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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE ALEXANDER HENRY, ESQ.

THE duties of the Biographer, are of a varied and complex nature, often attended with difficulties which do not happen in other literary pursuits. Should he confine himself to a simple enumeration of events, in their chronological order, he could only deserve the title of a journalist or a writer of annals. If he launches too far in seeking for the causes which influence the conduct or actions of his hero, or if he branches out in search of those occurrences which may precede or follow these actions, he will be too apt to make the primary object of his work, only a matter of secondary importance, and instead of giving a history of the actor, he will only describe the operations of the stage on which he performed. The history of an individual who has sustained the part of a public character may be so closely interwoven with the events of his time, that the one cannot be faithfully related, or properly explained, without referring to the other. And many illustrious literati have been of opinion that in giving the history of eminent scientific characters, it ought to be combined with an account of the discoveries or improvements they have made. But both these have their proper limits as well as their usefulness: and it is seldom necessary for the Biographer to extend his labours beyond the touching on such events as directly flow from, or are the immediate cause of, the proceedings of him whose life he relates. The farther illustration of such events, the causes they spring from, and their subsequent effects, are all the prerogatives of the historian of the times, and not of the Biographer.

The Biographer for the faithful discharge of his task, must often look with a doubtful eye, upon some of the principal sources from which he draws his information. The materials for his work are sometimes to be found, only from the relations of the friends and kindred, of him whose life he writes. These, whether connected by the ties of blood or friendship, will, from a praiseworthy charity, towards the

deceased, be inclined to throw a veil over his faults, and to ascribe his actions to the best motives. These feelings operate with double force when writing an account of any one who is but recently dead: the sorrowing pity of friends united with their regret for his death, has a strong tendency to make all overlook, any shades there might have been in his character: while those who have enjoyed his favours feel a blank for the want of pleasures they have been used to. All these not only operate in preventing the Biographer from coming at the real truth; but frequently place him in the unpleasant dilemma of either sacrificing his character for veracity and correctness of detail, or of incurring the dissatisfaction of those nearly connected with the subject of his account. The stern but just perversion of the maxim by Dr. Johnson, ought certainly to be kept in mind, and to have its due share of influence with every Biographical writer: for although it may flatter the feelings of surviving relatives to say nothing but good of the dead; it is doubly necessary for the Biographer, both for his own sake, and for the sake of the world, to confine his attention to say nothing but what is true of him.

In writing the history of Mr. Henry we are, however, happily relieved from a great part of the difficulties which attend such an undertaking in many other instances. The latter part of his life has been spent in such a way as brought him into view and produced an acquaintance between him and many who are now alive: in addition to the information collected from these, the subject of this memoir has left a mass of materials from whence a history of his life might be compiled, on a much larger scale than the limits of this article will admit. In 1809 he published an account of his travels and adventures during 16 years, in which he resided in different parts of the Indian territories, being then engaged in the Fur Trade: and what gives the stamp of authenticity to his work is the circumstance of the facts it contains having been corroborated by the observations which a better acquaintance with these countries have enabled subsequent travellers to make. This little volume, besides the materials it furnishes for his own biography, by displaying the stronger features of his character when placed in many trying and perilous situations, contains a great deal of valuable geographical information relative to the country, and many curious details of the customs and manners of the natives. Having therefore so great a claim to authenticity,—and having been published under his own eye, we shall offer no apology for such extracts as we may make, descriptive either of the conduct of Mr. Henry, or of the scenes in which he was engaged—and which influenced his pursuits. A true and unvarnished account of Mr. Henry's political principles may be detailed without offence to the feelings of any party; and should a picture of his conduct as a gentleman, and as a valuable member of society appear too high coloured; the blame is not in the writer, but in the sterling value of the original. It is not our fault should truth wear the aspect of panygeric.

Mr. Henry was born in the state of New Jersey in August 1739—and it is probable that he here spent the early part of his life, and acquired his education. But of his parents, who are said to have been respectable persons in the middle ranks of life, or of his early years,

nothing is known with certainty; a circumstance the more to be regretted, as there is little doubt that his youth must have been marked by some of those features which so strongly characterised his subsequent life.

His first appearance in this country, of which we have any authentic account, was in the year 1760, when we find him accompanying the army sent under General Amherst for the reduction of Canada. The division to which he attached himself was sent from Oswego in Lake Ontario, to reduce Fort de Levi* then in possession of the French, and situated on the south side of the river St. Lawrence, near Oswegatchie. Mr. H. was present on this occasion; and afterwards accompanied the army in its descent down the St. Lawrence river towards Montreal. During this period he does not appear to have held any rank in the army, but acted as a volunteer, and had an adventure of merchandise along with him. It was on their descent down the rapids of the Cédars, a little below Lake St. Francis, on their way to Montreal, at this time, that Mr. Henry made one of those "hair breadth scapes" of which his after life offers numerous instances. By some unexplained mismanagement several boats were upset in descending these dangerous rapids, amongst others that which Mr. H. was on board of: he however succeeded in gaining the bottom of one which had been thrown upon a rock in the middle of the stream; and after remaining for some time, he was at last discovered, and relieved from his perilous situation by an aide-de-camp of the General's, at the imminent risk of his own life. All his three boats, loaded with merchandise, were lost by this disaster. The surrender of Montreal, and with it the whole of Canada, following soon after gave a new time to Mr. Henry's views; and the conclusion of the war closed for the time his pursuits as far as connected with the army. He however accompanied it to Montreal.

A clear and comprehensive mind, aided by strong talents for discrimination, soon pointed out to him the wide field for commercial pursuits, which the acquisition of this country had laid open to the British trader in the Fur market, and his enterprising spirit determined him to embark in it. Having, however, by the above mentioned accident, lost all his property, it became necessary to provide another supply, and for this purpose he returned to Albany, where his commercial connections resided; intending, after providing himself with goods suitable for the market, to return to Montreal. In this, he was foiled, from the lateness of the season; and was obliged to go to Fort William Augustus (Fort de Levi) where he remained till the month of January. Here he was not idle; he carefully embraced every opportunity of becoming more acquainted with the Indians, as a necessary prelude to his ulterior views of entering into a traffic with them; and after disposing of his stock of merchandise to the garrison came to

* Fort de Levi surrendered after a siege of seven days on the 21st of August, 1760, and the conquerors gave it the name of Fort William Augustus which it still retains.

† Several boats loaded with provisions and military stores and upwards of one hundred men were lost by this accident.

the resolution of going to Montreal, for the purpose of fitting out an adventure suitable for the Indian Trade. Here is one of the many instances which marks the energy and firm determined spirit he possessed; to proceed from Fort William Augustus to Montreal in the depth of winter, he had to traverse a country containing no provisions but the wild beasts of the forest; and occupied by Indians, many of whom had been stirred up to acts of aggression towards the English during the late war; and none of them had as yet returned to pacific habits. But undeviatingly bent on his undertaking, and fearless of all the dangers with which it was surrounded, he engaged a man to act in the double capacity of an interpreter and a guide; and left the Fort on his perilous journey in the month of January. It was in the course of this journey he had the following narrow escape from being killed, as related in his own words:—

“At sunset, on the first day, we reached an Indian encampment, of six lodges and about twenty men. As these people had been very recently employed offensively, against the English, in the French service, I agreed but reluctantly to the proposal, of my guide and interpreter, which was *nothing less, than that we should pass the night with them.* My fears were somewhat lulled by his information, that he was personally acquainted with those who composed the camp, and by his assurances, that no danger was to be apprehended; and, being greatly fatigued, I entered one of the lodges, where I presently fell asleep.

“Unfortunately, Bodoine had brought, upon his back, a small keg of rum, which, while I slept, he opened, not only for himself, but for the general gratification of his friends; a circumstance, of which I was first made aware, in being awakened, by a kick on the breast, from the foot of one of my hosts, and by a yell, or Indian cry, which immediately succeeded. At the instant of opening my eyes, I saw that my assailant was struggling with one of his companions, who, in conjunction with several women, was endeavouring to restrain his ferocity. Perceiving, however, in the countenance of my enemy, the most determined mischief, I sprung upon my feet, receiving, in so doing, a wound in my hand, from a knife, which had been raised to give a more serious wound. While the rest of my guardians continued their charitable efforts for my protection, an old woman took hold of my arm, and, making signs that I should accompany her, led me out of the lodge, and then gave me to understand, that unless I fled, or could conceal myself, I should certainly be killed.”

He next proceeds to inform his readers, of his escape by concealing himself behind a tree; and after being rejoined by his guide, they pursue their route together. During their progress Mr. H. and his guide were exposed to many hardships and had many narrow escapes, from the united violence of the inimical Indians, and famine. At last arriving at the residence of M. Le Duc, seignior of the Cedars, he obtained a great deal of valuable information from this gentleman, relative to the Indian Trade: he having spent the early part of his life in that line, while the country was in the possession of the

French government. It was likewise in conformity with the advice of this gentleman that he determined to proceed to Michilimackinac, the ensuing summer—having heard that that part of the country was best adapted for his pursuits; and he here engaged a guide to accompany him thither in the month of June following.

On his arrival in Montreal, and finding no supply of the articles he wanted in that market, he was under the necessity of making a second journey to Albany for the purpose of procuring the necessary supplies, named in the language of the trader, an *out-fit*. With these he returned to Montreal on the 15th of June, 1761, on his way to the upper country. Here new difficulties and delays occurred, requiring both patience and perseverance to surmount. During the time of the French government it was necessary for every one to obtain a licence from the Governor before entering in the Indian trade. The same practice was still kept up under the English administration; but as no treaty of peace had been yet concluded with the Indians, General Gage, at the period alluded to, the Governor in Chief of Canada, was unwilling to risk the lives and properties of his Majesty's subjects by granting the necessary licences. Only one had been yet granted, in favour of a Mr. Bostwick; and Mr. Henry had the address to use this as a precedent and a plea in favour of his application; and after the delay attendant on the negotiations for this business, was ultimately successful, and obtained his licence on the 3d of August, 1761.

This effected, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, he lost no time in proceeding upon his favourite, though dangerous undertaking, and embarked at Lachine with his guides and effects, on the way to Michilimackinac, by the route of the Ottawa river, Lake Missisquoi, and the river des François. At this time the route by this way was less known to Englishmen than it is at present; and the natural difficulties which he had to surmount required all the efforts of his enterprising disposition. In addition to these he had other more difficult obstacles to encounter. These proceeded from the still unabated hatred which existed among the Indians towards the English. One instance of this happened in his passage up Lake Huron, which put all his courage and address in requisition. On stopping at an island called La Cloche, inhabited by Indians, these soon discovered him to be an Englishman; and being convinced that he would be killed should he proceed as far as Michilimackinac, they began to think they had a right to a share of the booty which his death would give to others.—Under this impression, they demanded some of his rum, enforcing their request, with the hard term, that if not complied with, they would take it by force. It is only necessary to add that the inequality of strength and numbers between his party and the Indians, rendered it prudent for him to comply with their request; which he did and hurried away from the place, fearing lest a second demand should be made on the same conditions.

Observing that the whole hostility of the Indians was directed towards himself as an Englishman, while they treated the Canadians with civility: and finding the assurances that he would be killed on reaching Fort Michilimackinac, encreasing as he proceeded; he formed the resolution of disguising himself in the dress usually worn by

Canadians engaged in this trade; and to proceed in this way for the remainder of his journey. This plan, with the assistance of his friend and principal guide Campion, was immediately carried into execution. He now laid aside his English clothes, and covered himself with a cloth passed round his middle, a shirt hanging loose, and a molton or blanket coat. Then, smearing his face and hands with dirt and grease, he took a paddle, and endeavoured to imitate as near as possible the appearance and manners of the Canadians, and in this manner reached Michilimackinac in safety.

During his residence at this place which continued for the space of two years, he suffered many interruptions in his pursuits, not only from the unsettled state in which the Indians were, at the time, but also from the Canadian inhabitants of the Fort. These last, being jealous of an Englishman's participating in their trade, annoyed him in various ways, chiefly, by framing and circulating stories of the dangers to which he as an Englishman was exposed by remaining there; and strongly recommending him to go to Detroit. Although these rumours gave him some uneasiness, they did not shake his determined courage, and he resolved to remain where he was with his property. Previous to his arrival at the Fort, it had been settled that the property should pass as belonging to Campion, and the rest of the men were cautioned to keep the secret; this however they failed in, and before many days it was known to belong to him.

An additional source of vexation arose to him from the double dealing of one Farley, who resided in the Fort, and had married a Chipeway woman. This man he engaged as an interpreter; but although he professed a warm friendship for Mr. Henry, he secretly forwarded the designs of the Chipeways to his injury. It was during his stay here that he was visited by the chiefs of several of the Indian nations, whose friendship he had the good fortune to gain, through the influence of his conciliating manners, aided by some presents, which these people very unceremoniously demanded from him. The progress he made in the good graces of these tribes, and their strong indications of favour towards him, so far removed his apprehensions of any hostility from them, that he resolved to proceed to Lakes Michigan and Superior where his trade could be pursued with still greater advantage. It was when all was prepared for this expedition that his designs were frustrated, by an occurrence which again put his life in the most imminent danger. Mr. Henry represents this interruption as coming from a nation of Indians termed the Ottawas, whom he mentions as farther advanced in civilization than the others; but who are exceeded by none of them in savage cruelty, as was afterwards seen in the destruction of the Englishmen at Fort Michilimackinac.

The first appearance of these at the Fort was in a body of about 200 warriors, who came and billeted themselves in the houses of the different Canadians residing in the place. At a council they informed the traders that they had come to get from them the different supplies which their women and children were in want of—and which they did in the following manner:—

“After entering the council-room, and taking our seats, one of the chiefs commenced an address: “Englishmen,” said he, “we, the Ottawas, were sometime since informed of your arrival in this country, and of your having brought with you the goods of which we have need. At this news, we were greatly pleased, believing, that through your assistance, our wives and children would be enabled to pass another winter; but, what was our surprise, when, a few days ago, we were again informed, that the goods which, as we had expected, were intended for us, were on the eve of departure for distant countries, of which some are inhabited by our enemies! These accounts being spread, our wives and children came to us, crying, and desiring that we should go to the Fort, to learn, with our own ears, their truth or falsehood. We accordingly embarked, almost naked, as you see, and on our arrival here, we have inquired into the accounts, and found them true. We see your canoes ready to depart, and find your men engaged for the Mississippi, and other distant regions.

“Under these circumstances, we have considered the affair; and you are now sent for, that you may hear our determination, which is, that you shall give to each of our men, young and old, merchandise and ammunition, to the amount of fifty beaver-skins, on credit, and for which I have no doubt of their paying you in the summer, on their return from their wintering.”

