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NO. II.

WE might, or rather should have mentioned in our last chapter, as a circumstance of no small importance in that minor portion of the history of Canada, which, for the sake of elucidation, it becomes indispensably necessary to connect with our present subject—that in consequence of the variance which had arisen betwixt France and England, in 1629, on account of the siege of Rochelle, and the war which was soon afterwards kindled between these two powers by the intrigues and jealousies of Buckingham and Richelieu, Canada became an object at once of interest and ambition. In this contest the English gained the advantage over the French; and the latter lost Canada. The councils of France were so little acquainted with the value of this settlement, that they were inclined not to demand the restitution of it; but the pride of the leading man, who, being at the head of the exclusive company, already alluded to, considered the encroachments of the English a personal insult, prevailed with them to alter their opinion. They met with less difficulty than they expected; and Canada was restored to the French in 1632, by the treaty of St. Germain en Laye. An allusion to this circumstance will be attended with greater interest when we are told, that the French were not taught by adversity; and that from the period at which it took

place, till about 1664, the same ignorance, the same negligence, prevailed with regard to the real interests of Canada. The monopolizing company fulfilled none of their engagements. This breach of promise, far from being punished, was, in a manner, rewarded, by a prolongation of their charter. The clamours of all Canada were disregarded at such a distance, and the deputies sent from Montreal, and other places, to represent its wretched situation, were denied access to the throne, where timid truth is never suffered to approach, but is awed into silence by threats and punishments. This behaviour, equally repugnant to humanity, private interest, and good policy, was attended with such consequences as might naturally be expected from it. The commerce of Montreal rapidly declined. The Indians, weakly supported by their allies, the inhabitants, were continually flying before their old enemies, whom they were accustomed to dread. The Iroquois, resuming their superiority, openly boasted that they should compel the strangers to quit the settlement and the country, after having seized some of their children, to replace such as they had lost of their own. The inhabitants themselves, forgotten to their mother-country, and unable either to pursue their commercial avocations, or gather in their scanty crops, without hazard of their lives, were determined to abandon a settlement so ill supported; and such was the deplorable state of the town and the colony at large, that the people were reduced to subsist upon the charities which the missionaries received from Europe.

The French ministry, at length awakened from their lethargy, by that great commotion which at that time agitated every nation, sent a large body of well disciplined troops to Canada, the majority of whom it was found necessary to station at Montreal, the inhabitants receiving them with the utmost hospitality and good will. By this means the French gradually recovered an absolute superiority over the Iroquois. Three of their nations, alarmed at their losses, made proposals for an accommodation; and the other two were so much weakened, that they were induced to accede to it in 1668. At this time Montreal first enjoyed a profound peace; which paved the way for its prosperity, and a freedom of trade contributed to secure it. The beaver trade alone continued to be monopolized. This spirit and activity occasioned an increase of traffic with the Indians, and revived the intercourse between both continents. Not a single act of hostility was committed throughout a tract of four or five hundred leagues; a circumstance, perhaps, unheard of before in North America.

But this concord could not continue among people who were always armed for the chase. The Iroquois resumed that restless disposition arising from their love of revenge and dominion. The Canadians retaliated; and the English at New-York availed themselves of the disposition of the Iroquois. Thus the war was renewed with greater fury than ever, and lasted the longer, as the English, who were lately at variance with France, on account of the deposition of James II. thought it their interest to make an alliance with the Iroquois. An English fleet, which sailed from Europe in 1690, appeared before Quebec in October, to lay siege to the place; and a strong party of Indians were directed to make an incursion upon Montreal, by the way of Lakes George and Champlain. But when the Iroquois recollected the hazard they ran in leading their allies to the conquest of those two capital fortresses, it occurred to

them, that, situated as they were between two European nations, each powerful enough to destroy them, and both interested in their destruction, when they no longer stood in need of their assistance, they could take no better measure than to prevent the one from being victorious over the other. This system, which seemed to be dictated by the same kind of deep policy as that which directs the balance of Europe, determined the Iroquois to return to their respective homes under various pretences. Their defection obliged the English to relinquish the enterprise, and retreat; and the Canadians, now in security on their lands, united all their forces with as much unanimity as success for the defence of their two principal towns. The Iroquois, from motives of policy, testified their resentment against the French, and were attached rather to the name than to the interests of England. The peace of Ryswick, however, put a sudden end to the calamities of Europe and the hostilities in Canada. The Hurons and the Iroquois, as well as the French and English, were sensible that they required a long continuance of peace, to repair the losses they had sustained in war. The Indians began to recover themselves; the people of Montreal resumed their labours; and the fur trade carried on in this place, was more firmly established.

When the promotion of the Duke of Anjou to the throne of Charles V. spread an alarm over all Europe, and plunged it once more into the horrors of a general war, the conflagration extended beyond seas, and was rapidly advancing even to Canada, had not the Iroquois put a stop to it. Being aware that the English and French were contending to secure an alliance with them, they haughtily declared that they would take up arms against either of the two nations, which should commence hostilities against each other. This resolution was most favourable to the situation of Montreal at the time, the inhabitants of which were ill prepared for a war, and expected no assistance from the mother-country. The people of the rival settlement of New York, on the contrary, whose forces were already considerable, and received daily reinforcements, wished to prevail on the Iroquois to join with them. Their insinuations, presents, and negotiations were, however, ineffectual till 1709: at which period they succeeded in seducing the five nations; and their troops, which till then had remained inactive, marched out supported by a great number of Indian warriors. The army was confidently advancing towards Montreal, and other central places in Canada with the probability of success, when one of the chiefs of the Iroquois, who had never approved of their proceedings, plainly said to his people: "What will become of us if we succeed in driving away the French?" These few words, uttered with a mysterious and anxious look, immediately recalled to the minds of all the people their former system, which was to keep the balance even between the two foreign nations, in order to secure their own independence. They instantly resolved to relinquish a design they had been too precipitantly engaged in, contrary to the public interest; but as they thought it would be shameful openly to desert their associates, they imagined that secret treachery might serve the purpose of open defection. The lawless Savages, the virtuous Spartans, the religious Hebrews, the wise and warlike Greeks and Romans—all people, whether civilized or not, have always made what is called the right of nations consist either in craft or violence. The army had halted on the banks

of a little river to wait for the artillery and ammunition. The Iroquois, who spent their leisure hours in hunting, flayed all the beasts they caught, and threw their skins into the river a little above the camp. The waters were soon infected. The English, who had not any suspicion of such an instance of treachery, continued unfortunately to drink of the waters that were thus rendered poisonous; in consequence of which, such considerable numbers of them immediately died, that it became necessary to suspend the military operations. But a still more imminent danger threatened Canada, and Montréal of course. A numerous fleet, destined against Quebec, entered the St. Lawrence the following year, and would probably have succeeded, had it reached the place of its destination. But the rashness of the admiral joined to the violence of the elements, was the cause of its being lost in the river. Thus was Canada at once delivered from its fears both by sea and land, and had the glory or good fortune of maintaining itself without succours and without loss, against the strength and policy of the English. But the day of retribution was advancing with rapid strides. France, proud and flourishing under Louis XIV. after having risen with him through the several degrees of glory and grandeur, sank with him through all the periods of decay incident to human nature. After a series of defeats and mortifications this monarch was still happy that he could purchase peace by sacrifices which made his humiliation evident. It is easy to judge how much his pride must have suffered, in giving up to the English Hudson's Bay, Newfoundland, and Acadia, three possessions, which, together with Canada, formed that immense tract of country once so well known by the name of New France.

During the half century which had elapsed from the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, to the period which gave birth to those national disputes which ultimately led to the Conquest of Canada by the British, the City of Montreal experienced that variety of good and bad fortune incident to infant settlements whose sole prosperity depends upon the industry of the inhabitants in pursuit of those commercial objects that lead to individual comfort and general improvement. In the interval between the two last wars, which was the most flourishing period of the City, the exports did not exceed £20,500 in furs and beavers, and £3,230 in wood of all kinds. These articles put together amounted but to £23,730 sterling, a year, a sum insufficient to pay for the commodities sent from the mother-country. The government, however, made up the deficiency. When the French were in possession of Canada, they had very little specie. The little that was brought in from time to time by the new settlers, did not continue to circulate in the country, because the necessitous state of the colony soon occasioned it to return. This was a great obstacle to the progress of commerce in Montreal. In 1670, the court of Versailles coined a particular sort of money for the use of all the French settlements in America, and set a nominal value upon it, one-fourth above the current coin of the mother country. But this expedient was not productive of the advantages that were expected, at least with regard to this country. They therefore contrived to substitute paper currency instead of metal, for the payment of the troops and other expences of government. This succeeded till the year 1713, when the engagements that had been made with the administrators of the colony were not faithfully observed. Their bills of exchange drawn

upon the treasury of the mother country were not honoured, and from that time fell into discredit. They were at last paid in 1720 with the loss of five-eighths. This event occasioned the revival of the use of specie in Canada: but this expedient only lasted two years. The merchants, especially of Montreal, found it troublesome, chargeable and hazardous to send money to France: so that they were the first to solicit the re-establishment of paper currency. This consisted of cards, on which were stamped the arms of France and Navarre, and they were signed by the governor, the intendant and the comptroller. They were of twenty-four, twelve, six, and three livres, and thirty, fifteen, and seven sols and a half. The value of the whole number that was made out, did not exceed a million of livres, or £43,750 sterling. When this sum was not sufficient for the demands of the public, the deficiency was made up by orders signed only by the intendant. These different papers circulated in the colony, and supplied the want of specie till the month of October. This was the latest season for the ships to sail from Canada. Then all this paper currency was turned into bills of exchange payable in France by the government, which was supposed to have made use of the value. But they were so multiplied by the year 1754, that the royal treasury could no longer answer such demands, and was forced to protract the payment. An unfortunate war that broke out two years after, so increased their number, that at last they were prohibited.

Such is a partial view of the state of Canada, when those hostilities commenced between Great Britain and France; whose results have forever severed the intimate connection, which so naturally subsisted betwixt the colony and the mother country, and placed within the dominions of England an extensive tract of country, unknown in its limits even to geographers of the present day; and a people, who have hitherto distinguished themselves, even under untoward circumstances, as polite among themselves, courteous to their rulers, submissive to the laws, and loyal to their king. That it will be necessary, succinctly, to allude to the events which led to this important issue, we hope none of our readers will be disposed to question. If, however, there are any who may be inclined to think, that we might have given an historical account of Montreal, without entering so deeply into the general history of Canada, we can assure them, that, in doing so, we have only followed the example of every civic historian that has preceded us. But, in truth, we conceive it to be almost impossible, even for a writer of superior talents and information, to convey, either an adequate or just detail of the rise and progress of a city, unless he be permitted to blend, to a very considerable degree, its history with that of the country of which it may either be the capital, or some other place of no mean importance. To pursue a different line of conduct, would be like the astronomer, who thought it sufficient to instruct his disciples in the beauty and grandeur of the sun, without including the whole solar system.

At the treaty of Utrecht, whilst so many more important interests were discussed, the limits of Nova-Scotia, then called Acadia, were expressed only in general terms, and left to be put on a more certain footing by subsequent negotiations. These negotiations, pursued with no vigour, and drawn out into an excessive length, seemed only to increase the former confusion. During the interval, the British Colonies in America extended themselves on every side. Whilst agriculture and

maritime commerce flourished on their coasts; the Indian trade drew several wandering dealers far from the inland country, and beyond the great, or Apalachian mountains. Here they found themselves, in a delightful climate, in soil abundantly fruitful, and watered with many fair, and navigable rivers. It was judged that as first settlers on the coast, the English had a good right to the inland country; and if so, to the navigation of the Mississippi, which opened another door to the ocean. With these views, a company of merchants and planters obtained a charter for a considerable tract of land near the river Ohio, on the western side of the Alleghany mountains, and the adventurers began to settle, pursuant to the terms of their patent. Now began to shoot forth the seeds of another dispute, which proved all together as thorny and intricate as that concerning the limits of Acadia. The French, pretending to have first discovered the mouths of the Mississippi, claimed the whole adjacent country towards New Mexico on the east, quite to the Apalachian and Alleghany mountains on the west. They drove off the new settlers, and built a strong fort, called Du Quesne, on the forks of the river Monongahela; a situation which commanded an entrance into all the country on the Ohio and Mississippi. Both nations prepared to cut the gordian knot of the long and intricate negociation by the sword. Accordingly, on the 19th of February, 1758, Admiral Boscawen, with a powerful fleet of men of war, with several transports, sailed for Halifax; with the view of proceeding from thence as soon as circumstances would admit, to the attack of Cape-Breton. On the 2d of June, they appeared before Louisburg. The land forces, destined for this service, amounted to about 14,000 men, and were commanded by General Amherst, from whose character great things were expected, and who so nobly justified these expectations. The left division of the army was under the command of General Wolfe. The attack on Louisburg was arduous, perilous and difficult; but British bravery soon overcame every obstacle; and on the 26th of July the town surrendered, the garrison being made prisoners of war.

The conquest of Cape-Breton opened the way into Canada; and the very next year the seat of war was removed thither. It was proposed to attack the French in all their strong posts at once; to fall as nearly as possible at the same time upon Crown Point, Niagara, and the forts to the south of Lake Erie, whilst a great naval armament, and a considerable body of land forces, should attempt Quebec, by the River St. Lawrence. General Amherst commanded the forces destined against Crown Point. The reduction of the fort near Niagara, was committed to General Prideaux, under whom Sir William Johnson commanded the Provincials of New-York, and several Indians of the Five Nations. In the expedition against Quebec, General Wolfe commanded the land forces. The fleet was under Admiral Saunders. The second of these expeditions, whose ultimate design was upon Montreal, was the first which proved successful, Sir William Johnson having, upon the 25th of July, reduced Niagara to his own terms, General Prideaux having been killed in the trenches, a few days before, by the bursting of a colhorn. It was not till the 14th of August, that General Amherst took possession of Crown Point. His next endeavour was to obtain a naval superiority on Lake Champlain, which he soon accomplished.

The third expedition arrived on the 26th of June, at the Isle of Or-

means, a few leagues from Quebec, without any accident whatever. Immediate possession was taken of this beautiful Island; which, as it extends to the bason of Quebec, was found an advantageous position for the attack of the town. When this was done the harbour and town appeared full to view, at once a tempting and discouraging sight. For no place seems possessed of greater benefits from nature; and none of which nature seems more to have consulted the defence.* The first design of Wolfe was to land at Quebec, and get a firm footing in the neighbourhood of the town, in order to lay siege to it. But he found the banks of the river so well intrenched, and so well defended by troops and redoubts, that his first endeavours were fruitless. Every attempt to land was attended with the loss of many lives, without being productive of any advantage. After persisting in these attempts for nearly six weeks, the design of the intrepid Wolfe became at once deeper and more particularly directed than it had previously been. The camp at Montmorenci was broke up, and the troops were conveyed to the south-east of the river, and encamped at Point Levi. The squadron under Admiral Holmes, made movements up the river for several days successively, in order to draw the enemies attention as far from the town as possible. This succeeded in some measure; for though it could not persuade the Marquis de Montcalm, the Governor, to quit his post, it induced him to detach a body of 1500 men to watch their motions. When General Wolfe saw that matters were ripe for action, he ordered the ships under Admiral Saunders, to make a feint, as if they proposed to attack the French in their entrenchments on the Beauport shore below the town. This disposition being made, the general embarked his forces about one in the morning, and with Admiral Holmes's division went three leagues further up the river, than the intended place of landing, in order to amuse the enemy and conceal his real design. He then put them into boats, and fell down silently with the tide, unobserved by the French centinels posted along the shore. The rapidity of the current carried these boats a little below the intended place of attack. The ships followed them, and arrived just at the time which had been concerted to cover their landing. As the troops could not land at the spot proposed when they were put on shore, a hill appeared before them, extremely high and steep in its ascent; a little path winded up this ascent, so narrow that two could not go abreast. Even this path was entrenched, and a Captain's guard defended it. These difficulties did not abate the hopes of the general, or the ardour of the troops. The light infantry, under Colonel Howe, laying hold of stumps and boughs of trees, pulled themselves up, dislodged the guards, and cleared the path; and then all the troops surmounting every difficulty, gained the top of the hill, and, as fast as they ascended, formed themselves so that they were all in order of battle at day-break. This was on the 13th of September. Montcalm when he heard that the English had ascend-

* Quebec can boast of a fresh-water harbour, capable of containing an hundred men of war of the line, at one hundred and twenty leagues distant from the sea. The St. Lawrence, up to the Isle of Orleans, is no where less than from four to five leagues broad; but above that Isle it narrows, so that before Quebec it is not a mile over. Hence this place got the name of QUEBEC or QUEBEC, which, in the Algonquin tongue, signifies a Strait.

ed the hill, and were formed on the high ground at the back of the town, scarcely credited the intelligence. But he was soon, and fatally for him, undeceived. He saw clearly that the English fleet and army were in such a situation, that the upper and lower town might be attacked in concert, and that nothing but a battle could possibly save it. Accordingly he determined to give them battle, and quitting Beauport, passed the river St. Charles, and formed his troops opposite to the English.

The events and the issue of this important battle are well known. Both commanders fell in the field. The death of Wolfe was indeed grievous to his country; but to himself the most happy that can be imagined. That of Montcalm, the severest loss which France could possibly experience at so critical a juncture.

Five days after the action, the enemy seeing the communication between the town and the army cut off; and that the English fleet and troops were preparing with all vigour for a siege, surrendered the City of Quebec upon terms of honour to the garrison and advantage to the inhabitants. A garrison of 5000 men, under General Murray, were put into the place, with plenty of provisions and ammunition for the winter; and the fleet sailed to England in a few days. After the battle of Quebec the French army retired, under the command of the Chevalier de Lévy, up the banks of the river, and hastily completed some entrenchments that had been begun ten leagues above the city. There they left troops sufficient to stop the progress of the enemy; and proceeded to Montreal, to concert measures to retrieve their disgrace. It was here agreed, that in the spring they should march with an armed force against Quebec, to retake it by surprise, or if that should fail to besiege it in form. They had nothing in readiness for that purpose, but the plan was so concerted, that they should enter upon the undertaking just at the instant when the succours expected from France must necessarily arrive. How they succeeded, we shall find in our next number.

SONG.

FAREWELL then, loved and lovely one,
 And welcome pain or sorrow now,
 For thou canst smile, and smile upon
 A blighted heart, a burning brow.
 I deem'd not one so fair and bright
 Could be like hail in summer skies,
 Which scarcely leaves the world of light
 But all its purer essence dies.

I send one sigh before we part,
 And bless it, as it is the last:
 But, oh! it breathes not from my heart—
 'Tis but the memory of the past.
 In future, should some sunny beam
 Come fitting o'er my gloomy way,
 I'll say "'tis like my early dream,
 And weep not when it fades away.

THE FUR TRADE OF CANADA.

NO. I.

It was not till later ages that the furs of beasts of the chase became an article of luxury. The more refined nations of ancient times never made use of them; those alone whom the former stigmatized as barbarous, were clothed in skins of animals. Strabo describes the Indians covered with the skins of lions, panthers, and bears; and Seneca, the Scythians clothed with the skins of foxes and the lesser quadrupeds. Virgil exhibits a picture of the savage Hyperboreans,* similar to that which our late circumnavigators have witnessed in the clothing of newly discovered savages, unseen before by any polished people.

*Gens effræna virum Riphæo tunditur Euro;
Et pecudum fulvis velantur corpora setis.*

Most part of Europe was at this time in similar circumstances. Caesar might be as much amazed with the skin-dressed heroes of Britain, as our celebrated Cook was at those of his newly discovered regions. What time has done to us, time, under humane conquerors, may effect for them. Civilization may take place; and those spoils of animals, which are at present essential for clothing throughout a great part of this continent, become the mere objects of ornament and luxury.

It does not appear that the Greeks or old Romans ever made use of furs. It originated in those regions where they most abounded, and where the severity of the climate required that species of clothing. At first it consisted of the skins only, almost in the state in which they were torn from the body of the beast; but as soon as civilization took place, and manufactures were introduced, furs became the lining of the dress, and often the elegant facing of the robes. It is probable that the northern conquerors introduced the fashion into Europe. We find, that about the year 522, when Totila, King of the Visigoths, reigned in Italy, the Suetions—a people of modern Sweden—found means, by help of the commerce of numberless intervening people, to transmit, for the use of the Romans, *saphilinas pelles*, the precious skins of the sables. As luxury advanced, furs, even of the most valuable species, were used by Princes as linings for their tents. Thus Marco Polo, † in 1252, found those of the Cham of Tartary lined with ermines and sables. He calls the last *zibelines* and *zambolines*. He says that those, and other precious,

* Herodotus doubts whether or not there were any such nations as the Hyperborean. Strabo, who professes that he believes there are, does not take *hyperborean* to signify beyond Boreas, or the north, as Herodotus understood it; so that *hyperborean*, on his principles, means no more than *most northern*; by which it appears the ancients scarce knew themselves what the name meant. The Hyperboreans of our days are those Russians who inhabit between the Volga and the White Sea.

† This celebrated traveller was a Venetian by birth. Having gone in company with his father, and some Missionaries, to the Court of Barka, one of the greatest Lords of Tartary, he learned the different dialects of that country and wrote a history of it.

furs, were brought from countries far north; from the *land of Darkness*, and regions almost inaccessible by reason of morasses and ice. The Welsh set a high value on furs as early as the time of Howel Dda, who began his reign about 940. In the next age, furs became the fashionable magnificence of Europe. When Godfrey of Boulogne, and his followers, appeared before the Emperor Alexis Comnénus, at Constantinople, on their way to the Holy Land, he was struck with the richness of their dresses. How different was the advance of luxury in France from the time of their great monarch Charlemagne, who contented himself with the plain fur of the otter! Henry I. of England, wore fur; yet in his distress was obliged to change them for warm Welsh flannel. But in the year 1337, the luxury had got to such a head, that Edward III. enacted, that all persons who could not spend a hundred a-year should absolutely be prohibited the use of this species of finery. These, from their great expense, must have been foreign furs, obtained from the Italian commercial States, whose traffic was at this period boundless. How strange is the revolution of the Fur Trade! The north of Asia at that time supplied Europe with every valuable kind. At present we send from Canada and Hudson's Bay, furs, to an immense amount, even to Turkey and the distant China.

When the French made their first appearance in Canada, and before they had any intercourse with the aboriginal inhabitants, furs appeared not to have formed an article of the slightest commerce amongst them; and seemed only to have been used as clothing, or as tents to the more wandering tribes. Before the discovery of this country, the forests with which it was over-run were little more than the extensive haunt of wild beasts, which had multiplied prodigiously, because the few men who lived in those deserts having no flocks or tame animals, left more room and more food for such as were wandering and free like themselves. If the nature of the climate did not afford an infinite variety, each species produced, at least, a multitude of individuals. But, like the wild animals of the more ancient regions of the world, they at last paid tribute to the sovereignty of man, that cruel power which has always been exercised in a manner so fatal to every living creature. Having neither arts nor husbandry to employ them, the savages fed and clothed themselves entirely with the wild beasts they destroyed. As soon, however, as the natives were made to understand the value which luxury had led Europeans to put upon their skins, they waged a perpetual war against them; which was the more active, as it procured them plenty, and a variety of gratification which they were unaccustomed to; and the more destructive, as they had adopted the use of fire-arms. This fatal industry exercised in the woods of Canada, occasioned a great quantity and a prodigious variety of furs to be brought into the ports of France, some of which were consumed in the kingdom, and the rest disposed of in the neighbouring countries. We have already seen that most of these furs had been already known in Europe, but in too small quantities to supply a general demand. Caprice and novelty have made them always more or less in fashion, since it has been found to be the interest of the American colonies that they should be valued in the mother countries.

In 1626 the French had only three wretched settlements surrounded with pales in Canada. The largest of these contained but fifty inhabitants, including men, women, and children. The climate had not proved

destructive to the people sent there. Though severe, it was wholesome, and the Europeans strengthened their constitutions without endangering their lives. The little progress they had made was entirely owing to an exclusive company, whose chief designs were, not so much intended to create a national power in Canada, as to enrich themselves by the fur trade. This evil might have been immediately removed, by abolishing this monopoly, and allowing a free trade; but it was not then time to adopt a simple theory. The government, however, chose only to employ a more numerous association, composed of men of greater property and credit. They gave them the disposal of the settlements that were or should be formed in Canada, together with a power of fortifying and governing them as they thought proper, and of making war or peace, as should best promote their interest. The whole trade by sea and land was allowed them for a term of fifteen years, except the cod and whale fisheries, which were left open to all. The beaver and all the fur trade was granted to the company for ever. To all these were added further encouragements. The king made the company a present of two large ships, consisting of seven hundred men. Twelve of the principal were raised to the rank of nobility. Gentlemen, and even the clergy, already too rich, were invited to share in this trade. The company were allowed the liberty of sending and exporting all kinds of commodities and merchandize, free of any duty whatsoever. A person, who exercised any trade in the colony for the space of six years, was entitled to the freedom of the same trade in France. The last favour granted to them was the free entry of all goods manufactured in Canada. This single privilege gave the workmen of the colony an infinite advantage over those of the mother-country, who were encumbered with a variety of duties and impediments which ignorance and avarice had multiplied without end. In return for so many marks of partiality, the company, which had a capital of a hundred thousand crowns, or thirteen thousand, one hundred and twenty five pounds sterling, engaged to bring into the colony, in the year 1628, which was the first year they enjoyed their privilege, two or three hundred artificers of such trades as were fittest for their purpose; and sixteen thousand men before the year 1643. They were to provide them with lodging and board, to maintain them for three years, and afterwards give them as much cleared land as would be necessary for their subsistence, with a sufficient quantity of grain to sow it the first year.

But a long period had elapsed before the new company was able to carry any of its purposes into effect. Nor did fortune second the endeavours of government in its favour; for the first ships which had been fitted out were taken by the English, who were lately at variance with France. At last, however, after the exercise of some activity on the part of government, which had been rendered necessary by the commercial jealousy and enmity of England, the company formed some permanent settlements in Canada; and the fur trade was first begun and regularly established at Tadousac, a port situated about seventy-five miles below 120 Québec. About the year 1640, the town of Three Rivers became a second mart; but in process of time the fur trade centered in Montreal; to which place almost all the inhabitants of the continent carried their furs and exchanged them for European merchandize.

At this time the French in Canada began to indulge themselves more freely in a custom, which at first had been confined within narrow bounds

Their inclination for frequenting the woods, which was that of the first colonists, had been wisely restrained within the limits of the territory belonging to the colony. Permission was, however, granted every year to twenty-five persons to go beyond these limits in order to trade with the Indians. The superiority which New York was acquiring, was the cause of increasing the number of these permissions. They were a kind of patent, which the patentees might make use of either in person or by proxy, and continued a year or more. The produce of the sale of these patents was assigned by the governor of the colony, to the officers, or their widows and children, to hospitals and missionaries, to such as had distinguished themselves by some great action, or some useful undertaking; and sometimes even to the creatures of the governor who sold the patents himself. The money, he did not give away, or did not chuse to keep, was put into the public coffers; but he was not accountable to any one for the management of it. This custom was attended with fatal consequences. Many of these traders settled among the Indians, to defraud their partners, whose goods they had disposed of. A greater number settled among the English, where the trade was more free and the profits greater. The immense lakes, frequently agitated with violent storms; the Cascades, which render navigation so dangerous up the broad rivers in the new world; the weight of the canoes, the provisions, and the bales of goods, which they were forced to carry on their shoulders at the carrying places, where the rapidity or shallowness of the water obliged them to quit the rivers, and pursue their journey by land, proved the destruction of several persons. Some perished in the snow and on the ice, by hunger or by the sword of the enemy. Those who returned to the colony with a profit of six or seven hundred *per cent* were not always on that account more useful members, as they gave themselves up to the greatest excesses, and by their example produced in others a dislike to attention and industry. Their fortunes were dissipated as suddenly as they were amassed; like those moving mountains which a whirlwind raises and destroys at once, on the sandy plains of Africa. Most of their travelling traders, exhausted with the excessive fatigues which their avarice prompted them to undergo, and the licentiousness of a wandering and dissolute life, dragged on a premature old age in indigence and infamy. The government took cognizance of these irregularities, and changed the manner of carrying on the fur trade.

