried *soop, soop*, (sweep, sweep) and then laughed like fools; I verily believe they are really foolish."

The technical terms of the game being unintelligible to some lookers

on, or misunderstood by others, have also been frequently a subject of merriment; and the writer of this article has seen many a grave personage laugh very heartily on hearing one gentleman tell another, (in good humour and without any offence being taken) '*You are a Hog, Sir.*'* Besides the stones already mentioned as common property, and of which every new member has to pay his proportion on being admitted, the Club had formerly a Punch Bowl, with a wooden Ladle of curious workmanship, also a snuff horn and horn spoons; all of which were unfortunately destroyed by fire in August, 1821, when the house of the late Secretary was burnt to the ground. The only article that has yet been replaced is the Snuff-Horn, imported from Scotland, of which the following notice is taken in the Club-Book: "This is a large Horn of a tup (or ram) elegantly mounted in silver, with a superb Cairngorum set in gold in the lid. The weight as it is now finished (exclusive of the snuff it contains) is 4lbs 13oz. avoirdupoise; and when it was taken from the Tup, before the heart or flint was extracted, must have weighed considerably more." Opinions are also stated as to the age of the Tup from the nicks in the horn, and regret expressed at so few particulars being known of the History of so noble an animal which carried such large horns: but as this account is already perhaps too long, it shall conclude with the following extract from a few verses on this magnificent Horn and the Tup who once carried it, written by a Gentleman who, though not a Member, admires the Game, and is friendly to the Club.

I.

From Scotland I came—on her mountains I grew—
The proof of a hero in love, and in war;
Who was famed on the hills where the wild tempest blew,
By many a sigh and by many a scar.

II.

What boots how he fell—since his glory we trace,
And his days passed in all the endearments of home!
More blessed than the shepherds who tended his race,
Condemned o'er the far faithless ocean to roam.

III.

On the field where he died—in reward of their care—
He bequeathed his proud arms, to be sent o'er the deep—
That midst joy and good humour, and love of the fair
They might think of the land where their forefathers sleep.

* In some parts of Scotland, where the game is played in the greatest perfection, the chief dependence of the Inhabitants is on raising sheep, and the young ones, at a certain age, before attaining their full strength, are there called Hogs: hence a stone that has not force to pass a certain line drawn across the ice, denominated the Hog-Score is said to be a Hog and thrown off the Rink, and the term is also commonly applied to the player of the Stone.

Selected Papers.

PLEASURES OF DRAWING.

Hunger, they say, will penetrate stone walls; alas, would it were the only thing that could find its way through brick and mortar; for then should I not have begun this sentence fourteen times, mended my pen, bitten my nails, scratched my head, and wished the whole race of Tomkisons and Broadwoods at Jerico, because a young lady in the next house has been for three hours fighting the Battle of Prague. There has been as much wire spun at Nuremberg within these latter days, as would reach from here to Jupiter; and if all this music reaches the other spheres, heaven knows what they must think of their coadjutor in that concert which they are all performing.

Dr. Spurzheim says, that there is a lump of fibrous and cineritious matter in certain brains, allotted to this particular function, and that vain is mortal toil, should some other lump of brain have usurped its place. This may possibly be true of German brains; but I beg to inform the Doctor, that there is a distinct organ allotted to piano-forte playing, which is universal. How else should all our misses learn the piano-forte, and play on the piano-forte? how else should piano-fortes swarm from John o'Groat's house to the Land's-end, as frogs did erst in Egypt?—and how should it be that if you retire from one corner of your house to avoid the "piano-forte next door;" it is only to meet the other piano-forte at the other next door? How should it be else, that nine, or seven, or six hours of every day, from eight years of age to five-and-twenty, are occupied in thrumming the eternal wires, and drumming the endless keys? that every daughter of every shoemaker, and inn-keeper, and farmer, plays on her "piano?" that even the mahogany of Jamaica has not time to grow, and that the dentists of Africa cannot draw elephant's teeth fast enough? These unfortunate beasts complained, ages ago, that the great statue of Phidias (Pheidias, I beg your pardon) had cost them one hundred and forty sets of teeth; but what is this to the depredations which are now to find beef and porter for an army of workmen that might have built the Athenian fleet, and claret and carriages for the whole race of Cramers and Kalkbrenners, and noise for all Great Britain?

Time must be occupied:—true. But as there are dumb bells, why cannot there be dumb piano-fortes? That indeed would be a meritorious patent. In the mean time, the sampler is thrown to the dogs; the honours of the ancient chair-bottoms are no more; our shirts are without buttons to the collar; our kitchens are left to the cook, and our children to the nursery maid; and after fourteen years of hard labour, and four or fourteen hundred guineas transferred to the fiddler's pocket, besides the finish, which can only be given by the polishing powder of some Ries or Von Esch,—the end is, the Battle of Prague, perchance a Scotch reel, or two sonatas of Clementi, with a set of variations on God save the King, of which two or three must be skipped; and among the rest of which, old Carey would be troubled to know his own again.

Life is a good deal too long, I admit. Something must be found to

do, or how were we to wear out this long disease? We are all ambitious to be reformers. You want to know my scheme: it is contained in one word—DRAWING. This has many advantages.

In the first place it makes no noise. In the next, as I shewed at the beginning, you may shut your eyes if you do not like it. In the third, it is not a theatrical acquisition: it does not exhibit a tender female contending in a hot room for the applause of an unknown crowd; her bosom rankling with envy, or swelling with ambition: it does not make our wives and daughters public characters, nor infringe on the sex's first charm, its retiring modesty. Lastly, it does not cost so much money; and fourthly, as Dogberry says, it does not cost so much time; and seventhly, and to end, its produces is permanent, durable, lasting; it may be stored away for future pleasure, and is not whistled off into thin air, to perish and be forgotton like the taste of turtle, or last year's clouds.

But do not suppose that I mean by drawing, the manufacture of three pair of fire-screens and two card-racks, or a gentle swain making love to a shepherdess under the cover of Cupid and a bundle of painted and twisted matches; or that I intend, by drawing, a landscape framed and glazed and gilded; combed and brushed and sponged and plastered by the fair pupil and Mr. Glover in partnership, splendent in all such colours as never were seen but in the colour-box: the first, the last, the only one that ever is to result from the expenditure of three years, and ten or thirty times as many guineas. Unless, indeed, the fair should become ambitious to "sketch from Nature," and should, after a tour to "the lakes," or to Loch Catcrine, return with an exquisitely bound marble and morocco book, filled with "sketches from Nature," which unhappy Nature would be at a loss to recognize, and where we only know that a house is not a mountain, because it has a door and a chimney; and that it cannot be a cabbage which we are contemplating, because cabbages have no branches; nor a pole, because poles do not bear leaves.

It is however a popular and absurd prejudice that the art of drawing is difficult or unattainable, that it requires genius, as the vulgar phrase it, and that it is fruitless, for those who have no genius to attempt it.—A young lady, or a young gentleman, for it is all the same, tries once or twice, or perhaps half-a-dozen times, to produce a drawing, the copy generally of some bad print; and because they do not at once rival Claude or Raphael, it is determined that they have no genius, and the pencil is thrown aside for ever. As if this art was to be attained without effort or study, and by inspiration; when a shoemaker must serve his years of apprenticeship, and even the genius of a chimney-sweeper is not elicited till his knees and elbows have acquired half a dozen new integuments.

I am not going to theorise on this matter so absurdly, as to say, that mere labour will make a great artist; or that all mankind may become painters by practice alone. But there is a great deal in all its inferior branches which may be attained in this manner, without much superiority of intellect, and by ordinary minds. Even in a professional point of view, this is true; far more, where amusement or mere utility is in view, where it may become the general pursuit of the people, as literature or general science is. Much of painting is merely imitative. In these inferior parts, all may attain a mediocrity which is valuable, or

which may be a source of pleasure. But of all these branches, there is none of a general nature at least, so attainable as landscape, and in which the produce is always in some way amusing.

It is a popular mistake also, that the education in this art is difficult, or tedious, or expensive. It bears no proportion to music in this respect, even where pursued in the most extravagant manner. It may be made expensive, as it is, as every thing is in England, where the trade of education is a lucrative one, where it is therefore rendered, as far as possible, a mystery, and where parents have agreed to shift off from themselves the labour of education, in every thing, where that which ought to be a pleasure has become a burden and a task, and all the duties of parentage are to be commuted for money. But all this is unnecessary. Children, generally, shew a desire to draw, and, when permitted, acquire it to a certain extent, with far less toil than they learn to write: doing the one, in fact, with pleasure, because they see the immediate results, and labouring unwillingly on that of which they cannot yet foresee the value. Habits can thus be acquired by them, with very little superintendence, and without expensive masters—without any masters indeed; and, even at a more advanced stage, it is almost sufficient to give them to copy good models, which cost little.

Even in advanced age, it is a great mistake which supposes that the art of drawing cannot be acquired; that, if not commenced in youth, it is too late to begin. It is never too late for any thing, unless, where, as in music, muscles are to be taught habits which their rigidity or want of early training prevents them from acquiring late in life. This is not the case with drawing, which lies more in the eye and the mind than in the hand.

In a country like ours, where every one looks at pictures, and buys pictures, and talks of pictures, and travels in pursuit of the picturesque, and where every one reads every thing and talks of every thing; and where our ladies write reviews and treatises on political economy, and attend the Royal Institution, and make experiments, and study their *ologies*, nothing but such a prejudice could have prevented them at least from studying the art of drawing, as they do that of music. Why the gentlemen do not, or why drawing is not, for them, considered a branch of liberal education, I do not know; unless that they are too much occupied in driving barouches, corrupting Cornish boroughs, attending Newmarket, reading newspapers, and practising divinity, law, physic, and fox-hunting; while all the knowledge of art which is required for talking about it, may be acquired in a few hours, by reading Pilkington and Mr. Haydon's criticisms on the British Gallery.

Aristotle says of this art, "It ought to form a branch of education; not that it may prevent its possessors from being cheated in the purchase of pictures, but because it teaches them the art of contemplating and understanding beautiful forms."

To come nearer home, Lord Arundel says, that a man who cannot draw cannot be an honest man. Shakspeare has said pretty much the same about music; and the axiom came from a warm heart at least, in both. Castiglione, too, is not a very bad authority in matters that concern a liberal education; and certainly his view of the nature and education of a courtier, differed somewhat from that of my Lord Chester-

field. What he says of the utility of drawing, might indeed have been said a hundred ways;—so that I may pass it over: but what he says of *landscape-painting*, which is the *only* part of this subject in which I am about to intermeddle, is deserving of being said in his own words, which, not being Greek, may be safely quoted. "Et veramente chi non estima quest' arte, parmi che molto sia dalla ragione alieno: che la machina del mondo che noi veggiamo, con l'ampio cielo di chiare stelle tanto splendido; et nel mezzo la terra da i mari cinta, di monti, valli, et fiumi variata, et di diversi alberi et vaghi fiori et di herbe ornata; dir si puo che una nobile et gran pittura sia per man de la natura et di Dio composta. La qual chi puo imitare, parmi esser di gran laude degno."

With respect to the utility of this art, two strokes of a pencil will often tell a tale of unknown length, and there are many tales which cannot be told at all for want of it.

Sir Joseph Banks ploughs the depths of old ocean for years, cutting through the bodies and souls of the myriad tribes by which it is inhabited, in vain. They will neither pickle nor preserve; the wealthy Baronet cannot draw them, and he and the world continue as wise as ever. Mr. Humboldt sweats himself to a thread on the Oronoko, and freezes his beard to wire on the Andes; and lo! when he arrives at Jamaica, all his collections are in the maws of termites, and dermestes, and centipedes: all for want of a few scraps of paper and a halfpenny-worth of Indian ink properly distributed on them.

Our Parks (worthy man,) *and our Mackenzies, and Hearnes, and* Brownes, and uncounted thousands more, run all over the world to *disennuy* themselves and bring home journals; and when the journals have generated a quarto, or half-a-dozen quartos, nine-tenths, and the better part too, of the story is all to seek. There are beasts and buildings, and men and plants, and serpents and gorgons, and chimeras and countries of all kinds, architecture that we are dying to understand, monuments from the time of Nimrod, mountains whose heads do reach the skies; and what is it when told?—nothing.

It is just the same at home. The same cowardly and indolent spirit has served to make taste a trade; and thus, in this commercial country of ours, we proceed on the principal of the division of labour; as if no one man ought to do more than one thing, as if he who twists the head of a pin is not to cut its carcase into lengths; going to the proper shops, to *buy a guinea's-worth of taste from one artist, and a thousand pound's-worth* from another. Thus the gentleman who has more money than wit, applies to him who has more wit than money, and who sets up a shop where he retails it to all those who are fools enough to buy.—Hence the gardener, who has acquired a fortune of some kind, by the usual means, sets up for a Capability-man; and those who, like the general mob, are led by high pretensions, flock to him, laying open their lands and their purses, till the one is emptied, and the other marred; and thus doing, by a deputy, what they ought to have been far better capable of doing themselves, while also depriving themselves of what might have been a source of pleasure, as well as an employment. It is the same in architecture: as if taste could only be acquired by those who must live by it; as if he who has, or might have, the most gene-

ral education and the most varied acquirements, must necessarily be inferior to all those who choose to assert their superiority, and to keep a shop for its distribution.

It will surprise those who are not accustomed to analyze and study their impressions and recollections, to find how little of accuracy their ideas of visible objects really possess; not only in remembrance, but even at the moment of the impression. But it does not surprise a painter to find that, even at the distance of years, he can recall a subject, which he once intended to paint, or that he can give, at any time, the true character of objects once impressed on his mind. As far as painting is merely an imitative art, this is its essence—a correct notion of visible forms and colours; and he who cannot paint, differs far more from the artist in his eye for present observation, or in his memory for past ones, than he does in mere dexterity of hand. In truth, ordinary observers have but vague notions of forms, whatever they may imagine; and the test is, that they cannot draw them. When the eye has acquired its knowledge, the hand will not be long in learning to record it.

Were this art more generally diffused, the relations of travellers would differ far less from each other than they now do, even on ordinary matters, and would convey far more accurate, as well as more consistent ideas. It is the fashion, however, for every one to imagine that he can describe pictures and buildings; though ignorant of painting and architecture, and unable to mark on paper the outline of a column or the angle of a pediment. The public at large has no resource in these cases, but to submit with sad civility, or to believe and be deceived. But he who knows what art is, will pay the same attention to these tales as he does to the criticisms which he daily hears in picture-galleries;—where a knowledge of all that belongs to art is supposed to be innate or inherent in those who do not possess one of its principles; but whose claims to knowledge consist in wealth to purchase, or in birth to dictate. Sir Joshua shifts his trumpet and takes snuff.

But I must return from utility to pleasure; which, nine times out of ten, is the better thing of the two. And here, also, I must limit myself to landscape; lest, if I went deeper into the subject, I should weary the patience of the reader. If the pleasures derived from any art—from painting, architecture, poetry or music—are greatest to those who are educated—a truth which will only be denied on the general ground of the felicity of ignorance—then we ought to cultivate the art of drawing, to enable us to derive from natural scenery all the pleasures which it is capable of affording. Nature, as Castiglione says, is a great picture painted by the hand of the Creator: it is an endless collection of pictures, offering inexhaustible sources of pleasure and study, and criticism; containing not only all that art ever executed, all its principles and all its details, but infinitely more than it can ever attain. If it requires deep and long study to understand art, if none can truly judge of it but he whose hand can follow his eye, or whose eye at least has acquired that knowledge which makes the painter, it cannot require less to understand nature. Nor must it be said that, in the study of art, any more than in that of nature, taste may be independent of this accuracy

of knowledge, or that a perfect perception of beauty can exist without it. As well might it be said that a perfect perception of the beauties of poetry or music may exist without critical knowledge. I do not mean technical criticism; but a distinct comprehension of all the sources of beauty, of their nature and causes.

Applying this rule to the simple enjoyment of natural scenery, as the object now before us, it is only the practical painter, he who is at the same time every thing that a painter ought to be, who can derive from landscape all the pleasures which it is calculated to yield. And the ignorant or uncultivated spectator will receive less enjoyment from it than he who, though not an artist, has studied the art of painting, or who, from his practical knowledge of drawing, has learnt to observe and compare truly, to attend to a thousand minute circumstances in colour, form, shadow, contrast, and so forth, which escape ordinary spectators.

Among artists, also, each has his particular bent: each observes something which another will overlook. While the eye of Claude comprehends the whole extent of a rich or fertile country, dressed up in all the luxuriance of art and nature, adorned with mountains and rivers, and trees and temples, and teeming with life; that of Cuyp will content itself with a sunny bank and a groupe of cattle, as that of Berghem too often does with a few ruined walls: while the degenerate taste of others is satisfied, where Nature spreads all her beauties around, to grovel among hay-fields and pig-sties, to study and detail the anatomy of a wooden bridge or a muddy wharf.

The critic in art finds other sources of enjoyment in landscape, which are unknown even to those whose acquired taste may, short of this information, stand at a high point in the scale. In the accidents of light and shade, he perceives beauties which those do not know how to feel or value who are unaware of their power in giving force and attraction to paintings. In the multiplicity and harmony of direct, reflected, and half lights, under a thousand tones for which there are no terms, he sees charms which are only sensible to a highly cultivated and somewhat technical eye. It is only such an eye that can truly feel the beauty of colouring—that is sensible to its innumerable modifications, to all the hidden links by which it is connected, and to all the harmony which results from arrangement and contrast.

The mere art of omission in contemplating landscape is a most material one; nor is it to be acquired without study and technical knowledge. Nature is rarely, indeed, faultless; more commonly, she is full of faults to counteract her beauties. And as the deformities are commonly the most obvious, invariably so to the uneducated, so these turn with neglect or aversion from scenes whence the educated and the critic, without difficulty, extract beauties. The latter may, if he practises drawing, fill his portfolio with subjects from countries where others would not make a single sketch: or, if that is not his object, he still travels in the midst of beautiful scenes where his companions, if he has any, are dull and uninterested; with the additional satisfaction, if he thinks it such, that results from his consciousness of superiority, and with the much more legitimate one, that he is enjoying the reward of his own exertions and studies.

This is the education which not only teaches us how to enjoy Nature, but which absolutely creates the very scenes for our enjoyment. This, too, is the education which is attainable by all. But the artist who is versed in the works of his predecessors, finds still farther sources of pleasure in comparison, as the critic does in comparing the several styles of authors. Thus he learns to look at Nature alternately with the eye of Poussin, or Claude, or Berghem, or Rembrandt, or Waterlo; detecting, by their aid, beauties that would otherwise have escaped him, and multiplying to an incalculable degree the sources of his enjoyment as well as of his studies.

It is of the character of one artist, perhaps, to dwell on all that is placid and rich in composition and colour; another delights in the foaming torrent, the ravine, and the precipice; the simplicity of rural nature exclusively attracts a third, and others yet, select for imitation the edifices of art, the depths of the forest, the ocean decked with smiles or raging with fury, or the merest elements of landscape—the broken bank, the scathed tree, or the plants that deck the foreground. Viewing with the eyes of the whole, stored with the ideas which he has accumulated from the study of their works, his attention is alive and his senses open to every thing; and not a beauty can pass before him but he is prepared to see it and to enjoy it.

