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THE
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[FOR THE H. M. M.]

[THE following article was written, in consequence of the paradoxical essay which appeared upon the same subject in your Magazine for February. The writer there, endeavours to support a principle, which has been unsuccessfully advocated by his more powerful predecessors; and which is now generally rejected, in the most extensively received and approved systems of philosophy.]

THE MIND.

IT is the natural tendency of misanthropic feeling, to depreciate those virtuous principles of the mind, which decorate and beautify our nature; or even to denounce that philosophy, which asserts and proves the existence of these principles, as affording a false representation of the human character. Every person who investigates the nature of the mind, is ready to admit that our knowledge of its principles, is only attainable from attention to the effects of their operations; and when these effects are fully considered, they are traced to their numerous and distinct causes, in the intellectual and active powers. This circumstance is sufficient to convince us, that the mind is a complicated machine, possessing apparently contradictory principles; and the nature of their mysterious operations is unfathomable by human ingenuity—

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."

That the mind as distinct from matter is indivisible, is evident from various considerations; and this quality affords a strong presumption of its existence in a future state; but its indivisibility presents no substantial argument, against the assertion that it posseses different principles, which are the foundation of our knowledge, and the origin of human conduct. When we enter into philosophical speculations respecting the mind, we cannot reason from material qualities and appearances—but as it is necessary to view with an attentive eye the phenomena of the ma-

terial world, to account for their causes; so, for the purpose of affording a true delineation of human nature, we must carefully investigate the actions of men. Thus, upon a principle proved by universal experience, "that every effect is produced by a cause," the active powers have been thoroughly examined, and accurately stated, in some of our modern systems of moral philosophy.

It has, however, always been the ruling disposition of lovers of simplicity, to reject any thing which appears complicated and abstruse, as palpably absurd; and to adhere to some favorite hypothesis, which, from its mere simplicity, has gained approbation. Actuated by this disposition, philosophical speculators have endeavoured to reduce the principles of action to one unconnected source, without sufficiently considering that opposite effects cannot be produced by the same cause. This inordinate love of simplicity, is often the subterfuge of those who wish to present some new theory to the world; and it often induces them to adopt causes, which are insufficient to explain the phenomena, while, upon the authority of the supposed undeviating simplicity of nature, they exulting exclaim, "*Frustra fit per plura quod fieri potest pauciora.*" But from a superficial or contracted view of human conduct, how absurd is it to conclude, that the principles of action are not as varied as the distinguishing effects of their operations. Can sweet and bitter water flow from the same fountain; or can appearances so distinct in their nature as those which are derivable from the operations of love and revenge, be referred to the same principle of action? Modify that principle under whatever appellation you please, give it the title of selfishness or aspiration after happiness, call it universal love or benevolence, a thousand difficulties must be encountered, and the principles of pure reason in a thousand instances violated, before a conclusion so erroneous can be formed. It was a principle of the illustrious Newton in philosophizing, that "no causes shall be admitted but such as are both true and sufficient to account for the phenomena." If this rule were more frequently and strictly observed, there would be more uniformity of sentiment among mankind, and far less paradoxical reasoning. But a propensity to analogical argument, and to the establishment of some general law, comprehending a variety of principles which have barely a fancied resemblance, is the cause

of many erroneous conclusions. The principles of human conduct, however much their effects may in some cases possess an apparent similarity, must not be considered reducible to any one particular source of action. Self-Regard is not a more universal principle of our nature than benevolence. The man, therefore, who asserts that self-love is the sole origin of action, takes but a narrow and pitiful view of human nature. Whence arise those tender emotions of maternal fondness which are cherished over the helpless infant? Whence that poignant grief which pierces the breast of the afflicted mother for its loss? Whence that exercise of paternal fondness which spares neither trouble nor expense for the education and protection of children? Whence those tears of the unhappy parent, for the errors of her abandoned offspring? Does selfishness excite grief or call forth the tear of compassion,—and does not unerring experience teach us, that it is not the parent who is benefitted by all those toils which are undergone—that anxious solicitude which is felt—those harassing cares which are sustained—that expence which is incurred —those gratifications which are denied—those tears which are shed on account of children, who, as soon as they arrive at the years of discretion, are obliged to direct their attention to the means of supporting themselves?--The parent often participates in no enjoyment but what is derivable from the exercise of pure affection. But shall we say, because the exercise of our benevolent feelings usually affords pleasant sensations, that these sensations, on account of the happiness which they confer, are referrable to selfishness? This would be attributing the effect to a wrong cause. All the principles of our mind are rendered, in some measure, either directly or indirectly, subservient to our happiness; and the degree of this happiness often depends upon contingent circumstances. But is not immediate interest the sole object of self regard? and how many examples have we of the disinterested exercise of our benevolent affections? Are the emotions of friendship never felt but when there are selfish views in the excitement?—where is the story of Damon and Pythias? Is Patriotism dead but when Interest awakes her? Peruse the history of the seige of Calais, and of the patriotic devotion of Eustace Saint Pierre and some of his fellow citizens.

Indeed Benevolence and Self-Love have different objects for their gratification; and they frequently draw, like the centripe-

tal and centrifugal forces, in different directions. Man is a being evidently intended for society, and consequently his Creator endowed him with principles stimulating him to seek the prosperity and happiness of others, and, by a reciprocity of kind offices, to weave together the bonds of social union.

But let us listen to the observations of an elegant writer on "the mind" relative to this topic.—"It appears as unreasonable to resolve all benevolent affections into self love, as it would be to resolve hunger and thirst into self-love. These appetites are necessary for the preservation of the individual. Benevolent affections are no less necessary for the preservation of society among men; without which men would become an easy prey to the beasts of the field. The benevolent affections planted in human nature, appear therefore no less necessary for the preservation of the human species than the appetites of hunger and thirst."

The existence of the Moral Faculty has also been denied by those who assert that conduct originates in self-love. If we refer to the records of history, we read of no nation uninfluenced by this principle; though we universally find that its proper developement depends much opon the advancement of education. And why is it not rational to suppose that intelligence has its influence on this as well as on the other principles of the mind? But no instruction however perverted, can totally eradicate it, though the evil passions of our nature, often by slow and imperceptible approaches, or by impetuous and open violence, overwhelm it and acquire dominant sway. No education however pure, can confer upon us moral perceptions—for if the principle be not originally in the mind, human efforts are unable to implant it—"*Nihil ex nihilo fit.*" The truth is, that certain courses of conduct are presented to our will, and Conscience, a distinct and innate principle, decides upon their propriety; and it would be as ridiculous to assert that the moral faculty originates in education, as to affirm that because the regulator of a watch promotes the correct motion of the machinery, the various wheels therefore originate in the regulator.

It is rather unfortunate for the opposers of this principle, that references have been made to the necessity of a Divine Revelation, and to the Doctrines of Scripture, for the support of their unphilosophical conclusions—since these unequivocally substan-

tiate the opinion I am advocating. The fall of man from his original state of holiness and happiness, rendered his moral perceptions exceedingly imperfect, and consequently a Divine Revelation became necessary. But the language of scripture bears strongly upon the point—"For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which shew the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another." That the exercise of the moral faculty is intimately connected with our happiness or misery, is an indisputable fact; but this is but a feeble argument against the existence of such a principle, and it will not corroborate the statement, that the effects which we are accustomed to attribute to it are produced by *Selfishness.*

The moral faculty is totally distinct from the power of reasoning.—Reason may be defined to be that principle by which we deduce a conclusion from premises; and by a process of argument it enables us to decide upon what is physically good or physically bad. But as the power of judgment distinguishes truth from falsehood, without any process of reasoning, so by the moral principle we intuitively perceive the distinction between right and wrong. The intellectual powers all operate differently and produce different effects. Our volitions in like manner have different objects for their exercise; and the mind is influenced by a variety of passions as different from each other, in their operations, as truth from falsehood. But when the scale of animated Creation is accurately examined, Reason appears as the prominently distinguishing characteristic of man, at once enobling his nature, and, through the chequered course of his existence, admirably suited

"To guide the helm when passion blows the gale."

SOPHOS.

[We are exceedingly pleased that the more amiable view of human nature, has got so able an advocate in our pages, as the Correspondent who has obliged us with the above essay. Ed.]

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

SIR,—I am aware that to many the following sketch will appear little else than absolute raving; but when it is remembered that it was written under the influence of the high excitement, which a contemplation of the scene it describes, is calculated to produce, those who might despise *cold blooded enthusiasm* (if the terms are compatible) may perhaps regard it in a less unfavourable light, as the exuberance of an imagination vividly sensible to impression, and keenly susceptible of morbid excitement. A.

A SKETCH.

FEW scenes are more calculated to abstract our thoughts from the present, and to fix them on the future, than a church yard. He who can, at *any* time, stalk carelessly among the monuments of departed humanity, or listen with indifference to the tales of mortality which a churchyard rehearses, can have but a very small share of sensibility; but he must be either more or less than *man*, who can without emotion, contemplate a scene of this kind at the solemn, still hour of midnight; when the universal silence of animated nature irresistibly impresses the mind with the idea that "Now is the time for contemplation." There is doubtless in such a scene, at such a time, little to attract the mind of the greater part of mankind; but *I* have often felt myself urged by an irresistible influence, to such contemplations, and I have experienced a sensation of pleasure, which I myself could never analyze—of delight, I never could tell why, in directing my midnight walk to this our last abode.

One evening, in particular, recurs to my imagination, and it impresses me the more forcibly at present, perhaps because it was the last time that I made one of these nocturnal visits. It was a beautiful, calm evening; and the pale moon, ever and anon shadowed by a passing cloud, and then again emerging from obscurity, formed an apt emblem of the uncertain and transitory nature of human existence, and harmonized well with the scene which I was contemplating. I looked around me, and beheld the misty forms of mouldering tombstones; whatever way I turned my eyes I perceived the dim images of an uninterrupted succession of graves, and I almost thought I could hear the very clods rising up and exclaiming, "we were once humanity." And truly they were *humanity*. On the one hand appeared the

monument of a notorious miser—on the other the last residence of a spendthrift. But what interested me most was, the tomb of one who had been ambitious, nay more, had prospered in his schemes. All that the eye could wish, or the heart could fancy, he had once possessed; his every feeling had once been pregnant with excitement, and one long—long course of happiness and life appeared in prospect. Yet what was he now? Were his mouldering remains different from those of the thousands around him? Or had his prosperity and his honours taught the worms respect for his person?—Ambition, think of this when thy fairy dreams represent to thee one eternal unending scene of pleasure;—*think*, when thou art struggling to attain thy objects, that thou mays't soar high, but the end of thy attainments is not reached, till thou become—the food of worms!