The French had for a long time been incessantly employed in erecting a number of forts, which were thought necessary for the preservation and aggrandizement of their settlements in North America. Those built on the west and south of the river Saint Lawrence were large and strong, and were intended to restrain the ambition of the English. Those which were constructed on the several lakes in the most important positions, formed a chain which extended westward to the distance of three thousand miles from Quebec; but they were only miserable pallisades, intended to keep the Indians in awe, to secure their alliance, and the produce of their chase. There was a garrison in each, more or less numerous, according to the importance of the post, and of the enemies who threatened it. It was thought proper to entrust the commandant of each of these forts with the exclusive right of buying and selling in the whole district under his dominion. This privilege was purchased; but as it was always advantageous, and sometimes was the means of acquiring a con-

siderable fortune, it was only granted to officers who were most in favour. If any of these had not a stock sufficient for the undertaking, he could easily prevail with some monied men to join with him. It was pretended that this system, far from being detrimental to the service, was a means of promoting it, as it obliged the military men to keep up more constant connections with the natives, to watch their motions, and to neglect nothing that could secure their friendship. It was not foreseen, or at least, pretended not to be so by any, that such an arrangement must necessarily prevail over every principle, except that of interest, and would be a source of perpetual oppression. This tyranny, which soon became universal, was severely felt at Frontenac, at Niagara, and at Toronto. The farmers of those three forts, making an ill use of their exclusive privilege, set so low a value upon the merchandize that was brought them, and rated their own so high, that by degrees the Indians, instead of stopping there, resorted in great numbers to Chouaguen, on the Lake Ontario, where the English traded with them, upon more advantageous terms. The French Court, alarmed at the account of these new connections, found means to weaken them, by taking the trade of these three posts into their own hands, and treating the Indians still better than they were treated by their rivals the English. In consequence of this step, the refuse of all those furs that were not saleable became the sole property of the king; and all the skins of those beasts that were killed in summer and autumn were readily given him. In a word, all the most ordinary furs, the thinnest, and most easily spoiled, were reserved for the king. All these damaged furs bought without examination, were carelessly deposited in warehouses, and eaten up by the moaths. At the proper season for sending them to Quebec, they were put into boats, and left to the discretion of soldiers, passengers, and watermen, who, having had no concern in those commodities, did not take the least care to keep them dry. When they came into the hands of the managers of the colony, they were sold for one half of the small value they had. Thus the returns were rather less than the sums advanced by the government in support of this losing trade.

But though this trade was of no consequence to the King, it is still a matter of doubt if it were advantageous to the Indians, though gold and silver were not the dangerous medium of their traffic. They received, indeed, in exchange for their furs, saws, knives, hatchets, kettles, fish-hooks, needles, thread, ordinary linnen, coarse woollen stuffs; all which may be considered as the means or pledges of intercourse with them. But articles were likewise sold them that would have proved prejudicial to them even as a gift or a present; such as guns, powder, and shot, tobacco, and especially brandy. This liquor, the most fatal present the old world ever made to the new, was no sooner known to the savages, than they grew passionately fond of it. It was equally impossible for them to abstain from it, or to use it with moderation. It was soon observed that it disturbed their domestic peace, deprived them of their judgment, and made them furious; and that it occasioned husbands, wives, children, brothers and sisters, to abuse and quarrel with one another. In vain did some worthy Frenchmen expostulate with them, and endeavor to make them ashamed of their excesses. "It is you," answered they, "who have taught us to drink this liquor; and we now cannot do without it. If you refuse to give it us, we will apply to the English.

You have done the mischief and it admits not a remedy." The court of France, upon receiving contradictory information with respect to the disorders occasioned by this pernicious trade, had alternately prohibited, tolerated, and authorised it, according to the light in which it was represented to the ministry. Notwithstanding all these various alterations, the interest of the merchants was nearly the same. The sale of brandy was seldom decreased. It was, however, considered by judicious people, as the principal cause of the diminution of the human race in Canada, and consequently of the skins of beasts; a diminution which became every day more evident. Very much in this manner did the Fur Trade of Canada continue to be conducted on the part of the French, until the commencement of that predatory warfare to which the natives were instigated by the jealousy and rivalry of the European traders; and which ultimately led to those national hostilities which terminated in the conquest of Canada by the British. A brief detail of the origin of this petty warfare may not be uninteresting to the reader, as it will tend to shew, that from the earliest period down almost to the present day, this trade, in consequence of the ambitious views and personal interests of contending traders, has ever been attended by rapine and bloodshed.

In 1664 the English had dispossessed the Dutch of New Belgia, and remaining masters of the territory they had acquired, which they called New-York, availed themselves of the restless and turbulent dispositions of the Iroquois. They not only excited the spirit of discord, but added presents to induce them to break with the French. The same artifices were used to seduce the rest of their allies. Those who adhered to their allegiance were attacked. All were invited, and some compelled, to bring their beaver and other furs to New-York, where they sold at a higher price than in the French colony. Denonville, who had lately been sent to Canada to enforce obedience to the authority of the proudest of monarchs, was impatient of all these insults. Though he was in a condition not only to defend his own frontiers, but even to encroach upon those of the Iroquois; yet, sensible that this nation must not be attacked without being destroyed, it was agreed that the French should remain in a state of seeming inaction, till they had received from Europe the necessary reinforcements for executing so desperate a resolution. These succours arrived in 1687; and the colony had then 12,249 persons, of whom about one third were capable to bear arms. Notwithstanding this superiority of forces, Denonville had recourse to stratagem; and dishonoured the French name among the savages by an infamous perfidy. Under pretence of terminating their differences by negotiation, he basely abused the confidence which the Iroquois reposed in the Jesuit Lamberville, to allure their chiefs to a conference. As soon as they arrived, they were put in irons, embarked at Quebec, and sent to the galleys! On the first report of this treachery, the old men sent for their missionary, and addressed him in the following manner:—"We are authorised by every motive to treat you as an enemy, but we cannot resolve to do it. Your heart has had no share in the insult that has been put upon us; and it would be unjust to punish you for a crime you detest still more than ourselves. But you must leave us. Our rash young men might consider you in the light of a traitor, who has delivered up the chiefs of our nation to shameful slavery." After this speech, these savages, whom Europeans have always called barbarians, gave the missionary

some guides, who conducted him to a place of safety; and then both parties took up arms.

The French presently spread terror among the Indians bordering upon the great lakes; but Denonville had neither the activity nor the expedition necessary to improve these first successes,—while he was taken up in deliberating, instead of acting, the campaign was closed without the acquisition of any permanent advantage. This increased the boldness of the Iroquois, who lived near the French settlements, where they repeatedly committed the most dreadful ravages. The planters finding their labours destroyed by these depredations, which deprived them of the means of repairing the damages they had sustained, ardently wished for peace. Denonville's temper coincided with their wishes; but it was no easy matter to pacify an enemy rendered implacable, by ill-usage. Lamberville, who still maintained his former ascendant over them, made overtures of peace, which were listened to. While these negotiations were carrying on, a Machiavel, born in the forests, known by the name of LE RAT, the bravest, the most resolute, the most intelligent savage ever found in the wilds of North America, arrived at Fort Frontenac, with a chosen band of Hurons, fully determined upon exploits worthy of the reputation he had acquired. He was told that a treaty was actually on foot; that the Deputies of the Iroquois were upon the road to conclude it at Montreal, and that it would be an insult upon the French governor if they should carry on their hostilities against a nation with which they were negotiating a peace. Le Rat, piqued that the French should thus enter into negotiations without consulting their allies, resolved to punish them for their presumption. He lay in wait for the deputies; some of whom were killed, and the rest taken prisoners. When the latter told him the purport of their voyage, he feigned the greater surprise, as Denonville, he said, had sent him to intercept them. In order to carry on the deceit more successfully, he immediately released them all, except one, whom he pretended to keep, to replace one of his Hurons who had been killed in the fray. He then hastened to Michillimakinac, where he presented his prisoner to the French commandant, who, not knowing that Denonville was treating with the Iroquois, caused the unhappy savage to be put to death. Immediately after this, Le Rat sent for an old Iroquois, who had long been a prisoner among the Hurons, and gave him his liberty to go and acquaint his nation, that, while the French were amusing their enemies with negotiations, they continued to take prisoners and murder them. This artifice, worthy of the most infamous European policy, succeeded as the savage Le Rat desired. The war was renewed with greater fury than ever, and lasted the longer, as the English, about this time, projected the reduction of Canada.

With this view an English fleet appeared in the Saint Lawrence in October, 1690. As the ships were sailing up the river, the troops marched by land, in order to reach the scene of action at the same instant as the fleet. They were nearly arrived, when the Iroquois, who conducted and supported them, recollected the hazard they ran in leading their allies to the conquest of Quebec. This consideration instantly induced them to desert the English and return to their homes, and, from motives of policy, to stifle their resentment against the French. The war, therefore, was carried on merely by a few depredations, fatal to the colonists, but of little consequence to the nations concerned in them. During the

scene of cruelties exercised by the several parties of English and Iroquois, French and Hurons, whose ravages extended three hundred miles from home, some actions were performed, which seemed to render human nature superior to such enormities. Some French and Indians having joined in an expedition that required a long march, their provisions began to fail. The Hurons caught plenty of game, and always offered some to the French, who were not such skillful huntsmen. The latter would have declined accepting this generous offer. "You share with us the fatigues of war," said the savages; "it is but reasonable that we should share with you the necessaries of life; we should not be men if we acted otherwise." If similar instances of magnanimity may have sometimes occurred in civilized life, the following is peculiar to savages. A party of Iroquois being informed that a party of the French traders and their allies were advancing with superior forces, they fled with precipitation. They were headed by Onontague, who was a hundred years old. He scorned to fly with the rest, and chose rather to fall into the hands of the enemy; though he had nothing to expect but exquisite torments. What a spectacle, to see four hundred barbarians eager in tormenting an old man; who, far from complaining, treated the French with the utmost contempt, and upbraided the Hurons with having stooped to be slaves to those vile Europeans! One of his tormentors, provoked at his invectives, stabbed him in three places, to put an end to his repeated insults. "Thou dost wrong," said Onontague calmly to him; "to shorten my life; thou wouldst have more time to learn to die like a man!"

The peace of Ryswick put a sudden stop to these calamities. The Hurons and the Iroquois, as well as the English and French, were sensible that they required a long duration of peace to repair the losses they had sustained in the war. The Indians began to recover themselves; the Europeans resumed their labours; and the fur trade, the first that could be entered into with a nation of Huntsmen, was more firmly established. It received, however, many severe and fatal shocks previous to the conquest of Canada; at which period it is our intention to renew the subject in our next number.

THE ARRIVAL.

WINTER has its pleasures.—Our reading-rooms—libraries—carioles—balls and whist parties serve to dissipate some of the precious hours of time—affords some opportunities of observing character and of cementing the ties of friendship and domestic life; during this season the enjoyments of society are improved, and within its circle, when well chosen, the kindest feelings of the heart expand, and our dormant ideas are called forth and imparted with a glow that gives a charm to our fireside.

Give me, however, smiling spring and a morning's walk; it is my delight! A feeling of disappointment steals over me whenever I keep my couch after six o'clock; living as I do in town during a large proportion of the day and devoted to study—the necessity of taking exercise is alone, a sufficient inducement;—but to the lover of the wild beauties of nature, there are other motives of a much higher and more pleasing kind: to neglect the opportunities which offer of enjoying these, evinces a want of taste, and an ignorance of some of the finest sensations which dignify our feelings.

Quebec from its high, commanding situation, affords a rich treat to the admirers of the sublime;—for my part I never approach the elevated portion of the ramparts without surveying with an anxious eye the romantic mountain scenery beyond Beauport—it bears a strong resemblance to some of the charming views in the north of England; fancy has often painted in idea a Winander-mere or Derwentwater amongst those distant hills: One beautiful spring morning, ere the heat had become oppressive, I was taking my usual ramble; contemplating with silent, but unspeakable admiration, the sublime landscape around, when my attention was drawn towards an object just emerging from amongst the trees at the extremity of Point Levi;—it was the first arrival of the season! The telegraph had announced a ship in the river, and conjecture was busy fixing the probable period of the vessel's arrival, when its sudden and unexpected appearance, dissipated at once all further speculation.

Those only who reside in a remote colony like this, shut out nearly half the year from a direct intercourse with their parent soil, are capable of describing the feelings of anxiety and pleasure which crowd upon the senses, when nature having disrobed herself of the attributes of winter, spreads the charms and influence of spring over her splendid features—substitutes for the virgin garb on shore the richest green—and wearing a pace the ice which converts our immense rivers into vast plains—reforms the liquid element—again to be covered with the sails of our native clime, big, perhaps, with the important events of months—of countries lost and won—of national prosperity and misery—of unions formed among friends, and alas! the sad tidings of those no more; some whose last moments might have been soothed by our presence or the knowledge of our being, and to whom also we may have felt desirous of giving our parting consolation. Such are a few of those feelings which embarrass the anxious mind, hurrying towards the first spot which enables us to solve such doubts and fears.

Judge of my feelings when I found it to be the very ship in which a dear and valued friend was expected; my impatience did not allow me to be a mere spectator of its near approach; I got into a boat and

in spite of all obstacles found myself in a few minutes aboard. My friend was there! Twenty years had passed since we had met, yet I could not venture to his presence—recollection was busy marshalling before me the first impressions of our early acquaintance, and I found so much pleasure in the retrospection as nearly to forget the renewed opportunity of blending these recollections with the positive enjoyment of his society; he approached, however, and though his once handsome features were now rugged and emaciated, a glance was enough to recognize each other; a hearty shake of the hand, and looks which told the fulness of the heart within, followed, and deprived us both of words for an instant. Hastening ashore, our conversation became desultory; my friend informed me he had made up his mind to reside in Canada, upon the income which he derived from property in the funds; there was, he acknowledged, a wide difference in the climate, but he looked upon it as more *British* to sail for Canada than Calais—among friends and countrymen endeared to him by many ties and recollections, to a country where our constitution and laws are established, and where he hoped to discover society constituted very similar to what it is in our native land.

A man of a tolerable independency may live with distinction in Canada, and at all times become a welcome guest to his neighbours. That high aristocratic feeling which unfortunately prevails in circles in Britain will not be found here. Dependent as we are upon each other for the real enjoyment of intellectual and social life, such distinctions in respectable society would be as misplaced as injurious. Well bred gentlemen are at all times valuable and interesting companions; when in such society I never permit my heart to be asked whether their *circumstances* are equal to my own, it is sufficient for me that they possess those real virtues which distinguish so many of our countrymen.

My friend was particularly delighted with the river scenery. A stranger arriving in sight of Quebec, will naturally be struck with the imposing and sublime objects which in every direction attract the eye;—on the right, the beautiful and fertile Island of Orleans, and the romantic fall of Montmorenci, excite his wonder and admiration—in front, Cape Diamond, with its Citadel, and the tiers of building from the Lower to the Upper Town, are striking and majestic objects; higher up, the picturesque beauties of the plains of Abraham, and, on the left, Point Levi, in splendid and infinite variety, burst upon the view—characteristic, however, rather of foreign than of British scenery. Lower Canada does not generally indicate a British Province, and there appears a sameness in those parts which are cultivated and inhabited, which the eye seeks in vain to contrast with the modern mansions and cottages of Great Britain.

The large construction of our steam-boats, and the shipping in harbour during the navigable season, give to Quebec and Montreal much commercial importance. The steam-boat navigation is truly applicable to the immense rivers and inland seas of Canada. Its vast machinery triumphs against all the force of rapids, tides, and wind—and carries us, with the velocity of the speedy horse, from place to place; but the advantages which this great invention gives us over the deep, must, to make them truly valuable as a national benefit, be followed up by advances towards improvement among the inhabitants of the country. In the French character there is much to commend and something to admire—but they want leaders;

if their great land proprietors would introduce and encourage liberal improvements, and permit their *positive* interests to counteract the force of prejudice, a visible alteration would soon be effected—but more of this hereafter.

My friend was evidently pleased with the friendly faces he passed as we slowly walked to the Upper Town, and was truly delighted upon my acquainting him that a mutual friend was a neighbour of mine, who had led fifteen years of a military life. There is something very prepossessing in the company of a well informed officer. Our old companion had been very handsome in his youth, but active duty made sad inroads on his manly frame, and shaded with care and anxiety a countenance we used to think a mirror of the friendly heart within—he evinced much heroic spirit and enterprize during the peninsular war; at Salamanca he was severely wounded; he recovered however, and the brave fellows he commanded welcomed him at their head with renewed pleasure and satisfaction. When the war ceased, his battalion was reduced, and he embarked for this country; he is a most agreeable man; for my part, when near him, I can never dismiss from my mind that I am in the presence of a hero and a gentleman.

“Kindred hearts,” says my friend, “are no doubt around us! I have so often heard of the numerous emigrations to these provinces, that I anticipate much pleasure in tracing our varied national peculiarities, and in discovering that we preserve our virtues as sacred as we do our creeds of religion.”

2.

FROM CATULLUS.

How often my fair one hath ardently vow'd
She never could wed any other than me,
Although even Jove, to her beauty hath bowed,
The Monarch of Heaven rejected should be.

She vow'd—but whatever may woman declare
To deceive her adorer in love's idle dream,
Go,—write it upon the impalpable air,
Or inscribe, if you will, on the fugitive stream.

ON SONGS.

NO. I.

"I love a Ballad but even too well."

(à la mode) OLD PLAY.

I KNOW not how it is, that while those who, in politics, defame their opponents—or, in private life, their acquaintances and friends—or, in literature, authors, are all listened to with good humour and applause, the man who opposes the existing *fashion* of the world, whether in devotion or dress, morality or music, finds himself deserted and despised. One might have hoped, that the taste and disposition, of the world would have encouraged any species of censure. But such is not the case; and those who will instruct the public and remonstrate, must to use the words of an old Icelandic song,

"Non skell um blaut fur skillingsi."

that is, "more kicks than halfpence;" they must find their reward in their own minds, in a steady estimate of the value of those principles which unite the thoughts and feelings of different ages and nations, compared with those which rule the petty divisions of the "thrice sacred multitude."

I have chosen this part; and propose to show, in defiance of Swift, that *there is a difference* "betwixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee,"—that although song has no longer to boast its ancient triumphs—although "no rat is rhymed to death, or maid to love"—that it is yet worthy of our interest, and capable of becoming a source of happiness; and that, notwithstanding all the Piano Fortes, Sonatinas, and Waltzes, in operation, *Man is, yet, a Poetical and Musical Animal*. May these feeble efforts find their way through the carved wood and silken foilage of drawing rooms and parlours—may they serve to counteract the *bravosissimos* of those myrmidons who surround the warbling fair one!—may they too, meet the eyes of some humbler and happier maid, who, in less gaudy plumage and ungolded cage, confirms, by her artless airs—whether the mild, the plaintive, or the deep—"all that Greece relates!"

When we look back, and examine the opinions of past ages, we find, that the cause of the decline of music, at all times, has been the gradual substitution of *ornament for beauty*, and *effeminacy for feeling*. This has arisen from the idea that all men have a right to judge of music, and permitting, from this, the public to be the ruler of taste. Now, the truth is, men differ less in their minds and bodies than they do in those powers by which we feel and appreciate the objects of imagination. It is true there are general laws, under which the Arts may hope to influence the great majority, but this is only where circumstances have favored the power of those on whom Nature has bestowed her highest gift, sensibility. Nor are there other hopes of resisting this tendency to corruption of taste, than the unyielding efforts of the lovers of simplicity and beauty. Let them never give in to the idle disputes of what is Nature? or, every thing is Nature! These miserable at-

tempts to confuse every principle and feeling, are unworthy of reply. "There is one class of men," said Riverol, "with whom we should never dispute tastes—those who have none."

I believe I must apologize for being so serious; but it is necessary to premise some principles on which I may afterwards found my observations on the songs of England, or refer to those of other nations. Besides, I should wish to show that music is not a frivolous subject; and the excellence of the Italians in this art, is justly attributed, by an English Divine, to their gravity. There are, indeed, no greater obstacles to improvement, nor greater proofs of a rude mind, than misplaced wit and mirth. These are the great resources of that *semi-barbarism*, which has forsaken the feelings of *Nature*, without having attained those of *refinement*.

My great object in these remarks will be to establish the superiority of *simplicity* over *modern* innovations, by an examination of a number of our most celebrated compositions. No finer or juster idea can be conveyed of that great principle of the influence of nature, than the assertion of the ancient Philosopher, "that the finest Hymn ever made, was "the work of Cynicus, the most ignorant of men." How many proofs have we of this claim in behalf of uneducated minds, from the period when Plato wrote this, to that in which Ramsay composed his "Gentle Shepherd," and Burns his pastoral Songs? How many inexplicable beauties has the curiosity of modern days brought to light, in the national music and poetry of different countries? How extraordinary is the fact which these establish, that the most affecting productions of the imagination and art, like the discoveries of Science, seem destined still to remain in the possession of our race in general, as being beyond the power of study or of labour?

When the Philosopher sets aside the fables of antiquity, he seldom puts any thing in their place. He has only the cold satisfaction of dispelling those beautiful temples with which the visionaries of early ages adorned the earth. Human arts and knowledge are now traced like mighty rivers to some nameless rivulet, or wintry stream, and the success of our curiosity teaches us that this passion, as well as its objects, are alike deceitful. Poetry and music have their infancy; but belonging, as they do, to the mind and imagination, their origin, changes, progress, and character, are different from the mere arts of well-being and existence. Even with all the enquiries of the historian and voyager, something mysterious still hangs over the origin of fancy and the birth-day of the muse; and those who have felt most deeply their power are least willing to profane the gloom. They are averse to receive the Hindoo doctrine of pre-existence and the allegory of the Greek, as well as the bird theory of Lucretius and Daines Barrington, or the romantic fable of Gessner. It is enough for them that, before science, policy, or comfort, were known, the charms of beauty had been sung—the visions of glory been displayed—and the voice of grief softened into tenderness, in every language of the earth. This is the mythology of truth, which Gray has so magnificently adorned:—

Mans' feeble race what ills await!
Labour and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!

The fond complaint my song disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly muse?

—Night and all her sickly dews,

Her spectres' roar and birds of boding cry,

He gives to range the dreary sky:

Till down the eastern cliffs afar

Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war!

Still, however, banishing the fiction that would adorn, or the reasoning that would explain the origin of Music and Poetry, I believe all, who have given much attention to the nature and real power of these, will be led insensibly to consider them in their earlier examples as the perfect and eternal expressions of the human heart—of a language lost in the future contest and variety of civilization—of the elements of those feelings which bind us to society, or which banish us from its pleasures to dwell upon the past. I shall have occasion afterwards to point out the peculiar distinctions between the thoughts and associations of native genius, and of those second rate minds which are the work of education and habit. In the mean time I may remark that perhaps there are no studies more fitted to improve the judgement of readers, or to form the taste of those who write, than those relics of primitive ages. This idea has given rise to a new school of Poetry, of which Mr. Wordsworth has been at once the defender and the most illustrious pupil. The effect has been what might have been anticipated from an attempt to be natural by system and simple by study. They may deceive those who are unacquainted with the originals, but I rejoice to add, that even genius is denied the power of throwing confusion into the most delightful study, that of the human mind. Those first dawnings of national character and feeling take their rise at a particular period of society and are for ever lost to those nations whom conquest or colonization give an unnatural impetus to improvement; and like modern education, which unfolding the faculties prematurely, weaken their energy and destroy those charms which would have covered the future path of life with flowers. I cannot resist quoting the beautiful verses of the French Poet—

Précieux jours dont fut ornée
La jeunesse de l'univers,
Par quelle triste destinée
N'êtes vous plus que dans nos vers ?

La tendre et touchante harmonie
A leurs jeux doit ses premiers airs ;
A leur noble et libre génie
Apollon doit ses premiers vers.

I propose in my next number to offer some remarks on the melody and the structure of the verse of songs. I shall conclude with a sketch, I have somewhere seen, of the effects of Music upon the heart.

“It was many years since I had visited the Theatre once the place where in youth all my cares were forgot—where I lived in all ages and countries—where I mourned and wept and triumphed with those who never had a being. Still, I must remember that even these happy delusions of my fancy never equalled the proud and exulting feelings which were raised in my heart when those *Airs* which are chosen, as if by miracle, to express the greatness and glory of my Country, “*God save the King, and Rule Britannia.*”

"May these through ages rise in the mingled harmony of the Orchestra! How often have I, in my youthful days, witnessed, that before the curtain rose, and while the theatre was only a confused and unmeaning crowd—how often have I seen, at the first smooth touch of the violin—the firm and measured harmony of the Bass—and the stern blast of the Trumpet—how often have I heard the noise sink into stillness, and the irregularity glide into symmetry, and in place of Chaos nothing was to be seen but the graceful and gentle motions of Beauty sparkling in the Boxes—the level mass of the steady Pit, and the discords of the galleries subsided into a distant noise, which marked the time, like the tread of distant battalions.—The deep harmony filled my whole frame, and my heart swelled at every shout of the trumpet. I forgot myself in some wild and rapturous dream. It had no absolute ideas attached to it—yet I felt as if I were the child of Fame. I thought every eye should gaze on me. I knew not whether I was leading out the last and chosen sons of a great City to Battle, or whether I was returning victorious into its gates—whether I was surrounded by a nation saved, or a land about to overwhelm a Tyrant.—But I felt all these—and it seemed as if I had performed noble and generous deeds—and had suffered—and had relieved the wretched, and restored exiles, and had brought home exiled and lost parents—and sons to their mother's arms—and I felt—O more than all this!"

"O days of my youth! ye are not altogether gone, since I can yet feebly tell what I once felt. Enthusiastic and divine dream—worthy preparation for the scenes of Shakespeare! ye have consoled me even when the vision disappeared by the thought that these unwritten scenes of the imagination were weak indications of that national mind, which in the favorites of nature had risen to "sublimar heights and made the grove harmonious."

A.

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

NO. I.

Legum Scientia atque Medicina, sunt veluti quædam cognatione conjunctæ, ut quæ jurisperitus et idem quoque sit medicus.

THE sources of human knowledge being always accessible among all nations where government may be considered a science, the mind that remains inactive when prepared to cultivate its further perfection, affects not only that consolation of the heart always attendant upon laudable acts; but, what is of more general importance, retards the progress and happiness of civil society. The field of literary emulation being now, however, open, a general participation and exchange of instruction must follow; and although the human mind is prone even to illusory gratifications, yet, if the fruits of our labours are crowned but with sparing commendation, it will be consolatory to reflect, that the soil from which they emanate in these regions, though highly cultivable, has not long emerged from its icy covering. But experience teaches us that, in the present age, when the accession of human improvement is sought for with avidity, no path is too rugged or difficult to obstruct a passage into the ocean of moral and physical sciences.

Although my object is utility, and its importance, after the most patient scrutiny, must plead an apology, yet, I am not so emboldened as

to lay aside the ordinary anticipation of a writer; for he that offers himself a candidate for public opinion and approbation at that immature period of life, when opportunities for information and observation are limited, must naturally subject himself to the concomitant censures of the more enlightened and less presumptuous.

It is inherent in man, from the lowest to the highest station, at all times to consider *justice* and *health* as two of those first and invaluable properties which he never ceases to desire as requisite, even at the sacrifice of all other considerations in life—the one possesses that noble virtue which treats every one in strict accordance to his right; and the other applied to it, is forensic medicine, which consists of treating the various phenomena of nature in their moral and depraved state, or, in more explanatory terms, of giving decisions on medical questions in courts of civil and criminal jurisprudence. They are both the work of Philosophy, that is, the union of moral with physical sciences, so well established by the eminent Gravina, who, in his “*Oratio de Juriſprudentia*,” says, “*Quid enim est aliud jus romanum, niſi ratio imperans, et armata ſapientia, ſententiæque philoſophorum in publica juſſa converſæ.*” The two are ſo inſeparably connected, that daily experience evinces the indiſpenſable aid of forensic medicine, in completing the ends of legiſlation in the moſt abſtruſe controverſial points. It is, however, in criminal jurisprudence, that we are forcibly led to appreciate the value and importance of uniting medicine with law, for the full exerciſe and adminiſtration of juſtice—It here proves an incontrovertible guarantee to the honor and lives of thoſe unjuſtly compromiſed in crimes, as well in the evil, to preſerve reputation and fortune.

A knowledge of every part connected with this ſcience, is of the utmoſt importance, not only to medical men, but to Judges and Lawyers:—“They will by it be enabled (obſerves a Reviewer) to eſtimate how much they may depend on the opinion of any Phyſician and will know how to direct their queſtions, ſo as to arrive at the truth, and avoid being miſled by his partiality or favorite opinions.” Indeed, to the Lawyer who conducts the defence of an accuſed perſon, it is indiſpenſably neceſſary; without it, he cannot do juſtice, to the cauſe of his client; and moreover, the duty of a coroner conſiſts almoſt entirely in deciding queſtions of Juridical Medicine. Confining myſelf to the latter, how could a Jury be ſecure in its judgment of caſes which come within the province of Anatomy, Phyſiology and Pathology, without reſorting to perſons well verſed in theſe branches of ſcience,—for let it be well remembered that the immediate cauſe of death is not always to be accounted for, where the ſymptoms during life appear moſt urgent—but that of not only ſtrictly obſerving the various phenomena of animated nature, but of their changes and morbid appearances after death, as well as the poſſibility of the ſame effects being produced by very different cauſes.

Whatever evidence the Phyſician, may hear, his, ſhould depend ſolely on *demonſtrative* proof, for let him ſeriously conſider, as poſſeſſing a good judgment, information, probity and love of juſtice (qualifications truly neceſſary) that the authority of a professional man will be aſſumed as a fact and always guide a jury in its final deciſion; nay a Phyſician's aſſertion is not only evidence, but juſtly ſpeaking a judgment.—To conclude this introduction, I muſt ſay that the indignation I have often felt in hearing the evidence of medical men, as well as of peruſing their reports, on the inqueſts of premature deaths conduces greatly to the publicity of my obſervations.

Selected Papers.

QUENTIN DURWARD.

(Continued from our last Number.)

