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Monthly Advertiser.

MARCH, 1832.

MATTHEW WALLS,

RESPECTFULLY intimates his intention of giving Lessons to the ladies and gentlemen of Halifax, on the

IRISH HARP.

His terms are moderate—and from the long practice he has had on that instrument, he feels assured that his method of teaching will give ample satisfaction to his pupils.

He will attend at the houses of his patrons regularly three times a week, on such hours as they may severally appoint. Applications left at his residence, in the house of Mr. W. Hesson, Upper Water-street, will meet with prompt attention.

* * Mr. W. will be ready to attend public and private Evening Parties during the winter. October.

EDWARD HEFFERAN,

Chair Maker,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public at large, for the liberal support he has received since his commencement in business, and begs leave to inform them that he still carries on the above business, in all its branches, at his Shop in Duke-street, next door to Mr. McDougall's.

All orders in his line will be executed in the neatest and most fashionable style.

☞ High and low Rocking Chairs, Children's Chairs, &c. &c.

PAINTING, GLAZING, &c.

Andrew B. Jennings,

BEGS leave to inform his Friends and the Public in general, that he has commenced the above business in all its branches, and hopes by strict attention and assiduity, to merit a share of public patronage.

All orders strictly attended to, and executed with neatness and despatch.

☞ Shop opposite that of William Chaplain's, in the rear of the Acadian school. Sept. 1831.



H. Hamilton,

Cabinet Maker, &c.

RETURNS thanks for past favours, and respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has lately removed to the shop in Granville-street,

Two doors north of the Chocolate Manufactory ;

where he continues to execute orders in the above business, on moderate terms ; and hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

↳ Venetian Blinds neatly made.—Funerals carefully conducted. November.



J. W. LORRY,

Tailor and Habit Maker, from London.

Thankful for past favours received from his friends both in town and country, takes this opportunity to let them know, that he has commenced business again in Argyle street, one door south of the Rev. Archdeacon Willis', west side of St. Paul's Church, where all orders in his line will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. ↳ Naval and Military uniforms, and all kinds of lace and ornamenting work made as usual, in the neatest and most fashionable manner.

Halifax, November 1, 1831.

JOHN FOX,

Hard and Soft Bread Baker,

BEGS leave to tender his best thanks to those who have heretofore favoured him with their custom ; and hopes, by punctuality and attention, to merit a continuance of public patronage.

↳ Flour baked into Biscuit for the use of shipping, and other orders in his line attended to, at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms, at his Bakery, in Barrington-street, a few doors north of the Halifax Grammar School.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale at the Halifax Monthly Magazine Office, and at the Stationery Stores of Messrs. C. H. Belcher and A. & W. McKinlay :

A Pamphlet,

ENTITLED

“An Essay on the Mischievous Tendency of Imprisoning for Debt, and in other Civil Cases. Second Edition, with an Appendix much enlarged.—60 pages, neat duodecimo. Price 1s
Feb. 1832.

J. H. Metzler,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has commenced business in the above line, at the shop (formerly occupied by his brother in law the late Mr. James Walsh.) in Mr. Foreman's yard, opposite the Long Wharf.

All orders entrusted to his care will be punctually attended to, and executed in a neat and workmanlike manner.

↪ Paper Hanging, &c. &c.

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Feb. 1832.

EDUCATION.

GEORGE THOMSON'S

English and Commercial Academy, upper side
the Parade,

IS now open for the instruction of youth of both sexes, in the most useful branches of Education, and on an entire new plan, derived from experience and study, as well as from information received lately from some of the first Teachers of England and Scotland, regarding the different systems of Education; with these and the experience of nine years' teaching in this town, he earnestly hopes to merit a continuation of the public favor.

↪ His Evening School will be opened about the beginning of October; early application and attendance, are necessary and best, particularly for adults, or those whose previous education has not been attended to.

September, 1831.

John G. Leeson,

Hard and soft Bread Baker,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the Baking Business in upper Water street opposite the Tea warehouse; he also returns his grateful acknowledgments for the encouragement already extended to him, and will endeavour, by strict attention and punctuality, to merit a continuance of public favour.

He would also intimate to owners and masters of vessels that Flour can be baked into Bi-cuit, at his bakery, at the shortest notice, and on the most moderate terms. Every order in his line will be thankfully received.

January, 1832.

FREDERICK FREDERICKSON, CONFECTIONER,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has lately taken the shop, No. 15, Granville-street, nearly opposite Dr. McCara's; where he keeps on hand various articles of Confectionery.

Lozenges of all kinds, Cocoa Nuts, Almonds, Fruits, &c. wholesale and retail.

He will in a short time, keep an extensive assortment of Pastry, and other articles, usually kept in his line, except liquors.

From the experience he has had, both in Halifax and the United States, he is enabled to supply his friends with confectionery prepared in a superior manner.

Parties (public or private) supplied at the shortest notice.
October, 1831.

SMITHERS and STUDLEY, Decorative and General Painters.

RESPECTFULLY inform the inhabitants of Halifax and its vicinity, that they have commenced business in the above line, in all its branches at

No. 67, Barrington-Street, opposite the residence of the Chief Justice,

where orders will be received and executed with neatness and dispatch.

July, 1831.

THE
HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

MARCH 1, 1832.

No. 22.

OUR COUNTRY.

UNTIL very recently, it has been the common, and almost unavoidable custom of our orators, and our writers generally, to speak in the most extravagant terms of eulogy, in relation to our Country. They represent her as beyond--infinitely beyond, all the nations of the great globe--marked out for a higher and holier and more enduring existence--a nation set apart and sanctified, like another Israel--under the peculiar guardianship of the Great God. As if, indeed the very elements of our political and moral institutions were imperishable--as if the fair tree of Liberty which the blood of the Revolution watered and nourished, were indeed a thing of immortality, so that neither the knowing of the worm at its root, nor the visiting of the thunder in its branches, could wither its green vigour, or smite its luxuriant foliage with the yellowness of decay. As if the same causes, which have, in the silence and apathy of luxury, or in the thunder of battle, destroyed other nations, withering their strength slowly, and, for a time, almost imperceptibly, or crushing them at once, and overturning as by the shock of an earthquake, the pillars of their defence and the monuments of their glory--might not hereafter work the overthrow of all that is great and glorious in our own country--her institutions of government, of morality, of religion, and of benevolence.

Of late, however, a new race of orators and writers have risen up--men who are directly the reverse of those who have gone before them. They have looked upon the mutations and changes of earthly empire--they have seen through the shadowy dimness of history--the history of long gone years--the rising and the going down of nations; and from thence have drawn a lesson of solemn warning for ourselves and children. Prophet-like they have spoken that warning in the ears of the people--with a zeal and conviction of truth, like those of him who shouted from the walls of the doomed city of the Jew, day after day, even unto the dreadful fulfilment of his prophecy--"Wo--wo--to Jerusalem!"

These remarks have been elicited by a pamphlet now before us--an address delivered at Waterville, (Me.) by John Neal. It partakes, in no small degree, of the wild imaginations--the exuberant fancies--the magnificent obscurity, not to the author, nor to those intimately acquainted with his language and manner--

but to the generality of his readers, the plain, uneducated, matter-of-fact people—which characterize with a never-failing individuality, the productions of his pen. But it contains truths—naked, all important truths, in relation to our Country, which should be remembered and pondered over by all. It is better to look steadily at the danger while it yet lies like a sullen cloud in the distance, than to veil our eyes until the earth is quaking to the stroke of its thunder-bolts, and the red pathway of its lightning is visible above us.

We have selected a beautiful and eloquent passage from the commencement of the address as a specimen of the author's power of language and accurate conception of truth :

“Call up the soothsayer and astrologer of our day—in other words the accomplished and prepared statesman—and let him cast the horoscope of an earthly power, as it should be cast, with histories and map and statistical tables before him, and he may prophesy with as much safety concerning its final overthrow and the cases and consequences thereof—though neither he nor the angels above, may be able to foresee the day or the hour—as if a chart of the future were outspread upon the sky, showing the lighted pathway of every shipwrecked empire, and of every missing star, from the day of their unheeded birth on the shore of the firmament or the desert, in the heart of the wilderness or among the isles of the sea—forward thro' all their magnificent changes and terrible phenomena, till having touched they paused, and dwelt for a single moment upon their meridian, they pass away, and disappear forever in the sepulchre of lost worlds—forever and ever—with the crowns and sceptres—the Caliphs and the Pharaohs—Assyrias and the Babylons of the past.

“Believe as we may, or pretend, or try to believe as we may, each in favor of himself or of his country, acknowledge the great universal truth by our language, but denying it by our behaviour, it is a fact—let it be remembered as a fact of stupendous import—it is a FACT, that Nations, like men, are mortal ; that every step they take whether upward or downward, whether forward or backward, is but another step toward the burial-place of Ninevah and of Tyre, of Carthage and of Rome—and why not of Poland, of Spain, or of Turkey ? And it is equally true that with nations, as with men there is no returning to youth or to innocence—no going BACK to the age of unvisited health and strength, of unwearied efforts, or of unsullied virtue—no second birth to unimpeachable character—to unquestionable supremacy, however there may be to a period of comparative health and strength, of comparative enterprize or virtue—of comparative ascendancy. With nations as with individuals, character once gone, is gone forever—the fountains of life, the sources of health and strength and virtue, once defiled, are defiled, forever. With nations as with men, too, what are called restoratives, are at the very best, but palliatives. The most that can be done,—all that can be done

The first paper is, perhaps, the best in the book. It is a selection from the "Pugsley Papers," and is as worthy of attention—perhaps, for either; is to stay the approach of immediate death—to turn aside a few of the commoner arrows with which the whole atmosphere is burning; to purify with a fire that of itself destroyeth; to put off the evil day, not for ever and ever, but for a few miserable months, for years, or ages. Above all, it were good for us—ay, and for the very best and wisest of our earth, to bear in mind forever, by night and by day, and all their lives long, that the downward step of nations, as of men, is always when least expected; always in their greatest prosperity, following the moment of their greatest health and strength, 'as the thunderbolt pursues the flash,' with no interval; no pause; no time for prayer or preparation.

'Behold how the cities and wealth of Asia have faded away from the eastern sky, like a vision of turrets and battlements or like the bright colors of a picture crowded with life and beauty, over which the breath of centuries hath passed. And so with Africa. And so with Europe. And why may it not be so hereafter with America? Who shall say? Are we to read the stars for ourselves—Would you leave the decision to America, or to the children—or to the sages of America? As well may you interrogate the golden dust of Babylon, the sepulchre of kings and princes; or the unapproachable hiding place of Palmyra, that imperial spectre of the desert; that architectural phantom of the solitude; or Carthage, or Tyre; or push aside the pyramids and call up the Pharaohs of old; one by one;

'With blasts of unseen trumpets, long and loud,

Swelled by the breath of whirlwinds:—

and ask what **THEY** thought of the future, in the fulness of their strength, or what their people thought; or their sages; when the roar of the great world broke upon their solitude, with the uninterrupted heave and swell of the far ocean. Were **THEY** afraid of the future! Did their astrologers or soothsayers tremble when **THEY** read the stars? Did their philosophers, their lawgivers, or their statesmen, ever foretell or foresee the overthrow that has made the country of each a proverb, the power of each a by word; the birth place of nations, the nursery of empires, a desert. Or if they had foreseen the issue that we see; if they had interpreted the stars aright, and prophesied truly; would they have been believed? Would they have been listened to; would they not rather have been pitied, or scoffed at, or peradventure put to death for the outrage upon their magnificent destiny?"

After thus pointing out to our view the examples of departed nations, who remained quiet and secure until the Spoiler came upon them; he applies his remarks more immediately to the present situation of this country; alluding to the danger of luxury, and stating boldly, but perhaps justly, that in point of moral energy, we are weaker than we were at the time of the Revolution; that our day of chivalry and virtue has gone by! that there

are dangers in our own country,—signs of dissention between the North and the South,—and the East and the West,—the striving and the bitterness of party,—that religious intolerance exists among us, an intolerance heavy and evil—and that priesthood predominant and powerful is cherished among us—that our lawyers, “the UNANNOUNCED rulers of the land,” hold the two offices of law-makers and law expounders,—that our laws are not American laws, but those of England,—and last but not least, that our politics are full of corruption, and our newspapers the bond slaves of party, instead of the sentinels of Liberty. We cannot forbear to quote the author’s language here.

“Is it *nothing*, that of our ten or twelve hundred newspapers, none thrive, unless they are willing to incorporate themselves, body and soul with the doings of a party,—that in consequence thereof, instead of being what they should be,—the watchmen of our borders,—the incorruptible and sleepless guardians of our liberty,—they are almost all the wretched accomplices of our worst enemies, the miserable and sneaking subordinates of ANY BOOBY,—they care not whom, so they are well paid. Instead of sounding an alarm at the approach of the destroyer, they are occupying our attention with sham fights in another quarter. They are watch dogs that sleep when they are most needed, or bark just loud enough to drown the entry of the house-breaker.”—*New England Weekly Review*.

THE COMIC ANNUAL, FOR 1832.

By Thomas Hood.

“BETTER late than never,” says the old proverb : but, “better late than earlier,” say we ; for we would not have this rare work come in the great and gaudy crowd of Annuals, as though it were a common member of the family. When John Kemble played Coriolanus, he did not enter upon the stage until all the mob had drawn aside ; and you were at once struck with the grand contrast between the hero and the herd !