I have supposed, at the outset of this little essay, that all the ordinary and mechanical part of drawing—that which consists in copying from works of art, from drawings, or even from nature, may be attained by all persons of moderate and ordinary talents, if they will but believe that it is attainable, and will make use of that moderate portion of exertion or industry which they bestow on other things. But having still before me landscape as the most attainable and amusing branch of this art, it is necessary, if we would form the mind of the young artist, or even our own as mere idlers in art, so as to extract from Nature all the beauties she contains, and analyze and detect her inexhaustible stores, that we should become familiar with the works of all those painters who have excelled in their several ways, neglecting no style, but learning to appropriate to each his particular class of scenery, and to seek for these in Nature. Fortified with this knowledge, we can look at the objects she presents; and glancing over our treasured ideas, if we find not what Claude would have found, we may yet discover what would have formed the study of Both, or Suaneveldt, or Vanderneer; and thus multiply our enjoyments to an incalculable degree, by extracting something of form, or colour, or composition, from what is before us; by personifying the infinite variety of tastes that have preceded us, and for all of which there is enjoyment, when we choose to seek it, and know where it is to be sought.

In every thing the art of seeing is really an art, and an art that must be learnt. It must be learnt for the plainest of reasons. It is not a simple effort, nor the result of simple sensations; it is the consequence of short and quick, but complicated trains of reasoning, and is necessarily connected with, and dependent on, a thousand associations, without which it were the same if the objects were exhibited to the eyes of a child or a dromedary.

It is natural for us to imagine that we must know well and thoroughly

that with which we are familiar, that we cannot fail to understand what we see every day. Thus the vulgar, which imagines itself a judge of music, forgets also that there may be more in this art than meets its own ear, and refuses to yield its judgment to the learned. As little can it comprehend the natural beauties which surround it; and thus also it disbelieves, as it dislikes, like Mungo in the Padlock, what it does not understand. Yet this taste is of slow growth, and is among the last to appear. If we doubt that, to be attained in perfection, it requires much and various study, much practice, and great delicacy of feeling, a warm and creative imagination, and many collateral acquisitions, we have only to examine our own progress, to compare our present state with any previous one, and, in admitting that there may be a much longer path before us than the one we have left behind, learn to be modest.

As to the public at large, we have almost ourselves witnessed the rise, the origin, of the present taste, such as it is, for the beauties of Nature—for landscape scenery. If it does not yet possess much, it is still a far other public than it was forty, nay, thirty years ago. And if I shall succeed in convincing your readers, whether male or female, that it may be yet a far different public from what is now, I expect that Mr. Newman and Mr. Ackermann, and the remainder of this ingenious tribe, will join in a handsome subscription for a piece of plate, something better than the silver palette of the Society of Arts, to be presented through your hands, Mr. Editor, to the X. Y. Z. gentleman who has written this paper, and thus brought custom to their shops. I beg to assure you that I am neither a colourman, nor a paper-maker, nor even a drawing-master; and that the Ladies and Gentlemen, who are ambitious of learning more than they already know, need not apply as above. I am, I assure you, a most disinterested, or uninterested, personage; and am only ambitious to add to the pleasures and accomplishments of the darling sex from which all our own pleasures and accomplishments arise, and to which they all tend.

But, as I am in danger of travelling out of the record, I shall only add, before I take my leave, that the great increase of domestic travelling, while it appears to originate in a taste for the beauties of Nature, is that which chiefly tends to generate it. The people begin by imagining that it sees, and admires, and understands; and it ends in doing what it had but fancied before—in seeing, admiring and understanding. If a taste for the art of design is also yet low in Britain, there is a certain moderate portion of it which is widely diffused, as is a species of rambling and superficial literature: and all this aids the cause, as it is equally an earnest of future improvement. Let us all strive for more; and, to attain it, begin by convincing ourselves of our ignorance. There are few pleasures better worth the pursuit, for there are few that cost less and produce less pain—few that yield more refined and delicate satisfaction, either in the present enjoyment or the future recollection. The contemplation of Nature is a perpetual and a cheap gratification; improving the heart while it cultivates the mind, and abstracting us from the view, as it helps to guard us against the intrusion, of those cares, against which it requires all our watchfulness and attention to shut the door.

New Monthly Magazine.

CAMPAIGNS OF A CORNET.

NO. II.

I was congratulating myself, as far as my own personal safety was concerned, on the successful termination of my first essay in arms, and beginning to think there were but few terrors in the frown of War, when I heard a report that the enemy had despatched a fresh body of troops to supply the place of the regiments which had just been discomfitted, and to form a rallying point for the fugitives. The newly-arrived corps took up nearly the same position, from which their comrades had been driven. This *da capo* sort of proceeding was rather more than I had contracted for; but the advantage which we had so lately obtained seemed, if possible, to inspire our troops with a double share of ardour. I was absolutely astonished at the physical phenomenon which our men displayed: after a most laborious and toilsome march, and after all the exhaustion of the battle, each individual in the regiment seemed as vigorous and alert as if he had just risen from his couch, refreshed with quiet slumber. For my own part, as I saw the enemy advancing, there seemed to be a sort of reaction in my frame; and my strength and vivacity rose in proportion to their former depression. I found each artery in my body "as hardy as the Nemæan lion's nerve," and I exulted in the sound of the bugles, which at that moment reiterated the charge. We now had to "fight our battle o'er again;" for we found that the French, like the Dutch in Clarendon's time, "would endure to be beaten longer than we could endure to beat them." I knew still less of the last charge than I had done of the first; for, on closing with the enemy, my head and the butt-end of a French musket came in contact, and my unfortunate sconce being fashioned of the more yielding material, enforced me, like many of the brave fellows about me, to measure my length upon the ground. I must have lain for some time insensible to the trampling of both friends and foes, who must, I am sure, have stepped very inconsiderately over my recumbent frame; for on recovering my recollection, I found that in addition to the blow I had received, some very heavy heels had left their *vestigia* in various parts of my body. I scarcely know the length of time which I lay in this torpid state, but on opening my eyes, I perceived some fellows of a most disgusting appearance busily engaged in turning over the dying and the dead, and apparently taking out administration of all their personal effects. I was now exceedingly puzzled; and in truth I was hung between the horns of a very awkward dilemma—weather on the one hand to sham dead, like the valiant knight at the fray of Shrewsbury, and thus escape captivity, at the expense of all my clothes and a gold repeater, and, moreover, with the chance of being "embowelled" by-and-by; or on the other, by lustily crying quarter, to incur the certain horrors of a long duress. Seeing one of these "pernicious blood-suckers" approaching for the purpose of exercising his calling upon my prostrate carcase, I began to fear, lest if he thought me insensible, he might put a final period to my course of glory, by the application of a singularly large knife, with which he was reaping a

golden harvest from the shoulders of the fallen. At this moment I felt great relief at the sight of a French officer, riding across the field, upon which I exclaimed, with a very audible voice, "Je vive." The officer, hearing my cry, rode up to me, and calling to two or three of his men who followed him, bade them convey me to the French quarters. I was stronger than I expected, though my bones ached pretty considerably. Seeing that I was much bruised, the officer commanded one of the dragoons to dismount, and I seating myself on the outside of the long-tailed caracoling charger of this *chasseur-a-cheval*, followed my conductors for about two miles, till we passed the encampment in which the French were stationed, and reached a village which I found was the head-quarters of the French General. My companions informed me that the French, by bringing up several fresh regiments, had regained the position from which we had at first driven them, and our troops had then directed their efforts against another body of the enemy, which occupied a position in another part of the ground; and I concluded, from the reserved and lame account of the transaction which I received, that the English had succeeded in their attempt. On my arrival I was conducted into the presence of the French General St. ——, who interrogated me as to the movements, force, and station of our own army; but of course I resolutely refused to give any answer, which raised me a good deal in the estimation of the General himself, who though a stern soldier, was a man of honour and high principle, and, from what I saw of him afterwards, seemed to be well acquainted with the world. I received an invitation to dine with him the next day, and was immediately assigned quarters in a neighbouring house, and placed under close arrest at my own request, as I refused for the present to be admitted to my parole of honour. At the appointed hour next day, with a silk handkerchief bound round my head, which still reminded me of the heavy arm of my Gallic adversary, I was ushered into a spacious room in a chateau, where the French General was lodged. Several staff-officers of the French army were standing around him, and, talking with them, I perceived two of our own officers, in one of whom, at the first glance, I recognised my brother Tom. We were very nearly furnishing our host with a *scena*, but at last I contented myself with shaking him heartily by the left hand, his right being hung in a sling, in consequence of a flesh-wound, which he had received just before he was made prisoner. The dinner was got up in very good style, and certainly better than any I ever afterwards saw in the British army. The amusing politeness and vivacity of the French officers were quite new to me; nor could I, from any circumstance which happened during my visit, have conjectured that my companions had, but four-and-twenty hours ago, been opposed to me in mortal hostility. The general tone of feeling which characterised our hosts, displayed itself in their frequent recurrence to the three maxims of *Vive l'amour*, *Vive la guerre*, and *Vive la bagatelle*. When our feast was concluded, General St. —— commanded a guard to attend my brother, the other officer, and myself, to a small but comfortable house in the neighbourhood, in which there were only a young man and his sister left, the rest of the family having fled to Toulouse for safety from the chances of war. We were not allowed our parole of honour, but were guarded with a sentinel before our door.

The first sound we heard on entering our new mansion was one of those sweet and plaintive airs to which the French girls seem attached, because they enhance by their beautiful contrast the singer's light gaiety of heart. As we proceeded the song ceased, and the fair creature from whose lips it had flowed with such speaking sadness, stood timidly before us. I fear that my description of the beautiful Marie Custine will be thought a partial one when the sequel of my story appears; however, I must describe her. Dark, very dark eyes, the gazelle-like expression of which was ever changing, and ever delightful in its changes—features which, from their pre-eminent national character, possessed for me the attraction of novelty, in addition to their other charms—a form exquisitely fashioned, but giving promise hereafter of the enbonpoint. But I find that in this poor attempt of mine, I have run into all the common-place description of grace and beauty; and I shall therefore leave this imperfect sketch to receive its colouring from the hands of my readers, both old and young—by the former from their recollections, by the latter from their hopes. Marie's shyness soon wore away, and she ventured to talk to us in a sweet but incomprehensible *patois*, during which she displayed a most fascinating set of teeth. I soon perceived that, however unintelligible she was to us, she held a language with my brother which is current throughout the world—the language of the eyes. She seemed to take pity on Tom, and certainly he did look very interesting, for the loss of blood had blanched his cheek, and given him altogether a very languid appearance. During the ensuing day, there seemed to be an increasing intimacy between the gentle Marie and my brother; for my own part, I passed most of my time in the company of some of the French officers, whose attentive kindness was augmented as we grew better acquainted. As we expected the enemy would be forced to retreat, we declined accepting our parole, though we began to find our captivity extremely irksome. In the middle of the night which followed the second day of our imprisonment, I was awakened by some one giving me a gentle shake; and, as it was very dark, I was just starting out of bed, when I heard my brother's voice bidding me be silent in a whisper. I asked him what he wanted; but, in a low voice, he desired me to ask no questions, but dress myself as speedily as possible, and follow him. This I did; and on silently descending the stairs, and reaching the door, I found two French dragoons waiting with three horses. The plan of escape was as follows: Captain F—— and myself were to ride the spare charger, and my brother was to be accommodated behind one of the French dragoons. We were all of us mounted except my brother, and on looking round for him, I found he had re-entered the house, from which I now saw him coming; while in the uncertain light I discovered a female form standing at the unclosed door, which of course, I knew to be that of the beautiful Marie. We had no sooner commenced our march than I again began to interrogate my brother, but he, both from inclination and policy, seemed resolved to be silent. During the first three or four miles we frequently heard the challenge of the French videttes, *Qui va là?* a question which was always most skilfully parried by the smart repartees of our conducting chasseur, whose conduct appeared perfectly calm and collected during the very great danger which

he was incurring. The sun had not risen when we reached the banks of the Bidassoa, through the rapid stream of which we were compelled to swim our horses, at no inconsiderable risk, from the great weight which they carried. It was just daylight when we arrived within the English lines, having made a very circuitous journey. I was now determined to learn the particulars which led to our escape; and I found that the tender-hearted Marie, commiserating our condition, had consented to act the part of ambassadress between my brother and the two dragoons, who were already well inclined to change their service. We amply rewarded our conductors, one of whom enlisted into the regiment of the Duke of Brunswick Oels, and the other I retained in the capacity of valet, butler, and cook. His name was Joseph.

After undergoing the most scrupulous examination before a subaltern, sergeant and twenty men, in which it was resolved by this grave council, *nem. dis.* on the motion of the learned serjeant, that we were good men and true, we were allowed to proceed to my brother's regiment, where we found we had been some time numbered with the mighty dead. I thought it now high time to return to my friend the Baron, and, accordingly on the morrow, resigning my borrowed plumes, and bidding adieu to my brother, whose wound had now healed, I resumed my dragoon trappings; and, after a pleasant morning's ride, without any notable obstacle, I found my worthy commander engaged in the same laudable occupation in which he was employed when I was first introduced to him. I was exceedingly rejoiced to learn from him that I had arrived just in time to accompany the party on their march the next morning to join the regiment, which was stationed on the Ebro. Fraternal kindness had supplied me with a stout mule, and I had now, to purchase another, at a very extravagant price. About eight o'clock in the morning we prepared to march. We did not march as in England, with baggage-waggons following us, and with that sleek parade-appearance which proceeds from an abundant use of pipe-clay and blacking, but every soldier now carried along with him three days "good entertainment for man and beast," while the baggage of the officers was generally carried on mules. Buried between two immense trusses of hay, their shoulders loaded with a canteen and haversack, the soldiers were so completely enveloped that very little of the outward man was exposed to view. Our baggage-animals presented a still more ludicrous appearance to the eye of a novice: the large pack-saddles being piled upon each side to a most extraordinary height with all the necessaries of a campaign. We marched the first day to a small town, the name of which I have forgotten; and the next, still traversing "the Pyrenean," we arrived at Tolosa, which is a sort of Spanish Sheffield. At this place I received a billet from the Alcalde; but the unpatriotic boors who inhabited the mansion, "against the houseless stranger shut the door," which compelled me to make a forcible entry with the assistance of two of our dragoons, who *carried* the door, carbine in hand. Being aware of the pretty frequent use of the stiletto in Spain, I confess that I took the precaution of barricadoing my door, and placing my sword and pistols within reach, lest my hosts should be inclined in the night to requite the civility which I had shown them in the morning. Most of the towns on the frontier have an appearance

half French and half Spanish,—but Tolosa is completely Spanish, though from its being occupied at the present time by the British, and used as a hospital and store, I had very few opportunities of seeing any thing of the town's people. I trusted this day to an inn called the *Posada de Leon* for a dinner, and from the experience which I then had of garlic and oil, I never whilst in Spain repeated the experiment. The next morning we continued our march through the Pyrenees, and rode all day through the most beautiful and romantic scenery. We were now traversing the great road commenced by Louis XIV. and completed by Bonaparte, leading from Bayonne over the Pyrenees to Pampeluna—a road very much resembling in its construction our common turnpikes in England. For the first twelve miles from Tolosa, our course lay between stupendous mountains, which, covered with wood, towered perpendicularly above us. The level space between the mountains was about three times the breadth of the road, which was bordered by a pleasant rivulet. The clearness of the day and the beauty of the climate gave additional effect to the fine prospects which continually opened upon us as we wound round the base of the mountains; and what made the scene more interesting, was hearing the songs of the muleteers, and the tinkling of their bells, ere they came in sight. These mules and muleteers, of whom we read so much in the Spanish writers, certainly have a most singular and picturesque appearance. Eight or nine large and powerful mules, each nearly fourteen hands high, are placed under the conduct of one muleteer, who rides upon the leading mule. The beasts are ornamented with large bridles, decked with fringe and tassels, and with bells attached to their heads.—The burden is carefully balanced upon their backs, so as not to cause any friction,—a sore back in Spain being a very different thing from a sore back in England. The dress of the muleteers consists of a sort of short jacket, made of a kind of velveteen, inexpressibles of dark-blue plush, hung round with tassels about the knees, and something between slippers and sandals to supply the place of shoes. A large slouched hat covers the head, which seems made both for shelter and shade. A long red sash, bound three times round their waists, which is used also as a pocket to carry their cigars and their money, gives them a light active appearance. Their hair is clipped in a most extraordinary manner;—I have often seen the operation performed in the streets on Sundays and fast-days,—the top of the head is cut so close as to give the skull the appearance of having been shaved, while the hair of that part of the head which is not subjected to this operation is suffered to grow to any length, and generally flows over the shoulders. This grotesque figure is seated on his leading mule, with his large cloak thrown over the neck of the animal, and his gun carefully tied on to the bow of his saddle, to be near at hand in all cases of exigency. During his progress he sits singing, or rather shouting, some old Castilian air, to which he often adapts some improvisatorial words in praise of the *Volontarios D'Y Mina*, or the *Seignorittas de Madrida*; every now and then interrupting his warbling with the words *Anda Mulo carracco*; which have only the effect, from their frequent repetition, of making the mules wag their tails. But to return from this digression. Our road continued nearly level until we arrived at the

foot of a mountain, over which, from its great height and steepness, it was cut in a zig-zag direction. Our day's march terminated at a village about half way up the mountain, in which a convent of nuns was situated. Our men were stationed in some of the neighbouring houses, and the Baron and I took up our abode at the convent. I had some expectations of obtaining a sight of one or two of these caged beauties, but the fair sisterhood "with souls from long seclusion pure," thought it wise to retire into another part of the convent—though I must confess I caught a saintly pair of eyes reconnoitring the Baron through a small iron-grating. The abbess, a lady *d'un certain age*, had provided most comfortable accommodations for us, and I never did less penance during all my campaigns, than on the night I passed within the walls of this holy habitation. On the following day, our path lay entirely over the rugged and lofty ridges of the Pyrenees, through a road carved out of the solid rock. On commencing our descent we broke upon a glorious Pisgah-view of our land of promise. For three days after leaving the Pyrences we made a circle round Pampeluna, which was at that time in the possession of the French and blockaded by Spanish troops, and on the evening of the third day we halted at the town of Puenta la Reyna. It was at this period the vintage time, and the "bacchanal profusion" of every thing around me reminded me of Sterne's accurate description of the mirth and hilarity which always accompany this season. The Baron and I took a walk for the purpose of viewing the town. It was Sunday afternoon, and all the damsels in the neighbourhood were dancing in various groups to the sound of the tambourine, which was played by one of the party, the burden of whose song, as far as I could comprehend it, always ran in favour of the *Soldados Ingleses*. The dance very nearly resembled the Scotch reel, when danced by four, with the addition of many fantastic flings: this is the regular bolero. At the doors of the wine-houses we saw the same dance performed by very different actors: a drunken muleteer playing on his guitar was stimulating the activity of his still more drunken companions. Occasionally, amongst the passengers, we observed a Padre, dressed in his canonical gown, and his long scrowl-brimmed hat, at whose appearance the joyous dances ceased, while every individual of the party made the usual obeisance, and many a fair finger touching a ripe pair of lips, demurely traced the sign of the cross.