After experiencing some little troubles, in which, however, he had nearly forfeited his life, Quëntin had the good or bad luck to be enrolled in the body-guard of the King of France, at a very important period—when Count Crevecœur was Envoy at the Court of Louis demanding reparation for various injuries done to his master the Duke of Burgundy, one of which required the King of France to send back to his dominions without delay, and under a secure safe-guard, Isabella, Countess of Croye, and her relation and guardian the Countess of Hameline, being the ward of the Duke of Burgundy, though she was induced to fly from his care by the deep policy of Louis. The scene in which the Envoy makes his demands in presence of Louis and his whole Court is very fine, and we are sorry we cannot make room for it; but the incident which introduces our hero to the more immediate notice and favour of his royal master, it is impossible to pass over in silence.—Finding the Burgundian Ambassador inexorable in his demands, Louis prevailed upon him to prolong his return homewards till after a Boar-Hunt which was to take place next day.

In the meanwhile, Louis, who though the most politic Prince of his time, upon this, as on other occasions, suffered his passion to interfere with his art, followed contentedly the chase of the wild boar, which was now come to an interesting point. It had so happened that a sounder (i. e. in the language of the period, a boar of only two years) had crossed the track of the proper object of the chase, and withdrawn in pursuit of him all the dogs, (saving two or three couple of old staunch hounds,) and the greater part of the huntsmen. The king saw, with internal glee, Dunois as well as others, follow upon this false scent, and enjoyed in secret the thought of triumphing over that accomplished knight, in the art of venerie, which was then thought almost as glorious as war. Louis was well mounted, and followed close on the hounds, so that, when the boar turned to bay, in a marshy piece of ground, there was no one near him but the King himself.

“ Louis showed all the bravery and expertness of an experienced huntsman; for unheeding the danger, he rode up to the tremendous animal, which was defending itself with fury against the dogs, and struck him with his boar-spear; yet as the horse shyed from the boar, the blow was not so effectual as either to kill or disable him. No effort could prevail on the horse to charge a second time; so that the King, dismounting, advanced on foot against the furious animal, holding naked in his hand one of those short sharp, straight, and pointed swords, which huntsmen used for such encounters. The boar instantly quitted the dogs to rush on his human enemy, while the King, taking his station, and posting himself firmly, presented the sword, with the purpose of aiming it at the boar's throat, or rather chest, within the collar-bone, on which case,

the weight of the beast, and the impetuosity of his career, would have served to accelerate his own destruction. But, owing to the wetness of the ground, the King's foot slipped, just as this delicate and perilous manœuvre ought to have been accomplished, and the point of the sword encountering the cuirass of bristles on the outside of the creature's shoulders, glanced off without making any impression, and Louis fell flat on the ground. This was so far fortunate for the Monarch, because the animal, owing to the King's fall, missed his blow in his turn, and only rent with his tusk the King's short hunting-cloak, instead of ripping up his thigh. But as, after running a little a-head in the fury of his course, the boar turned to repeat his attack on the King in the moment when he was rising, the life of Louis was in imminent danger, when Quentin Durward, who had been thrown out in the chase by the slowness of his horse, but, who nevertheless, had luckily distinguished and followed the blast of the King's horn, rode up, and transfixing the animal with his spear.

“The King, who had by this time recovered his feet, came in turn to Durward's assistance, and cut the animal's throat with his sword. Before speaking a word to Quentin, he measured the huge creature not only by paces, but even by feet—then wiped the sweat from his brow, and the blood from his hands—then took off his hunting cap, hung it on a bush, and devoutly made his orisons to the little leaden images which it contained—and then looking upon Durward, said to him, “Is it thou, my young Scot?—thou hast begun thy woodcraft well, and Maître Pierre owes thee as good entertainment as he gave thee at the Fleur-de-Lys yonder.—Why dost thou not speak;—Thou hast lost thy forwardness and fire, methinks, at the Court, where others find both.”

“Quentin, as shrewd a youth as ever Scottish breeze breathed caution into, was far too wise to embrace the perilous permission of familiarity which he seemed thus invited to use. He answered in very few and well-chosen words, that if he ventured to address his majesty at all, it could be but to crave pardon for the rustic boldness with which he had conducted himself when ignorant of his high rank;

“Tush! man,” said the King; “I forgive thy sauciness for thy spirit and shrewdness. I admired how near thou didst hit upon my gossip Tristan's occupation. You have nearly tasted of his handy-work since, as I am given to understand. I bid thee beware of him; he is a merchant who deals in rough bracelets and tight necklaces. Help me to my horse—I love thee, and will do thee good. Build on no man's favour but mine—not even on thine uncle's or Lord Crawford's—and say nothing of thy timely aid in this matter of the boar; for if a man makes boast that he has served a King in such a pinch, he must take the braggart humour for its own recompense.”

“The King then winded his horn, which brought up Dunois and several attendants, whose compliments he received on the slaughter of such a noble animal, without scrupling to appropriate a much greater share of merit than actually belonged to him; for he mentioned Durward's assistance as slightly as a sportsman, who, in boasting of the number of birds which he has bagged, does not always dilate upon the presence and assistance of the game keeper. He then ordered Dunois to see that the boar's carcass was sent to the brotherhood of Saint Martin, at Tours, to mend their fair upon holidays, and that they might remember the King in their private devotions.

"And," said Louis, "who hath seen his Eminence, my Lord Cardinal? Methinks it were but poor courtesy, and cold regard to Holy Church, to leave him afoot here in the forest."

"May it please you, sire," said Quentin, when he saw that all were silent, "I saw his Lordship the Cardinal accommodated with a horse, on which he left the forest."

"Heaven cares for its own," replied the King, "Set forward, my lords; we'll hunt no more this morning.—You, Sir Squire," addressing Quentin, "reach me my wood-knife—it has dropped from the sheath beside the quarry there. Ride in, Dunois—I follow instantly."

"Louis, whose lightest motions were often conducted like stratagems, thus gained an opportunity to ask Quentin privately, "My bonny Scot, thou hast an eye, I see—Can'st thou tell me who helped the Cardinal to a palfrey?—Some stranger I should suppose; for as I passed without stopping, the courtiers would likely be loth to do him such a turn."

"I saw those who aided his Eminence but an instant, sire," said Quentin; "for I had been unluckily thrown out, and was riding fast, to be in my place; but I think it was the ambassador of Burgundy and his people."

"Ha!" said Louis—"Well, be it so—France will match them yet."

"There was nothing more remarkable happened, and the King and his retinue returned to the Castle."

Quentin's next employment was the precarious but honorable duty of acting as protector to two ladies of princely distinction on a long and perilous journey. How faithfully he executed his trust, may be collected from the following interesting narrative:—

"Quentin hastily looked back, and saw that two armed men were in fact following them, and riding at such a pace as must soon bring them up with their party. "It can," he said, "be only some of the Provostry-making their rounds in the Forest.—Do thou look," he said to Petit-Andre, "and see what they may be."

"Petit-Andre obeyed; and rolling himself jocosely in the saddle after he had made his observations, replied, "These, fair sir, are neither your comrades nor mine—neither Archers nor Marshalmen—for I think they wear helmets, with visors lowered, and gorgets of the same.—A plague upon these gorgets of all other pieces of armour!—I have fumbled with them an hour before I could undo the rivets."

"Do you, gracious ladies," said Durward, without attending to Petit-Andre, "ride forward—not so fast as to raise an opinion of your being in flight, and yet fast enough to avail yourselves of the impediment which I shall presently place between you and these men who follow us."

"The Countess Isabelle looked to their guide, and then whispered her aunt, who spoke to Quentin thus—"We have confidence in your care, fair Archer, and will abide rather the risk of whatever may chance in your company, than we will go on with that man, whose mien is, we think, of no good augury."

"Be it as you will, ladies," said the youth—"There are but two who come after us, and though they be knights, as their arms seem to show, they shall, if they have any evil purpose, learn how a Scotchman can do his devoir in the presence and defence of such as you are.—Which of you there," he continued, addressing the guards whom he commanded, "is willing to be my comrade, and to break a lance with these gallants?"

"Two of the men obviously faltered in resolution; but the third,

Bertrand Guyot, swore, "that, *cap de dieu*, were they Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, be would try their mettle; for the honour of Gascony."

"While he spoke, the two knights, for they seemed of no less rank, came with the rear of the party, in which Quentin, with his sturdy adherent, had by this time stationed himself. They were fully accoutred in excellent armour of polished steel, without any device by which they could be distinguished.

"One of them, as they approached, called out to Quentin, "Sir Squire, give place—we come to relieve you of a charge which is above your rank and condition. You will do well to leave these ladies in our care, who are fitter to wait upon them, especially as we know that in yours they are little better than captives."

"In return to your demand, sirs," replied Durward, "know, in the first place, that I am discharging the duty imposed upon me by my present Sovereign; and next, that however unworthy I may be, the ladies desire to abide under my protection."

"Out, sirrah!" exclaimed one of the champions; "will you, a wandering beggar, put yourself on terms of resistance against belted knights?"

"They are indeed terms of resistance," said Quentin, "since they oppose your insolent and unlawful aggression; and if there be difference of rank between us, which as yet I know not, your discourtesy has done it away. Draw your sword, or, if you will use the lance, take ground for your career."

"While the knights turned their horses, and rode back to the distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, Quentin, looking to the ladies bent low on his saddle-bow, as if desiring their favourable regard, and as they streamed towards him their kerchiefs, in token of encouragement, the two assailants had gained the distance necessary for their charge.

"Calling to the Gascon to bear himself like a man, Durward put his steed into motion; and the four horsemen met in full career in the midst of the ground which at first separated them. The shock was fatal to the poor Gascon; for his adversary, aiming at his face, which was undefended by a visor, run him through the eye into the brain, so that he fell dead from his horse.

"On the other hand, Quentin, though labouring under the same disadvantage, swayed himself in the saddle so dexterously, that the hostile lance, slightly scratching his cheek, passed over his right shoulder; while his own spear, striking his antagonist fair upon the breast, hurled him to the ground. Quentin jumped off, to unhelm his fallen opponent; but the other knight, (who, by the way, had never yet spoken,) seeing the fortune of his companion, dismounted still more speedily than Durward, and bestriding his friend, who lay senseless, exclaimed, "In the name of God and Saint Martin, mount, good fellow, and get thee gone with thy woman's ware!—Ventre Saint Gris, they have caused mischief enough this morning."

"By your leave, Sir Knight," said Quentin, who could not brook the menacing tone in which this advice was given, "I will first see whom I have had to do with, and learn who is to answer for the death of my comrade."

"That shalt thou never live to know or to tell," answered the knight.

“Get thee back in peace, good fellow. If we were fools for interrupting your passage, we have had the worse, for thou hast done more evil than the lives of thou and thy whole band could repay.—Nay, if thou wilt have it, (for Quentin now drew his sword, and advanced on him,) take it with a vengeance!”

“So saying, he dealt the Scot such a blow on the helmet, as, till that moment, (though bread where good blows were plenty,) he had only read of in romance. It descended like a thunderbolt, beating down the guard which the young soldier had raised to protect his head, and reaching his helmet of proof, cut it through so far as to touch his hair, but without further injury; while Durward, dizzy, stunned, and beaten down on one knee, was for an instant at the mercy of the knight, had it pleased him to second his blow. But compassion for Quentin’s youth, or admiration of his courage, or a generous love of fair play, made him withhold from taking such advantage; while Quentin, collecting himself, sprung up and attacked his antagonist with the energy of one determined to conquer or die, and at the same time with the presence of mind necessary for fighting the quarrel out to the best advantage. Resolved not again to expose himself to such dreadful blows as he had just sustained, he employed the advantage of superior agility, increased by the comparative lightness of his armour, to harrass his antagonist, by traversing on all sides, with a suddenness of motion and rapidity of attack, against which the knight, in his heavy panoply, found it difficult to defend himself without much fatigue.

“It was in vain that this generous antagonist called aloud to Quentin, “that there now remained no cause of fight betwixt them, and that he was loath to be constrained to do him injury.” Listening only to the suggestions of a passionate wish to redeem the shame of his temporary defeat, Durward continued to assail him with the rapidity of lightning—now menacing him with the edge, now with the point of his sword—and ever keeping such an eye on the motions of his opponent, of whose superior strength he had had terrible proof, that he was ready to spring backward or aside, from under the blows of his tremendous weapon.

“Now the devil be with thee for an obstinate and presumptuous fool,” muttered the knight, “that cannot be quiet till thou art knocked on the head!” So saying, he changed his mode of fighting, collected himself as if to stand on the defensive, and seemed contented with parrying, instead of returning, the blows which Quentin unceasingly aimed at him, with the internal resolution, that the instant when either loss of breath, or any false or careless pass of the young soldier, should give an opening, he would put an end to the fight by a single blow. It is likely he might have succeeded in this artful policy, but Fate had ordered it otherwise.

“The duel was still at the hottest, when a large party of horse rode up, crying, “Hold, in the King’s name!” Both champions stepped back—and Quentin saw, with surprise, that his Captain, Lord Crawford, was at the head of the party who had thus interrupted their combat.—There was also Tristan l’Hermite, with two or three of his followers; making, in all, perhaps twenty horse.”

Durward, however, was permitted to proceed on his journey, but his unfortunate antagonists were carried back and placed at the disposal of the tyrannic Louis. By the aid of a guide, no less fantastic in his ap-

pearance than singular in his habits, Quentin proceeded in safety, until, by a dexterity peculiar only to his own chivalric and manly resolutions, he discovered that this guide was instructed to lead him and his party so far astray as to compel them to become easy prisoners to William de la Marck, the terror of the surrounding country. This plot having been obviated, the party soon afterwards arrived at their place of destination, which was the beautiful Castle of Schonwaldt, the seat of the reigning bishop of Liege.

“Leaving off, therefore, all thoughts of their original route, the little party followed that by the left bank of the broad Maes, so speedily and successfully, that the next day early brought them to the purposed end of their journey. They found that the Bishop of Leige, for the sake of his health, as he himself alleged, but rather, perhaps, to avoid being surprised by the numerous and mutinous population of the city, had established his residence in his beautiful Castle of Schonwaldt, about a mile without Liege.

“Just as they approached the Castle, they saw the Prelate returning in long procession from the neighbouring city, in which he had been officiating at the performance of High Mass. He was at the head of a splendid train of religious, civil, and military men, mingled together, or, as the old ballad-maker expresses it,

“With many a cross-bearer before,
And many a spear behind.”

“The procession made a noble appearance, as, winding along the verdant banks of the broad Maes, it wheeled into, and was, as it were, devoured by, the huge gothic portal of the Episcopal residence.

“But when the party came more near, they found that circumstances around the castle argued a doubt and sense of insecurity, which contradicted that display of pomp and power which they had just witnessed. Strong guards of the Bishop's soldiers were heedfully maintained all around the mansion and its immediate vicinity, and the prevailing appearances in an ecclesiastical court, seemed to argue a sense of danger in the reverend prelate, who found it necessary thus to surround himself with all the defensive precautions of war. The Ladies of Croye, when announced by Quentin, were reverently ushered into the great hall, where they received the most cordial reception, from the Bishop, who met them there at the head of his little court. He would not permit them to kiss his hand, but welcomed them with a salute, which had something in it of gallantry on the part of a prince to fine women, and something also of the holy affection of a pastor to the sisters of his flock.

“Louis of Bourbon, the reigning Bishop of Leige, was in truth a generous and a kind-hearted prince; whose life had not indeed been always confined, with precise strictness, within the bounds of his clerical character; but who, notwithstanding, had uniformly maintained the frank and honourable character of the House of Bourbon, from which he was descended.

“In latter times, as age advanced, the Prelate had adopted a life more becoming a member of the hierarchy than his early reign had exhibited, and was loved among the neighbouring princes, as a noble ecclesiastic, generous and magnificent in his ordinary mode of life, though preserving no very severe rectitude of character, and governing with an easy indif-

ference, which, amid his wealthy and mutinous subjects, rather encouraged than subdued rebellious purposes.

"The Bishop was so fast an ally of the Duke of Burgundy, that the latter claimed almost a joint sovereignty in his bishopric, and repaid the good-natured ease with which the Prelate admitted claims, which he might easily have disputed, by taking his part on all occasions, with the determined and furious zeal which was a part of his character. He used to say, he considered Liege as his own, the Bishop as his brother, (indeed they might be accounted such, in consequence of the Duke having married, for his first wife, the Bishop's sister,) and that he who annoyed Louis of Bourbon, had to do with Charles of Burgundy; a threat which, considering the character and the power of the prince who used it, would have been powerful with any but the rich and discontented city of Liege, where much wealth had, according to the ancient proverb, made wit waver.

"The Prelate, as we have said, assured the ladies of Cröye of such intercession as his interest at the Court of Burgundy, used to the uttermost, might gain for them, and which he hoped, might be the more effectual as Campo Basso, from some late discoveries, stood rather lower than formerly, in the Duke's personal favour. He promised them also such protection as it was in his power to afford: but the sigh with which he gave the warrant, seemed to allow that his power was more precarious than in words he was willing to admit.

"At every event, my dearest daughters," said the Bishop, with an air in which, as in his previous salute, a mixture of spiritual unction qualified the hereditary gallantry of the House of the Bourbon. "Heaven forbid I should abandon the lamb to the wicked wolf, or noble ladies to the oppression of faitours. I am a man of peace, though my abode now rings with arms; but be assured I will care for your safety as for my own, and should matters become yet more distracted here, which, with our Lady's grace, we trust will be rather pacified than inflamed, we will provide for your safe conduct to Germany; for not even the will of our brother and protector, Charles of Burgundy, shall prevail with us to dispose of you in any respect contrary to your own inclinations. We cannot comply with your request of sending you to a convent; for, alas! such is the influence of the sons of Belial among the inhabitants of Liege, that we know no retreat to which our authority extends, beyond the bounds of our own castle, and the protection of our soldiery. But here you are most welcome; and your train shall have all honorable entertainment; especially this youth, whom you recommend so particularly to our countenance, and on whom we bestow our blessing."

"Quentin, kneeled, as in duty bound, to receive the Episcopal benediction.

"For yourselves," proceeded the good Prelate, "you shall reside here with my sister Isabella, a Canoness of Trier, and with whom you may dwell in all honor, even under the roof of so gay a bachelor as the Bishop of Liege."

"He gallantly conducted the ladies to his sister's apartment, as he concluded the harangue of welcome; and his Master of the Household, an officer, who, having taken Deacon's orders, held something between a secular and ecclesiastical character, entertained Quentin with the hospitality which his master enjoined, while the other personages of the reti-

nue of the Ladies of Croye were committed to the inferior departments."

But even in this sacred abode, it would appear that the Ladies of Croye were fur from being safe; for, a few nights after their arrival, La Marck, or the wild Boar of Ardennes, as he was usually called, from his ferocious character, and his external resemblance to that animal, besieged the Castle and most inhumanly sacked it. One of the ladies was saved by a low intrigue of her own and of the Bohemian guide. How the other, the Lady Isabelle, was rescued from danger we shall presently find:—

"The surprised and affrighted garrison of the Castle of Schonwaldt had, nevertheless, for some time, made good the defence of the place against the assailants; but the immense crowds which, issuing from the city of Liege, thronged to the assault like bees, distracted their attention and abated their courage.

"There was also disaffection at least, if not treachery, among the defenders, for some called out to surrender, and others, deserting their posts, tried to escape from the castle. Many threw themselves from the walls into the moat, and such as escaped drowning, flung aside their distinguishing badges, and saved themselves by mingling among the motley crowd of assailants. Some few, indeed, from attachment to the Bishop's person, drew around him, and continued to defend the great Keep, to which he had fled; and others, doubtful of receiving quarter, or from an impulse of desperate courage, held out other detached bulwarks and towers of the extensive building. But the assailants had got into possession of the courts and lower parts of the edifice, and were busy pursuing the vanquished, and searching for spoil, when one individual, as if he sought for that death from which all others were flying, endeavoured to force his way into the scene of tumult and horror, under apprehensions still more horrible to his imagination, than the realities around him were to his sight and senses. Whoever had seen Quentin Durward that fatal night, not knowing the meaning of his conduct, had accounted him a raging madman; whoever had appreciated his motives, had ranked him nothing beneath a hero of romance.

"Approaching Schonwaldt on the same side from which he had left it, the youth met several fugitives making for the wood, who naturally avoided him as an enemy, because he came in an opposite direction from that which they had adopted. When he came nearer, he could hear, and partly see, men dropping from the garden wall into the castle fosse, and others who seemed precipitated from the battlements by the assailants. His courage was not staggered, even for an instant. There was not time to look for the boat, even had it been practicable to use it, and it was in vain to approach the postern of the garden, which was crowded with fugitives, who ever and anon, as they were thrust through it by the pressure behind, fell into the moat, which they had no means of crossing. Avoiding that point, Quentin threw himself into the moat, near what was called the little gate of the castle, and where there was a draw-bridge, which was still elevated; and by a great exertion of strength and activity, swayed himself out of the water, and attained the platform from which the bridge was suspended.

(To be concluded in our next Number.)

EDUCATION.

“L'envie de placer la morale partout nuit à nos recherches. On veut prêcher, endoctriner, commander, sans connoître les principes de sa doctrine.”

Bonstetten, *Études de l'Homme*, Tom. I.

AMONG the many unintelligible cant^s of this hypocritical age (for hypocritical it is *par excellence*) there is none more incomprehensible than that, which is in every mouth, concerning the happiness of childhood. Without dwelling upon the peculiar liability to disease of this period of our existence, and insisting on the long gauntlet of maladies, measles, hooping-cough, small-pox, *et id genus omne*, through which the youthful sufferer has to pass, it is sufficient to notice the perpetual restraint to which children are subjected, the hourly contradictions they encounter, and their total incapacity for comprehending the reason and necessity of submission. The clumsiest and the coarsest tyranny in social life is that which is imposed on the infant, not only through the superior intellect of the parent, and his solicitude for the welfare of his offspring, but from his wilfulness, his caprice, his love of domination, his obstinacy, and his mistakes concerning human nature. Accordingly, if there be an uncle, an aunt, or a grandmother in the family, he, she, or they, almost always run away with the affections of the children, from the parents, who are compelled to exert an habitual superintendence and controul over the actions of the rising generation.

For my own part, I can safely say, that the bitter sense of indignation which, in my earliest childhood I conceived at certain overt acts of real or of fancied injustice in my elders, was among the most painful feelings of my existence; and I have, consequently, never been hasty and unreasonable in my conduct towards children, without the severest self-reproach. It is on this account, perhaps, that my attention has been so much turned to the mode in which a brother I have, and his wife, manage, or rather mismanage, a somewhat numerous family; and that my cynicism has been roused at the multifarious whimsies with which, under the notion of education; they torture their unfortunate offspring.

Bred to trade, my brother received himself an education neither extensive nor well-grounded; and the lady he married had, unfortunately, just enough of boarding-school “accomplishments” to call forth a great deal of vanity, without rendering her *accomplished* in any particular.—Although she is sensible that her own stock of French is insufficient for even a short conversation, and that she can neither sing nor play so as to be tolerated in society,—although she is absolutely without information on every point of literature and science, and never read three books *through* in her life, yet she conceives herself to possess a great natural turn for educating others, and believes herself a competent judge on every disputed point in the theory and practice of communicating instruction.

It was a wise precaution in Doctor Cornelius, the worthy and learned parent of Martinus Scriblerus, to prepare beforehand his “daughter's mirror” and his “son's monitor;” and so “*in utrumque paratus*,”* to be

* *Dialogus*.—My wife is brought to bed.—What has she got?—Guess.—A son?—Guess again.—A daughter?—By Jove you've hit it.

ready for whatever might happen. But my brother's wife, more for titinate than her great predecessor, like Minerva, came into the world ready armed, and was, or thought herself, innately fitted for the parental office, and capable, by her spontaneous and self-directed energies, of superintending, no less her son's education than her daughter's. Her husband, who is a "thriving man," and still remembers that

When house and goods and land are spent,
Then *learning* is most excellent,

spares no expense in carrying into execution any and all the plans which the fertile imitateness of his good lady suggests, (expense indeed seeming to be one of the chiefest ingredients in the forming and storing the infant mind;) and as he has himself no time for any thing but business, my sister-in-law has that sort of autocratical sway over the nursery and school-room, which is bounded only by the obstinacy of servants, and the still greater inflexibility of the party least consulted in the affair.—Dame Nature herself.

Scarcely had their eldest boy attained to the completion of his fifth year, when he was provided with a private tutor; and his sister, who is less than a year younger, was at the same time saddled with a governess. "We can never begin too early," said the lady. "Ay, ay, I hate idleness: train up the child in the way he should go," re-echoed the papa:—and so to it they went, *verbero-ing* on one side the house, and *jaime-ing* on the other, from morning to night, let the sun shine as delightfully as it pleased, and the smiling fields invite as they might the poor little sufferers to lay up a stock of health and vigour; to fortify their tender organs for the rough shocks of a rude world, which await their riper years.

What progress my young nephew and niece made of precocious learning, I knew not; for I never cared to make myself that bore of a rising family—an examining friend; but I was soon aware that their health declined, that their heads were visibly too large for their bodies; (either from an actual developement of the overworked part, or from the shrivelling and emaciation of the other members,) that their cheeks were pale, and their appetite failed them. When I pointed out this circumstance to the mother, she assured me it was nothing but weakness; adding, that to remedy this evil, she carefully had her children bathed in cold water every morning, in summer and in winter; which she doubted not would soon restore them to their good looks. This narration explained to me the sobbing and lamentation I had heard before day-light in the nursery, when I spent the Christmas at my brother's. Never afterwards could I bear to sleep in that house. The thought of the poor little innocents shivering and coughing at the edge of the bathing-tub in a frosty morning, while I lay comfortably wrapped in my bed-clothes, recalled the misery I had so often suffered before the invention of machinery for sweeping chimnies, when I have heard some unfortunate child scraping his back along the flues in the walls of my bed-chamber, and earning a miserable existence, at the expense of disease, distortion, and hopeless slavery. "At least, however," I mentally exclaimed, "those black little urchins escape the drudgery of a fashionable education."
This strong call of the bathing-tub upon the feeble organs of infancy,

was not answered; and instead of the expected health, shivering fits, fevers, and internal complaints were the rewards of an impertinent interference with nature. "It is very odd," said my sister-in-law, "It's all worms; and yet I never failed putting all the children through a spring and full course of Cling's lozenges." At this time it was the fashion to make children hardy; and my nephews and nieces (and they were now numerous) were kept in a state nearly approaching to nudity; their linen dresses barely meeting the demands of decency. In this plight, they were daily set out in all weathers to walk for one hour (the canonical duration of a lesson) and to trail their listless limbs round the interior of a fashionable London square for the purposes of air and exercise.

The appearances of consumption in one of the girls at length put a stop to this excess; and a new system springing up, flannels, a full meal of meat, with an occasional glass of wine, (i. e. egregious stuffing) became the order of the day. Even this did not answer, and the girls were put under the tuition of a drill-serjeant, and taught the manual exercise; dumb bells were bought, and an elastic board mounted in the nursery, as proper substitutes for liberty and the natural use of the limbs. In one corner of the school-room may be seen Miss Jenny choaking in a monitor; in another Bobby standing fast fixed in the dancing-master's stocks. Little Bibby is chained by the hour at a time before a miserable old piano-forte, with her fingers close locked in the brass partitions of a cheiroplast. Flat on her back lies stretched on an inclined plane, the pallid Alicia, like Ixion on his wheel; while Thomas, who labours under St. Vitus's dance, carries about one arm extended on a broad board, to obviate a growing contraction of the muscles. All the girls are screwed up in a double canopy of patent stays, to reduce their bowels to the calibre of "an alderman's thumbing," the dimensions which fashion once more, in its folly, has assigned to female loveliness. Surely, surely, the tread-mill might supercede these various tortures; and, being applied to education, might exempt the freeborn British child, the heir of liberty and our "happy constitution," from such inquisitorial inventions!

But if the bodies of my poor nephews and nieces are submitted to an endless variety of "ingenious tormenting," their minds are not less tortured than their persons. Fourteen hours *per diem* they are pinned down to their language-masters, music-masters, mathematical-masters, besides attending three courses of lectures on chemistry, history, and moral philosophy. Why was this not thought upon when the act was passed for regulating the labour of children in cotton-manufactories? Besides, every point of education is to be conducted on a better (i. e. a newer) method than that employed with other people's children. The poor things are, therefore, the victims of all sorts of experiments. Whatever is the passing whim, is incorporated into my sister's domestic system; and studies are taken up *con amore*, or languish in indifference, and masters are engaged and disengaged, with a rapidity that doubles the labour of learning, if it does not utterly defeat the end. Every body in the mean time learns every thing; the girls study Greek and mathematics, and the boys partake in all the girls' pursuits, except tambouring and tent-stitch. All draw, all play the harp and piano-forte, all sing, all dance, though two of the children are deaf, and one is lame; and the whole family, except the eldest girl, seem to have been born without a

incture of taste for the fine arts. But while the attention is thus distracted, and borne away from subject to subject at the command of an hour-glass, the overloaded memory is ingeniously propped by a complex artificial system of common-places, to which their lies but one small objection, that it is more difficult to understand, remember, and apply, than to recollect things by their natural associations.