The present volume of the “Comic Annual” is richer in fun and good-humoured excellent satire than any of its predecessors. It will lay a large tax upon the broad grins of his Majesty’s laughing subjects. Miss Sheridan’s “Comic Offering,” and Mr. Harrison’s “Humourist,” are sadly exposed by the arrival of this real Simon Pure. It is quite clear that Hood will bear no rival near his throne ; and will not sanction the two faces which have endeavoured to exist under his name. The fun, the spirit, the variety, are inexhaustible : and the life of the third volume satisfied us, that the “Comic Annual” will not die until it is full of years.

as the "Garrick Papers," or any other papers whatever. It consists of letters from the members of the Pugsley family, giving an account of a mansion and farm in Lincolnshire, which had been left to Mr. Pugsley, of Barbican, and to which the family have retired. The following inimitable letters will speak for themselves:—

"From Master Richard Pugsley, to Master Robert Rogers, at Number 132, Barbican.

"Dear Bob,—Huzza!—Here I am in Lincolnshire.' It's good bye to Wellingtons and Cossacks, Ladies' double channels Gentlemen's stout calf, and ditto ditto. They've all been sold off under prime cost, and the old Shoe Mart is disposed of, goodwill and fixtures, for ever and ever. Father has been made a rich Squire of by will, and we've got a house and fields, and trees of our own. Such a garden, Bob!—It beats White Conduit.

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the holidays. Don't be afraid. Ask your Sister to ask your Mother to ask your Father to let you come. It's only ninety mile. If you're out of pocket money, you can walk, and beg a lift now and then, or swing by the dickeys. Put on cordroys, and don't care for 'cut behind.' The two prentices, George and Will, are here to be made farmers of, and brother Nick is took home from schoo' to help in agriculture. We like farming very much, it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun, and go out shooting; it's a famous good un, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog as soon as he has left off killing the sheep. He's a real savage, and worries cats beautiful. Before Father comes down, we mean to bait our bull with him.

"There's plenty of New Rivers about, and we're going a fishing as soon as we have mended our top joint. We've killed one of our sheep on the sly to get gentles. We've a pony too, to ride upon when we can catch him, but he's loose in the paddock, and has neither mane nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You *must* come. If your Mother won't give your Father leave to allow you,—run away. Remember, you turn up Goswell Street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middlefen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come, but let it be before Sunday, as there's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered on Monday.

"If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of bird's nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nest, and everything that can make you comfortable. I dare say you could borrow your father's volunteer musket of him without his knowing of it; but be sure any how to bring the ramrod, as we have mislaid ours by firing it off. Don't forget some bird lime, Bob—and some fish hooks—and some different sorts of shot—and some gut and some gunpowder—and a gentle-box, and some flints.—some Mayflies,—

hope that my beer will, as it has been a month next Monday in the mash tub. As for the loss of the elder wine, candour compels me to say that it was my own fault for letting the poor blind little animals crawl into the copper : but experience dictates next year not to boil the berries and kittens at the same time. * * *

“ The children, I am happy to say, are all well, only baby is a little fractious, we think from Grace setting him down in the nettles, and he was short-coated last week. Grace is poorly with a cold, and Anastasia has got a sore throat, from sitting up fruitlessly in the orchard to hear the nightingale ; Perhaps there may not be any in the Fens. I seem to have a trifling ague and rheumatism myself, but it may be only a stiffness from so much churning, and the great family wash-up of every thing we had directly we came down, for the sake of grass-bleaching on the lawn. With these exceptions, we are all in perfect health and happiness, and unite in love, with

“ Dear Miss Jemima’s affectionate friend,
DOROTHY PUGSLEY.”

“ From Mrs. Pugsley to Mrs. Rodgers.

“ Madam,—Although warmth has made a coolness, and our having words has caused a silence—yet as mere writing is not being on speaking terms, and disconsolate parents in the case, I waive venting of animosities till a more agreeable moment. Having perused the afflicted advertisement in *The Times*, with interesting description of person, and ineffectual dragging of New River—beg leave to say that Master Robert is safe and well—having arrived here on Sunday night last, with almost not a shoe to his foot, and no coat at all, as was supposed to be with the approbation of parents. It appears, that, not supposing the distance between the families extended to him, he walked the whole way down on the footing of a friend, to visit my son Richard, but hearing the newspapers read, quitted suddenly, the same day with the gypsies, and we hav’nt an idea what is become of him. Trusting this statement will relieve of all anxiety, remain, Madam,

“ Your humble Servant.

“ BELINDA PUGSLEY.”

Extract of a letter from Pugsley senior.

“ Between ourselves, the objects of unceasing endeavours, united with uncompromising integrity, have been assailed with so much deterioration, as makes me humbly desirous of abridging sufferings, by resuming business as a Shoe Maker at the old established House. If Clack and Son, therefore, have not already taken possession and respectfully informed the vicinity, will thankfully pay reasonable compensation for loss of time and expense incurred by the bargain being off. In case parties agree, I beg you will authorize Mr. Robins to have the honour to dispose of the whole Lincolnshire concern, tho’ the knocking down of Middlefen Hall will be a severe blow on Mrs. P. and family. Deprecating the deceitful stimulus of advertising arts, interest commands to mention,—desirable freehold estate and eligible investment—and sole reason for disposal, the proprietor going to

the continent. Example suggest likewise, a good country for hunting for fox-hounds—and a prospect too extensive to put in a newspaper. Circumstances being rendered awkward by the untoward event of the running away of the cattle, &c. it will be best to say—‘The stock to be taken as it stands;’—and an additional favour will be politely conferred, and the same thankfully acknowledged, if the auctioneer will be so kind as bring the next market town ten miles nearer, and carry the coach and the wagon once a day past the door. Earnestly requesting early attention to the above, and with sentiments of, &c.

“ R. PUGSLEY, SEN.

“ P. S. Richard is just come to hand dripping and half dead out of the Nene, and the two apprentices all but drowned each other in saving him. Hence occurs to add, fishing opportunities, among the desirable items.”

STANZAS.

From Moore's "Sacred Songs, Duets, and Trios."

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine,
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves,
Or, when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence like thy throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wond'rous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through!

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity?

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when,
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

POEM. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CORN-LAW RHYMES.

THE "New Monthly Magazine" was the *first* journal that attracted the attention of the Public to the genius of the Poem, called "Corn-Law Rhymes." The example thus set, was soon followed, and other periodicals, to which the Poem had been sent long before, but in so uninviting a type and shape that, in all probability, curiosity stopped at the outside—struck with the singular strength and beauty of the extracts we gave—took up the poem, hitherto neglected, and, to their honour be it said, were no less lavish, viz. no less just in their encomiums than ourselves. We have now the pleasure of presenting our readers with another poem by the same author. We are sure that those characteristics that stamped the "Corn-Law Rhymes," will be equally recognized in the verses we subjoin—the same nerve, vigour, and originality on the one hand—the same roughness and obscurity on the other. We think two or three lines, especially that containing the curious objurgation "cat but not vulture," as bad as lines can well be. We think the description of Napoleon, as fine as any thing in the language. We are sure that every man of a pure and genuine knowledge of critics will unite with us in bailing the rise of a Poet of so great promise, from the lower ranks of life and the heart of a manufacturing town—and in trusting that powers of so high an order will be exerted in a flight more lofty and sustained, than those in which they have, as yet, toyed with their own strength.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

BYRON AND NAPOLEON; OR, THEY MET IN HEAVEN.

I.

THROUGH realms of ice my journey lay, beneath
 The wafture of two pinions black and vast,
 That shook o'er boundless snows the dust of death,
 While over head, thick, starless Midnight cast
 Gloom on sad forms, that ever onward pass'd.
 But whither passed they? Oh, Eternity,
 Thou answerest not! Yet still thy sable wings,
 Silently, silently, how silently!
 Are sweeping worlds away, with all their Kings!--
 And still I wander'd with forgotten things,
 In pilgrimage with Death, an age-long day,
 A year of anxious ages—so methought—
 Till rose a living world in morning grey,
 And light seem'd born of darkness—light, which brought
 Before my soul the coasts of land remote.
 "Hail, holy light, offspring of heav'n, first-born,
 Or of the eternal, co-eternal beam!"

Through worlds of darkness led, and travel-worn,
 Again I felt thy glowing, brightening gleam,
 Again I greeted thine ethereal stream,
 And bless'd the fountain whence thy glories flow.

II.

I waked not then, methought, but wander'd slow,
 Where dwell the great, whom death hath free'd from pain.
 Trembling, I gazed on Hamden's thoughtful brow,
 While Stafford smiled upon me in disdain,
 And turn'd away from Hutchison and Vane.
 There, some whom criminals disdain'd; and all
 Who, battling for the right, had nobly died;
 And some whom justest men deem'd criminal,
 Wond'ring, I saw! the flatter'd, the belied!
 And Muir, and Saville, walking side by side!
 They wept—ev'n Strafford melted, when I told
 Of Britain's woes—of toil that earn'd not bread,
 And hands that found not work; but Fairfax scowl'd,
 While Cromwell laugh'd, and Russell's cheek grew red,
 When, pale, I spake of satraps breadtax-fed.
 Lo! as I ceas'd, from earth a Stranger came,
 With hurried step—a presence heavenly fair!
 Yet grief, and anger, pride, contempt, and shame,
 Were strangely mingled in his troubled stare!
 And thus he spoke, with timid, haughty air,
 To Russell, Fairfax, in tones low but sweet:
 "I too am noble. England's magnates rank
 Me with themselves; and when, beneath their feet
 Fate's low-born despot, hope-deserted, sank—
 When torrid noon his sweat of horror drank—
 I join'd his name for ever with my own!"

III.

*Him then to answer, one who sate alone,
 Like a maim'd lion, mateless in his lair,
 Rose from his savage couch of barren stone,
 His Kingly features wither'd by despair,
 And heart-worn till the tortur'd nerve was bare.
 With looks that seem'd to scorn ev'n scorn of less
 Than demigods, the Army-Scatterer came;
 An awful shadow of the mightiness
 That once was his; the gloom, but not the flame
 Of waning storms, when winds and seas grow tame.*
 The stranger, shrinking from the warrior's eye,
 On his own hands his beauteous visage bow'd,
 Sobbing; but soon he rais'd it mournfully,
 And met th' accusing look, and on the crowd
 Smil'd, while the stern accuser spake aloud.

IV.

" Yet, Lordling*—though ' but yesterday a King,
 Throneless, I died,'—yet nations sobb'd my knell!
 And still I live, and reign, no nameless thing!
 I fell, 'tis true—I failed; and thou canst tell
 That any wretch alive may say I fell.
 Of worth convicted, and the glorious sin
 That wreck'd the angels, now I owe and pay,
 To wealth and power's pretended Jacobin,
 Scorn for thy glory, laughter for the lay
 That won the flatteries of an abject day.
 When Meanness taught her helots to be proud,
 Because the breaker of their bonds was gone;
 Didst thou, too, join, magnanimous and loud,
 The yell of millions o'er the prostrate one?
 What cat out-mew'd the Cat of Halicon?
 Yes, thou didst soothe my sorrows with an ode,
 When stunn'd I lay beneath Destruction's wing,
 And realms embattled o'er their conqueror rode.
 Yes, when a world combined with fate to fling
 A cruel sunshine on each vulgar King;
 When fall'n, deserted, blasted, and alone,
 Silent he press'd his bed of burning stone,
 What caitiff aim'd at greatness in despair,
 Th' immortal shaft that pierc'd Prometheus there?
 Cat, and not vulture! couldst not thou refrain,
 The laureate vile of viler things to be?
 When ' Timour's Captive's' cage was rock and main,
 What was ' proud Austria's mournful flower' to thee,
 Thou soulless torturer of Captivity?
 And what to thee, mean Homager of Thrones,
 The sleepless pang that stung him till he died?
 Tortur'd, he perish'd—but who heard his groans?
 Chain'd through the soul, the ' throneless homicide,'
 Mantled his agony in stoic pride.
 While souls guilt-clotted watch'd, with other's eyes,
 And from afar, with other's feet, repair'd
 To count, and weigh, and quaff his agonies—
 Like Phidian marble he endur'd, and dared
 The Universe to shake what Fate had spared.
 How fare the lands he lov'd, and fought to save?
 Oh, Hun and Goth! your new born hope is gone!
 Thou, Italy, art glory's spacious gr
 Through which the stream of my renown flows on,

* If it be objected to these lines that the great bard is dead, so, I answer, is also the great warrior; and he who has honest and useful thoughts to express of either, or both of them, should do his duty Briton-like.

Like thine Euphrates, ruin'd Babylon !
 What gain'd my quolers by my wrongs and fall ?
 Laws, prais'd in hell—not Draco's laws, but worse ;
 A mournful page, which history writes in gall ;
 A table without food—an empty purse :
 A name, become a byword and a curse,
 O'er every sea, to warn all nations, borne !"

v.

Was it the brightening gleam of heavenly morn,
 Beneath the shadow of his godlike brow ?
 Or, did a tear of grief, and rage, and scorn,
 Down his sad cheek of pride and trouble, flow ?
 He felt upon his cheek th' indignant glow,
 But shed no tear, not e'en a burning tear.
 The fire of sorrow in his bosom pent,
 He gaz'd on Milton, with an eye severe,
 On tranquil Pymm a look of sternness bent,
 Then, smiling on the humbled stranger, went
 To laugh with Cæsar tasking Hannibal.

SALMON FISHING.

From Noctes Ambrosiani. Blackwood's Magazine.

North. By the by, James, who won the salmon medal this season on the Tweed ?