The extent of this demand, which the applicants refused to modify, confirmed the traders in their determination not to comply with it, and to this they were excited, as they understood the Ottawas were a people who never paid for what they received upon credit. To resist such an iniquitous proposal, the English in number about 30 assembled in the house where Mr. Henry lived; and barricading the entrance in the most effectual manner they could, armed themselves and determined to hold out upon the defensive. The night was past, as might be expected, in the greatest anxiety, being hourly in expectation of an attack, but which did not happen. The ensuing day, they were relieved from their apprehensions by the information that a detachment of British troops was advancing; and soon after 300 men of the sixtieth regiment entering the Fort, the Indians disappeared. Parties of these troops being sent out to the different posts on the route the canoes had to pass, Mr. Henry, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, (it being the month of September) determined to despatch his canoes on their intended voyage, while he himself resolved to spend the winter in Fort Michilimackinac.

Before proceeding farther it deserves to be mentioned, that it was during the course of this winter that Mr. Henry became acquainted with an Indian chief of the name of Wawatam, who as the sequel will show, had an opportunity of rendering him many signal services.— This man had been before taken a prisoner by the English; and the very kind treatment he had received from them, particularly from Sir William Johnson, produced a warm and sincere friendship which he displayed towards every Englishman, and more particularly towards the subject of these memoirs.

From the first day Mr. Henry had reached Fort Michilimackinac he had entertained a strong desire to advance farther into this immense continent. This was a project so daring in its aspect—and as he well knew, surrounded with so many difficulties, that it was sufficient to appal the courage of a mind not indued, with more than common vigour. This part of the country had remained the hunting ground of the wandering Indian, and had been hitherto unvisited by any Europeans except some few of the French Fur traders. From these last he knew, (from what he had experienced at Michilimackinac) he could expect nothing but the discouragement which their jealousies prompted them to circulate; and the undetermined state in which the English government and the Indians then were, precluded the hope of his relying on these last for much friendship or favour. It was, therefore under all these circumstances, as we have already mentioned, an undertaking which would have appalled a mind, not possessing a more than common share of fortitude and determination. But the accomplishment of this was one of the chief objects he had determined upon, and all the vigor of his powerful mind seems to have been directed to effect it.

As a prelude to his more extensive plans, on the 15th day of May, we find him leaving Fort Michilimackinac on a visit to the Sault de Sainte Marie, the first Englishman who had ever proceeded so far.— He arrived on the 19th of the same month, at this place; which was then occupied by a small garrison, the same as under the French government. The commanding officer who held the title of gouverneur, was nothing more than a clerk, who managed the Fur trade on behalf of the government; and it was during this season that a party of military first came to take possession for the British government, under the command of Lieut. Janette.

He intended to pass the winter here; but after it was advanced as late as the 22d of December, this plan was defeated by a calamitous fire which destroyed the governor's house along with their provision store and nearly all their stock of winter provisions. On this occasion, Mr. Henry displayed a strong instance of that courage and presence of mind for which he was so conspicuous, when surrounded with the greatest dangers. The alarm of fire was given at 1 o'clock in the morning, on which he started from his bed and ran to the governor's quarters, where it had first broke out. Finding that officer still in bed, he broke through his bed-room window and fortunately saved him from the flames. He also, at a very great personal risk, was fortunate enough to save a small quantity of gun-powder before the flames reached the rest of it. This disaster reduced them all to the utmost distress; and as the only means of saving them from famine the men were sent back to Michilimackinac; which they fortunately reached before the navigation closed. Mr. Henry remained behind along with the commanding officer, Mr. Cadotte, the former French governor, an interpreter, and two Canadians, in a small house which had been saved from the fire, and where they contrived to procure a scanty and precarious living by fishing and hunting, for the space of two months. On the 20th day of February, finding the ice sufficiently strong for travelling, the subject of this memoir, along

With Lieut. Jemette, the commandant, M. Cadotte, and two Canadians set out to return to Fort Michilimackinac, taking along with them what provisions they could carry. This journey was attended with numerous distressing delays. It had to be performed on snow shoes, a mode of walking excessively fatiguing for those unaccustomed to it; and which in the present instance obliged them to make very short daily stages. This delay occasioned a great consumption of their provisions, and increased the danger of their perishing from want; as the woods at this season of the year afforded no chance of game, and the rivers where frozen over, had been deserted by the water-fowls. To add to their distress, after proceeding about half the journey, they found the river clear of ice, and were obliged to travel for the remainder by a circuitous and intricate path through the forest. On examining their stock of provisions, at this place, they found it necessary to send the Canadians back to the Sault, for a fresh supply; they had already been seven days on their journey, and after taking what provisions were necessary for the Canadians to support them on their return to the Sault, they found the remainder consisted of two pounds of pork and three pounds of bread, which was all they had to maintain the lives of three persons until they should return. Mr. Henry was appointed Commissary on this occasion, and calculating that the Canadians would, with sufficient exertion, perform the journey in four days, which had occupied them, for seven, he divided the small stock of provisions accordingly. His apportionment in this instance turned out to be correct, for the same day on which they had eaten their last little morsel, their faithful Canadians returned with their supplies from the Sault Sainte Marie. But although relieved from the dread of famine they had still difficulties to encounter; before they had proceeded far the commandant declared his inability to advance from the state of his feet, being blistered by the snow shoes: and it was only with the utmost exertion, they were able to bring him along with them by very short journeys. From this cause, famine again began to threaten this adventurous little party; and being now too far from the Sault to send back, they agreed as the only chance for their safety, that Mr. Henry, along with one of the Canadians, should set out before and inform the garrison at Michilimackinac, of the state in which they had left their companions, so that assistance might be sent from there to meet them. This they happily accomplished and all reached the Fort in safety.

The trials Mr. Henry had already met with, and the dangers to which he had been exposed, had no other effect on his ardent and enterprising spirit, but to encrease his activity, and accelerate his movements in the object he had in view. On the tenth of March following, we find him setting out from Fort Michilimackinac on his return to the Sault Sainte Marie. The object of this journey was to make maple sugar, which forms a considerable article of food in that country, and in which occupation he employed himself and attendants, until the middle of May, when he again revisited Michilimackinac. It was while on this expedition that he met with Sir Robert Doyers, an English gentleman, then on a voyage of curiosity in this hitherto unknown country.

We now find the subject of this memoir, as the sequel will show, plunged in deeper distresses, surrounded with greater dangers, and exposed to more severe trials, than he had hitherto met with. On his arrival at Fort Michilimackinac, many of the traders had come in front their out-posts in the interior; from these he learned that there still existed hostile designs towards the English among the Indians. Information was also conveyed to Major Etherington, then commanding the garrison, that an attack upon them was in contemplation among the Indians, but unfortunately this intelligence was not attended to. It has been already mentioned that Mr. Henry, during his former residence in this place, had contracted an intimate acquaintance with an Indian, named Wawatam. This chief, it appears, had dreamt that he should, at some period of his life adopt an Englishman as his brother, and conceiving the notion that Mr. Henry was the person he should so adopt, he formed a sincere and affectionate friendship towards him. This chief along with his wife, paid him a visit on the second of June; and expressing his regret at seeing Mr. H. returned from the Sault Sainte Marie, implored him to go back there immediately with him and his family. The aspect and demeanor of this faithful Indian were very much altered, on this occasion; and his mind seemed evidently impressed with a deep melancholy foreboding of evil. He used every argument he could suggest to induce Mr. H. to comply with his request, to leave the Fort; saying he had been frequently disturbed of late with *the noise of evil birds*; and at the same time informed him that there were numbers of Indians assembled in the woods near the Fort, who had never made their appearance within it. Mr. Henry having come to the Fort with the design of remaining there until his clerks should come in from their wintering grounds, no entreaty or advice from this friendly chief or his wife could prevail upon him to alter his determination, so that finding all unavailing they were at last compelled, with great reluctance on their part, to leave him to his fate.

On the morrow a party of the Indians came to the Fort to invite the officers of the garrison and traders to witness a game called *Bag-gat, way*, which was to be played between the Chipeways, and the Saakies, another Indian nation, for a high bet. This, as was afterwards found, was only a pretence, to render the accomplishment of their hostile designs more certain, and which were but too fatally realised on the day following, being the 4th of June. A narration of this shocking event will be best given in Mr. Henry's own words, as follows:—

“I did not go myself to see the match which was now to be played without the fort, because there being a canoe prepared to depart, on the following day, for Montreal, I employed myself in writing letters to my friends; and even when a fellow-trader, Mr. Tracy, happened to call upon me, saying that another canoe had just arrived from Detroit, and proposing that I should go with him to the beach, to inquire the news, it so happened that I still remained, to finish my letters; promising to follow Mr. Tracy, in the course of a few minutes. Mr. Tracy had not gone more than twenty paces from my door, when I heard an Indian war-cry, and a noise of general confusion.

“Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians, within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found. In particular, I witnessed the fate of Lieut. Jemette.

“I had, in the room in which I was, a fowling-piece, loaded with swan-shot. This I immediately seized, and held it for a few minutes, waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval, I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian, who, holding him in this manner, scalped him, while yet living.

“At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible, of course, that no effort, of my own unassisted arm, could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter. Amid the slaughter which was raging, I observed many of the Canadian inhabitants of the fort, calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians, nor suffering injury; and, from this circumstance, I conceived a hope of finding security in their houses.

“Between the yard-door of my own house, and that of Mr. Langlade, my next neighbour, there was only a low fence, over which I easily climbed. At my entrance, I found the whole family at the windows, gazing at the scene of blood before them. I addressed myself immediately to M. Langlade, begging that he would put me into some place of safety, until the heat of the affair should be over; an act of charity, by which he might perhaps preserve me from the general massacre; but, while I uttered my petition, M. Langlade, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders, and intimating, that he could do nothing for me:—
“Que voudriez-vous que j'en ferais?”

“This was a moment for despair; but, the next, a Pani woman,* a slave of M. Langlade's, beckoned to me to follow her. She brought me to a door, which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me that it led to the garret, where I must go and conceal myself. I joyfully obeyed her directions; and she, having followed me up to the garret-door, locked it after me, and with great presence of mind took away the key.

“This shelter obtained, if shelter I could hope to find it, I was naturally anxious to know what might still be passing without. Through an aperture, which afforded me a view of the area of the fort, I beheld, in shapes the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of barbarian conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking, under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk; and, from the bodies of some, ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, was quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. I was shaken, not only with horror, but with fear. The sufferings which I witnessed, I seemed on the point of experiencing. No long time elapsed, before every one being destroyed, who could be found, there was a general cry of, “All is finished!” At the same instant, I heard some of the Indians enter the house in which I was.

* The Panis are an Indian nation of the South.

"The garret was separated from the room below, only by a layer of single boards, at once the flooring of the one and the ceiling of the other. I could therefore hear every thing that passed; and, the Indians, no sooner came in, than they inquired, whether or not any Englishmen were in the house? M. Langlade replied, that "He could not say—he did not know of any;"—answers in which he did not exceed the truth; for the Pani woman had not only hidden me by stealth, but kept my secret, and her own. M. Langlade was therefore, as I presume, as far from a wish to destroy me, as he was careless about saving me, when he added to these answers, that "They might examine for themselves, and would soon be satisfied, as to the object of their question." Saying this, he brought them to the garret-door.

"The state of my mind will be imagined. Arrived at the door, some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key, and a few moments were thus allowed me, in which to look around for a hiding-place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch-bark, used in maple-sugar making, as I have recently described.

"The door was unlocked, and opening, the Indians ascending the stairs, before I had completely crept into a small opening, which presented itself, at one end of the heap. An instant after, four Indians entered the room, all armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood, upon every part of their bodies.

"The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought that the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The Indians walked in every direction about the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have touched me. Still, I remained undiscovered; a circumstance to which the dark colour of my clothes and the want of light, in a room which had no window, and in the corner in which I was, must have contributed.—In a word, after taking several turns in the room, during which they told M. Langlade how many they had killed, and how many scalps they had taken, they returned down stairs, and I, with sensations not to be expressed, heard the door, which was the barrier between me and my fate, locked for the second time.

"There was a feather-bed on the floor; and, on this, exhausted as I was, by the agitation of my mind, I threw myself down and fell asleep. In this state I remained till the dusk of the evening, when I was awakened by a second opening of the door. The person, that now entered, was M. Langlade's wife, who was much surprised at finding me, but advised me not to be uneasy, observing, that the Indians had killed most of the English, but that she hoped I might myself escape. A shower of rain having begun to fall, she had come to stop a hole in the roof. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water, to drink; which she did.

"As night was now advancing, I continued to lie on the bed, ruminating on my condition, but unable to discover a resource, from which I could hope for life. A flight, to Detroit, had no probable chance of success. The distance, from Michilimackinac, was four hundred

miles; I was without provisions; and the whole length of the road lay through Indian countries, countries of an enemy in arms, where the first man whom I should meet would kill me. To stay where I was, threatened nearly the same issue. As before, fatigue of mind, and not tranquillity, suspended my cares, and procured me further sleep.

“The respite which sleep afforded me, during the night, was put an end to by the return of morning. I was again on the rack of apprehension. At sun-rise, I heard the family stirring; and, presently after, Indian voices, informing M. Langlade that they had not found my hapless self among the dead, and that they supposed me to be somewhere concealed. M. Langlade appeared, from what followed, to be, by this time, acquainted with the place of my retreat, of which, no doubt, he had been informed by his wife. The poor woman, as soon as the Indians mentioned me declared to her husband, in the French tongue, that he should no longer keep me in his house, but deliver me up to my pursuers; giving as a reason for this measure, that should the Indians discover his instrumentality in my concealment, they might revenge it on her children, and that it was better that I should die, than they. M. Langlade resisted, at first, this sentence of his wife’s; but soon, suffered her to prevail, informing the Indians that he had been told I was in his house, that I had come there, without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands. This was no sooner expressed than he began to ascend the stairs, the Indians following upon his heels.

“I now resigned myself to the fate with which I was menaced; and regarding every attempt at concealment as vain, I arose from the bed, and presented myself full in view, to the Indians who were entering the room. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except about the middle. One of them, named Wenniway, whom I had previously known, and who was upward of six feet in height, had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease only that a white spot, of two inches in diameter, encircled either eye. This man, walking up to me, seized me, with one hand, by the collar of the coat, while in the other he held a large carving-knife, as if to plunge it into my breast; his eyes, meanwhile, were fixed steadfastly on mine. At length, after some seconds, of the most anxious suspense, he dropped his arm, saying, “I won’t kill you!”—To this he added, that he had been frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that, on a certain occasion, he had lost a brother, whose name was Musinigon, and that I should be called after him.

“A reprieve, upon any terms, placed me among the living, and gave me back the sustaining voice of hope; but Wenniway ordered me down stairs, and there informing me that I was to be taken to his cabin, where, and indeed every where else, the Indians were all mad with liquor, death again was threatened, and not as possible only, but as certain. I mentioned my fears on this subject to M. Langlade, begging him to represent the danger to my master. M. Langlade, in this instance, did not withhold his compassion, and Wenniway immediately consented that I should remain where I was, until he found another opportunity to take me away.