Life, life, what art thou? Time's *laughing stock*,—a something indefinable—incomprehensible. In all, thy commencement is the same, and thy termination the same. We are all equally helpless when we are born, and equally loathsome when we die. A vast gap lies between, a plain with an infinity of ways, all arising from the same source, and terminating in the same point. And yet into what does this infinity resolve itself? We eat—we drink—we sleep. The *action* is the same in kings and beggars—the difference is in the *mode*. And this is the "boasted dignity of human nature." This is the enviable life to which we cling with such tenacity? we labour and toil and fight,—for what? For the maintenance of a principle whose continuance but requires more labour and toil and fighting.

Wrapt in reflections of this kind, the time passed unheeded, and when I awoke from the reverie into which I had fallen, I cast my eyes around and found it was—*morning*.

A HORSE DEALER.

In delineation of character, Hood surpasses Theophrastus.

"A horse dealer is a double dealer, for he dealeth more in double meanings than your punster. When he giveth his word, it signifieth little, howbeit it standeth for two significations. He putteth his promises like his colts, in a break. Over his mouth, truth, like the turnpike-man, writeth up 'No trust.' Whenever he speaketh, his spoke has more turns than the fore-wheel. He telleth lies, not white only, or black, but likewise grey, bay,

chesnut, brown, cream, and roan—pyebald and skewbald. He sweareth as many oaths out of court as any man, and more in; for he will swear two ways about a horse's dam. If, by heaven's grace, he be something honest, it is only a dapple, for he can be fair and unfair at once. He hath much imagination, for he selleth a complete set of capital harness, of which there be no traces. He advertiseth a coach, warrented on its first wheels and truly the hind pair are wanting to the bargain. A carriage that hath travelled twenty summers and winters, he describeth well-seasoned. He knocketh down machine-horses that have been knocked up on the road, but is so tender of heart to his animals, that he parteth with none for a fault; 'for,' as he saith, 'blindness or lameness be misfortunes.' A nag, proper only for dog's meat, he writeth down, but crieth up, 'fit to go to any hounds;' or, as may be, would suit a timid gentleman.' Stringhalt he calleth 'grand action,' and kicking 'lifting the feet well up.' If a mare have the farcical disease, he nameth her 'out of comedy;' and selleth Blackbird for a racer because he hath a running thrush. Horses that drink only water, he justly warranteth to be 'temperate,' and if dead lame, declareth them 'good in all their paces,' seeing that they can go but one. Roaring he calleth 'sound;' and a steed that high bloweth in running, he compareth to Eclipse, for he outstrippeth the wind. Another might be entered at a steeple chase, for why—he is as fast as a church. Thorough-pin with him is synonymous with perfect leg.' If a nag coughetb, 'tis 'a clever hack.' If his knees be fractured, he is, 'well broke for gig or saddle.' If he rear-eth, he is 'above sixteen hands high.' If he hath drawn a tierce in a cart, he is a good fencer. If he biteth he shows good courage; and he is playful merely, though he should play the devil. If he runneth away, he calleth him 'off the Gretna Road, and has been used to carry a lady. If a cob stumbleth, he considereth him a true goer, and addeth 'the proprietor parteth from him to go abroad. Thus, without much profession of religion, yet is he truly Christian-like in practice, for he dealeth not in detraction, and would not disparage the character even of a brute. Like unto love, he is blind unto all blemishes, and seeth only a virtue, meanwhile he gazeth at a vice. He taketh the kick of a nag's hoof like a love-token, saying only, before standers-by, 'Poor fellow,—he knoweth me!'—and is content rather to pass as a bad rider, than that the horse should be held restive or over-mettlesome, which discharges him from its back. If it hath bitten him beside, and moreover bruised his limb against a coach-wheel, then, constantly returning good for evil, he giveth it but the better character, and recommendeth it before all the steeds in his stable. In short, the worse a horse may be, the more he chanteth his praise, like a crow that croweth over Old Ball, whose lot it is on a common to meet with the common lot."—*Hood's Comic Annual.*

"TALES OF MY LANDLORD."

THERE was a time, when no enthusiasm could exceed that with which the readers of romance of all nations and languages welcomed the narratives which preceeded with almost miraculous rapidity, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. Yet this very excess of popularity had its evils; he created for himself a standard of excellence, beyond the reach of all other men, and which he could himself, hardly hope at all times to attain; so that, instead of being compared with others, it is his fortune to be always compared with himself, and the public take it ill, if the last work is not an improvement upon the first. Nor is it by any means certain, that the same impartial judges will be satisfied, even when the last may exhibit the same fertile invention and brilliant fancy with those which went before it, unless the style of excellence shall be always of the same kind, as well as degree. It matters not, that more is expected, than mortal power can ever hope to accomplish; the expectations, whether reasonable or otherwise, are not fulfilled, and his sentence of condemnation is pronounced in the spirit, if n the language, of his own delightful verse:

> Now is the stately column broke,
> The beacon-light is quenched in smoke,
> The trumphet's silver sound is still,
> The warder silent on the hill.

There is some injustice in this; but the spirit of criticism is apt to prevail over the love of equity. We have long been assured, that the latter productions of Scott have given little indication of his real power; and we are now told, that the power itself is fast failing, and that the infirmities of age are stealing over his mind, as the shades of evening gather over some magnificent landscape. It may be so; but we prefer to admit the pathetic apology which he has himself made, for any deficiencies in this, the latest and probably the last, of his works; and to believe, that continued illness and pain may have thrown a transient cloud over the mind, which they have no power to destroy.

In the introduction to these tales, Jedediah Cleishbotham, Parish Clerk and school-master of Gandercleugh, renews his acquaintance with the reader, invested with the same complacent dignity, as when he first presented Old Mortality to the world; nor have his outward circumstances undergone material change, save that time has added something to the naturally keen edge of Mrs. Cleishbotham's domestic invective, and that the gentle Peter Pattison is no longer in the train of his worthy friend and atron; but has gone to his final rest in the valley of the river Gander. The two romances of Castle Dangerous, and Count Robert of Paris, may therefore fairly be regarded as the ast offering of Peter to the public; and the fact, that they are

posthumous, sufficiently explains their occasional imperfections. Castle Dangerous, the first in order, is a tale of the times of Bruce, bearing rather the aspect of an unfinished sketch, than of a complete and connected narrative. We should suppose it to be a mere outline, which the author had framed with the purpose of investing it at some future day with life and beauty; and that some accidental change of intention, or the apprehension, perhaps, founded upon the uncertain condition of his health, that a day favourable for the purpose might never come, had deterred him from the task. It has little of the usual developement and contrast of character; little of the colloquial beauty, and descriptive power, which are the pervading charm of these romances in general. The chivalrous knight—the 'lady of the land'—the gallant and persecuted Douglas, come and depart like shadows, exciting little interest and bearing few traces of distinctness and reality; while the action of the drama goes languidly on, and the conversation partakes of the same cold and indifferent character. But it is not without its redeeming qualities. The hand of the master is visible throughout, though its full energy may not be excited; and, if the name of its author were unknown, there is no writer of romance of the present day, who would not be honoured if it were ascribed to him.

Count Robert of Paris is a tale of a different, though not of the highest order. The scene is laid at Constantinople, at the period when the hosts of the Crusaders were rushing through the Greek empire, on the wildest errand that ever exhibited and punished the folly of nations; and the proud bearing and chivalrous honour of the Christian Knights—the policy of the Greek emperor towards them, together with his strange personal qualities—the stern fidelity of his Anglo-Saxon mercenaries—and the bright and beautiful descriptions of a land, where all save the spirit of man, is divine—restore at once the remembrance of the Talisman and Ivanhoe, and place Count Robert of Paris in the same class with them, if not precisely by their side. If any portion of it press heavily on the patience, it is not the ladies who should refuse the author their sympathy and forgiveness—as it is the daughter of the Greek emperor, the fair historian of the declining fortunes of her country, who bestows the tediousness; and the privi eges of royalty are poor indeed, if a princess may not fatigue her audience at her discretion.

From the postscript to these tales it appears, that the world is now to take its leave of a writer, who has done more than any other author of the present day, to turn the wandering attention to the history, the manners, and the character of men—to soothe the hours of weariness and pain—to increase the stock of innocent pleasure—and to exert, for pure, if not for exalted purposes, his wide dominion over the world of the heart. Nor is this his highest praise. The unaffected graces of manly simplicity and private excellence fitly crown a character, which an

unexampled success in various departments of literature has done so much to adorn. The present age has anticipated, in respect to him, the judgment of posterity; and its annals will record no greater nor more fortunate name, than that of Sir Walter Scott.

THE FATHERLESS.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

"Come hither, 'tis thy father, boy!
Receive him with a kiss"
"Oh, mother, mother! do not jest
On such a theme as this:
Though I was but a little child,
How bitterly I cried,
And clung to thee in agony,
When my poor father died."

"Come child, this is no time to weep,
Partake thy mother's joy;
The husband of my choice will prove
A parent to my boy."
"Oh mother, mother! say not so,
I cast no blame on thee,
But yon gay stranger cannot feel
A father's love for me."

"Come boy, 'tis for thy sake I wed":—
"No, mother, not for mine,
I do not ask in all the world
One smile of love save thine.
O say, why is the widow's veil,
So early thrown aside;
The hateful rumor is not true;
Thou wilt not be a bride.

"Oh, mother, canst thou quite forget
How hand in hand we crept,
To my own honour'd father's bed,
To watch him as he slept;
And do you not remember still
His fond but feeble kiss?"
"Alas such thoughts but little suit
A day—of joy—like this."

"Of joy! oh, mother, we must part,
This is no home for me,
I cannot bear to breathe one word
Of bitterness to thee.

My father placed my hand in thine,
And bade me love thee well,
And how I love, these tears of shame
May eloquently tell.

"Thou say'st yon stranger loves thy child,
I see he strives to please;
But mother, do not be his bride,
I ask it on my knees.
I used to listen to his voice
With pleasure I confess:
But call him husband! and I shrink
Ashamed of his caress.

"Had I been younger when he died,
Scarce conscious of his death;
I might have smiled perhaps to see
Thy gems and bridal wreath:
My memory would have lost a tie
So very lightly link'd,
Resigning that dear form which now
Is vividly distinct.

"Had I been older,—more inured
To this world's cold career,
I might have sought a festival
To check a filial tear;
Gay banners find gay followers—
But from their station hurled,
The gay forget them, and pursue
The next that is unfurl'd.

"But I am of an age to prize
The being in whom blend,
The love and the solicitude
Of Monitor and Friend:
He plann'd my boyish sports and shared
Each joy and care I felt,
And taught my infant lips to pray,
As by his side I knelt.