Shepherd. Wha, think ye, could it be, you coof, but masel' ? I beat them a' by twa stape wecht. Oh, Mr North, but it wou'd hae done your heart gude to hae dauner'd along the banks wi' me on the 25th, and seen the slauchter. At the third thraw the snoot o' a famous fish sookit in ma flee—and for some seconds kepit steadfast in a sort o' eddy that gaed sullenly swirlin' at the tail o' yon pool—I needna name't—for the river had risen just to the proper pint, and was black as ink, accept when noo and then the sun struggled out frae atween the clud-chinks, and then the water was purple as heathermoss, in the season o' blae-berries. But that verra instant the flee began to bite him on the tongue, for by a jerk o' the wrist I had slichtly gi'en him the butt—and sunbeam never swifter sbot frae Heaven, than shot that saumon-beam doon, intil and oot o' the pool below, and along the sauch-shallows or you come to Juniper Bank. Clap—clap—clap—at the same instant played a couple o' cushats frae an aik aboon my head, at the purr o' the pirn, that let oot, in a twinkling, a hunner yards o' Mr. Phin's best, strang aneuch to haud a bill or a rhinoceros.

North. Incomparable tackle !

Shepherd. Far, far awa' doon the flood, see till him, sir—see

till him—loup—loup—loupin' intil the air, describin' in the spray the rinnin' rainbows! Scarcely cou'd I believe, at sic a distance, that he was the same fish. He seemed a salmon divertin' himsell, without ony connexion in this world wi' the Shepherd. But we were linked thegither, sir, by the invincible gut o' destiny—and I chasteesed him in his pastime wi' the rod o' affliction. Windin' up—windin' up, faster than ever ye grunded coffee—I keptit closin' in upon him, till the whalebone was amaisit perpendicular outowre him, as he stapped to take breath in a deep plon. You see the savage had gootten sulky, and you micht as weel hae rugged at a rock. Hoo I leuch! Easin' the line ever so little, till it just moved slichtly like gossamer in a breath o' won'—I half persuaded him that he had gotten aff; but na, na, na man, ye ken little about the Kirby-bends, gin ye think the peacock's harl and the tinsy hae slipped frae your jaws! Souxin' up the stream he goes, hither and thither, but still keepin' weel in the middle—and noo strecht and stedly as a bridegroom ridin' to the kirk.

North. An original image.

Shepherd. Say rather application! Maist majestic, sir, you'll alloo, is that flight o' a fish, when the line cuts the surface without commotion, and you micht imagine that he was sailin' unacen below in the style o' an eagle about to fauld his wings on the cliff.

North. Tak tent, James. Be wary, or he will escape.

Shepherd. Never fear, sir. He'll no pit me aff my guard by keepin' the croon o' the causy in that gate. I ken what he's ettlin' at—and it's naething mair nor less nor yon island. 'Thinks he to himsell, wi' his tail, 'gin I get abrist o' the broom, I'll roun' the rocks, doon the rapids, and break the Shepherd.' And nae sooner thocht than done—but bauld in my cork-jacket—

North. That's a new appurtenance to your person, James; I thought you had always angled in bladders.

Shepherd. Sae I used—but last season they fell down to my heels, and had nearly droon'd me—sae I trust noo to my body-guard.

North. I prefer the air life preserver.

Shepherd. If it bursts you're gone. Bauld in my cork jacket took till the soomin', haudin' the rod abone my head—

North. Like Cæsar his Commentaries.

Shepherd. And gettin' footin' on the bit island—there's no a shrub on't, you ken, aboon the waistband o' my breeks—I was just in time to let him easy owre the Fa', and Heaven safe us! he turned up, as he played wallop, a side like a house! He fand noo that he was in the hauns o' his maister, and began to lose heart; for naetbin' caws the better part o' man, brute, fule, or fish, like a sense of inferiority. Sometimes in a large pairty it suddenly strikes me dumb—

North. But never in the Snuggery, James—never in the Sanctum—

Shepherd. Na—na—na—never I' the Snuggery, never i' the Sanctum, my dear auld man! For there we're a' brithers, and keep bletherin' withouten ony sense o' propriety—I ax pardon—o' inferioity—bein' a' on a level, and that lightsome, like the parallel roads in Glenroy, when the sunshine pours upon them frae the tap o' Benevis.

North. But we forget the fish.

Shepherd. No me. I'll remember him on my deathbed. In body the same, he was entirely anither fish in sowle. He had set his life on the hazard o' a die, and it had turned up blanks. I began first to pity—and then to despise him—for frae a fish o' his appearance, I expeckit that nae act o' his life wou'd hae sae graced him as the closin' ane—and I was pirtly wai and pirtly wrathfu' to see him *dee soft!* Yet, to do him justice, it's no impossible but that he may hae druv his snoot again a stane, and got dazed—and we a' ken by experience that there's naething mair likly to cawm courage than a brainin' knock on the head. His organ o' locality had gotten a clour, for he lost a' judgment atween wat and dry, and came floatin', belly upmost, in amang the bi snail-bucky-shells on the san' aroond my feet, and lay there as if he had been gutted on the kitchen dresser—an enormous fish.

North. A sumph.

Shepherd. No sic a sumph as he looked like—and that you'll think when you hear tell o' the lave o' the adventurer. Bein' rather out o' wun, I sits doon on a stane, and was wipin' ma' broos, vi' ma een fixed upon the prey, when a on a sudden, as if he had been galvencized, he stotted up intil the list, and wi' ne squash played plunge into the pool, and, awa' doon the eddies like a porpus. I thocht I sou'd hae gane mad. Heaven forgive me—and I fear I swore like a trooper. Loupin' wi' a spang frae the stane, I missed ma fact, and gaed head owre heels jntil the water—while amang the rushin' o' the element I heard roars o' lauchter as if frae the kelpie himsell, but what afterwards turned out to be guffaws frae your frien's Boyd and Juniper Bank, wha had been wutnessin' the drama frae commencement to catastrophe.

North. Ha! ha! ha! James! it must have been excessively droll.

Shepherd. Risin' to the surface with a gullter, I shook ma nicve at the ne'er-do-weels, and then doon the river after the sumph o' a saumon, like a verra otter. Followin' noo the sight and noo the scent, I was na lang in comin' up wi' him—for he was as deed as Dawvid—and lyin' on his back, I protest, ju' like a man restin' 'himsel' at the soomin'. I had forgotten the gaff—so I fasten'd ma teeth intil the shouther o' him—and like a Newfoundland' savin' a chiel frae droonin', I bare him to the shore, while, to do Boyd and Juniper justice, the list rang wi' acclamations.

North. What may have been his calibre?

Shepherd. On puttin' him intil the scales at nicht he just turned three stane trone.

A HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.—BY SIR W. SCOTT, BART.

From the Keepsake, for 1832

THE same course of reflection which led me to transmit to you the account of the death of an ancient borderer, induces me to add the particulars of a single incident, affording a point which seems highly qualified to be illustrated by the pencil. It was suggested by the spirited engraving of the Gored Huntsman, which adorned the first number of your work, and perhaps bears too close a resemblance to the character of that print to admit of your choosing it as a subject for another. Of this you are the only competent judge.

The story is an old, but not an ancient one; the actor and sufferer was not a very aged man, when I heard the anecdote in my early youth. Duncan, for so I shall call him, had been engaged in the affair of 1746, with others of his class, and was supposed by many to have been an accomplice, if not the principle actor in a certain tragic affair, which made much noise a good many years after the rebellion. I am content with indicating this, in order to give some idea of the man's character, which was bold, fierce, and enterprising. Traces of this natural disposition still remained on Duncan's very good features, and in his keen grey eye. But the limbs, like those of the aged borderer in my former tale, had become unable to serve the purposes and obey the dictates of his inclination. On the one side of his body he retained the proportions and firmness of an active mountaineer; on the other he was a disabled cripple, scarcely able to limp along the streets. The cause which reduced him to this state of infirmity was singular.

Twenty years or more before I knew Duncan, he assisted his brothers in forming a large grazing in the Highlands, comprehending an extensive range of mountain, and forest land, morass, lake and precipice. It chanced that a sheep or goat was missed from the flocks, and Duncan, not satisfied with dispatching his shepherds in one direction, went himself in quest of the fugitive in another.

In the course of his researches, he was induced to ascend a small and narrow path, leading to the top of a high precipice. Dangerous as it was at first, the road became doubly so as he advanced. It was not much more than two feet broad, so rugged and difficult, and at the same time so terrible, that it would have been impracticable to any but the light step and steady brain of a Highlander. The precipice on the right rose like a wall, and on the left sunk to a depth which it was giddy to look down upon: but Duncan passed cheerfully on, now whistling the Gathering of his Clan, now taking heed to his footsteps, when the difficulties of the path required caution.

In this manner he had more than half ascended the precipice, when in midway, and it might almost be said, in middle air, he encountered a buck of the red-deer species, running down the cliff

by the same path in an opposite direction. If Duncan had had a gun no recontre could have been more agreeable ; but as he had not this advantage over the denizen of the wilderness, the meeting was in the highest degree unwelcome. Neither party had the power of retreating, for the stag had not room to turn himself in the narrow path, and if Duncan had turned his back to go down, he knew enough of the creature's habits to be certain that he would rush upon him while engaged in the difficulty of the retreat. They stood therefore perfectly still and looked at each other in mutual embarrassment for some space.

At length the deer, which was of the largest size, began to lower his antlers, as they do when they are brought to bay, and are preparing to rush upon hound and huntsman. Duncan saw the danger of a conflict to which he must probably come by the worst, and as a last resource, stretched himself on the little ledge of rock, which he occupied, and thus awaited the resolution which the deer should take, not making the least motion, for fear of alarming the wild and suspicious animal. They remained in this posture for three or four hours, in the midst of a rock which would have suited the pencil of Salvator, and which afforded barely room enough for the man and the stag, opposed to each other in this extraordinary manner.

At length the buck seemed to take the resolution of passing over the obstacles which lay in his path, and with this purpose approached towards Duncan very slowly, and with excessive caution. When he came close to the Highlander, he stooped his head down as if to examine him more closely, when the devil, or the untameable love of sport, peculiar to his country, began to overcome Duncan's fears. Seeing the animal proceed so gently, he totally forgot not only the dangers of his position, but the nuptial compact which might have been inferred from the circumstances of the situation. With one hand Duncan seized the deer's horns whilst with the other he drew his dirk. But in the same instant the buck bounded over the precipice, carrying the Highlander along with him. They went thus down upwards of a hundred feet, and were found the next morning in the spot where they fell. Fortune, who does not always regard retributive justice in her dispensations, ordered that the deer should fall underneath and be killed upon the spot, while Duncan escaped with his life, but with the fracture of a leg an arm, and three ribs. In this state he was lying on the carcass of the deer, and the injuries which he had received rendered him for the remainder of his life the cripple I have described. I never could approve of Duncan's conduct towards the deer in a moral point of view, (although, as the man in the play said, he was my friend) but the temptation of a hart of grease, offering as it were, his throat to the knife, would have subdued the virtue of almost any deer-stalker. Whether the anecdote is worth recording, or deserving of illustration, remains for your consideration. I have given you the story exactly as I recollect it.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD IN MEN AND BOOKS.

ROYALTY and its symbols were abolished in France. A showman of wild beasts had (the pride of his flock) an immense Bengal tiger, commonly called the *Royal Tiger*. What did our showman do?—Why, he knew the world, and he changed the name of the beast, from the *Tigre Royal* to the *Tigre National*! Horace Walpole was particularly charmed with this anecdote, for he knew the world as well as the showman. It is exactly these little things—the happy turn of a phrase—a well-timed pleasantry, that no unobservant man ever thinks of, and that, while seeming humour, are in reality wisdom. There are changes in the veins of wit, as in every thing else. Sir William Temple tells us, that on the return of Charles II. none were more out of fashion than the old Earl of Norwich, who was esteemed the greatest wit of the time of Charles the First. But it is clear that the Earl of Norwich must have wanted knowledge of the world; he did not feel, as by an instinct, like the showman, how to vary an epithet—he stuck to the last to his *tigre royal*!

This knowledge of the world baffles our calculations—it does not always require experience. Some men take to it intuitively; their first step in life exhibits the same profound mastery over the minds of their cotemporaries—the same subtle consideration—the same felicitous address, as distinguish the close of their career. Congreve had written his comedies at twenty-five; the best anecdotes of the acuteness of Cyrus are those of his boyhood. I should like, above all things, a veracious account of the childhood of Talleyrand. What a world of shrewdness may he have vented in trundling his hoop! Shakspeare has given us the madness of Hamlet the youth, and of Lear the old man—but there is a far deeper wisdom in the young man's thoughts than those of the old man.

Minds early accustomed to solitude usually make the keenest observers of the world, and chiefly for this reason—when few objects are presented to our contemplation, we seize them—we ruminate over them—we think, again and again, upon all the features they present to our examination; and we thus master the knowledge of the great book of Mankind as Eugene Aram mastered that of Learning, by studying five lines at a time, and ceasing not from our labour till those are thoroughly acquired. A boy, whose attention has not been distracted by a multiplicity of objects—who, living greatly alone, is obliged therefore to think, not as a task, but as a diversion, emerges at last into the world—a shy man, but a deep observer. Accustomed to reflection, he is not dazzled by novelty; while it strikes his eye, it occupies his mind. Hence, if he sits down to describe what he sees, he describes it justly at once, and at first; and more vividly, perhaps, than he

might in after-life, because it is newer to him. Perhaps, too, the moral eye resembles the physical—by custom familiarizes itself with delusion, and inverts, mechanically, the objects presented to it, till the deceit becomes more natural than Nature itself.

There are men who say they know the world, because they know its vices. So does an officer at Bow-street, or the turnkey at Newgate. This would be a claim to knowledge of the world, if there were but rogues in it. But these are as bad judges of our minds as a physician would be of our bodies, if he had never seen any but those in a diseased state. Such a man would fancy health itself a disease. We generally find, indeed, that men are governed by their weaknesses, not their vices, and those weaknesses are often the most amiable part about them. The wavering Jaffier betrays his friend through a weakness, which a hardened criminal might equally have felt, and which, in that criminal might have been the origin of his guilt. It is the knowledge of these weaknesses, as if by a glance, that serves a man better in the understanding and conquest of his species, than a knowledge of the vices to which they lead—it is better to seize the one cause than ponder over the thousand effects. It is the former knowledge which I chiefly call the knowledge of the world. It is this which immortalised Moliere in the drama, and distinguishes Talleyrand in action.