“ Thus far secure, I re-ascended my garret-stairs, in order to place myself, the furthest possible, out of the reach of insult from drunken Indians; but I had not remained there more than an hour, when I was called to the room below, in which was an Indian, who said that I must go with him out of the Fort, Wenniway having sent him to fetch me. This man, as well as Wenniway himself, I had seen before. In the preceding year, I had allowed him to take goods on credit, for which he was still in my debt; and some short time previous to the surprise of the Fort, he had said, upon my upbraiding him with want of honesty, that “ He would pay me before long ! ” — This speech now came fresh into my memory, and led me to suspect that the fellow had formed a design against my life. I communicated the suspicion to M. Langlade; but he gave for answer, that “ I was not now my own master, and must do as I was ordered.”

“ The Indian, on his part, directed, that before I left the house, I should undress myself, declaring that my coat and shirt would become him better than they did me. His pleasure, in this respect, being complied with, no other alternative was left me either than to go out naked, or to put on the clothes of the Indian, which he freely gave me in exchange. His motive, for thus stripping me of my own apparel, was no other, as I afterward learned, than this, that it might not be stained with blood when he should kill me.

“ I was now told to proceed; and my driver followed me close, until I had passed the gate of the Fort, when I turned toward the spot where I knew the Indians to be encamped. This, however, did not suit the purpose of my enemy, who seizing me by the arm, drew me violently, in the opposite direction, to the distance of fifty yards, above the fort. Here, finding that I was approaching the bushes and sand-hills, I determined to proceed no further, but told the Indian that I believed he meant to murder me, and that if so, he might as well strike where I was, as at any greater distance. He replied, with coolness, that my suspicions were just, and that he meant to pay me, in this manner, for my goods. At the same time, he produced a knife, and held me in a position to receive the intended blow. Both this, and that which followed, were necessarily the affair of a moment. By some effort, too sudden and too little dependent on thought, to be explained or remembered, I was enabled to arrest his arm, and give him a sudden push, by which I turned him from me, and released myself from his grasp. This was no sooner done, than I ran toward the fort, with all the swiftness in my power, the Indian following me, and I expecting every moment to feel his knife.—I succeeded in my flight; and, on entering the fort, I saw Wenniway, standing in the midst of the area, and to him I hastened for protection. Wenniway desired the Indian to desist; but the latter pursued me round him, making several strokes at me with his knife, and foaming at the mouth, with rage at the repeated failure of his purpose. At length, Wenniway drew near to M. Langlade’s house; and, the door being open, I ran into it.—The Indian followed me; but, on my entering the house, he voluntarily abandoned the pursuit.

“ Preserved so often, and so unexpectedly, as it had now been my lot to be, I returned to my garret with a strong inclination to believe,

that through the will of an over-ruling power, no Indian enemy could do me hurt; but new trials, as I believed, were at hand, when, at ten o'clock in the evening, I was roused from sleep, and once more desired to descend the stairs. Not less, however, to my satisfaction than surprise, I was summoned only to meet Major Etherington, Mr. Bostwick, and Lieutenant Lesslie, who were in the room below.

"These gentlemen had been taken prisoners, while looking at the game, without the fort, and immediately stripped of all their clothes. They were now sent into the fort, under the charge of Canadians, because, the Indians having resolved on getting drunk, the chiefs were apprehensive that they would be murdered, if they continued in the camp. Lieutenant Jemette and seventy soldiers had been killed; and but twenty Englishmen, including soldiers, were still alive. These were all within the fort, together with nearly three hundred Canadians*.

"These being our numbers, myself and others proposed to Major Etherington, to make an effort for regaining possession of the fort, and maintaining it against the Indians. The Jesuit missionary was consulted on the project; but he discouraged us, by his representations, not only of the merciless treatment which we must expect from the Indians, should they regain their superiority, but of the little dependence which was to be placed upon our Canadian auxiliaries.—Thus, the fort and prisoners remained in the hands of the Indians, though, through the whole night, the prisoners and whites were in actual possession, and they were without the gates.

"That whole night, or the greater part of it, was passed in mutual condolence; and my fellow-prisoners shared my garret. In the morning, being again called down, I found my master, Wenniway, and was desired to follow him. He led me to a small house, within the fort, where, in a narrow room, and almost dark, I found Mr. Ezekiel Solomons, an Englishman from Detroit, and a soldier, all prisoners. With these, I remained in painful suspense, as to the scene that was next to present itself, till ten o'clock, in the forenoon, when all Indian arrived, and presently marched us to the lake-side, where a canoe appeared ready for departure, and in which we found that we were to embark.

"Our voyage, full of doubt as it was, would have commenced immediately, but that one of the Indians, who was to be of the party, was absent. His arrival was to be waited for; and this occasioned a very long delay, during which we were exposed to a keen north-east wind. An old shirt was all that covered me; I suffered much from the cold; and, in this extremity, Mr. Langlade, coming down to the beach, I asked him for a blanket, promising, if I lived, to pay him for it, at any price he pleased; but, the answer I received was this, that he could let me have no blanket, unless there were some one to be security for the payment. For myself, he observed, I had no longer any property in that country.—I had no more to say to Mr. Langlade; but, presently seeing another Canadian, named John Cuchoise, I addressed to him a similar request, and was not refused. Naked as I was, and rigorous as was the weather, but for the blanket, I must

* Belonging to the Canoes, &c.

have perished.—At noon, our party was all collected; the prisoners all embarked, and we steered for the Isles du Castor, in Lake Michigan.

All who had been made prisoners were now carried off by the Indians, but kept in profound ignorance of their future fate, and also of the route they were to pursue. The Indians who committed this shocking outrage belonged to the nation of the Chipeways; and as they had done it without consulting the Ottawas, another powerful tribe; the jealousy of these last was excited against the captors of Fort Michilimackinac. They contrived therefore to draw the party who had the prisoners in charge into an ambush, and succeeded in capturing the whole of them. Being by this means reinforced, after some consultation the two parties joined, and determined to return to Michilimackinac, which they did, carrying the prisoners along with them. The fate of these last was still undecided, for although they had changed masters for the moment they still continued in captivity. At last it was agreed they should be delivered up to the Chipeways, and Mr. H. along with the rest was carried by them to an Indian village situated a short distance below the Fort. Here they were confined in a building appropriated for the purpose; and all with the exception of Mr. Henry secured, with ropes tied round their necks, and fixed to the posts which supported the building. From this state of distressing suspense, and anxiety, where the united influence of mental agony, and bodily disease, brought on by the cravings of hunger (for they had tasted nothing for three days) joined to harass them, Mr. Henry was happily relieved by the arrival of his faithful old friend Wawatam. This trusty adherent entered the prison in which they were, while the Great Chief, along with others, was sitting smoking, and enjoying with true savage cruelty the view of the wretched condition of their prisoners; and by his eloquence, accompanied with presents, obtained the liberation of Mr. Henry. This was an act of kindness, the extent of which was not known at the moment—for by his timely interference, he saved his friend from unavoidable death. The ensuing night, a Chief, who had been absent during these transactions returned, and to testify his approbation of what his countrymen had done in his absence, he under the cover of the night entered the place where they were confined, and cruelly butchered the rest of the prisoners. His kind friend Wawatam took Mr. H. to his tent, where he supplied him with food, and equipt him in the dress of an Indian; glad of this opportunity of adopting him into his family. He afterwards accompanied them in their journeys and hunting expeditions, when he had an ample opportunity of witnessing many of the customs and practices peculiar to the varied life which these people lead. Many opportunities occurred in which his kind friend Wawatam manifested his care of him. Whenever they fell in with any spirits, from the canoes of the traders, he always made Mr. H. conceal himself, fearing lest he should receive any injury, when the Indians were under the influence of intoxication. It was on one of their expeditions that Mr. H. lost himself in the woods, of which he gives the following account:—

(To be Continued.)

THE ITINERANT.

NO. II.

COURTEOUS reader, (I hate the hacknied phrase, Mr. Editor,) you and I parted in rather an awkward place. I was then along side of a batteaux on the wharf at Lachine, immersed among baggage, beds and squaling brats. All which united with the clamours of the mothers and vociferations of the fathers made a concert of discord unrivaled in the history of harmony.

A slight glance at the surrounding group, accompanied with a proper use of the prominent organs of the ass, soon enabled me to form a pretty correct opinion, from whence my fellow travellers had come. I could recognise the fresh ruddy cheek, roguish leer and suspicious gesture of the Hybernian in some. In others the high cheek-bones, heavy look, and sluggish gait marked the native of Scotia.—The inquisitive eye, proud bearing and cool aspect approaching to sheepishness bespoke the Englishman. Two characters seated on a log of wood at a little distance puzzled my penetration. They seemed in close but careless conversation, and each engaged in cutting a bit of chip in pieces with a knife. They were lean, lank looking fellows—rather above the middle size, with visages deeply tanned by the sun. Their features were prominent and strongly marked, expressing an indescribable acuteness of look which seemed to say, "I'm the man for business," and which very ill accorded with their present vacant and seeming unprofitable employment. From the Captain I learned they were natives of the United States; and engaged in what is termed the *Lumber Trade*; that is in cutting down timber, preparing it for the market, and carrying it to Quebec where it is shipped. I determined should time and chance allow it, I would in the course of my journey acquire more information relative to this Trade. The vessel on board of which we were to embark—and which in Montreal had been dignified with the title of "Packet Boat" I found differed in nothing from a batteaux or flat bottomed boat such as is used for the transport of troops upon rivers; save and except her having a piece of painted canvass stretched upon four upright posts and which acted as an awning in defence of the sun and rain; and very effectually as a back sail when pulling against the wind.

The Captain a civil polite man, apparently about 50 years of age, was conspicuous for nothing so much as his indefatigable attention to make his passengers as comfortable as he could. He had been, as I afterwards learned, employed in this forwarding trade for some years; and had from his intercourse with various persons passing that way, acquired that most useful of all knowledge, the art of pleasing every one. To his superiors whom he could recognise in a moment, he was polite and respectful, with his equals in rank or even inferiors he could indulge in a jest without vulgar familiarity. His crew may be described *en masse* as a set of ugly, shabby looking fellows, in their apparel. They were all in that dishabile, which would have made the fat and facetious Knight, decline to "march them through Coventry;" though strong and active in their persons. They appeared all smoking hot

from a sacrifice to "the jolly God" of good wine; and were most conspicuous for a total want of subordination, a defect which allowed them to join the general clamour, by ranting, roaring, singing, and swearing in chorus. From their dialect I soon discovered them to be a mixture of Americans (yeleped Yankies*), Canadians (voyageurs*), Dutch and Irishmen; and a little farther attention to the manners of the rest, soon confirmed my opinions as to the composition of the whole of this motley mass. One who was busily employed in moving a ponderous chest towards the edge of the wharf; and who respectfully thanked a bystander who assisted him, I had no hesitation in setting down as an Englishman—for he seemed wholly intent upon his own affairs without troubling himself with those of others. After his own baggage was safely embarked, turning to me; he said with his native confidence, "I'll put your portmanteau on board, if you'll allow me?" This service I readily accepted. The offer was made with that respectful attention which said, I know my own rank, and that instructs me to respect yours; besides the fellow had honesty in his face. Another division of the party attracted my notice. It consisted of the husband, wife and four young children, all plentifully imbued with dirt. They seemed all in a bustle and hurry without doing any one thing to accelerate the embarkation of their luggage; and in such a degree of confusion as to be ignorant which article they should first take hold of. In the midst of this hubbub—the husband exclaimed: "sure Mary, an y'êve forgotten the little box-wil the childers duds." "Och Dennis an it's me that has. Run back jewel an fetch it." "Captain, honey, will ye wait for him?" "Where is it?" said the Captain, "he must be quick, I'll be off in ten minutes." The application to the Captain, if not a bull, was certainly a blunder, the unfortunate "childers duds" had been left in Montreal, six or seven miles off, and must there wait for another opportunity. The bewailing of this omission (no doubt serious to those who made it) rendered them utterly unable to put the remainder of their luggage on board. The poor mother sat down and vented her sorrow in piteous ejaculations, while the father standing mute and seemingly overcome with the disappointment, was hustled unresistingly on board among the crowd. There were two Scotch families (numbers uncounted) which sustained their part in the scene. While the

* The epithet Yankie is a term of derision or reproach, originally and most properly applied to those born in a certain division of the United States. But of late years it is among the lower classes used to designate a person born in any part of the United States. It is said to be derived from the word Yahoo.

† Ever since the Fur Trade was carried on in Canada, its prosecution furnished employment for a numerous class of men, who navigated the immense rivers and lakes in Bark Canoes; carrying the supplies of ammunition and merchandise to the trading posts, and bringing back in return the furs and peltries which the Indians gave the traders in exchange. From the long voyages these canoe-men made they were termed *Voyageurs*, and hence the name. Since the diversion of the fur trade from Canada to Hudson's Bay, numbers of these persons are left unemployed, and who addicted to their pristine wandering habits, seek engagements, from dealers in timber who have to float their rafts down the rivers to Quebec—or from those who keep boats for the transportation of merchandize and passengers on the rivers and lakes.

males were standing together in close conversation with their hands in the pockets of their small clothes; the females (a peculiarity I have before witnessed) were allowed to bear the labouring oar. They were tugging and pulling at their heavy chests and bundles, while their unfeeling mates, stood with their faculties engrossed in the all powerful propensity of staring. Assistance was tendered and accepted by the females from others; but it had no effect upon the unmovable husbands: they looked upon it as a thing of course, and while some of the bystanders "lent a hand" to put the more ponderous parts of their baggage on board, they never once thanked them for so doing. These assistants however did not go unrewarded; their own feelings were gratified by doing a good office, and the females thanked them with that sweetest recompence "a smile from woman's witching eye." — "John," exclaimed one of the females, "y'ev'e forgot the keys, I'll wager." "Na, I hae them in my pouch," replied the husband, and turning away relapsed into his quondam indifference. "Did ye gi' Will Tamson his letter?" "na, odds my life, I forgot that, its i' the bottom of the mickle trunk; well never mind; he'll get it anither time." "Wha will ye send it wi?" "O we'll get somebody, and gin no, I'm coming back neist year mysell." "Tak up the bairn," said the other female to her husband, "he'll tumble o'er the bank." "Come here, Tammié," said the father, "come to me my wee callant, ye manna gang there;" at the same time accompanying his request by a motion towards the child, a nice chubby boy about three years of age, and who clearly shewed parental mandates had little effect upon him unless accordant with his own will. The little fellow when seized screamed and struggled violently, and in the bustle off went his hat into the river. This event produced a hubbub and stir among the spectators, nearly as great as if the head had accompanied the hat. It was soon fished up however and replaced upon the curly pate of the little urchin, who received it with surly indifference, and could not, either by promise of reward, or threat of future punishment, be prevailed upon to thank the boatman, who had rescued it. This was a proof of a circumstance which I had often reflected upon, namely, the want of parental authority, which is evinced among the children of the lower classes, and which is observable in all countries. It would be a matter worth the investigation of the philosopher, to trace the effect this has upon society at large. There can be no doubt it brings many of these spoiled children to the gallows—and I never witness such a scene without feeling my fingers tingle with desire to chastise the little culprit. After a little time we were all safely embarked, without any loss or damage, except the shoe of one of the children, which had dropt into the river, and *heu me miserum*, sunk to rise no more, at the moment the father was handing him from the wharf into the outstretched arms of his mother on board the batteaux. I got on board, and seated myself in the most conspicuous part of the boat, with Mr. Salmagundi by my side near the steersman. Gentle reader, my selection of place was not made from the same reason which actuates many of our modern dandies. They proceed for the sole purpose of being seen—my purpose was the reverse, namely, for seeing and noting all that occurred.