"Yet deem not mine an impious grief,
No, mother, thou wilt own
With cheerfulness I spoke of him
When we have been alone.
But bring no other father here—
No, mother, we must part;
The feeling that I'm fatherless
Weighs heavy on my heart."

EUGENE ARAM.

THE melancholy story of Eugene Aram has lately been revived by two publications. One, the re-publication of the Poem called "The Dream of Eugene Aram" by Hood, which has appeared as a small volume illustrated with engravings; and which is allowed to be a beautiful specimen of the English ballad. The other, a Novel which has just appeared, and is already celebrated, by Bulwer, entitled "Eugene Aram." This being the case, we thought the following sketch of the story, and the ingenious and eloquent defence of Eugene Aram, accompanied by Hood's ballad, would be at this time acceptable to our readers. Aram was executed on August 6, 1759, an awful example of a life being rendered miserable, and a death disgraceful, by one horrid act; an example also of the inefficiency of human learning to controul the passions, and to render the possessor worthy or happy, except it is made subservient to man's noblest character as an immortal being. The article is taken from an old English periodical.

"The murder for which Eugene Aram suffered, and his whole history, is so uncommon, that our readers will be equally pleased and astonished with a full and explicit relation of it.

"One of the ancestors of this offender had been high sheriff of Yorkshire, in the reign of King Edward III. but the family having been gradually reduced, Aram's father was but in a low station of life; the son, however, was sent to a school near Rippon, where he perfected himself in writing and arithmetic, and then *went to London to officiate as clerk to a merchant.*

"After a residence of two years in town, he was seized with the small pox, which left him in so weak a condition that he went back to Yorkshire for the improvement of his health.

"On his recovery he found it necessary to do something for immediate subsistence; and accordingly engaged himself as usher to a boarding school; but, not having been taught the learned languages in his youth, he was obliged to supply by industry what he had lost by neglect--so that teaching the scholars only writing and arithmetic at first, he employed all his leisure hours in the most intense study, till he became an excellent Greek and Latin scholar; in the progress to which acquirements, he owed much to the help of a most extraordinary memory.

"In the year 1734, he engaged to officiate as steward of an estate belonging to Mr. Norton, of Knaresborough, and while in this station, he acquired a competent knowledge of the Hebrew. At this period he married, but was far from being happy in his matrimonial connexion.

"We now proceed to relate the circumstance that led to the commission of the crime which cost Aram his life. Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker of Knaresborough, after being married a few days, circulated a report that his wife was entitled to a considerable fortune, which he should soon receive. Hereupon Aram, and Richard Houseman, conceiving hopes of taking advantage of this circumstance, persuaded Clarke to make an ostentatious show of his own riches, to induce his wife's relations to give him that fortune of which he had boasted. There was sagacity, if not honesty in this advice; for the world in general are more free to assist persons in affluence than those in distress.

"Clake was easily induced to comply with a hint so agreeable to his own desires; on which he borrowed and bought on credit a large quantity of silver plate, with jewels, watches, rings, &c. He told the persons of whom he purchased, that a merchant in London had sent him an order to buy such plate for exportation; and no doubt was entertained of his credit till his sudden dissappearance in Feb. 1745, when it was imagined that he had gone abroad, or at least to London, to dispose of his property.

"When Clarke was possessed of these goods, Aram and House man determined to murder him, in order to share the booty; and *on the night of Feb. 8th, 1745, they persuaded Clarke to walk* with them in the fields, in order to consult with them on the proper method to dispose of the effects.

"On this plan they walked into a field, and at a small distance from the town, well known by the name of St. Robert's Cave. When they came into this field Aram and Clarke went over a hedge towards the cave, and when they had got within six or seven yards of it, Houseman, by the light of the moon, saw Aram strike Clarke several times, and at length beheld him fall, but never saw him afterwards. This was the state of the affair, *if Houseman's testimony on the trial might be credited.*

"The murderers going home shared Clarke's ill-gotten treasure, the half of which Houseman concealed in his garden for a twelve-month, and then took it to Scotland, where he sold it. In the mean time Aram carried his share to London, where he bartered it to a Jew, and then engaged himself as an usher at an academy in Picadilly; where, in the intervals of his duty in attending the scholars, he made himself master of the French, and acquired some knowledge of the Arabic, and other Eastern languages. After this he was usher at other schools in different parts of the kingdom; but as he did not correspond with his friends in Yorkshire, it was presumed that he was dead; but, in the year 1758, as a man was digging for limestones, near Robert's Cave, he found the bones of a human body; and a conjecture hereupon arose that they were the remains of the body of Clarke, who, it was presumed, might have been murdered.

"Houseman having been seen in company with Clarke a short time before his disappearance, was apprehended on suspicion;

and on his examination, giving but too evident signs of guilt, he was committed to York Castle; and the bones of the deceased being shown him, he denied that they were those of Clarke, but directed to the precise spot where they were deposited, and where they were accordingly found. The skull being fractured, was preserved to be produced in evidence on the trial.

"Soon after Houseman was committed to York Castle it was discovered that Aram resided at Lynn, in Norfolk, on which a warrant was granted for taking him into custody; and, being apprehended while instructing some young gentlemen at a school, he was conveyed to York, and likewise committed to the castle.

"At the Lent Assizes following, the prosecutors were not ready with their evidence, on which he was remanded till the summer assizes, when he was then brought to trial.

"When Houseman had given his evidence respecting this extraordinary affair, and all such collateral testimony had been obtained as could be adduced on such an occasion, Aram was called on for his defence; but, having foreseen that the perturbation of his spirits would incapacitate him to make such defence without previous preparation, he had written the following, which he read in court:

"'My Lord—I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your Lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar, and at this time, to attempt a defence, incapable and uninstructed as I am to speak. Since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with I know not what expectancy, I labour not with guilt, my lord, but with perplexity. For having never seen a court but this, being wholly unacquainted with law, the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings, I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety in this place, that it will exceed my hope if I shall be able to speak at all.

"'I have heard, my lord, the indictment read, wherein I find myself charged with the highest crime—with an enormity I am altogether incapable of; a fact, to the commission of which there goes far more insensibility of heart, more profligacy of morals, than ever fell to my lot. And nothing possibly could have admitted a presumption of this nature, but a depravity not inferior to that imputed to me. However, as I stand indicted at your lordship's bar, and have heard what is called evidence adduced in support of such a charge, I very humbly solicit your lordship's patience, and beg the hearing of this respectable audience, while I, single and unskilful, destitute of friends, and unassisted by counsel, say something, perhaps like argument, in my defence. I shall consume but little of your lordship's time; what I have to say will be short, and this brevity, probably, will be the best part of it; however, it is offered with all possible regard, and the greatest submission to your lordship's consideration, and that of this honourable court.

" 'First, my lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life contradicts every particular of this indictment. Yet I had never said this, did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary. Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality, of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no schemes of fraud, projected no violence, on men's person or private property; my days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious. And I humbly conceive my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent or unreasonable, or at least deserving some attention; because, my lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depths of profligacy, precipitately, and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Man is never corrupted at once; villany is always progressive, and declines from right, step by step, till every regard of probity is lost, and every sense of all moral obligation totally perishes.

" 'Again, my lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate, is violently opposed by my very situation at that time, with respect to health; for but a little space before I had been confined to my bed, and suffered under a very long and severe disorder, and not able, for half a year together, so much as to walk. The distemper left me, indeed, yet slowly and in part; but so macerated; so far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never, to this day, perfectly recovered. Could then, a person in this condition take any thing into his head so extravagant? I, past the vigor of my age, feeble, and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish; without interest, without power, without motive, without means.

" 'Besides, it must needs occur to every one, that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of, but when, its springs are laid open, it appears that it was to support some indolence, or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or oblige some malice; to prevent some real, or some imaginary want; yet I lay not under the influence of any one of these. Surely, my lord, I may, consistent both with truth and modesty, affirm this much; and none who have any veracity, and knew me, will ever question this.

" 'In the second place, the disappearance of Clarke is suggested as an argument of his being dead; but the uncertainty of such an inference from that, and the fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort, from such a circumstance, are too obvious, and too notorious, to require instances; yet, superseding many, permit me to produce a very recent one, and that afforded by this castle

" 'In June, 1757, William Thomson, for all the vigilance of

this place, in open day light and double-ironed, made his escape; and, notwithstanding an immediate inquiry set on foot, the strictest search, and all advertisement, was never seen or heard of since. If then Thomson got off unseen, through all these difficulties, how very easy was it for Clarke, when none of them opposed him? But what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thomson?

"'Permit me next, my lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said, which perhaps is saying very far, that it is the skeleton of a man. It is possible, indeed, it may be; but is there any certain criterion which incontestably distinguishes the sex in human bones? Let it be considered, my lord, whether the ascertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

"'The place of their depositum, too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it; for, of all spots in the world, none could have mentioned any one, wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones, than a hermitage, except he should point out a churchyard; hermitages, in time past, being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too. And it has scarce, or never been heard of, but that every cell now known, contains, or contained those relics of humanity; some mutilated and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat solitary sanctity, and here the hermit, or the anchoress, hoped that repose for their bones, when dead, they here enjoyed when living.

"'All the while, my lord, I am sensible this is known to your lordship, and many in this court, better than me. But it seems necessary to my case that others, who have not at all, perhaps, adverted to things of this nature, and may have concern in my trial, should be made acquainted with it. Suffer me, then, my lord, to produce a few of many evidences, that these cells were used as repositories of the dead, and to enumerate a few in which human bones have been found, as it happened in this question; lest, to some, that accident might seem extraordinary, and consequently occasion prejudice.

"'1. The bones, as was supposed, of the Saxon St. Dubritus, were discovered buried in his cell, at Guy's cliff, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir William Dugdale.

"'2 The bones, thought to be those of the anchoress Rosia, were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they must have lain interred for several centuries, as is proved by Dr. Stukely.

"'But my own county, nay, almost this neighbourhood, supplies another instance; for in January, 1747, were found by Mr. Stovin, accompanied by a reverend gentleman, the bones in part, of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholm, near Hatfield.—They were believed to be those of William of Lindholm, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

" 'In February, 1744, part of Woodburn-abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corse appeared, even with the flesh on, and which bore cutting with a knife; though it is certain that this had lain above two hundred years, and how much longer is doubtful, for this abbey was founded 1145, and dissolved in 1538 or 9.

" 'What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question?

" 'Farther, my lord, it is not yet out of living memory, that a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriotic baronet who does that borough the honor to represent it in parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six, deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at its head, as your lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

" 'About the same time, and in another field, almost close to this borough, was discovered also, in searching for gravel, another human skeleton; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

" 'Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more singular and extraordinary? whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway sides, in commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And our present allotments for rest for the departed are but of some centuries.