It has been asked whether the same worldly wisdom which we admire in a writer would, had occasion brought him prominently forward, have made him equally successful in action? Certainly not, as a necessary consequence. Swift was the most sensible writer of his day, and one of the least sensible politicians, in the selfish sense—the only sense in which he knew it—of the word. What knowledge of the world in “Don Juan” and in Byron’s “Correspondence”—what seeming want of that knowledge in the great poet’s susceptibility to attack, on the one hand, and his wanton trifling with his character on the other? How is this difference between the man and the writer to be accounted for? Because, in the writer, the infirmities of constitution are either concealed or decorated by genius—not so in the man: fretfulness, spleen, morbid sensitiveness, eternally spoil our plans in life—but they often give an interest to our plans on paper. Byron, quarrelling with the world, as Childe Harold, proves his genius; but Byron quarrelling with the world in his own person betrays his folly! To show wisdom in a book, it is but necessary that we should possess the theoretical wisdom; but in life, it requires not only the theoretical wisdom, but the practical ability to act up to it. We may know exactly what we ought to do, but we may not have the fortitude to do it. “Now,” says the shy man in love, “I ought to go and talk to my mistress—my rival is with her—I ought to make myself as agreeable as possible—I ought to throw that fellow in the shade by my *bons mots* and my compliments.” Does he do so? No! he sits in a corner and scowls at

the lady. He is in the miserable state described by Persius. He knows what is good and cannot perform it. Yet this man, if an author, from the very circumstance of feeling so bitterly that his constitution is stronger than his reason, would have made his lover in a hook all that he could not be himself in reality."

There is a sort of wit peculiar to knowledge of the world, and we usually find that writers, who are supposed to have the most exhibited that knowledge in their books, are also commonly esteemed the wittiest authors of their country—Horace, Plautus, Moliere, Le Sage, Voltaire, Cervantes, Shakspeare, Fielding, Swift;* and this is, because the essence of the most refined species of wit is truth. Even in the solemn and grave Tacitus, we come perpetually to sudden turns—striking points of sententious brilliancy, which make us smile, from the depth itself of their importance—an aphorism is always on the borders of an epigram.

It is remarkable that there is scarcely any *very popular* author of great imaginative power, in whose works we do not recognise that common sense which is knowledge of the world, and which is so generally supposed by the superficial to be in direct opposition to the imaginative faculty. When an author does not possess it eminently, he is never eminently popular, whatever be his fame. Compare Scott and Shelley, the two most *imaginative* authors of their time. The one, in his wildest flights, never loses sight of common sense—there is an affinity between him and his humblest reader; nay, the more discursive the flight, the closer that affinity becomes. We are even more wrapt with the author when he is with his spirits of the mountain and fell—with the mighty dead at Melrose, than when he is leading us through the humours of a guard room, or confiding to us the interview of lovers. But Shelley disdains common sense. Of his "Prince Athanase," we have no early comprehension—with his "Prometheus" we have no human sympathies; and the grander he becomes, the less popular we find him. Writers who do not in theory know their kind, may be admired, but they can never be popular. And when we hear men of unquestionable genius complain of not being appreciated by the herd, it is because they are not themselves skilled in the feelings of the herd. For what is knowledge of mankind, but the knowledge of their feelings, their humours, their caprices, their passions; touch these, and you gain attention—develop these, and you have conquered your audience.

Among writers of an inferior reputation we often discover a

*Let me mention two political writers of the present day—men equally remarkable for their wit and wisdom—Sidney Smith, and the Editor of the "Examiner," Mr. Fonblanque; barring, may I say it? a little affectation of pithiness—the latter writer is one of the greatest masters of that art which makes "words like sharp swords," that our age has produced. And I cannot help adding, in common with many of his admirers, an earnest hope that he may leave the world a more firm and settled monument of his great abilities, than the pages of any periodical can afford.

sufficient shrewdness and penetration into human foibles—to startle us in points, while they cannot carry their knowledge far enough to please us on the whole. They can paint nature by a happy hit, but they violate all the likeness before they have concluded the plot—they charm us with a reflection and revolt us by a character. Sir John Suckling is one of these writers—his correspondence is witty and thoughtful, and his plays—but little known in comparison to his songs—abound with just remarks and false positions, the most natural lines and the most improbable inventions. Two persons in one of these plays are under sentence of execution, and the poet hits off the vanity of the one by a stroke worthy of a much greater dramatist.

“I have something troubles me,” says Pellagrin.

“What’s that?” asks his friend.

“The people,” replies Pellagrin, “will say, as we go along, ‘*thou art the properer fellow!*’”

Had the whole character been conceived like that sentence, I should not have forgotten the name of the play, and instead of making a joke, the author would have consummated a creation. Both Madame de Stael and Rousseau appear to me to have possessed this sort of imperfect knowledge. Both are great in aphorisms, and feeble in realizing conceptions of flesh and blood. When Madame de Stael tells us “that great losses, so far from binding men more closely to the advantages they still have left, at once loosen all ties of affection,” she speaks like one versed in the mysteries of the human heart, and expresses exactly what she wishes to convey; but when she draws the character of Corinne’s lover, she not only confounds all the moral qualities into one impossible compound, but she utterly fails in what she evidently attempts to picture. The proud, sensitive, generous, high-minded Englishman, with a soul at once alive to genius, and fearing its effect—daring as a soldier, timid as a man—the slave of love that tells him to scorn the world, and of opinion that tells him to adore it—this is the new, the delicate, the many-coloured character Madame de Stael conceived, and nothing can be more unlike the heartless and whining pedant she has accomplished.

In Rousseau, every sentence Lord *Edward* utters is full of beauty, and sometimes of depth, and yet those sentences give us no conception of the utterer himself. The expressions are all soul, and the character is all clay—nothing can be more brilliant than the sentiments, or more heavy than the speaker.

In fact it is not often that the graver writers have succeeded in plot and character as they have done in the allurements of reflection, or the graces of style. While Goldsmith makes us acquainted with all the personages of his unrivalled story—while we sit at the threshold in the summer evenings and sympathize with the good Vicar in his laudable zeal for monogamy—while ever and anon we steal a look behind through the lattice, and smile at the

gay Sophia, who is playing with Dick, or fix our admiration on Olivia who is practising an air against the young Squire come—while we see the sturdy Burchell crossing the stile, and striding on at his hearty pace with his oak cudgèl cutting circles in the air ; nay, while we ride with Moses to make his bargains, and prick up our ears when Mr. Jenkinson begins with “ Ay, Sir ! the world is in its dotage ;” while in recalling the characters of that immortal tale, we are recalling the memory of so many living persons with whom we have dined, and walked, and chatted ; we see in the gloomy Rasselas of Goldsmith’s sager cotemporary, a dim succession of shadowy images without life or identity, mere machines for the grinding of morals, and the nice location of sonorous phraseology.

That delightful egotist—half good fellow, half sagè, half rake, half divine, the pet gossip of philosophy, the—in one word—inimitable and unimitated Montaigne insists upon it in right earnest, with plenty to support him, that *continual* cheerfulness is the most indisputable sign of wisdom, and that her estate, like that of things in the regions above the moon, is always calm, cloudless and serene. And in the same essay he recites the old story of Demetrius the grammarian, who, finding in the Temple of Delphos a knot of philosophers chatting away in high glee and comfort, said “ I am greatly mistaken, gentlemen, or by your pleasant countenances you are not engaged in any very profound discourse.”—Whereon Heracleon answered the grammarian with a “ Pshaw, my good friend ! it does very well for fellows who live in a perpetual anxiety to know whether the future tense of the verb *Bullo* should be spelt with one l or two, to knit their brows and look solemn, but we who are engaged in discoursing true philosophy, are cheerful as a matter of course !” Ah, those were the philosophers who had read the world aright ; give me Heracleon the magician, for a fellow who knew what he was about when he resolved to be wise. And yet, after all, it is our constitution and not our learning, that makes us one thing or the other—grave or gay, lively or severe !

For my own part I candidly confess that, in spite of all my endeavours, and tho’ all my precepts run the contrary way, I cannot divest myself at times of a certain sadness when I recall the lessons the world has taught me. It is true that I now expect little or nothing from mankind, and I therefore forgive offences against me with ease, but that ease which comes from contempt is no desirable acquisition of temper. I should like to feel something of my old indignation at every vice, and my old bitterness at every foe.

After all, as we know, or fancy that we know mankind, there is a certain dimness that falls upon the glory of all we see. We are not so confiding of our trust—and that is no petty misfortune to some of us ; without growing perhaps more selish, we contract the circle of our enjoyments. We do not hazard—we do not

venture as we once did. The sea that rolls before us proffers to our curiosity no port that we have not already seen. About this time, too, our ambition changes its character—it becomes more a thing of custom than of ardour. We have begun our career—shame forbids us to leave it; but I question whether any man moderately wise, does not see how small is the reward of pursuit. Nay, ask the oldest, the most hacknied adventurer of the world, and you will find he has some dream at his heart, which is more cherished than all the honours he seeks—some dream perhaps of a happy and serene retirement which has lain at his breast since he was a boy, and which he will never realize. The trader and his retreat at Highgate are but the type of Walpole and his palace at Houghton. The worst feature in our knowledge of the world is that we are wise to little purpose—we penetrate the hearts of others, but we do not satisfy our own.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

A CAPTURE AT SEA.

From a Narrative of an Imprisonment in France, &c.—Blackwood's Magazine.

At that period of life when hope beats high, and the mind is most susceptible of the charms of novelty, I eagerly listened to a proposal, made to me by my father, to try my fortune on the inconstant ocean. With the variety of foreign scenery, and the picturesque vicissitudes occasioned by storms and calms upon a new element—the dreary winter and the summer's sun—my imagination had been made familiar, by the recital from time to time of the adventures of my father, whose life, from the earliest period, had been devoted to the sea. I was now to explore that world of wonders for myself. Favourably for my entrance upon nautical life, the “Morning Herald” was the property of my father; and, as was then not unusual, he took the command of his own ship. Fitted out as one of his ship's company, I felt all the pride and consequence natural to a British seaman, though I had yet to acquire the skill and practice which give efficacy to his daring.

On the 2d of May 1794, we took our departure from the Nore, bound for Barbadoes, and were borne forward with a propitious gale down the British Channel. When we were off Spithead, we fell in with the grand fleet of England, under the command of Lord Howe. This was the most imposing and splendid spectacle I had ever beheld. The ocean was covered over with ships of war, of the largest dimensions. Each of them, as we approached, towered frowningly before us like a castle; displaying along the lines of their respective decks a terrible array of the heaviest cannon—all majestically wafted along the bosom of the deep, as they spread

aloft their ample canvass to catch the rising gale ; whilst the contrast of our own comparatively diminutive bark with the colossal grandeur which surrounded us, gave me to feel my own insignificance, and produced a kind of envy towards the men who strode those lofty decks, from which we were looked down upon as in a cockboat: as though greatness or littleness were conferred upon men by the size of their ships !—I could not but exult in the conscious pride of being a Briton ; and that the magnificent fleet which I then beheld booming over the ocean, as over a domain peculiarly its own,—claiming the homage of the world—was *OURS*,—little thinking how soon the dreadful conflict of the first of June, was to proclaim to all nations the invincible bravery and glorious victory of the British navy over the grand fleet of the French republic.

Within a few days after this gorgeous sight, one of a very different character gradually developed itself from the midst of one of the densest fogs that ever shrouded the sea—sad prognostic of our future woes—It was on a Sunday morning: our ship was standing towards the northward and westward of the islands of Scilly, distant about fifteen leagues. Whilst my father and officers were below at breakfast, the fog in which we were enveloped began to clear up. The man at the helm suddenly called out—“a sail on the weather-bow, sir—a large ship—seems a man-of-war.”—“Oh, no doubt she’s an English frigate,” replied my father, without rising from a chart he was examining—“she’s cruising in the chops of the Channel.” Presently the helmsman’s voice was again heard—“another sail—on the lee-bow, sir—a frigate;” and in a few moments he called out again—“another sail—on the lee-quarter, sir!”—“Aye, aye! Three frigates? ’tis high time to look about us, I think,” said my father; and, snatching up his spy-glass, he was on deck in an instant, followed by all at breakfast. There we were, sure enough, within the toils of a squadron of men-of-war! All the three ships we had descried, instantly ran up English colours—and we answered them with ours. The frigate to windward then bore down upon us, and fired a shot to bring us to! Somewhat alarmed—notwithstanding the show of the British flag—we still kept on our course. I shall never forget the excitement and terrible suspense which I—a lad come to sea for the first time—endured on this occasion. A second and a third gun were fired at us, soon after each other. “Don’t you think, sir, we had better heave to,” enquired the chief mate—“they’ll make us *pay for every shot!*”* “I’m afraid you are right,” replied my father, much agitated. “I don’t like the appearance of these ships. I can’t think they’re English, for all they’ve hoisted our colours. Neither their hulls, rigging, nor the trim of their sails are British! It’s all over with us, I’m afraid!” In the midst of this startling colloquy, Providence seemed to fa-

*A custom at sea, when a merchantman is captured, but holds out obstinately.

your our escape ; for the fog thickened around us, and under its friendly obscurity we altered our course, standing right in an opposite direction ; and we should most certainly have escaped, but that unfortunately, as if by magic, the fog at once cleared up, and our attempt to elude pursuit was useless. One of the frigates again bore down upon us, and, opening her main-deck ports, fired one of her large guns at us. The shot whistled close by our stern. Resistance was absurd—escape impossible ; and we accordingly hove to. A long-boat, lowered from the frigate, and filled with men, immediately made towards us, and soon sufficiently neared us, to discover, by the undisciplined movements, and un-British aspect of the men,—but, above all, by the tricoloured cockade in the hats of the officers,—that we were prisoners of war, and to the French !