The eldest children have now arrived at an age when the intellects usually begin to exert themselves, when the senses and the imagination are active in their influence on the judgement, and present endless themes for the exercise of its hitherto untried powers; but here again art and tuition interfere to spoil the work of nature. Opinions on all subjects are presented for acceptance, "ready cut and dried," and all books are prohibited except under the direction of a person hired to read with the young folks, and to impress on them a due obstinacy and pertinacity, not only in sectarian religion and factious politics,* but in matters of criticism and general literature. The poor creatures are never suffered to think for themselves; and they are consequently as dogmatic and as positive on Homer, Racine, Byron, Hume, Bishop Berkeley, and Adam Smith, as they are on transubstantiation and the thirty-nine articles.— Their notions are in all cases alike infused in the true parrot way, independent of unprejudiced reason, and unfounded on legitimate deduction, and thus cribbed up in an intellectual *manège*, they are ready to be committed into the hands of some favourite reviewer, (whose periodical oracles will lead them in his own orthodox faith)—incapable of receiving a new idea, or of being disturbed in an ancient prejudice; too timid to doubt, too unpractised to enquire, and too feeble to tolerate in others opinions they can neither comprehend nor combat themselves.

The business of education is one of so much difficulty, that with all the accumulated experience of ages, the most striking geniuses are still found amongst those, who have escaped altogether from the trammels of scholastic discipline, and who have been formed by the direct influence of things, operating under the pressure of strong necessities.— The real object of a good education is fact; the scope to which, both in public and in private instruction, it is habitually adapted, is opinion. How far this is a necessary evil, is a subject too vast for the present paper. It is sufficient to notice, that in the actual state of society opinions are esteemed more important than solid information: and that infinitely more care is taken to preserve the world as it is, than to push it forward in the career of improvement. As long as this condition remains, there can be no question on the superiority of public over private tuition. In public institutions the habits inculcated may be vicious, the opinions and prejudices may be false (and indeed this is but too frequently the case); still, however, these vices and these false notions are those of the many. The pupil of the public is at least sure to be in the majority; while the creature of private instruction may be in error, both

* These terms are not exclusively applicable to those sects and parties which are deemed heterodox. A churchman may have the zeal of a sectarian, and a government-man be a factious partizan. The phrases are used, therefore, without reference to any particular creed, civil or religious, and merely in contradistinction to true religion and genuine patriotism.

with reference to the nature of things, and to his own social and personal interests, to boot. If our national schools seldom permit their youth to get the start of their age and country, they are at least on a level with it; while domestic education fixes in its subject all the local peculiarities by which it is surrounded. It may make him wiser and better than others; it more frequently leaves him below the average standard; and almost always it renders him quizzical, bashful, and timid; unfit for the business of life; and unequal to figure in society. Few persons are competent to educate their own children; and it is a vast presumption in the idle and ignorant to undertake the charge. However imperfect public education may be, it is a least systematic—a connected and arranged whole, which does not change with every caprice in the instructor.

Girls' schools, for the most part, partake of the vices both of public and of private tuition; while, from the limited scope of female education, it may be more safely trusted to domestic superintendents; but any thing is better than the eternally meddling, changing, hesitating, yet persevering interference, of an ignorant, shallow, pretending mother, whose utmost effort is to constantly toil after fashions, which she can never overtake; and to torment and tease her children with endless undigested experiments in the conduct of mind and body.

Under all plans of education, however, the fate of children is sufficiently hard; for if private tuition be too much a matter of caprice, public schools are too much an affair of routine. Many a child suffers incredibly, and goes through much unjust punishment; because the business of the school is neither adapted to his personal taste, nor to the mode and degree of his mental development. In private instruction a boy may sometimes escape being treated like a blockhead, because his tutor has not the ability to discover the difficulty which impedes his progress; but in public schools the master has not the time, nor will the system ever allow enquiry into such *minutiae*. There is a theoretic equality in the capacities and attainments presupposed in all public instruction; and woe to the lad who is either above or below this level! This serves to explain the tedious march of public education, in which six or eight years are spent in the imperfect acquirement of two languages—a miserable loss of time!

But to come back to the point from which we started: What a mass of misery, what tears and sufferings, are accumulated within the space of these years! what privations, what indignities, what injustice! Of all the youths crowded into a public school, how few are there to whom learning is not rendered a most irksome and detested slavery, and who do not leave the establishment with a firm resolution never again to open a book from the moment of their emancipation! Is this necessary?—is this desirable? and, if not, can it be remedied? These are important points for the consideration of parents. Thank Heaven, I have no children to educate; and thank Heaven again, I have left behind almost the recollection of that always envied, always praised epoch, of childhood, from which all are so happy to escape: an epoch of feebleness, helplessness, ignorance, close restraint, and subjection. I would not undergo it again, to be born heir to a Dukedom.

C. M.

BRITISH LIBRARIES.

A committee of the House of Commons lately made a report, relative to the Royal Library, recently presented by the King to the nation; in which they recommend that it should be united with that of the British Museum; and that, for the accommodation of the two Libraries, a new building should be erected on the site of the present Museum; which occupies a space of eight acres. The Library of the Museum contains 125,000 volumes, and that of the King 65,000. It is computed that the duplicates will not exceed 21,000, about 12,000 of which it is recommended should be sold. The National Museum was founded in 1755; and in 1757, King George II. transferred to it the Royal Library, collected by his predecessors, from Henry VIII. consisting of 9000 volumes: In 1762, the late king purchased for it a collection of pamphlets published from 1564 to 1660, consisting of 32,000 articles contained in 200 volumes. Grants have been made by Parliament at eleven different times, for the purchase of collections of works of art for the Museum, amounting to £150,000. The collections for which these grants were made, are the Sloanian, the Harleian, the Hamilton collections of Vases, the Townley collection of Statues, the Lansdown Manuscripts, the Greville Minerals, the Hargrave Library, the Pligalian Marbles, the Elgin Marbles, and the Burney Library. Many donations have also been made by individuals, among which that of the late Sir Joseph Banks is mentioned.

The collection of the Royal Library was begun by the late king soon after his accession, by the purchase, in 1762, of the library of Mr. Joseph Smith, British Consul at Venice, for the sum of £10,000. From that time it has been increased by the expenditure of about £2000 per annum, exclusive of the many presents of books to the king. Besides the sum above named, expended in the purchase of books, the annual salaries of the persons employed in the library amounted to £1,171. Mr. Barnard, the Librarian, has served in that capacity sixty years. In the year 1761, he was sent by the late king to France, Germany and Italy, to purchase books for the library. On his departure he received from Dr. Johnson, who frequently visited the library, the following letter, containing advice respecting the mode of executing his mission, which is subjoined to the report of the committee.

Sir,—It is natural for a scholar to interest himself in an expedition, undertaken like yours, for the importation of literature; and therefore, though having never travelled myself, I am very little qualified to give advice to a traveller, yet, that I may not seem inattentive to a design so worthy of regard, I will try whether the present state of my health will suffer me to lay before you what observation or report have suggested to me, that may direct your inquiries or facilitate your success. Things of which the mere rarity makes the value, and which are prized at a high rate by a wantonness rather than by use, are always passing from poorer to richer countries; and therefore, though Germany and Italy were principally productive of typographical curiosities, I do not much imagine that they are now to be found there in great abundance; an eagerness for scarce books and early editions, which prevailed among the English about half a century ago, filled our shops with all the splendour and nicety of literature, and when the Harleian Catalogue was published,

many of the books were bought for the Library of the king of France.

I believe, however, that, by the diligence with which you have enlarged the Library under your care, the present stock is so nearly exhausted, that, till new purchases supply the booksellers with new stores, you will not be able to do much more than glean up single books, as accident shall produce them; this, therefore, is the time for visiting the Continent.

What addition you can hope to make by ransacking other countries, we will now consider. English literature you will not seek in any place but in England. Classical learning is diffused every where; and is not, except by accident, more copious in one part of the polite world than in another. But every country has literature of its own, which may be best gathered in its native soil. The studies of the learned are influenced by forms of Government and modes of Religion; and therefore, those books are necessary and common in some places, which, where different opinions or different manners prevail, are of little use, and for that reason rarely to be found.

Thus in Italy you may expect to meet with Canonists and Scholastic Divines; in Germany, with Writers on the Feudal Laws; and in Holland, with Civilians. The Schoolmen and Canonists must not be neglected, for they are useful to many purposes, nor too anxiously sought, for their influence among us is much lessened by the Reformation. Of the Canonists at least a few eminent Writers may be sufficient; the Schoolmen are of more general value; but the Feudal and Civil Law I cannot but wish to see complete. The Feudal Constitution is the original of the law of property, over all the civilized part of Europe; and the Civil Law, as it is generally understood to include the Law of Nations, may be called with great propriety, a Regal study. Of those books, which have been often published, and diversified, by various modes of impression, a Royal Library should have at least the most curious edition, the most splendid, and the most useful. The most curious edition is commonly the first, and the most useful may be expected among the last.—Thus of *Tully's Offices*, the edition of Fust is the most curious, and that of Grævius the most useful; the most splendid, the eye will discern. With the old Printers you are now become well acquainted; if you can find any collection of their productions to be sold, you will undoubtedly buy it; but this can scarcely be hoped, and you must catch up single volumes where you can find them. In every place things often occur where they are least expected. I was shewn a Welsh Grammar written in Welsh and printed at Milan, I believe, before any Grammar of that language had been printed here. Of purchasing entire Libraries, I know not whether the inconvenience may not overbalance the advantage. Of Libraries collected with general views, one will have many books in common with another. When you have bought two collections, you will find that you have bought many books twice over, and many in each which you have left at home, and therefore do not want; and when you have selected a small number, you will have the rest to sell at a great loss, or to transport hither at perhaps a greater. It will generally be more commodious to buy the few that you want, at a price somewhat advanced, than to encumber yourself with useless books. But Libraries collected for particular studies will be very valuable acquisitions.—The Collection of an eminent Civilian, Feudist, or Mathematician, will perhaps have very few superfluities. Topography or local History prevail

much in many parts of the Continent. I have been told that scarcely a village of Italy wants its historian. These books may be generally neglected; but some will deserve attention by the celebrity of the place, the eminence of the authors, or the beauty of the sculptures. Sculpture has always been more cultivated among other nations than among us.—The old art of cutting on wood, which decorated the books of ancient impression, was never carried here to any excellence; and the practice of engraving on copper, which succeeded, has never been much employed among us in adorning books. The old books with wooden cuts are to be diligently sought; the designs were often made by great masters, and the prints are such as cannot be made by any artist now living. It will be of great use to collect in every place maps of the adjacent country, and plans of towns, buildings, and gardens. By this care you will form a more valuable body of geography than can otherwise be had. Many countries have been very exactly surveyed; but it must not be expected that the exactness of actual mensuration will be preserved, when the maps are reduced by a contracted scale, and incorporated into a general system.

The King of Sardinia's Italian dominions are not large, yet the maps made of them in the reign of Victor, fill two Atlantic folios. This part of your design will deserve particular regard, because, in this your success will always be proportionate to your diligence. You are too well acquainted with literary history not to know, that many books derive their value from the reputation of the printers. Of the celebrated printers you do not need to be informed, and if you did, might consult Baillet Jugemens des Scavans.—The productions are enumerated in the Bibliotheca Græca; so that you may know when you have them all, which is always of use, as it prevents needless search. The great ornaments of a library, furnished for magnificence as well as use, are the first editions, of which, therefore, I would not willingly neglect the mention. You know, Sir, that the annals of Typography begin with the Codex, 1457; but there is great reason to believe that there are latent, in some obscure corners, books printed before it. The secular feast, in memory of the invention of printing, is celebrated in the fortieth year of the century; if this tradition, therefore, is right, the Art had, in 1457, been already exercised nineteen years.

There prevails among typographical antiquaries a vague opinion that the Bible had been printed three times before the edition of 1462, which Camet calls, "La premiere édition bien averée." One of these editions has been lately discovered in a convent, and transplanted into the French King's library. Another copy has likewise been found, but I know not whether of the same impression or another. These discoveries are sufficient to raise hope and instigate inquiry. In the purchase of old books, let me recommend to you to inquire with great caution, whether they are perfect. In the first edition the loss of a leaf is not easily observed. You remember how near we both were to purchasing a mutilated Missal at a high price.

I sincerely wish you successful and happy, for I am, Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

To F. A. Barnard, Esqr.

May 28, 1768.

MADAME CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS.*

MEMOIRS, as compared with those curious specimens of fine writing and false reasoning which pass under the name of "histories," are a decided step in literary civilization. The earlier historical compositions, with their ready-made orations and indiscriminate collections of probable and improbable events,—and the more recent and elaborate productions, having some show of criticism as to the details, but stamped in their *ensemble* with the brand of system,—belong more to the class of *belles-lettres*, than to morality and political philosophy; and they are much better adapted to form part of a College course, than to afford the statesman or philosopher an insight into the human heart, and enable him to regulate the future by the experience of the past.

It has been objected to memoirs, that they reflect too faithfully the passions and prejudices of the times in which they are written, to admit of their being received with confidence as historical; or rather, it is insinuated that they are mere registers of the lie of the day, and worthy of consideration only as a species of romance. Yet it is in this very particular and distinctive characteristic that the superior utility of such compositions consists—namely, that they *are* reflections of the passing hour,—that they *are* fac-similes of the society of which they speak, and, as it were, dried preparations of the anatomy of the times. A single memoir, it is true, may exhibit individual facts in false colours; may detail anecdotes that are defective, embroidered, or wholly untrue; but the entire work will rarely fail to exhibit so faithful a transcript of the author's mind, so complete an exposure of his prejudices, leanings, credulity, means of information, and capability of using them, that his credibility may be estimated like that of a living man; while the testimony of cotemporary writers will confirm or contradict any particular statements which may appear questionable and uncertain. The superiority of memoirs over the cold digests of chronicles and state papers, is marked in this single circumstance; that while we know little more of general history than a few leading events, of which we only guess at the remote and predisposing causes, without any acquaintance with the personal trifles which are the immediate springs of the greatest, as of the smallest actions,—while we remain in ignorance of all the *humanity* of events, and are presented only with the abstractions and generalities of the history of other nations,—we appear to live and breathe in the court of France; and to have a personal acquaintance with all the leading personages who have figured in that corrupt and intriguing, but active and enterprising arena of conflicting interests. In the memoirs with which French literature abounds, there is to be found not only "*le dessous des cartes*," the little causes which produce great events, but we have an encyclopedia of the current ideas of the day, of the mental fashions that prevail,—the forms and qualities of the "walking gentlemen" of society, no less than of its heroes,—the average of prevailing virtues and vices, ignorance and knowledge,—the materials with which statesmen work, the mass they have to move, the resistances by which they are

* Mémoires sur la Vie privée de Marie Antoinette, &c. &c.

opposed—in one word, the “very mirror of the time, its form, and pressure.” The lights and shades are not purposely distributed to produce effect; words are not artfully arranged to balance a sentence; the mock majesty of dramatic character, and the forced parade of a tragic unity of action, are not supported with poetic dexterity; but we are admitted at once to that levelling intimacy and familiarity which give events and personages their natural dimensions and proper colours: while an intelligent reader gets as much information by what escapes from his author, as by what is intentionally set down on the subject.

It is a characteristic of the bustling and inquisitive age in which we live, to bring compositions of this species to immediate light. Families are no longer content to let the papers of their distinguished members rot in obscurity, subject to the chances of literature and the accidents of life; but, duly appreciating their pecuniary value in the market, they hasten at once to realize this part of the deceased's property, as they would settle a partnership or foreclose a mortgage. Thus the French Revolution has been laid fully open to its contemporaries: and though as yet we are but at the end of the second act of the drama, we are rich in abundant materials for judging the characters and assigning the occasions of its events. We pass freely, not only from the disappointed ambition and iron despotism of Louis XIV. to the corrupting and debasing tyranny of his successor;—from the stern religious persecutions of the former, to the ridiculous squabbles concerning the bull *Unigenitus* of the latter,—and thence forward to the embarrassed finances and vacillating character of Louis XVI.;—but we are enabled to trace step by step, and day by day, the regular march of causes and consequences, from the canting piety and real intrigue of the prudish Maintenon, down to the infamies of the Duc de Richelieu, the bankruptcy of Guémenée, the transaction of the diamond necklace, the profligacy of Egalité and Mirabeau, and the fatal double-dealing, which brought the unfortunate inheritors of so many false and vicious combinations to a bloody and degrading death.

The papers of Madame Campan, though last in the series of published memoirs, are by no means least in interest; and if they do not add much to the stock of positive information concerning the great events which have been so often illustrated, they derive an intense interest from the author's nearness to the illustrious personages of the eventful drama; and from the many anecdotes which she presents under other aspects than those in which we have been accustomed to see them.

Madame Campan was placed in the court of Louis XV. towards the latter end of his reign, as reader to *Mesdames* his daughters; from whose service she afterwards passed into that of the Dauphine, Marie Antoinette. Her memoirs commence from the first epoch of her existence as a courtier, and they terminate with her last separation from that unfortunate Queen, on her confinement in the Temple. Madame Campan paints, with much felicity and fidelity, that vicious, corrupt, but *ennuié* monarch, Louis XV. such as we see him in the generality of contemporary writers,—indolent and melancholy,—harassed with the fatigue of royal representation, and escaping from it by an indulgence of the lowest habits, both of conversation and morals,—unequal himself to the labours of governing, yet occupied in an incessant *surveillance* of his ministers, of whose secrets, by force of *espionage*, he possessed himself with much

dexterity. The insolent contempt of public opinion of Dubarry, and the horrors of the *parc aux cerfs* are unequivocally admitted by Madame Campan, if any confirmation were now wanting to authenticate the total overthrow of morality of that degenerate period. But by far the most curious part of her picture of the court is that which relates to the four maiden ladies to whose service she was in the first instance attached. It is impossible to conceive any thing more melancholy than the worse than glaustral life to which those wretched women were condemned. Their education had been wholly neglected, and they were cut short from the pleasures of rational occupation; while a rigid and relentless etiquette watched over every moment of their lives, and interfered with their most trifling amusements. The King himself treated them with unfeeling indifference; and so little were "the daughters of France" possessed of the comforts of life, that they had not even a garden at their disposal, and were obliged to gratify a taste for flowers, like a London citizen, by placing pots in the balconies of their windows. The royal intercourse between the parent and his children exhibits, in striking colours, the hideous annihilation of the charities of life, which the vanity of high station too often tends to produce.

"Louis XV. saw very little of his family; he came every morning by a private staircase into the apartment of Madame Adelaide. He often brought and drank there, coffee that he had made himself. Madame Adelaide pulled a bell, which apprised Madame Victoire of the king's visit; Madame Victoire, on rising to go to her sister's apartment, rang for Madame Sophie, who, in her turn, rang for Madame Louise. The apartments of the princesses were of very large dimensions. Madame Louise occupied the farthest room. This latter lady was deformed and very short; the poor princess used to run with all her might to join the daily meeting, but, having a number of rooms to cross, she frequently, in spite of her haste, had only just time to embrace her father before he set out for the chase.

"Every evening at six, the ladies interrupted my reading to them, to accompany the princesses to Louis XV.; this visit was called the king's *debotter*,* and was marked by a kind of etiquette. The princesses put on an enormous hoop, which set out a petticoat ornamented with gold or embroidery; they fastened a long train round their waists, and concealed the undress of the rest of their clothing, by a long cloak of black taffety which enveloped them up to the chin. The gentlemen ushers, the ladies in waiting, the pages, the esquires, and the ushers, bearing large flambeaux, accompanied them to the King. In a moment the whole palace, generally so still, was in motion; the King kissed each princess on the forehead, and the visit was so short, that the reading which it interrupted was frequently resumed at the end of a quarter of an hour: the princesses returned to their apartments, and untied the strings of their petticoats and trains; they resumed their tapestry, and I my book."

From the intolerable restraints of this royal life, Madame Louise, one of the four sisters, took shelter in a convent, where she passed the rest of her days, contented in having exchanged, for voluntary rigours and self-imposed mortifications, the enjoined restraints of heartless representation. In the hour of her death, however, this princess did not wholly forget her rank and dignity. Louis the XVIth related to Madam Campan that her last words were, "*Au paradis vile, vile, au grand galop*;"—the formula usual with the royal family in giving orders to their grooms. Marie Antoinette is introduced to the reader by a short account of the

* *Debotter*, meaning time of unbooting.—Tr.

court of her mother, such as Madame Campan received it, probably, from her royal mistress; it differs considerably from our received notions on that subject. Notwithstanding the bigotry and the ambition of the Empress, she appears to have neglected the education of her children no less than the indolent and demoralized monarch of France. Totally occupied with the affairs of government, she scarcely saw her offspring oftener than once in eight or ten days. Yet such was her diplomatic cunning, or hypocrisy, that she used the meanest artifices to impose upon strangers a belief that she herself superintended their instruction.

"As soon as the arrival of a stranger of rank at Vienna, was made known, the Empress brought her family about her, admitted them to her table, and by this concerted meeting induced a belief that she herself presided over the education of her children."

With a mind thus neglected, Marie Antoinette arrived in France to be submitted to an etiquette the most minutely interfering with all the privacies of life; while she was exposed to the corruptions of a profligate court. On the first night of her arrival, Louis the XVth made her sup with his last and worst mistress, Madame du Barry. If to these circumstances it be added, that the Dauphin, during many years, treated his wife with a neglect that originated in physical malady, and in a constitutional coldness, which even her matchless beauty could not overcome, and that she was the victim of the daily intrigues of the anti-Austrian faction, anxious to procure her divorce, it would not be a subject of wonder, had her conduct not only been marked with the levities which have been laid to her charge, but even with all that odious criminality which malice and credulity have too perseveringly imputed to her as queen and wife.

It is, indeed, consolatory to humanity to find her kindlier feelings so frequently struggling into activity, notwithstanding the false combinations by which they were repressed: to behold the sympathies and charities of our common nature escaping, like a winter's sunbeam, through the murky atmosphere of a court; feeble indeed, and shorn of their splendour, yet perhaps the more gracious by the force of contrast. Marie Antoinette had every thing against her,—birth, station, education, seductions without, mortifications and disappointed affections within, power almost boundless to indulge her caprices, and flattery for ever active to encourage their extravagance!

The death of Louis the XVth, is described by Madam Campan with great liveliness of portraiture. The manner in which the entire body of courtiers fled from the dead monarch, to court the first rays of the rising sun, is admirably adapted "to point a moral." To add to the effect, it must be remembered, that Louis the XVth died of the small-pox; and that even the danger of infection could not restrain the eagerness of the nobility to crowd his bed-room even to suffocation, while there was yet a hope of getting any thing by the connection.

"A dreadful noise, absolutely like thunder, was heard in the outer apartment: it was the crowd of courtiers who were deserting the dead sovereign's anti-chamber, to come and bow to the new power of Louis XVI. This extraordinary tumult informed Marie Antoinette and her husband that they were to reign; and, by a spontaneous movement, which deeply affected those around them, they threw themselves on their knees; both pouring forth a flood of tears, exclaimed, 'O God! guide us, protect us, we are too young to govern.'"

The powerful and striking sentiment of piety, and of the weight of the kingly obligations in Louis XVI. and his Queen, at this awful moment, contrasts, almost to a burlesque effect, with the petty artifice employed in the midst of their grief to reconcile their leaving the infected palace with the decorum and immutable etiquette which environed their minutest actions.

"The Dauphin had settled that he would leave it with the royal family, the moment the king should breathe his last sigh. But, upon such an occasion, decency forbade that positive orders for departure should be passed from mouth to mouth. The keepers of the stables, therefore, agreed with the people who were in the king's room, that the latter should place a lighted taper near a window, and that at the instant of the king's decease, one of them should extinguish it.

"The taper was extinguished. On this signal, the body-guards, pages, and equerries, mounted on horseback, and all was ready for setting off."

The details which Madame Campan gives of the interior of the royal family, during the early part of the new reign, are often curious, and always interesting. They almost uniformly show in the King great personal amiability, combined with utter nullity as a sovereign. The Queen they exhibit as a thoughtless and gay young woman, such as a queen and a beauty at her age might be expected to be, before the dreadful contingencies of the Revolution had called into activity the prejudices and the apprehensions of her maturer life. This part of Madame Campan's volumes is also occupied with a development of the court intrigues and petty jealousies, by which the aristocracy engendered and nurtured into consistency those odious calumnies, of which the terrorists afterwards availed themselves, in decrying the Queen, and repressing the sympathies of the people in the hour of her trial and execution.

The object of the author in dwelling upon this part of the life of her royal mistress is to excuse her levities, and to refute the graver charges brought against her. Marie Antoinette is, however, already in the hands of an impartial posterity, and we are more interested in the narrative, as it tends to throw light on the great political struggle in which we ourselves engaged.

The feelings of the King and Queen respecting the American revolution appear to have been rather different from what has been imagined, and by no means coincided with the conduct pursued by the French government. In attacking the British interests, by encouraging the Americans, the royal family of France certainly sinned against legitimacy with their eyes open. Both Louis and Marie Antoinette seemed to have been heartily ashamed and afraid of their republican allies. On this subject Madame Campan observes:

"Franklin appeared at court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads, of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Doctor Franklin, who, to the reputation of a most skilful physician, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of three hundred, was selected to place a crown of juncos upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks.— Even in the palace of Versailles, Franklin's medallion was sold under the King's

eyes, in the exhibition of Sevres porcelain. The legend of this medallion was,

'Eripuit celo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.'

"The King never declared his opinion upon an enthusiasm which his correct judgment, no doubt, led him to blame: however, the Countess Diana having, to keep up to her character as a woman of superior talent, entered with considerable warmth into the idolatry of the American delegate; a jest was played off upon her, which was kept secret enough, and may give us some idea of the private sentiments of Louis XVI. He had a *vase de nuit* made at the Sevres manufactory, at the bottom of which was the medallion with its fashionable legend, and he sent the utensil to the Countess Diana as a new year's gift. The Queen spoke out more plainly about the part France was taking respecting the independence of the American colonies, and constantly opposed it. Far was she from foreseeing that a revolution at such a distance could excite one in which the day would come, when a misguided populace would drag her from her palace to a death equally unjust and cruel. She only saw something ungenerous in the method which France adopted of checking the power of England.

"However, as Queen of France, she enjoyed the sight of a whole people rendering homage to the prudence, courage, and good qualities of a young Frenchman; and she shared the enthusiasm inspired by the conduct and military success of the Marquis de la Fayette. The Queen granted him several audiences on his first return from America."

The folly of the French government in thus importing American notions, while they drew tighter the line of feudal restrictions at home, is well displayed.

"The constitution desired for the new nation was digested at Paris, and while liberty, equality, and the rights of man, were commented upon by the Condorcets, Baillys, Mirabeaus, &c. the minister Segur published the King's edict, which, by repealing that of 1st November, 1750, declared all officers not noble by four generations, incapable of filling the rank of captain, and denied all military rank to those who were not gentlemen, excepting sons of the *chevaliers de Saint Louis*. The injustice and absurdity of this law was, no doubt, a secondary cause of the Revolution. To be aware of the extent of despair, nay of rage, with which this law inspired the third estate, we should form part of that honourable class."

A similar decree was at the same time put forth respecting the eligibility to church dignities within the narrow pale of aristocracy, and confining the clergy of the *tiers état* to the expectancy of parochial cures. "Can we," says Madame Campan, be astonished at the part shortly afterwards taken by the deputies of the third estate, when called to the States-general?" (p. 235.)

Of Beaumarchais and his celebrated comedy, Madame Campan speaks in the language of a professed courtier. She calls it a play in which "*manners and usages the most respectable* are given up to popular and philosophic derision." The manners and usages of the courtiers formed under Louis XV respectable!!! Those who live separated from the mass of the people can never be made to understand that nothing can become a permanent object of ridicule, which is not essentially ridiculous. The Marriage of Figaro is played in all possible shapes on our English stage, without its political tendencies being even noticed. The whole venom of the play, at the time it was produced, lay in the truth and *apropos* of its satire. Its terrible philosophy is now the mere common-place of pamphleteers. Madame Campan relates, with the most unsuspecting innocence, the following speech of Louis XVI. on the occasion. That's detestable; that shall never be played: the Bastille must be destroyed, before the license to act this play can be any other than an act of the

most dangerous folly. *This man scoffs at every thing that is to be respected in a government.*"

Madame Campan and the editors of her work, between them, give three separate versions of the affair of the diamond necklace. Upon the whole, however, they leave the reader something more in doubt than they find him. The clue which should lead to the truth is lost for ever; and nothing is left but the most provokingly contradictory suppositions. That Madame Campan herself believed in the Queen's innocence is evident, and her testimony is of some weight; but that innocence can only be established on *data* not less incredible than the guilt of a queen would be. That the Prince de Rohan, a veteran courtier, could not have discovered the cheat put on him by an actress, who is said to have personated the Queen in an interview with him in the dusk of an evening, is scarcely within the bounds of possibility; and the facility with which this nobleman contrived to communicate with a confidential friend, and procure the burning of his papers, after his arrest in the palace, is explained in a way that throws some suspicion of collusion between him and the royal family. The grief and disappointment of the King and Queen, on his acquittal, shews that they felt the circumstances as a condemnation of the Queen. That the Cardinal Prince was guilty of intentional fraud there is not the slightest proof. But the intrigues of the great nobility, his relations, and of the whole body of the clergy, to impede his being brought to trial, throw much obscurity even over this point.— Whether, however, the Cardinal took the imputation of being a dupe on himself to screen others, or whether he escaped through this interference of the great corps to which he belonged, it is certain that the wretched Countess La Motte, a poor and destitute adventurer, supported by no extrinsic interests, was alone punished; and this circumstance worked powerfully against existing institutions, even with those who did not believe the Queen guilty of the fraud.