The hurried and impatient glances cast by the Captain towards the inn fronting the wharf, and the accompanying movement of pulling out and putting up his watch, led to the suspicion that something was expected from that quarter. And while I was ruminating where we should "stow away" any thing farther, for the boat was deep loaded, and overtopped with heaps on heaps of baggage piled high above the gunwales, my doubts were solved. For on turning my eye up the wharf, I observed another detachment moving in the direction of the boat. At the head of it, and well befitting the station, came a genteel looking, middled aged gentleman, dressed in the usual travelling equipment—a blue surtout—dark pantaloons and boots; with a female, of an elegant figure, leaning on his arm.—The rear was brought up by two men carrying a large trunk between them, and their other hands occupied the one with a travelling bag—the other with a birds' cage containing a pair of canaries. So that the whole of the live part of our cargo, with the exception of such as belonged to the insect or vermes tribe was composed of the biped class. The air and gesture of this new comer, showed "he had seen the world" as the phrase is. His military address pointed him out in a moment as a son of Mars, while the unremitting and respectful attention he bestowed upon his female companion, indicated his devotions were not exclusively confined to the god of war. On a nearer approach, his sun-burnt, but still handsome manly face, exhibited the rough usage of many a foreign clime; and from this I (and as I afterwards found justly) concluded he had seen service.

Having got this last party on board; and the cabin passengers (if I may use the term) being all adjusted in their places, the scene shifted and a new part of the performance was commenced. The boatmen having by dint of pushing, packing, shifting, squeezing and rolling the animate and inanimate parts of the cargo, got fairly seated at the oars; we pushed off and in seaman's phrase got fairly afloat. We now moved slowly forward under the propulsive efforts of the boatmen, in one of the sweetest evenings, and in sight of one of the most beautiful prospects, the heated mind of a mahometan could ever depict in painting his celestial paradise.

"Pray Betty, give that cheek a little red;" said the dying Cyprian, "and let men say what they will, the feeling which dictates this saying predominates through the whole human race. The untutored savage squaw, spends as much perhaps more time, in daubing and decorating her person in the wild woods, than the young miss, before she makes her first *debut* in the ball room; and were we permitted to penetrate the arcana—perhaps there is as much time wasted in adjusting a night cap, as a birth-day new bonnet. All are slaves to the wish of appearing to advantage; and in spite of the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the pleasantness of the evening and the engaging attractions of the group of which I formed a part, the first thought which occupied my mind, was, what would be our appearance when viewed from the shore. In the forepart of the boat was a motly mass of male and female, old and young heads—peeping over the gunwale; which in their ill adorned and uncombed state, combined with the tattered dirty dresses, formed a picture which would defy the ever va-

rying pencil of a Hogarth to pourtray. The bundles of baggage piled heaps on heaps, seen at a distance, intersected the line of the horizon like a haystack; but on a nearer view seemed like a rocky mountain in miniature. Seated among this chaos-like heap of ruins the rowers were seen pursuing their see-saw vocation with steady regularity. The rest of the group seated under the awning in the stern, differed in the appearance of their dresses, and had an aspect approaching to what might be termed cabin passengers. This last was composed of the two Americans, whose experience in this mode of travelling had taught them to look out for a good birth.—The gentleman and lady who last came on board with the cage and birds, Mr. Salmagundi and your humble servant;—and though last not least the Captain at the helm; encouraging his crew to exert themselves, with the hope of rest and comfort at the end of their journey.

The prospect on leaving Lachine* is beautiful beyond comparison. Launched on the bosom of the noble river St. Lawrence—whose immense waters having received, a little above this, an acquisition by their junction with the Ottawa or Grand River, expand in this place to the width of six or seven miles. We pulled up under the south shore of the island of Montreal, and had a full view of all the surrounding scenery. The ground on the northern side sloping gently towards the water's edge is all under cultivation. It is relieved from the sameness which too level a prospect suggests, by being thickly studded with neatly painted comfortable looking farm-houses, and gentlemen's seats. At a short distance looking towards the east is seen the mountain which rises abruptly behind the town of Montreal and forms the termination of the view in this direction. On turning the eye to the south side of the river, the prospect is mellowed by distance. The dark sombre hue of the native forests which in many places extend to the edge of the river, is relieved by intervening openings, which mark where the hand of industry has extended itself. In the back-ground the land appears to rise higher—but not so as to be termed mountainous. Its gently rising inequalities which must be intersected with rich valleys, offer for the admirer of rural beauty, or the agriculturist, more attractions, than the rugged mountain or the dead level plain. Far in the rear are seen the distant mountains in the northern parts of the states of New York and Vermont, sufficiently remote to prevent their impressing the spectator with the horrific feeling their stupendous size might produce on a nearer view; while their "rugged sides," and "cloud cap'd summits" form a beautiful line in the unclouded horizon. Throughout this extensive landscape, are seen the towering spires of numerous churches and places of worship. That of the Indian village of Cognawaga lying on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence opposite to Lachine, impresses the reflection that the veneration of Him who brought "peace and good will to all mankind," has here reached the untutored Indian, who "sees God in every wind." The river in this place has hardly any perceptible current; and the wind

La Chiné or China derives its name from the circumstance of its being the place from which M. de la Salle fitted out his expedition for the discovery of a North West passage to China.

having died away, notwithstanding our heavy cargo, we proceeded at the rate of four miles per hour; and to beguile old time of his tardiness were soon engaged in that chit-chat occupation which intrudes on the social propensities of man when unemployed. An opportunity for beginning a conversation is offered in many ways. Any unusual or even usual occurrence to those so inclined gives a sufficient reason for breaking silence. The lady I formerly mentioned was seated on my left hand, between her husband and myself; her shawl happening to slip off the shoulder next me, I assisted in adjusting it; and while in the act recommended a due attention to the necessary caution for preventing cold while in an open boat, though quite superfluous in so fine an evening. This was sufficient for a commencement, and immediately opened the door for further conversation between us.

Her husband, whom I before recognized as a military man, had in his travels visited the banks of the Rhine, as well as myself; a few observations on the comparison between the St. Lawrence and that river, furnished an introduction to a conversation with him. Our friends the Yankees found no difficulty in breaking bulks in their cargo of loquacity, by asking questions, being seated on the bench immediately before us*. It immediately occurred to me that through the inquisitiveness of these last mentioned individuals, and the same property, which, as a matter of course, I expected in the Scotsmen, I might reap a good deal of information. And by the bye, I have often thought this Scotch mode of obtaining knowledge, namely, answering one question by asking another, has not met with that degree of notice its merit is entitled to. The following brief dialogue which passed between myself and one of the Americans is a tolerable fair specimen of its utility. "Do you travel far this road?" said one of them, addressing himself to me. "What is the name of the place we next stop at?" I replied. "Dont you go farther than Pointé Claire?" said the other; I immediately asked, "What is the distance from that to the next stage?" "I guess we shant get to St. Anne's to-night," rejoined the other. "How far have ye come?" replied one of the Scotsmen, who had crept near us to hear what was passing. As he did not address himself to me in particular, I did not consider myself obliged to answer so home a query. I thought of Dr. Franklin's method of proclaiming his name, occupation, from whence he came, and whether he was going on his arrival at every stage. But here it would not do; I did not wish to be communicative; and besides a premature answer to the interrogatories which might have been put to me would have deprived me of the means of questioning in my turn; and defeated my object. For here I anticipated an opportunity of illustrating my theory from the number of catechists which surrounded me. From the short specimen above, the reader will perceive what a mass of information

* Snuff-taking is an excellent introduction in such cases. I have frequently made my first advances to a stranger, under the custom of asking or offering a pinch of snuff, and afterwards found in him a sensible and intelligent acquaintance. And often *en passant*, it sets the small talk agoing in a boat, stage-coach, or in a coffee-room, when you can command no other method of becoming acquainted. N.B. I dont remember to have heard this very useful qualification mentioned among the reasons for taking snuff.

could be acquired by a few simple questions put *mutually*. Indeed, I would consider this as a plan preferable far to the mode of one side questioning, and the other answering, as is the practice in our Courts of Justice at present. It would inspire a witness with that due degree of confidence, necessary to elicit the truth, and obviate all that flutter and confusion, which the changes of colours, fidgetting attitude, and quivering lip so clearly indicate, and which are often seen, sometimes turned to particular advantage, in the witness-box. Here I found out the name of the next stage was Point Clair; I also learned that the next beyond it was St. Anne's. From the same inquisitive informant I found the last mentioned place was too distant to reach that night; with several other inferences and deductions which a subtle reasoner might have drawn from these responses, relative to our journey.

Turning to my military companion, (whose good opinion I was afraid I had lost, by being seen in attentive conversation with a plebeian, I soon saw he was in years and sense beyond such an idea), I renewed the conversation by enquiring if there was any public news. He replied by saying he had not seen a late paper, but added he had received letters from London which informed him that the reductions were still going on, and extending to the inferior departments in the military offices. He farther remarked that although all classes had suffered from the peace, there were none on whom the blow had fallen so heavy as on the military. I observed that it had brought absolute ruin on many who were before in prosperous circumstances. "True," said he, "but the number who had suffered in the military or naval profession is greater than in any other class, and it has brought a complete destruction to all their hopes. Many, almost all of them, had entered the army in their youth;—the education they received fitted them for being soldiers, and for nothing else. Theirs is not a money making trade; the rank an officer is obliged to support makes his expenditure equal to his pay; and instead of being able to save money, it is only by care and strict economy he can keep free from debt." I remarked that I had known some people who had made money in the army. "Yes," said he, "but they are very few, and must have been either officers in high rank, who have had the good fortune to be allowed to remain long in some favourable quarters; or serjeants, who were exposed to less expense than commissioned officers; and had, by dint of a saving disposition, contrived to scrape together a few hundred pounds, considered a fortune to them. But with the officer in the middling grade, it is different. His pay barely enables him to support his rank, and the utmost care will not allow him to save money. His promotion is the object he entered the army for, and to it he looks forward as the loadstone of all his hopes; hence when he is placed on half-pay, or "laid on the shelf," as the phrase is, all his expectations are cut down in a moment. His former life precluded him from realizing money. His education and habits incapacitate him from any other employment: He can handle no implement but his sword; and thus circumstanced, he sits quietly down to vegetate upon the pittance of half-pay." "But," said I, "the half-pay is now a very comfortable provision; it will enable him to live in

comfortable retirement." "Yes," he replied, "our good King (God bless him) has made this provision as large as he can; and it is not the amount of it which is the subject of complaint with the officer: it is the unpleasant feeling of the idea that the acceptance of it is the signal for the overthrow of his hopes, and the blasting of all his most endearing prospects." Here Mr. Salmagundi interrupted the gentleman by a heavy and audible sigh or groan. The conversation touched him deeply; for he felt there were other casualties which overthrew hope and blasted prospects, besides the being placed upon half-pay.

Mr. S. had since he took his seat in the boat, been engaged in a musing mood, from which I forbore to arouse him, thinking the interesting hostess at the inn might be the subject of his thoughts.— "There are difficulties attached to every situation of life," said the lady, "and happiness is more the creature of the mind than many are willing to admit. It is the child of contentment my dear, and not to be purchased by riches, nor retained by the splendours of luxury." This she uttered with a look and tone of voice—accompanied with a sweet smile to her husband which denoted that she was happy, and had an earnest desire to excite the same feeling in him. This single remark, confirmed in my mind the favourable opinion which I had begun to form of her, I saw from it, she possessed a sensible and reflecting mind—and as is the custom among well educated females of the present day, she appeared to have read and her reading had been properly directed; for the idea, though beautiful, was not new, it is uttered by some of the old writers—whose works have been tried by the touchstone of time.