" 'Another particular seems not to claim a little of your lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury; which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell; and in the cell in question was found but one; agreeable, in this to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, but of two, would have appeared suspicious and uncommon.

" 'But it seems another skeleton has been discovered by some laborer, which was full as confidently averred to be Clarke's as this. My lord, must some of the living, if it promotes some interest, be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed, and chance exposed? and might not a place where bones lie be mentioned by a person by chance, as well as found by a laborer by chance? or is it more criminal accidentally to name where bones lie, than accidentally to find where they lie?

" 'Here too is a human skull produced, which is fractured, but was this the cause, or was it the consequence of death? was it owing to violence, or was it the effect of natural decay? if it was violence, was that violence before or after death? My lord, in May, 1732, the remains of William, lord Archbishop of this province, were taken up, by permission, in this cathedral, and

the bones of the skull were found broken; yet certainly he died by no violence offered to him alive that could occasion that fracture there.

"'Let it be considered, my lord, that upon the dissolution of religious houses, and the commencement of the reformation, the ravages of those times affected both the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures coffins were broken open, graves and vaults violated, monuments ransacked, and shrines demolished; and it ceased about the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I entreat your lordship, suffer not the violences, the depredations, and the iniquities of those times to be imputed to this.

"'Moreover, what gentleman here is ignorant that Knaresborough had a castle; which, though now a ruin, was once considerable both for its strength and garrison? All know it was vigorously besieged by the arms of the parliament, at which siege, in sallies, conflicts, flights, pursuits, many fell in all the places round it, and where they fell were buried; for every place, my lord, is burial earth in war; and many, questionless, of these, yet unknown, whose bones futurity shall discover.

"'I hope, with all imaginable submission, that what has been said will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wisdom, the learning, and the integrity of this place, to impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have taken off, and piety interred; or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited.

"'As to the circumstances that have been raked together I have nothing to observe, but that all circumstances whatever, are precarious, and have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible: even the strongest have failed. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability, yet they are but probability still. Why need I name to your lordship the two Harrisons, recorded by Dr. Howell, who both suffered upon circumstances, because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, and had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affair of Jacques de Moulin, under king Charles the second, related by a gentleman who was counsel for the crown? and why the unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocent, though convicted upon positive evidence, and whose children perished for want, because the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, incautiously admitted king's evidence; who to screen himself, equally accused Faircloth and Loveday of the murder of Dun; the first of whom, in 1749, was executed at Winchester, and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved perjured to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of Gosport hospital?

"'Now, my lord, having endeavoured to show that the whole

of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that I name; that no rational inference can be drawn, that a person is dead who suddenly disappears; that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluse; that the revolutions in religion, or the fortune of war, have mangled, or buried the dead; the conclusion remains, perhaps no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, at last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candor, the justice, and the humanity of your lordship, and upon yours, my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury.'

"Aram was tried by Judge Noel, who having remarked that his defence was one of the most ingenious pieces of reasoning that had ever fallen under his notice, summed up the evidence to the jury, who gave a verdict that Aram was guilty, in consequence of which he received sentence of death.

"After conviction a clergyman was appointed to attend him, to represent the atrociousness of his crime, to bring him to a proper sense of his condition, and exhort him to an ample confession.

"Aram appeared to pay proper attention to what was said; but after the minister had retired, he formed the dreadful resolution of destroying himself, and wrote a letter, of which the following is a copy.

"'My dear friend—Before this reaches you I shall be no more a living man in this world, though at present in perfect bodily health; but who can describe the horrors of mind which I suffer at this instant? Guilt! the guilt of blood shed without any provocation, without any cause, but that of filthy lucre, pierces my conscience with wounds that give the most poignant pains! 'Tis true, the consciousness of my horrid guilt has giving me frequent interruptions in the midst of my business or pleasures; but still I have found means to stifle its clamors, and contrived a momentary remedy for the disturbance it gave me, by applying to the bottle or the bowl, or diversions, or company, or business, sometimes one, and sometimes the other, as opportunity offered: but now all these, and all other amusements are at an end, and I am left forlorn, helpless, and destitute of every comfort; for I have nothing now in view but the certain destruction both of my soul and body. My conscience will no longer suffer itself to be hoodwinked or browbeat; it has now got the mastery; it is my accuser, judge, and executioner; and the sentence it pronounced against me is more dreadful than that I heard from the bench, which only condemned my body to the pains of death, which are soon over; but conscience tells me plainly, that she will summon me before another tribunal, where I shall have neither power nor means to stifle the evidence she will there bring against me; and that the sentence which will then be denounced, will not only be irrevocable, but will condemn my soul to torments that will

know no end.—O had I but harkened to the advice [which dear-bought experience has enabled me to give, I should not now have been plunged into that dreadful gulf of despair, which I find it impossible to extricate myself from; and therefore my soul is filled with horror inconceivable. I see both God and man my enemies; and in a few hours shall be exposed a public spectacle for the world to gaze at. Can you conceive any condition more horrible than mine? O, no! it cannot be! I am determined therefore, to put a short end to trouble I am no longer able to bear, and prevent the executioner, by doing his business with my own hand!

EUGENE ARAM.'

"When the morning appointed for his execution arrived, the keeper went to take him out of his cell, and found him almost expiring through loss of blood, having cut his left arm above the elbow and near the wrist with a razor, but he missed the artery. A surgeon being sent for, soon stopped the bleeding; and when he was taken to the place of execution he was perfectly sensible, though so weak as to be unable to join in the devotional exercises."

The following is Hood's poem, it has been called one of the most remarkable production of modern poetry; it has some stanzas of fearful force and interest, and is totally unlike what might be expected from the celebrated and laughter-loving author of Comic Annuals.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool.
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that lept
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they cours'd about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze,
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf, he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanc'd aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-ey'd,

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp;
"O God, could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings or crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injur'd men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—

With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Wo, wo, unnutterable wo—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old:
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"*Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,*
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my feet,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"Oh God, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price;
A dozen times I groan'd: the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the Blood-Avenging Sprite:—

'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme,—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool:
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool;
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school!

"Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
Mid holy cherubim!

"And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtain round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at sleep:
For sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse:
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing!

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where:
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refus'd to keep;
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"So wills the fierce Avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take!
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"—
The fearful boy look'd up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

NAVAL EDUCATION.

LETTER FROM CAPT. BASIL HALL, R. N.

On the Preparatory Education of a Boy intended for the Navy.

THE Editor has been favoured with the perusal of a correspondence between Capt. Hall and one of his brother officers, on the subject of preparatory Naval Education, and having obtained permission to print the last letter, he lays it before his readers with no other comment than that it bears the stamp of the writer's characteristic acuteness and habits of reflection. It will be seen that Capt. Hall agrees with those writers who define *Education* to be a process which developes the bent and faculties of the pupil, and prepares his mind for the reception of *knowledge* at a maturer age. It will be observed, that Capt. Hall considers the inculcation of sound religious principle, an indispensable condition in a general system of Naval Education. In this respect we are happy to find the opinion of so experienced and reflecting an officer in unison with our own. The establishment of so excellent an institution as the Naval School, is hailed with the utmost satisfaction and hope by the members of that service for the benefit of which it is intended. It is therefore of the first importance that its plan and principles should be fixed upon a sound basis, and its administration composed and conducted upon a scale of respectability and talent, commensurate with the high responsibility to be imposed.—*United Service Journal.*

London, 23rd Nov. 1831.

MY DEAR——,—It is only now that I have it in my power to reply to your note of the 1st of November, and in truth I cannot promise to answer it even now in the manner I could wish.

Your first question, or that part of it which refers to the age, is easily answered, for you will see by the inclosed Printed Regulations, that no candidate is eligible for admission to the Naval College until he has attained the age of twelve, nor after he has completed that of thirteen years. Your questions as to the policy of sending a boy to the College at Portsmouth, and the education I should be disposed to recommend for my own son, if I had one, preparatory to his entering the Navy, are not so readily answered. I have already changed my opinion more than once about the relative advantages of the college education and ship education, and long before I can pos-

sibly have a son old enough to make the question one of personal importance to myself, I may have changed again. At present my views are as follow :—

If I had the means of sending to sea a boy in whom I was much interested—under the command of some brother officer on whom I could rely with perfect confidence—and who would really and truly look after him, I should unquestionably give that method the preference. But if no such friendly opening should offer, and the lad could be got into the Naval College, I think, upon the whole, I should be disposed to let his first two years be spent there A good deal might depend, however, upon the peculiar temper, strength of body, and general character of the youth himself. If he were possessed of a strong frame, showed much vigour of mind, were enthusiastically bent upon following his profession, and possessed that enviable cast of disposition which sees the bright side of things, and is always inclined to make the most of what turns up, I should be greatly tempted, certainly, to send him afloat at once, in order to grapple with real work, and to learn as early as possible how to make himself useful.

Of course a boy sent so early on board ship, would be thrown out of the way of gaining much knowledge, as it is called, which he might pick up on shore, under instructors whose express business it is to teach him. But on the other hand, he would be in the way of acquiring much useful professional information for future use in the direct line of his duty.

You are no doubt aware, that at the Naval College the theoretical parts of navigation alone are taught, and but little of practical seamanship—properly so called. But on board ship the theory and the practice go on together—and, as I conceive, most essentially benefit one another. It is not my purpose at present to discuss why this distinction is made at the College—I shall merely observe, that I have not yet heard any thing to satisfy me that the two might not be carried on hand in hand with great advantage to the pupils at the College. No doubt this would add materially to the complication of the system; but there is scarcely any profession which is so complicated as ours, and I question whether it be good policy to make the preparatory education so very unlike the real service, as that of the Naval College and the future life on board ship. The prodigious difference which exists between any possible modification of a shore life, is so great, that I suspect it is almost indispensable to the entire devotion to the sea, which ought to animate an officer, that he should be broke in, very early in life, by actually serving as a mere boy afloat, and being subjected to the rough handling which seems necessary to his education, at a period when he is not too old to be disgusted with its elementary drudgery.

On the other hand, unless the Captain has a real interest in

the welfare of his boys, and unless there be a chaplain and schoolmaster on board, and unless the ship be tolerably well-officered and disciplined, a poor boy has to run the gauntlet for his manners, morals, and principles pretty sharply. In these important respects, there can be no question whatever that the College is the better school of the two. And this applies with peculiar force under its present excellent and even paternal management. If we could only see appointed to every ship in the Navy a properly qualified chaplain and schoolmaster *in one* person, much more might be accomplished afloat, to remedy the serious evils arising from those early contaminations, which it is now well nigh impossible to guard against in the greater number of cases.