The major part of the last volume of these memoirs is occupied with the domestic events of the palace, from the commencement of the Revolution to the death of the King. This is a field too wide to enter upon at the close of this long article: we shall therefore content ourselves with observing, that, amidst many affecting anecdotes of the last days of the monarchy, and some traits honourable to the royal sufferers, there is abundance of evidence, as well direct as unintentional, of the hopeless weakness of the King, the restless intrigue of the Queen, and the fatal duplicity of both, in their professions of attachment to the new order of things. The hatred of the Queen to that constitution which her husband had sworn to maintain, though by no means unnatural in one so circumstanced, blinded her completely to her own situation. She had but two objects constantly before her eyes, which resolved themselves into one,—escape to the frontiers* and a counter-revolution. Occupied

* In the preparations for flight, a trait of human nature in the great deserves mention. The Queen insisted on having a complete *trousseau* for herself and another for her children; and though Madame Campan urged that a Queen of France would find *chemises* every where, she persisted in making purchases of linen, which endangered an instant discovery of her intentions. She had likewise a superb *nécessaire*, upon which she also set her heart: and her persevering efforts to get this sent out of the country, or to have a similar one made for the flight, were in her circumstances yet more extravagant and whimsical.

exclusively with these ideas, the Court took no pains to possess itself of the Revolution, and conduct it to the happiness of France and the security of the throne. This error was even more unpardonable in the royal family than in the aristocracy, because self-preservation should have led them right. "Empêchez le desordre de s'organizer," was the sensible remark of a Monsieur Dabucq, who on some occasion was consulted by the royal family. But the aristocrats, and the Queen at their head, "preferred every thing, even the Jacobins, to the establishment of a constitution; and dreaded lest its acceptance, under other circumstances than those of restraint, should afford it a sanction, sufficient to support the new government." "The most unbridled disorders seemed preferable, because they buoyed up the hope of a total change." (Vol. ii. p. 165.) This avowal, coming from such a quarter, is decisive; and exculpates completely the constitutionalists of 1789, who laboured with zeal and insincerity to consolidate the new system, and to reconcile liberty with a regal government. But the aristocrats of that day, like the ultras of the present moment, looked to nothing but their own selfish interests. The game they then played is the same their successors are now playing. There was a spirit which admitted of no compromise, saw no dangers, comprehended no obstacles; a spirit which put every thing to the hazard, and played "le tout pour le tout;" a spirit of temerity, not of courage; and as foreign from calculation, as it was from humanity. This was the spirit which armed France against the persons of the King and Queen, and hurried them from the throne to the scaffold. And the same spirit is now arming all Europe, not against one throne and one king, but against unlimited monarchy wherever it exists, or at least against every crowned head that has not the wisdom and the force to repress its blind and dangerous activity.

Madame Campan, like her predecessor Dangeau, seems to have collected her anecdotes, without always considering *how they would tell*; and in the simplicity of her heart, she has rendered herself an unexceptionable evidence of political errors, she neither saw nor understood.— Yet this very circumstance gives additional weight to all she says; as it leaves her divested of the malice which misrepresents, and the spirit of system which seeks to distort events.

To the lovers of anecdote her volumes will afford a rich treat; and the quantity of collateral evidence brought forward by her editors, while it increases this stock of amusement, assists the memory of more serious readers, and adds largely to the value of the publication.

PRINCE CARLOS OF SPAIN AND HIS FATHER PHILIP II.

As long as the Spanish Inquisition existed, and its archives were kept from the public eye with the anxious jealousy which marked all the proceedings of that odious tribunal, History was obliged to suspend her verdict on the death of Prince Don Carlos, the eldest son of Philip II, and heir to his vast dominions. The evidence which was to be gathered from contemporary writers, could not, in fairness, be finally weighed and appreciated, while there was a strong reason to believe that the most authentic documents relating to that mysterious event were still preserved, and might one day come to light.

It appears, however, that among the records of religious tyranny which the first abolition of the Inquisition, under the government of Joseph Bonaparte, allowed to see the light, nothing was found connected with the fate of the unfortunate Carlos of Austria. Such is the positive declaration of Don Juan Antonio Llorente, late Secretary to the Madrid Inquisition, who, disaffected to the establishment of which he was a confidential member, had, for some years, been collecting notes for a history of the Spanish Holy Office, which he completed under the French usurpation from a full examination of the contents of the inquisitorial archives.

Llorente, though not bound to enter into a critical examination of an obscure historical fact, which he has shewn to be unconnected with the subject of his work, thought proper to introduce, as an episode, a more complete and authentic account of the unfortunate life and untimely end of Prince Don Carlos than was ever published before. The narrative, however, partakes of the character of the whole work, which is a mere assemblage of facts hastily and carelessly put together—a depository of authentic and highly curious information, from which a writer of more talent might compile a history of the Inquisition, of half the size and double the interest of the original.

Curiosity and a degree of unwillingness to acquiesce in some of the inferences of the Spanish writer, led us to some of the main sources from whence he derives his information. This search, having confirmed our former opinions, and afforded us a clearer view of a dark and melancholy transaction which history has not been able hitherto to unravel, we conceived that a short statement of the whole might not be unacceptable to the public.

The odious character of Philip II. has, more than any thing contained in the historical records of the time, contributed to the posthumous fame of his unhappy son, Don Carlos. Novelists and dramatic poets having claimed him for their own, represent his character and person as adorned with every virtue and every grace which could set him in a striking contrast with his father.

— Ma chi'l vede e non l'ama ?

Ardito umano cor, nobil fierezza,

Sublime ingegno; e in avvenenti spoglie

Bellissim' alma.

Truth, however, obliges us to dispel this pleasing delusion, and to withdraw from Carlos, though unfortunate and oppressed, much of the sympathy which we formerly lavished upon him. To have a hero of romance thus stript of his honours, and plucked down even below the common level of mankind, must, as all acts of public degradation, be alike unpleasant to the spectator and the performer. For our parts, we confess that we undertook the task with reluctance. Indeed, if we feared that, by diminishing the interest hitherto claimed by the memory of Don Carlos, we relieved that of his father from a single atom of odium, and made his name more tolerable to the ear of freedom, we should not volunteer to bring a useless and dangerous truth into light. History has, and should ever possess, her gibbets, where criminals, too powerful for human justice, may be exposed in chains to the eyes of the remotest posterity: and, surely, we would not bring Philip of Spain an inch nearer our common earth, were he hanging upon Haman's cross of fifty cubits. But nothing we have been able to discover in the history of Carlos, does in the least degree extenuate his father's villainy. The novelists and poets have flattered Philip's portrait, indeed, by making him capable of the boldness of passion. He was a coward by nature—a coward placed upon the most powerful throne of Europe, bending an active, shrewd, and unfeeling mind on the sole object of gratifying his stern passions, without the least exposure to real or imaginary danger. Fiction, in fact, has here, as in most cases, overshot her mark; for an ideal Philip, who, in a fit of jealousy, could plunge a dagger into his son's bosom, would be almost lovely, compared with the cautious, calculating monster that could engage disease to do his work, in order to keep his hands from blood, lest the stain might disturb his conscience—for Philip, too, had a conscience.

Carlos's misfortunes seem to have began at his birth. His mother, Mary of Portugal, lost her life four days after he was born.* His grandfather, Charles V. from whose comprehensive genius, and truly princely feelings, he might have received the benefit of early care and example, was in Germany and the Netherlands during the prince's childhood. The absence of his father might be deemed a happy circumstance for the child's moral and mental growth; but it only threw him into the hands of his two paternal aunts, Mary, the wife of Maximilian, afterwards Emperor, and at that time regent of Spain, and Johanna, Dowager of Portugal.

Born, probably, with a violent temper, spoiled by his guardians, and surrounded by courtiers, tamed and trained by the most absolute of European monarchs, Carlos grew up in the full indulgence of a wayward disposition.

We seldom find historians tracing the characters of heirs-apparent from the nursery; much less collecting and recording the tricks and pranks of royal striplings. But as there was a powerful tyrant to flatter, the Spanish contemporary writers have left us a list of every misdemeanour of Carlos, commencing with the murder of some rabbits, which, when very young, were given him for his amusement. It is still more curious to observe, that Philip is said to have conceived an early dislike of his

son, from a knowledge of this act of cruelty. So exquisite was the sensibility of the patron of the Duke of Alva, the husband of our English Mary, the avowed encourager of assassination.

Cruelty to animals in children, is the natural result of thoughtlessness and inexperience. That nature had not denied to Carlos the kinder feelings of the human heart, is known from his strong and lasting attachment to his tutor, Don Honorato Juan, Bishop of Osma. Some fragments of the Prince's letters to that excellent man, have been preserved, and are found translated in Llorente's work. They are the hasty and careless performances of a boy, who, in his hurry, leaves out parts of the sentences, and has not the patience to examine what he has written. Our author, who is determined to make out the unfortunate Carlos "a monster whose death was a blessing to Spain," quotes these letters as proofs of a natural want of talents, or rather of common sense. Yet, he should have observed that the faults in the construction of the sentences which the letters exhibit, are such as no Spaniard, however dull and stupid, could fall into; whilst few among the crowd of royal pupils have left such a warm and sincere testimony of friendship for their instructors. That this was not a transient fit of childish fondness, is evident from Carlos's subsequent conduct. At the very time when he is accused of leading a wild and outrageous life, he still cherished the recollection of his tutor, and so earnestly longed for his society, that he applied to the Pope for a dispensation of Bishop Juan's residence at Osma, that the good old man, who, probably, was his only true friend in the world, might live near him at court. The dispensation was obtained, but Juan did not avail himself of it. Such, however, as have studied the character of Philip, will be inclined to think with us, that though he would not prevent the application to the Pope, he secretly contrived to defeat its object. The Prince was surrounded by his father's spies, and it was inconsistent with the tyrant's fear of Carlos's early love of power, to allow any real friend to be near him,

That Carlos was kept by the effects of his father's suspicion in a state of constant irritation, which finally produced a morbid feeling bordering upon insanity, is the firm conviction with which we have risen from the attentive perusal of the most authentic contemporary narratives. Philip never withdrew from the person of his son any of the pomp of state which became the heir of his crown. Even when he had confined Carlos with a firm determination of bringing him to an untimely end, he would not allow the grandees, to whom he had committed the custody of his person, to wear their swords in the presence of the unarmed prince. Carlos seems to have possessed at all times, the liberty to injure both his person and reputation. The contemporary writers accuse him of personal violence against some of his attendants of the first rank; of indecent rioting about the streets at night; of wreaking his displeasure on one of his tradesmen in a brutal and most deliberate manner. Yet the King, who was regularly informed of every word and action of his son, never interfered in these matters. He only seems to have made it a rule to reward with confidential places, near his person, such as had exposed themselves to an insult from the prince.

It must be allowed, however, that Carlos's fits of ungovernable anger might well create a suspicion that he was labouring under a certain degree of insanity. That his own father encouraged at one time the pro-

pagation of such a report appears from Cabrera's interpretation of an obscure sentence in Philip's Letter to his sister the Empress, wife of Maximilian II., on the occasion of the Prince's arrest.* The supposed mental derangement was attributed to a fall which Carlos, when a boy had down the stairs of the palace of Alcalá de Henares. A severe contusion on the head and the spine occasioned such an alarm for his life, that the king ordered the body of a Franciscan friar, who had long before died in "odour of sanctity,"† to be laid upon the prince. This strange application was believed to have saved the royal sufferer; and the departed owner of the miraculous mummy was soon after sainted through the exertions of Philip at the court of Rome. No symptoms of real derangement appear, however, in the conduct of Carlos after recovery from the effects of his accident.

The true clue to the cause of his unfortunate violence is, we repeat, to be found in the odious system pursued by his unfeeling father during the whole course of his life. Philip's dislike of his son was only disguised by his interest in supporting the external show of respect which he believed to be due to a prince of Asturias, the heir of his throne. But the sternness and distance of the King's behaviour; the distrust of his own son, contrasted with the confidence he reposed in his favourites; the use he made of two sets of spies, some checking and thwarting the spirited young man, others yielding to his wishes in order to sift and draw out his inmost thoughts, dried up the sources of kindness in his heart, leaving it a prey to that vehemence of volition, the natural result of a princely education, which so easily degenerates into a state of mind nearly allied to real insanity.

Of the well-authenticated instances of Carlos's insolence, we do not recollect one which may not be traced with considerable probability to those sources. Among Philip's favourites, none enjoyed so high a degree of confidence and power as the Duke of Alva, the execrable instrument of Philip's tyranny, and Ruy Gomez de Silva, the vile pander of his unlawful pleasures, and himself the degraded husband of one of the King's mistresses.

The proud character of the first made him a marked object of Carlos's overbearing spirit. On the day when he was solemnly recognized as Prince of Asturias and successor to the Spanish throne, the Duke of Alva, who had superintended the arrangements for the ceremony, absented himself just at the time when he should have been among his peers to take the oath of recognition. Carlos, though not more than fourteen years old, observed the absence of his father's favourite, and stopping the solemn act, ordered messengers to summon Alva to his place. He appeared, after a long search, excusing himself with the numerous objects which on that day had claimed his care and attention. But the Prince, taking the excuse as an aggravation of what he conceived to be a premeditated insult, addressed the Duke in such language, that the offended grandee found it extremely difficult to avoid the guilt of treason which the Spanish law attaches to the act of laying violent hands on the heir of the crown.

* Es de notar que le tenia por defectuoso en el juicio.—Cabrera, *Vida de Philippe II.* lib. vii. c. xxii.

† He is known in the Spanish Catalogue of Saints by the name of *San Diego de Alcalá*.

The bitterness of the Prince's jealousy against Alva was raised to the highest pitch on the appointment of that nobleman to the government of the Netherlands. Carlos had looked up to that portion of the Spanish empire as the fittest stage for his first appearance in public life. He hoped that the precedent which had been made in his father, under whose care those countries were placed during the latter part of the life of Charles V., would be followed in his own behalf. Nothing, however, was more discordant with Philip's jealous and suspicious character than these views of his son. The Netherlands had broken into open rebellion against his authority, and he was anxious to send thither a man who, with the most inflexible character, should unite the most blind and implicit obedience to his will and authority. A restless and ambitious youth, but one step removed from the throne, was a very improper instrument of the punishment which Philip had determined to inflict on the revolted Flemings. The military talents, the severity of temper, and loyal attachment of Alva to his sovereign—some authors add the recommendation of Silva, Prince of Evoli, who wished to have the Duke removed to a distance—determined Philip to put him at the head of the army which was to be employed in the subjugation of Flanders. The new viceroy came to take leave of the Prince the day before he was to set off for his government. At the sight of a hated and successful rival, the ungovernable violence of Carlos broke out into the bitterest language, till raised, probably by the haughty and disdainful manner of the Duke, into a fit of rage, the Prince seized him by the middle, and would have thrown him out of the window into the ditch of the palace, but for the interference of some courtiers who came to Alva's assistance.

Carlos was not only disappointed of the objects of his ambition through the influence, as he imagined, of his father's favorites, but often found them meddling with his little plans of domestic amusement. An instance of this kind is mentioned by Cabrera.

Cisneros, an actor of celebrity, enjoyed the favour of the Prince, who, wishing to have a play performed privately in his apartments, ordered the comedian to get it up for a certain day. The King being, as usual, informed of his son's intentions, wished to defeat them by the same dark and crooked policy which he employed in the most important business of state. Philip's prime minister, Cardinal Espinosa, was directed to banish Cisneros out of the court before the day on which he was to play at the palace. Carlos, who seems to have constantly attributed his father's acts to those who were nothing but his blind instruments, fixed all his resentment on the Cardinal. Fortunately for that prelate his profession secured him, in a case of this kind, a mixed feeling of regard for his office and contempt of his person, on the part of every high-minded Spaniard. The Prince took an early opportunity of finding Espinosa alone; when, seizing him by the collar of his robe, "You scurvy parson," said he, "how dare you insult me by preventing Cisneros from obeying my orders? By my father's life, I will kill you!"* The terrified churchman, falling upon his knees, implored the Prince's forgiveness; who having no intention of executing the threat, allowed him to retire unhurt.

* "Curilla, vos os atreveis a mi, no dexando venir a servirme Cisneros! Por vida de meu padre que os tengo de matar.—Cabrera, ib.

The system pursued by Philip towards his son, and its effects on the temper of that young Prince, are remarkably illustrated by the comparison of a passage in De Thou's history with another in Cabrera. The latter mentions, that Carlos, being once dissatisfied with his shoemaker for having made him a pair of boots tighter than was then the fashion in Spain, ordered the cook to mince and dress them, and forced the unfortunate tradesman to eat the dish. De Thou, who had the account of Carlos's imprisonment, and the circumstances which led to his mysterious death, from the mouth of De Foin, the architect employed at that time by the King of Spain in building the Escorial, tells us that the young Prince was in the habit of carrying two small pistols concealed in the large boots which were then worn by the Spaniards. Philip, he says, was informed of the fact through Foin himself, who, as it may be inferred from the narrative of the French historian, had orders to employ his mechanical skill in the gratification of this and similar whims of the royal youth, in order to acquaint the King with every thing that could give him a clue to his son's views and designs. The passage is the more curious as the punishment inflicted on the shoemaker is passed unnoticed by De Thou.†

(To be concluded in our next.)

SONG.

I SAW that eye when it was bright
With feeling's pure and sparkling ray,
Nor thought, alas! how soon that light,
Of heavenly beam, would fade away.

I say that smile when it was warm
With life and hope and glowing joy,
Nor dream'd how quick its silent charm,
The hour of suffering might destroy.

I heard that eloquence of heart,
The music of that gentle tone,
Forgot, alas! we were to part,
And deem'd its sweetness all my own.

That eye is dim—that smile is cold,
That heart's bright gaze for ever chill'd;
I sit and muse on days of old,
On many a prospect unfulfill'd.

The vigils of worn hearts are mine;
I seek not, ask not, for relief,
But bending low at Memory's shrine,
I pour a gush of living grief.

Vain grief! I gaze upon the tomb,
Where all thy earthly virtues sleep,
Then muse upon thy heavenly home,
And envy thee, and cease to weep.

R. C.

† Nam et scloppetulos binos, summa arte fabricatos, caligis, quæ amplissimæ de more gentis in usu sunt, eum gestare solitum resciverat (*rex*) ex Ludovico Foxio, Parisiensi. — *Taanus*, lib. xliii. c. viii.

THE TRAVELLER AT HOME.

WHOEVER has travelled, must be well aware of the disagreeable sensation of strangeness which attends the first day's residence in a foreign capital, before the delivery of letters of recommendation has procured those hospitable attentions, which, in the course of a few hours, ripen casual acquaintance into friendship.

It is at this moment that the sensation of loneliness is felt in its keenest intensity. The inhabitants of the city are seen moving to and fro, each with his countenance expressive of some instant object, some active interest; they pass and repass, salute and are saluted, and exhibit to the looker-on a thousand nameless traits, which shew that they are *at home*. To the stranger no one bows, no one speaks, no one launches the glance of recognition. Even the buildings, in all the interest of their novelty, convey an impression the very reverse of inspiring, by the total absence of all association of ideas. The spectacle of two friends enjoying the abandonment of unrestricted chit-chat; the sudden glow of pleasure mantling on the cheek of some smiling beauty, at the unexpected *rencontre* of a favourite youth; the transient interchange of kindly feeling shot from the eye as they pass,—impress upon the stranger a sickening recollection that to such pleasures he has no claim. His heart yearns for some one to address, for some one who will awaken a remembrance; or his imagination turns, perhaps, self-bidden, to domestic scenes, and to the affectionate beings by whom they are inhabited. At such a moment should chance bring the traveller in contact with the most distant acquaintance—a fellow-passenger in a stage—an individual met in some large assembly of another town, or encountered in the routine of *Lions* and sight-seeing on some former occasion,—he hails his approach with all the ardour of friendship, and feels, for the instant, as towards a brother. As the eye wanders instinctively over the passing crowd, in the vague search of some such object of recognition, the spirits flag, till feelings almost of ill-will arise towards the population; as if they were guilty of neglect and personal slight, by the indifference with which they pass. With this unreasonable, but, by no means unnatural, pettishness and dislike to all he has seen, rankling in his heart, the stranger, towards the close of evening, flies from the oppressive solitude of the crowd to his lonely inn; and after various efforts to find occupation in the *bizarre* decorations of the chamber, or, like *Belshazzar*,* in the handwriting on the wall, from which he “cannot turn away,” or, perhaps, in the thousand-times perused *livre des postes*,—through sheer despair he retires to bed, full two hours before the time when habit should predispose him for sleep.

This uneasy and distressing sensation is hardly ever thrown entirely off by the most experienced traveller; though use brings with it a strong-

* It is but seldom that he can ask

“Why the dark destinies have hung their sentence
Thus visible to the sight, but to the mind
Unsearchable?”

Wherever the English travel they contrive to express pretty intelligibly their *aversion*, their dislike and contempt for foreigners, in moral apothegms, such as “Dirty Italian Inn,” “D—n all Frenchmen,” “Stupid Germans.”

er conviction that such circumstances are in the natural order of things. There is, however, a case in which the position of a stranger is accompanied with a tenfold bitterness, in which the spirit revolts with a tenfold sense of injury; from the consciousness of neglect and isolation; and that is, when, after years of absence, he returns to his native city, and finds all the social relations he had left behind him at parting, disturbed or dissolved.

The conviction of this melancholy truth, unlike the sense of strangeness in a foreign capital, comes upon us by degrees. The first moments of arrival are, on the contrary, replete with recollections and acknowledgments. The physical objects have remained unchanged. The church we have frequented in our youth, stands where it did; the rows of trees under whose shade we frolicked in our childhood, are still growing; the house inhabited by some early friend remains the same. The first visits, likewise, to our remaining connexions are usually exhilarating and satisfactory; the hearty shake of the hand, the cordial congratulation, the hospitable dinner made in honour of our return, exhibit few signs of change, save those that time has stamped on the countenances of our friends. But by degrees the realities of the position transpire in all their naked unloveliness. A few short conversations suffice to discover, in the minds of our companions, a total break-up of all those associations which subsisted when we left them, and which then bound them to us by similarity of pursuit, of sentiment, or of amusement. The gay thoughtless man of pleasure has settled into the tame, plodding man of business, whose occupations have no leisure for friendship, no opportunity for enjoyment. The single man has married, and has concentrated all his affection upon his wife and children. The companion has changed his pursuits, the friend his connexions; old acquaintances have died, new faces have come upon the scene; boys have grown into manhood, and the girls with whom we used to dance and flirt, have become the mothers of families. In short, the cards of society have been shuffled and cut so often, that no traces remain of the game we left playing at the time of our departure. We ourselves, on the contrary, remain insensible to the operations of time. We mistake the memory of what we have felt for an actual sentiment; and picturing our friends on the intellectual *retina* with all their primitive associations, surrounded by the bright halo of early sensations and unworn feelings, so different from those colder and more calculating sentiments which attach us to newer acquaintance; we grow young in the recollection; thus taking no account either of the changes which have occurred in ourselves, our friends, or in the circumstances in which they are placed, we are wholly unprepared for that moral and social dislocation which awaits us, in our endeavours to thrust ourselves once more into a place in society which others have already occupied. The gap we left in the social circle has long been filled up; and we are hurt to find ourselves in the situation of one returned from the grave; after his fortune has been divided amongst thankless heirs, and his loss forgotten by his nearest relations.

I myself was born and educated in London, and for the first thirty years of my life, was never absent from it, except on those short excursions which return us to our friends the more welcome for our temporary

retreat. At length, however, circumstances drew me away from home, and carried me out of the sight and recollection of old acquaintances; so that, after an absence of ten years, I returned to my native capital almost an entire stranger.

The feeling of melancholy with which, like a ghost, I stalked through the favourite haunts of my former life, and, like a ghost too, sought for some one to relieve me by an interpellation, was beyond description bitter. Every step was taken over a prostrate propensity, or a broken association.

But in the irritable state of mind thus produced, every trifle becomes important; and those who have experienced the position, will acknowledge the fidelity of this picture. But much more severe was the shock which attended the necessity of taking shelter in an hotel. The paternal house, whose door had, on each return from school, and on the termination of every country ramble, stood hospitably open to welcome me to an affectionate circle, had now passed into other hands. The circle was broken up; the grave had closed on its dearest members; and the survivors were pursuing fortune in other channels: while strangers occupied the apartments endeared by the most indelible associations. It seemed so unnatural, so cruel, to be thus driven from home, that it wore the air of an act of violence.

I remember to have experienced, though in less intensity, this feeling of loneliness on visiting the University to take a degree, and finding the contemporary generations replaced by a race of boys and strangers; and this analogous instance, being familiar to many readers, may serve as an illustration to those whose homebred habits have confined them to the spot in which accident first placed them. To those thus fixed and stationary, changes are scarcely sensible; they take place so gradually. Friends die, or drop from the circle but one at a time; and the ranks are filled up before the chasm is perceived: but to the returning stranger, the desolation is apparent in its fullest extent and horror.

Every man in London, however obscure his station, is connected with a little circle, or *punta*, with whom his domestic habits are more intimately entwined. This little knot, made up of friends, of accidental associates, companions of pleasure or of business, passes on with us through life, occasionally broken in upon by casual interlopers, but still holding together with a pertinacity which daily habit serves only to increase. By such a circle we find ourselves surrounded in our father's house; and though age, education, temperament, and disposition, may all tend to alienate the young man from it when he escapes into the world, yet there is none perhaps to which he occasionally returns with more pleasure, or clings to with greater attachment; especially when the parent, who was its centre, is no more. Here, however, it is, that a short time makes the widest and the deepest gashes; for as the individuals are all advanced in life, they are eminently obnoxious to accident and to decay. Nothing can be more painful to the stranger at home, than his return to the remnants of such a circle. The old friendship, the old hilarity, the old jokes are still preserved; but one member has grown deaf, another blind, another doats, a fourth is paralytic; and all seem to be insensible to the loss of those who have dropped into the grave, unconscious of the lapse of time and reckless of its dilapidations. It seems as if a wild and fantastic dream had conjured up the dead to mock at revelry, to feast

with the traveller on his return, and welcome him to the spot in which, after all his wanderings, he is to rest for ever.

But if friendships are thus pregnant with suffering, the distastes are not less frequent which await the stranger in the scenes of his early amusements. The theatres more especially are the scenes of disappointment. Old favourites are dead; or, what perhaps is still worse, are grown too old for the parts they still sustain. A new race of performers treads the stage, with whose names, persons, and merits, the returned traveller is wholly unacquainted: and because he is himself no longer susceptible of the same vivid sensations, because his imagination no longer lends itself with the same enthusiasm to scenic deception, the present race of actors infallibly appear to possess smaller talent than the actors of his recollection. Whoever is at all conversant with theatrical literature, must have remarked how each generation of critics has dwelt with fondness and regret on the memory of the actors who are gone. Yet perhaps no other art has observed so progressive a march towards perfection, by a constant and steady approach to nature, the rejection of conventional bombast, and rising above received forms of theatrical gesture and elocution.

Besides, however, this disgust of satiety, this palling of the imagination, it must be admitted, that the theatres really have lost much of their attraction, through their increased size and consequent turn to show and pantomime. But this is not all. Before the stage lamps changes also have occurred. The race of critics which twenty years ago assembled to discuss the merits of Cooke's Richard, or to enjoy the raciness of poor Lewis's Prince Hal, have disappeared with the actors they admired: and the returned traveller might as well be in the Scala at Milan, or the San Carlos of Naples, as in Covent Garden or Drury Lane, for any chance the latter afford of old associates or a sympathizing audience. The idle Templars, who used to retire from the theatre to the coffee-house, who conspired to damn a play or conduct a riot, have now retired to their chambers, and are buried in briefs and cases. They may sometimes, by accident, be found in a church; but the theatre no longer exists for them, even in recollection.—*Cœtera quid memorem?* All the other places of public resort equally lose in the comparison of the present with the past. Vauxhall, if not in extent and in illumination, yet, at least, in gaiety, appears much less to the eye than to the memory; it is stripped of all the decorations which youth, health, and inexperience formerly conferred upon it. The "pleased alacrity and cheer of mind" are wanting, which once gave zest to every amusement; and even the appetite, which formerly enhanced a Vauxhall supper and burnt Champaign, has ceased to disguise the taste of the knife in its wafer-slices of ham, and to shut out from the palate the staleness of the cheesecakes. The only sense which seems awakened to a keener sensibility is the nose: at least, the oil and the steams of rack punch are now more disagreeably predominant, than when last I visited this once favourite resort.