At this town the Baron's *patron* or host, at whose house he was billetted, was a certain worthy Padre, who, in addition to his clerical functions, was the keeper of a gambling-shop, a fact with which we became acquainted in the evening by discovering him presiding at a table where they were playing a game which the Spaniards call *Banco*. It appears that this same Padre, like many more of his cloth in Spain, was exceedingly kind to a young lady who resided with him, and who, we were given to understand, was the daughter of a deceased brother. These worthy men generally select the most comely of their destitute relations, whom they charitably admit to a participation in their domestic comforts. The Baron, ambitious of victory both in the field and with the fair, had been paying rather more attention to the Padre's relative than was agreeable to the austere notions of that grave ecclesiastic, though he had hitherto abstained from making any comment

upon the conduct of the gallant officer; an occurrence, however, arose, which gave vent to the Padre's resentment, and nearly withered the budding honours of my brave commander. I have already mentioned that we strolled into a gaming-house, where we found the Baron's clerical host acting the part of Banker. The Baron, like all Germans, played deep, and fortune favoured him. In the course of a couple of hours the bank was broken, and the Baron had sacked about four hundred dollars. All the company had left the room except the Baron and myself, and we had just gained the street, when I heard the Baron, who was a little behind me, yell out some most tremendous and unintelligible oath in German. I turned round, and saw the enraged Padre, with a stiletto in his hand, about to repeat the blow he had already given. We were both totally unarmed, but I immediately ran back and caught the Baron as he was falling, and endeavoured at the same time, though ineffectually, to lay hands on the assassin. One of our own men, and two Light Dragoon officers now made their appearance in the opposite direction, and having heard the cries, they were hastening towards us. I committed my wounded comrade to the hands of a Spaniard, and calling to my countrymen to follow me, I started in pursuit of the criminal. One of the Light Dragoon officers outstripped us all, and we saw him catch the Padre by the cloak, who most ingeniously slipped off that garment, and continued his course. We were all of us now nearly equally close on the heels of our game, who turned and twisted with all the skill of an old hare. He at last made his escape through a small iron gate, near a church, which closed after him, and effectually put an end to our pursuit. He did not escape entirely with impunity, for in the doubles and turns which he made, one of the Light Dragoon officers with a whip, our dragoon with his stick, and myself with the toe of my boot, which was fitted to inflict a pretty sharp wound, made him occasionally forget his clerical character, and indulge in some violent imprecations. But, on the whole, I fear this chastisement only furnished him with a more cogent argument not to slacken his speed.

New Monthly Magazine.

SONNET.

WHERE shall youth's bubbling spirit overflow,
Or, whereon shed its tide of generous thought,
Of sympathy and hope, with which o'erfraught
The soul is sick of wishing, and below,
Deems that no change awaits it, save of woe?
Vain hope t' expand its wings! for soon 'tis taught,
That all its short-lived pleasure must be caught
In strife and struggle, and in the quick glow
Of passion, like the pelican, well-fed
From its own bosom, with its blood for bread.
Is there no feeling then, no name on Earth,
Apt to contain the ocean of man's will?
Love! Honour! Friendship!—are they nothing worth?
Nought—there's but Freedom, that it deigns to fill.

Y.

ON THE POWER OF HABIT.

If any one would instruct mankind in the art of preserving health and attaining longevity, without having occasion to submit to the numerous rules laid down by physicians for the regulation of their conduct in regard to these points, let him teach them the secret of habituating themselves to every thing. Custom permits those who place themselves under her protection to live as they please, and bestows health and long life at the cheapest rate. She marches in triumph over the tables inscribed with the laws of physicians, and shows her votaries that they may enjoy health, while pursuing a way of life, which, according to Hippocrates, must speedily and infallibly precipitate them into the grave. Custom, nevertheless, operates agreeably to the principles of medicine, and serves rather to confirm than to invalidate them, as will be manifest to every one who forms correct notions on the subject.

Habit, or custom, for I shall use these terms indiscriminately, is not a property of mere mechanical machines. A watch, for instance, cannot be accustomed to any thing: animal machines alone are susceptible of this quality. These machines are moved by the senses and by perceptions; and herein consists the whole secret of habit. Sense, which resides in the nerves, when communicated to the brain, produces in the soul perceptions or feelings; and both this sensibility of the nerves and these perceptions of the soul cause movements in the machine that are sometimes voluntary, and at others of a different nature. Metaphysicians assert, that perceptions frequently repeated in the soul, gradually become more and more faint, and at length so weak that it is much the same as if they never took place. Often-repeated sensations which the soul feels strongly at first, cease in time to produce any impression upon it; and in this case we say that we are accustomed to such sensations. But though the perceptions of the soul cease to make that impression on the brain which once occasioned the movements that accompany the perceptions, still the sensibility of the nerves alone, without the co-operation of perceptions, is capable of effecting the same movements, agreeably to the laws of sense. In this case, sense alone, without any consciousness and perception of the soul, after it has been very frequently produced in the nerves, gives rise to actions and movements,—which at first never took place without consciousness and without perceptions in the soul. We then say, that we are accustomed to certain actions, to certain movements, that they have become mechanical to us. The nerves themselves may, by frequently-repeated impressions, gradually lose their sensibility, and then we are not only accustomed to the sensations, because such a nerve has ceased to communicate perceptions to the soul; but the actions and movements of the machine, which used to accompany the perceptions and the sensibility excited in the nerve, also cease to take place, because the moving power, sense, is annihilated in this nerve. Thus we are enabled by habit to endure more, and are secured from the effects of certain sensations, which used infallibly to attend those sensations. We thus escape the troubles and dangers, which many sensa-

tions would bring in their train, if we were not accustomed to them.—Whoever is capable of reflecting a little, will easily be able to deduce the numerous examples of the power of habit recorded in the sequel from these principles, which I shall not do, because it is not my intention to treat the reader with speculations, but with practical remarks on habit, that each may thence learn to determine the application of this animal property to his own particular case.

It is common to use the expression, that a person is accustomed to something, in an improper signification. Of a person, who by degrees learns to see distinctly in the dark, we say, he is accustomed to darkness, while in fact it is only his soul that feels more acutely and discriminates more precisely. As the muscles of the body become stronger by frequent exercise, and capable of moving greater loads, we say of persons who have thus increased their strength, that they are accustomed to hard labour, whereas they have only acquired vigour in a physical manner, as a magnet by degrees becomes capable of supporting a heavier object, and as a young tree that is bent will raise a greater weight the stronger it becomes by its growth. Thus, too, it is the practice to say of the movements which we learn to perform with greater celerity, that we have acquired it by habit, though the real state of the case is, that machines employed in the constant repetition of the same movements, become more supple and pliant, and in time *overcome many little obstacles*;—*for it is well known that a machine* composed of many wheels goes much more easily and smoothly when it has been worked for some time, than it did at first. This mode of expression, how erroneous soever, we are now compelled to adopt, and as in the sequel of this paper, I shall include all these cases among customs, I would merely remark, for the information of my speculative readers, that they must not seek to account for these customs, improperly so called, according to the laws of sense, but on physical principles.

It will now be easy to perceive how far the instances of the power of habit are from invalidating the general doctrines of medicine. Physicians warn every one against exposure of the chest, and threaten those who disregard their admonitions with catarrhs and inflammatory fevers. Such, indeed, are the consequences of that degree of cold which prevents the circulation of the juices and causes obstructions. Nevertheless, a female with open bosom shall brave a cold sufficient to freeze twenty young men, without sustaining any injury. Is this any refutation of us? By no means. The principle remains true, that cold occasions obstructions, catarrhs, and inflammations. But the degree of cold which produces these results in thousands, has not the same power over the lady, because the nerves of her bosom are inured to it, and it has no more effect upon her than a cool air would have upon the others.

For this reason I was justified in commencing the present paper by asserting, that the way to endure without inconvenience what physicians consider as dangerous, is to accustom ourselves to every thing. To illustrate this position, I will go through the principal things to which we may habituate ourselves: that I may at the same time have an opportunity of adding some remarks serviceable to such as think fit to

choose this convenient way for preserving health and attaining long life, contrary to all rules of the science!

A few general rules must be premised. Though Celsus has remarked, that people ought to accustom themselves to every thing, that they may not sink under every trivial accident, still he advises a good choice in the things to which they should strive to become habituated. Gardens, fields, the city, the water, the chace, are all praised by him, but he recommends exercise in preference to repose. Thus there are things to which people must not accustom themselves, because it is more beneficial to life and health that they should not acquire this facility. As habit does away with the effects of certain sensations and perceptions, so it can also annihilate such effects as are conducive to health. Indolent repose weakens the animal powers; it is, therefore, better that it should be oppressive to us, that we may avoid it, than that we should learn by habit to endure it. This observation applies to numberless other cases. When we have accustomed ourselves to a hundred things, still a thousand others are left to which we are not accustomed, and which, on account of our being habituated to the former, we cannot bear without the greater danger. Whoever has habituated himself to digest coarse food, is attacked with fever if he is confined to a light delicate diet. It would, therefore, have been more serviceable to him if he had not accustomed himself solely to hard fare. Well then, you will reply, let people habituate themselves to opposites, to cold and heat, to heavy and light food, &c. But it should be known that this is not always practicable; and it is the more dangerous to accustom ourselves to some things only. Great caution is therefore necessary, in the choice of the things to which people strive to habituate themselves, and they ought, moreover, to consider the whole state of the body, and all the circumstances in which they are at present, or may in future chance to be. Nay, more—habit extends only to the animal nature; all the parts of the mechanism of the human body do not belong to this nature, though they are requisite for health and life.—There are, of course, circumstances in human life, which the power of habit cannot control, because they are not within its domain. Blood when obstructed, tends to putrefaction, and habit cannot prevent this, because it is a merely physical, but not an animal effect. It is, therefore, proper to guard against such habits, the consequences of which extend to the physical nature of the human body, where they are no longer under its control. On account of the great complication of the animal with the mechanical and physical changes in animals, the cases indeed are rare, in which any thing of this kind could happen. Their bare possibility, however, demonstrates, that he would act very unwisely, who should imagine, that he ought to be able to accustom himself to every thing, or who should be weak enough to suffer himself to be persuaded by the authority of old adages, that there is nothing in nature to which people may not habituate themselves; that, what one has accustomed himself to, another may; and that by habit we may produce a complete revolution in nature. These much too general maxims are as false as it would be to assert, that we ought not to accustom ourselves to any thing; that habit does not enable us to endure

more than what nature is capable of enduring without it, since the weakest person, in particular things, to which he has accustomed himself, is stronger than the most robust man; that we cannot wean ourselves from any thing that has once become natural, or, that we ought to wean ourselves from such things only as are troublesome.

It is moreover to be observed, that no habit is to be acquired suddenly, but only by long practice. We ought not, therefore, to rely upon it too early, and to expose ourselves to dangers which we are not yet capable of enduring. This indiscretion costs many their lives. When they have several times indulged in irregularities or excesses with impunity, they become bold, and venture once more at an unlucky moment to repeat them, under the idea that habit has rendered them harmless.

The safest habits are those which we have acquired, not of ourselves, but through the management of those who had the care of us in our tenderest infancy. Adults find it more difficult, and the aged very rarely succeed in gaining new habits. For the sick, and persons of weak constitutions, it is never advisable to attempt to acquire new habits, or to relinquish old ones, whether in themselves beneficial or pernicious. Paul Jovius says of the physician of Pope Clement VII., named Curtius, that he was considered as being to blame for his death, because he persuaded his Holiness, who, though yet a hearty man, was advanced in years, to adopt a more regular way of living than he had previously been accustomed to. The same animadversion is passed by Onuphrius Panphinius, on the physician of Pope Julius III., who was affected with the gout; though others are of opinion, that he brought upon himself the fever of which he died by feigning indisposition, from reasons of state, and to save appearances, taking lighter food than he had been used to do. Galen expressly forbids the attempting of any alteration, even in bad habits, during illness, and relates a case in point. A certain Aristotle of Mytilene, had never drank cold water, but was attacked with a disease in which it was thought necessary for him to take it. The patient declared his conviction that it would produce spasms, and appealed to an instance of the kind within his own knowledge: he nevertheless strove, for his benefit, as he thought, to overcome habit. He drank the water, and died. So essential is it that physicians themselves should be guided by the habits of their patients; and upon this is grounded the maxim of those who assert that they will not have any physician, who is not acquainted with the nature of their constitution. This nature is made up chiefly of their habits; so that Celsus was perfectly right, when he observed, that no physician could be so servicable to a patient as one who was at the same time his intimate friend.

So much for general rules. Let us now consider the principal and the most common things over which habit can acquire dominion, and we shall be astonished what it is capable of effecting, when it determines to violate all the laws of medicine.

Every one knows what dangers they have to apprehend who live in an unwholesome air. Habit, however, can enable people to endure it. Sanctorius relates, that a man, who had lived twenty years in a close dungeon, became sickly as soon as he was liberated, and that he never

could regain his health, though he had the best medical advice, till he furnished occasion for his being once more confined in the same prison. I knew a female myself, who had lived so many years shut up in her apartment, that even in the finest weather she durst not open her window, because the fresh air made her faint away. Birds that have been long confined in close rooms, become sickly, and die as soon as they are exposed to the air. There are people who are so habituated to a dry, and others to a damp air, that they cannot endure any other.—How many travellers fall sick when they quit their own country, and breathe a foreign air! How the unfortunate armies engaged in the crusades were thinned as soon as they reached the distant theatre of operations! Observations of this kind induced Paul Zacchias to advise patients to seek the air of their native country, to which they were accustomed, though it were even bad in comparison with that in which they actually were. Habit enables the Hunter, as Cicero says, to pass the night upon the snow, and, in the day-time, to brave the scorching heat of the sun upon the mountains. Soldiers afford instances of the same kind. Vegetius remarks that the most experienced generals have exercised their troops in snow and rain, in consequence of which they have remained healthy while in camp, and been rendered vigorous and persevering in battle. I might also adduce in evidence our stage-coachmen, who travel day and night in all weathers: nay, our labourers, our farming-men, and in particular the trampers, some of whom scarcely know what it is to lodge in a house, prove every day by their example, that the most inclement weather has no effect upon them. In their case, however, a few circumstances are to be considered. Most of these persons are the offspring of robust parents, and from their infancy have been exposed to all the vicissitudes of the seasons. Such as have perished in their apprenticeship, if I may so term it, are not taken into the account, and even those who are most inured to hardships are often suddenly attacked by diseases which consign them to the grave. If, therefore, people are to be so brought up as to be rendered extremely hardy, a large proportion of them must be expected to perish in the attempt. The Ostiaks, who rove about in the norther parts of Siberia, and can withstand all weathers, would no doubt be more numerous, if they were not so hardly bred. It is easy to imagine how many of them must perish, if the women, according to Webber's account, bring forth their children during their excursions in the open air, and immediately after their birth sometimes plunge them into the snow, at others put them into their warm bosoms, and in this manner pursue their route with them. Such as survive this treatment, indeed, are so much the more hardy. A Tartar infant, which has stood the test of being plunged, just after its birth into the water, through a hole made in the ice, an Ostiak, or a Russian, will afterwards experience no inconvenience, when on arriving at manhood, he runs naked out of the hot bath and leaps into the river which is full of floating ice: on the contrary, this is to him an agreeable refrigerant. All the hardy persons who triumph over Nature, have laid the foundation of their robust constitution in the first years of infancy, when nobody cared whether they lived or died. From being thus hardly brought up, the Laplanders, the Swiss, and the peasantry of almost every country, can defy

the vicissitudes of the weather, scarcely feel the severest cold, and are rendered capable of enduring the fatigues of war. Hence it is evident that these people are not fit models for the imitation of persons descended from less hardy progenitors, and who have been more delicately reared.

The most offensive effluvia, which delicate persons cannot endure, are frequently a refreshment to those who are accustomed to them. Vega cured a seaman who was thrown into an almost fatal swoon by the savoury smells of a grand entertainment, by causing him to be laid on the beach and covered with mire and sea-weed, by which means he came to himself again in about four hours. Lemnius relates of a peasant who fainted at the smell of the drugs in an apothecary's shop, that he recovered on being carried to a dunghill. Strabo has remarked that the Sabæans, who swooned at perfumes, were revived by means of burnt rosin and goats' hair. Such persons resemble the Karausches, who live in mud, as in their proper element; and yet we find that such hardy people are sometimes suddenly deprived of life by a violent stench.

In regard to food, it is very certain that habit can raise us above the standard of ordinary men. "Meat and drink to which we are accustomed," says Hippocrates, "agree with us, though naturally pernicious; but not those aliments to which we are unaccustomed, though naturally wholesome;" and hence he concludes, that it is more beneficial to adhere to the same sorts of food than to change them abruptly, even though we substitute better in their stead. Alexander the Great, when in India, found it necessary to forbid his army the use of wholesome food, because it carried off the men, owing to their not being accustomed to it. So true is the observation of Celsus, that "whatever is contrary to our habits, whether it be hard or soft, is prejudicial to health."

Excess in eating and drinking may even become habitual. When Dionysius, the Sicilian tyrant, was prevented by a seige from indulging in this kind of excess, he wasted away till he was enabled to resume his habits of intemperance. Drunkards, in the morning, when sober, can scarcely stand upon their legs; but, when they return home at night intoxicated, they walk with as firm a step as the most sober of us all. Many of them continue to swill till the moment of their death, and even prolong their lives by so doing; for to deprive them by force of their liquor would, in reality, but accelerate their end. Sanctorius advised a Hungarian nobleman to give up drinking strong wines; but he was reduced so low by confining himself to lighter sorts, that he was absolutely obliged to return to the strong. Such habits ought not to induce any one to imitate them; for the very practice by which they are acquired injures the constitution to such a degree, that no sooner have we gained the desired habit than we perceive how near it has brought us to a premature grave. Wepfer saw a person who could swallow melted butter by spoonfuls without injury; and I myself knew an old man, whose veracity I had no reason to doubt, who declared that he had often drunk at once a pint of melted fat without sustaining any inconvenience. Pechlin states, that some one had so accustomed himself to putrid water in Holland, that when, on account of debility

of the stomach; he was advised to relinquish that beverage; he found it impossible to dispense with it, at least boiled and mixed with spice. Wine, on the other hand, was so disgusting to him, that he never could take it otherwise than diluted with water. But what person would be so mad as to accustom himself to drink melted fat or putrid water? We ought not to accustom ourselves to any thing to which we cannot become habituated but to the injury of our health and the peril of our lives.