Mr. Salmagundi gave his assent to what the lady said, (for he was too polite to differ with her in opinion, notwithstanding he appeared somewhat captious among his own sex), but in opposition to what her husband had advanced, he remarked, in his usual dry way, that he had known officers on half pay, who lived as well as those on full—and "so they may," added he, "their allowance is plenty, regularly secured, and they have no bad debts." "True," said the other, "but do you make no allowance for the disappointment." "What disappointment?" enquired Mr. S. "If the security of a comfortable independence for life be a disappointment, they have it. I cannot see how a man who is paid for his services, and removed from all risks, can call himself disappointed. If he had spent the best of his days, in some laborious business; and when near the close of life he found himself, by some unforeseen accident deprived of all he had and left pennyless—that you might call disappointment. But in a soldier's life there can be no such thing as failure."—"Unless," I remarked, "when his enemy out-manceuvres him, and he is defeated." "I assure you gentlemen," said the officer, "there are difficulties attending a soldier's life which do not happen to others. Should the merchant or almost any other man, exceed a little at a time, the next fortunate bargain, or chance occurrence will enable him to retrieve his error, and recover from it. But the soldier, poor fellow, has no such resource; he has a thousand temptations to spend which others are not exposed to, and if he thoughtlessly should happen to indulge in one instance, he plunges himself in a gulph of misery from whence he cannot be

extricated for a long period, perhaps never. The Farmer can recover from an unfavorable season, by getting a good crop the following year. The Manufacturer can lay aside his productions to wait a favorable market. The Merchant, "well what can he do?" said Mr. Salmagundi." He can recover from one unfortunate speculation, by a more favorable bargain the next day, perhaps the next hour." But in the army no such chance occurs,—the style of life an officer must support requires his pay, whatever may be his rank; for his expences encrease as his rank rises, and if he once gets behind he can never rise again. "Well, this may be all very true in theory," said Mr. S. "but it wont do in practice. There is such a thing as prize money, which often falls in the soldier's way, and gives him a lift." "Yes, there is, replied my military friend, (whom I shall hereafter designate by the title of Major, happening to hear his wife call him so.) There is prize money, but it rarely happens, is hard to earn, and after the commanding officer has got his share, and the non-commissioned officers and men their allowance, the remainder is but small for so many claimants. Many a hard battle is fought where there is no prize money follows, either to heal the wounded or reward the survivors. "But ye hae the plunder Captain" said a Scotchman who overheard the observation, and wished to join in it. I saw the Major eye him with a mixture of contempt and pity at his ignorant remark, while he said "plunder in warfare is not allowed at the present day." "Ye can aye pick up something Ise warrant whan ye tak ane of the enemies towns," replied the Scotchman, "I mind an unkle o' mine had twa cots which he had taen frae the Germans or some of thae outlandish folks he was fighting against. He was a soldier an had been in a hantle o' battles—pure man Teutantorrich gart him list for shooting patricks." "That may be all very true friend," said the Major, "but I assure you according to the present system of war plundering is not permitted, and were a soldier detected in any thing of the kind he would be severely punished." "Aye, but they never punish gentlemen officers, do they?" Seeing the conversation taking a curious turn, I broke in upon it, "by expressing my approval of the abrogation of plundering—saying that, "it was a proof of the encreasing refinement of the age when it was extending its improvements to "soften the hardships of war." The Major observed that the discontinuance of the plundering system had not only lessened the distresses to those who resided in the seat of war, but had been followed by other good effects. "Bonaparte," said he, "who required the use of every means to attach his soldiers to him, overlooked many acts of plunder among his men, and in an indirect manner encouraged it among his officers; as an inducement to make them fight, but this was an erroneous policy: for if the hope of plunder encreased the ardor of the assailants; the dread of being given up to pillage, produced a correspondingly strong resistance in the defenders—and the contests by this means became more protracted and bloody. Every country will submit more readily to a mild and equitable adversary than to an unprincipled and ferocious despot." I remarked that "the habit of plundering might in such a case as that, and against such an adversary be justified, as a measure of retaliation." That

might do, were the plundering effects confined to the troops of both parties; but unfortunately the military are not the sufferers, in these cases—it is the residents in the seat of warfare who are plundered, and it would be unjust to retaliate upon one party for the crimes of another. “Besides,” added he, “if the commander of an army allows his men to plunder, it cherishes a spirit of licentiousness and disorder among them, completely incompatible with the necessary degree of subordination which ought to be kept up.” “You may smile at this,” said the Major to Mr. S. observing a grin on his countenance, “but I assure you a good soldier has as warm a regard for the principles of justice and mercy as any man.” “And if,” he added, turning to me, “a soldier in the bustle of warfare was once to believe that he could with impunity appropriate to himself what belongs to another, there are many characters who would not allow the life of the real owner to stand long between them and their wishes.”

The justice of the Major's remarks; and the pleasant gentleman like manner in which they were delivered soon placed him high in my estimation as a pleasant sensible man. I found on a farther acquaintance he had travelled much—had seen a deal of service and had not been an inattentive observer of the scenes he had shared. A long period of association with genteel company had both polished his manners and improved his mind; and although in the course of our conversation, he had many opportunities, he never once reverted to the dangers, battles, sieges and hair-breadth 'scapes he had made; a modesty which gave a very favourable impression to his hearers, and a plan I would humbly recommend to the imitation of many a young soldier when he returns from “war's alarms” and mixes in general society. To his mama and papa—uncles and aunts, he may in Robinson Crusoe style make himself the hero of his own tale; but among strangers or in mixed company it will never procure him any thing but contempt from his seniors, and doubt from those of his own age. The Major's gait and figure, as already mentioned, marked his profession at first sight, and upon a closer inspection and nearer acquaintance, his good qualities began to develop themselves. His complexion “tarnished by the winds of many a distant clime,” could not render a face unpleasant, whose outline was the true curves of manly beauty. His eyes, those “speaking mirrors of the mind,” showed their capability to “melt in love or kindle in war.” Reader, his nose was well-shaped, well-sized, and set in the proper place. In short the *tout ensemble* of his countenance manifested an openness and candour where every emotion of the mind shone forth, and where nothing mean or sordid could lurk unseen. In his playful effusions, which exhibited themselves in ludicrous comparisons, and various observations on whatever passed, marked his vivid fancy, and expressions tinged with a slight but not unpleasant brogue, marked him as a native of Hybernia; but he had been too well educated, and had been too much on the broad theatre of the world to possess any thing of unpleasant nationality—and carefully avoided that, too prevalent habit, of depreciating whatever he saw in one country, by an uncivil comparison with similar things in his own.

The fast declining sun now gave an increased beauty to the landscape. Every person has witnessed this effect in a summer's evening; and many writers have described it—glowing colours—rich tints—sombre hue and mellowness, with a thousand other tropes metaphors and figures, have been put in requisition to describe the picture, and convey to the mind by words what every eye can have an opportunity of beholding. I shall not waste time on the subject. It is sufficient to say the change produced its full effect upon all of us. The fiery fumes of the spirits which at our out-set had operated in noisy mirth on the boatmen, were dissipated by their exertions at the oars; and they now silently plied their weary tasks, striving to reach the end of their day's journey. The approach of the evening had an additional effect upon the present party and different from what I had ever before seen. The tranquillity of the scene produced a corresponding quietness in the beholders, as is always the case. The squaling and caterwaling of the children in the bow of the boat, became more and more faint as the sun descended. It had been incessant during the afternoon—and required all our stentorian power to enable each other to be heard: but at last the drowsy god accomplished what had defied the scoldings, threats, promises and beatings from the mothers, and laid the little imps in calm repose under his oblivious veil, and left those, so inclined, to enjoy the full pleasure of a contemplative mood. As the sun sunk, the spire of the church and house tops of the village of Point Clair were seen between us and the horizon, apparently at a short distance. And as the Captain signified his intention of stopping there for the night, we all impatiently watched the removal of the two miles which yet separated us from our resting place.

From the hurried and dark peep the night allowed me to take of this place—it seemed more like a village than Lachine, owing perhaps to its being built in a more compact form. The principal objects of attention, and those to which the village owes its existence, are the church and residence of the curé; of the other buildings a few are neat enough; and as fine as paint and white wash can make them; the remainder, are much out of repair and appear very miserable. The greater number of the houses in this part of the country; that is from the place where we now were to Montreal, are built of wood—some of them painted in very gaudy colours; and gaily ornamented. This to an Englishman, accustomed to the appearance of the solid and heavy stone buildings in his own country, conveys an idea of depreciated value. They are, however, comfortable when properly finished, and if kept dry will last a long time.

We now stopped at the beach in front of the inn where we were to remain for the night; and which stood not more than thirty yards from the bank of the river. We entered it at a door in the second story to which we ascended by an outside flight of stairs; and found it was kept by a French family. I began to think of the trouble and time we should expend in unloading and loading our motly cargo, in this place; and that a repetition of this work, every night, and short stages during the day, would occupy a long period and render our journey tedious. My apprehensions were removed on applying to

the Captain, and from him I learned that the baggage was not to be unloaded, unless what each passenger might require for the night; and the safety of the remainder insured by some of the crew sleeping in the boat, a practice generally followed. This did not interest me, my whole baggage consisted of a moderate sized portmanteau containing a few articles of wearing apparel—and it was carried wherever I went. But from little practices of this kind a reflecting Itinerant may see and form opinions of a people among whom he sojourns, which a traveller with his attention directed to one object, or an inattentive observer might skip over. Our crew from their ragged appearance as above mentioned, and from their obvious partiality for drink, I would not have considered as very proper guardians of their own property, far less of another person. Be this as it may, whether arising from the fidelity of those left to guard it, or from the honesty of the people in the country I have been credibly informed that with the exception of occasionally tapping a liquor cask, instances of spoliation of property entrusted to their conveyance are very rare on this route.

We now proceeded to the inn, and a description of its interior will answer for almost every one in the country, for as far as I have had an opportunity of seeing, they are with few exceptions, all constructed upon nearly the same plan. The front door by which you enter opens into a large room, which in England would be termed a saloon, here named the bar-room. One corner of it is occupied by the bar, (a part partitioned off, where the liquors are kept) and the rest is employed as a lounge for travellers, idlers, and all the riff-raff of the neighbourhood. Passing through this room you are shown into some of the other apartments which branch off from the former like rays from a centre, one of them commonly employed as a parlour, the rest as bed-rooms. The upper story when finished (which is not always the case) is divided into small squares or pigeon holes resembling a chessboard, and answering as bed-rooms. In its unfinished state it is spread with bedsteads without curtains, similar to those used in military hospitals, in which the guests are promiscuously huddled together, sometimes singly, frequently in pairs. Either from intuition, (a faculty which some in her line are gifted with,) or from a private and preconcerted signal from the Captain of the boat; I am not certain which, on our entering the house the hostess considered us rather above what may be termed bar-room customers, and conducted the lady and the Major, along with myself and Mr. Salmagundi into the little parlour. The two americans, stopping in the bar-room, where they had met some of their friends. The recognition between these gentlemen and their acquaintances was accompanied by the customary ceremony of shaking hands. This is a practice, I have observed as peculiar to some nations more than others; and in none more than among the Americans. I am not certain what may be the origin of it; some travellers relate it as a mode of salutation among the Indians, in their introduction to strangers.

On entering the parlour our next care was to enquire for beds, a precaution suggested by Mr. Salmagundi; and which I here beg leave to recommend to the attention of every traveller by this route;

for his negligence in this particular may often reduce him to the necessity of either sleeping on the bare floor, or of perhaps sharing his bed with a stranger of the male sex, whom he has never before seen; and may never meet with again. I have been told, with what truth I cannot say, that some travellers arriving at an Inn after the inmates are in bed will *sans cérémonie* turn into the first bed they meet with occupied by only a single person; there being no distinctive principle in this respect, but what arises from sexual difference.

We discovered there were only two separate bed-rooms in the house, one of which by mutual consent was given up to the Major and his wife; and the other containing two beds was reserved for Mr. Salmagundi and myself. Our two American companions were left to shift for themselves along with the rest of our passengers and crew. Previous to ordering something to eat politeness dictated our offering a choice to the lady. She preferred tea; and the same disposition made us requeesce in it. The reader ought to be here informed that it is almost unnecessary to order tea at any of the inns in this part of the country; as it forms a standing part of every meal. At breakfast, dinner, tea or supper on all occasions, the tea-kettle or some utensil to answer the same purpose is put in requisition; even when dried Indian corn or burnt wheat, (not an uncommon thing among the poorer classes) is employed in place of the Chinese herb. The tea or supper, call it which you will, soon made its appearance with the usual accompaniments, consisting of fried pork—boiled onions, potatoes cut small and fried in fat, with butter, cheese, cakes, &c. &c. This profusion of more substantial fare was some recompense for the gallant sacrifice I had made to my own taste in agreeing to the lady's choice of tea. We all participated in the repast, not excepting our American friends, whose olfactory nerves in this instance had served to lead them into the parlour after the servant with the dishes. I also in compliment, and contrary to my usual custom at this hour of the day, drank one dish of tea, which was sedulously handed round by the landlady in *propria persona*.

On the removal of the tea-equipage I proposed a little of a somewhat more comfortable beverage; and was joined by the Major and Mr. Salmagundi; the other two gentlemen declining to drink any thing, the one stating "he never drunk spirits after eating" and the other that "he never drank after supper." These reasons for abstemiousness struck me, as they would every Englishman, as rather singular; and may be ranked as one of the national peculiarities on this side of the Atlantic. An Englishman, a Scotchman, or an Irishman, taken from one class of society will drink at any time; and he is more particular respecting the quantity than the quality of his liquor. In the better classes, they indulge in a cheerful glass either after dinner or supper, but at no other time; these are facts well known to all of us: and a deviation from so general a rule observed so punctually in one country could not fail to seem strange to those who like me had carefully followed this custom "from my youth up," therefore I determined to observe what was the plan followed by these Americans in their drinking system, for the remainder of their journey; and this I had an ample opportunity of doing during a stay of two days at a place we after-

wards reached. Their plan is as follows. On rising in the morning, they take what is termed their *Bitters*, namely a glass of spirits in which wormwood, tanzy or some bitter herb has been infused: and perhaps repeat the dose for two, three, or even four times. They then adjourn to breakfast, which is the same as the supper above described with the addition of custard, and sweet meats. About eleven o'clock they take what is denominated a glass of *sling**, which is followed by another and another until the dinner hour. After this, there is a cessation from the bottle, and little more is drunk during the day.

The remainder of the evening, which was but short the Major, Mr. S. and myself passed over a social glass and in entertaining conversation, and retired to bed at an early hour, mutually pleased with each other's company. There was no scandal—the vapours of a warm glass of spirits and water seem to me, to exert a repulsive force against this vile habit, while it is no less certain there is a strong attraction between the fumes of tea and this vice.

* Sling is a mixture of hot or cold water, spirits and sugar, termed in other countries, *toddy*, and what with the addition of acid forms *punch*. The different kinds of sling are distinguished: first, by the temperature of the water such as *hot sling* or *cold sling*—secondly, by the kind of spirits of which it is made, hence the term *Drank sling*, *Gin sling*, &c. &c. &c.

SONNET.

LIFE has its wintry time ere sullen Age
 Has scatter'd o'er our heads his cheerless snows,
 And man begins to wish for calm repose,
 And sighs to end his weary pilgrimage,
 Long—long before his spring-time years have fled;
 With spirits broken—prospects wither'd—left
 Like some green valley of its verdure rest
 By sudden blight, in desolation—dead.
 For sorrow's cloud will dim youth's brightest ray,
 And change its summer hopes to bleak despair,
 And strip the tree of young ambition bare,
 And coldly waste the bloom of heart away.
 Tempests scowl round where quiet has been
 And joy, the swallow, flies life's wintry scene.

ON FREEDOM.

Better to sit in Freedom's hall,
 With a cold damp floor and a mouldering wall,
 Than to bend the neck, and to bow the knee,
 In the proudest palace of slavery.

ON THE STUDY OF BOTANY.

It would be an enquiry, attended with more utility than is at first sight apparent to find out the various causes and circumstances which operate in giving to different individuals a bias in favour of different studies. Some are led by the force of example—others from the situation and circumstances in which they are placed; not a few enter upon that study which they have the most convenient means of pursuing: and lastly it would be unfair to deny that many select their plan of study as well as the object of it from a particular bent of mind or disposition. It is the possession of this last when aided by other fortunate concurrences, such as time, means and opportunity, which constitutes what is termed genius: and it is these united with talents peculiarly adapted for the study they select which has produced men so eminent in particular departments of science.

The elementary rules of every science is a dry and wearisome study; and hence this part is performed, most frequently in early life when a degree of restraint can be imposed; and when the school-boy with "satchel on his back, creeping like snail unwillingly to school" can have his application enforced by coercive measures. This remark is not only applicable to the acquirement of the common routine of school education; but is also witnessed in learning the rudiments of many sciences which become on farther advancing in the knowledge of them highly attractive and pleasant.