Another source of disappointment from which few, even of the resident cockneys, at all advanced in life, escape, arises in the vast increase of buildings, which have sprung up round London. When I was a boy, the whole region north of Bloomsbury-square was as yet unoccupied by brick and mortar. The splendid mansions, like the fortunes by which they are supported, had not then been stolen from the children of agri-

culture. The fields (for fields they then were) had been the scenes of all my childish amusements. There I flew my kite, and played cricket, and enjoyed the keen delight of an escape from my *plagosus Orbilius*.—Is the scene, or the actor; the most completely changed? Of the numerous triumphs of the genius of building (I cannot in conscience say of architecture) over the fauns and hymadryads of the London dairy farms, those which have been won in the fields near Hampstead, are to my imagination the most intolerable. For those were the site of many a delightful walk, in the first spring of adolescence, in society with one long numbered with the dead, whose boyish and elastic cheerfulness was accompanied by a giant's mind. Even now, the earnest discussion, crossed by a pun, or a quotation, or a hop skip and jump over a ditch—the intent observation of some effect of colour in a summer evening's sky, of some combination of forms in a group of cattle or of trees—the enjoyable fatigue, the delicious refreshment of the tea which concluded our promenade, are still lively in my imagination, associated with the first crude developements of taste, science, and philosophy, to which these walks contributed. Poor D———! his scholastic acquirements were not many; but his mind, vigorous and comprehensive, had left few subjects uninvestigated; and if he wanted the instruction of the schools, he wanted likewise their prejudices and their errors. Self-instructed, self-supported, without friends to encourage, or the spirit of cabal to advance himself, how could he hope for success in an art, in which the *trade* is so much more important than the *profession*? Broken-spirited and disappointed, ere half his course was run, he sunk under the struggle; leaving behind him works which the connoisseur is now eager to purchase at prices that would have crowned his modest wishes with affluence!

But why pause upon one monument? London is the grave of so many sensations, so many associations! Wherever else I go, I am still young in the enjoyment of the present, in the anticipation of the future; in London, exclusively, I am chained to the past. There the thread of personal identity seems scarcely preserved, so wholly is the existence passed away which London recalls. To be alone with nature is not solitude: to be alone in a land of strangers is, at least, not unnatural; but to be alone in the city of our birth, in the bosom as it were of our family, is an intolerable evil. Let him who commences life a wanderer, continue a wanderer; or if in middle life he must pitch his tent, let it be far from the haunts of his infancy. Man may make himself a position in new societies; but he can never wholly recover the place he has once vacated.

M.

THE GREAT MAN OF THE FAMILY.

EVERY family, I believe, has its great man : my maternal uncle, Sir Nicholas Sawyer, is ours. His counting-house is in Mark-lane, where he lived for a period of twenty years : on his being knighted, however, he thought, and his wife was sure, that knighthood and city air would not coalesce, so the family removed to Bedford-square. Our family live in Lime-street, and I am in the counting-house. The knighthood and the Bedford-square house at once elevated my uncle to be the great man of the family, insomuch that we, the Wodehouses, are at present rather in the shade, and the Sawyers in the full blaze of the sun. My father is naturally too indolent a man to trouble his head about this ; but my mother has a growing family, that must be pushed. Sir Nicholas is apt to dine with us now and then, and my mother, upon these occasions, schools us to what we are to say and do, as Garrick was said to have tutored his wife. My sister Charlotte is told to like Handel's music, to which the great man, being what is called "serious," is partial ; my brother John, who is articled to an attorney, is told to pull Boote's suit at law out of his pocket ; I am told to dislike port wine, and to be partial to parsnips ; and even little Charles is told to lisp "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." I question whether the Quaker meeting-house in White-yard-court can muster such a congregation of unfledged hypocrites. When Sir Nicholas issues one of his dinner edicts, it occasions as great a bustle in our establishment, as Queen Elizabeth's created when she quartered herself upon Kenilworth castle. I will mention what happened last Wednesday. There is very little variety in the infliction. The narrative of what passes at one dinner may serve for a hundred.

Sir Nicholas Sawyer is in the habit of looking in at our counting-house in his way to his own. That is to say, whenever he condescends to walk. At these times he uniformly tells us why he cannot have the carriage. It is wanted by Lady Sawyer : upon one occasion to accompany Lady Fanny Phlegethon to the opening of the new church at Kennington : upon another, to pay a kind visit to the poor Countess of Cowcross : upon a third, to attend Mr. Penn's Outinian Lecture with Lady Susan Single. Last Wednesday morning he paid us one of his usual visits ; and having skimmed the cream of the Public Ledger, asked my father if he dined at home on that day ? My father answered yes. "Bob," said my father to me, "do run upstairs and tell your mother that your uncle will dine with us to-day." I did as I was bid, and, on opening the parlour-door, found my mother teaching little Charles his multiplication-table, and Charlotte singing to the piano "Nobody coming to marry me." As she had just then arrived at "Nobody coming to woo," which last-mentioned monosyllable she was lengthening to woo-hoo-hoo-hoo, in a strain not unlike that of the "Cuckoo harbinger of Spring." This was unlucky ; the cadenza might have been heard down in the counting-house : and any thing more opposite to Handel could not well be imagined. I delivered my message : my alarmed mother started up ; Charlotte threw away her Hymen-seeking ditty, and pouncing upon Acis and Galatea, began to growl "Oh, ruddier than the berry." As for little Charles he was left to find out the result of five times nine, like the American boy, by dint of his own natural sagacity.

A short consultation was held between my mother and Charlotte upon the important article of dinner. A round of beef salted, in the house: so far fortunate: a nice turbot and a few mutton-chops would be all that it was requisite to add. The debate was now joined by my father: he agreed to the suggestion, and my mother offered to adjourn *instantly* to Leadenhall-market. "No, my dear, no," said my father: "remember when your brother last dined with us, you bought a hen lobster, and one of the chops was all bone." My mother owned her delinquency, and my father walked forth to order the provisions.

Our dinner-hour is five, and my brother John dines with us, generally returning afterwards to Mr. Pounce's office in Bevis Marks. I met him on the stairs and told him of the intended visit. Jack winked his left eye, and tapped a book in his coat-pocket, as much as to say, "Let me alone: I'll be up to him." At the hour of five we were all assembled in the drawing-room, with that species of nervous solicitude which usually precedes the appearance of the great man of the family. A single knock a little startled us; but it was only the boy with the porter. A double knock terrified us; Charlotte mechanically began to play, "Comfort ye my people," my mother took the hand of little Charles, whose head had been properly combed, in anticipation of the customary pat, and advanced to meet her high and mighty relation: the door opened, and the servant delivered—a twopenny-post printed circular, denoting that muffins were only to be had good at Messrs. Stuff and Saltem's, in Abchurch-lane, and that all other edibles were counterfeits. My father ejaculated, "Psha!" and threw the epistle into the fire. Little Charles watched the gradually diminishing sparks, and had just come to parson and clerk, when the sudden stop of a carriage and a treble knock announced to those whom it might concern that his High Mightiness had really assailed our portal. The scene which had just before been rehearsed for the benefit of the twopenny postman, was now performed afresh, and Sir Nicholas Sawyer was inducted into the arm-chair. I had the honor to receive his cane, my brother Jack his gloves, and little Charles his hat, which he carried off in both hands without spilling. "What have you got in your pocket, Jack?" said the Great Man to my brother. "Only the first volume of Morgan's Vade Mecum," answered the driver of quills. "Right," rejoined our revered uncle: "always keep an eye to business, Jack. May you live to be Lord Chancellor, and may I live to see it!" "At this he laughed," as Goldsmith has it; "and so did we: the jests of the rich are always successful." My mother, however, conceived it to be no jesting matter, and in downright earnest began to alledge that John had an uncommon partiality for the law, and would doubtless do great things, if he was but properly pushed. She then averred that I, too, had a very pretty taste for printed cottons, and that when I should be taken into partnership I should, in all human probability, do the trade credit, if I was but properly pushed. But for this a small additional capital was requisite, and where I was to get it Heaven-only knew. Charlotte's talent for music was then represented to be surprising, and would be absolutely astonishing if she could but afford to get her properly pushed by a few lessons from Bishop. As to little Charles, she was herself pushing him in his arithmetic. Never was there a mother who so pushed her offspring: it is no fault of hers that we are not every one of us flat on our faces long ago.

Dinner being announced, the Great Man took his seat at the right hand of my mother. He was helped to a large slice of turbot, whereupon he tapped the extremity of the fish with his knife. This denoted his want of some of the fins, and my mother accordingly dealt out to him a portion of these glutinous appendages. Common mortals send a plate round the table for whatsoever they may require; but, when the Great Man the Family graces the table, every thing is moved up to him. The buttock of beef being a little too ponderous to perform such a visit, the Great Man hinted from afar off where he would be helped. "Just there: no, not there: a little nearer the fat: or stay: no: it is a little too much boiled: I will wait a slice or two: ay: now it will do: a little of the soft fat, and two spoonfuls of gravy: put two small parsnips with it; and, Thomas, bring me the mustard." It may be well imagined that these dicta were followed by prompt obedience. There are only two viands for which I entertain an aversion—parsnips and tripe. The former always give me the notion of carrots from the catacombs, and the latter, of boiled leather breeches. My politic mamma, aware of my uncle's partiality for parsnips, had lectured me into the propriety of assuming a fondness for them; adding, that Sir Nicholas had been married five years without children, and that I should probably be his heir, and that one would not lose one's birthright for a mess of pottage. It is whispered in the family that my uncle is worth a plum. It would, therefore, be a pity to lose a hundred thousand pounds, by refusing to swallow a parsnip. I contrived to get down a couple; and was told by Sir Nicholas that I was a clever young man, and knew what was what. My mother evidently thought the whole of the above-named sum was already half way down my breeches pocket. "Has any body seen Simpson & Co." enquired the Great Man, during a short interval between his mouthfuls. I was upon the incautious point of answering yes, and that I thought it a very good thing, when my father, with the most adroit simplicity, answered, "I met Simpson this morning at Batson's: his partner is at Liverpool." Hereat the Great Man chuckled so immoderately that we all thought that a segment of parsnip had gone the wrong way. "No, I don't mean them—come, that's not amiss—Simpson and Scott, of Alderman's Walk. Ha, ha, hah! No: I mean Simpson and Co. at Drury Lane." "No," answered my mother, "we none of us ever go to the play." Lord, help me! it was but a week ago that my Father, Jack, and I, had sat in the pit to see this identical drama! Now came in the mutton chops. The process was electrical, and deserves a minute commemoration. First, the Great Man had a hot plate, upon which he placed a hot potatoe. Then our man Thomas placed the pewter dish, carefully covered; immediately under our visitor's nose. At a given signal Thomas whisked off the cover, and my uncle darted his fork into a chop as rapidly as if he were harpooning a fish. What became of the cover, unless Thomas swallowed it, I have not since been able to form a guess.

I pass over a few more white lies, uttered for the purpose of ingratiating. Such, for instance, as none of us liking wine or gravy; our utter repugnance to modern fashions in dress: our never wasting time in reading novels; our never going westward of Temple Bar, and our regularly going to afternoon church. But I cannot avoid mentioning that great men bear, at least in one point, a resemblance to great wits: I mean in

the shortness of their memories. Bedford-square and a carriage have driven from my poor uncle's sensorium all geographical knowledge of City streets. He regularly asks me whether Lime-street is the second or third turning: affects to place Ironmonger's Hall in Bishopsgate-street; and tells me that, when he goes to receive his dividends at the India House, he constantly commits the error of directing his coachman to Whitechapel. Lord help me again! this from a man who, for the first ten years of his civic existence, threaded every nook and alley in the City, with a black pocket-book full of bills, as Dimsdale and Company's out-door clerk!

I yesterday overheard my maiden Aunt Susan giving a hint to some body, who shall be nameless, that Lady Sawyer, notwithstanding her five years abstinence, is certainly—"as women wish to be who love their lords." I mean to wait with exemplary patience to establish the fact, and to ascertain the sex of the infant. If it prove to be a male, I am of course cut out of the inheritance. In that case, I shall unquestionably throw off the mask, and venture to eat, drink, talk, and think for myself. At the very first uncle-given dinner, after that *dénouement*, I can assure you, Mr. Editor, that I shall hate parsnips, take two glasses of port wine, tilt the dish for gravy, see Simpson and Co. at least six times, and read every novel in Lane's Circulating List. I am, &c.

ROBERT RANKIN.

THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

How many lift the head, look gay, and smile
Against their consciences? ——— YOUNG.

WHEN hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close conceal'd,
We shrink; lest looks or words impart
What must not be reveal'd.

'Tis hard to smile, when one could weep,
To speak, when one would silent be,
To wake, when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony!

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
Who wander in this world of care;
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

But Nature waits, her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come;
And Time guides with unerring feet,
The wearied wand'ers home.

COQUETRY.

IN No. 198. of the Spectator there is a remarkably good paper by Addison, on the dangers of coquetry and levity. He commences by saying, "There is a species of women whom I shall distinguish by the name of Salamanders. Now, a Salamander is a kind of heroine in chastity, that treads upon fire, and lives in the midst of flames without being hurt. A Salamander knows no distinction of sex in those she converses with, grows familiar with a stranger at first sight, and is not so narrow-spirited as to observe whether the person she talks to be in male or female attire. She plays a whole evening at picquet with a gentleman, walks with him two or three hours by moonlight, and is extremely scandalized at the unreasonableness of a husband, or the severity of a parent, that would debar the sex from such innocent liberties."

There is no character more prevalent in the present day than that of the Salamander; though it is perhaps now better known as the coquette; and none more injurious to society. It may be questioned whether the woman who, in private, sacrifices her honour, but in public wears the semblance of virtue, is not less dangerous to society; and whether there be not greater hope of her amendment. Her sin, enormous as it is, being concealed from the world, and accompanied by all the outward appearances of propriety, has not the same pernicious effect of bad example. Conscious of her own crimes, she pays the deference to Virtue of assuming its mask; and it is to be hoped that she may see the error of her ways and amend: but the Salamander goes on, priding herself on the consciousness of preserving her chastity; while her conduct is so full of levity, that the generality of mankind believe that so much public impropriety must be accompanied by actual guilt; and her example cannot fail of being injurious to the young and thoughtless. There is but little prospect of her amendment; for though suffering under a loss of character, she is unconscious of her faults; and fancies herself the victim of unjust slander. She is insensible of the necessity of appearing virtuous, as well as of being so; and this blindness to her own errors engenders an angry feeling at what she considers the injustice of the world, which leaves the mind ill prepared for reflection and repentance. Another danger attached to the Salamander is; that by her levity she encourages freedoms which often so far exceed the bounds of propriety, that even she feels indignant; and, instead of reflecting on her own want of conduct, which led to such liberties, and resolving never again to betray the same levity, she resents the insult with all the warmth and astonishment of outraged modesty and decorum; like a person who has thrown down the fence which guards his property, and is then surprised that people trespass on it.

ANECDOTES.

(FROM MADAME CAMFAN'S MEMOIRS.)

LOUIS XIV. was informed that the officers of his table evinced, in the most disdainful and offensive manner, the mortification they felt at being obliged to eat at the table of the Comptroller of the kitchen, along with Moliere, valet de chambre to his Majesty, because Moliere had performed on the stage; and that this celebrated author consequently declined appearing at that table. Louis XIV. determined to put an end to insults which ought never to have been offered to one of the greatest geniuses of the age, said, one morning to Moliere, at the hour of his private levee, "They say you live very poorly here, Moliere; and that the officers of my chamber do not find you good enough to eat with them. Perhaps you are hungry; for my part, I awoke with a very good appetite this morning: sit down at this table." The King then cutting up his fowl, and ordering Moliere to sit down, helped him to a wing, at the same time taking one for himself, and ordered the persons entitled to familiar entrance, that is to say, the most distinguished and favourite people at court, to be admitted. "You see me," said the King to them, "engaged in entertaining Moliere, whom my valets de chambre do not consider sufficiently good company for them." From that time Moliere had never occasion to appear at the valet's table; the whole court was forward enough to send him invitations.

Louis XIV. was very kind to those of his servants, who were near his person; but the moment he assumed his royal deportment, those who were most accustomed to see him in his domestic character, were as much intimidated as if they were appearing in his presence for the first time in their lives. Some of the members of his Majesty's civil household, then called *commensalite*, enjoying the title of equerry, and the privileges attached to officers of the King's household, had occasion to claim some prerogatives, the exercise of which the municipal body of St. Germain, where they resided, disputed with them.

Being assembled in considerable numbers in that town, they obtained the consent of the minister of the household, to allow them to send a deputation to the King; and for that purpose, chose from amongst them, two of his Majesty's valets de chambre, named Bazire, and Soulaigre.

The King's levee being over, the deputation of the inhabitants of the town of St. Germain was called in; they entered with confidence; the King looked at them, and assumed his imposing attitude. Bazire, one of these valets de chambre, was about to speak; but Louis the Great was looking on him. He no longer saw the Prince he was accustomed to attend at home: he was intimidated, and could not find words; he recovered, however, and began, as usual, with the word *Sire*. But timidity again overpowered him, and finding himself unable to recollect the slightest particle of what he came to say, he repeated the word *Sire* several times over, and at length concluded by saying, "*Sire*, here is Soulaigre." Soulaigre, who was very angry with Bazire, and expected

to acquit himself much better, then began to speak. But he, also, after repeating *Sire* several times, found his embarrassment increase upon him, until his confusion equalled that of his colleague; he therefore ended with "*Sire*, here is Bazire."

The King smiled, and answered: "Gentlemen, I have been informed of the business upon which you have been deputed to wait on me, and I will take care that what is right shall be done. I am highly satisfied with the manner in which you have fulfilled your functions as deputies."

LOUIS XV.

Those men who are most completely abandoned to dissolute manners, are not, on that account, insensible to virtue in women. The countess de Perigord was as beautiful as virtuous. During some excursions she made to Choisy, whither she had been invited, she perceived that the King took great notice of her. Her demeanor of chilling respect, her cautious perseverance in shunning all serious conversation with the monarch, were insufficient to extinguish this rising flame; and he at length addressed a letter to her, worded in the most passionate terms. This excellent woman instantly formed her resolution: honor forbade her returning the King's passion, whilst her profound respect for the sovereign made her unwilling to disturb his tranquillity. She, therefore, voluntarily banished herself to an estate she possessed called Chalais, near Barbezieux, the mansion of which had been uninhabited nearly a century: the porter's lodge was the only place in a condition to receive her. From this seat she wrote to his majesty, explaining her motives for leaving court; and she remained there several years, without visiting Paris. Louis XV. was speedily attracted by other objects, and regained the composure to which Madame de Perigord had thought it her duty to sacrifice so much. Some years afterwards, the princesses' lady of honour died; many great families solicited the place: the King, without answering any of their applications, wrote to the countess de Perigord, "My daughters have just lost their lady of honour; this place, madam, is your due, no less on account of your eminent virtues, than of the illustrious name of your family."

Weak as Louis XV. was, the parliament would never have obtained his consent to the convocation of the States-general. I heard an anecdote on this subject from two officers attached to that prince's household. It was at the period when the remonstrances of the parliament, and the refusals to register the decrees for levying taxes, produced alarm with respect to the state of finances.

This became the subject of conversation one evening at the *coucher* of Louis XV.; "You will see, *Sire*," said a courtier, whose office placed him in close communication with the King, "that all this will make it absolutely necessary to assemble the States-general." The King, roused by this speech from the habitual apathy of his character, seized the courtier by the arm, and said to him, in a passion,—"Never repeat those words: I am not sanguinary; but had I a brother, and he were to dare to give me such advice, I would sacrifice him, within twenty-four hours, to the duration of the monarchy and the tranquillity of the kingdom."

The Empress Maria Theresa was left a widow at an age when her beauty was yet striking: she was secretly informed of a scheme projected by her three principal ministers, to make themselves agreeable to her; of a compact made between them, that the losers should not suffer themselves to be infected with any feeling of jealousy towards him who should be fortunate enough to gain his sovereign's heart; and that they had sworn that the successful one should be always the friend and support of the other two.

The Empress, being well assured of this fact, one day, after the breaking up of the council over which she had presided turned the conversation upon the subject of women, female sovereigns, and the duties of their sex and rank; and then applying her general reflections to herself in particular, she told them she hoped to guard herself all her life against weaknesses of the heart; but that if ever an irresistible feeling should make her alter her resolution, it should be only in favor of a man proof against ambition, not engaged in state affairs, accustomed and attached only to a private life, and its calm enjoyments—in a word, if her heart should betray her, so far as to love a man invested with any important office, from the moment he should discover her sentiments, he should be contented to resign his place and his influence with the public. This was sufficient: the three ministers more ambitious than amorous, gave up their projects for ever.

INSTINCT.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A few days before the fall of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal in one of the departments of the North of France, condemned to death M. des R****, an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, as guilty of a conspiracy. M. des R. had a water spaniel, ten or twelve years old, of the small breed, which had been brought up by him, and had never quitted him. Des R. saw his family dispersed by a system of terror: some had taken flight; others were arrested and carried into distant gaols; his domestics were dismissed; his friends had either abandoned him, or concealed themselves; he was himself in prison, and every thing in the world was silent to him, except his dog. This faithful animal had been refused admittance into the prison. He had returned to his master's house, and found it shut; he took refuge with a neighbour who received him; but that posterity may judge rightly of the times in which we have existed, it must be added, that this man received him with trembling, and in secret, dreading lest his humanity for an animal should conduct him to the scaffold. Every day at the same hour the dog left the house, and went to the door of the prison. He was refused admittance, but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity at length won upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog saw his master, and clung to him. It was difficult to separate them, but the gaoler forced him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back the next morning, and every day; once

each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked him in the face, again licked his hand, and went away of himself.

When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the crowd, notwithstanding the guard, the dog penetrated into the hall, and crouched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever. The judges condemned him; he was reconducted to the prison, and the dog from that time did not quit the door. The fatal hour arrives; the prison opens: the unfortunate man passes out; it is his dog that receives him at the threshold. He clings upon his hand, that hand which so soon must cease to pat his caressing head. He follows him; the axe falls; the master dies; but the tenderness of the dog cannot cease. The body is carried away; the dog walks at its side; the earth receives it; he lays himself upon the grave.

There he passed the first night, the next day, and the second night. The neighbour in the mean time unhappy at not seeing him, risks himself in searching for the dog; guesses, from the extent of his fidelity, the asylum he had chosen, finds him, caresses him, and makes him eat. An hour afterwards the dog escaped, and regained his favourite place. Three months passed away, each morning of which he came to seek his food, and then returned to the grave of his master; but each day he was more sad, more meagre, more languishing, and it was evident that he was gradually reaching his end. An endeavour was made, by chaining him up, to wean him, but nature will triumph. He broke his fetters; escaped; returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. It was in vain that they tried to bring him back. They carried him food, but he ate no longer. For four-and-twenty hours he was seen employing his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the remains of the being he had so much loved. Passion gave him strength, and he gradually approached the body; his labours of affection vehemently increased; his efforts became convulsive; he shrieked in his struggles; his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his last gasp, as if he knew that he had found his master.

SECRET ESCORT.

A gentleman returning to town from Newington Green, where he had been on a visit to a friend, was stopped by a footpad armed with a thick bludgeon, who demanded his money, saying he was in great distress. The gentleman gave him a shilling; but this did not satisfy the fellow, who immediately attempted to strike him with his bludgeon; when, to the surprise of the gentleman, the villain's arm was suddenly arrested by a spaniel dog, who seized him fast. The fellow with some difficulty extricated himself from his enemy, and made his escape. The dog belonged to the gentleman's friend where he had dined, and had followed him unperceived; the faithful creature guarded him home, and then made the best of its way back to its master.

POETRY.

GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to MODENA,
 (Where among other relics you may see
 TASSONI'S bucket—but 'tis not the true one)
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the ORSINI.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain you—but, before you go,
 Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
 The last of that illustrious family ;
 Done by ZAMPIERI—but by whom I care not.
 He, who observes it—ere he passes on,
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again ;
 That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half open, and her finger up,
 As tho' she said " Beware ! " her vest of gold
 Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
 An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
 A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
 So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of an innocent heart—
 It haunts me still, tho' many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Antony of Trent,
 With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ ;
 A chest that came from VENICE, and had held
 The ducal robes of some old Ancestor—
 That by the way—it may be true or false—
 But don't forget the picture ;—and you will not,
 When you have heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name GINEVRA,
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent Father ;
 And in her sixteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, FRANCESCO DORIA,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
 Now, frowning, smiling ; for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;

And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to FRANCESCO.

Great was the joy ; but at the Nuptial feast,
When all sate down, the Bride herself was wanting,
Nor was she to be found ! Her Father cried
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left FRANCESCO,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed ;
But that she was not !

Wearied of his life,
FRANCESCO flew to VENICE, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk,
ORSINI lived—and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search,
Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as GINEVRA,
" Why not remove it from its lurking place ?"
'Twas done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a wedding-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
" GINEVRA."

There then had she found a grave,
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever !

WATERS OF ELLE.

WATERS of Elle, thy limpid streams are flowing
Smooth and untroubled through the flow'ry vale :
O'er thy green banks once more the wild rose blowing,
Greets the young Spring and scents the passing gale.

Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing,
One still too dear, first breathed his vows to thee :
" Wear this," he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
" Near to thy heart in memory of me."

Love's cherished gift, the rose he gave, is faded ;
Love's blighted flower can never bloom again,
Weep for thy fault—in heart—in mind—degraded :
Weep if thy tears can wash away the stain.

Call back the vows that once to Heaven were plighted,
 Vows full of love, of innocence, and truth,
 Call back the scenes in which thy soul delighted :
 Call back the dream that blest thy early youth.

Flow silver stream, tho' threatening tempests lower,
 Bright, mild, and clear, thy gentle waters flow ;
 Round thy green banks, the Spring's young blossoms flower,
 O'er thy soft leaves the balmy zephyrs blow.

Yet, all in vain ; for never Spring arraying
 Nature in charms, for thee can make it fair,
 Ill-fated love ; clouds all thy paths, pourtraying
 Years full of bliss, and future of despair.

ST. CLARA.

If to lose all that love thee should e'er be thy lot,
 By the world that now courts thee contemn'd and forgot ;
 When thy own fickle heart has all others estranged,
 Then remember St. Clara, who never has changed.

Who had followed thy steps, though in sickness and sadness,
 More firm to the last than the foes who upbraid her ;
 Who had followed thy steps, though to death and to madness,
 Then mourn o'er the grave where thy falsehood has laid her.

Ah say not ! Ah think not ! she e'er can recover,
 The blow never fails from the hand of a lover ;
 Full home it was struck, and it fell on a breast
 By remorse and unkindness already deprest.

A smile oft, in death, may illumine each feature,
 When hope, fondly cherished, for ever is past ;
 And the heart that is noble and high in its nature,
 Though deserted and scorn'd will be firm to the last.

THE FAREWELL.

"FAREWELL,"

Ah ! sigh not thus—nor turn from me,
 I must not—dare not—look on thee ;
 Too well thou knowest how dear thou art,
 'Tis hard, but yet 'tis best to part ;
 I wish thee not to share my grief,
 It secks, it hopes for no relief.

"Farewell,"

Come give thy hand, what though we part,
 Thy name is fixed within my heart ;
 I shall not change, nor break the vow
 I made before and plight thee now ;
 For since thou may'st not live for me,
 'Tis sweeter far to die for thee.

"Farewell,"

Thou'lt think of me when I am gone,
 None shall undo what I have done;
 Yet even thy love I would resign
 To save thee from remorse like mine;
 Thy tears shall fall upon my grave;
 They still may bless—they cannot save.

SONNET.

ALONG thy wooded banks, dear native Stream,
 Again I rove, and on thy winding shore
 Behold thy dashing waves and torrent hoar;
 But, cold and dark, thy falling waters seem
 To mourn and murmur in the sun's pale beam,
 As hurrying to the ocean deep they roar
 With trackless billows, and are seen no more.

So down the tide of life's benighted dream
 : On rapid wings my fruitless years have fled,
 And left no memory of their silent flight:
 And now they wing me to the days of doom,
 And ever as I lift my weeping head,
 Point with their pale hands to the realms of night:
 And the cold chambers of the shrouded tomb.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

SONNET.

ON THE RECOLLECTION OF A LADY'S SINGING.

WHEN my sick heart with saddening gloom oppress'd
 Despairing sinks, or throbs with wild alarm,
 Those much lov'd notes which happier moments bless'd,
 Still seem to vibrate with a softened charm.
 My changing spirits echo to the sound
 And more than music floats on mem'ry's ear,
 The present prospect seems to brighten round,
 And past delights are rendered doubly dear:
 Yet oh! should fate by some unkind decree,
 Ere blight this passion now my joy and pride,
 Should you and future bliss be lost to me,
 The world a desert and my heart a void.
 Each once loved note would heighten my distress,
 And sound the funeral knell of happiness.

E. S.

THE DRAMA.