As to the point of previous education for a boy intended for the sea, I shall probably not be able to satisfy you by my answer. I do not conceive that it matters very much what you teach a lad from eleven to fifteen, beyond the mere elements of knowledge—reading, writing, and arithmetic—in which of course he ought to be very completely drilled. The grand point to aim at, as I conceive, is to keep him fully and agreeably, and of course innocently employed. It will no doubt be of additional value if he can, at the same time, be usefully employed; that is to say, if his pursuits can be made to direct themselves towards those points which he may afterwards turn to account in the practice of real business. It would be great nonsense to deny this;—but still I conceive the primary object of all education (as far as knowledge is concerned) is not so much to teach this or that branch of science, or this or that language, as to improve the mental faculties by wholesome exercise and discipline.

But knowledge, generally so called, is a very different thing from true wisdom; for while any degree of knowledge may be acquired without one grain of principle, there certainly can be no genuine wisdom, nor any practical virtue, and consequently no hearty, disinterested, and really useful public spirit, unless the foundation consist of solid religious instruction. One item in the catalogue of its evil consequences, is the certain shipwreck, sooner or later, of the pupil's peace of mind, to say nothing of the presumptuous habits of thought it teaches, and that contempt of all authority which is generally fatal to his useful employment as an officer in the Navy.

I am not, however, writing you a sermon, but merely answering your question as to preparatory education, and I shall therefore simply reassert, that all the rest of his education will either be useless to himself or mischievous to others, unless the whole be regulated by sound principles. How this is to be managed, will depend so very much on the individual temperament and tastes of the boy himself, that no rules can possibly be laid down to suit every case. A boy's mind and his feelings may, however, be trained in such a manner that he may acquire the habit of

thinking with diffidence of his own powers of judging, and yet, when assailed by ingenious arguments, he may be able to distinguish between the sophistry of heartless reasoners, and those substantial doctrines he has been instructed to revere as the result of authorities altogether indisputable. How far he may be usefully forewarned and put on his guard with respect to these discussions, will depend very much on the peculiar cast and strength of his own mind. I can readily conceive cases, in which such a preparatory course might be of much utility. After all, however, the end and aim of his education should be to teach him to feel the value of virtue on its own account, and to consider his principles not in the light of things to be argued and talked about, but as constituting essential and inseparable attributes of his whole character, as much as mere truth pervades that branch of it which distinguishes him as a gentleman and an officer.

After saying this, you will not be surprised that I decline going into any of the minor details of education, with which, in fact, I have but little practical acquaintance. Mathematics and languages are the studies which most naturally occur to one's thoughts in speaking of Naval education. But even with respect to these I would say, that their early pursuit is more useful as a mental exercise than as a means of laying in a stock of knowledge to be used in the real business of the profession. To make my meaning still clearer, I would say, that if a boy intended for the sea had a fancy for studying Greek or Latin, it would be far better, even with reference to future professional utility, to indulge him in this fancy for the dead languages, than to insist upon his labouring against the grain at French or Spanish. For if his faculty for learning languages be thus opportunely encouraged by allowing him to follow his leaning towards the classics, he will find no difficulty in future years, in mastering such of the spoken dialects of Europe or Asia as it may become his duty to learn. Similar illustrations will readily occur to you in the other branches of education. But I need say no more—than once again to impress upon you the importance of bringing him up in a thorough knowledge of his duty to God and to man—and of keeping him fully and cheerfully employed. All the rest you may safely leave to the Chapter of accidents.

I remain ever truly yours,

BASIL HALL.

EARL STIRLING'S CLAIMS.

Interesting particulars, relative to the Earl of Stirling claiming to be Proprietor of the Province of Nova-Scotia. From a Review, in Fraser's Magazine of Colonel Bouchette's late work on the British North American Provinces.

A GENTLEMAN claiming the title of Earl of Stirling, and a stupendous inheritance in North America, has issued notices to the British crown, claiming all the remaining British territories in North America. This claim is founded on charters granted by King James I. of Great Britain to Sir William Alexander, the first Earl of Stirling, for purposes of colonization, and confirmed in 1633 by an act of the Scottish parliament. Nova Scotia was then erected into a palatinate, to be holden as a fief of the crown of Scotland; and the dominions granted comprehended a vast extent of country, including the two Canadas, part of New England, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, together with the adjacent islands, including Newfoundland, &c.

Our private knowledge enables us to throw a little light on this most remarkable subject. As far as charters and unrepealed law can give validity to property, there can be no question as to the Earl of Stirling's right; but a question of expediency has arisen upon it, springing from political causes, which will make the British government hesitate to admit the claim. The case may be briefly stated thus:—

The first Earl of Stirling exercised his right down to 1640, about which period he died. This right did not altogether flow from the royal grants, but was in fact acquired, and acknowledged to be so, both by Charles I. and James I., in consequence of a great outlay from his lordship's private fortune and resources, of one item of which we happen to know something. His eldest son, Lord Viscount Canada, married the heiress of Gartmore, in the county of Dumbarton. This estate was sold after the marriage, and the proceeds applied to the colonial projects of the earl. It is now worth about seven thousand a-year; and it will be allowed that the outlay of the proceeds of one such property was even in those days equivalent in value to a large portion of the wild and savage territory it was employed to settle.

This first earl sold two baronies or sections of Nova Scotia to the Sieur St. Etienne de la Tour, a French Huguenot, reserving the allegiance of their inhabitants to the crown of Scotland. By the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye, Charles I. restored all the tract of country granted by the earl, to Louis XIII.; but there was some ambiguity about the transaction, which Cromwell afterwards rectified, and re-asserted the British claim to Nova Scotia. The French, however, afterwards pretended that there was no such

country as Nova Scotia—that it was an imaginary region—that the true country was Acadia, which comprehended what was understood by Nova Scotia; and this opinion their ministers persisted in with great pertinacity, even so lately as the treaty of Utrecht. It does not, however, appear that in this question the claims of private property were involved—it was the sovereignty only; and it is a curious and important fact, that the English negotiators at the treaty of Utrecht made use of charters of the Earl of Stirling to establish their claim to Nova Scotia. We say nothing here of the principle which acknowledges the right of property from one man to another upon a subsequent acquisition: nothing, indeed, is more clearly established, than that if a man engages to give to another his right to a property which he does not then possess, but which he afterwards acquires, he is bound to fulfil his engagement. If, therefore, King James had no such country as Nova Scotia, which he gave to the Earl of Stirling, and if his successors afterwards acquired that country, it is quite manifest that they were bound to assign it to the earl. But his claim is clearer; for James had the country when he gave the grant; and although it was afterwards yielded to the French, and then again subsequently recovered from them, it does not appear that in these mutations any thing took place to vitiate the Earl of Stirling's right. However, it is not our business to enter more at large into this very curious question, farther than to remark two things: *first*, that it was not really till the treaty of 1763. by George III., that the countries comprehended in the charters of the Earl of Stirling came again into the undisputed possession of the British crown; and *secondly*, that since that period the king's courts have, in contempt of ancient law and charter, been established in those countries, by which the Earl of Stirling cannot go into them without acknowledging the usurpation made by them upon his charters. The case is altogether one of curious difficulty; for though the claimant may make good his descent from the first earl, there is no other alternative now but to abrogate his charter by act of parliament, and to repeal the Scottish act of 1633, indemnifying the earl for the consequences.

Of the descent of the claimant we cannot speak so positively, but it is also singular. His grandfather, who died in the reign of George III., was a collateral relation to the preceding earl. At this time the family was very poor. The gentleman was a clergyman in Ireland, and, on coming to the title, began to collect the family vouchers, in which he made some progress before his death. These vouchers are said to have been traced to the possession of the celebrated Mr. Stewart, who was distinguished in the great Douglas and Hamilton cause; but they have since been scattered. The mother of the present claimant was the daughter of the last

earl; and after her death, her husband, with her son, went to France, where they were long detained prisoners of war. It is only since the return of the young man to this country that his pretensions to the title and these great territorial claims have been revived—claims certainly the most extraordinary that any subject ever set forth, and which have undoubtedly all the ancient sanctions of charter and law that give validity to older estates.

THE MIDSHIPMAN'S DEATH.

* * * The only other midshipman on board the cutter beside young Walcolm, was a slight delicate little fellow, about fourteen years old, of the name of Duncan; he was the smallest boy of his age I ever saw, and had been badly hurt in repelling the attack of the pirate. His wound was a lacerated puncture in the left shoulder from a boarding-pike, but it appeared to be healing kindly, and for some days we thought he was doing well. However, about five o'clock in the afternoon, before we made Jamaica, the surgeon accosted Mr. Douglas as we were walking the deck together. "I fear little Duncan is going to slip through my fingers after all, sir."—"No! I thought he had been better." "So he was till about noon, when a twitching of the muscles came on, which I fear betokens lock jaw; he 'wavers, too, now and then, a bad sign of itself where there is a fretting wound."—We went below, where notwithstanding the wind-sail that was let down close to where his hammock was slung, the heat of the small vessel was suffocating. The large coarse tallow candle in the purser's lantern, that hung beside his shoulder, around which the loathsome cockroaches fluttered like moths in a summer evening, filled the between decks with a rancid oily smell, and with smoke as from a torch, while it ran down and melted like fat before a fire. It cast a dull sickly gleam on the pale face of the brown-haired, girlish-looking lad, as he lay in his narrow hammock. When we entered, an old quartermaster was rubbing his legs, which were jerking about like the limbs of a galvanized frog, while two of the boys held his arms, also violently convulsed. The poor fellow was crying and sobbing most piteously, but made a strong effort to compose himself and "be a man" when he saw us.—"This is so good of you, Mr. Cringle! you will take charge of my letter to my sister, I know you will?—I say, Anson," to the quarter-master, "do lift me up a little till I try and finish it.—It will be a sore heart to poor Sarah; she has no mother now, nor father, and aunt is not

over kind,"—and again he wept bitterly. "Confound this jumping hand, it won't keep steady, all I can do.—I say, Doctor, I sha'nt die this time, shall I?"—"I hope not, my fine little fellow."—"I don't think I shall; I shall live to be a man yet, in spite of that bloody Bucaneer's pike, I know I shall." God help me, the death rattle was already in his throat, and the flame was flickering in the socket; even as he spoke, the muscles of his neck stiffened to such a degree that I thought he was choked, but the violence of the convulsion quickly subsided. "I am done for, Doctor!" he could no longer open his mouth, but spoke through his clenched teeth—"I feel it now!—God Almighty receive my soul, and protect my poor sister!" The arch-enemy was indeed advancing to the final struggle, for he now gave a sudden and sharp cry, and stretched out his legs and arms, which instantly became as rigid as marble, and in his agony he turned his face to the side I stood on, but he was no longer sensible. "Sister," he said with difficulty—"Don't let them throw me overboard; there are sharks here."—"Land on the lee-bow,"—sung out the man at the mast-head. The common life sound would not have moved any of us in the routine of duty, but bursting in, under such circumstances, it made us all start, as if it had been something unusual; the dying midshipman heard it, and said calmly—"Land,—I will never see it.—But how blue all your lips look.—It is cold, piercing cold, and dark, dark." Something seemed to rise in his throat, his features sharpened still more, and he tried to gasp, but his clenched teeth prevented him—he was gone.