The enemy sprung on board like a tiger fastening upon its unresisting prey. Our deck was instantly covered with confusion. The ferocious visages of those who boarded us ; the vociferations of a language which I then understood not, and the wildness with which the men flew about the decks, or hurried into the cabin and steerage, gloating with savage satisfaction upon all they saw, as their own ; made me feel as though hell had at once discharged its fiends upon our peaceful decks. The French commander had just English enough to say to my father, “ Captain, you prisoner of war ! You tell your men take down dat colour ! Make haste, make haste ! ” “ No,” replied my father, sullenly, “ you’ve taken, but not conquered me ; and you may put my head at the muzzle of one of your own guns, before I’ll lower our British flag at the command of a Frenchmen ! Take it down yourself, or let it fly at the mast-head for ever ! ” About ten minutes were allowed to our officers and ship’s company to take what necessities we could carry with us on board the frigate ; the French officers standing over us the while, and impatiently goading us to greater speed, “ take all you can wit you ! Make haste, make haste ! take all you can ! make haste, make haste ! ” A small matress, with two or three sheets and blankets, and a little trunk with a few changes of linen, together with whatever we could hastily snatch from among our most valuable things, were all we could secure on taking our final leave of the *Morning Herald*. She was immediately manned by Frenchmen, and we were taken on board the frigate, which proved to be *L’Insurgent*, of forty-four guns. Then, and not till then, were the English colours hauled down on board the French squadron.

Never shall I forget my sensations when we came alongside the frigate. The decks were crowded with the most filthy unsightly crew which my eyes had ever beheld ; party-coloured in their dress, and wearing red woollen nightcaps, which, though surmounted with the national cockade, conveyed the idea of their being invalids on board an hospital-ship. To this motley crew I had to ascend, amidst the confused shouts of a language which

seemed as barbarous to my ears; as their appearance was hateful to my eyes, whilst savage glee was legible in every countenance as they gazed upon their unfortunate victims.

My heart sunk within me! As soon as I reached the deck, I sat down in sullen silence, whilst my busied imagination brought under my review the pleasures of the home which I had so readily quitted, in contrast with the forlorn and wretched condition in which I was then placed, and the gloom which overhung my future prospects. What was to become of me? Our sails were soon filled, and the frigate continued her cruise. For the last time, I looked upon the *Morning Herald* as she was shaping her course for France, under the command of her new crew, and was fast receding from our sight. Thus I witnessed almost all the property of our family borne away to augment the resources of a detested enemy—my father's ship being but inadequately insured. In justice, however, to the captain of *L'Insurgent*, it ought to be related, that whatever effects we brought from our ship were preserved inviolable; and every thing which could reasonably be expected to render our condition comfortable, as long as we were under his command, was readily supplied. My father regularly messed with the captain and superior officers, whilst I and the rest of the men were distributed amongst the crew, and fared in all respects as well as they.

During a cruise of about a week, we fell in with and took several vessels belonging to different nations. A circumstance connected with one of these captures may not be uninteresting to notice. Early one morning a ship of considerable size was descried, standing towards the British Channel. We immediately gave chase, and in the course of the day came up with her. She proved to be the *Europa* of London, a beautiful ship, homeward bound, and laden with a rich cargo of West India produce. We were at this time within sight of the Land's End of England. As soon as the men of the *Europa* were brought on board *L'Insurgent*, the attention of the whole crew was attracted towards one young man above all the rest. His countenance was deeply interesting, his person tall and elegant, and his manners graceful; but all his movements indicated unusual perturbation and distress. After pacing the deck with hurried steps, and frequently pausing—in an instant becoming motionless as a statue, with his face directed towards the shore—his agony at length broke through all restraints. To sobs and groans succeeded the most piteous cries and tears. Consolation was tendered to him by some of his friends, who seemed to know the secret of his sorrow; but no ear had he for their counsel or condolence—no control over his passions. He was conducted to the capstan, on which he reclined his head, having covered his face with his hands, and in a perfect roar of agonizing cries and tears, gave vent to the sorrows with which his heart was surcharged. Upon enquiry it was found, that on leaving England about two years before, he had made all the arrangements necessary for marry-

ing a young lady of beauty and fortune immediately on his return. He had been most fortunate in his mercantile transactions, and was returning with the produce of his industry to marry her, and was now within only a few hours' sail of embracing the beloved object of his affections! Alas! this melancholy occurrence stripped him at once of all his worldly treasure, and for ever blighted all his future hopes; for only a few short months numbered him amongst the hapless victims who fell amidst the frightful ravages of disease amongst the prisoners of war at Quimper—a scene of woe which yet remains to be described.

Whilst on board *L'Insurgent*, we had a fair opportunity of seeing the operation of favourite principles of French republicanism on the temper and behaviour of the common people. *Liberty* and *equality* were words of perpetual recurrence among them; and the practical application of these famous terms was a constant illustration of the sense they affixed to them—to the no small mortification and annoyance of their superior officers. The very cooks and swab-wringers would stand and dispute the orders, and question the authority, of the boatswain; nor could he prevail on them to obey his orders, till he bluntly consented that chance and the suffrage of the people conferred the superiority which he exercised over them and consequently, that they had a greater right—if they thought fit to assert it—to command the boatswain than the boatswain to command them! If he still dared to dictate in the tone of superiority, they would scornfully turn their back upon him, and bid him wring the swabs himself, for liberty and equality were now the allowed right of every Frenchman! If the sails were to be trimmed during the time of their meals, unless it appeared reasonable to the majority, the boatswain might pipe his call till he was breathless, and was obliged to endure their chiding;—"What made him in such a hurry? let him wait till they had finished their meal." Even on the quarter deck, nothing was more common than to see groups of foremast-men sitting in circles, for hours together, at their favourite game of cards, whilst their superior officers, and even the captain himself, were obliged to thread the needle amongst them in walking the deck; and if they expressed dissatisfaction at the inconvenience they suffered, they might expect to hear a growl of indignation.—"Was it the intention of their commanders to abridge them of their liberty and equality?"

On one occasion, however, we had a specimen of perfect unanimity and universal co-operation. On the sixth morning after our capture, a sail was seen in our wake, about half courses high. She had every appearance of an English frigate, cruising in the chops of the Channel. After a short time she was observed to alter her course, and make sail after us. We were then under double-reefed top-sails. A scene of the utmost consternation and confusion ensued. The boatswain's pipe now thrilled through every ear with startling shrillness, and was instantly answered:—"Shake the reefs out of the topsails, and sway them up to the

mast-heads!—Set your topmast and lower studding-sails!—The breeze slackens—run up your royals and topgallant-studding-sails!” But oh, the merriment of their British prisoners at the tardy, confused, and lubberly way in which these orders were executed! An equal number of our sailors would have accomplished the same work in one-third of the time at least! And then the amusing remarks which they made upon the slovenly trim of the sails:—“I say, Jack, d’ye see that topmast studding-sail there?—my eyes! why, it sits like a purser’s shirt dangling on a handspike!” Such gibes as these, with the loud laughter which generally followed, were sufficiently annoying to *Mounseer*. Nor was the quarter-deck a scene of less interest than the main-deck and fore-castle. Though every countenance was lighted up with an animation and eagerness which almost approached a transformation of their original features, yet, from the opposite sensations which were felt, it was surprising to observe the difference between those who were anxious to be overtaken and those who were eager to effect their escape. Every minute the captain was intensely watching with his spy-glass whether the English frigate—for such their fears had certainly defined her to be—was gaining upon us. Alternate gladness and dejection exchanged sides between the prisoners of war and the French crew as the affirmative or negative was announced. After a chase of two hours, at the rate of about twelve knots, the hull of our pursuer became visible. All prisoners were immediately ordered off the decks; and the command was given to clear away for action. What words can suffice to describe the intense agony of suspense felt by the prisoners confined in the darkness of the ’tween decks, whilst we heard the hurry and confusion over our heads, as they were clearing away their guns and preparing for battle, and the clamorous shouts and execrations of the French sailors, as they despaired of escape and deemed a battle inevitable. In this fever of excitement we were kept for about two hours, unable to obtain the slightest information of the progress of the chase, and expecting every moment to hear a broadside, every Frenchman being charged, under the severest penalty, not to answer any enquiry from the prisoners respecting the situation and position of the ships. Towards the evening, however, the breeze slackened, and we had the mortification to hear that the English frigate had given over the chase and altered her course. We were again permitted to walk the deck, and eyed, with many a wistful look, the prospect of our deliverance receding from our sight.

On the ninth day after our capture we were taken into Brest. Melancholy were my reflections as we sailed past the fortifications on either hand, on our entrance into one of the noblest harbours in Europe; contrasted with which dejection, the gaiety and hilarity of the French crew tended but to make my condition appear more disconsolate and wretched. Seen from the shore, our frigate must have appeared a beautiful object; gliding majesti-

cally along with a fair wind, the chief part of our sails set, all our colours flying, and, as we passed some of the principal forts, the shrouds and yard-arms manned as closely as possible, returning the salutations from the shore with joyous greetings, and singing with the utmost enthusiasm their national song :

“ Aux enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivee,” &c.

We soon came within sight of the French grand fleet, under the command of Admiral Villaret Joyeuse, lying at anchor over the magnificent expanse of water which forms the harbour of Brest. Nothing could exceed in grandeur the sight which presented itself to us, as we passed along successively from one line-of-battle-ship to another, till we had seen the whole extent and magnitude of the largest navy which the French could ever boast. In the afternoon we came to an anchor, and spent the night on board, mournfully anticipating the undefined hardships which awaited us in a French prison, and of which to-morrow was to afford us a specimen. After breakfast the following morning, the boatswain's call gave the shrill announcement that all the prisoners of war were to be immediately mustered upon deck, each man bringing along with him his luggage, in readiness for debarkation. Affecting was the sight, as the officers and men of the ships which had been taken during the cruise were marshalled into their respective groups. Just before we descended into the boats prepared to take us on shore, a formal offer was made, in the name of the Republic, to any of the officers or men who chose to exchange the prospect of a prison for the service of the French navy, with the promise of equal wages and equal fare with their own men. As soon as the proposal was understood by the English prisoners, a burst of indignation and a fearless volley of execrations were poured forth upon those who made the offer; and it was with extreme difficulty that some of the men could be restrained from a furious assault in return. One traitorous wretch alone listened to the proposal, and he was a Dutchman; but it was at the hazard of his life. Had he not been instantly rescued by a body of armed men, he would doubtless have been torn in pieces, to such a pitch of exasperation and rage were all the rest of the prisoners roused. This subject, as we left the side of the frigate and were on our way towards the shore, furnished the topic on which each took occasion to express his wrath, whilst ever and anon they vociferated their execrations on the dastardly coward and traitor they had left behind, as long as they thought their voice could be heard. Scarcely was the tumult occasioned by this occurrence subsided, when we drew near to the shore.

SCENES IN A FRENCH PRISON.

At Quimper we arrived on the evening of our second day's march from Pontenezin. The building fitted up for the reception of prisoners of war, had been a convent previous to the Revolution; but the same spirit of innovation which had subverted the throne, and abolished the aristocracy of France, proceeded to annihilate, if possible, whatever had been rendered sacred by religion. The pious nuns, who were its previous inhabitants, had been driven from their peaceful dwelling, to seek shelter, if *shelter* could be found, amidst the tumultuary and sanguinary conflicts of a distracted country; whilst their former abode was occupied by captives from all the nations with which France was waging war. The convent was composed of two long buildings, situated on opposite sides of a large irregular court. Each building was four stories high, and each story was divided longitudinally by a passage which extended the whole length of the building, with a great number of small rooms partitioned off on either side. In addition to the court between the two principal buildings, was a large retired space, laid out as a garden and orchard, in which the nuns were accustomed to take the air. The whole was surrounded by a high wall.

On our arrival at this place, we found nearly three thousand prisoners already in possession, distributed through the little rooms, either as choice directed, on the ground of rank, friendship, or nationality, or as necessity compelled those who came last, to take the only situations which remained unoccupied. Fortunately, my father and I were admitted into a room on the second floor, where there was a vacancy for two inmates, among five gentlemen, one of whom was a physician, and the others either captains of merchant ships, or officers in the navy. The rooms, which were all nearly equal in size, were barely sufficient to admit of seven persons lying with their pallet beds close to each other, when unrolled on the floor. On our entrance, we entertained the hope of being able to beguile the wearisomeness of our captivity with tolerable endurance; especially as, through the humanity of our first commissary, the prison allowance was sufficient to ensure the continuance of health, and moderate comfort. Rations of bread, meat, butter, and wine, were regularly served out to each mess daily. Schemes of business and plans of study were drawn up, and prosecuted with laudable industry. Our numerous and diversified community assumed the appearance of commerce and learning. Here resided the mathematician and teacher of navigation, whose room was crowded with the votaries of science; there, the poet and musician; and not far off was the abode of the humble mechanic, who found his interest in being able to ply several trades, as the necessities of his fellow-prisoners required his ingenuity to mend a jacket or repair a shoe. According as the different nations had associated themselves in the

various divisions of the prison, we had the Italian row, the German row, the Dutch row, &c., where the British acquired their respective languages, whilst they taught their own in return. These diversified pursuits, as interest prompted, or pleasure attracted, happily employed those hours which otherwise would have been spent in lamenting our lot, and brooding over our misfortunes. We had even our courts of justice, for the trying of delinquencies; and whatever other institutions our *mixed constitution* required, for the maintenance of good order, and the promotion of the general welfare.