To this class belong particularly medicines and poisons; especially as many seek either fame or benefit in habituating themselves to them. I have frequently condemned the unluckly mania of many healthy persons for taking physic; the very habit which is thus acquired is the strongest reason for desisting from the practice. According to the laws of habit, the more frequently medicines are employed, the weaker is their operation: and to what remedies shall the sick have recourse, when they have already accustomed themselves to their use in health? Experience proves these pernicious effects from all species of medicines and poisons. A cathartic frequently repeated ceases to produce any effect. Theophrastus knew a person who ate black hellebore by handfuls, without vomiting or purging. The common use of mercury renders that remedy inefficacious in the venereal disease. The men who are obliged to work in quicksilver mines are thrown in the first days into a violent salivation; when they are afterwards compelled by blows to resume this dangerous occupation, that effect ceases, and no sooner has habit enabled them to withstand the influence of the metalic effluvia than death carries them off. Of opium I shall here say nothing, as I intend to make it the subject of a distinct paper. A woman who had brought a consumption upon herself by the immoderate use of spirits, when reduced to the last extremity, sent for a physician; she was in a hectic fever, quite emaciated, swollen, and completely exhausted. She had been previously accustomed to drink a bottle of French brandy every day, and the physician actually found her intoxicated. He exhorted her to discontinue this practice, and her attendants were strictly forbidden to give her any spirituous liquors. She had scarcely passed a day in this forced abstinence, when all about her prepared for her speedy dissolution. She became delirious; her eyes were fixed; her cough almost choaked her; she could not sleep a wink; excessive perspiration at night, and diarrhœa in the day, exhausted her small remains of strength: she seemed no longer to see, to hear, or to feel. The doctor, who exerted all his skill for her relief, could not prevent her becoming daily worse; and though the patient earnestly solicited the indulgence of brandy, he forbade it for that reason the more strictly. She passed nine days in this state between life and death. At length her maid-servant took pity on her and gave her a bottle of brandy. She drank about a third of it at once, and the remainder in the course of the day. Her evident improvement induced her attendants to supply her, unknown to the physician, with her usual quantity of spirits. Her delirium subsided; she recovered her senses, and talked rationally as long as she was furnished with the means of intoxication. Her cough became less troublesome; she slept well, and was able to sit up a considerable time. In this amended state she remained about a month, at

the expiration of which she became insensible, and expired in two days. There are numerous instances of this kind, from which a physician may learn that, in diseases arising from habit, it is proper to relax a little in the severity of his principles. Some of these facts are related by Monroe.—A man-cook, whose nose was nearly cut off, had lost a great deal of blood. He was allowed to take wine in barley-water or whey, but he remained very weak, frequently fainted, and was troubled with head-ache. He had been accustomed to drink daily a considerable quantity of ale, wine, and spirits. At his request some ale, with a quartern of brandy, was given him, and from that time he began to mend, and continued to improve by the daily repetition of this allowance. A man had broken his leg, and the physician confined him to milk and water and slops. He slept badly at night; his pulse was weak and quick; and he complained of thirst and head-ache. On the third day, upon a continuance of this diet, he was still sleepless and delirious; got out of bed, tore away the cradle in which the leg was laid, and knew nobody. At the same time his weak pulse intermitted. The physician was informed that this man had been for many years a drunkard: he therefore permitted him to drink ale and brandy. He slept the next night, and his fever and delirium were gone. He had drunk, the preceding day, a Scotch quart of ale and a quarter of a pint of brandy; and continuing to do the same daily, he recovered without farther accident.—A distiller fell into a vat containing hot spirits, and scalded his legs, thighs, and belly so dreadfully, that the skin of those parts soon turned quite hard and black. As his pulse was very quick, he was let blood, and a strict diet was recommended. Next day he was a great deal weaker, with much anxiety, and a low, quick pulse. The third day he was very ill and insensible. His wife begged that she might be allowed to give him some brandy. Her request was complied with, and her husband grew better; the skin of the injured parts began to suppurate, and he completely recovered. His wife then confessed that she had given him a pint of brandy a day. To such a degree can habit weaken the effect of so strong a liquor as brandy.

Libau informs us, that the Ethiopians eat scorpions, and Mercurialis states, that the West Indians eat toads: neither of these facts is without a parallel in Europe. At Padua and Rome, there were two children who ate scorpions, and a girl took great pleasure in eating frogs, lizards, serpents, mice, and all sorts of insects. Another ate live lizards and caterpillars with pepper and vinegar. Of spider-eaters, who grew fat upon those disgusting insects, I could easily collect half a dozen instances from different writers. Galen relates of an old woman, that she had gradually habituated herself to make a meal of hemlock; and Sextus Empiricus assures us, that there have been persons who have taken thirty drams of that poison without injury. A student at Halle accustomed himself on purpose to arsenick, which he took with his food, from a boy; and though it at first occasioned vomiting, yet in time he could bear a considerable quantity. Hence it is evident, how one who habituates himself needlessly to physic, breaks down himself the bridges which, in case of emergency, might carry him in safety over the abysses of disease.

Even the use of our limbs, walking, standing, dancing, riding, speaking, singing, swimming, the ready use of the right or left hand, and a thousand other actions and movements, depend on practice; and this is the foundation of all the corporeal talents which excite the astonishment of mankind. Tulpius makes mention of a woman who could thread a needle, tie firm knots, and write with her tongue. Rope-dancers, and people who have grown up in a savage state, display equally extraordinary feats. We may therefore easily infer, that strength also, and capability of enduring fatigue, may be acquired by practice. A robust young fellow, just sent to the galleys, is surprised at the fatigue which his older and much weaker comrades can go through. The ancient physicians were aware of the reason of this. "An infirm old man," says Hippocrates, "can perform hard labour to which he is accustomed, with greater ease than a young man who is ever so strong but unaccustomed to it;" and Celsus has an observation to the same effect.

The senses, also, are powerfully influenced by habit. By accustoming our eyes to spectacles and glasses, we soon render them incapable of seeing without those auxiliaries. By habit, our ears gradually become insensible to the loudest noise, our nose to the most noisome stench, our palate to the most disgusting taste; and the Lacedæmonian youths were so accustomed to stripes, that, though beaten to death, they would not make a wry face. Memory, wit, presentiments, passions, may all be introduced by habit into the machine: hence it has been not unaptly remarked by a modern writer, that thought itself is but a habit. Moræus long since conceived the same idea, when he observed, that "we have to ascribe life, and even wisdom itself, to nothing but habit; and that this alone, and not reason, governs our minds." Even study, otherwise so injurious, becomes innocent through habit. Many ancient philosophers, and among the moderns, Mallebranche, Cassini, Newton, Hofmann, Fontenelle, and other studious men, lived to an advanced age.

By way of conclusion, I must not omit to mention the natural evacuations, over which habit has a very powerful influence. Many people have natural discharges of blood, which must not be stopped.—There is an instance of a healthy person, who had such a constipation, as to receive but one call from nature every five weeks. Many perspire naturally very abundantly, others not at all. Whoever should attempt to alter such habits, whether hurtful or beneficial, would bring his patients into great danger, and not accomplish any good purpose. Oh how many useful maxims does this single paper present to my readers and my colleagues! I could not exhaust the subject in as many sheets as I have here devoted pages to it.

New Monthly Magazine.

MARRIAGE, A NOVEL.*

So many reviews of novels have appeared within the last two or three years, that we ourselves are well-nigh sick of criticism upon such subjects. The plan we follow in private, is to skip over the first two or three pages of the article, which commonly contain a regular history of romance writing and novel writing, and to commence reading at that paragraph which we find opening with "——the hero, or heroine, of the present work, is the son or the daughter," &c. We are pretty sure, from this point, to read something that we have not met with before, and that, to all students of prose fiction, is all in all.

There is only a single remark which we wish to make, before proceeding to a short sketch of the exquisite performance which lies before us. It is this. The merits of those female authors who have written English novels are, we think, praised with more ardour than judiciousness. It is commonly said, that ladies have more leisure to make observations, in regard to small things, than falls to the share of the other sex; and that the characteristic excellence of their productions consists, accordingly, in the delineations which they give of the minutiæ of social life. This is all very true, so far as it goes; but we think the works of Madame D'Arblay and Miss Edgeworth are chiefly valuable for something of a yet more important nature,—for the new light, namely, which they have thrown upon one great department of human nature. They have introduced men into a more intimate acquaintance with the characters of women, than they could before pretend to, or, at least, than could at all be gathered from any works, either in prose or verse, written by persons of their own gender. The arrangements of society among us are such, that women spend by far the greater part of their lives with women, and men with men; and seldom does it happen, that the characters of any considerable number, either of males or of females, is understood by a person of the opposite sex. Men, above all, are mysterious beings to women. They flatter themselves that they thoroughly comprehend us, and they do, indeed, seize, with great facility, on as much of our nature as is sufficient for their purposes. But, behind this there remains an immense and a highly interesting region, which is, and, we suspect, must always continue to be, untouched upon, by the most adventurous of female explorers.—We, in like manner, only go "so far but no farther," in our individual advances towards a knowledge of woman. But the female novelists have been sad traitors to their own sex; they have gone on blabbing the secrets of the prison-house most unconscionably; and we fancy (for we cannot pretend to form any very precise or determinate opinion on the subject) that the limits of their terra incognita are now much more contracted than those of ours.

* Marriage, a Novel; in 3 vols. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Murray, London; 1818.

"Life consists not of a series of illustrious actions; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities—in the performance of daily duties—in the removal of small inconveniences—in the procurement of petty pleasures; and we are well or ill at ease, as the main stream of life glides on smoothly, or is ruffled by small and frequent interruption."—Johnson.

"Marriage," is at once discovered to be the work of a female hand, both by the minute accuracy of its ordinary details, and by the exquisite originality and instinctive fidelity of its female portraits. We are not sure that any fair author ever went farther in the practice of that sort of tale-bearing, to which we have just alluded, than this apparently new offender. She possesses, indeed, all those talents which lend eminent dangerousness to the character of a spy. She is, in the first place, both as acute and as extensive an observer, as Miss Edgeworth herself; like her, she pourtrays, with equal facility and accuracy, every gradation of social life, from the highest *ton* of the cool and indifferent metropolis where every body's maxim is "nil admirari," down to the enthusiastic ignorance of a poor Highland laird's "purple" daughters, and the tawdry blue-stockingship of a young lady from the manufacturing district of the Lowlands. But our author knows and feels many things of which no trace is to be discovered in the witty pages of the Irish spinster. She has, in short, been in love in her time, and that has given her a mighty advantage over her calm and satirical rival. She thus unites some of the best qualities of Edgeworth and Burney, and has composed a novel, which, although very defective both in the design and the conduct of its fable, and marked, besides, with many failings characteristic of an unpractised writer, contains in it almost as much of nature, humour, good sense, and amusement, as are to be found in any one of their most admired productions. The plot is by no means excellent. One whole third of the book is over before we hear a word of the personage in whom its principal interest is designed to centre. But the truth is, that the heroine of *Marriage*, like the heroes of *Waverly* and *Guy Mannering*, is among the most uninteresting members of the whole fabulæ personæ. The work consists of a series of scenes and portraits, most of them excellent in themselves, but few of them deriving much advantage from the general arrangement and purposes of the gallery in which they are inserted and displayed. We dare say, the author, after she had written her book, and considered with herself whether there were no one among her personages by whose name it should be called, and finding, with her usual discernment, that there was in reality no such individual, she Christened it "*Marriage*," and thus very prudently divided the *compliment among some* half-score of her heroes and heroines, whom, towards the conclusion of the work, she had conducted, pair by pair, to that blessed consummation.

The first volume might almost have been published as a separate tale, as it contains, in fact, the whole of the interesting and active life of its heroine, Lady Juliana Lindore, and her husband, Captain Douglas. Her ladyship marries this handsome guardsman for love, in the midst of all the splendid preparations for a more suitable alliance with the *Duke of L——*. This proceeding throws both parties out of favour with all their rational friends; the young lady is talked of as a lost creature by her family, and the captain is deprived of the countenance of an old bachelor, one General Cameron, who had long considered him as his adopted son. These things, however, are not at first viewed with much concern by the happy pair, and the honey-moon passes very delightfully on the banks of one of the lakes in Westmoreland.

At the end of this enchanting period, their purse is discovered to be very light, and they resolve, by way of a *dernier resort*, to visit Glenfern Castle in Lochaber, the seat of Douglas' father, whom he had never seen "from a boy." Lady Juliana has read several novels, wherof the scene is laid in mountainous regions, and imagines that she is about to visit a magnificent castle after the fashion of Udolpho. Vide Vide.

"The impressions, which the scenes of his infancy had left upon the mind of the young Scotsman, it may easily be supposed, were of a pleasing description. He expatiated to his Juliana, on the wild but august scenery that surrounded his father's castle; and associated with the idea, the boyish exploits, which, though faintly remembered, still served to endear them to his heart. He spoke of the time when he used to make one of a numerous party on the lake, and, when tired of sailing on its glassy surface, to the sound of soft music, they would land at some lovely spot, and, after partaking of their banquet beneath a spreading tree, conclude the day by a dance on the grass.

"Lady Juliana would exclaim, 'How delightful! I doat upon pic-nics and dancing!—apropos, Henry, there will surely be a ball to welcome our arrival?'

"The conversation was interrupted, for just at that moment they had gained the summit of a very high hill, and the post-boy stopping to give his horses breath, turned round to the carriage, pointing at the same time, with a significant gesture, to a tall thin grey house, something resembling a tower, that stood in the vale beneath. A small sullen-looking lake was in front, on whose banks grew neither tree nor shrub. Behind, rose a chain of rugged cloud-capped hills, on the declivities of which were some faint attempts at young plantations; and the only level ground, consisted of a few dingy turnip fields, enclosed with stone walls, or dykes, as the post-boy called them. It was now November; the day was raw and cold; and a thick *drizzling* rain was beginning to fall. A dreary stillness reigned all around, broken only at intervals by the screams of the sea-fowl that hovered over the lake; on whose dark and troubled waters, was dimly descried a little boat, plied by one solitary being.

"'What a scene!' at length Lady Juliana exclaimed, shuddering as she spoke, 'Good God, what a scene! how I pity the unhappy wretches who are doomed to dwell in such a place! and yonder hideous grim house; it makes me sick to look at it. For heaven's sake, bid him drive on.' Another significant look from the driver, made the colour mount to Douglas' cheek, as he stammered out, 'Surely it can't be; yet somehow I don't know. Pray, my lad,' letting down one of the glasses, and addressing the post-boy, 'what is the name of that house?'

'Hooss!' repeated the driver, 'ca' ye thon a hooss? thon's gude Glenfern Castle.'

"Lady Juliana, not understanding a word he said, sat silently wondering at her husband's curiosity respecting such a wretched looking place.

"'Impossible! you must be mistaken, my lad; why, what's become of all the fine wood that used to surround it?'

"'Gin you mean a wheen auld firs, there's some o' them to the fore'

yet, pointing to two or three tall, bare, scathed Scotch firs, that scarcely bent their stubborn heads to the wind, that now began to howl around them.

"I insist upon it that you are mistaken; you must have wandered from the right road," cried the now alarmed Douglas, in a loud voice, which vainly attempted to conceal his agitation.

"We'll shune see that," replied the phlegmatic Scot."

Their introduction to the inhabitants of this goodly mansion is as follows.

"It was a long, narrow, low-roofed room, with a number of small windows, that admitted feeble lights in every possible direction. The scanty furniture bore every appearance of having been constructed at the same time as the edifice; and the friendship thus early formed still seemed to subsist, as the high-backed worked chairs adhered most pertinaciously to the grey walls, on which hung, in narrow black frames, some of the venerable ancestors of the Douglas family. A fire, which appeared to have been newly kindled, was beginning to burn, but, previous to shewing itself in flame, had chosen to vent itself in smoke, with which the room was completely filled, and the open windows seemed to produce no other effect than that of admitting the rain and wind.

"At the entrance of the strangers, a flock of females rushed forwards to meet them. Douglas good humouredly submitted to be hugged by three long chinn'd spinsters, whom he recognized as his aunts; and warmly saluted five awkward purple girls he guessed to be his sisters; while Lady Juliana stood the image of despair, and, scarcely conscious, admitted in silence the civilities of her new relations, till, at length, sinking into a chair, she endeavoured to conceal her agitation by calling to the dogs, and caressing her mackaw.

"The Laird, who had been hastily summoned from his farming operations, now entered. He was a good-looking old man, with something the air of a gentleman, in spite of the inelegance of his dress, his rough manner, and provincial accent. After warmly welcoming his son, he advanced to his beautiful daughter-in-law, and taking her in his arms, bestowed a loud and hearty kiss on each cheek; then, observing the paleness of her complexion, and the tears that swam in her eyes, 'What! not frightened for our Hieland hills, my leddy? Come, cheer up—trust me, ye'll find as warm hearts among them, as ony ye hae left in your fine English *policies*,'—shaking her delicate fingers in his hard muscular gripe, as he spoke."

At breakfast, next morning, the following scene occurs.

"Here Miss Grizzy sunk back in her chair, overcome with horror; and Miss Nicky let fall the tea-pot, the scalding contents of which discharged themselves upon the unfortunate Psyche, whose yells, mingling with the screams of its fair mistress, for a while drowned even Miss Jacky's oratory.

"Oh! what shall I do?" cried Lady Juliana, as she bent over her favourite. 'Do send for a surgeon; pray, Henry, fly! Do fetch one directly, or she will die; and it would quite kill me to lose my darling. Do run, dearest Harry!'

"My dear Julia, how can you be so absurd? there's no surgeon within twenty miles of this."

"No surgeon within twenty miles!" exclaimed she, starting up. "How could you bring me to such a place! Good God! those dear creatures may die; I may die myself before I can get any assistance!"

"Don't be alarmed, my dearest niece," said the good Miss Grizzy; "we are all doctors here. I understand something of physic myself; and our friend Lady Maclaughlan, who, I dare say, will be here presently, is perfect mistress of every disease of the human frame."

"Clap a cauld potatae to the brute's tae," cried the old Laird gruffly. "I've a box of her scald ointment will cure it in a minute."

"If it don't cure, it will kill," said Mr. Douglas, with a smile.

"Brother," said Miss Jacky, rising with dignity from her chair, and waving her hand as she spoke—"Brother, I appeal to you, to protect the character of this most amiable respectable matron from the insults and calumny your son thinks proper to load it with. Sir Samson Maclaughlan is your friend; and it therefore becomes your duty to defend his wife."

"Troth, but I'll hae aneugh to do! if I am to stand up for a' my friens' wives," said the old gentleman, "but however Archie, you are to blame. Leddy Maclaughlan is a very decent woman, at least, as far as I ken, though she is a little free in the gab; and, out of respect to my auld friend Sir Sampson, it is my desire that you should remain here to receive him, and that you trait baith him and his lady discreetly."

This was said in too serious a tone to be disputed; and his son was obliged to submit.

The ointment meanwhile having been applied to Pysche's paw, peace was restored and breakfast recommenced.

"I declare our dear niece has not tasted a morsel," observed Miss Nicky.

"Bless me, here's charming barly meal scones," cried one, thrusting a plateful of them before her. "Here's tempting pease bannocks," interposed another, "and oat cakes. I'm sure, your ladyship never saw such cakes."

"I can't eat any of those things," said their delicate niece, with an air of disgust. "I should like some muffin and chocolate."

"You forget you are not in London, my love," said her husband reproachfully.

"No indeed, I do not forget it. Well, then, give me some toast," with an air of languid condescension.

"Unfortunately, we happen to be quite out of loaf bread at present," said Miss Nicky; "but we've sent to Drymsine for some. They bake excellent bread at Drymsine."

"Is there nothing within the bounds of possibility, you would fancy, Julia?" asked Douglas. "Do think, love."

"I think I should like some grouse, or a beef-steak, if it was very nicely done," returned her ladyship, in a languishing tone.

"Beef-steak!" repeated Miss Grizzy.

"Beef-steak!" responded Miss Jacky.

"Beef-steak!" reverberated Miss Nicky.

After much deliberation and consultation amongst the three spinsters, it was at length unanimously carried, that the Lady's whim should be indulged.

"Only think, sisters," observed Miss Grizzy, in an under tone, "what reflections we should have to make upon ourselves, if the child was to resemble a moor-fowl!"

"Or have a face like a raw beef-steak!" said Miss Nicky.

These arguments were unanswerable; and a smoking steak and plump moor-fowl were quickly produced, of which Lady Juliana partook, in company with her four-footed favourites.

This intolerable sort of life is endured through upwards of two hundred pages; till the patience, both of the gentleman and lady, is quite exhausted. The old laird offers his son a snug farm, with £100 per annum, but that cannot induce the pair to take up their abode for life in the Highlands. General Cameron, on Douglas's earnest application, relents so far as to offer him £700 a year. This appears to be "wealth untold" to the foolish couple, and they return to "dear London," taking with them one of their two daughters with whom they have been by this time blest, and leaving the other to the care of the captain's elder brother and his lady; who happen, very opportunely, to have no children of their own. To Lady Juliana's extravagance, and her husband's folly, £700 a year is nothing; but that might have been remedied, but for her ladyship's impudence in disgusting General Cameron by a wanton display of her absurdities. The old officer is so thoroughly offended, that he retires into the country, and marries his steward's daughter. In answer to a letter from Douglas, announcing the birth of a son, the General writes as follows:

"*Hort Lodge, Berks.*

"Dear Henry,—By this time twelvemonth, I hope it will be my turn to communicate to you a similar event in my family; to that which your letter announces to me. As a preliminary step, I am just about to march into quarters for life, with a young woman, daughter to my steward. She is healthy, good humoured, and of course vulgar; since she is no connoisseur in china, and never spoke to a pug-dog in her life.