I went on deck with a heavy heart, and on looking in the direction indicated, I beheld the towering Blue Mountain peak rising high above the horizon, even at the distance of fifty miles, with its outline clear and distinct against the splendid western sky, now gloriously illumined by the light of the set sun. We stood on under easy sail for the night, and next morning when the day broke, we were off the east end of the magnificent island of Jamaica. The stupendous peak now appeared to rise close aboard of us, with a large solitary star sparkling on his forehead, and reared his forest-crowned summit high into the cold blue sky, impending over us in frowning magnificence, while the long dark range of the Blue Mountains, with their outlines hard and clear in the grey light, sloped away on each side of him as if they had been the Giant's shoulders. Great masses of white mist hung on their sides about half way down, but all the valleys and coast as yet slept in the darkness. We could see that the land-wind was blowing strong in shore, from the darker colour of the water, and the speed with which the coasters only distinguishable by their white sails, slid along; while astern of us, out at sea, yet within a cable's length,

for we had only shot beyond its influence, the prevailing trade-wind blew a smart breeze, coming up strong to a defined line, beyond which and between it, and the influence of the land-wind, there was a belt of dull lead-coloured sea, about half a mile broad, with a long heavy ground-swell rolling, but smooth as glass, and without even a ripple on the surface; in the midst of which we lay dead becalmed.

The heavy dew was shaken in large drops out of the wet flapping sails, against which the reef points pattered like hail as the vessel rolled. The decks were wet and slippery, and our jackets saturated with moisture; but we enjoyed the luxury of cold to a degree that made the sea water when dashed about the decks, as they were being holystoned, appear absolutely warm. Presently all nature awoke in its freshness so suddenly, that it looked like a change of scene in a theatre. The sun, as yet set to us, rose to the huge peak, and glanced like lightning on his summit, making it gleam like an amethyst. The clouds on his shaggy ribs rolled upwards, and enveloped his head and shoulders, and were replaced by the thin blue mists which ascended from the valleys, forming a fleecy canopy, beneath which appeared hill and dale, woods and cultivated lands, where all had been undistinguishable a minute before, and gushing streams burst from the mountain sides like gouts of froth, marking their course in the level grounds by the vapours they sent up. Then Breere mill-towers burst into light, and cattle mills, with their cone-shaped roofs, and overseers' houses, and water mills, with the white spray falling from the wheels, and sugar-works, with long penants of white smoke, streaming from the boiling-house chimneys in the morning wind. Immediately after, gangs of negroes were seen at work; loaded waggons, with enormous teams of fourteen to twenty oxen dragging them rolled along the roads; long strings of mules loaded with canes were threading the fields; dragging vessels were seen to shove out from every cove; the morning song of the black fishermen was heard, while their tiny canoes, like black specks, started up suddenly on all sides of us, as if they had floated from the bottom of the sea; and the smiling scene burst at once, and as if by magic, on us, in all its coolness and beauty, under the cheering influence of the rapidly rising sun. We fired a gun and made the signal for a pilot; upon which a canoe, with three negroes in it, shoved off from a small schooner lying to about a mile to leeward. They were soon alongside, when one of the three jumped on board. This was the pilot, a slave, as I knew, and, in my innocence, expected to see something very squalid and miserable, but there was nothing of the kind; for I never in my life saw a more spruce salt water dandy, in a small way. He was well dressed, accordin

to a seaman's notion—clean white trowsers, check shirt, with white lapels, neatly fastened at the throat with a black ribbon, smart straw hat; and altogether he carried an appearance of comfort—I was going to write independence—about him, that I was by no means prepared for. He moved about with a swaggering roll, grinning and laughing with the seamen. "I say, Blackie," said Mr. Douglas,—"John Lodge, massa, if you please, massa; Blackie is not politeful, sir," whereupon he shewed his white teeth again. "Well, well, John Lodge, you are running us in too close surely; and the remark seemed seasonable enough to a stranger, for the rocks on the bold shore were now within half pistol shot.—"Mind your eye," shouted old Anson. "You will have us ashore, you black rascal!"—"You sir, what water have you here?" sung out Mr. Splinter, "Salt water, massa," rapped out Lodge, fairly dumfounded by such a volley of questions—"You hab six fadom good here, massa;" but suspecting he had gone too far—"I take de Tonnant, big ship as him is, close to dat reef, sir, you might have jump ashore, so you need not frighten for your leetle dish of a hooker; beside, massa, my character is at stake, you know"—then another grin and bow. There was no use in being angry with the poor fellow, so he was allowed to have his own way until we anchored in the evening at Port Royal. * * *

The gunner who had the watch was taking his fisherman's walk on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and kept looking steadily at the land, as if to avoid seeing poor little Duncan's coffin, that lay on a grating near the gangway. The crew, who were employed in twenty different ways, repairing damages, were bustling about, laughing, joking, and singing, with small regard to the melancholy object before their eyes, when Mr. Douglas put his head up the ladder—'Now, Transom, if you please.' The old fellow's countenance fell as if his heart was wrung by the order he had to give. 'Aloft there! you Perkins, and reeve a whip on the starboard yard-arm to lower Mr."——The rest stuck in his throat, and, as if ashamed of his soft-heartedness, he threw as much gruffness as he could into his voice as he sung out—'Beat to quarters there! —knock off, men!' The roll of the drum stayed the confusion and noise of the people at work in an instant, who immediately ranged themselves, in their clean frocks and trowsers, on each side of the quarter-deck. At a given signal, the white deal coffin, wrapped in its befitting pall, the meteor flag of England, swung high above the hammock nettings between us and the clear blue sky, to the long clear note of the boatswain's whistle, which soon ending in a short chirrup, told that it now rested on the thwarts of the boat alongside. We pulled ashore, and it was a sight perchance to move a woman, to see the poor little fellow's hat and bit of a dirk

lying on his coffin, whilst the body was carried by four ship-boys, the eldest scarcely fourteen. I noticed the tears stand in Anson's eyes as the coffin was lowered into the grave—the boy had been wounded close to him—and when we heard the hollow rattle of the earth on the coffin—an unusual sound to a sailor—he shuddered.—'Yes, Master Cringle,' he said in a whisper, 'he was as kind-hearted, and as brave a lad as ever trod on shoe-leather,—none of the larkings of the men in the clear moonlight nights ever reached the cabin through him,—nor was he the boy to rouse the watch from under the lee of the boats in bad whether, to curry with the lieutenant, while he knew the look outs were as bright as beagles,—and where was the man in our watch that wanted 'bacco while Mr. Duncan had a shiner left?' The poor fellow drew the back of his horny hand across his eyes, and grumbled out as he turned away, 'And here am I, Bill Anson, such a swab as to be ashamed of being sorry for him.'—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

To the Editor of the Halifax Monthly Magazine

SIR,—During a late perusal of Dr. Dwight's admirable system of "Theology," I was much pleased with the following passages, and if they strike you also, to be eloquent, they will occupy some spare corner of your useful and interesting work.

Yours, ORION.

EXTRACTS FROM DWIGHT'S THEOLOGY.

"The Scripture makes *Love* towards friends and enemies; towards strangers and neighbours, towards those who can requite us, and those that *cannot.*

"God expresses in the strongest manner his Supreme delight in benevolence, and his Supreme detestation of its opposite.

"Benevolence, like gold, finds its chief value in its use.

"The most necessary and useful things are with the most perfect wisdom, *generally diffused:*—while those which are less interesting to human happiness, are more rare and solitary.—Food, raiment, drink and fuel are spread every where: while gold and gems, wines and spices, are found only in particular places.

"The Being who can bind the four winds of Heaven; imprison the prince of the power of the air, or wing his flight in a moment to a distant world, possesses an inherent importance, to which our imaginations cannot extend; and sublimity of character, elevated beyond the utmost stretch of human sight.

"Afflictions teach us, how vain are riches, honour and pleasure, how deceitful and how dangerous: pluck us by the arm in our downward course, and conduct us back to safety and peace. Things intended by man for evil, are very often converted by God, into

means of good; He thus glorifying himself by bringing *good* out of evil designed by his creatures.

"The commands of the Almighty are exactly and instantaneously obeyed.—In a *moment*, light invested the world: the firmament arched above it—the waters rolled backward into their bed—the dry land heaved: and the mountains lifted their heads towards Heaven.

"History is a satire upon our race, scarcely less severe than any of those professedly written under this name."

BEAUTY'S BOWER.

From unpublished Works.

BY ZETA.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

1

I WILL not go to Beauty's Bower,
Nor to the Idol bend the knee;
I cannot feel soft woman's power,
For it is nought to me,—
It once beguil'd a fleeting hour,
But long hath ceas'd to be.

2

Life's early dream hath pass'd away,
And I am old, tho' not in years;
I've felt love's glow and its decay,
A flower water'd by our tears,
A meteor light, a passing ray,
Vanishing as Reason clears,—
Offspring of hopes and fears!

3

In happier days I dream'd that life,
With all it held, was bright and fair;
That Earth with bliss and joy was rife,—
I never knew a care,
But soon I *felt* the Passions' strife,
And turn'd to dark despair.

4

And what *are* pleasures here below,
But dreams of fancied happiness?
Some passing pageant's glorious show,
Some beauteous nothingness,—
Which brightness o'er the bosom throw,
That shines, but cannot bless!

5

Pleasure and happiness—Farewell!
I will not, need not—see ye more;
Your heaven hath made my soul a hell—
Your riches made me poor!
Beneath your surface poisons dwell,
My heart's vain chase is o'er.

Halifax, N. S. March 7, 1832.

The following beautiful lines are from the "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not" for 1832. They are written by Mr. Laman Blanchard upon the picture of a boy endeavouring to lay salt upon the tail of a bird.

"Gently, gently yet, young stranger!
Light of heart and light of heel
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On it slily steal.
Silence!—ha! your scheme is failing—
No; pursue your pretty prey;
See your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

Hush! your step some note is giving;
Not a whisper—not a breath!
Watchful be as naught that's living,
And be mute as death!
Glide on, ghost-like, still inclining
Downwards o'er it; or, as sure
As the sun is on us shining,
'Twill escape the lure.