There is perhaps no science furnishes so great an exception to this general rule as Botany. Its elementary principles are brief, easily acquired, and not uninteresting. It never excites tedium or disgust at the beginning, and every step the Botanist advances he meets with new attractions, and previously undiscovered beauties. This facility of acquirement recommends the science of Botany to such as are from their situation in life, or from their habits unqualified for entering upon other studies of a more sedate nature, and requiring more intense application. In this respect a knowledge of this science may be attained by what is termed "the lazy student," and although a steady application be necessary to raise a man to eminence in this as well as in other pursuits, a degree of knowledge highly interesting and furnishing a large fund of amusement, may be acquired in Botany by those whose other avocations prevent close attention.

It deserves to be ranked as one of the most valuable qualities of this study, that its pursuit is accompanied with some of the most conducive means for preserving health. Instead of sitting for hours under a cross and incessant application the Botanist is required in the reduction of his theoretical knowledge to the practical part of his study, to take frequent walks and rambles in the open air. Here he finds the flowers and plants to compare with the descriptions he reads of them; and to this he is impelled from a conviction, that an inspection of the article is necessary to fix the description in his mind, and to render the eye familiar with its appearance. Taken in this view, Botany forms a valuable auxiliary to many other studies—and a knowledge of it so far as to employ it for an amusing relaxation is a desirable acquisition.

to men whose professions or studies confine them to a sedentary life. Many studious scholars of high promise for talents and application have fallen martyrs in early life to their too devoted pursuit of some favorite science, and left the world to regret a life which held forth every prospect of being useful. Their premature deaths have not unjustly been attributed to the sedentary lives their pursuits required; which first undermined the health, and afterwards made irreparable breaches in their constitutions. Had they possessed an acquaintance with this science, they could have indulged in exercise without violating their most ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge. The attractions it possesses would have gratified their refined tastes; and after a botanical excursion they could have returned to their more favourite studies or professional pursuits with increased energy of mind and body.

Many have been deterred from entering upon the study of this science from the mistaken belief that a preparatory classical education was indispensibly necessary for pursuing it. We should regret much to utter an opinion depreciative of the value of a classic education; on the contrary, it is highly useful; nay, in the study of some sciences, it is indispensibly necessary; and in the study of Botany such a previous education is a very material auxiliary. But that it is not an absolute requisite is well known to every one who has studied Botany, and experience has proved that many not possessed of this qualification have become notwithstanding eminent in this science; by simply possessing a taste for it, and by bestowing upon it a due degree of attention.

If not as a recommendation, it may be mentioned as a pleasant concomitant, that the study of this science is equally accessible and proper for both sexes. For females it forms an agreeable and interesting pursuit; and as will be afterwards shown, an acquirement highly useful to their other accomplishments. If they wish an additional inducement to become Botanists, thanks to the refinement and taste of the times, it is a fashionable study.

But it is not its health-giving effects, easy acquirement, nor the pleasure attendant on a prosecution of this study, which recommend it to notice. It is a science of the first utility, whether considered in itself, or as an attendant requisite for professional characters, or for the advancement of other scientific pursuits. The physician draws many of his most valuable remedies from the vegetable kingdom. He ought to be acquainted with the plants which produce these in every stage of their growth, as well as with their preparations which he uses in his art. This fact has been long known, and has now so far its proper weight, that in many of the colleges the study of Botany is made an indispensable branch of the physician's education. The arts are under no small obligation to the labours of the Botanist. Both the dyer and painter draw some of the most beautiful necessities of their art from this source—and are under great obligations to the advanced state of this science. The chemist has in the extended state of his pursuits laid the vegetable world under contribution for materials to exercise his analysing art upon; and some of his most brilliant discoveries have been elicited from this source. It may be said that his

pursuit is confined to investigate the internal qualities and properties of vegetables; but this is not sufficient; he must make incursions upon the prerogative of the Botanist, and become acquainted with their external appearances, before his own mind be satisfied or before he can convey that knowledge effectually to another. An example will serve to illustrate this. Suppose as has often happened, the Chemist in his searches discovers some particular substance in a certain plant indigenous in the country where he lives. Wishing in case he may have been deceived to have it subjected to the test of a brother chemist in another country, he writes to him detailing the process and relating his experiments. It is obvious his communication must convey a description of the plant, which is perhaps an exotic in the country where his correspondent resides, for to ensure similar results they must of necessity both operate upon the same substance. From a knowledge of the vegetable world and an acquaintance with Botany the perfumer is enabled to extract some of the most delicate articles used in his trade; and the vegetables are equally subservient to the production of some of our most valuable essences and oils, the science of Botany which enables us to discriminate the plants possessing these valuable ingredients, may be considered as a large contributor to our luxuries and enjoyments.

The applicability of the study of Botany to females as well as males has been already noticed, but it deserves to be further stated that, for the former it ought to possess peculiar attractions, not only as being a useful and rational amusement; but as possessing many advantages which apply to the duties of their situations in life; and an auxiliary in some of their ornamental branches of education. Drawing, a branch of study the ladies have long pursued, receives and communicates reciprocal advantages from a knowledge of Botany. It is true the benefit would at first seem to be all on the side of the latter science; and it cannot be denied that the Botanical student has many advantages, from being an adept in the art of drawing. He can represent the flowers and plants he meets with in an accurate and elegant form; and by reference to them may refresh his memory. But on the other hand a knowledge of Botany enables the young drawer to avoid many inconsistent violations of nature which their most elaborate productions and best finished pieces exhibit. In their patterns for needle work we not unfrequently see stiff and incongruous figures of leaves and flowers like nothing "under the sun." They, in this, seem to substitute glare and heaviness for richness and elegance; and never think of copying nature where so rich a source for displaying taste is to be found. An acquaintance with this delightful science would soon lead them to a closer inspection of the beauties of nature; and a desire to copy them more closely in shape and shade.—From this would arise an important improvement in the ornaments of dress—and instead of the ball-room exhibiting us at present, a flaming display of monstrosities, it would be filled with ornamental resemblances of nature's fairest productions arranged in tasteful imitation of her beauties.

Among the inducements to the study of Botany it is proper to mention the cheap rate at which it may be acquired. The few books

containing the elementary rules (which may be mentioned in a future number) can be obtained at little expence. Unlike music and drawing it does not require the long attendance of extravagant instructors, from the rudiments of it being short and easily learned. A little practice may be requisite before the scholar can become an expert proficient in the science, but this he can attain by his own exertions; and the seductive pleasure this study affords will be a sufficient inducement to use the necessary diligence. Every day's experience furnishes proofs that many other branches of female accomplishments have a tendency to become less and less amusing as the possessors advance in life; the elegant accomplishments of music and dancing upon which so much money is lavished, (as the lady advances in life, and becomes surrounded with domestic duties,) become cloying and are neglected or forgotten. This may be owing to the fashion of the times; when youthful charms are fled the deficiency of them becomes more apparent by every untimeous effort to exhibit them.—Many who hang enraptured over the lady at her piano, owe as much of their pleasure to the contemplation of the graceful movements of an elegant turned arm and well shaped hand, as to the charms of the dulcet sounds she draws forth; and with such men when the ravages of time render it necessary for the player to shroud these attractions: the performance will lose half its effect. Dancing is only adapted to the season of youth—an attempt at juvenile capers, in the wane of life excites ridicule, perhaps disgust, in the place of pleasure. With the science which is the subject of this article, the reverse is the case. Botany may be made the study and amusement of all ages; and if the female, when young has attained a knowledge of it, the many useful purposes to which it is applicable, and the endless train of beauties it affords, will secure an attention to it through life. Some plants are possessed of noxious qualities; and, it is said, some have this property in so high a degree as to render it dangerous to bring them in contact with the skin; or even to repose in their vicinity. A knowledge of Botany is the only means by which we can discriminate between the noxious and innocent; and in this respect the study is recommended by its utility to both the home student and the traveller in foreign countries. It is said if a person happens to sleep in the close vicinity of the deadly night shade, at a certain period of its growth, he will be seized with violent headache and other unpleasant symptoms. This whether true or false, the Botanist will avoid; he knows the plant at sight, and will be careful of unnecessary exposure to its influence. The same degree of knowledge will direct the traveller in an unknown country to what fruits are edible and preserve him from such as are poisonous.

Horticulture.—an art long and highly praised by both sexes as a healthy and tasteful avocation, is carried on to higher perfection by a previous acquaintance with Botany. The gardener by his occupation will select his seeds of the best quality, and plant them in the most favourable soil and exposure. This belongs to his department. But the Botanist who is acquainted with the appearance of the plant in every stage of its growth can place it where its beauties can be seen with the happiest effect, either in contrast or harmonising with the

other plants around it. His knowledge enables him to prevent many accidents by placing deleterious plants separate from such as are innocent, and in situations unexposed to such juvenile rambler as may happen to visit the garden. Were the occupations of the horticulturist and the knowledge of the Botanist more frequently combined, we should not see so many incongruities and dangerous indiscriminate mixtures of plants which our gardens exhibit. Our arbours and summer houses, instead of being surrounded with nettings of hops, deadly night shade and other plants of a narcotic nature, would be ornamented with such as are innocent in their properties; and the invalid or votary of pleasure who should spend an hour in one of them would inhale a refreshing and wholesome atmosphere instead of one loaded with hurtful exhalations.

Not a few are deterred from the study of Botany from the idea that it can only be cultivated during the summer season: And this opinion has the more weight in this country from the circumstance of the summer being, compared with the winter, of short duration.

This however is no valid excuse for neglecting the science in this country. Short as the summer is—it is sufficient to bring all the indigenous plants to maturity: and whenever this is the case, there is a field for the student of Botany. And if the number or variety of vegetable productions can recommend them to notice in any country, the Canadas hold forth peculiar inducements in this respect: But the idea of its being a study only adapted for summer is incorrect. Although that season holds forth the highest attractions for the Botanist, he has no obligation to remain idle during winter.

He may collect his plants and flowers during summer when these are in the perfection of bloom; and after putting them in a state for preservation he can complete the drying, and arrange them during winter. If he be a draughtsman this is the time when he can exercise the art in making drawings from dried plants; or otherwise, he may have a continual source of valuable amusement in arranging his *Herbarium*.

For the sake of the young student in Botany, the following simple methods of preserving plants is worth his attention if he should feel inclined to form a *Herbarium* or *Hortus Siccus*. Gather the plants or flowers at the stage of their growth when you wish to preserve them; but take care the weather be dry and the leaves free from dew. Expose them in the sun, for a few hours, until the leaves and stalks are become as much withered as to be pliable, and easily spread upon a paper. After carefully arranging their different parts—leaves tendrils flowers, &c. &c. upon a sheet of unsized paper, lay another fold of the same description over them and subject it to pressure between the leaves of a book. After allowing it to remain in this state for twenty four hours, change the paper taking care not to disturb the arrangement of the different parts. It may again be submitted to pressure in a gentle heat; and afterwards turned repeatedly, and the same plan pursued until it becomes perfectly dry. The plant is then to be carefully slipped between the folds of clean white paper, washed over with camphire dissolved in spirits of wine or some other substance calculated to preserve it from insects. The name and a short descrip-

tion of it written upon the paper, and laid aside in a dry place.—Some are in the habit of securing the plant to the paper by passing its stalk under an incision made in the paper for the purpose; others tack it to the sheet on which it is to remain with a thread passed through the paper and over the stem or leaf-stalks. Both plans are objectionable, in the event of it being necessary to take the subject in the hand for examination; and are only resorted to where there is a danger from moving it about, lest the plant should slip out from between the folds of the paper, an accident which may always be prevented by care. Some plants possessing a woody and unbending stem, must be tied down at first by either of the above plans to keep them in their proper position; but after being completely dried under the proper degree of pressure it is no longer necessary. Plants carefully dried in this manner will keep for many years, without any other process than being occasionally spunged over with the solution employed to preserve them from the ravages of the insect tribe; and by being kept in a dry place.

This method of preservation will appear to some inapplicable for the larger kinds of vegetables, such as trees, shrubs, &c. But it ought to be borne in mind that the Botanist forms his selections and classification chiefly from the leaves and flowers of plants, according to the most improved systems—hence it is only necessary to admit these parts as specimens for his herbarium: the size and other properties of the plant form subjects for his description.

The more delicate kinds of aquatic vegetables form beautiful specimens when preserved in this manner. Their minute fibres can be spread out, and tastefully arranged with the point of a fine needle; and in this state when dried they will resemble the most delicate drawings of trees and plants in miniature.

It is obvious this method of preservation cannot be employed for most of the vegetables of the fuci tribe. They could not be subjected to pressure without destroying their texture and organisation. For such it is only necessary to dry them in a gentle heat either of the sun or by a stove, and place them in a situation where they will be kept from dust, &c.

There is another method of preserving plants, but it is attended with much more difficulty—requires far greater care, and is liable to many objections which are not attached to the former plan. It is now seldom resorted to but as a matter of curiosity; but for such as choose to bestow the necessary time and attention, in preserving some rare plants. It may be pursued in the following manner:—

The plant is gathered with the same regard to time and weather as in the foregoing plan. Its stalk is then stuck in a bit of flat wood as a stand; placed in an unglazed earthen vessel, similar to what is used for flower pots; but of a sufficient depth to overreach the top of the plant. After carefully setting it in this dish, as nearly as possible in the same position in which it grows, the dish is to be filled up with fine sand, (taking care in pouring it in not to derange the position of the leaves) till it covers the top of the plant. The whole is next placed in an oven and subjected to a very moderate degree of heat and continued until the plant be perfectly dry, which requires from 3 to

4 days, in proportion to the succulence or dryness of the plant. Among the many objections to this plan—in addition to its difficulty of execution—when successfully accomplished preparations of this kind require too large a space for keeping them. Being under the necessity of preserving them in a large apartment they are too much exposed to the contact of the air; become brittle and liable to be broken and destroyed under the best care; and are far more perishable than plants preserved by the former simple method. It has been said in favour of this last mode that some peculiarities in the conformation of plants can be better represented than when they are dried and subjected to pressure. But this is a mistaken opinion. Few plants possess such a formation as not to be represented in their dried state when their different parts are carefully disposed and prepared by the first method; and if they did so, it could be noted with sufficient accuracy on the paper in which the specimen is kept.

The fact of this science having of late years engrossed a large share of the attention of scientific scholars deserves to be noticed as a proof of its importance, and an inducement to study it. That the labours of those have not been wasted in vain is demonstrable from the regular improvement the science has received; and from the well founded principles on which it is now established. This fact ought to excite others to become Botanists; from the knowledge of it being a passport to the acquaintance, and intimacy of learned men—when the individual is perhaps not versed in any other sciences—and has no other claim to be admitted to such society.