"Your allowance will be remitted regularly from my banker, until the day of my death; you will then succeed to ten thousand pounds, secured to your children, which is all you have to expect from me. If after this, you think it worth your while, you are very welcome to give your son the name of yours faithfully.

"William Cameron."

Upon this becoming known, Douglas is arrested by his creditors, who had always fancied him to be the heir-general of Cameron. Lady Juliana becomes reconciled to her brother, and enters into immediate occupation of a very elegant set of apartments, left vacant, a day or two before, by the elopement of his spouse. The good-natured brother consents to take the debts of Captain Douglas upon himself, observing very wisely, that to a man who owed so much as he, a few thousands in addition were neither here nor there. The captain exchanges into a marching regiment, and is ordered to join it immediately in India. The following is the termination of this preliminary romance, which we suspect, after all, to be better than any other equal proportion of the work.

"Upon hearing of this arrangement, Lady Juliana's grief and despair, as usual, set all reason at defiance. She would not suffer her dear,

dear Harry, to leave her. She knew she could not live without him—she was sure she should die; and Harry would be sea-sick, and grow so yellow, and so ugly, that when he came back she should never have any comfort in him again. Henry, who had never doubted her readiness to accompany him, immediately hastened to assuage her anguish, by assuring her that it had always been his intention to take her along with him.

That was worse and worse. She wondered how she could be so barbarous and absurd, as to think of her leaving all her friends and going to live amongst savages. She had done a great deal in living so long contentedly with him in Scotland; but she never could, nor would make, such another sacrifice. Besides, she was sure, poor Courtland could not do without her; she knew he would never marry again; and who would take care of his dear children, and educate them properly, if she did not. It would be too ungrateful to desert Frederick, after all he had done for them.

The pride of the man, as much as the affection of the husband, was irritated by this resistance to his will; and a violent scene of reproach and recrimination terminated in an eternal farewell.

So much for marriage the first. The basis on which it was founded accounts sufficiently for the result.

At the beginning of volume the second, we find that, in due course of inheritance, the heroine-ship of the book has passed to one of the daughters of Lady Juliana—of course, the deserted one, who had been left for education among her relations in the Highlands. This young lady enjoys inestimable advantage of being brought up in the most rational and virtuous manner possible, under the direction of a perfect paragon of aunts. The author takes many sly opportunities of contrasting the excellent system of Mrs. Douglas, with that pursued by her sisters-in-law, the venerable spinsters of Glenfern Castle. The following account of the religion and morals of the belles who benefit by their precepts, is evidently from the life.

"To attend the parish church, and remember the text, to observe who was there, and who was *not* there, and to wind up the evening with a sermon stuttered and stammered through by one of the girls (the worst reader always piously selected, for the purpose of improving their reading,) and particularly addressed to the Laird, openly and avowedly snoring in his arm-chair, though at every pause starting up with a peevish 'Weel?'—this was the sum total of their religious duties. Their moral virtues were much upon the same scale; to knit stockings, scold servants, cement china, trim bonnets, lecture the poor, and look up to Lady Maclaughlan, comprised nearly their whole code. But these were the virtues of ripened years and enlarged understandings; what their pupils might hope to arrive at, but could not presume to meddle with. *Their* merits consisted in being compelled to sew certain large portions of white work; learning to read and write in the worst manner; occasionally *wearing* a *collar*; and learning the notes on the spinnet. These acquirements, accompanied with a great deal of lecturing and fault-finding, sufficed for the first fifteen years; when the two next passed at a provincial boarding-school, were supposed to impart every graceful accomplishment to which women could attain."

Miss Mary Douglas grows up as beautiful and as accomplished as could be wished, till about the age of sixteen years,—at that time, the old laird of Glenfern's funeral procession is perceived by a second-sighted person in the vicinity, and the real ceremony, of course, follows close on the heels of the visionary one. Mary's health from this time begins to droop, and all the domestic materia medica having in vain been exhausted, it is at last agreed that she shall be sent to visit her mother, for the benefit of the milder air of the south of England. Her uncle, Major Douglas, attends her as far as Edinburgh. In the latter city Miss Douglas is, like all other strangers, delighted with this metropolis. The morning after her arrival her uncle and she walk round the Calton Hill, and inspect the new walks, prisons, and hermitage. One of the bailies—(alas! *fuimus Troes; fuit ingens gloria Dardanidum!*)——who appears to haunt this beautiful spot like a tutelary genius, explains to them the merits of all the improvements, and concludes with proposing a visit to Lord Nelson's monument.

"And noo," said the Bailie, "will ye step up to the monument and tak a rest and some refreshment?"

"Rest and refreshment in a monument!" exclaimed Mr. Douglas. "Excuse me, my good friend, but we are not inclined to bait there yet a while."

The Bailie did not comprehend the joke; and he proceeded in his own drawling hum-drum accent, to assure them that the monument was a most convenient place.

"It was erected in honour of Lord Nelson's memory," said he, "and is let aff to a pastry cook and confectioner, where you can alwys find some trifles to treat the ladies, such as pies and custards, and berries, and these sort of things; but we passed an order in the council, that there should be naething of a spirituous nature introduced, for if ance spirits got admittance, there is no saying what might happen."

This was a fact which none of the party were disposed to dispute; and the Bailie, triumphing in his dominion over the spirits, shuffled on before to do the honours of this place, appropriated at once and the same time to the manes of a hero, and the making of minced pies. The regale was admirable, and Mary could not help thinking times were improved, and that it was a better thing to eat tarts in Lord Nelson's Monument, than to have been poisoned in Julius Cæsar's.

We have reason to suspect that the bailie did not, upon this occasion, reveal all the secrets of the Nelson club, which assembles in this singular house of call, and at whose meetings he himself presides at times, with so much success. But it would be ungenerous, at the present moment, to take any severe notice of the slips of the "fallen great."*

Their next visit is to the aerial habitation of Mrs. Violet Macshake, a "great-grand-aunt" of our heroine. This venerable personage still occupies her old quarters on the Castle Hill.

"They had now reached the airy dwelling where Mrs. Macshake resided, and having rung, the door was at length most deliberately open-

* For the benefit of posterity let it be known, that we have penned this critique this present Saturday the 6th of June 1818, the very day on which the Court of Session pronounced their first interlocutor, disfranchising the city of Edinburgh, and reducing her bailies to the station of common men.

"Alas, the provost-less city!"

ed, by an ancient, sour-visaged, long-waisted female, who ushered them into an apartment, the *coup d'œil* of which struck a chill to Mary's heart. It was a good-sized room, with a bare sufficiency of small-legged dining-tables, and lank hair-cloth chairs ranged in high order round the walls. Although the season was advanced, and the air piercing cold, the grate stood smiling in all the charms of polished steel, and the mistress of the mansion was seated by the side of it in an arm-chair still in its summer position. She appeared to have no other occupation than what her own meditations afforded; for a single glance sufficed to shew, that not a vestige of book or work was harboured there. She was a tall, large-boned woman, whom even Time's iron hand scarcely bent, as she merely stooped at the shoulders. She had a drooping snuffy nose—a long turned up chin—small quick grey eyes, and her face projected far beyond her figure, with an expression of shrewd restless curiosity. She wore a mode (*not a-la-mode*), bonnet, and cardinal of the same, a pair of clogs over her shoes, and black silk mittens on her arms.

As soon as she recognised Mr. Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction, and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling, for, as the surprise went off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

"An wha thought o' seein' you enow?" said she in a quick gabbling voice, "what's brought you to the toon are ye come to spend your honest faither's siller, o'er he's weel cauld in his grave, puir man?"

Mr. Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece's health.

"Health!" repeated she, with a sardonic smile, "it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the wark that's made aboot young fowk's health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye're aw made o', grasping Mary's arm in her great bony hand, "a wheen puir feckless windlestraes—ye maun awa to Ingland for yere healths. Set ye up! I wunder what cam o' the lasses i' my time, that bute to bide at home? And whilk o' ye, I sude like to ken, 'll ere leive to see ninety-sax, like me.—Health! he, he!"

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady's manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

"Tak aff yere bannet, bairn, and let me see yere face; wha can tell what like ye are wi' that smile o' a thing on yere head." Then, after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse—"Weel, it's a mercy, I see ye hae neither the red heed, nor the muckle cuits o' the Douglases, I ken nae whuther yer father had them or no. I ne'er set een on him, neither him nor his braw leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me, but I was at nae loss by aw accounts.

"You have not asked for any of your Glensern friends," said Mr. Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic chord.

"Time enough—wull ye let me draw my breath, man? fowk can-

ha say aw thing at ance.—An ye bute to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wud nae serr ye.—An yere wean, I'se warran', it's ane o' the warld's wonders, it's been unca lang o' cummin—he, he!' He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!' said Mr. Douglas, in allusion to his father's death.

'An wha's faut was that?—I ne'er heard tell the like o't, to hae the bairn kirsened an its grandfather deein!—But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they ushed to du; aw thing's changed.'

'You must indeed have witnessed many changes,' observed Mr. Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter any thing of a conciliatory nature.

'Changes!—weel a waat, I sometimes wunder if its the same waurld an if it's my ain heed that's upon my shoothers.'

'But with these changes, you must also have seen many improvements,' said Mary in a tone of diffidence.

'Improvements!' turning sharply round upon her, 'what ken ye about improvements, bairn? A bonny improvement or ens, no, to see tyleyrs and sclaters, clarin wha Innind Jews and Yerls. An that great glowrin new toon there,' pointing out of her windows, 'whar I used to sit and luck oot at bonny green parks, and see the coos milket, and the bits o' bairnys rowin and tummlin, an the lasses trampin i' their tubs—What see I noo but stane an lime, an stoor an dirt, an idle chiels, and dinket oot madams prancin'.—Improvements indeed.'

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr. Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

'Mainars!' repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh, 'what caw ye mainers noo, for I dinna ken; ilk ane gangs bang in till their neebor's hooss, and bang oot o't as it war a chynge hooss; an as for the maister o't, he's no o' sae muckle vaalue as the flunky ahint his chyre. I'll my grand-father's time, as I hae him tell, ilka master o' a faamily had his ain sate in his ain hooss aye, an sat wi' his hat on his heed afore the best o' the land, an had his ain dish, an was aye helpit first, an keepit up his awthority as a man sude du. Paurents were paurents then—bairnes darna set up their gabs afore them as they du noo.—They ne'er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days—wife an servants, reteeners an' childer, aw trummelt i' the presence o' their heed.'

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue; but after having duly wiped her nose with her coloured handkerchief, and shook off all the particles that might be presumed to have lodged upon her cardinal, she resumed—

'An' nae word o' ny o' your sisters gawn to get husbands yet?—They tell me they're but coorse lasses; an wha'll tak ill-farred tocherless queans, when there's walth o' bonny faces an' lang purses i' the market—He, he!' Then resuming her scrutiny of Mary—'An I'se warren ye'll be lucken for an Inglish sweetheart tu; that'll be what's takin ye awa to Ingland.'

"On the contrary," said Mr. Douglas, seeing Mary was too much frightened to answer for herself—"On the contrary, Mary declares she will never marry any but a true Highlander, one who wears the dirk and plaid, and has the second sight. And the nuptials are to be celebrated with all the pomp of feudal times; with bagpipes, and bonfires, and gatherings of clans, and roasted sheep, and barrels of whisky, and——"

"Weel a wat an' she's i' the right there," interrupted Mrs. Macshake, with more complacency than she had yet shewn. "They may caw them what they like, but there's nae waddins noo. Wha's the better o' them but innkeepers an' chise-drivers? I wud nae count mysel married wi' the hiddlins ways they gang about it noo."

"I daresay you remember these things done in a very different style?" said Mr. Douglas.

"I dinna mind them whan they war at the best; but I hae heard my mither tell what a bonny ploy was at her waddin. I canna tell ye hoo mony was at it; mair nor the room wad haud, ye may be sure, for every relation an' friend o' baith sides war there as weel they sude; an' aw in full dress: the leddies in their hoops round them, an' some o' them had sutten up aw night till hae their heeds drest; for they had nae thae pooket-like taps ye hae noo," looking with contempt at Mary's Grecian contour. "An' the bride's goon was aw shewed ow'r wi' favors, frae the tap doon to the tail, an' aw round the neck, an' aboot the sleeves; an' as soon as the ceremony was ow'r, ilk ane ran till her an' rugget an' rave at her for the favours, till they hardly left the claise upon her back. Than they did nae rin awa as they du noo, but sax, an' thretty o' them sat doon till a graund denner, an' there was a ball at night, an ilka night till Sabbath cam-roond; an' than the bride, an' the bridegroom, drest in their waddin suits, van aw their freends in theirs, wi' their favors on their breests, walkit in procession till the kirk. An' was nae that something like a waddin? It was worth while to be married i' thae days—He, he!"

"The wedding seems to have been admirably conducted," said Mr. Douglas, with much solemnity. "The christening, I presume, would be the next distinguished event in the family?"

"Troth, Archie—an' ye sude keep your thoomb upon kirsnins as lang's ye leeve; yours was a bonnie kirsnin or ens no. I hae heard o' mony things, but a bairn kirsened whan its grandfather was i' the deed, thraw, I ne'er heard tell o' before." Then observing the indignation that spread over Mr. Douglas' face, she quickly resumed, "An' so ye think the kirsnin was the niest ploy?—He, he! Na; the cryin was a ploy, for the leddies did nae keep themsels up than as they du noo; but the day after the bairn was born, the leddy sut up i' her bed, wi' her fan intill her liand; an' aw her freends cam an' stud roond her, an' drank her health, an' the bairns. Than at the leddy's recovery, there was a graund supper gien that they caw'd the *cummerfealls*, an' there was a great pyramid o' hens at the tap o' the table, an' anither pyramid o' ducks at the fit, an' a muckle stoup fu' o' posset i' the middle; an' aw kinds o' sweeties doon the sides; an' as sune as ilk ane had eaten their fill, they aw flew till the sweeties, an' fought, an' strave, an' wrastled for them, leddies an' gentlemen an' aw; for the brag was, wha could

pocket-maist; an' whiles they wad hae the claith aff the table, an' aw thing i' the middle i' the floor, an' the chyres upside doon. Oo! muckle gude diversion, I se warran, was at the *cummerfealls*—Than whan they had drank the stoup dry, that ended the ploy. As for the kirsnin, that was aye whar it sude be—i' the hoos o' God; an' aw the kith an' kin bye in full dress, an' a band o' maiden cimmers aw in white; an' a bonny sight it was, as I've heard my mither tell.'

Mr. Douglas, who was now rather tired of the old lady's reminiscenses, availed himself of the opportunity of a fresh pinch, to rise and take leave.

'Oo, what's takin ye awa, Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there,' laying her hand upon his arm, 'an' rest ye, an' tak a glass o' wine an' a bit bread; or may be, turning to Mary, ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye. What gars ye luck sae blae, bairn? I'm sure it's no cauld; but ye're just like the lave; ye gang aw skiltin aboot the streets half naked, an' that ye maun sit an' birsle yoursels afore the fire at hame.'

She had now shuffled along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine, and a platefull of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

'Hae, bairn—tak a cookie—tak it up—what are you fear'd for?—it'll no bite ye. Here's t'ye, Glenfern, an' your wife, an' you wean, puir tead, it's no had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat.'

The wine being drank, and the cookies discussed, Mr. Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

'Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern. Hoo's Grizzy, an' Jacky, an' Nicky?—aye workin away at the pills an' the drogs—he, he! I ne'er swallowed a pill, nor gied a doit for drogs aw my days, an' see an ony o' them'll rin a race wi' me whan they're naur five score.'

Mr. Douglas here paid her some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added, that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

'Gin your roebuck's nae better than your last, atweel it's no worth the sendin': poor dry fisinless dirt, no worth the chowing; weel a wat, I begrudged my teeth on't. Your muirfowl was na' that ill, but they're no worth the carryin; they're dong cheap i' the marked enoo, so it's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mutton, or a cauler saumont, there would hae been some sense in't; but ye're ane o' the fowk that'll ne'er harry yoursel wi' your presents; it's but the pickle poother they cost you, an' I'se warran ye're thinkin mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick, when ye're at the shootin' o' them, puir beasts.'

Mr. Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before; but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His colour rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips, as he strode indignantly towards the door.

His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before

him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh, as she patted him on the back, 'So, I see ye're just the auld man, Archie,—ay ready to tak the strums; an ye dinna get a thing ye're ain wye. Mony a time I had to fleech ye oot, o' the dorts whan ye was a callant. Div ye mind hoo ye was affronted, because I set ye doon to a cauld pigeon-pye, an' a tanker o' tippeny ae night to ye're fowerhoors, afore some leddies—he, he, he! Weel, a wat, ye're wise maun hae her ain adoos to manage ye, for ye're a camstairy chield, Archie.'

Mr. Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry.

"'Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn,' said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bed-chamber, which wore the same aspect of chilly neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond ear-rings. 'Hae, bairn,' said she, as she stuffed them into Mary's hand, 'they belanged to your father's grandmother. She was a gude woman, an' had four-an'-twenty sons an' dochters, an' I wiss ye nae war fortin than just to hae as mony. But mind ye,' with a shake of her bony finger, 'they maun a' be Scots. Gin I thought ye wad mairry ony pock-puddin', fient haed wad ye hae gotten frae me. Noo, haud ye're tongue, an', dinna deive me wi' thanks,' almost pushing her into the parlour again; 'an' sin ye're gaum awa the morn, I'll see nae mair o' ye enoo—so fare ye weel. But, Archie, ye maun come an' tak your breakfast wi' me. I hae muckle to say to you; but ye manna be sae hard upon my baps as ye used to be,' with a facetious grin to her mollified favourite, as they shook hands and parted.

"'Well, how do you like Mrs. Macshake, Mary?' asked her uncle as they walked home.

"'That is a cruel question, uncle,' answered she, with a smile. 'My gratitude and my taste are at such variance,' displaying her splendid gift, 'that I know not how to reconcile them.'

"'That is always the case with those whom Mrs. Macshake has obliged,' returned Mr. Douglas. 'She does many liberal things, but in so ungracious a manner, that people are never sure whether they are obliged or insulted by her. But the way in which she receives kindness is still worse. Could any thing equal her impertinence about my roebuck? Faith, I've a good mind never to enter her door again!'

"Mary could scarcely preserve her gravity at her uncle's indignation, which seemed so disproportioned to the cause. But, to turn the current of his ideas, she remarked, that he had certainly been at pains to select two admirable specimens of her country-women for her.

"'I don't think I shall soon forget either Mrs. Gawflaw or Mrs. Macshake,' said she laughing.

"'I hope you won't carry away the impression, that these two *lusus naturæ* are specimens of Scotchwomen?' said her uncle. 'The former, indeed, is rather a sort of weed that infests every soil—the latter, to be sure is an indigenous plant. I question if she would have arrived at such perfection in a more cultivated field, or genial clime. She was born at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now. Female education was little attended to, even in families of the highest

rank; consequently the ladies of those days possess a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement. Had your time permitted, you could have seen much good society here, superior, perhaps, to what is to be found any where else, as far as mental cultivation is concerned. But you will have leisure for that when you return.