JULIAN, A TRAGEDY; BY MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

This interesting Tragedy, which, we understand, has been frequently performed on the London boards with the most unqualified approbation, we only received a few days ago by the American mail. Though we believe that Miss Mitford is generally known as a writer of eminent talents, of chaste feeling, and considerable poetic energy, yet till the moment in which we had read her Julian, and heard of its success in a place and at a time in which the productions of the first poets of the age have been spurned and neglected, we had no conception that she had powers which could enable her to aspire to almost the highest rank in dramatic poetry. Such, however, is the case. Julian is a tragedy of the first order. It is perfect in conception—just in sentiment—and moral in its catastrophe. We cannot indeed say, that in its progress it is very fraught with those romantic, sublime and striking incidents which are so profusely scattered in the plays of many of Miss Mitford's more renowned, though less successful, rivals; but it contains many scenes which must inevitably render it a great and lasting favourite in public estimation. The first thing required in a tragic poet is, that he pitch upon some moving and interesting story, and that he conduct it in a natural and probable manner. This precept Miss Mitford has followed with the most scrupulous rectitude. She has also adopted the subject best adapted for a tragedy—that where a man himself has been the cause of his misfortune; not so as to be deeply guilty, nor altogether innocent. The misfortune of Julian is occasioned by a fault incident to human nature. Some critics hold that it is essential to a good tragedy, that its principal facts be borrowed from history. Others again consider this a matter of no great consequence; for it is proved by experience, that a fictitious tale, if properly conducted, will melt the heart as much as any real history. The success of Julian corroborates the truth and justice of the latter opinion in its fullest extent; for the author, in a short advertisement annexed to the play, assures us, that “the story and characters, are altogether fictitious.”

According to the rule of Horace—

“Neve minor, ne sit quinto productior actu
Fabula.”*

Miss Mitford has been careful to restrict her play to five acts. The first opens by discovering Julian sleeping on a couch, to which he had been confined for “seven nights” in a state of feverish insensibility; watched, “tenderly watched” by his wife Annabel, and his Cousin Alfonso, the young king of Sicily, disguised as Theodore, whose rescue

* If you would have your play deserve success,
Give it five acts complete, nor more nor less.

from the murderous hand of his father, the Duke of Melfi, uncle to Alfonso and Regent of the Kingdom, just as he was about to stab him to the heart in a wild and solitary glen, was the cause of Julian's illness and distraction of mind—having, in the act of doing so, mortally wounded Melfi, to all appearance. The scene is thus beautifully described by Julian himself when he recovers a little from his indisposition, in a conversation with Annabel:—

Jul. Thou know'st how buoyantly
I darted from thee, straight o'er vale and hill,
Counting the miles by minutes. At the pass
Between the Albano mountains, I first breathed
A moment my hot-steed, expecting still
To see the royal escort. Afar off
As I stood, shading with my hand my eyes,
I thought I saw them; when at once I heard
From the deep glen, east of the pass, loud cries,
Of mortal terror. Even in agony
I knew the voice, and darting through the trees
I saw Alfonso, prostrate on the ground,
Cling around the knees of one, who held
A dagger over him in act to strike,
Yet with averted head, as if he feared
To see his innocent victim. His own face
Was hidden; till at one spring I plung'd my sword
Into his side; then our eyes met, and he —
That was the mortal blow!—screamed and stretched out
His hands. Falling and dying as he was,
He half rose up, hung speechless in the air,
And looked—Oh what had been the bitterest curse
To such a look! It smote me like a sword!
Here, here. He died.

Ann. And thou!

Jul. I could have lain
In that dark glen for ever; but there stood
The dear-bought, and the dear kinsman, and prince
And friend. We heard the far-off clang of steeds
And armed men, and fearing some new foe,
Came homeward.

Ann. And did he then, the unhappy,
Remain upon the ground?

Jul. Alas he did.

The second act presents a splendid Hall of audience in the royal palace, in which Melfi unexpectedly appears, and discovers at once that he has not been mortally wounded by his son Julian, and that his ambition is still bent upon the Crown which belongs to his nephew Alfonso, and for which he had designed his murder. He salutes the Barons of Sicily thus:

Melfi. Noble Signors,
I greet you well. Thanks, D'Alba. Good Leanti,
I joy to see those reverend locks. I never
Thought to behold a friendly face again.
And now I bring ye sorrow. Death hath been
Too busy; though the ripe and bearded ear
Escap'd his sickle—but ye know the tale;
Ye welcomed me as King? and I am spared
The painful repetition.

After this a very fine scene follows between Julian and his father, in

which affection and loyalty; thanks for the pardon he received and determined integrity towards his royal cousin, agitate him by turns which end with Julian renouncing his father.

Jul. But with all

That burning, aching, passionate old love
Wrestling within my breast; even face to face;
Whose eyes upon me; and that trembling hand
Thrilling my very heart-strings—Take it off!
In mercy take it off!—Still I renounce thee.
Thou hast no son. I have no father. Go
Down to a childless grave.

The third act exhibits the scene previous to the Coronation, the entrance of the Duke, and the oath of the people; but at the moment of his seizing the Crown, Julian rushes in with Theodore, whom he places in view of the nobles and priests, claiming their allegiance. This is a glorious moment in the Tragedy: the agonies of Julian when he beseeches his father to acknowledge Alfonso, the reproaches with which Melfi loads him, the exultation of Count D'Alba, who accuses both father and son of treason, the declaration of Julian, that—

“ But one sword

Was stained with blood in yonder glen—'twas mine—

I am the only guilty—

the refusal of Alfonso to speak one word against his uncle—the distress of Annabel, who finds that the lords are assembled to sit in judgement on her father-in-law—and her subsequent agonies when the sentence of outlawry and of banishment is pronounced alike against both, render it upon the whole, a most impressive and highly poetical scene.

The fourth act exhibits D'Alba rejoicing with a fiendish satisfaction at the downfall of Melfi and Julian, and laying a plan for the seduction of Annabel. Melfi is seen expiring in the open fields from the eruption of his late unhealed wound. This scene is most pathetic. Just after the Duke expires, word is brought that Annabel has been decoyed. Julian, in alarm, leaves the care of burying his father to the young king, rushes to her rescue, though his own life had been already forfeited, exclaiming :

Jul. There, where lies

The palace of Count D'Alba! Stained—defiled—
He hath thee now, my lovely one! There's still
A way—Let me but reach thee! One asylum—
One bridal bed—One resting place. All griefs
Are lost in this. Oh would I lie as thou,
My father! Leave him not in the high-way
For dogs to mangle. He was once a prince.
Farewell!

This is followed by the interview between D'Alba and Annabel, which displays all the virtue of her sex; and all the energy of connubial love, as the Count informs Annabel, that her marriage is dissolved by the Church, and that, if she should refuse to take him for her lord, the life of Julian is the consequence. Annabel spurns his offer with horror and detestation, and D'Alba leaves her in despair. The act closes by he

hanging her rosary out of the window of her prison, which she happily calls

———— a guiding star,
A visible prayer to God and man.

The last act shows Annabel still in prison, tremblingly watching the declining sun. She hears a gun, and Julian having escaped the fire, rushes in to save her from dishonour by effecting her death with his own hand, all hope of life, and all means of escape being impossible. His intention is not easily comprehended by his bride to whom "young life is sweet": she seeks only to escape.

Ann. Now! now! Thou know'st not
How horribly these walls do picture to me
The several agonies whereof my soul
Hath drunk to-day. I have been tempted, Julian,
By one—a fiend! tempted till I almost thought
God had forsaken me. But thou art here
To save me, and my pulse beats high again
With love and hope. I am light-hearted now,
And could laugh like a child—only these walls
Do crowd around me with a visible weight,
A palpable pressure; giving back the forms
Of wildest thoughts that wandered through my brain.
Bright chattering Madness, and sedate Despair,
And Fear the great unreal!—Take me hence!
Take me away with thee!

Jul. Not yet; not yet.
Thou sweetest wretch! I cannot—Dotard! Fool!
I must. Not yet! not yet!—Talk to me, Annabel;
This is the hour when thou wast wont to make
Earth heaven with lovely words; the sun-set hour,
That woke thy spirit into joy. Once more
Talk to me, Annabel.

Ann. Ay, all day long,
When we are free. Thy voice is choked; thy looks
Are not on me; thy hand doth catch and twitch
And grasp mine painfully,—that gentle hand!

Jul. O God! O God! that right hand!—kiss it not!
Take thy lips from it!

Ann. Canst thou save me, Julian?
Thou always dost speak truth. Canst save thyself?
Shall we go hence together?

Jul. Ay, one fate—
One home.

Ann. Why, that is bliss. We shall be poor—
Shall we not, Julian? I shall have a joy
I never looked for; I shall work for thee,
Shall tend thee, be thy page, thy squire, thy all,—
Shall I not, Julian?

Jul. Annabel, look forth
Upon this glorious world! Look once again
On our fair Sicily, lit by that sun
Whose level beams do cast a golden shine
On sea, and shore, and city, on the pride
Of bowery groves; on Etna's smouldering top,
Oh bright and glorious world! and thou of all
Created things most glorious, tricked in light,
As the stars that live in heaven!

Ann. Why dost thou gaze
So sadly on me?

Jul. The bright stars, how oft
They fall, or seem to fall! The sun—look! look!
He sinks, he sets in glory. Blessed orb,
Like thee—like thee—Dost thou remember once
We sat by the sea-shore when all the heaven
And all the ocean seemed one glow of fire:
Red, purple, saffron, melted into one—
Intense and ardent flame, the doubtful line
Where 'sea and sky should meet, was lost in that
Continuous brightness; there we sat and talked
Of the mysterious union that blessed orb
Wrought between earth and heaven, of life and death?
High mysteries!—and thou didst wish thyself
A spirit sailing in that flood of light,
Straight to the Eternal Gates; didst pray to pass
Away in such a glory. Annabel!
Look out upon the burning sky, the sea
One lucid ruby—'tis the very hour!
Thou'lt be a seraph at the Fount of Light
Before—

Ann. What, must I die? And wilt thou kill me?
Canst thou? Thou cam'st to save—

Jul. To save thy honour!

I shall die with thee.

Ann. Oh no! no! live! live!

If I must die—Oh it is sweet to live,

To breathe, to move, to feel the throbbing blood

Beat in the veins,—to look on such an earth

And such a heaven,—to look on thee! Young life

Is very dear.

Jul. Would'st live for D'Alba?

Ann. No!

I had forgot. I'll die. Quick! Quick!

Jul. One kiss!

Angel, dost thou forgive me?

Ann. Yes.

Jul. My sword!—

I cannot draw it.

Ann. Now! I'm ready.

Two murderers, with D'Alba's friend Bertone, now enter to seize the prince, who draws to defend himself. Annabel rushes between them and is slain, exclaiming—

“For thee—for thee—'tis sweet.”

One of the men is killed and the other escapes; and the unhappy Julian hearing D'Alba approach, conceives the idea of revenging his own wrongs by inflicting an unexpected pang on the author of his woes. He throws his own cloak over Annabel and wraps himself in that of the dead bravo, and when the Count arrives, he considers Julian slain, and, on inquiring for the princess hears ‘she is at rest;’ and, after ordering the body of Julian to be buried, he inquires ‘where is she?’ on which Julian uncovers the body and cries, ‘There!—now gaze thyself to hell!’ The effect of this is electric, and the punishment of D'Alba striking. Alfonso rushes on with the guards, who seize the count; but the sorrows of Julian have reached their acme—the voice of his beloved king fails to sooth him; he falls on the body of his Annabel, and expires.

Such is an outline of this interesting piece.

VARIETIES.

From a late London Paper.—The following is a statement of the receipts during the last year, of some of the most valuable of our institutions:—

	£.	s.	d.
Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, - - -	53,729	9	3
Society for Promoting the Gospel in Foreign Parts, - - -	19,513	11	0
British and Foreign Bible Society, - - -	103,802	17	1
British and Foreign School Society about, - - -	1,600	0	0
Church Missionary Society, - - -	32,975	9	7
Wesleyan ditto, - - -	26,883	5	5
London ditto, - - -	29,437	13	4
Moravian ditto, - - -	7,192	18	5
Naval and Military Bible Society - - -	2,040	4	2
Society for Conversion of the Jews, - - -	10,689	18	9
Hibernian Society, - - -	5,372	5	6
Religious Tract Society, - - -	9,261	3	0
Church of England Tract Society, - - -	514	11	10
Society for the Relief of Poor Pious Clergymen, - - -	2,219	0	5
Continental Society, - - -	1,074	12	6
London Female Penitentiary, - - -	4,075	19	0
African Institution, - - -	1,124	0	0
Sunday School Society for Ireland, - - -	3,193	6	6
Hibernian Bible Society, - - -	5,679	11	10
Prayer Book and Homily Society, - - -	2,056	15	8
Irish Religious Book and Tract Society, - - -	3,943	0	0
Sunday School Union Society, - - -	1,762	4	5

The Russian Military Gallery is proceeding, in the most magnificent, splendid, and enlarged scale, in Petersburg, by the command of the Emperor of All the Russias, to perpetuate the memory, and to hand down to posterity the fame of the great heroes who distinguished themselves in the late war; and it is most flattering to the British Arts, that an English artist has been selected by the Emperor, who has engaged Mr. Dawe to paint the likenesses. He has already painted nearly two hundred of the Generals. The Emperor arrived at St. Petersburg on the 20th January, and inspected the progress which has been made in the gallery. Amongst the pictures of the Field Marshals of Russia, is the Duke of Wellington, who is to occupy a conspicuous situation; and to make the compliment as great as possible to the British hero, the Emperor has commanded that his Grace should be painted in English uniform. The building and the whole of the works relative to the Gallery is executed in the most costly style.

Discovery of two new Fluids in the cavities of Crystals.—We understand that two new Fluids, possessing extraordinary physical properties, have

been recently discovered by Dr. Brewster, in the crystallized cavities of *Topaz*, *Quartz*, *Amethyst*, and *Crhysoberyl*. These cavities frequently occur in millions in a single specimen, and they are often so minute as to escape the cognizance of the highest magnifying powers.

The two fluids are in general perfectly transparent and colourless, and they exist in the same cavity, in actual contact, without mixing together in the slightest degree. One of them expands *thirty* times more than water, and at a temperature of about 80 degrees of Fahrenheit, it expands so as to fill up the vacuity in the cavity. When the vacuity is large in proportion to the quantity of fluid, a little additional heat converts it into vapour, which exhibits, in its formation and condensation, a series of beautiful optical phenomena. This fluid is also singularly voluble, so that a cavity with rectilineal sides forms a most delicate microscopic level.

The second fluid, which invariably accompanies the first, is not more expansible than common fluids. It occurs in smaller quantities than the first fluid, and has a higher refractive power.

Dr. Brewster has succeeded in taking these fluids out of their cavities, and in examining their properties when exposed to the open air. The first fluid contracts and expands in the most rapid manner, as if it consisted of particles endowed with vitality; and both of them indurate into a sort of resinous substance, a state in which they often appear even when they are imprisoned in their cavities.

The existence of these two fluids to such an extent in minerals, and their occurrence with precisely the same properties in specimens brought from such opposite regions as Scotland, Siberia, New Holland, Brazil, and Canada, renders it probable that they have performed some important function in the mineral organizations of our globe.

Caledonian Canal.—The number of voyages made, including those by the steam-packets, along this canal, since it was opened on the 23d October last, is one hundred and seventy-five, of which fifty were made from sea to sea. The revenue arising from this source, from the 1st of July, 1821, to the 23d October, 1822, amounted to £949.

The commercial world is already beginning to be alive to the advantages afforded by this work, for the conveyance of goods. The *Jane*, Captain Simpson, of Dundee, arrived here on Monday last, with a cargo of one hundred hogshheads of West India sugar, re-shipped at Greenock for Dundee, after a voyage through the Caledonian Canal. A commercial gentleman of great respectability, connected with the vessel, has informed us that this cargo of sugar is conveyed at *one eighth* of the expense that would be incurred by the Forth and Clyde Canal.—*Inverness Courier*.

Character of the Spaniards.—(From Article No. 11, on Spanish Romances, by Mr. Bowring, in the *London Magazine*.—“I love Spain as a country, and Spaniards as a people.—In other lands I single out special objects for my regard, and inscribe their names on the tables of

friendship and sympathy—in Spain my affections pervade and cling to the whole population.—The national characteristic is fine and heroic.—Hospitality, generosity, dignity, valour; these are all Spanish virtues. I have found them elsewhere, it is true; but in the Spaniard they are blended with something indefinable, which gives all these admirable qualities a peculiar energy and relief, of which I only know that it breathes of the olden time, though it makes no parade of its ancestry. It is romantic, spiritual, omnipresent. It is the soul of song—of song the universal element in Spain. There is not a hill, nor a valley, nor a streamlet, which it has failed to consecrate. The very beggar decorates his petitions with poetical imagery; he asks a blessed alms for tenderness for one, the flower of whose life has been blasted, or from whom “the light of Heaven has been shut out by a celestial visitation.”—The muleteer chaunts his ever-varying *cancion* to a strain that varies never; but while the sun shines, and it is seldom clouded, his voice is always heard; and there is scarcely a village where some *repentista* (*improvisatore*) has not his portion of poetry and praise.”

Timber, by the process of charring, or burning the surface, may be preserved for an indefinite time, even though exposed to damp, or buried in the earth. The utility of charring timber used for posts or water-works, is so evident, that we are surprised it is not more generally attended to. The most wonderful proof of the indestructibility of charcoal timber is given in *Watson's Chemical Essays*, where we are informed “that the beams of the Theatre of Herculaneum were converted into charcoal by the burning lava which overflowed that city; and during the lapse of 1,900 years, they have remained as entire as if they had been formed but yesterday. This property was well known to the ancients, as the famous temple of Ephesus was built on piles charred to preserve them from decay; and some years ago piles were found in the Thames, charred, in a perfect state of preservation, in the very spot in which TACITUS relates that the Britons drove in piles to prevent the attack of the fleet of JULIUS CÆSAR.”

ONE of the most interesting specimens of early musical genius that we have ever met with is *Mademoiselle Delphine Schaueroth*, the daughter of Major Schaueroth, an officer in the Bavarian service. At the age of seven years she had acquired a reputation in Germany. In Vienna she excited the admiration of the first musical professors, and at Munich, the most musical capital in Germany, she played before the Court, and all the first-rate musical talents collected there, amongst whom was Beethoven. She is at present but nine years old, and since her arrival at Paris she has called forth the enthusiasm, both in public and private, of the first artists and amateurs. To the most extraordinary facility of execution, she adds an accuracy of musical tact, and justness of expression, that has probably never been equalled, by one so young; since the days of Mozart.—*Paris Paper*.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

Europe.

Great Britain and Ireland. The most cheering accounts which have reached us from Britain during the last month are the flourishing state of the public revenue, and the general improvement and prosperity of the Country throughout in regard to trade and manufacture. On the 2d of July, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER laid the Budget before the House of Commons. From his statement, which even one of the opposition members has characterized as one of the most open, fair and candid he had ever heard, it appears, that in consequence of the prosperous state of the revenue, which afforded a clear surplus of income of £1,620,000, beyond the charge, the country had been able to apply itself to the gradual reduction of its debt. On the 5th of January, 1823, the unredeemed debt amounted to £796,530,144. The following account will show to what extent it has been reduced from the 5th January to the 30th of June, by the commissioners for its reduction:—

By sinking Fund	<table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 50%;">England, - - - - -</td> <td style="width: 50%; text-align: right;">£1,834,535</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Ireland, - - - - -</td> <td style="text-align: right;">172,382</td> </tr> </table>	England, - - - - -	£1,834,535	Ireland, - - - - -	172,382	
England, - - - - -	£1,834,535					
Ireland, - - - - -	172,382					
Transferred for Life Annuities,		334,883				
Ditto Land-tax estimated,		24,000				
Ditto unclaimed 10 years,		14,432				
Purchased with unclaimed Dividends,		19,100				
English debt decreased by Capital transferred to the debt in Ireland,		797,138				
		3,196,470				
Deduct Irish Debt increased by Capital transferred from England,		797,138				
		£3,399,332				

The amount of debt remaining unredeemed is £794,130,812. It is necessary to observe, that whilst the reduction now stated was going on, no corresponding addition had been made to the debt. The reduction which has been made is a clear reduction. Besides the capital redeemed and transferred as above, there was paid to the Bank towards the redemption of Exchequer Bills, per 3. George IV. cap. 66—

January 8, 1823, - - - - -	£340,000
April 8, - - - - -	340,000
To be paid July 5, - - - - -	340,000
	£1,020,000

Thus it appears that there has been a clear reduction of debt to the amount of upwards of £3,000,000. The public is aware, that it is the

custom to issue Deficiency Bills to meet the demands of the consolidated fund. On the 5th of January, 1823, these Bills amounted to £5,920,354; but on the 5th of April, the period when the last account had been made up, they had been reduced to £3,793,291. There was a reduction therefore of more than £2,000,000 under that head. It is sufficiently gratifying to know that notwithstanding the government has made great sacrifices of revenue, yet nevertheless the resources of the Country are so solid and substantial, that the government is enabled to provide amply for the public service, and at the same time to effect a progressive reduction of debt. Within the two last years, reduction has taken place of the undermentioned taxes, to the following amount:—

Husbandry Horses,	£480,000
Malt,	1,400,000
Salt,	1,295,000
Hides,	300,000
Assessed taxes,	2,300,000
Ditto Ireland, about,	100,000
Tonage duty,	160,000
Windows—Ireland,	180,000
Spirits—Ireland,	380,000
Ditto—Scotland,	340,000
	<hr/>
	£6,935,000

Reductions had also been affected upon minor items of taxation, which if added to the sum which has just been stated, would make a total reduction of seven millions and a half.

Upon a statement so gratifying, says the *London Courier*, upon facts so broad and plain, we need not comment at any length. They shew the improving state of the Country—and they give the Excellent Monarch under whose mild sway we have the happiness to live, and the Ministers who have been the objects of his choice, additional claims to the gratitude, the affection, and the admiration of the British people.

The papers relative to the Trade, Navigation, and Commerce of the United Kingdom during each of the three years, ending the 5th of January, 1821, 1822, and 1823, have also been laid on the table of the House of Commons. Our readers will undoubtedly feel great pleasure in perusing an abstract of them. It appears that the foreign trade is greatly on the increase; and that the exports of domestic manufactures, have increased more than three millions and a half within the last year. This is the surest test of commercial prosperity. The exports are necessarily made up of the principal manufactures of the Country,—of cotton, woollens, hardware, linen, silk, &c. They become therefore an indubitable test of internal wealth and prosperity—of the activity of the manufacturers, and the industry of the people. But we give an abridgement of this interesting document.

Statement of Accounts

OF THE

TRADE AND NAVIGATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,

During each of the three years ending the 5th January, 1821, 1822, 1823.

YEARS, Ending 5th January.	Value of Imports into the United Kingdom, calculated at the official rates of valuation.			VALUE OF EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, CALCULATED AT THE OFFICIAL RATES OF VALUATION.			Value of the produce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom, exported therefrom according to the real and declared value thereof.					
	£.	s.	d.	PRODUCE AND MANUFACTURE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.	FOREIGN AND COLONIAL MERCHANDISE.	TOTAL EXPORTS.						
1821	32,438,650	17	3	38,395,555	7	2	48,951,467	17	5	36,424,652	13	11
1822	30,792,743	4	10	40,831,744	17	5	10,629,689	5	8	51,461,434	3	1
1823	30,500,094	17	4	44,236,533	2	4	9,227,589	7	11	53,461,122	9	3

On the 19th of July, the Imperial Parliament was prorogued by Commission, His Majesty not deeming it advisable to risk the possible consequences to his health, of going through the fatigue of the ceremony. The Commissioners were the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Harrowby, Earl of Liverpool, and Earl of Westmoreland.

The House of Commons were summoned at 2 o'clock precisely. The commission for giving the royal assent to certain bills, and for proroguing the Parliament, was then read; and the several Bills having received the Royal assent, the Lord Chancellor proceeded to deliver the following Speech:—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ We are commanded by His Majesty, in releasing you from your attendance in Parliament, to express to you His Majesty's acknowledgements for the zeal and assiduity wherewith you have applied yourselves to the several objects which His Majesty recommended to your attention at the opening of the session.

“ His Majesty entertains a confident expectation that the provisions of internal regulation which you have adopted with respect to Ireland will when carried into effect tend to remove some of the evils which have so long afflicted that part of the United Kingdom.

“ We are commanded to assure you that you may depend upon the firm, but temperate exercise, of those powers which you have entrusted to His Majesty, for the suppression of violence and outrage in that country, and for the protection of the lives and property of His Majesty's loyal subjects.

“ It is with the greatest satisfaction that His Majesty is enabled to contemplate the flourishing condition of all branches of our commerce and manufactures, and the greatest abatement of those difficulties which the agricultural interest has so long and so severely suffered.

“ Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

“ We have it in command from His Majesty to thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the services of the year, and to assure you that he has received the sincerest pleasures from the relief which you have been enabled to afford his people, by a large reduction of taxes.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,

“ His Majesty has commanded us to inform you that he continues to receive from Foreign Powers, the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition towards this Country.

“ Deeply as His Majesty still regrets the failure of his earnest endeavors to prevent the interruption of the peace of Europe, it affords him the greatest consolation that the principles upon which he has acted, and the policy which he is determined to pursue, have been marked with your warm and cordial concurrence as consonant with the wishes and satisfactory to the interests of his people.”

Ireland is still in a most deplorable state of distraction. At a Meeting of the Grand District Orange Lodge of Dublin, held by requisition on the

23d of June, it was unanimously resolved, that an address should be published, conveying their sentiments to the various members of the Orange Association in the above mentioned District, and of using their influence to prevent on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, the usual decoration of the Statue of King William, or any public celebration of that day. The address earnestly recommends to every loyal protestant to abstain from taking any part in this celebration; conceiving it to be a custom altogether unimportant, and one the continuation of which, under existing circumstances, might, in all probability, endanger the lives and properties of His Majesty's subjects; whilst refraining from its observance could never, in the slightest degree, compromise the dignity of the Protestant Religion, or tend to the abolition of the Loyal Orange Association.

The Dublin Evening Post, of the 5th of July, states, that *The Captain Rock* in the north Liberties of Cork—and two of his associates, who planned and contributed to execute most of the outrages in that part of the Country, have been apprehended, not by the Magistrates—not by the Military—but what would gratify the Country and Government to know, *by the Country People themselves.*

Spain.—Since the arrival of the King and Cortes of Spain at Cadiz, the affairs of the Country present nothing but scenes of anarchy, confusion and distraction unparalleled in the history of modern times. In a Country where there lately existed but one sovereign head, one government, one legislative body, and one army, all of whom seemed unanimous, almost to a man, in the declaration and maintenance of a political code which was hailed and saluted by all Europe, no less for its independence than for its great importance in forming a new era in the annals of civil liberty, there is nothing now to be found but disaffection and disorganization of the most forboding character, with a *plurality* of every municipal and military office from the throne to the meanest corporal's guard. There is a King and a Regency—a Cortes and the Council of Castile and the Indies—a Constitutional army—an army of the Faith—and a French army—each in their turn animated with sentiments the most opposite, and views the most contradictory and threatening. It is quite impossible to suppose that such a state of things can terminate otherwise than in despotism the most foul, or anarchy the most fierce.

At the first meeting of the Cortes in Cadiz, the Regency was dissolved and the King rehabilitated. Since then, however, it is said, that the King has been shut up in a garret of the Custom House, where he passes his day sadly but with a hope of speedy succour. His Majesty misses no occasion to protest against the violence done to his person; and declares that he is by no means accessory to those publications which are issued in his name, and that he neither exercises nor wishes to accept the royal prerogatives which they pretend to bestow upon him. Sir W. A. Court, the Minister of England, sent a note to the Government in which he stated that as he was accredited to the King, and not to a *Regency*, he could not follow the King to Cadiz without further instructions. After waiting for some time at Seville for these instructions, it is understood, that Sir William was directed to follow the King to Cadiz, and, by a personal interview with his Majesty, to ascertain whether, in reality, he was detained in a state of captivity by the Cortes, and to act according to the candid declaration of his Majesty. Contrary to expectation, the

French army made no delay at Seville, but marched immediately upon Cadiz, and immediately commenced the bombardment of the City, which is represented as in the most wretched situation for defence of any strength or duration. In this undertaking they are assisted by a French squadron which maintains a close blockade of Cadiz by sea. On the 30th of June, the Cortes decreed that in all places invested with the enemy, the Habeas Corpus Act should be suspended and Martial Law established. On the same day the municipality of Cadiz invited seamen to enlist for the service on board of 50 gun boats which were arming for the defence of the port. It has been stated officially in the Spanish papers, that the Constitutional General Morillo has been detached from the duties of the Cortes. In a correspondence with Quiroga, another Constitutional Chief, he assigns his reasons for doing so to be, the insult offered to the King's person in his violent removal from Seville, and the establishment of the Regency.

The London Courier of the 19th of July gives the official documents which the King had ordered to be presented to Parliament, contained in a correspondence between DON VICTOR SAEZ, and Mr. Secretary CANNING, on the subject of the RECOGNITION OF THE SPANISH REGENCY. From these documents it appears, that the Regency of Urgel, some months before, and more recently that which was instituted after the entrance of the French army into Spain, had successively addressed letters to the British Minister, announcing, in like manner, their assumption, respectively, of the government of Spain. To neither of these communications had it been thought necessary to return any answer; and, concludes Mr. Canning, in his letter to Don Victor Saez, "if I now deviate from the course pursued in these two instances, it is only because I would not appear to be guilty of incivility, in sending back your messenger without a written acknowledgement of your letter. I have, however nothing to add to that acknowledgement. The King, my master, having a Minister resident near the person of his Catholic Majesty, cannot receive a communication of this description;—and it is, therefore not consistent with my duty, to lay before the King, the letter addressed to His Majesty, which I have the honor herewith to return."