(For the Canadian Magazine.)

ON THE SMUT IN WHEAT.

SIR,

I am happy to see that a portion of the Canadian Magazine is now devoted to the useful Arts. In particular, I observed a communication by your correspondent C. in the February number, on the Smut in Wheat; with a half promise, that on an after occasion we will be favoured with an Essay on the culture of that species of grain. I imagine that there are few, even of your literary and scientific readers who will not be gratified by a dissertation on this subject, considering the low state of agriculture in the Province.

Meantime, I beg leave to make an observation or two on what is already laid before the public.

In the first place then, with respect to smut, there are two distinct diseases which go under that name; differing extremely in their appearance. To one of these which attacks Oats, Barley and Wheat indiscriminately Botanists have given the name of *Uredo Segetum*, no doubt, from its appearance, as the whole ear, (grain, chaff, and receptacle) seems as if burnt externally in a fire. On a minute inspection, it is found to consist of small globules slightly adhering together:

being a species of Fungus, growing under the Epidermis, and sometimes destroying the whole parenchyma of the ear. The Epidermis bursts; and the torn shreds and filaments were, at one time, supposed to be the fibres and seed vessels of the parasite. This malady is more prevalent in weighty crops than in light ones; and, in general, it does but little injury to the sound part of the corn, as the winds and rain shake and wash the black dust from the diseased plant before the crop is ripe. This however is not invariably the case; for sometimes a part of the powder adheres to the distempered ear, and is threshed off amongst the crop. But even then, the evil is not great; as the hard polished husks of the oat and of barley does not retain this substance as does the downy end of a grain of wheat; and wheat is not very liable to this disease.

The other species of smut is that distemper so much complained of by agriculturists, as injuring the wheat crop, occasionally. It never affects the other kinds of corn in any shape, or degree. Whilst yet in its grass state the diseased plant has a bluish green colour; and so soon as the ear appears, the malady may be detected: for the flour or farinaceous matter, which in that stage of vegetation, occupies only the lower end of the grain, has a resemblance to a mixture of pulverized chalk and lamp black; with a disagreeable smell of putrid animal matter. The colour of the chaff is no ways altered; but the grains in the diseased ears, or smut balls, as they are often termed, being more turgid and spherical, than the grain in the ears which are not smutted, cause the chaff or glume to stand out more horizontally from the spike; owing to which circumstance it has the appearance of being stocked with extraordinary plump grain. The male blossoms never having expanded are invariably to be found adhering to the convex side of these smuty grains, as if glued on. On bruising a grain it still emits the cadaverous smell; and the powder has assumed a blackish brown tinge. The weather sometimes washes out part of this kind of smut too, before harvest; but seldom so completely as to render the sound part of the crop fit for the baker's purpose without further cleaning. Most of the black grains are bruised in threshing, when the flail is used for that purpose; the powder then lodges in the groove and on the downy end of the good grains, the flour of which it renders unfit for white bread. Machine threshing breaks fewer of the smut grains: so they are blown away among the chaff in winnowing.

Your correspondent says: "The smut in wheat, called in scientific language, *Ustilago*, is defined to be a vegetable disease to which wheat, and other grain crops are often exposed in which a sort of black meal is produced in place of seed." This at best is only an inaccurate definition. That kind of smut in which "black meal" is produced attacks no other grain crop besides wheat. Nor is it likely that it is the disease which the ancient Italian husbandmen named *Ustilago*, as it bears no resemblance to any thing scorched or burnt. Nor is it very prevalent in the southern parts of Europe. But on the other hand the *Uredo Segetum* of modern Botanists, might very properly have been denominated *Ustilago* by the ancient Romans; for the affected ear has the exact appearance of being half burnt by fire. Indeed the

question seems to be set at rest by the consideration that the *Ustilago* of the ancients attacked oats and barley; which the common smut of wheat never does. I am aware that Mr. C. is not singular in the opinion that *Ustilago* is the ancient name for that kind of smut which is peculiar to wheat: even Professor Coventry, of Edinburgh, says the same, in his lectures. I have, however, observed so many mistakes of scientific men, some of them incredibly gross, relative to this subject* that I felt but little inclination tamely to surrender what I consider the acquisition of experience to an opinion hastily assumed in support of a theory, without a single fact being adduced in its support. But this is wrangling for a word.

Much has been said respecting the cause of smut: it is nevertheless still a dubious point. Some alledge that it is occasioned by minute insects; and in support of that opinion, declare that by the help of a microscope, they have seen numbers of them on the diseased ears. I am not disposed to deny that animalculi may induce smut in wheat; but I put little weight on the circumstance of their being found on the affected plants, because they may perhaps be likewise found on those that are healthy; and, at any rate, sickly vegetables are the favourite habitation of many kinds of vermin. Others suppose smut to arise from parasitic plants prying on the wheat, and intercepting the nourishment which nature furnishes by bringing it to maturity. As little have I to object to this notion as the others; never having seen such parasite. There is a third hypothesis, which accounts for smut, by the juices of the plant being vitiated so as to produce only depraved seed; perhaps not unlike cancer or scrophula. These different opinions have severally been maintained by men of the first respectability in the profession; the first Mr. C. states, by Mr. Young, Secretary to the Board of Agriculture; the second by Sir John Sinclair, the President; Dr. Hunter, of York; and many other Agriculturists of much experience; the third by Professor Coventry, Sir George M'Kenzie, of Coul; and other scientific gentlemen.

The speculative physiologist may find grateful employment in discovering which, or if any, of these hypotheses is the legitimate one—but the practical farmer's designs are much better answered, by knowing that he can apply an effectual preventative and that at very little expense.

For this purpose various preparations are used. Some of them (not unaptly termed steepings,) merely consist in soaking the seed grain for some time in a solution of salt, of copperas, vitriol, verdigrise, arsenic or some such article in cold water, and then sowing it. But a safer, and far more efficacious practice, is to pickle the seed wheat. That is done by immersing it in stale urine or a saturated solution of sea salt in water; or thoroughly wetting it with either of these liquids,

* Professor Laurence of the Veterinary Institution, London, in his *Farmer's Callender* confounds Mildew, Blight, Smut, and Blast in Wheat as one and the same Malady; at the same time sneering, in his usual petulant stile, at every one who pretends to prevent Smut by Pickling. Yet he was afterwards forced to acknowledge his error.

The late Sir Joseph Banks too, though at the head of Physiology in Britain, in a small pamphlet which he published some years ago, expressly identifies Blight and Mildew with Smut.

and then working into the heap as much recently slaked lime or wood ashes as will adhere to the grain, in its wet state. If the grain is laid on a floor, and the liquid sprinkled on it whilst it is kept turning with a shovel, till every part of every grain is wetted, it is as well preserved as if put into the vessel; only the light corn cannot be skimmed off. This latter has invariably been my method. And in an extended experience, on a pretty large scale, I found it a complete preservative; whilst I have seen my neighbours' crop smutted in the proportion of forty, and have heard of, seventy per cent.

But to secure similar success, the farmer, if above doing it with his own hands, should not neglect to see every part of the process carefully performed. Particular care must be taken that no straggling grains around the heap on the floor escape, as they may turn out smutty. I always pickle in the morning, and sow that same day; which is a second point in which I cannot help differing from Mr. C., seeing it can serve no good purpose to defer sowing after the seed is pickled; and, when the steep used is stale urine, and the lime quick, they soon destroy the vegetative power.

I dont pretend to be acquainted with the *rationale* of pickling seed wheat. Perhaps it destroys the eggs or larvæ of animalculi; or the seeds of Fungus, which lodge in the grain: or perhaps it corrects the vitiated constitution, if the evil proceeds from unsound seed. One thing is evident. When quick lime is used, the outer, skin or cuticle of the pickled seed may easily be peeled off, after it goes through the process.

I shall conclude by observing that, this distemper is induced in clean seed wheat, by mixing, or thoroughly blending it with smut, or with smutty wheat. And, on the other hand, that smutty wheat, if well washed in water, soaked with a solution of salt, or with old urine, and then dried with quick lime, will, if sown, for certain, produce a clean crop. Which consideration rather seems to discountenance the supposition that the disease proceeds from depraved humours or juices in the parental seed. And, at the same time, points out the expediency of preventing seed wheat from coming in contact with any thing contaminated by smut; as the barn, or sacks: and likewise the impropriety of applying manure, made of the straw or chaff of smutty wheat, to land meant to be cropped with wheat during the year immediately succeeding that in which the chaff or straw is produced.

ON THE AGRICULTURE OF CANADA, and in respect of the
 No. I. is the only one that has ever been published in
 Mr. Editor,

Should the following remarks be thought deserving your attention, by giving them a place in your Magazine, you will oblige a friend to the improvement of the Province.

As the power and wealth of every country depends, in a great measure, upon the state of its Agriculture, so it is remarked that these rise or fall in proportion as the business of the farmer is encouraged or neglected. To promote therefore the advancement of husbandry, is no less the duty of the patriot and Legislator, than of the man of fortune, who can afford to expend his time and money for this important purpose. I shall not at present enter upon an account of the various means which may be employed for the successful promotion of this valuable science; but there are some general maxims for the purpose, the neglect of which in Canada has been in a great measure the cause of the backward condition in which the agriculture of the country is now found.

Of these maxims, two of the principal refer to the length of leases and the terms on which they are granted, and which have a great effect in either promoting or retarding the successful cultivation of the soil.

Although a large part of the land in this Province be held by what may be termed great Lords or Seigneurs, the cultivation of the soil is not under their controul; for when once a lot of Land is conceded, it is entirely out of the power of the Seignieur to give any directions as to the method in which it shall be cultivated; all he can do is to enforce a residence upon the spot. Even this power is not always exercised, for there are many instances of tracts of land taken from Seigneurs by individuals; who again lease them out to others who cultivate the land on what they term *halves*, that is, the proprietors furnish seed, stock and implements of husbandry, and the Tenant tills the soil, and gives his landlord half of all he reaps, as well as half the stock he raises. It is this description of Proprietors who could act most effectually in improving the Canadian husbandry; and from the close connection which exists between its improvement and the augmentation of their own fortunes, we should expect they would be the most zealous promoters of this desirable object.

The reader will at once perceive that the most efficacious mode in which this could be accomplished would be by giving these tenants or cultivators of the soil their leases on the most favourable terms. One great defect in this, and one of the greatest impediments to the melioration of the country, is the plan of letting the farms for one year only. And, strange to tell, this is a plan, which though deeply prejudicial to the interests of both Landlord and Tenant, is cherished by both; upon the principle that the period of endurance is but short, and should there be a dislike by either party, it is soon settled by their separation at the end of the lease. But from this plan there is a great deal of evil arises, and at the same time both the landlord and tenant are injured, as well as the agricultural interest of the country hurt. The improvement of

the soil is a work of time which requires many years to accomplish. The tenant of one year pays no attention to this—he makes a friend of his nearest neighbour, and from him finds out the best parts of the farm. This discovered, he immediately sets to work and crops those spots with what he thinks will make him the best return, and pays no attention to the rest of the land, and is equally regardless of the future. In this way, when one yearly tenant succeeds another, the good parts of the land are overcropped and exhausted. The spots of an inferior quality are allowed to overrun with weeds, and the whole suffered to pass into a state of nature. This is a practice not only injurious to both landlord and tenant, but it may justly be considered a public loss—for, were a more regular principle laid down, and a proper rotation of cropping and manuring adhered to, the landlord would have his property improved, and the public would be furnished with produce from much ground which is now lying exhausted and unfit to yield any crop from the bad management of yearly tenants.

To remove this difficulty the remedy is obvious: let the leases extend for a period of years, and let a regular system of manuring and cropping, mutually advantageous to both the landlord and tenant, be laid down and adhered to—care being taken that this system be suitable for the soil and locality of the farm, and we would soon see the face of farms of this description changed for the better. Another advantage which would attend this method is, its allowing the improvement of stock, which with a tenant who holds his farm for only one year, is totally out of the question. To improve his farm stock a man must not only have time allowed, but must also be possessed of capital, a state in which none of our annual farmers are. Besides, what would be the advantage of a farmer beginning to raise stock, when, perhaps at the end of the year, he would be obliged to dispose of them at an age when they were unfit for the market.

The terms on which farms are leased by this method are too high.—I consider half the produce of a farm too much for a tenant to pay, and it is a well known fact, when a tenant is overstrained with rent, he naturally becomes disgusted, and will not do that justice he might be expected to do were there a becoming liberality on the part of the landlord. I am well aware that the very high pitch to which the rents of land rose during the late war in England, when landlords got so much more than they ever expected for their lands, led some intelligent men to adopt it as a maxim, that the higher the rent the more rich would the tenant become by his greater industry. But this is an erroneous opinion; land will only produce a certain quantity under the best management; and that will only bring a certain price; and if the high prices of produce during the war enabled tenants to pay high rents, that cause no longer exists for their being still kept up. The same reasoning applies whether the rent be paid in produce or money; for if the tenant does not get from the half he retains a sufficient living and a reasonable recompense for his labour, he will either quit the farm or become negligent, and sit down to vegetate out his existence, provided the half of the produce he retains be sufficient to supply him with food. The proprietor of the soil, calculating the return for his money he conceives himself entitled to, may think that the low price his half of the produce

brings him is not sufficient interest for the capital he has invested in his land. This is the usual way monied men think their cash ought to be employed; and unless they receive more than the usual rate of interest they do not conceive they have a sufficient return for it. But although this may be the proper data to proceed upon in the investment of capital in other cases, it is wrong as applied to the purchase of land for the purpose of letting it on *halves*. If the proprietor of the soil acts with a due degree of liberality to his tenant, the latter will not only pay him a moderate interest, but also encrease the value of his principle. Instead of exacting the half of the crops and stock, were the landlord satisfied with one third, and had the tenant a lease sufficiently long, he would expend a share of his portion of the produce in improving the soil, by the best mode of culture, or perhaps, in extending the quantity of cleared land on the farm—so that if his farm when entered upon should have been worth £1000 to the landlord, by getting it under a better state of cultivation, or by enlarging the quantity of arable land upon it, the latter at the expiry of the lease will find it worth perhaps £1500 or more. At the same time the grand and main object, namely, the improvement of the Agriculture of the country has been progressing all the time.

C. F. CRESPIUS.

The following lines were written on the author's return to the place of his nativity, and finding the lady to whom they are addressed from being a young Girl on his departure, married and the mother of a family.

TO MRS. —

Though the lustre of beauty be yet in thine eye,
Its effulgence is soft as a summer-eve sky;
Though never more fair, 'mid its ringlets that brow,
All calm and composed is its loveliness now.

When I last saw those eyes, ere they wept me adieu,
Their glances rush'd wild from their fountain of blue,
And as changeful the light which that beaming brow gave,
As the moon's restless ray on the fast-heaving wave.