Caution! now you're nearer creeping;
Nearer yet—how still it seems!
Sure the winged creature's sleeping,
Wrapt in forest dreams;
Golden sights that bird is seeing,
Nest of green, or mossy bough;
Not a thought it hath of fleeing—
Yes, you'll catch it now!

How your eyes begin to twinkle!
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail;
Now stoop down, and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.
Yes, you have it in your tether,
Never more to skim the skies;
Lodge the salt on this long feather—
Ha! it flies, it flies!

Hear it—hark! among the bushes,
Laughing at your idle lures!
Boy, the selfsame feeling gushes
Through my heart and yours.
Baffled sportsman, childish Mentor,
How have I been—hapless fault!—
Led like you my hopes to centre
In a grain of salt!

Time, thy feathers turn to arrows;
I for salt have used thy sand,
Wasting it on hopes, like sparrows,
That elude the hand.

On what capture I've been counting,
  Stooping here, and creeping there,
All to see my bright hope mounting
  High into the air!

Half my life I've been pursuing
  Plans I'd often tried before,
Rhapsodies that end in ruin—
  I, and thousands more.
This, young sportsman, be your warning—
  Though you've lost some hours to day,
Others spend their life's fair morning
  In no wiser way.

What hath been my holiest treasure!
  What were *ye* unto my eyes,
Love, and peace, and hope and pleasure!
  Birds of Paradise?
Spirits that we think to capture
  By a false and childish scheme,
Until tears dissolve our rapture—
  Darkness ends our dream.

Thus are objects loved the dearest,
  Distant as the dazzling star;
And when we appear the nearest,
  Farthest off we are.
Thus have children of all ages,
  Seeing bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages
  And their hopes—on high!",

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT.

This Island was discovered by Columbus, during his third voyage, on the 22d day of January, 1498, but it does not appear that he took any formal possession of it, the native inhabitants, the Caribs, being very numerous and warlike. In 1672, this Island, with Barbados, St. Lucia, and Dominica, was included in one Government by King Charles II., although no steps were taken to occupy St. Vincent, unless occasional visits, both by English and French, for the purpose of obtaining wood and water, may be deemed such. About 1675, a ship from Guinea, with a cargo of slaves, was wrecked, either on this Island or on Bequia, and a number of the negroes escaped into the woods; these intermingled with the natives, and hence originated the black Caribs. In 1719, the French sent over some settlers from Martinico, a few of whom succeeded in establishing themselves in the leeward part of the

Island. In 1723, George I. granted this Island and St. Lucia to the Duke of Montague, who made a feeble attempt to take possession of it, but his expedition failed; and, by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in 1748, it was declared neutral and the ancient proprietors left in unmolested possession. The French, however, continued in their settlements until 1762, when it was taken by General Monckton and Admiral Rodney; and in 1763, by the peace of Paris, the Island was ceded in perpetuity to Great Britain, without much consideration for the native proprietors. The lands were directed to be sold, to defray the expences of the war, and 20,538 acres produced £162,854 sterling. In 1772, a war with the Caribs commenced, which was terminated by a treaty in 1773, when certain lands were allotted them. In 1779, the Island was taken by a small body of troops from Martinico, who were joined by the Caribs, which circumstance, coupled with unfortunate political differences, caused the surrender to be made without a struggle. The conquerors, however, made no alteration in the Government, probably contemplating only a temporary possession. In 1780, the dreadful hurricane occurred, which destroyed the Church and a great proportion of the buildings in the Island, besides occasioning serious loss to the planters. St. Vincent was restored to Great Britain at the general peace, in 1783; at which time it contained sixty-one sugar estates, besides other small plantations, of cotton, coffee, and cocoa. In 1795, the doctrines of liberty and equality, which prevailed in France, were disseminated in the West India Islands, through the agency of Victor Hugues, whose emissaries excited the Caribs, and some of the French inhabitants, to an insurrection, which continued for upwards of two years. Many sanguinary contests took place, with various success, which cannot be detailed within the limits of this article; but, ultimately, by the measures of Sir Ralph Abercrombie and General Hunter, the French were subdued, and the Caribs removed to Rattan, an Island in the bay of Honduras. The devastation occasioned by the enemy, cost the proprietors, at least, one-third of the value of their properties; but uninterrupted tranquility has since prevailed, and the fine tract of land, in Charlotte Parish, called the Carib country, consisting of 5,000 acres, has been put into cultivation, and greatly increased the prosperity of the Island. In 1812, the Island suffered from an eruption of the Soffriere mountain. This volcano is reported by Humboldt to have thrown out flames in 1718. It was about 3,000 feet high, with a crater half a mile in diameter, and 500 feet in depth; in the centre was a conical hill, 200 feet in diameter, and 300 in height, the lower half covered with brush-wood, the upper with virgin sulphur.—From the fissures of the cone, a thin white smoke exuded,

occasionally tinged with a light blue flame : at the base, were two small lakes, the one sulphureous and aluminous, the other pure and tasteless. At noon on the 27th of April, thirty days after the destruction of the Caraccas by an earthquake, and during the commotions in the valley of the Missisippi and the Ohio, a severe concussion of the earth took place, and a black column of smoke burst from the crater, which was followed by volumes of favillæ, which continued for three days. On the 30th, in the evening, the flames burst forth, with thunder, which had continued the whole day, and sand and stones were ejected from the crater. The earthquakes now commenced, the lava poured down on the north west side, and reached the sea in a few hours: another stream descended to the eastward, towards Rabacca. On the afternoon of the 1st of May the eruption ceased. The estates in the immediate neighbourhood were overwhelmed with scoria and ashes; the Wallibou and Rabacca rivers were destroyed, and some negroes killed. The waters of the former river accumulated in a ravine, and formed an immense lake, which some time afterwards found a way thro' the sandy barrier to its original bed, and carried away several houses, with their inhabitants, into the sea. The mountain now presented a new aspect; the vegetation was entirely destroyed, the height diminished, most of the principal ravines filled up; a new crater formed, near the old one, and both were filled, to a considerable depth, with water, of a yellow colour. Great damage was sustained on this lamentable occasion, and the British Parliament voted £25,000 Sterling, which was divided among the sufferers.

This Island once possessed a public establishment, of great repute, called the Botanic Garden. It consisted of about 30 acres, wherein were to be found many species of the vegetable world, which the hand of nature had bestowed, as well as many valuable exotics from the East Indies and South America. Here the nutmeg, clove, and cinnamon flourished; and some of the breadfruit plants, brought by Captain Bligh, still remained. For a long time, the Government maintained a Superintendent, at a liberal salary, and a number of negroes were allowed to carry on the cultivation: but this beautiful spot has felt the effects of modern economy and retrenchment; a great number of the plants have been removed to Trinidad, the allowances from Government are discontinued, a small part has been surrendered to the Colony, for the purpose of establishing a residence for the Governor, and the remainder is in a state of neglect and desolation. Fortunately, many plants of the nutmeg trees had been previously distributed through the Island, and promise, in a few years, to become abundant: in quality this spice is quite equal to that brought from the East; as is the clove also.

St. Vincent contains about 84,000 acres, of which about 55,000 are returned as comprising the lands occupied by estates. The rivers are so numerous, that a great proportion of the mills are driven by water. The interior of the country is mountainous and rugged; the high lands are in general clothed with woods, hence the attraction of rain is so considerable, that the Island seldom suffers from drought: the intermediate valleys are fertile in a high degree, consisting chiefly of a fine mould, composed of sand and clay, well adapted for the sugar cane. The Island is divided into five Parishes; St. George, Charlotte, St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. David. In the first Kingstown, the capital, is built: it is beautifully situated, on the southwest part of the Island, in a bay, about one mile wide, defended by Cane-garden point battery on the south, and Fort Charlotte on the north-west. The town consists of three parallel streets, intersected by six others, and contains about 300 houses, with 2,200 inhabitants. The Church, and Church-house, Gaol, Market-House, and Depot for arms, are substantial buildings, without any pretensions to elegance. The Government house has been suffered to go to decay, the residence of the Governor, of late years, having been at the cottage in the Botanic Garden. The other towns are Calliaqua, which contains 50 houses and 350 inhabitants, and has a convenient bay for shipping; Layou, Barrowallie, or Prince's town, Chateaubelair, or Richmond town. These three last are inconsiderable villages.

The dependencies within this Government, are the Islands of Bequia, 3,700 acres, with a very fine harbour, called Admiralty-bay; Union, 2,150 acres, Mustique, 1,203 acres, and Canouan, 1,777 acres.—There are also the lesser Islands of Balliceaux and Battawia, Myera, Petit St. Vincent, and Islet a Quatre. The cultivation in all these Islands is very much reduced, from the woods having been cut down, and the consequent decrease of rain: the seas abound with fish; and the air is remarkably fine and salubrious.—*St. Vincent Almanack, for* 1830.

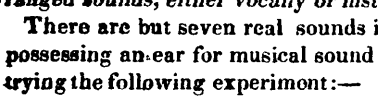
MUSIC.

The following is taken from a Lecture, on the first principles of Music, delivered by Mr. C. Lloyd, before the Halifax Mechanics' Institute

Music, in its most comprehensive signification, embraces both a science and an art; or in other words, it includes theory and practice. As a science it leads to the investigation of the nature and properties of sounds, their relation to each other; and above all,

the combination of them, either consecutively or simultaneously: the former of which produces Melody, and the latter creates Harmony. As an art it lays down rules for the performance of such arranged sounds, *either vocally or instrumentally.*

There are but seven real sounds in music, of which any person possessing an ear for musical sound may easily satisfy himself, by trying the following experimont:—



Let the line A B represent a string of wire or catgut, stretched over two bridges on a hollow box, with a degree of tension sufficient to produce a distinct musical sound; let a slip of paper on the box, under the string, be divided into 100 parts; if the bridge be placed exactly in the centre, or at 50 parts, each half of the string will sound alike, which sound is of the same kind as that produced by the whole length of the string, only more acute. To arrive at this sound from that produced by the whole length of the string, nature conducts us by six intermediate steps, these, with the first and last sound, make eight in number; whence the name of this latter sound, the Eighth or Octave.

If the whole length of the string be sounded again, and then the moveable bridge be placed successively at the following divisions, a natural series of sounds will be produced, called a *scale.* Commencing with the whole length, sound 88 parts, 80, 75, 66⅔ 60, 53½ and 50. These distances give the natural series of sounds which the ear expects to succeed each other. Musical sounds are distinguished by the first seven letters of the alphabet, viz. A, B, C, D, E, F and G; and repeating upwards or downwards the same series, as far as necessary; downwards until the gravity of the sounds render them unappreciable to the ear, and upwards until their acuteness debars their practical utility.