Portugal.—An extraordinary meeting was held on the 4th of June, in the Municipal City of Oporto, at which his Excellency the Marshal Jose Joaquim da Roza Coelho attended, with 25 of the most distinguished Aldermen and inhabitants of the City, for the purpose of taking the oaths of allegiance to the King. The same persons had previously met in private, and resolved on proclaiming the absolute power of the Monarch, which was publicly performed on the plain of Santo Ovidio on the morning of the 4th. After having given three rounds of vivas for the King, John IV. the Queen, and all the Royal Family, Marshal Roza was requested, by deputation, to assume the command of the City forces until the direction of his Majesty should be known. The troops received the announcement of the restoration of the Royal authority with the liveliest acclamations, in which they were enthusiastically joined by the entire population of the City.

PROVINCIAL JOURNAL.

(July articles deferred in our last Number.)

Lunar Eclipse.—On the 23rd July, the Moon was observed from this place to be totally eclipsed, and it may be said, that, on very few occasions, has the appearance and progress of an Eclipse been so distinctly visible. The Moon touched the Earth's shadow, or began to be eclipsed on her eastern limb at ten minutes before nine, and continued to pass through the shade in the most beautiful manner imaginable till about tea o'clock, when she became totally eclipsed. In this state she continued till about eleven, presenting a dusky colour, like tarnished copper. At that hour she began to emerge from the shadow, and gradually continued to develop herself in her natural appearance till about twelve, when she assumed her usual splendour. Though totally eclipsed she was not invisible at any one period. The true cause of her being thus visible, is known to be the scattered beams of the Sun bent into the Earth's shadow by going through the atmosphere; which, being more or less dense near the Earth than at considerable heights above it, refracts or bends the Sun's rays more inward, the nearer they are passing by the Earth's surface, than those rays which go through higher parts of the atmosphere, where it is less dense according to its height, until it be so thin or rare as to lose its refractive power.

Pot and Pearl Ashes.—These are articles of our northern manufactures, the source of very considerable profit and advantage to our commerce, whether our ashes find their way out of the ports of the United States or through Lower Canada. Every thing connected with the manufacture and sale of these articles should meet with prompt attention. In one of the late numbers of Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, the following discovery is announced:—"I observed," says he, "many years ago, that I expected to see the powers of galvanism in one shape or other, a necessary appendage to the apparatus of every bleach field. Subsequently, I stated that I considered all alkalies, alkaline earths and substances, mere modifications of the same base, and that one day I hoped to see our pot ash taken from the *lime rock* of our own soil, instead of deflagrating the woods of America. After many a varied experiment, I have completely succeeded, and have now rendered myself and my country, so far as regards bleaching, perfectly independent of every foreign aid, and at an expense comparatively trifling." If the *lime rock*, properly prepared, has been found to answer for bleaching, it will make a material alteration in the sale of our pot and pearl ashes, and the subject requires a most immediate attention.

Emigration.—A few weeks ago a New-York paper announced the arrival of a number of British settlers at that port. We feel the truest satisfaction that our countrymen are so kindly appreciated—that their enterprize promises success: and while we disclaim every national jealousy,—we cannot but turn our eyes to the country around us, and ask, why a Province of Britain, adapted by nature for

every exertion of industry, should be held in lower estimation? — Why our brethren should look to Canada with doubt and suspicion, while they are received with respect by foreign nations? and if there is no hope that the causes of these may be removed?

We do not mean to say that there may not be a degree of accident or caprice in this; but until to that charm which it must ever hold out to Englishmen of being still their country, it can add the energy and unshackled exertions which distinguish our neighbours—we can never hope to see the tide of emigration directed, as it should be, to the British Provinces. It is to this object all our efforts should be exerted, both as Britons, and as members of this colony.—We trust the time is not far distant when Canada will become more known, when its internal policy, freed from confusion and uncertainty, may become an object of universal interest, and be considered the unrivalled field for our industrious and adventurous population.

In the House of Commons, on the 27th of June last, a grant of £15,000 was voted, to encourage emigration to Canada from the South of Ireland, and we understand that Mr. Robinson, of the Upper Province, has lately been in that country, superintending the necessary measures for carrying the purposes of the grant into immediate effect. The most liberal encouragement is held out to farmers who shall be recommended, viz:—A free passage to America; the conveyance of their moveables. On their landing, a grant of one hundred acres of land, and provisions, gratis, for the first year. It is supposed that this offer will be readily embraced by numbers, in consequence of the overgrown population in that country, and the general want of employment at this moment. This must be gratifying intelligence to all parties in this country: for, however desirable it may be to get the Canadas settled by emigration from Europe, it will ever be a moral evil attending its progress—that the general ignorance and poverty of emigrants will not only subject themselves to every privation incident to these calamities, but impose upon the people of this country hardships which they are neither bound nor able to endure. The interference of government will necessarily obviate all those evils. It will enable industrious emigrants to become permanent and useful settlers, and induce those who may be otherwise disposed to embrace those moral habits which will render their presence beneficial to society, thus giving a character to emigration at once necessary and permanently advantageous.

Sharp-Shooters.—We understand a number of our young Citizens, have expressed a wish to enroll themselves as a Corps of *Sharp-Shooters*. His Excellency the Governor-General, has signified his approbation of their doing so.

New Church at Nicolet.—On Monday the 21st inst. was laid the chief corner stone of a Protestant Episcopal Church at Nicolet, in presence of the Reverend J. C. Driscoll, minister, the Seigneur of the Parish, and several of the most respectable inhabitants of the place and neighbourhood. It is gratifying to observe, that many of the inhabitants, not members of the Church, seemed to participate in the pleasure which this ceremony obviously diffused amongst those more immediately interested in the construction of this additional edifice of christian worship. After the ceremony, a large party partook of an entertainment at the Manor House.

Tobacco.—Those who are interested in our domestic prosperity will be rejoiced to learn that, from the present appearance of the Tobacco Crops in the Western District, there is a probability of nearly 8000 Hogsheads of that valuable product, being cured for Market during the present season! This is a most glorious result, worthy of general gratulation, and we trust that the Imperial Parliament will be induced to make some favourable provisions, by which the British market may be thrown open to our enterprising friends of Western Canada.

The culture of *Tobacco* is a subject which has of late very much engaged the attention of the Agriculturists in the Western Districts of Upper Canada. At a period when agricultural produce in general is reduced to so low a value and in a country whose foreign and domestic markets for such produce are so unsettled, so distant, and so precarious, we know not an object more highly deserving of encouragement than the rearing of an article, the universal use of which must ever secure to it a remuneration adequate, at least, to the expense of its culture and exportation. Indeed, so far has the truth of this observation forced itself upon the minds of the farmers of Upper Canada, that many of them have already spared neither pains nor expence to arrive at a state of more perfect acquaintance with the cultivation of Tobacco; and the first fruits of their industrious perseverance was the importation last year into Montreal of upwards of a hundred casks. The results of the present year's produce are anticipated above. It would be unpardonable to expect that the quality of so large a lot of Tobacco thus for the first time brought into our market for immediate consumption would reach in general to a competition with what had been brought from more favoured climates and through the hands of more experienced manufactures; yet we are informed, upon very respectable authority, that much of what was sold in Montreal was fully of as good a quality as that which is imported from Europe or the United States—and, what is more to the purpose, fetched the very same price. Thus then, by a useful and persevering industry, is opened to the agricultural community of these provinces a path to the attainment of sure markets and a liberal remuneration for a portion, at least, of the produce of the soil; and, from all the information which we have been able to collect upon this important subject, we will not hesitate to say that it will wholly be their own faults if, from the careful cultivation of the Tobacco leaf, they do not reap advantages as great as they will be permanent.

Montreal Fair.—A meeting was held on the 8th August, by the farmers of the County of Montreal; when it was Resolved.—That great inconvenience is felt for want of fairs for the purpose of buying and selling of Stock. Much loss is annually sustained by the Public; it being impracticable to find lean stock, to consume the after meath, and prepare them for stall feeding or otherwise; Resolved.—That it is expedient to hold a Fair on the Fourth Thursday in September, on St. Ann's plains near the Windmills in Montreal, where the Farmers generally, are requested to bring such fat or lean stock as they may have to sell, viz: Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs. Having such an assortment, each individual may suit his wants. It is recommended also, that every agricultural production be brought for sale, as well as their home-made woollen and linen Cloth.

On the 28th instant, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the inhabitants of the village Hayotte in the parish of Champlain, were alarmed by the following extraordinary occurrence: a tract of land containing a superficies of 207 arpents, was suddenly moved from a distance, of 5 or 6 arpents (about 360 yards) from the water's edge, and precipitated into the river Champlain, overwhelming in its progress barns, houses, trees, and whatever lay in its course. The earth thus removed, dammed up the river for a distance of 26 arpents. The effect was instantaneous and accompanied by an appalling sound; a dense vapour, as of pitch and sulphur, filled the atmosphere, oppressing those who witnessed this awful convulsion almost to suffocation. A man named Dubé, who was on the ground at the time, was removed with it to a considerable distance, and buried up to the neck; he was extricated from his perilous situation without sustaining any serious injury. The course of the river being thus obstructed, the waters swelled to a great height, but must rise 7 or 8 feet more before they can find a passage.

The above named Dubé has lost an island of 5 arpents, which he had on the river. Another inhabitant, named Hamelin, has also suffered a loss of land, wheat and hay; and a third, named Francis Gossett has had his hay and grain destroyed.

The Rid. Plough.—An improved plough has just been exhibited in Nova-Scotia by Mr. J. Finlayson, from Muirkirk, the inventor and patentee of the improvement, which promises much facility in breaking up and ploughing land of a coarse tough surface, or where there may be coarse dung, sea war, or other substances on the surface, liable to choke the common plough. The plough was shown at work on a piece of coarse bog near Yester, on the 26th July, in presence of a great number of spectators and met with much approbation. It was likewise tried on a piece of tender coverlay, which it ploughed in a superior manner. Where the soil offers much resistance, from tenacity or other causes, the improved plough will be found of much easier draught than the plough in common use here, as it presents a more perfect form of a wedge for entering and raising the soil.

We understand that the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Lower Canada has, by patent lately received been divided. The Hon. William McGillivray is appointed Grand Master for the District of Montreal and William Henry, and Claude Denechau, Esqr. Grand Master for the District of Quebec and Three Rivers.

It has been a desideratum in mechanics, (as we understand,) to produce a rotary motion by a direct application of steam Powers, but all experiments have failed. We feel much pleasure, however, in stating to the public that Mr. John Y. Savage, an ingenious and worthy mechanic of this city, has discovered a method by which a rotary motion may be produced by a rectilinear. This discovery approaches very near to the principles so much desired, and will be a great saving to the power now required in steam engines. Mr. Savage intends to apply for a patent for his invention. We profess to know but little on this subject, but from the model which we have seen, the principle appears to be very simple, the machinery cheap, and the plan very plausible. We sincerely hope the inventor and the community may profit by it.—*Raleigh Register.*

Army List.

Promotions, Appointments, &c. during the Month of June, 1823.

- Capt. Fawcett, 1-Vet. Bn. Maj. in the Army, 19 July, 1823.
- 3 Dr. Gds. Bt. Maj. Storey, Maj. by purch. vice Martin, prom. 12 June
 Lt. Mercer, Capt. by purch. do.
 Cor. Burnaby, Lt. by purch. do.
 — Chalmers, from h. p. 19 F. Cor. by purch. do.
- 7 Lt. Chalmer, Capt. by purch. vice B. Power, ret. 29 May
 Cor. Bowen, Lt. by purch. do.
 F. Dunne, Cor. by purch. do.
- 3 Dr. Surg. Walker, from 39 F. Surg. vice French, 34 F. do.
 6 E. J. Hickman, Cor. (Riding-Master) 22 do.
- 8 Cor. Robinson, Lt. by purch. vice Young, ret. 5 June
 S. Pole, Cor. by purch. do.
- 9 Lt. Greenwood, Capt. by purch. vice Lord G. Lennox,
 prom. Cape Corps. do.
 Cor. Musgrave, Lt. by purch. do.
 R. F. Shaw, Cor. by purch. do.
- 10 Cor. Wood, Lt. by purch. vice Earl of Wiltshire, 35 F. 12 do.
 E. B. Beaumont, Cor. by purch. do.
- 13 Dr. A. T. Cockburn, Cor. vice Ellis, prom. 29 May 1823,
 Capt. Bowers, Maj. by purch. vice Macalester, ret. 5 June
 Lt. Tomlinson, Capt. by purch. do.
 Cor. Nash, Lt. by purch. do.
 — Evered, from h. p. 12 Dr. Cor. by purch. vice St.
 John, prom. Cape C. 24 do.
 J. G. Ogilvie, Cor. by purch. vice Nash, 5 do.
- Cold. F. G. E. D. Wigram, Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Serjeanston,
 prom. 29 May
- 2 F. G. Ens. and Lt. Montagu, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Bt.
 Maj. Hesketh, ret. 12 June
- 18 F. Ens. Forbes, Lt. by purch. vice Senior, prom. 22 May
 C. S. Knyvett, Ens. by purch. do.
- 22 A. Dunbar, Ens. by purch. vice Ogle, 4 Dr. G. 15 do.
 J. F. Mills, do. by purch. vice Majendie, 89 F. 16 do.
- 27 Ens. Michell, from 57 F. Ens. vice Wallace, h. p. 22 Dr. 12 June
- 30 Lt. Gen. Montgomerie, from 74 F. Col. vice Gen. Man-
 ners, dead. 18 do.
- 31 Bt. Maj. Nicolls, Maj. by purch. vice Feron, prom. 24 Apr.
 Lt. Farrington, Capt. by purch. do.
 Ens. Ward, Lt. by purch. do.
 J. Foskett, Ens. by purch. do.
- 34 Surg. French, from 3 Dr. Surg. vice Allardyce, h. p. 5
 Gar. Bn. 29 May
- 35 Lt. J. Earl of Wiltshire, from 10 Dr. Capt. by purchase,
 vice Bt. Maj. Edgeworth, ret. 12 June
- 39 Surg. Warring, from h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. Surg. vice Walker,
 3 Dr. 29 May
- 49 Ens. Hill, from 52 F. Lt. by purch. vice Maxwell, prom. 12 June
- 51 Lt. St. Maur, Capt. by purch. vice Storer, ret. 29 May
 Ens. Timson, Lieut. by purch. do.
- 52 Wm. Gordon, Ens. by purch. 12 June
 Lt. Love, Adj. vice Monins, res. Adj. only, 29 May
 Ens. Baldwin, from h. p. 90 F. Ens. by purch. vice Hill,
 49 F. 12 June
- 55 Lt. Goodall, Adj. vice Mackay, res. Adj. only, do

57	Cor. Lord A. Conyngham, from h. p. 22 Dr. Ens. vice Michell, 27 F.	do.	
59	Captain Graham, Maj. vice Halford, dead, Lt. Manners, Capt. Ens. Macdonald, Lt.	22 May do. do.	
61	Bt. Maj. Annesley, Maj. by purch. vice Fane, prom.	12 June	
74	Lt. Gen. Hon. Sir C. Colville, G. C. B. & G. C. H. Col. vice Lt. Gen. Montgomerie, 30 F.	13 do.	
89	Ens. Magendie, from 22 F. Lt. by purch. vice M'Crohan, ret.	15 May	
91	Paym. Heartszoak, from h. p. 2 Vet. Bn. Paym. vice Fairfowl, dead,	12 June	
Ceylon R.	Bt. Lt. Col. Churchill, from 18 F. Capt. vice Bolton, cancelled,	22 May	
Cape Corps	Gov. Lt. G. H. Earl of Belfast, from 7 Dr. Capt. by p. Inf. Bt. Maj. Broke, from 1 W. I. R. Maj. by purch. vice Lt. Lennox, prom.	25 Mar. 12 June	
R. Af. C. C.	Lt. Jobling, from h. p. 104 F. Lt. and Adj. vice Binns, dead,	5 do.	
	Lieut. Swanzy Jackson Mollan Mends.	} to have permanent Rank of Ensign, from 1 Apr. 1822.	
1 Vet. Bn.	Lt. Mayes, from h. p. 10 F. Lt. vice Eothergill, ret. list.		29 May 1823
2	Ens. Mair, Qua. Mast. vice Crombie. Ens.		13 Feb.
3	Lt. Pilkington, from h. p. 3 W. I. R. Lt. vice Collins, ret. list.		29 May

UNATTACHED.

	Maj. Lord G. Lennox, from Cape Corps, Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Col. Francklin, of R. Art. ret.	12 June
	Maj. Fane, from 61 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Col. Griffiths, of R. Art. ret.	do.
	Maj. Oakes, from 1 Life Gds. Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Buckner, of R. Art. ret.	do.
	Maj. Martin, from 3 Dr. Gds. Lt. Col. of Inf. by purch. vice M. Gen. Lord Muskerry, of 38 foot, ret.	do.

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

	Royal Art. 2d Capt. and Bt. Maj. Brereton, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Josiah Grant, h. p.	4 June
	Maj. & Bt. Lt. Col. Fraser, Lt. Col. vice Col. Francklin, retired,	12 do.
	Maj. & Bt. Lt. Col. Vivion, Lt. Col. vice Col. Griffiths, retired,	do.
	Maj. & Bt. Lt. Col. Pym, Lt. Col. vice Lt. Col. Buckner, retired,	do.
	Capt. & Bt. Lt. Col. Bredjen, Major vice Fraser	do.
	_____ J. Power, do. vice Vivion	do.
	_____ F. Power, do. vice Pym	do.
	_____ W. Power, from h. p. Capt. vice F.	
	Power	do.
	Capt. Jas. Grant, from h. p. Capt. vice Power	do.
	1st Lieut. Cubitt, 2d Cap.	do.
	_____ Rawnsley, 2d Capt.	do.

HOSPITAL STAFF.

	Staff Ass. Surg. Twining, Super. Ass. Surg. in India, vice Mount, 13 F.	12 June
	Hosp. Ass. Walsh, from h. p. Hosp. Ass. vice Simeons, canc.	29 do.
	_____ Brown, from h. p. do.	

Civil Appointments.

AUGUST, 1823.

- 7th August.—Wm. Cotton, Esq. Commissioner for the trial of small causes, in St. Andrews, County of York.
 Michael Naughton, Culler of Wood.
 11th do. Arselm Frazer, gentleman, Physic and Surgery.
 28th do. Louis Joseph de Fleury D'Esclambault, Esq. to practice Law in all His Majesty's Courts in Lower Canada.
 Joseph Beek Lindsay, gentleman, a Notary, ditto, ditto.
 Jean Brassard, Esq. commission for small causes, Mall Bay, County of Northumberland.
 Hypolite Sazor, Culler of Wood.

Agricultural Report.

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.—AUGUST.

THE month of August has been remarkably favourable for cutting down and securing the crop; and in many places, the labours of harvest had been completed by the 27th, a circumstance almost unprecedented in Canada. In the vicinity of Montreal, however, the want of rain has been severely felt. Pasture is quite dry, and sunk wells, almost free of water.

Grain of this year's crop is, in general, of a much better quality than had been anticipated, and some samples of wheat have been shown which look uncommonly fine.—Potatoes which had been early planted, are almost ripe; but the crop will be a far inferior one to that of last year.

Live stock are in good condition, and a fine show of cattle is expected to appear at the ensuing fair.

It is discouraging to find the spirit for agricultural improvement so generally disregarded among the Canadian farmers; and their want of knowledge and capital will long retard the progress of enlightened cultivation. Many of them who had adopted the swing ploughs, have now abandoned them altogether, as unmanageable; but this is entirely owing to their want of skill in repairing this most excellent implement of husbandry; and their Blacksmiths are equally ignorant. However, the good and meritorious example which has been shewn to the Canadians by Mr. Perrault of St. Catherines, will, it is hoped, speedily remove the apathy of his countrymen, and perhaps do more good than a hundred farmer societies.

Horticulture.

THE Montreal Horticulture Society, held their annual show of MELONS. When the finest flavoured Musk Melon was produced by James Kippen, Gardener to William Lunn, Esq. The second best by John King, gardener; and the third best by Wm. Wilson, gardener. The finest Water Melon, weighing 27lb. 12oz was produced by Alex. Sutherland, gardener to W. Bingham, Esq. The second best, weighing 26lbs. 4oz. was produced by François Fresne, gardener. And the third best, weighing 25lbs. was produced by Patrick O'Conner, gardener to Jas. McGill Desrivière, Esq.

ROBT. CLEGHORN, Sec'y.

Montreal Price Current.

AUGUST 1823.

Produce of the Country.

Pot Ashes, 1st sort per cwt.	34 6d a	0 Od
Pearl Ashes, - - per	34 6 a	0 0
Fine Flour, - - per bbl.	32 6 a	0 0
S. fine do., - - per	37 6 a	0 0
Pork, (mess) - - per	85 0 a	0 0
Pork, (prime) - - per	60 0 a	0 0
Beef, (mess) - - per	60 0 a	0 0
Beef, (prime) - - per	80 0 a	0 0
Wheat, - - - per minot	5 9 a	5 6
Barley, - - - per	1 8 a	1 10
Oats, - - - per	1 0 a	1 8
Pease, - - - per	2 0 a	2 8
Oak Timber, - - per cube ft	0 11 a	0 12
White Pine, - - per	0 2 a	0 3
Red Pine, - - per	6 a	0 7
Elm, - - - per	0 3 a	0 0
Ash, - - - per	0 3 a	0 0
Staves, Standard, per 1200	£27 10s	Od
West India do., - per 1200	£12	
Whiskey, Country Manufac.	1s 3d a	2s 9d.

Imported Goods, &c.

Rum Jamaica, per gallon,	3s 3d a	3s 6d
Rum Leewards, do.	2s 5d a	2s 7d.
Brandy Cognac, do.	6s 0d a	6s 0d.
Brandy Spanish, do.	none.	
Geneva Holland, do.	4s 6d a	5s 0d.
Geneva British, do.	none.	
Port Wine, - - per pipe,	£32 10 a	£60.
do. inferior, do.	35 a	37 10
Madeira O. L. P. do.	55 a	65.
Teneriffe L. P. do.	25 a	40.
do. Cargo, do.	£22 10 a	25.
Sugar Muscovado, per cwt.	99s 0d a	47s 6d.
Sugar Loaf, s. ref. per lb.	0 9 a	0 9 1/2.
Coffee, - - - do.	1 5 a	1 6
Tea Hyson, - - do.	6 0 a	7 0
Tea Twankay, - - do.	5 6 a	5 9
Soap, - - - do.	0 4 a	0 6
Candles, - - - do.	0 7 1/2 a	0 9 1/2

State of the Thermometer

(In the shade) FOR JULY, 1823.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer.			Winds.	Weather.
	morn.	noon	even.		
1	68	84	72	N. W.	Clear.
2	72	30	70	Variable.	Cloudy with show.
3	68	76	74	W.	Clear.
4	68	80	76	W.	do.
5	78	84	89	S. W.	do.
6	78	86	88	S. by W.	do.
7	76	78	79	E.	Rain and Thund.
8	70	78	72	S. W.	Clear.
9	72	84	78	S. W.	do.
10	78	88	82	N. N. W.	do.
11	80	90	84	N. W.	do.
12	82	92	84	N. W.	do.
13	74	80	76	N. W.	Cloudy.
14	72	80	74	N. W.	Clear.
15	74	82	76	N. W.	do.
16	74	76	74	E.	Rain.
17	72	80	74	S. E.	Cloudy with show.
18	72	74	68	S. W.	Clear.
19	70	72	74	S. W.	Cloudy.
20	70	76	74	S. W.	Clear.
21	70	76	76	S. W.	do.
22	72	78	76	S. W.	do.
23	72	76	78	S. S. W.	do.
24	74	80	78	W. S. W.	do.
25	74	82	72	S. E.	Heavy Rains.
26	70	74	74	S. E.	do. with Thund.
27	70	76	74	N. W.	Cloudy.
28	72	76	74	N. W.	do.
29	70	78	74	N. N. W.	do.
30	74	74	72	South.	Rain with Thund.
31	72	74	74	S. E.	Rain.

State of the Thermometer

(In the shade) FOR AUGUST, 1823.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer.			Winds.	Weather.
	morn.	noon	even.		
1	70	72	70	Variable,	Cloudy.
2	70	74	72	S. & S. W.	Clear.
3	72	74	72	S. W.	do.
4	70	74	74	S. E.	do.
5	72	78	70	West.	Rain at night.
6	70	76	76	S. W.	Clear.
7	78	78	80	S. W.	do.
8	76	78	78	S. W.	do.
9	74	78	76	S. W.	Rain with Thund.
10	74	74	74	S. W.	Cloudy with occasional Showers.
11	76	78	78	S. W.	Cloudy.
12	78	78	76	South.	Clear.
13	76	70	78	South.	do.
14	76	70	80	S. W.	do.
15	77	78	74	S. W.	do.
16	72	78	76	S. W.	do.
17	74	78	76	S. W.	do.
18	72	76	76	S. W.	do.
19	74	76	72	N. W.	Rain.
20	70	74	74	N. W.	Occasional showers.
21	68	76	74	South.	Clear.
22	70	74	70	S. E.	do.
23	74	78	76	S. W.	do.
24	76	80	76	S. S. W.	do.
25	74	78	74	S. W.	do.
26	74	78	74	S. W.	Cloudy.
27	70	72	72	S. W.	do.
28	77	78	76	S. E.	Clear.
29	72	76	74	South.	Thunder.
30	74	80	76	South.	Clear.
31	47	80	72	N. W.	Rain with thunder in the Evening.

Marriages.

At the Carrying Place (Bay of Quinté), by the Revd. Mr. Campbell, on Monday, 21st July T. B. Wragg, Esquire, to Miss Mary Anne, eldest daughter of R. C. Wilkins, Esquire, of the former place.

On Monday the 18th August, by the Reverend Mr. Bethune, Mr. John Spragg, of the House of Spragg & Hutchinson, to Elizabeth Sarah, second daughter of Mr. James E. Campbell.

Same day, by the Reverend Mr. Bethune, William Corbett, Esquire, Town Major of Kingston, to Mrs. Ann Callaghan, widow of the late Adjutant Hindes, 68th Regiment.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Reverend E. Black, Mr. Donald Carmical, to Miss Margaret Cameron, both of this place.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Benjamin Brewster, of the firm of Jacob Dewitt & Co. to Miss Sarah French, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas French, all of this city.

At Lachine, on Wednesday the 20th August, by the Reverend Mr. Stevens, Chaplain to the Forces, Mr. Charles Penner, to Miss Mary M'Carragher.

At Beauvoir's Island, Miramichi, on the 19th ult. by the Revd. Mr. Bacon, Alexander Fraser, Senior, Esquire, of that place, to Miss Elizabeth Gregg of London.

On the 28th August, by the Revd. Mr. Black, George Munroe, Esquire, of York, U. C. to Miss Christiana Fisher, of this City.

Obituary.

On Sunday evening last, Julia Margaretta, infant daughter of the Revd. B. B. Stevens, Chaplain to the Forces.

At Kingston, on the 9th instant, Francis B. Spillsbury, Surgeon, R. N.

At Three-Rivers, on the 16th instant, Mrs. Emily M'Veagh, daughter of the late Jos. M'Veagh, Esquire, of Drewston, County Meath, Ireland, and spouse of Wm. M'Culloh, Esquire, Captain, late Ross and Cromarty Rangers—a lady whose conjugal and parental virtues will never cease to be remembered with gratitude by a disconsolate husband and numerous family.

In this city, on Wednesday last, John, infant son of Mr. William Ludlam.

On the 1st instant, Mr. John Turner, Cooper, aged 80 years, a native of Greenock, Scotland.

At William Henry, on Thursday the 21st instant, after a long illness, Mr. Adam Graves, aged 44 years.

On the 20th instant, at Mew Longueuil, Ottawa River, Angus Peter, son of Alexander Grant, Esquire, aged 9 months.

At Kingston, U. C. on the 24th August, after a short illness, sincerely regretted by the officers and men whom he commanded, Lieutenant Colonel Andrews, of the 60th

At Williamstown, Glengary, on the 4th ult. aged 30 years, Dr. Rod. M'Leod, H. P. most sincerely and universally regretted.

On Thursday, 31st ult. Charlotte Ryland, infant daughter of Lieut. Col. Evans, 70th Regiment, aged 20 months.

At Drummond Island, on the 20th ult. Col. Robert Dickson, aged 55 years, late Superintendent of the Western Indian Nations in His Britannic Majesty's Service.—During the late war he was active in saving the lives, and alleviating the wants of our prisoners among the Indians.

On the 6th instant, Elizabeth Westover, wife of Mr. George Sheldon, of Mile-End, aged 31 years.

At Quebec, on the 12th August, John Hanson Hoyle, eldest son of Mr. J. T. Hoyle, aged 10 years and 7 months. While he was amusing himself in fishing on that day, being the King's Birth-day and a Holiday, he was unfortunately drowned. His childhood promised largely, and the hopes of his fond parents were justly raised in bright expectations of a future useful and virtuous manhood. He was mild and affectionate in his dispositions, and quick and ready in his acquirements of learning. His untimely end has plunged his afflicted parents into all the bitterness of a lasting grief and sorrow.—

Afflictions from above,

Are Angels sent

On embassies of Love.