Our extracts have run out to such a length, that we must be contented to go over the rest of the story without specimens. On arriving at the seat of Lord Courtland, Mary finds her mother, a heartless unfeeling piece of selfishness, and her sister Adelaide, a beautiful creature, in the fair way to become just such another. Lady Emily Lindore, her cousin, is a fine, high-spirited, frank, and amiable girl, who has long been in love with Mary's brother Edward, a sailor; and from her alone she receives a kind and encouraging reception. The family circle at Beech Park is described with infinite skill, and shews how accurately the author has observed the dull and objectionless mode of life adopted by too many of our nobility. Above all, the parasite physician, Dr. Redgill, is a very happy sketch, and abounds in touches of a quiet and graphical humour.

The last volume, although it unfolds the amours, and brings about the marriage, of no less than three couples, is by no means so amusing as the first. The loves of Mary Douglass and Colonel Lennox, however, are told in a simple and graceful manner; and this part of the narrative cannot be read without giving us as favourable an idea of the character, as the whole work must do of the talents, of the author. Marriage the second, in short, is in every respect the very opposite of marriage the first. Marriage the third occurs between Adelaide Douglas and a certain formal dignified Duke of Altamont, and the lady, as might be expected, proves false to him, and elopes with her cousin, young Lord Lindore, in the course of a few months after the wedding. Lady Emily and Edward Douglas form marriage the fourth, and are happy in a calm steady sort of way, as if nothing particular had happened.

There is an excellent underplot carried on through all the book, by means of Sir Simon M'Laughlan, a dwarfish and hunch-backed baronet, and his spouse, the pink of all rough, rude, dogmatical, snuff-taking, doctoring, intolerable old viragos. But we must not venture to touch upon these rich characters. We are sure our readers will be anxious to read the book, and we hope we have succeeded in not spoiling their appetite for it, by giving too full an account of its contents. We trust the fair author will not be long silent: and that, when she next comes forth, she will not hesitate to disclose a name, which, whatever it may be, she is in no danger of dishonouring. *Blackwood's Magazine.*

EMMA—A TALE.

Hushed were the tones of mirthful revelry,
Stayed were the music and the dance, as fell
On Croydon's Gothic towers and battlements,
The shades of dreary midnight. In the hall
The hearth's brands were decaying; but a flame
Lambently lighted up the vaulted roof,
And circling walls, where antlers branching wide,
And forehead skins of elk and deer were seen,
And fox's brush; the trophies of the chase;
And warriors cloaks depending, and the gleam
Of burnished armour.—

In her chamber, one
Sleepless alone remained, where all was still;
Reclining on a couch, and dreamily o'er
The thoughts—the happy scenes of other years;
And, with a sweet, seraphic countenance,
Shining in beauty and in solitude,
Like morning's rosy star, when from the sky
Her sisters have in silence disappeared.
Sorrowful Emma! were not thine of yore
Thoughts of unrest, and mournful countenance?
But sparkling eyes, that matched unclouded heaven
In their deep azure; and carnationed cheeks,
Round with the snow-drops like a halo spread;
And an elastic footstep, like the nymph
Health, when in very wantonness of play,
She brushes from the green the dews of morn.

And, why, wrapt up in cloak of elder-down,
Chilling thy beauty in the midnight air,
Breathing, in solitude, the deep-drawn sigh,
Con'st thou, unheard of all, the love-born tale,
The tale of hapless lovers, soft and sad;
And why, when all is still, and balmy sleep
Should seal the weary eyelids, dost thou sit
Mournfully beside the lattice, and attend
To the hollow murmurs of the distant sea,
Which fitfully, upon the passing gale
Break in, and die away?—

The winter's breath
Destroys the bloomy flowers—the ocean tide
Is governed by the moon; and, for thy grief,
Although unmarked by all, there is a cause!

And she hath laid her down, and silently,
As Retrospection wandered through the past,
Have her chaste eyelids closed; and, in her dream,
Lo! forests darken round with gloomy boughs,
And wolves are heard to howl; around her path
The forky lightenings flash; and deeply loud,
The thunders roll amid the blackening skies.—
Anon her steps have gained a precipice
Above the roaring sea, where, waste and wild,
The foamy billows chafe among the rocks—
The rocks whose sable heads, at intervals,
Are seen and disappear. Awfully dark
Night's shadows brood around; but, in the flash
Of the blue arrowy lightnings, far away
A vessel is descried upon the deep;

While moaning sounds are heard, and dismal shrieks
O'er the tempestuous billows breaking loud;
Until its stormy fury vented forth,
And the winds hushed to silence and to rest,
And the bright stars appearing, and the clouds
Breaking away, like armies from the field,
When battle's clangor ceases,—she beholds,
Pallid beneath a cliff, the form of him;
Her chosen hero, bleached by wave and wind,
Unconscious of the seamew with a shriek
Hovering around—the victim of the storm!

Anon the vision changes; armies throng
The arid fields of Palestine afar,
And, glittering in the setting sun, she sees,
The Moorish cresent over Salem's walls,
The Infidel victorious, and the hosts
Of baffled Christendom dispersed: she sees
Disasters and defeat the lot of those,
Who, 'neath Godfredo's banner, daring, left
On perilous enterprise their native shore.—
The battle's voice hath ceased; the trumpet's note
Hath died upon the west-wind; bird and beast,
From mountain cliff on high, and woody dell,
Lured by the scent of blood, have come to gorge
On the unburied dead. Rider, and horse,
The lofty and the low, commingled, lie
Unbreathing, and the balmy evening gale,
Fitfully lifts the feathers on the crest
Of one, who slumbers with his vizor up!

Starting she wakes; and, o'er the eastern hill,
Lo! beautiful the radient morn appears,
And, thro' the lattice, steadily streams in
The flood of crimson light; while, sitting there
Upon the outward ivy wreath, in joy
Happy the robin sings; his lucid tones
Of harmony delight her listening ear,
Dispel the gathered sadness of her heart,
And, tell her that her fears are but a dream.

But hark! why sounded is the warder's horn?—
Doth danger threaten, or do foes approach?—
The guard are at their station; and, she hears
The ring of brazen arms, as anxious there
The soldiers, girding on their swords, draw up;
The bugle's sound of peace is faintly heard,
Mournfully pleasing, in a dying strain,
Melodious—melancholy—far away!
An answer is returned; heavily down
Sinks the huge drawbridge and the iron tramp
Of steeds is heard fast crossing. Joy to her!
To long forsaken Emma, joy to her!
Obscured by tempests dark, and brooding storms,
The sun may wander through the sky unseen
The livelong day; until, above the tops
Of the steep western mountains, forth he glows,
Glorious, the centre of a crimson flood,
In brightness unapproachable so oft
The span of human life is measured out:
Sorrow and care, companions of our steps,
Hover around us, blotting out the hopes
We long had cherished, banishing the bliss
We oft have tasted, till our path is dark;
Then lo! amid the gloom of hope deferred,

Breaks in a blessed light, a living day,
Like that of polar regions, glowing bright,
Unclouded, and unconscious of an end.
A group of happy faces throng the hall,
And scarce hath Emma entered, like a flower
Blushing, and beautiful, with downcast eyes,
And palpitating bosom, ere her knight,
Young Ethelrid, from holy wars returned
With laurels on his crest to part no more,
Kneels faithful at her feet in ecstacy,
And lifts her snowy fingers to his lips.

A.

PROLOGUE

To the Amateur Garrison performances, spoken previously to the performance of the Comedy of The "HEIR AT LAW."

Written by J. C. FISHER, Esq. L. L. D.

'Tis not our task, to bid your tears to flow
At the deep pathos of—fictitious woe:
We would not rob one bosom of a sigh,
Nor quench the lustre of one star-like eye.
Tho' THAT were much, yet MORE we seek to-night,
Our high ambition wings a loftier flight.

To you, by rank enobled, and by fame,
Whose virtues match the honors of your name—
To those, whom various shades of merit grace,
Next in this land respected, next in place—
To you, ye Fair, whose charms of beauty bright,
Pure as the snow, like that bedazzle sight—
To all with sense to hear, and hearts to feel,
To all around, we boldly make appeal.

If there's a blessed tear, 'tis that which flows
From kindred feeling at another's woes—
If there's a Christian duty, 'tis to give
From wealth abundant—that the poor may live!
Think ye, amid the season's general joy,
While social wishes every tongue employ,
No hearts are heavy, fraught with anxious grief,
That would not ask, and yet that need relief;
Think ye, no wand'rer, reckless of his fate,
Repents his country left, alas! too late
O'er wintry snows, this night, expos'd to roam,
Thro', skies inclement, hopeless of a home?
No mother pines, herself with famine press'd,
To shield from cold the darling on her breast;
Desp'rate, amid the rigors of the clime,
To save her offspring—tho' she plunge in crime?—

To soothe the pangs that rack that mother's breast,
The wand'rer comfort, succour the distrest,
Convince the sceptic, that where means abound,
Warm, active Charity may yet be found—
We ask you HERE to-night—and—thank to all,
Most kindly, have you answer'd to our call!
'Tis worthier sure at real woe to melt,
Than claim applause for grief, we never felt
To add our mite to calm stern Winter's rage,
Than mimic mis'ry—on this well-warm'd stage!

Thus is our object gain'd—and nought remains,
Save to entreat indulgence—for our pains.

Smile when you hear our Pangloss aptly quote
The scraps of learning he has conn'd by rote,
Our Dowlas, wetting long lost Henry's right,
Vent language horrid unto ears polite,
Approve our Zekiel, eager to defend
His sister's honor 'gainst his faithless friend,
While Dick, to virtue turn'd, and true to Cis,
Atone's a moment's pain by years of bliss.
Judge not their acting by stern Critic's laws,
But to the motive—give your kind applause.

SONNET.——TO M——

It is not that upon thy cheek, the rose,
Hath shed the softest influence of its dye;
Nor that the lustre of thy dark blue eye
With all that sparkling tenderness o'erflows,
And wins, wher'er it wanders, as it throws
Its animated glances, wild and warm
Nor, for thy snowy bosom's beauteous form
Where love hath rear'd a dwelling to repose,
In soft enchantment's arms, that thou art priz'd,
But 'tis the spirit of that airy grace,
Which beams in animation undisguis'd
Lighting the glowing features of thy face
That makes thee lovelier, than if beauty's whole,
Cestus of charms were join'd, without thy soul

THE MAGDALEN.

I do remember it. 'Twas such a face
As Guido would have loved to dwell upon;
But oh! the touches of his pencil never
Could paint her perfect beauty. In her home
(Which, once she did desert) I saw her last;
Propped up by pillows, swelling round her, like
Soft heaps of snow, yielding, and fit to bear
Her faded figure. I observed her well.
Her brow was fair, but *very* pale, and look'd
Like stainless marble; a touch, methought, would soil
Its whiteness. O'er her temple one blue vein
Ran like a tendril; one through her shadowy hand
Branched like the fibre of a leaf—away.
Her mouth was tremulous, and her cheek wore then
A flush of beautiful vermillion,
But more like art than nature; and her eye
Spoke as became the youthful Magdalen,
Dying and broken-hearted.

THE POET.

Oh! say not that truth does not dwell with the lyre,
That the minstrel will feign what he never has felt;
Oh! say not his love is a fugitive fire,
That o'er the snow mountains will sparkle not melt.
Ah! deeply the minstrel has felt all he sings,
Ev'ry passion he paints, his own bosom has known.
No note of wild music is swept from the strings,
But first his own feelings have echo'd the tone.
Then say not his love is a fugitive fire,
That the heart can be ice while the lip is of flame;
Then say not that truth does not dwell with the lyre,
The pulse of the heart and the harp are the same.

Monthly Register.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—The great topic which at present agitates the public mind, especially that of the great Commercial community, relates to the projects which are asserted to be meditated by Spain and France against the Independence of South America. On the 22d of November, the Shipowners' Society had an interview with the Government, at the instance of several of the Merchants and Shipowners engaged in the trade with Spanish America, for the purpose of ascertaining whether there was any real foundation for the rumours which had been circulated in some of the Newspapers, of its being the intention of the French Government to assist Spain in attempting the re-conquest of her late Colonies. The most satisfactory and unqualified assurances were given by the Government that there was not the slightest pretence for imputing any such design to the French Government—that the French frigate Jean Bart, which had sailed some time since from France, to the West Indies, was on her return to France, and that no force was going out from France to the West Indies, excepting 500 men for relieving the garrison at Martinique and Gaudaloupe. It was stated to Government, that fourteen ships were now loading in London and Liverpool *for the Spanish American ports, and that of course, if the rumour alluded to had been* well founded, it would not be prudent for the merchants to continue sending their property in that direction. The answer given to this was, that Government saw no reason why the commercial intercourse which individuals might think proper to carry on with those countries should be suspended. While upon this subject we may add, that Dr. Mackay returned from Mexico in the latter end of December, after concluding a most favourable commercial arrangement for Great Britain. He is said to have managed his business with so much address, that the existence of the mission was not known until after its completion, and the Dr. arrived in England.

On the 3d of December, His Majesty was pleased to honour Drury Lane Theatre with a visit. He was received by the populace with loud and continued cheerings, and the waving of Handkerchiefs, as he passed through the streets, on his way to the Theatre, where his arrival and entrance was announced by the sound of a trumpet. The enthusiastic manner in which he was received in the Theatre, denoted the most loyal and affectionate sentiments of devotion to his person. On the very instant that his Majesty was recognized by part of the audience, while entering the box, the whole house rose and welcomed him with immense cheerings, and clapping of "hands with hearts in them." His Majesty, who appeared to enjoy good health and spirits, paid the most marked attention to the passing scene; and when any particular excellence was displayed by the actor, he was by no means a niggard of his applause.

SPAIN.—The Government of FERDINAND has been completely re-established. The king has named the following as his Ministers:—Don Victor Saez, first Secretary of State; Don Govira de la Torre, Minister of Justice; Don San Juan Evio, Minister of Finance. Lieutenant General Pozzo di Borgo, Ambassador extraordinary from the Emperor of Russia to his Catholic Majesty, was presented to his Majesty at Madrid *on the 15th November, when he addressed his Majesty in a Speech, which, as it has* generated lengthy and serious discussions throughout Europe, it may not be improper to present to our readers at full length:—"Sire," said the Ambassador, "when rebellion rose against the sacred rights of your Majesty's throne, the Emperor, my august Master, foresaw, in his wisdom, the whole extent of the evils which the authors of this criminal attempt were preparing for Spain. The most painful experience confirmed these well-founded presentiments, which were shared by alarmed Europe, as the deeds of injustice, committed by the usurpers of the public power, gradually destroyed the hopes of the most sanguine. The necessity of checking the fatal consequences of a state of things which had become dangerous to all, induced the sovereigns assembled at

Verona to put an end to it, even by open force, if the obstinacy of the disturbers of general tranquillity should render this determination indispensable. It was for France to take the initiative in this noble enterprize. She has gloriously accomplished it, and your Majesty is restored to his people and to his allies, in the fullness of his legitimate power: a condition necessary to the happiness of Spain and to the security of Europe. The whole world, Sire, expects to see these just hopes realized. The difficulties which your Majesty will undoubtedly meet in attempting to pacify his extensive dominions, will but heighten the merit of overcoming them. As to the means, your Majesty will find them in the wisdom of his own resolutions, in the virtues of his people, and in the interest with which your Majesty is sure to inspire his allies; and thus will your Majesty have the glory of terminating this last of revolutions, by firmness which prevents their breaking out again, and by clemency which causes them to be forgotten." To this harangue, his Majesty was pleased to return a most gracious reply.

Molitor took possession of Carthagena on the 5th of November, and it was expected the French troops would occupy Alicant on the 12th. The Ex-Minister, San Miguel, it is said, has been arrested, and was on his way to Madrid, under a military escort. General Mina has arrived in England, where he continues to receive the most gratifying attention from all classes.

GREECE.—An article from Constantinople of October 25, observes:—Whilst the Journals of Smyrna and their contemporaries were announcing the defeat of the Greeks, the latter gained a signal victory at Lapsi, on the 1st of October and following days, over the Schapetals Albanese of Skodra. The loss of the Turks was 2000 men. The Greeks had 200 men killed, and 15 women, for the Etolian females have formed corps which do not yield in valour to their husbands and brothers. They have also to deplore the loss of one of their captains, Stanaris Travellas, who died with his arms in his hand. It is said that after this combat the Albanese commenced their retreat; and indeed the thing seems so certain, that we may regard the campaign as terminated. We have before us a short but interesting letter from Semlin, which confirms our former advices that Marco Bozzaris had nobly avenged the death of his gallant brother Constantine, in a manner worthy of him. At the last defeat of the Pacha of Scutaria, among the prisoners taken were 600 Latin Christians, whom Bozzari sent to their homes, after reproaching them for having fought against their Christian brethren. According to the latest private letters from Macedonia, and Thessaly, it appears that as far as the Peloponessus is concerned, the Greeks have nothing more to fear. It is true that bags full of human ears, stated to be those of slain Greeks, and for which the Porte, according to ancient custom, pay a certain sum, are sent from time to time as trophies to Constantinople. But the Franks are no longer deceived by this, as it is a certain fact, that the Turks cut off the ears of their own dead, which they deliver to the Porte as those of Christians.

PROVINCIAL JOURNAL.

LOWER CANADA.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY. — In the latter end of last month a Bill to alter, amend, and extend the Judiciary of the Province, commonly called the Judicature Bill, was passed in the Legislative Council, and brought down to the House—the substance of which Bill is as follows:

"A Court of *Common and Civil Pleas*, for the Province, to consist of a Chief Justice and seven Puisné Judges, is erected with power to determine all civil matters, which the present Court of King's Bench now does; three of the Judges shall constitute a division of the Court for the Districts of Quebec and Montreal, and two for that of Three-Rivers; two to form a quorum; sittings to be held at the present Terms, of the King's Bench for civil matters; in cases of difficulty in the divisions, the Judges may take the opinions of the other Judges of the Court; the rules of practice and forms of proceeding to be uniform, and to be established by any six or more of the Judges—all Ministerial Officers of the present Courts of King's Bench (the Clerk of the Crown excepted) to remain Officers of the several divisions of the Court, in the Districts in which they now are.

District Courts.—In each of the Districts of Quebec, Montreal, and Three-Rivers, there shall be erected District Courts, of two Judges each, to decide matters of controversy relative to property and civil rights—limited to causes not exceeding £10, Sterling, as at present. The Justices not to have power to interdict persons, nor emancipate minors, nor affix or remove seals of safe custody, nor decide any cause exceeding £10 Sterling, nor any cause under £10 Sterling, if the same were not cognizable in the Inferior Court of King's Bench or Provincial Court of Three-Rivers; the Justices at all times to administer oaths of *Experts*, and to witnesses to be examined before *Experts*, or *Arbitres*, to take affidavits and depositions for any Court of Civil or Criminal Jurisdiction; to assist at the election of Tutors, Guardians and Curators, Probate of Wills, Attestations of Accounts and closing of Inventories; may appoint Notaries to receive *avis de Parents*, and homologate such *avis* as the Judges of the Court of King's Bench actually do—the Court of Common or Civil Pleas, in each of its divisions may appoint Commissaries to administer the oath to *Experts* and Witnesses to be examined before *Experts*; examine *on Faits et Articles*; *Serment decisoire*; *Serment judiciaire*; and Witnesses upon Interrogatories, or *viva voce*; and prepare projects of *partage* in all cases. In actions of account to examine, the Account rendered, and the *Debats, Soutenemens et pieces justificatives* fyled, and all claims of Creditors in cases of *Deconfiture*. No District Judge shall act as *Commissaire* of the said Court of Common or Civil Pleas—all examinations taken in writing before any Justice, or *Commissaire* of the Court of Common Pleas upon interlocutories annexed to any *Commissaion Rogatoire* or *viva voce* without interrogatories, pursuant to rule of Court shall be valid. Proviso, *Commissaires Regatoires* may be awarded in vacation; for the examination of parties, rules may also be made to examine *viva voce* witnesses.