Suppose that the sound produced by the whole length be C, then the sounds produced by the string at the above distances will be represented by the letters C, D, E, F, G, A, B and its octave C again. The sound produced by the whole length of the string we will call the key note or tonic, and for the sake of reference in what follows, place in opposite columns, the names of the notes and the parts of the string necessary to produce them.

1 or key note	C	100	parts, or the whole length.
2	D	88	,,
3	E	80	,,
4	F	75	,,
5	G	66⅔	,,
6	A	60	,,
7	B	53½	,,
8	C	50	,, or the half.

It will be perceived that between the 3d and the 4th, and between the 7th and the 8th, there is only half the distance which there is between any of the others. And as this is the succession which nature has pointed out, if we take any other note for a key note to commence a scale from, the same proportion must be observed between the different degrees of the series, which is here pointed out. And this leads us to make use of certain intermediate sounds, artificially made between the other degrees. Thus the sound between the C and the D is called C sharp or D flat; between D and E, D sharp or E flat; between F and G, F sharp or G flat; A and B, A sharp or B flat. This succession of sounds is called the Chromatic Scale, proceeding by semitones in contradistinction to the former proceeding by whole tones, called the Diatonic Scale.

It has been laid down as a law, by writers on Acoustics, that a musical string vibrates in the inverse ratio to its length; that is, if a string of any given length perform 100 vibrations in a second of time, by being shortened to one half that length, the vibrations will be 200 in the same space of time.

It will be obvious then, that those sounds the vibrations of which are equal, produce the most satisfactory and complete harmony to the ear when heard together; this combination is called *unison.* Thus two or more flutes, or two equal voices, performing the same air, are said to play in unison.

The next to the unison will be found to be the octave, produced at fifty parts of the string, or half the length, as the vibrations are as 2 to 1.

The next combination is that of any note and its fifth, produced at 66⅔ parts of the string, or ⅔ of the whole length; consequently the vibrations are as 3 to 2.

The key note and its fourth give the next perfect harmony, found at 75 parts of the string as the vibrations are as 4 to 3.

These are called perfect chords, because they admit of no alteration by sharps or flats, for then they cease to be chords.

The following combination of sounds are called concords, because they admit of alteration, and are still agreeable to the ear.

The key note and its third, produced at 80 parts of the string, or four fifths of the length, where the vibrations are as 4 to 5.

The key note and the flat third, as C and E flat, found at 83⅓ parts, consequently the vibrations are as 6 to 5, the E flat being produced at five sixths of the length of the string.

The key note and its sixth, requiring 60 parts of the string, afford good harmony, as the vibrations are as 5 to 4.

The key note and its flat sixth, as C and A flat, made by sounding 62½ parts of the string, or five eighths of its original length, which gives the vibrations as 8 to 5.

All other sounds with relation to the key note are more or less discordant. For instance, the key note and the second produced at 88 parts of the string, give the vibrations as 25 to 22, there being no relation between them, the result is unsatisfactory to the ear.

Thus it appears that the gratification afforded by hearing sounds in combination, arises from the relative proportion their respective vibrations have to each other.

The rules for employing those harmonies and certain allowable discords, constitute that part of music called thorough bass and composition. *To be continued.*

RELIGION.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

RELIGION hail! whose balmy breath
Sweetly soothes the afflicted soul;
Smooths the rugged paths beneath,
And makes the sin sick leper whole.

Who would not to thy sceptre bow?
Who would not stoop thy yoke to bear?
Who would not at thy throne lie low,
When all that's lovely centre's there?

Companion sweet, with me abide,
Then let the howling blasts' assail;
The storm in safety I'll outride,
The anchor's cast within the veil.

When stretch'd on bed of death I lie,
And weeping friends around me stand;
One beam from thee cheers all the sky,
And lightens up the promis'd land.

My happy soul from pain set free,
Soars high disburthen'd of her clod;
Anxious her Saviour's face to see,
In presence of Religion's God.—

D. N.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Feb. 29. The President of the Institute, Dr. Grigor, delivered a lecture on Mechanical Anatomy. A large and respectable audience paid a close attention to this address, which was illustrated by various very peculiar specimens. The lecturer expatiated on the divine skill, in forming a body so admirably adapted for strength and motion as the human skeleton is, and which yet appears so every way ungraceful and ill-adapted to a superficial observer. He explained the conformation of the bones and joints, and the exquisite movements of which the arm is capable; and remarked, that for every work of intricacy and neatness, at which the mechanic might be employed, he had a model in some part of the human frame.

March 7. Mr. George Young delivered a lecture on Magnetism, in which he took a general view of the progress of commerce under various governments; and illustrated the influence of the Magnet, by several models and interesting experiments.

March 14. Mr. Deblois delivered a lecture on Mechanics, and illustrated his subject by a handsome Wheel and Axle, and an incline plane, presented by Mr. George O'Brien to the Institute.

March 21. Dr. Stirling read a paper on Hydrostatics, and very pleasingly explained, and illustrated this interesting science.

March 28. Dr. Stirling read a paper on Hydraulics.

MONTHLY RECORD.

PROVINCIAL PARLIAMENT OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

Continued.

Feb. 23—25. House in Committee of Ways and Means. 2s. per gallon was levied on certain wines, and 1s. 6d. on other wines imported into the province. 1s. 4d. per gallon on all distilled spirits manufactured in the province, and the usual spirit duties on those imported. 2s. 6d. per cwt. on all sugar imported, and 5s. per barrel on flour; about 100 per cent on beef, and 50 per cent on pork imported; a drawback to be allowed on such flour as should be consumed by those engaged in the fisheries. Also 5 percent on all dry goods imported.

27. A Bill providing that debts may be sued for up to £50, according to the summary process which was limited to £20, passed.

28. In Committee of Supply, several of the civil list items passed.

29. £20,000 was voted for roads and bridges.

March 1. William Young, Esq. as counsel for petitioners against the late management of the Pictou Academy, and Rev. Mr. M'Kenzie as agent of petitioners, and the Rev. Dr. M'Colloch as Trustee and Principal of the Academy, were heard at the Bar.

2. The Wellington Dyke Bill, and other local Bills passed.

Routine business and conversations occupied several following days.

7. £100 was voted for Canal Labourers, who had been deprived of their earning by a contractor, and consequently experienced great suffering during the long and severe winter; they had eventually proceeded to riotous acts, to force attention to their forlorn condition.

8, 9, 10. The Pictou Academy Bill was discussed and passed, several alterations being made in it, and the usual grant of £400 a year, voted, for ten years.

12, 13, 14. The Revenue Bills were discussed and made progress.

15. A Bill providing a Bounty for the exportation of live stock passed. Other Bills were discussed.

16. A Bill to increase the representation of Cape Breton passed.

19, 20, and 21. A School Bill introduced by Mr. Stewart, and providing a junction of Grammar and Common Schools, in the establishments of the province, passed. £4000 was voted to carry its provisions into effect. Several amendments made in the Bank Bill were considered and disposed of by the House. A Licence Bill also passed, providing that licences for selling less than a package of Wines or Spirits, in Halifax, be £10, in the country £5, except tavern licences, which are £3, also that Auctioneers pay a duty of £20, and persons selling in vessels £10.

22. A Quarantine Bill passed. Private petitions were taken up. The Speaker informed the House that 285 had been received this session.

23. Private petitions were considered.

24. Amendments made by his Majesty's Council to the Pictou Academy bill were considered; and £400 was granted to enable the Trustees to introduce the lower branches of learning into that institution without delay.

26—29. Routine business. Private petitions.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Cholera, or a disease of very similar symptoms, has appeared in Scotland and England; although fatal in many cases, it has made but slow progress according to the population.

The Reform Bill was to be introduced to the House of Lords—where a majority was anticipated in its favour—early in March.

The continent of Europe appears in a very unsettled state, Italy is convulsed, Portugal invaded, France requires all the energy of its government to preserve order, Belgium and Holland seem merely taking breath before a combat, and Russia is on the alert to take advantage of circumstances.

MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, March 9th, Mr. Charles Smith, to Miss Hannah Eldrige.—24, Mr. John M'Kay to Mrs. Sophia Davies.——At Truro, March 1, Mr. Simeon M'Kenzie, to Miss Mary Jackson.——At Londonderry, March 1, James Boyer, Esq. to Miss Mary Ann Setan.——At Pictou, March 6, Mr. William Murry, to Miss Margaret M'Donald.—Mr. Wm. Simpson, to Miss Jessie Duff.—Mr. John Hay, to Mrs. Sarah M'Intyre.—28, Mr. Alexander Black, to Miss Martha Grant.——At Wallace, March, Mr. John Kine, to Miss Elizabeth Crawford.—Mr. Walter Tracy, to Miss M. M'Aloney.—Mr. F. Doneley, to Miss Jane Beety.—At Wentworth, Mr. John Reed, to Miss Catharine Bingay——At Lunenburg, March 26, A. S. Bruce, Esq. to Miss Janet Sinclare.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, March 1, Miss Ann Fawson, aged 36. 4, Mr. W. Allerdyce, aged 55. 11, Mr. John Ross, aged 32. 14, Mr. William Robinson, aged 35. 22, Mr. John Sullivan, aged 25. 22, Mrs. Mary O'Connor, aged 42. 24, Mr. Peter Hay, aged 51. 24, Mr. John Hays, aged 57.——At Dartmouth, March 8. Mr. Michael Meagher aged 30.——Drowned, March 1, by falling through the ice on the harbour of Halifax—in his way from Dartmouth to town—Mr. Robert Mills.——At Musquodoboit March 13, Mr. Alexander Henry aged 78. 18, Mr. Thomas B. Cuff, aged 20.——At Truro, Miss Amelia Dickson, aged 22.——At Mount Thom, March 2, Mrs. Isabella Fraser, aged 73.——At Pictou, March 5, Andrew M'Carn, Esq. aged 76. 9, Mr. Donald M'Donald, aged 52. 20, Mr. Angus M'Carter. 24, Mr. William Taylor, aged 54.——At Westmorland, March 17, Mr. Abel G. Trueman, aged 22.——At Wallace, March 27, Mr. John M'Leod, aged 47.——At Falmouth, March 26, John Irish, Esq. aged 75.——At Windsor, March 4, John M'Latchy, Esq. aged 76.——At Newpost, March 24, Rev. John Shaw, aged 26.——At Shelburne, March 3, Mr. M. J. Dripps, aged 24.——At Guysborough, March 26, Mrs. Jane Mortime, aged 56.

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