In the midst of this scene of business and amusement, we might have passed our time with comparative comfort, and even advantage; but we were destined to undergo afflictions and distresses which rendered most of these employments unavailing. Either according to the regulations of the Convention in the succession of offices, or with hostile intention towards the prisoners, the commissary under whose kind superintendence we were first placed, was removed from his situation, and another of a very different disposition was sent to occupy his place. Stern and ferocious in his countenance and manner, he was no sooner seen among us than times of suffering and calamity were predicted to be at hand. Only a few days after he assumed his office, he gave orders that our allowance of wine should be withheld, as being too great a luxury to be granted to enemies of the French Republic. Soon afterwards our ration of flesh meat was reduced to only half the former quantity, and the butter was entirely withheld. Remonstrance was vain. We had not the means of making our compliant know beyond the walls of our prison, though we had reason to suspect that the reduction of our allowances was not by order of the National Convention, but only at the instigation of the commissary's eagerness to enrich himself by our distress. To this cruel abridgement of our daily food, was added the unreasonable, the unnecessary resolution, of constraining every prisoner, without exception, whatever might be the state of the weather, to pass muster twice in the week, when we were turned into the orchard, and frequently kept there three or four hours together. Not a few invalids, unable to stand upon their feet so long, being obliged to sit or lie upon the damp ground, fell speedy victims to disease!

On one of these occasions an instance of ferocious barbarity occurred. The fruit of the orchard had been sold to a gardner in the neighbourhood, under condition that he was to be at the risk of whatever depredation might be committed by the prisoners when they were mustered; at which time he was allowed to be present, for the purpose of guarding the fruit which was on the trees. The temptation to pilfer was too powerful to be resisted by some of the prisoners, and their dexterity often too great to be detected by the gardener's vigilance. At the time alluded to, I was sitting on the ground, in company with a young man, who was

in a state of ill health; unfortunately, in the neighbourhood of some lads who were by stealth knocking down apples, and making off with their prize. Without a moment's warning, the gardener, who was watching his fruit from behind a secret stand, fired with his musket. I saw the flash in front from the midst of a bush. In an instant, my friend fell on his back. Not suspecting he was shot, but supposing rather that the report of the musket had been too powerful for his state of nervous debility, and had occasioned only a swoon, I sprang forward to lift him up, when, to my consternation and horror, I saw the blood gushing from his breast. He uttered not a word! my friend was shot; he lay a breathless corpse at my feet! The cowardly wretch who had accomplished his murderous purpose, escaped through a private door by which he had access to the orchard, without coming thro' the prison, and thus eluded the rage of the prisoners. To allay the commotion with which justice was invoked against this flagrant outrage, the Commissary promised that enquiry should be instituted and justice done. On the following day, a committee of gentlemen was appointed to examine the case. Their enquiry was limited to the fact, whether or not the deceased had been guilty of taking any of the fruit. No opinion was ever expressed whether the crime alleged was worthy of death! No fruit had been found on his person. A surgeon was directed to open the body and examine the stomach: No fruit was there. Yet, innocent as he had been proved to be, no farther steps were taken to bring the murderer to answer for his conduct!

This atrocious deed was but the precursor of more melancholy scenes of wide-spreading devastation. We were led, from one or two dark indications, to suspect that deliberate malice, and not mere connivance at murder wantonly committed, was determined against the whole of the prisoners. About this time the frightful intelligence was communicated to us, by some of the inhabitants of the town who visited the prison, that the Committee of Public Safety had actually caused a decree to pass the Convention, for the extermination of all prisoners of war! And that in future no quarter was to be shewn to any of the allied forces who might be taken in arms against the French Republic. In this condition of dreadful suspense we were kept for a considerable time, like criminals under sentence of death, awaiting the day when we were to be brought forth for execution. Our terrors were raised to the highest possible degree, not only by the dismal reports which reached us of the massacres which were daily perpetrated by Frenchmen of opposite factions upon each other at Paris, Nantes, Lyons, and other parts of the country, but also by the following occurrence:—One morning, to our great consternation, a detachment of soldiers under arms entered the prison-yard, which was generally crowded with prisoners, and forcibly seized on fifty of the first persons on whom they could lay their hands, the rest making their escape in the utmost alarm, as sheep are seen to fly

in confusion when savage mastiffs have seized upon and are worrying some of the flock. In a few moments all the windows of the prison, which looked into the yard, were filled with spectators gazing upon the scene below with mute astonishment, while they saw fifty of their comrades surrounded by the soldiers who had seized them. On a sudden, the large folding-doors of our prison, which we had never before seen opened, were thrown wide, and presented two lines of infantry, with fixed bayonets, drawn up on either side of the gateway. Without any information whither they were going—without permission to take any thing with them, or even to bid farewell to their friends or relatives, they were marched within the lines prepared to receive them. The doors of the prison were again closed, and the sound of the drum announced to us that they had commenced their march, but for what purpose, we were left to conjecture.

The terror which pervaded the prison in consequence of this occurrence, cannot easily be conceived, much less described. Each looked upon the other as being indeed “a sheep appointed for the slaughter,” whilst imagination was left to body forth the manner in which we were to be put to death; whether by the stroke of the guillotine, or by the less tardy method—which we heard was then in use among themselves—of *sinking vessels with their prisoners*, and sinking them in some of their rivers at high water, so that they might be left dry at the ebb tide; or by the military method, which had been adopted on some occasions, of drawing up their victims in a square, and firing upon them with grape-shot. While such terrific scenes were continually flitting before our imagination, another and another seizure were made, of fifty prisoners each time, after the interval of three days, and they were marched off in the same manner as the first. Nor was it till about a fortnight after the first draft, that we were assured our poor comrades had not been put to death, but only marched into the interior of the country to make room for others who were expected from Brest. With such diabolical ingenuity did the spirit of the times delight to afflict and terrify the minds of unfortunate and helpless prisoners! Nor could it but appear to us, that whatever might be the unknown reason why the decree of the Convention was not carried into execution, it was through no lack of inclination on the part of those who could treat their victims with such barbarous cruelty as to sport thus with their feelings. The reason, however, why we escaped all the murderous intentions of the Committee of Public Safety, we afterwards learned, was, that both the French soldiers in the army, and the sailors in the navy, refused to fight till a decree so ferocious and sanguinary was abolished.

The immediate prospect of a violent death was thus removed. Our joy on the occasion was not, however, destined to be of long duration. There were other methods, more circuitous and tardy, indeed, but not less decisive in their results, by which the prison

might be thinned of its inhabitants, and the expense and burden of finding provisions for so large a population thrown off the French Republic. That recourse was to be had to these, we were not without too much reason to apprehend. By the influx of additional prisoners, the vacancies made by the late drafts were now filled up, so that we once more numbered 3000 persons. Every place capable of containing men was filled with inmates. On one occasion, as some gentlemen, who had accompanied the commissary to view the prison, were noticing what a vast number of persons were contained within so small a space, they proposed the question to him, What he intended to do, if any more prisoners were sent to Quimper? To which the unfeeling and cruel man replied, with malignant wit, "Do with them? Why after a little while, I intend to *stow them in bulk!*"*—a determination which soon after was fearfully carried into effect!

Already had our provisions been considerably reduced in quantity as well as quality. They were still, however, to undergo another diminution. The scanty portion of flesh meat, which to this time had been allowed, was now *entirely* withheld, and a small addition made to the usual allowance of bread, to supply its place, the ration of which to each man was now a pound and a half per day. This, and a pint of soup, made of potatoes and cabbages boiled in water, served out twice a-day, constituted the whole of our food. Still, however, some of the prisoners were in possession of a little money, which, being in specie, was held in great estimation by the French, whose only circulating medium was their worthless assignants. In exchange, therefore, for British money, we could obtain almost an incredible quantity of French paper. I have known from twelve to fifteen hundred livres given in exchange for an English guinea. By this means we were able to purchase from the inhabitants, through the aid of the soldiers, who guarded the prison, a supply of a few necessary articles to eke out the scanty allowance of the prison. But this only resource, fast dwindling away, and which we had no method of replenishing, was not always exempt from spoliation, by the rapacity of those into whose hands we were obliged to intrust our money for the purchase of articles in the town,—who not unfrequently left the hapless prisoner to grieve over the loss of all he had intrusted to a soldier for the purchase of necessaries! Nor were we the victims of rapacity alone;—sometimes sheer brutality sported itself with aggravating our distress. An instance of this kind may be furnished in the conduct of our hard-hearted commissary. It was customary for the prisoners to purchase meat to make soup, or meal to make a kind of gruel. These, indeed, were the luxuries of those who were in health, the only consolation of such as were sick. The manner in which these provisions were dressed, was by placing an earthen pot, called by the pri-

* i. e. to bury them by wholesale.

soners a *conjurée*, upon two or three bricks or stones in the prison-yard, and making it boil by keeping a small fire under it, fed with sticks, which we purchased for the purpose in small fagots. On a certain day, whilst many of the prisoners were thus busily engaged in tending their *conjurées*, and were just about to enjoy the food they had prepared, the commissary made his appearance, and sternly ordered all the prisoners to be immediately turned into the orchard to be mustered. Every one engaged in his culinary employment was forthwith obliged to cease tending his little fire, and leave the *conjurées*, with all they contained, to their chance. In the orchard we were detained for three hours, hungry and faint, but still hoping to enjoy our soup and gruel, although cold. When, however, we were admitted into the prison-yard, piteous was the scene which presented itself to us. During our absence, the unfeeling commissary had given command that all our *conjurées* should be broken to pieces, and their contents shed upon the ground; pretending that the smoke of our little fires would soil the walls of our prison!

Hitherto we had been able to bear up against our troubles with tolerable fortitude. Our allowance of bread was indeed scanty, and its quality coarse, yet we had not perceived it to be pernicious. It was not long, however, before we had to enumerate this circumstance among our calamities.

The close of the year 1794 was indeed a time of great scarcity, owing both to the badness of the preceding season, and the desolating conscriptions which had been levied, as well upon the cultivators of the soil, as on other classes of the community, in order to swell the ranks of the army, to the comparative neglect of agriculture. The prisoners of war were sure not to be the last on whom the consequences of these disasters would fall. Towards the close of the autumn, we began to perceive a deterioration in the quality of our bread, and to feel the effects of it in our health. Every week its quality became perceptibly worse, till from the coarsest and worst kind of wheaten flour, it at length was made of such a vile admixture of barley, rye, and other wretched materials, that the loaves had scarcely the appearance of bread. An encrustation, full of husks of various grain, was hardly possessed of sufficient consistency to hold together its loathsome contents. On removing the crust, nothing generally presented itself but a blackish paste, so revolting to look upon, that nothing short of actual starvation could bring a human being to eat it. A pound and a half per day of this wretched substitute for bread, together with water to drink, was all the provision allowed at this time for our support! The result upon the health and life of the prisoners may easily be imagined. That large proportion of our inmates, who through poverty were restricted to the prison allowance, speedily began to droop under the withering influence of disease. Those whose constitution was less robust than the rest fell early victims, and thus escaped the increasing horrors which

those were doomed to witness, whose bodily vigour was more tenacious of life.

A small building behind one of the wings of the prison, which seemed formerly to have been appropriated for a cow-house, was now set apart for a temporary reception of the dead till they were removed for burial. Never shall I forget the appalling sensation I felt, and which pervaded the prison, when this ante-chamber of death first received its guests. A chill of horror came over every spectator, as he beheld the bodies of his comrades laid out in this gloomy receptacle, wrapped up in sheets or blankets,—the only substitute for a coffin which could be procured for any one,—whilst a sad presentiment seemed to seize upon him, that he was looking upon the circumstances in which, after a few weeks, or even days, he was himself perhaps destined to lie. The dead-cart now began to pay its regular visits, every second day, to this transient abode of the corpses, for the purpose of removing them for burial.

After some time an adjoining building was converted into an hospital, into which some of the worst cases were removed from the general prison. Here, indeed, the provisions were considerably better, but the patients were seldom admitted till the spark of life had sunk too low to be capable of resuscitation. Soon, however, the hospital was too strait to receive a tithe of the patients who were daily falling a prey to the ravages of disease, rendered now more desolating than ever, by infection, in the crowded rooms in which we were obliged to lie. Not only did the mortality rapidly increase, but the disease itself assumed a more terrific character. Instead of the languor and exhaustion which before quietly extinguished life, a raging fever now aggravated and exasperated our former maladies. Under the paroxysms of the fever, it was difficult to prevent the patients from destroying themselves. Instances of this kind, not a few, actually occurred. Some during the night threw themselves out of the windows, and were found in the morning lying on the pavement, the most hideous spectacles which disease and death can possibly present; whilst others were found at the bottom of a deep well which was in the prison-yard! As the winter advanced, the mournfulness of our condition was proportionably increased by the length and darkness of the night, during which we were not allowed the use of a candle in any of our rooms; the only light permitted being a small lamp at the head of each of the stairs. All the offices of kindness, therefore, needed by the sick and the dying, were to be performed in the dark. Often did the dreariness of the night draw a veil over the last agonies of our comrades, which only the morning light removed, presenting us, at the same time, with their ghastly corpses. If occasion required any one to go into the yard, he was likely, as he groped his way, to stumble over the dead body of some one who had crawled out of his room for air, and died in the passage; or of one which had been placed there for

convenience till the morning. The groans and shrieks with which the gloomy walls of our prison reverberated through the livelong night; still echo in my ears! This night, indeed, have been the very prototype from which our Great Poet has so powerfully described his lazar-house :

“ Dire was the tossing, deep the groans. Despair
Tended the sick, busied from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, though oft invoked
With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform, what heart of rock could long
Dry-eyed behold !”