Circuits.—The Governor may, within three months after the passing of this Act, divide the three Districts of Quebec, Montreal and Three-Rivers into Circuits, viz: Quebec into *four* Circuits, Montreal into *five* Circuits, Three Rivers into *three* Circuits, to be distinguished by numbers; those comprehending the Cities of Quebec and Montreal, and the Town of Three-Rivers, to be distinguished by the name of the *first Circuit* of each District—the Justices of the District Courts to hold their Courts in the first Circuits of each of the Districts, at the same terms as the inferior Courts of Kings Bench were herctofore held, and to hold their Courts in the other Circuits, as hereinafter provided—the District Courts to be held in each Circuit in such a building as the Governor shall by a Proclamation appoint. In the second Circuit, of each district, the District Courts shall be held from the first to the 6th juridical day inclusively of February, July and October. The third Circuit of each District, from the tenth to the fifteenth juridical day inclusively of the said months. In the fourth Circuits of Quebec and Montreal, from the twentieth to the twenty-fifth juridical day

inclusively of the said months, and in the fifth Circuit of Montreal from the first to sixth juridical day inclusively on the months of March, August and November.—In case of recusation of a judge of any District Court, the papers relating thereto, shall be transmitted to the Division of the Court of Common and Civil Pleas for the District. If the recusation be sustained, the Judge shall try the cause; if not, the case shall be sent back for trial to the District Judge—in cases of recusation of any Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, the other Judges of that Division of the Court, in which action is pending, may call for the assistance of the District Judges who shall conjointly determine such recusation.

Court of King's Bench, and Court of Appeals.—A superior Court erected, to be called "His Majesty's Court of King's Bench for the Province of Lower Canada," to consist of His Majesty's Chief Justice of the Province for the time being, and three Puisné Judges, to exercise Jurisdiction throughout the whole Province, in civil and criminal matters—this Court to have original Jurisdiction, and to determine all Pleas of the Crown of a criminal nature heretofore cognizable in the Courts of King's Bench—the said Court to have an appellate jurisdiction, and to determine all cases appealed from every Civil Court in the Province, and the said Court to be vested with the same powers as were heretofore vested in the Court of Appeals—the Chief Justice when present, shall preside, in his absence the senior Puisné Judge—the four Justices of the said Court, and not less than three of them shall hold terms for hearing Appeals. Terms to be held at the same times and places as heretofore—when the Courts shall be equally divided in opinion the judgment of the Court below shall stand and be affirmed—in case of disqualification in any Judge, the Governor may appoint one of more of the Judges of Common Pleas to sit in his stead, but no such Judge of the common Pleas shall sit on any case appealed in which he may have satrin the Court below—nothing in the Act to prevent the Governor from issuing Commissions of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery; nor derogate from the Rights of the Crown to constitute Courts of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction; nor in any manner to affect any of the Prerogatives of the Crown; all laws in force governing the proceedings of the Courts of civil and criminal jurisdiction in this Province, not expressly repealed or varied by this Act, to remain in force—the Act 3d Geo. IV. Chap. 7. erecting the inferior District of St. Francis repealed—nothing in this act to affect the powers given to the Provincial Judge of Gaspé—the division of the *Court of Common Pleas* for Quebec shall exercise the same powers, with respect to the Inferior District of Gaspé, as the Court of King's Bench heretofore exercised.

On the 2d of January, *the House* resolved itself into a *Committee of the whole*, to consider the Bill, when Mr. VIGER said, the present Bill went to destroy the edifice which had been erected in 1793. That law having met with much opposition, Gentlemen of great knowledge and experience, objected to it on the ground of its being a departure from the system which had formerly prevailed in the administration of the laws of this country that still continued in force; they had predicted that it would not "answer the end intended," and experience had proved it. It had, however, been determined to constitute our Courts of Justice somewhat conformable to those which exist in England, without considering that the system of laws was different. It placed the supporters of it on the bench, but beyond that it was found, that it had not answered the purpose. He said, he would explain the differences in the system of laws in force in this country and in England, which had not been sufficiently attended to by the framers of the Act of 1793, in a way to shew that they must ever render inconvenient the justiciary system of the one, when applied to the other. In England the very object of the action differed; there it was to secure the person to reach the moveable property of the debtor; here the action was to reach the property moveable first, and if that was not sufficient, the immoveable; there a Jury decided on the fact of the cause, here the Judge; there the Judge proceeds to the place where the cause is to be tried by the Jury of the vicinage, and the Judge is guided by the verdict; here it is guided by the evidence. There, it is necessary that the Judges should go to the circuit for Jury trials, and hence the necessity of long vacations. There the Creditor did not suffer by the delay, for the person of the debtor was secure; here, he might be ruined by vacations, for the property in the meantime, might be dissipated, or greatly deteriorated; if it was seized, the expence of guarding it, and other expences and costs were running on. He would not enquire into the merits of the two system of laws; it was sufficient for him to know, that established system of laws, respecting property and civil rights, could not be altered without producing a ruinous state of confusion.

He said, however, that the most respectable authorities had preferred a trial by Judges to a trial by Jury in conventional matters; it was in criminal cases and damages that Juries were justly celebrated. The Hon. Member then stated in great detail the course which the actions commonly instituted by a farmer, a House owner, and a Merchant, commonly took in the Courts from term to term, and instanced the case of a person who had got wrongful possession of a Seigneurie, and who, for about £25 a year, in law expences, assured himself of the annual revenue of some hundred pounds. He said, that in England the Judges might get through a great deal of business in a short time; a Jury trial only lasted one day; of hundreds of verdicts, only a few were moved to be set aside; all the Judges had to do, was to apply the law to be executed. Here the Judges had to enter into all the details of the cause, from beginning to end. It was impossible, he said, to get through the business in terms of twenty days. But it seemed that the Judges by the new Bill, were to give judgement *out* of term, a provision which he viewed as most extraordinary; the least important part of the business must be in term; the most solemn part, that requiring the greatest publicity, was to be done in a corner. The inferior Courts proposed by the Bill were still more objectionable. These Courts were nearly the same as at present; but the number of Judges was diminished. At present it was notorious, that they could not get through with the business of the term. He thought the Circuit Courts ought to have a concurrent jurisdiction with the District Courts, and the Circuits be fixed by the Legislature. The Court of Appeals, he remarked, was one of the most important parts of the Bill; he doubted if this Court could be confided with safety to three or four persons. Mischief, he seemed to think, might result from the possibility of having the opinion of so few persons before-hand. He should prefer a more numerous body, for so important a tribunal. In conclusion, he objected to Judges who had not heard the cause pleaded before them, being consulted by the Judges who had. *The Speaker*, after several pertinent observations, in which he mainly concurred with Mr. Viger, entered into the subject of the Court of Appeals, which, he said, was every thing in a good justiciary, as it regulated the whole machine. Ours, as it existed, was a great co-operating cause of the abuses which subsisted. It was composed of the Judges of two separate and independent Law-Courts, and a number of Executive Councillors, who, whatever might be their capacity in other respects, were not qualified to decide on difficult questions of law. He could not approve of the substitute which was offered for the Court of Appeals, and thought it might be possible to form a proper Court of Appeals in the country; such a body, perhaps, ought not to consist entirely of lawyers; those at least who were not lawyers ought to be persons of the highest rank and independence, representing the intelligence and feelings of the country. He said the proposed union of the Criminal Court of King's Bench and the appeals in the same persons appeared extraordinary to him. Was there to be no legal remedy in criminal matters beyond our Court? No court of error; nothing after judgment but execution or pardon?—The Honourable gentleman finally observed, that eager as the appetite had grown for a new organization of the Courts, and particularly for a new Court of Appeals; if we took this one he should be afraid of *indigestion*. In a subsequent stage of the Committee, a motion was made by *Mr. Bourdages*, for new Districts and resident Judges in the country parts of the Province.

It was contended in favour of the motion, that the country was disgusted with circuits, very little being done at those that are now held; that although longer and more frequent terms were proposed, yet there were many legal proceedings required at all times, which could not be had without journeys to the Towns; that the principal part of the business of the proposed Inferior Courts would still have to be done in the Towns; that the loss of time in going from great distances to the Towns, the loss of time there, from the multiplicity of business before these Courts, for such a numerous population, and the increased expenses throw a too heavy and disproportionate burthen on the country people. That in these journeys to Town, their farms and affairs are left without their labour and superintendance, and the honest and unsuspecting people of the country exposed to the corruption and impositions of the description of persons they unavoidably met with in the Towns; and that it was necessary to declare the sense of the House on this point, for the guidance of the Special Committee to whom it was *intended* to refer this Bill. On the other side, it was said, that the expences of the proposed system would be great, and such, as, with a number of additional Judges, Clerks, Sheriffs, and Officers, Gaols and Court-Houses, would be altogether beyond the present means of the Country to pay; that one resident Judge

for such District, as was proposed by the Gentleman on the other side, would be insufficient; that he would be insulated, without Advocates, without a sufficient Library, that abuses would be unavoidable in his situation, and that the parties would not be benefited by his presence; that the appointments resulting from the proposed system, might furnish the means of intrigue and undue influence; and finally, that Circuit Courts of proper terms and duration would answer all the purposes which the supporters of the motion have in view, particularly the administration of justice nearer the homes of the parties, and be less liable to abuse. That however, if these Districts were necessary, there was no reason to suppose, that the Committee to whom the whole matter would be referred, would not give the question due weight, and they ought not to be shackled by prematurely enjoining on them the details of the Bill. It was stated in reply, that it was not proposed to augment the number of Judges beyond those proposed in the Bill from the Council; that the expense would not be much increased, for it would be gained by the saving of time, labour and other expenses to the parties. That the County Members had proved by their anxiety in favor of the Act for the recovery of small debts, how greatly they felt the wish of having justice administered by persons residing among them, that they demanded the proposed increase, and that they were the best judges of what suited them. On motion of *Mr. Panet*, who professed himself favourable to the proposition, the Committee rose after a division, ayes 16, nays 12; and the Committee obtained leave to sit again on Friday.

On the 5th it was resolved, that the Presidents, Vice Presidents, and Directors of the Banks of the Province, be required, in conformity to the acts of their incorporation to lay before the House, statements of the amount of Stock paid in, the debts due, the monies deposited, the bills in circulation, and the specie in their possession. On the 7th, a message was received from His Excellency the Governor in Chief, stating, that having long felt the necessity of taking steps to effect the Escheat and forfeiture to the Crown of large tracts of land held under letters patent in the Townships of this Province, on which no improvements had been made according to the conditions of the Patent granting the same, recommended to the Assembly to adopt measures for removing, by Legislative enactments, the various difficulties which, in the present state of the law applicable to this subject, must attend and very much embarrass any proceeding for re-uniting these lands to the crown; which was referred to the special committee on the settlement of Crown lands.

In a committee of the whole House on the Bill for the enrollment of Deeds effecting Mortgages on real property, *Mr. O'Sullivan* in a speech of considerable length which reflected great credit on his talents and eloquence, but of which it is impossible, in the abstract to which we are limited, to give any idea, said, that the question submitted to the consideration of the committee was one of the greatest importance, it concerned every class of men, and it was in the highest degree interesting to the merchant, and was no less so to the Landholder. It involved the whole of the real property of the country, and interwove itself with almost all the transactions of society. The object of the measure was to correct the evils that were produced by secret and clandestine Mortgages. The evils existing under the present system were most alarming; and the impossibility of ascertaining the existence of previous Mortgages, frauds of the most glaring kind had been committed. The spoilation which had been tolerated in this country for half a century, had nearly dried up the two great sources of wealth, commerce and agriculture. Bad faith had been practised with impunity, and universal distrust was the inevitable consequence. Notwithstanding this state of things, the increase of population and the necessity of trade, obliged people to contract with each other; but the capital of the country was checked, and had not its fair value in the market. The merchant, often under the necessity of advancing his goods as well upon real security as upon personal credit, was exposed to perpetual danger. It frequently happened, that after having taken the necessary steps to enforce payment, the proceeds were absorbed by a Creditor claiming under a previous mortgage, who, benefiting by the diligence of another, stept forth from his concealment and swept away even the very costs which had been incurred for the purpose of bringing the property to a sale. Capital was as necessary to agriculture as to trade. It was of the utmost importance to the Farmer as it was also to every proprietor that he should enjoy a credit to the full extent of the value of his real estate;—it was the interest of society that he should enjoy no more. If the property were free from any real encumbrance, there existed no means of ascertaining the fact, and doubt and uncertainty supplied the place. If it were not free, the credit of the owner was false and mendacious, and the public

was imposed upon. There was no security for purchasers, they might be deprived, when they least expected it, of the property they had acquired. The capitalist had no means of knowing the affairs of those to whom he was under the necessity of trusting his all. An accident, a bad crop, might expose the farmer to want, and to what quarter was he to look for relief? Who would lend him money on a mortgage? If compelled by necessity to sell his farm, it must be disposed of for much less than its value because the dread of clandestine mortgages would prevent the competition of purchasers. If sold by Sheriff's sale, every day's experience shewed how great the sacrifice would be. It was, he said, also proper to mention the immense expence incurred in Courts of Justice by the concurrence of different claims founded on mortgages—expenses in some instances so considerable as to absorb the sums due to the more recent creditors, and which might otherwise have been paid. The expression might appear inconsistent, but it could, in truth, be said that under such a system, real security was no security at all. After some other observations to the same purport, the Honorable Member said, that he did not conceive that there was any exaggeration in what he had stated. If then vices did exist, destructive of the value of property in the Province, having a paralysing effect upon its commerce, and agriculture, was it not the bounden duty of the Legislature to put a stop to them? The next question would be, how was this to be done? What was the remedy? The answer was a plain one—the present abuses arose from clandestinity—the remedy was, therefore, to be found in publicity. When he said publicity, gentlemen should not be alarmed. He did not mean that the private transactions of individuals should be published to the world, or published to any one unnecessarily; but he meant that such private transactions should, upon the principles of good faith, be open to the inspection of the merchant making an advance of his goods of the capitalist, lending his money, of the purchaser investing the gains of his industry; in a word, to the inspection of every man contracting with another.

Mr. Viger, after complimenting the Honourable member who had preceeded him on the talents which he had displayed in picturing the abuses of which he complained, expressed himself apprehensive that the Honorable gentleman had not sufficiently considered the situation of the Province. He said, the system of laws in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States was very different from that which prevailed here. Register Offices might be necessary there, but here no property could be transferred without the instrumentality of a public officer and public possession. He mentioned a number of tracit Mortgages which it would be impossible to register. He added, that to make the proposed measure proper, it would be necessary that it should be accompanied with the abolishing of the *contrainte par corps* and other laws which now bear so hard on the debtor; and that if that could be accomplished, he would be happy to see the measure succeed. After a few additional observations, the Committee rose, and the bill was referred to a special committee.

On the 13th Mr. Papineau submitted two propositions to the house relative to the Lachine Canal.—1. That it was necessary to establish tolls on such part of the Canal as might be opened.—2. That the commissioners should be empowered to raise, by loan, 20,000*l.* to complete the work. He stated 38,000*l.* had already been spent, seven of which had been borrowed by the Committee, to carry on the work; the 12,000*l.* appropriated last year not having been paid. Mr. Neilson said, that when the gentlemen who supported the measure of taking the work out of the hands of a private company, to be done at the public expence, the vote of the House was obtained upon an assurance that the sum then demanded would be sufficient; but notwithstanding they had obtained last year an additional vote of 12,000*l.* and now they asked an additional 20,000*l.* He wished to know when this was to end, what security had this house that next year a further sum would be required. He objected to the mode of proceeding. On some further remarks and observations from several members, the question was suffered to be over, till the state of the Province was better known.

In the 14th Mr. Papineau moved for leave to bring in a bill relative to Tread Mills. He said that the Legislature of this Province passed in its last Session an act authorizing the erection of Tread Mills. By the existing laws the courts were authorized to sentence certain description of offenders to hard labour in the Houses of Correction; but without some further Legislative enactment, this hard labour could not be taken to apply to Tread Mills. It was his intention in some degree to substitute the Tread Mill for the punishment of whipping and the pillory which answered no good purpose,

but on the contrary, hardened the criminal. Leave was given.

On the 20th, in a Committee of the whole House on the Report of the special Committee to whom was referred the Governor's Message for the erection of a Jail in the District of St. Francis,

Mr. Taschereau,—Said that the Special Committee having reported in favor of the erection of a Gaol at Sherbrooke, in the said District, he would propose, 1st. That a Gaol was necessary; 2d, That it should be erected at the expence of the District, by Commissioners to be named by the Governor; 3d. That they should be authorised to borrow a Sum not exceeding 2000*l.* for its completion; 4th. That for the re-payment of the said sum, there should be levied a Tax upon Law Processes in the said District. He also said, that it was suggested that it might be expedient to lay a Duty on Licenses for Stills in the said District, the Spirits used there being chiefly manufactured in that part of the country, to the exclusion of those that pay duties on importation. He observed, that the Tax on Law Proceedings had already been resorted to for the building of the Court Houses at Quebec and Montreal, and had been found to be productive without much expense of collection.

Mr. Viger,—Observed, that there was nothing before the House to shew that the inhabitants of the District wished for the erection of a permanent Gaol; and that as the proposed measure went to lay a burthen on them exclusively, it would be prudent to proceed with caution; he thought, that a temporary Gaol might answer the purpose, particularly as the Law erecting the District was proposed to be repealed in the Judicature Bill sent down from the Legislative Council.

Mr. Papineau,—said that it would have been desirable that the people of the townships should have had Representatives chosen by themselves to express their wishes in the House; by the Bill which passed the House last Session they had been allowed three Representatives; but that Bill was not agreed to by the other House.

Mr. Neilson,—Observed, that the people of the Townships had been petitioning year after year for a Gaol and other matters, without counter petitions. It was to be presumed that, asking for a Gaol they were willing to bear the expences; they were educated in the ideas of a system which required the means for such works to be raised by local taxation. It was known to every one, that the distance at which they were placed, and the difficulties of the communication with the other parts of the Province, rendered a Gaol indispensable in the Townships, for the security of the persons and property of the subject there. He could not think of waiting till they obtained their due share of Representatives in this House, which it had agreed to allow them. New difficulties with the other Branch of the Legislature might occur. In the mean, time, in point of right, we were authorised to levy on the Districts, the monies necessary for its use. Although the people of the Townships might have found it convenient, to attend at the elections held for the Counties in which they were situated, the Gentlemen now in the House, who represented these Counties, represented them as well as every other person entitled to vote, but who, in fact did not vote.

In a committee of the House on the Bill for facilitating the establishment of Schools in the Country parishes,—

Mr. Viger, On moving the question of concurrence on these Amendments, observed, that the Bill sent up to the Council proposed to permit the *Fabriques* to acquire an annual revenue for the support of Schools of 150*l.* for 150 and 200 inhabited houses. The Amendments allowed them to acquire only 50*l.* for every 100 families. As nothing was given in aid of the proposed Schools from the Public Funds he thought, that they ought to have been allowed to receive charitable Donations to a greater annual amount. The Amendments allowed the *Fabriques* to hold one superficial arpent as a Lot for the School House, and allowed 100*l.* to be spent in the building. He still trusted that Schools might be established under the Bill as amended. The Amendments require that any Land given for the Schools, be sold in two years on a constituted rent, not to exceed the 50*l.* before mentioned. The Clause requiring the Schools to be open to all children of the Parish without distinction, had been struck out; but he conceived, that all children would of course be admitted. It was also provided, that the fourth of the income of the *Fabriques* which might be applied to the support of Schools, should only be applied after the usual formalities and sanctions, to which he had no objections. He was of opinion that the House, under all the circumstances, ought to agree to the amendments, in the hope that further improvements might be made hereafter. Mr. Neilson,—Said he would willingly concur in the amendments, in the hope that something more might be done at a future period, for facilitating the

education of the people. By this Bill the people of the country would, at least, have the right of holding a piece of ground for building a School House, and receive charitable Donations for the support of Schools, without being liable to have the whole taken from them, as was the case at present, and had actually happened. This was a Bill, properly speaking, to permit the people to have Schools, which, after all the fruitless attempts of this House, to obtain something better, might be considered as valuable. The Amendments were agreed to unanimously.