Thrice during these awful ravages of sickness and death, were my father and I seized with the prison fever; but, providentially, our illness was alternate, one of us being generally so far recovered, as to be able to attend upon the other; each attack, however, leaving us more feeble than the preceding. My last relapse was as near proving fatal as possible. Reduced nearly to the utmost exhaustion, my father had been for the two preceding days and nights watching over me, expecting me to breathe my last. On the third evening, however, I rallied a little, and recovered my speech; but what I spoke was only under the influence of delirium. The words which I uttered on the occasion, as I was afterwards informed by my father, were calculated only to augment his distress, as he took them to be ominous of his being just about to lose his only child, and consign him to the mournful fate of the hundreds who, far from their native shores, were indiscriminately mingled in one common grave. Just as the parting rays of day were fading into night, I looked at him, and in my delirium said, in a tone—he has told me—the most piteous, “Farewell, father. I am just going—it is nearly nine o'clock,—I must be at school in time.” The saying affected him to tears; nor could those who were present but deeply sympathize in his scrows. During the night I sunk again into a deadly stupor. The darkness of the room, unrelieved by the least gleam of light, left my afflicted parent, as he anxiously watched over me, no other means of ascertaining whether I yet continued to live, or whether the spark of vitality was extinct, than by the hearing or the touch. It was now past midnight: no other sounds broke the stillness of our room, but the moans of distress which reached us from the contiguous dwellings. He ceased to perceive any symptoms of remaining life; and could no longer suppress the anguish of his heart. “O my son, my poor son! My only child is dead!” he exclaimed. The affectionate sympathy of our companions was instantly awakened, and every argument which kind condolence could suggest, was tendered to soothe his sorrows, and assuage his grief. Doctor Fuhr,—for that was the name of the physician who was an inmate of our room,—kindly repaired to the bed on which I lay, and after long and careful examination, pronounced that symp-

toms of life still remained. It was the crisis of the disease—the moment of resuscitation—the commencement of a more vigorous constitution than I had ever before enjoyed. So strangely does nature sometimes produce results the most opposite to its seeming tendencies!

Of the extent and malignity of the disease which raged in the prison, some idea may be formed from the following facts; that of the great multitude of persons confined within its walls, scarcely twenty escaped without being two or three times ill of it; and these individuals were looked upon by all the rest as prodigies. At the period when it was most fatal, it was customary for the dead-cart every morning to carry out of the prison gates from twenty to twenty-five corpses for interment. Of the 3000 prisoners who were numbered at the commencement of the mortality 1700 fell victims during the lapse of only three months.

When the disease began to subside, such was the eagerness for food, and the scantiness of our allowance, that many of the most destitute allayed their hunger by seizing upon dogs which accidentally strayed into the prison, killing them and dressing them for food! All the methods which ingenuity could devise, or our exhausted resources furnish, were put in requisition to obtain relief. Among the rest some courted the muse.

Goaded by distress, and nearly famished, it can scarcely excite surprise, that recourse should be had, by some of the prisoners, to unwarrantable actions. One of these, in the order of events, comes next to be described.

Whatever defence the commissary who at this time had charge of us might have made, in reply to the barbarity imputed to his conduct, it was natural for those who had already witnessed several instances of his cruelty, to regard him as the principal occasion of all the miseries they were suffering; nor was it unlikely that revenge would be contemplated. Reckless of all consequences, certain of the prisoners came to the rash determination of assassinating him. With this intention, some of them procured a large stone, which they took to the highest story of the prison, and kept a perpetual watch for his passing by, when he should pay his next visit. The fearful moment arrived. The stone was launched from the window just as the commissary came under it;—fortunately for all the prisoners, it fell harmless at his feet; as there can be little doubt, that had the fatal stratagem succeeded, summary vengeance would have been taken on its perpetrators. Full of fury, the commissary hastily fled from the prison, called an assembly of the magistrates, and related the narrow escape he had just had from instant death, asking their counsel how he should proceed against the prisoners. Some advised indiscriminate retaliation, others to have recourse to decimation. After long deliberation, however, they came to the conclusion, that the man, or men, who actually launched the stone from the building, should be delivered up to the municipal authorities, and undergo the penalty due to their crime; that if

this were not immediately done, all the prisoners should forthwith be put to death. Enquiry was instantly made. Five men were found to have engaged in the conspiracy, but only one of them actually launched the stone. This individual—an Englishman—was delivered up to a guard of soldiers, and he was conducted out of the prison, expecting nothing but instant death by the guillotine. To our great astonishment, however, on the following day a message was sent into the prison, stating, that under all the circumstances of the case, the council had come to the resolution of referring the culprit to the judgment of the prisoners themselves ; and that when they had determined what punishment to inflict upon him, the council would send a deputation from the town to see it carried into execution. The offender was accordingly delivered into our custody, and the whole case was minutely investigated by a tribunal of our own. After finding the prisoner guilty, the sentence of the court was pronounced upon him,—That he should receive 300 lashes upon his naked back, in the presence of all the prisoners, and of the committee appointed to witness the punishment.

The time appointed for carrying the sentence into execution arrived. All the prisoners were summoned to attend in the yard. The commissary himself, attended by the principal magistrates of the town, repaired to the spot. Two stakes had been driven into the ground in the centre of the yard ; to these the culprit was bound by his arms and legs, and the flogging commenced. After a few lashes the blood began to flow. Before he had received fifty lashes, the whole of his back appeared to be raw and streaming with blood. Affected with the cries and groans of the sufferer, and the mangled appearance of his body, the French gentlemen who were present declared themselves satisfied, and besought that the remainder of the sentence might be remitted ; even the commissary himself relented ; and at the united entreaty of the deputation, who were satisfied with the punishment already inflicted, he was taken down from the stakes, and conveyed into the prison. Whether or not it was from the accumulation of distresses, which we were known by the inhabitants of Quimper to have endured, or from the naturally humane and benevolent temper of the French nation, which was now gaining the ascendancy over the demon of cruelty and massacre which Jacobinism had let loose among them, we knew not ; we could not, however, but mark a decided improvement in their treatment of us from this time. The quality of our bread was greatly improved ; a ration of salt-fish, or beef, was added to our daily allowance of food ; and the health of the surviving prisoners began to improve. The former commissary, however, was never more seen amongst us, and another was appointed as his successor. Our wonted employments began to be resumed, and the cheering thought, that we might yet survive to tell our tale on British ground, gave excitement to hope, and vigour to industry.—*ibid.*

To the Editor of the Halifax Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—If the following verses are worthy a place in your pages, you may place them there. They are from unpublished works in my possession, from which I may occasionally trouble you with extracts in poetry and prose, some of which will, I flatter myself prove rather interesting.

ZETA.

NIGHT.

From unpublished Works.

I.

'Tis eve,—the Sun declining in the western sky
Sinks splendidly to rest ; the cloud of night,
Like the deep shadow of Eternity,
Unfolds its veil, and o'er the world of light,
Which lately beam'd so beautiful and bright,
Throws the still darkness of despair and death,
While from the breast our day-dreams take their flight.
The approaching gloom our spirits sink beneath,
And all things fade before its influencing breath.

II.

Oh ! 'tis a moment of extreme suspense,
Of wonderment, of strange and awful fear,
To see the gradual shade, feel the intense
Deep mystic feeling, filling all things near
And far and wide, and yet to know not whence
Comes this strange all-pervading influence,
Leading the spirit where it would not go,—
Into a world where nought is bright and clear,
But dark and misty to the mind, as cloudy nights are here.

III.

'Tis Night,—the power of its still beauty steals
Over the bosom with a silent dread ;
For, 'tis a moment when the spirit feels
The spell unspeakable, which binds the dead
In the deep silence of their narrow bed
Unconscious of the calm and long repose
Which they be blest with, when they cease to tread
This land through which continual sorrow flows,
Wearing away the heart with its overwhelming woes.

IV.

'Tis Night,—but clear and bright and beautiful, above
The fair moon hurries onward to the goal ;
Waking in human hearts the thoughts of love,
That all-absorbing passion of the soul
Which makes life beautiful amid its thorns,—the Pole,
To which all hope, desire, light, joy and beauty move,
The centre of attraction, toward which turn
All the high holy feelings which our youthful hearts inurn !

V.

Night thou art beautiful ! I love thee well
 And own thy influence :—with a soul in tense,
 Over thy starry beauties much I dwell,
 Until my love of thee becomes a sense,
 And then my feelings rush, I know not whence,
 Leaving their deep impression on my heart,
 Banishing all earth's sorrowful feelings thence,
 Awaking sympathies which ne'er shall part
 From me,—I love thee Night, so blest, so beautiful thou art !

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A REFORMING COMMONER AND A TORY PEER.

Commoner. Well, my Lord, the time draws near when the battle will again be fought—it is to be hoped with better success than heretofore for the Reformers. We, or rather the signs of the times, have made, I believe, some converts amongst your august body since our journals went into mourning for the loss of the Bill.

Peer. If converts be made, it is more than I know of : but I do not object to that mode of gaining your (pardon me,) revolutionary objects. These, I am quite ready to grant are times, when we cannot lay down abstract and unchanging rules. What is violence in opinion one month, may be moderation the next.

Commoner. Exactly so, my Lord. Had the Duke of Wellington, when in power, for instance, proposed a Bill enfranchising ten towns, and disenfranchising twelve boroughs, there can be little doubt but that the Tories in general would have cried out on the violence of the Reform. Now, it must be confessed, you would be happy to compound with so moderate a measure. Beware in time ! Public opinion, once turned to popular subjects, marches by giant strides. The day may be at hand when you will think the present Reform as moderate as you would now think that which the Duke of Wellington might once have substituted for it.

Peer, (smiling.) What ! you recur to intimidation—threats again, eh ?

Commoner. Nay, is warning, threat ? We do not speak to arouse your fears, but to express our own. Our safety is bound up in yours. All respectable classes have a common interest. I tremble at the future : am I to stifle my apprehension lest your pride take alarm ? But what folly is this talk of intimidation. Suppose you had a fit of the cholera—you may have it yet—(though Heaven forbid, and keep the disease for the poor !) and the doctor cried out,—“Go into this vapour-bath ; drink this laudanum ; throw away those salts ; put your arm under the bed-

clothes, or you are a dead man !” would your Lordship take pet, bristle up your languid energies, and cry with a querulous voice, “Do you think, Sir, that I am to be frightened ?” My Lord, my Lord, there is a moral malady in England, more deadly than the physical one, which I trust we shall escape—that malady is **DISCONTENT**. Why quarrel, then, with advice ? Why swallow the salts, and refuse the oil ? Why declare, that to caution is to terrify, and to warn is to insult ?

Peer. All this is very fine. But I think the case must be put thus : either there is one strong and bitter feeling against the aristocracy, or there is not. If there exist that feeling, we are doomed already. We can but defer our fate—let us rather meet it bravely, and die in the first ditch, not the last. If there does not exist that feeling, it would be madness in us to encourage a democratic change in the country, while we are able, if not to prevent, at least to modify it.

Commoner. I thank you, my Lord, for your frankness ; and this, I believe, is the common view which your party take of the question. As right and just notions on this point are, then, of great consequence, let us here pause for a moment. You have read the work called “The Tour of a German Prince.” You may remember (or if not, you may deign to turn to a review on that work in this Magazine,) how much the Tourist comments upon the aristocratic tendencies that in this country pervaded all classes two years ago. It is what every observant foreigner then and before remarked of us. There was, at that day, in this great country, no feeling against the aristocracy. Our vice ran the other way. You were by far the *safest*, the *most powerful*, the most solidly based portion of the state. You are now in danger—you allow it. You have become the most obnoxious, and in a revolution, would be the most exposed, body in the community ; so much so, that even the Whig noblemen suffer for the dislike to the Tory, and Lord Althorp and Lord Grey are sometimes suspected to be insincere, merely because they are known to be Lords. This change, my Lord, from power to weakness, from safety to danger, from a servile homage to a calumniating hatred, ought, suffer me respectfully to say, to teach your assembly one truth, which it seems resolved not to learn, and that resolution is the cause of all the obscure and confused notions which men less intelligent than your Lordship have formed on your side of the question—that change ought, I say, to teach you in what your strength consists. It does not consist in your estates ; it does not consist in your Norman pedigree, or your Saxon gold ; it consists solely in **Public Opinion**. When you talk of devising the press and the popular clamour, your boast may be very sounding, but it is very irrational. You are despising the foundation of the House you inhabit, and crying, as you sit on the roof, that you care not a straw what may become of the kitchen. **Public Opinion** was in your favour, and you were strong ; **Public Opini-**

on is now against you, and you are weak. Do you wish to be safe? Do you wish to be powerful? You must first be popular. Your Lordship's logical dilemma gives way in either horn. Public feeling is against you—brave it—and you may perhaps, beswept away by its flood! But it has so recently been turned against you—the feeling is so contrary to old habits, that you have only to conciliate in order to be once more stronger even than I would wish you. I repeat—the secret of power, in all ages, is to be popular. In Morocco, the Muleys were popular. It was a fine thing, according to an old Eastern saying, to be subject to a King who could cut off as many heads as he pleased. Whatever be the shape of power, whether it wear a despotic garb, or a liberal, it must be cheerfully acknowledged, in order to be permanent. You, on the other hand, would guard your hereditary power by offending the opinions on which it is based: and you think you have done great things for the aristocracy by an act that has rendered them as odious as possible. * *

Peer. You are honest, Sir.