QUEBEC LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

It gives us pleasure to be able to call the attention of our readers to a subject of domestic interest, of the highest and most gratifying description. The early history of this Province is still involved in an obscurity highly discreditable to the taste and research of the learned among its inhabitants. Attempts have indeed been made, and they have been successful as far as they went, to throw some light on a subject which is of uncommon interest to the patriot and to the antiquarian. But the want of materials, or rather the impossibility of obtaining the use of materials which, it is believed, really exist, has presented obstacles that the perseverance of individuals has not been able to overcome. Considerations, founded on the importance and eligibility of this subject in a literary and national point of view, forcibly intruded themselves on the minds of many of our most distinguished characters—and we are happy to state, with such effect on the mind of the highest personage in this Province, as to suggest to him the establishment of a Society, on the most liberal and inclusive scale, for the purpose of promoting Literary and Historical research in these Provinces. It was hoped, in the event of this Society obtaining a maturity, of which its rapid progress now gives every expectation, that such learned and religious bodies, and such individuals of the same character, as, possessing historical treasures in their libraries, felt a natural reluctance in submitting them to the examination of unauthorised individuals—might be induced to entrust them to the members of a Literary Society for the purpose of being displayed to public view, and even to become active members of that Society themselves.

During the last year, a meeting of the friends to the establishment of the *Quebec Literary and Historical Society*, was held on a limited scale, and the minutes of the proceedings were recorded. In pursuance of resolutions then adopted, the first general and enlarged meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday the 6th January, at the old Castle of St. Lewis. His Excellency the EARL OF DALHOUSIE in the chair. His Lordship forcibly stated the motives which had induced the formation of the Society, in language which was cordially responded by every person present. Several gentlemen offered their sentiments, in relation to the proper method of proceeding to the permanent establishment of the *Quebec Literary and Historical Society*, and resolutions, by which a Committee of fifteen was appointed to decide upon the proper steps to be taken in this respect, and to manage the Society for the space of one year, including a President, two Vice Presidents, Librarian, Treasurer, and Secretary, were passed unanimously. Some discussion afterwards took place, as to the name of the Society, when it was finally resolved, that an Address should be laid at the foot of the Throne, through His Excellency the Governor in Chief, praying His Majesty to honor this Literary and Historical Society with his protection, and to add to it any designation that to him might seem proper. On the unanimous request of the gentlemen present, His Excellency was pleased to allow himself to be termed for the future in all Acts of this Society, its FOUNDER and PATRON, designations no more than his Lordship's due, as the first promoter of this laudable establishment.

We doubt not but every friend to the moral and and literary improvement of this Province will join us in expressing unmixed satisfaction at an occurrence, which stamps an honorable distinction on the commencement of the year 1824.

POPULATION OF LOWER-CANADA.

The following statement made by JOSEPH BOUCHETTE, Esqr. was submitted to the Committee of the House of Assembly on the Governor's Message relative to the District and County lines. It appears that Mr. Bouchette has grounded his statement principally on the Letters of the Cures, lately published by order of the Assembly, and on other sources of information, on which he had reason to rely:

General statement of the Population of the Province of Lower-Canada, as at present divided into Districts and Counties, distinguishing the Seigniorial from the Township population.

No.	Names of Counties.	Seigniorial Population. Catholics.	Protestants.	Township Population.	Total Population in each County.
1	Gaspe,	.....	.....	.....	5000
2	Cornwallis,	18012	378	205	18595
3	Devon,	13341	.....	.....	13341
4	Hertford,	15239	.....	.....	15239
5	Dorchester,	17189	200	310	17699
6	Bucking'shr	24867	830	10718	36415
7	Richelieu,	28771	779	4338	28888
8	Bedford,	9747	8431	3277	21453
9	Surrey,	16520	.....	.....	16520
10	Kent,	12610	.....	.....	12610
11	Huntingdon	30715	5097	4797	40609
12	York,	29070	1000	2853	30823
13	Montreal,	26460	11058	.....	37538
14	Effingham,	15625	300	.....	15925
15	Leinster,	22697	.....	165	22863
16	Warwick,	16714	.....	42	16756
17	St. Maurice,	18300	582	.....	18882
18	Hampshire,	12700	.....	.....	12700
19	Quebec,	22330	6000	.....	28339
20	Northum'lnd	11038	200	.....	11238
21	Orleans,	4082	.....	.....	4082
		364411	34400	26705	425516

RECAPITULATION.

Dis. Quebec	North side of St. Lawrence	56359	133647
	South side of do.	77315	
Do 3 Rivers	North side of do.	18882	47856
	South side of do.	28974	
Do. Montreal	North side of do.	123004	243986
	South side of do.	120082	
	Total,		425516
Clergy and Nuns in District Quebec,		217	
Ditto ditto in Three-Rivers,		52	
Ditto ditto in Montreal,		189	449
			425965
Supposing a mean of 100 Parishes, having from 10 to 20 Protestants not included in this statement.			1500
Grand Total,			427465

In a former statement by Mr. Bouchette, which was published, the population of Lower-Canada was estimated at 450,000 souls, but the correctness of this statement was questioned, and in another estimate which appeared in Mr. Neilson's Gazette of the 22d July last, the population was stated not to exceed 364,000; considering, however, the authentic documents to which the Surveyor-General has access, and the great attention he has paid to the subject, there is every reason to suppose that the population of this Province nearly agrees with his calculation.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS

AT THE PORT OF ST. JOHNS,

For the Quarter ending 5th January, 1824.

IMPORTS.

912	Bls.	Ashes	12	do.	Pears
479½	do.	Pork	11	do.	Indian Meal
134	do.	Beef	9	do.	Potatoes
70	do.	Rosin	5	do.	dry'd Apples
10	do.	Juniper Berries	2½	do.	Onions
3	do.	Tar	1	do.	dry'd Pumpkins
1	do.	Apple Sauce	826	Raw Hides	
1	do.	Oatmeal	599	Geese	
55704	Pounds	Butter	259	Fowls	
55225	do.	Pork	188	Turkeys	
54829	do.	Cheese	35	Partridges	
27300	do.	Fresh Cod	4	Ducks	
9700	do.	Beef	190	Martin }	SKINS
5630	do.	Mutton	60	Lamb }	
5572	do.	Tallow	2	Leopard }	
4100	do.	Oatmeal	2	Boxes	Fruit Trees
3125	do.	Lard	1	Box	Plants
250	do.	Honey	£70,809	3 0	in Specie.
100	do.	Wool	£257	4 10	merch'd. valued
100	do.	Beaver Skins			
70	do.	Venison			
65	do.	Hatters Furs			
6859½	Bush.	Apples			
89	do.	Corn			
14	do.	Oats			
12	do.	Quinces			

DUTIABLE ARTICLES.

43804	Lbs.	manfd.	Tobacco
31897	do.	Leaf	do.
116½	do.	Snuff	
51336½	do.	Sole	Leather.
9033	do.	Harness	do.
2663	do.	Skirting	do.
724	do.	Shavings	
2430	Sides	Upper	Leather
760	do.	Horse	do.
316	do.	Kip	Skins
51	do.	Bridle	Leather
12	do.	Russet	do.
872	Calve	Skins	
785	Deer	do.	
600	Binding	do.	
467	Sheep	do.	
158	Squirrel	do.	
156	Morocco	do.	
118	Lamb	do.	
53	Seal	do.	
24	Hog	do.	
18	Buck	do.	
12	Cat	do.	
724	Gro. Binding	Leather	
541	Head of	Cattle	
680	Hogs		
118	Sheep		
1	Horse		
1	Bushel	Beans.	

EXPORTS.

5810½	Bushels	Salt	900	do.	Venison
100	do.	Flax Seed	294	do.	Dry'd Cod
23	do.	Wheat	57	do.	Castorum
21	Tierces	Salmon	303	Gallons	Rum.
33½	Barrels	do.	60	Gallons	Oil
1	Barrel	Mackarel	8	do.	Shrub
4158	Pounds	Beaver	4	do.	Peppermint
122207	Muskrat	Skins			
400	Seal	do.			
6	Buffaloe	Robes			
22	Colts & 2	Horses			
5½	Tons	Plaister of Ps.			
£2702	10	in Specie.			
£2270	2 11	merchd. valued.			

Montreal Price Current.

For January, 1824.

PRODUCE OF THE COUNTRY.					IMPORTED GOODS, &c.				
Pot Ashes,	per cwt.	32 0d	a	32 6	Rum Jamaica,	per gall.	3 3d	a	3 6
Pearl Ashes,	per	32 0	a	32 6	Rum Leewards,	per	2 6	a	2 9
Fine Flour,	per bbl.	30 0	a	30	Brandy Cognac,	per	7 0	a	7 3
S.fine. do.	per	35 0	dull.		Brandy Spanish,	per	5 0	a	5 3
Pork, (mess)	per	75 0	a	80 0	Geneva Holland,	per	5 6	a	0 0
Pork, (prime)	per	37 6	a	62 6	Gineva British,	per			
Beef, (mess)	per	45 0	nomin.		Molasses,	per	2 4	a	2 6
Beef, (prime)	per	35 0			Port Wine,	per Pipe,	£35	a	50
Wheat,	per minot.	5 6		0 0	Madeira O. L. P.	per	36	a	60
Barley,	per	1 8	a	1 10	Teneriffe L. P.	per	35	a	35 0d
Oats,	per	1 0	a	1 3	Do. Cargo,	per	23	a	25 0d
Pease,	per	2 0	a	2 3	Sugar Muscovado	per cwt.	45 0d	a	55 0d
Oak Timber,	per cubic ft.				Sugar Loaf, S.fine.	per lb.	0 9	a	0 10
White Pine,	per				Coffee,	per	0 9	a	0 1 7
Red Pine,	per				Tea, Hyson,	per	8 0	a	0 6 6
Elm,	per				Tea, Twankay,	per	5 6	a	5 0
Ash,	per				Soap,	per	0 0	a	1 0 7
Staves, standard,	per 1200				Candles,	per	0 8	a	1 0 9
West India, do.	per								
Whiskey, country manufr.		2 9		0 0					

(none.)

Civil Appointments.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,

Quebec, 14th *January*, 1824.

JAMES MITCHELL, Junr. Esq. Registrar of the Court of Vice Admiralty, for the Province of Lower Canada.

LOUIS FLAVIEN DUFRESNE, Esq. Advocate, Attorney, Proctor, Solicitor and Counsel, in all His Majesty's Courts of Justice in this Province.

BENJAMIN BERTHELET, Gentleman, to practice Physic and Surgery, in ditto.

CHARLES BERNARD PASTEUR, Esquire, Advocate, Attorney, Proctor, Solicitor and Counsel, in all His Majesty's Courts of Justice in this Province.

RICHARD O'KEEFE, Gentleman, a Notary Public, for this Province.

Office of the Adjutant-General of Militia,

Quebec, 12th *January*, 1824.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Commander in Chief, having been pleased to approve of the Officers of the 2nd Battalion of Quebec, who have offered to serve as volunteers in the Grenadier and Light Companies, as well as in the troop of Cavalry under the command of Capt. Robert Gillespie, has in consequence, directed me to Gazette the said Officers.

Capt. J. Belanger, of the 2d Battalion of Quebec, to command the Grenadier Company.——Lieut. W. D. Woolsey, to be attached to said Company.——Ensign Pierre Pelletier, of the same Battalion, to be Lieutenant.——Mr. T. C. Oliva, to be Lieutenant.——Capt. L. T. Besserer, of the 2d Battalion of Quebec, to command the Light Company.——Lieut. Charles Panet, of the same Battalion, to be attached to the said Company.——Ensign Augustin Jourdain, of the same Battalion, to be Lieutenant.——Mr. W. H. Roy, to be Lieutenant.——George Pemberton, Esqr. to be Lieutenant in the Company of Artillery, commanded by Capt. Burnet.——Cornet Thomas Torrance, of the Troop of Cavalry of Montreal, under the command of Capt. Robert Gillespie, to be Lieutenant.——Mr. W. Forsyth, do. do. to be Cornet.

By order of His Excellency the Governor General and Commander in Chief,

F. VASSAL DE MONVIEL, Adjutant-General M. F.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

War-Office, November 14th, 1823.

25th Regiment of Foot, Lieutenant E. J. O'Brien, from half-pay 22d Light Dragoons, to be Lieutenant, vice M. M'Leod, who exchanges; and Lieutenant J. Miller to be Adjutant, vice M'Leod, who resigns the Adjutancy only. Both dated November 6, 1823.

27th Ditto, Ensign W. Sleator, from the 66th Foot, to be Ensign, vice Michel, who exchanges. Dated as above.

37th Ditto, Hospital Assistant M. Neill, to be Assistant Surgeon, vice Robertson, appointed to the 70th Foot. Dated as above.

60th Ditto, Ensign J. Michel, from the 27th Foot, to be Ensign, vice Sleator, who exchanges. Dated as above.

70th Ditto, Assistant Surgeon J. Robertson, M. D. from the 37th Foot, to be Assistant Surgeon, vice Farriden, appointed to the 8th Light Dragoons. Dated as above.

71st Ditto, J. Barry, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Stewart, promoted. Dated October 23, 1823.

74th Ditto, Lieutenant T. W. Yates, from the Cape Corps, to be Lieutenant, vice S. Herron, who retires on half-pay 24th Foot. Dated November 6th, 1823.

84th Ditto, Captain R. Cruice to be Major, by purchase, vice Arden promoted. Dated as above.

Cape Corps (Infantry) Lieutenant J. W. Harvey, from half-pay 24th Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Yates, appointed to the 74th Foot. Dated as above.

2d Royal Veteran Battalion, Lieutenant J. N. M'Grath, from half-pay 96th Foot; and Lieut. W. H. Griesbach, from half-pay Meuron's Regiment, to be Lieutenants. Both dated 25th October, 1823.

8th Royal Veteran Battalion—Lieut. D. Dickson, from half-pay 25th Foot, to be Lieutenant; Ensign E. Harrison, from half-pay 81st Foot, to be Ensign, vice A. Greenham, who retires to his former situation on the retired list; Ensign J. Lane to be Adjutant, vice W. H. Yellon, who returns to his former situation on the retired list as Quartermaster. All dated as above.

Brevet.—Major Hon. J. Finch, on half-pay Royal West India Rangers, to be Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army. Dated as above.

Hospital Staff.—Assistant-Surgeon E. Magrath, M. D. from half-pay 20th Light Dragoons, to be Staff-Assistant-Surgeon, vice Lawder, appointed to the 2d Royal Veteran Battalion. Dated 6th November, 1823.—J. Wyllie, Gent. to be Hospital Assistant to the Forces, vice Neill, promoted to the 7th Foot. Dated 6th Nov. 1823.

Memoranda.—The name of Ensign Condamine, of the Royal Staff Corps, is De la Condamine.—The promotion of Lieut. G. S. Crole, from the 11th Light Dragoons to be Captain in the 41st Foot, on the 30th October, 1823, was by purchase.

Whitehall, Nov. 17, 1823.

The King has been pleased to grant the dignity of a Viscount of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, unto Richard Earl of Clancarty, G. C. B. and late His Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of the Netherlands, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, style, and title of Viscount Clancarty, of the county of Cork.

Marriages.

At Quebec, on the 13th Inst. LOUIS MASSUE, Esq. Merchant, to ELIZA MARETT, daughter of Mr. J. L. Marett, both of that city.

At Maidstone, (England) on Wednesday the 12th November last, JAMES P. CATTY, Esquire, of the Royal Engineers, to SOPHIA, youngest daughter of the late Flint Stacey, Esquire, of Maidstone.

On Monday the 20th inst. in the Township of Kingston, by the Rev. Robert M'Dowall, Mr. Thomas Crawford to Miss Elizabeth Buck.

Same day, in Loughborough, Mr. Moses Spafford to Miss Elizabeth Boyce.

In Derby on the 16th inst. by Jacob Chase, Esq. Mr. John Cheslay, to Miss Ruth Draper, both of Compton.

On Thursday the 9th inst. by the Rev. Arch Deacon Stuart, Mr. Samuel Ryder to Miss Clara Aydroyd, both of Lobo.

On Thursday the 10th inst. Mr. Simeon Spooner to Miss Jane Patton, both of the Township of Kingston.

At Ogdensburgh, on the 29th instant, by the Rev. Mr. McAulay, Mr. LEWIS M. POMEROY, of this City, to MISS CATHERINE SEXTON, of the former place.

On Wednesday, the 28th inst. by the Rev. G. O. Stuart, Captain Henry Gildersleeve, of the Steam Boat Charlotte, to Miss Sarah Finkle of Kingston.

On the same day, by the Rev. G. O. Stuart, Mr. Alexander Duncan, to Miss Clara Huff, both of Ernest Town, by Licence.

On Friday the 23d by the Rev. G. O. Stuart Mr. John Van Looven, to Miss Fanny Adelia Draper, both of the Township of Loboro.

At Hallowell, on Saturday, the 17th inst. by the Rev. Job Deacon, Lieutenant J. Maxwell, late of His Majesty's 99th Regiment to Miss Mary Clendennen, of the said place.

Obituary.

On the 23d of October last, at the city of Alvarado, in Mexico, Mr. Alexander W. Cottrel, lately of La Baie de Febvre, in Canada, Merchant.

On the 5th inst. at St. Ann de la Parade, aged 80 years, J. Lanouette, Esq. an old Magistrate and Lt. Col. of the Militia. His remains were entered in the Church of St. Anne, attended by a numerous concourse of inhabitants of that Parish, affording an unequivocal proof of the esteem in which he was held.

On Tuesday morning last, after a short illness, SAMUEL DAVID, Esq. of this City Merchant, and Lieut. Colonel of the Long Point Militia.

At St. Armand, Lower Canada, on the 3rd inst. Colonel PHILIP LUKE, in the 71st year of his age, having been for some time on the decline—he has left a numerous family and acquaintance to lament his loss.

On the 18th inst. Mr. JAMES GLASSFORD Senior, of Point Clair, aged 74 years.

On the 19th instant at an advanced age, Mrs. MARGARET PRENDERGAST, of Quebec.

On the 19th November, at Newton, near Portsmouth, THOMAS AUDDO, Esqr. of East Cowes, Isle of Wight in his 67th year.

On the 23d Inst. aged 6 years and 6 months, ISABELLA, daughter of Mr. Edward Perry, Plaisterer.

On the evening of the 27th inst. Mr. Thomas Price, a native of England, Civil Engineer, and formerly Master of one of the Steam Boats on the River St. Lawrence.

On the 27th inst. aged 37, CHARLOTTE HERMINE LOUISE CATHERINE DE SALABERRY consort of Michel Louis Juchereau Duchesnay, Esquire, seigneur of Fossambault.

Same day, aged 58, Mr. JOHN BENNET, Printer, of Quebec.

On the 9th December last, at Antigua, Mr. David Blumhart, of Quebec.