Commoner. But mark; I say, “if the temper of the times continue to be democratic, and you continue to oppose.” Very well, I fear that you would, in the case of these hypotheses, be equally badly off, whether the “creation” furnished a precedent or not. If neither of these suppositions be made fact, you will be secure; in spite of all precedent if they are made fact, the excuse of a precedent will not be wanting, even to the length of sweeping you away altogether! We stand in perilous times, my Lord, when desperate diseases require bold remedies; and we must not palter and prate about possible precedents for one order of the state, when we know not whether our next step may not be over the ruin of all. This is to emulate the quack, who stood in the market-place when the earth was shaking and palaces rocked to and fro, crying, “Famous pills, these—famous pills against an earthquake.” But to return to our new “creation.” If you are now in danger—it is from what?—a collision with Public Opinion! What would, then, remove the danger?—a reconciliation with Public Opinion! How would you bring this about?—by a new infusion of such men as advocate popular principles? Thus, if a numerous creation of Reformers were made, your House would suddenly be converted from an obnoxious to a popular assembly. Instead of resisting reforms, it would propose them; and you would, almost as by magic, cease to be in peril from the people, because you would cease to resist their desires.

Peer. In other words, we should be an assembly of Radicals.

Commoner. Not so. Men of large property, inheriting the prejudices of birth, and possessed of that practical intercourse with the real world which sobers, and it may be, degrades, political theories, will be always slower to devise than the philosophical, and more wary to act than the vehement, Reformer. Every legislative assembly is a little behind the spirit of the day. The House of

Commons is now far more democratical than it ever has been ; but you may see, by comparing its tone with the tone of the press, that it is not nearly so democratic as the humour of the times. If this be the case with a representative body, it must be far more the case with a body not brought into electioneering contact with the people : and you need never, therefore, fear that a House of Lords can be too radical, or not sufficiently a procrastinator of popular principles. I will suppose, then, this creation made ; I will suppose the Reform Bill passed ; I will suppose the Lords rendered liberal by the new infusion—seconding, not rejecting the popular measures of the Commons ; I will suppose them acceding to a wise and early Reform of the Church, (that *must* come next !) I will suppose them passing the repeal of the Six Acts ; I will suppose them supporting my Lord Brougham in his amendment of the Poor Laws ; I will suppose them freeing Ireland from her ecclesiastical abuses ;—and I will ask you—I will ask any man—if the Lords would not then be powerful—if the calumnies of “ Black Books ” would then be purchased and believed—if the people would then debate in private, nay, demand in public, the uses of your Chamber, and the justice of your control ? It is only when deeply exasperated against their rulers, that the people speculate on their rights. When William the Fourth ascended the throne, there was no friendly feeling to monarchy in this country. If at the time Charles the Tenth brought crowns into contempt, William the Fourth had advanced the standard of Anti-reform, can we say—can you, my Lord, as an Anti-reformer, lay your hand on your heart, and say, that that standard would not have waved over a fallen throne ? We know, at least, that William the Fourth would not have been the beloved and safe, and mighty King that he is now—that he could not, as now, have felt secure—that come what may, in riot or in civil war, not a hair of his head would be assailed—he would not have felt his subjects his friends, and that his citadel, in convulsion, would be the hearts of a devoted nation ? Why is William the Fourth powerful ?—because he is beloved ! Why is his throne firmer than that of any monarch in Europe ?—because it is based in opinion ! My Lord, your august body can yet attain the same security by the same means. Identify yourselves with the interests of the people, and we shall hear no more said against the aristocracy than we now hear said against the monarchy. Whatever procures that identification is your best chance of permanent authority. It will benefit your order more than a thousand precedents will injure : and that prerogative which the creation of new Peers will seem to weaken, the infusion of new principles will (if human policy can effect any thing to that end) in reality preserve !—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.—AN EVERY DAY CHARACTER.

By the author of Lillian.

YEARS—years ago—ere yet my dreams
 Had been of being wise or witty;
 Ere I had done with writing themes,
 Or yawn'd o'er this infernal Chitty.
 Years—years ago—while all my joy
 Was in my following piece and filly;
 In short, while I was yet a boy,
 I fell in love with Laura Lily.
 I saw her at the county ball—
 There when the sound of flute and fiddle
 Gave signal sweet in that old hall,
 Of hands across and down the middle.
 Here's was the subtlest spell by far
 Of all that set young hearts romancing,
 She was our queen, our rose, our star;
 And when she danced—oh, dear! her dancing!
 Dark was her hair; her hand was white;
 Her voice was exquisitely tender;
 Her eyes were full of liquid light;
 I never saw a waist so slender;
 Her every look, her every smile,
 Shot right and left a score of arrows;
 I thought, 'twas Venus from her isle,
 And wonder'd where she'd left her sparrows.
 She talk'd of politics or prayers;
 Of Southey's prose, or Wordsworth's sonnets;
 Of dangers, or of dancing bears;
 Of battles, or the last blue bonnets.
 By candle-light, at twelve o'clock,
 'To me—it matter'd not a tittle;
 If those bright lips had quoted Locke,
 I might have thought they murmured Little.
 'Through sunny May, through sultry June,
 I loved her with a love eternal;
 I spoke her praises to the moon,
 I wrote them for the Sunday Journal.
 My mother laugh'd; I soon found out
 That ancient ladies have no feeling;
 My father frown'd; but how should gout
 Find any happiness in kneeling?
 She was the daughter of a dean,
 Rich, fat, and rather apoplectic;
 She had one brother just thirteen,
 Whose color was extremely hectic;
 Her grand mother, for many a year,
 Had fed the parish with her bounty;
 Her second cousin was a peer,
 And lord lieutenant of the county.
 But titles, and the three per cents,
 And mortgages, and great relations,
 And India bonds, and tithes and rents,
 Oh! what are they to love's sensations!

Black eyes, fair forehead, clustering locks,
Such wealth, such honors, Cupid chooses,
He cares as little for the stocks,
As Baron Rothschild for the muses.

She sketch'd ; the vale, the wood, the beach,
Grew lovelier from her pencil's shading ;
She botanized ; I envied each
Young blossom in her boudoir fading ;
She warbled Handel—it was grand—
She made the Catalina jealous ;
She touch'd the organ, I could stand
For hours and hours and blow the bellows.

She kept an album, too, at home,
Well fill'd with all an album's glories :
Paintings of butterflies and Rome,
Patterns for tripping, Persian stories ;
Soft songs to Julia's cockatoo,
Fierce odes to famine and to slaughter ;
And autographs of Prince Leboo,
And recipes for elder water.

And she was flatter'd, worshipp'd, bored ;
Her steps were watch'd, her dress was noted,
Her poodle dog was quite adored ;
Her sayings were extremely quoted.
She laugh'd and every heart was glad,
As if the taxes were abolish'd ;
She frown'd, and every look was sad,
As if the opera were demolish'd.

She smil'd on many, just for fun—
I knew that there was nothing in it ;
I was the first, the only one
Her heart had thought of for a minute :
I knew it, for she told me so,
In phrase which was divinely moulded ;
She wrote a charming hand ; and, oh !
How sweetly all her notes were folded !

Our love was like most other loves—
A little glow, a little shiver ;
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And " Fly not yet " upon the river ;
Some jealousy of some one's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted ;
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows, and then we parted.

We parted—months and years roll'd by ;
We met again four summers after ;—
Our parting was all sob and sigh—
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter
For, in my heart's most secret cell,
There had been many other lodgers ;
And she was not the ball room's belle,
But only Mrs. Something Rogers.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Feb. 3. Mr. C. Lloyd delivered a lecture on Music. The lecturer confined himself chiefly to the first principles of the science, and illustrated his observations by figures on the demonstration board, and by a Monochord. He exhibited perfect acquaintance with his subject, and the facility which results from thorough knowledge and practise.

At the close of the discussion on the subject, a resolution was submitted to the meeting, and agreed to—it is as follows :

That any member on the occasion of his delivering a lecture shall be allowed to introduce six friends—non-subscribers, for that evening—having previously given the names of the persons he intends introducing to the President.

Feb. 15. Mr. W. Deblois delivered a lecture on Mechanics, in which he explained some of the first principles of the science, defined its chief terms, and illustrated his observations by figures and models. The meeting expressed high satisfaction at the manner and matter of the lecture.

Subsequent to the conversation on the lecture, a letter was read, in which, Mr. James Boyde of St. Andrew's N. B. late of Halifax, expressed his pleasure at the formation of the society, his wishes for its prosperity, and contributed a sum of £5 to the funds of the Institute. A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Boyde.

Feb. 22. Mr. R. Lawson, in continuation of the previous lecture, read a paper on Mechanics. An interesting discussion followed, in which Mr. Malcolm explained a simple apparatus for forming a perfect oval. Mr. Gossip explained the principles of the wheel and axle. And Mr. John Fairbanks impressed on the members the importance of a Mechanics' Institute, and the necessity of persevering in it, by describing the loss which he had experienced in the erection of a saw mill, on account of the want of science in Halifax. He first lost by erecting his mills of too small a power, and then by applying a force much greater than was necessary ; the evils in both cases could have been avoided by a person capable of making the proper calculations.

An extract of a letter, from Mr. Alger, Boston, to Mr. P. J. Holland, was read ; which informed the Institute of the good wishes of that gentleman, and of a present from him of a full suite of the Minerals of Nova Scotia, which were then on their way from Boston.

The minerals were received a day or two subsequently, and consist of 61 specimens. They are a valuable and interesting acquisition to the Institute, and form the commencement of a collection of specimens in Natural History.

Mechanics' Library.—The books have been removed from Mr. Naylor's, to a room in the corner house above Boyle's Country Market. This room is open on Monday and Wednesday evenings from 7 to 8 o'clock, on Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday from 7 to 10 o'clock ; a member attends as librarian for the even-

ing who receives and issues books, and transacts other current business. Nomination and donation lists lie at the room.

MONTHLY RECORD.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

Jan. 25. The session was opened by a speech from his Excellency. Little beside routine business is transacted for eight or ten days after the House opens.

Much conversation occurred respecting the appointing of Committees, respecting the School System, the charges made against inhabitants of Barrington by a Captain Duncan, Agriculture, Cornwallis Dyke, Light Houses, Packet moorings, and insolvent debtors.

Feb. 4. The report of a Committee, on the charges against Barrington, was received. Report completely exonerated the inhabitants from blame in the matter alluded to, and declared Captain Duncan's charges to be false and calumnious. It was ordered that the petition and the report on the subject, should be printed in the Royal Gazette.

Discussion arose respecting the Custom House returns, and more full and sufficient documents were required from that establishment.

Feb. 6. Several petitions introduced long conversations on various topics; among others a petition from several persons in Halifax for the granting of a charter to a public Banking Company was presented, and a Bill carrying the prayer of the petition into effect.

The report of a Committee was agreed to by the House (and subsequently by the Council) authorising the issue of copper tokens to the amount of £2500.

7th. Petitions were received. Mr. Homer introduced a long discussion by a resolution, which contemplated the appropriation of Public money according to population in the several counties. Resolution was lost 23 to 14.

Feb. 8. House in Committee of ways and Means, agreed to a further issue of Province notes, to the amount of £25,000. Also that all dry goods imported from Great Britain shall pay a duty of 5 per Cent.

9th. The passenger Bill, regulating the transmission of Emigrants to the Colonies, passed. It provides that every Emigrant with a government certificate shall pay a tax of 5 shillings on landing, those not having a certificate 10 shillings; such sums to go to form a fund, to be at the disposal of his Excellency for the relief of sick or poor Emigrants; also that a penalty of £10, for every passenger landed without a proper return being made, shall attach to the Captain or master so offending.

10th. Several petitions and Bills were presented.

11th. Petitions were received.

13th. The Nova Scotia Bank Bill was read a second time, after much opposition.

14th. Several Petitions were presented ; one respecting sums due to workmen at Shubenacadie Canal, introduced a defence of that work from the Solicitor General.

15th. Petitions and Reports were received.

16th. The Bank Bill was taken up ; House adjourned without passing any of the clauses.

17th. Several clauses of the Bank Bill were passed.

18th. A Bill for the appointing of three Commissioners of Revenue, who are to have greater power than the present board, was taken up, discussed, and read a second time. Several clauses of the Bank Bill were passed.

20th. The Bank Bill occupied the day ; some progress was made. 21st. Ditto, ditto.

22nd. The Bank Bill passed the House 26 to 10. Its principal provisions are, that the capital of the Company is to be £100,000, that it may do business to three times that amount, that it may commence when £35,000 shall have been deposited, that in cases of mis-management by the officers of the Bank and consequent loss, each shareholder shall be liable in a sum equal to the amount of stock held by him at the time.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Reform Bill passed a second reading with a majority of 162 !

CANADA.—Much political excitement continues in both Provinces. Mr. M'Kenzie has been expelled for libel from the U. C. Assembly, re-elected, and re-expelled for a second libel. Two Montreal Editors were summoned before the L. C. Council for libel and were committed to Jail.

JAMAICA.—An insurrection has occurred among the slaves, in which much property was consumed and many lives lost.

MARRIAGES.—At Dartmouth, February 11, Mr. F. Hoard, to Miss Martha Vaughan.—At Truro, February 6, Mr. Joseph Wilson, to Miss A. Bamhill.—At Londonderry, February Mr. S. O'Brien, to Eleanor Yuill.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, February 8, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Albro aged 49. 11th, Mrs. Barbara Sutherland, aged 61. 12th, Mrs. Lydia Russel, aged 66. Mrs. Abigail Pryor. 25th, Mr. Thomas B. Cleaveland aged 28. 29th, Mr. William Glen. Mrs. Mary Allen aged 47.—At Antigonish, February, Mrs. Ann Chrisholm, aged 98. Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkie, aged 22.—At Noel, Feb. 10, Mr. Andrew O'Brien, aged 76.—At Londonderry, February, Mr. David Vance, aged 84.—At Coldstream, (Gay's River) February, Mr. George Campbell, aged 79.

ERRATA.—Page 437, before 1st line read "The first paper is, perhaps, the best in the book. It is a selection from the 'Pugsley Papers,' and is as worthy of attention"—and omit the first 2 lines of page 435.

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