Thou mourn'st not the spirit which lit up that day,
The thought uncontroll'd, uncontrollably gay,
The bright hopes that quicken'd, the rapture that fired,
All the heart felt of sweetness, and all it inspired.

Then I too will content me, nor think of them more,
But as idols of light which at morn we adore,
And the flame round their shrines shall more feebly be roll'd,
As the dews of the evening sink heavy and cold.

Selected Papers.

ACCOUNT OF A PROJECTED TOUR IN SCOTLAND: written by two English gentlemen; particular friends;—one an eminent artist in landscape, and otherwise accomplished, the other equally distinguished in the walks of literature, both of them great travellers;—had proceeded in one of those admirable coasters, the Berwick smacks, as far as Leith, in their way to the Highlands of Scotland; with the view of making a devious tour through those interesting mountains, and communicating the result of their observations, should they appear of sufficient importance to the public. They had been induced to undertake this excursion, and its proposed narrative, in consequence of being dissatisfied with the productions of almost all other tourists who had visited those parts, from that of surly Johnson down to the birth of the last extraordinary performance of the kind, which lately issued from a pen in the Poultry,* and which may be considered as the cream and quintessence of the whole,—and after a candid perusal of them all, they considered themselves as fully warranted in dooming them in the aggregate, if not (like Don Quixote's library) to the flames, at any rate to the snuff-shop, kitchen, or temple of Cloacina; with the single exception of Johnson's Tour, which, but for the beautifully-expressed sentiment contained in it when he speaks of the island of Iona,† they would have condemned to the same fate. They alleged that the descriptions of the scenery, by which these ephemeral productions are characterized, are generally conveyed in such language as, by exciting a disgust at the mode of description, (which is insensibly transferred to the thing or scene described) instead of encouraging in the reader the desire of contemplating the scene on the spot, actually tended to deter him from entertaining the bare thought of it; in which mind, if any thing were wanting to it, he was unalterably confirmed by the coloured views accompanying them: these being, in their opinion, far from the easy, unaffected draughts, if not the finished pictures of a master; on the contrary, so many hideous attempts after Nature, which would hardly have been exhibited in the windows of the celebrated Carrington, Bowles, & Co., who it is well known are not over-fastidious in the admission of such specimens of excellence into their collection. They likened the descriptive part of these abortions to the epistolary correspondence of school-boys with their playfellows, or too fond mothers; in which they make an awkward, but unpardonable, attempt at giving an account (sometimes an humorous one, forsooth!) of their rural excursions, sights, and amusements, during the holidays; and they compared the copper-plate views, so gaudily coloured, with which they are embellished; to the rude essays of boarding-school misses, who have been for a few months under the tuition of a drawing-master. They scouted the idea as altogether

* See Mawman's Tour.

† See "Tour through the Western Highlands."

absurd of gentlemen painters on these occasions aspiring to celebrity, however temporary and local, by imitating the style of meritorious professional men, such as Jukes, Gilpin, and others, as if the labours of those justly esteemed artists, because every thing appears so easy and natural in their effect, only required their imitation to insure success; never once reflecting that, to lay no stress whatever upon the requisite genius, men who devote themselves for a livelihood from morning till night to the exercise of their profession, must infinitely outstrip those who, from no such necessity being imposed upon them, only apply to it on the spur of the moment, and who must consequently follow *hauri passivus æquis*. They were of opinion, that mediocrity, which all agree to be intolerable in poetry, is equally insufferable in her sister arts, music and painting; and they contended that Lord Chesterfield, when he denounced the practising on the violin by men of rank and fashion, as not becoming their sphere of life, and proposed restricting its use among its proper professors, with as much reason, though on a different principle, might have extended his prohibition to the use of the pencil; since it is only by the judicious division and assignment of labour, both intellectual and manual, that men can hope for the greatest perfection in all matters, either of science or art. But, miserably executed, both in point of literature and painting, as these Caledonian Tours have been, and deplorably short of imparting any thing like an adequate idea of the real scenery of the country, still they convey a glimmering kind of light, from the faint rays of which these gentlemen strongly suspected that the mountains of Scotland, bleak and barren as they are, had not been exhibited in the most favourable colours, and that their visiting them personally, and surveying them carefully, in all probability would amply reward their toil. Fraught with these sentiments, they were about entering on their projected journey, from which they promised themselves much pleasure, and their friends and the public equal amusement and information. And well might they have done so; for the painter was a man of soul, who viewed the works of creation with a poetic eye. He was acutely alive to the impressions of the sublime and beautiful, and equally happy in the expression conveyed by his pencil—one, in short, who did not frivolously waste his attention on its minute and subordinate parts, but whose bold and comprehensive mind at once grasped the entire scene before him: while the other, to the indispensable ground-work of a sound classical education, superadded all the cultivation of which a happy natural genius is susceptible. History and antiquities, particularly as relating to Scotland—the different branches of natural history, especially zoology, mineralogy, and botany—as well as the application of mathematics to practice, so requisite to the philosophic traveller—were quite familiar to him. He had associated extensively among all ranks of mankind, and had been peculiarly observant of their manners, which he could pourtray with equal fidelity and liveliness, never indulging a vein of delicate satire, with which he was strongly tingured by nature, beyond the bounds of discretion. Much was expected from the joint labours of such men; and no doubt much would have been effected by them. They certainly would not have skimmed the surface, nor would the world have been disgusted to downright nausea with their accounts of how much whiskey and oat-cake they have called for at

this novel of an inn, or how they had lain at that; how hospitably they had been entertained by one laird, and how inhospitably another had suffered them to pass his house without inviting them into it; or such like puerilities. No! they had set out with much more enlarged views, and their attention would have been directed to objects more dignified and better calculated to afford useful instruction. But the best laid plans of men are too often marred by the unforeseen occurrence of circumstances apparently the most trivial!

It was their evil destiny to land at Leith, upon a dismal rainy day, when the quay and streets (which never are, if they ever were, commonly inoffensive in point of cleanliness) happened to be dirty beyond measure. Various stench, highly obnoxious to their yet unimured organs of smell, assailed their nostrils, principally exhaled from the overflowing gutters, which, in point of colour, if not of contents, might well have been compared to the golden streams of the Pactolus. The heavy, gothic, irregular stone houses, generally half dilapidated by time, with their small windows, having many of them the spaces for the panes of glass stuffed with dirty blankets, or filthy cloths, reminded them of so many abodes of despair, or prisons for malefactors, such as those with which most parts of Sicily, Italy, and Spain abound. The unfavourable impressions which these things gave them at the outset, were by no means qualified by what they beheld on reaching the stage-coach office, whither they had found their way, designing to proceed in the coach to Edinburgh. Here they discovered a singularly uncouth vehicle, little more capacious than a common-sized dog-kennel, constructed principally of wood, which, however, it would appear, had been originally covered with leather, for some remaining ragged portions of that substance, still retained by the tenacity of the old nails, in contact with its otherwise bare roof and sides, and flapping in the wind. The leather belts, by which coaches are connected with the springs that support them, obeying the law by which all things yield to the destructive influence of time, had successively given way, and their places were now supplied with ropes. Much accustomed as our travellers had been to the rude and inconvenient conveyances on the Continent, they considered the Leith stages (which beggar all description) as making even those, by comparison, appear like so many coaches of state; they, therefore, did not consider it as advisable to squeeze their persons along with four other human beings into such a frail accommodation, but continued their way on foot. As they passed along in no very enviable state of mind, reflecting in silence on these unpromising auspices, they were suddenly and painfully roused from their reverie by a horrible and scarcely articulate yell, close to their ear, of *Fine mealy pitawties, a shullen a peck, an' awa they go!* and, on turning round, beheld, as they verily believed, one of the Errinnyes squatted on the corner of a cart, equipped with the hat and coat of a man, and the petticoats and apron of a woman; with a wide yawning mouth, that seemed to threaten to engulf the beholder, announcing the sale of new potatoes! Had they suddenly come in contact with the *torpedo*, or *gymnotus electricus*, their feelings could not have sustained a more disagreeable shock; nor were these at all disposed to regain their wonted tranquility, on the dying note of this horrifying and death-inducing sound being instantly and, as

it were, continuously taken up by another bag, emulously antagonizing the first, and with an intonation of voice equally discordant and diabolical, proclaiming from her Stentorean lungs the fresh arrival of *Quick fish and caller hawddies!* On every hand, and in rapid succession, followed the delectable cries of *Wha'll o' sa't, Fine findrin speldrins, Wha'll o' reefards, Ripe grozards, green grozards, twa dips an' a wallop!* But the cope-stone, as it were, or climax of this chaotic jumble of infernal sounds,—and which had well nigh put them beside themselves—was two of the *infima plebicula*; a man and his wife, whose throats were nearly closed up with *cynanche tonsiliaris*, accompanying the Scotch bag-pipe, with voices more croakingly hoarse than that of a boatswain of a man of war, to the plaintive tune of “Lochaber no more!” to the vast delight of a numerous and grotesque assemblage of tatterdemalions and *sans-culottes*, who stood around shivering in the cold, many of whom, from their emotions being wound up to the highest pitch, melted into tears, while, on the other hand, that admirable performer in vocal music, Signior ———, who happened to be passing at the time, without any plug in his ears, and encased in nankeen pantaloons, from different and unaccountable sensations, is reported to have been instantly affected in the manner described by Shylock, in the Merchant of Venice! Here the travellers blessed themselves, and lamented to each other their having been gifted by nature with ears so exquisitely nice, that ninety nine sounds out of the hundred, against which they could not at all times shut them, proved so grating as to make them almost wish to have been born without them. But if their organs of smell and hearing were thus offended, those of sight experienced no less annoyance and disgust, from which there was no refuge, turn their eyes which way they would. If they looked upwards, they were immediately met by a board projecting from some window indicating a *House to Set*; as if houses, like razors, admitted of *setting*! On one hand they remarked a dungeon, into which led a descent of three or four steps, resembling a black hole for criminals, which was dignified with the name of the *Salt Office*, daubed on a sign over its entrance, where there stood on a chair without a back a wooden measure, containing a sample of the commodity dealt in, which, from long exposure to the passing *stoor**, had acquired the appearance of a mixture of pepper and salt. In various other quarters they found the term *office*, with which, from education and habit, we are in England accustomed to associate the idea of dignity and authority, as the *Chamberlain's Office*, the *Admiralty Office*, &c. &c., in like manner prostituted on a variety of similar hovels for vending the sorriest articles of commerce, compared with which, hucksters' booths in England might be reckoned even modish: as, *The Pye Office*, *The Potatoe Office*, *The Spunk Office*,† and a great variety of other offices of the like kind. Observing in a particular place, painted on a board, “*A Calendar Here*,” and having occasion to ascertain the day of the week on which the month had commenced, being the day on which they had taken their departure

* *Stoor* is an expressive term in the dialect of the Lowlands of Scotland, which has no equivalent in English, signifying *dust in motion*: whence a low squabble, or what the Romans denominated *raza* by an effort of humour, in which common Scots very little excel, is familiarly called a *dust without stoor*.

† *The Mutch Office*.

from the metropolis, with that view they entered the premises, naturally concluding that "*Calendar*" in Scotland served the double end of denoting an *Almanack* and an *Almanack House*, or warehouse for the disposal of Almanacks; just as they had repeatedly observed in Palermo and other parts of Sicily and Italy, "*Caffè*," employed to signify both the article Coffee and a Coffee-house; but, to their utter astonishment, they found that, in defiance of all analogy in language, it implied one of those machines used in England for the pressing of linen, which, by a happy but unintentional mistake of John Bull's, are familiarly distinguished by the name of *Mangles*! A group of buxom young wenches, without either stockings or shoes, gossiping at the door, on learning the mistake they had committed, raised a horse-laugh at their expense; at which the strangers, in the frame of mind with which they were then possessed, were not a little nettled, as they were not less disgusted at observing the mud and mire of the streets oozing between the toes of their bare feet, like so much soft dough between the fingers of a baker. But what disgusted them beyond endurance was a circle of ten or twelve well grown boys and girls, squatting in the public streets, with their heads converging to the centre, like so many radii of a wheel, and their inferior and posterior extremities, in a state of nudity, forming the circumference, by a kind of social compact, if not *offering up*, at any rate *laying down*, their sacrifices to that goddess, at whose shrine none can officiate by proxy, while their mothers stood by, and the passengers moved on, as completely unconcerned as if they had been all members of the Free and Easy Club. "Heavens!" exclaimed the scholar to his friend the painter, "can this be the country that gave birth to David Hume, to the inventor of the Logarithms, and to so many other great men—of which it is vaunted that, while barbaric darkness and Gothic ignorance involved the rest of Europe, it alone remained the seat of science, learning, and refinement. Alas! *Troja fuit*."—"Sic transit gloria mundi," with a significant shrug of his shoulders, replied the painter. Quickening their pace they had got half up Leith Walk, when observing two inhuman scoundrels, Leith carters, with all their might and main belabouring an unfortunate horse; which was already almost *in articulo mortis* from sheer want, to compel it to drag an over-load; the sight raised in them such horror and indignation, that, as if they had been actuated with one soul, suddenly turning on their heel, they set off at a round gallop back to Leith, where they procured a good dinner, *more Anglorum*, at Mrs. Bamborough's, and the very same evening returned by the smack, which happened to sail for London.

I have been at some pains, in detailing the above anecdote, thinking that I could not more strongly illustrate the evils that *may*, and frequently *do* arise, as this one to the eternal loss of the fine arts, *did* arise from the wanton infliction of pain on brute animals. But allow me to prosecute the subject farther, and ***** *Desunt relinqua.*

N. M. Magazine:

HERWALD DE WAKE.

The following description from the Romance of *Herwald de Wake*, refers to the secret magical rites recorded to have been practised up to the 10th century in the cavern temples of Greece, and the scene is laid in the Cave of Trophonius.

On the seventh morning after his dear bought victory at the pass of Thermopylæ; emerging from the gloomy defiles of Locris, Phocis, and Bœota, he entered the plain of Thebes; and sun-set found his little army winding along the secret way extending from the ruined temple of Eleusis to Athens. At a gap of the road, between Mount Parnes and the Laurel Mountain, the metropolis of Minerva, in all its glory of past and present association, burst at once upon the gaze. The sun, setting in a rich panoply of clouds, was pouring a flood of impurpled radiance on the table-mountain of the Acropolis of Athens, gilding the coroneted crest of the vast truncated column of decorated rock, which stands like a colossal, battlemented, and solitary giant's tower, in the midst of a wide, and strikingly contrasted level plain; and diffusing a mellowed glow over the innumerable olive plantations which clothe that plain with verdure from the foot of Mount Parnes, along the banks of the winding Cephæus, to the ancient Ceramicus. But no one in Walter's little army was provided with those reminiscences which are necessary to confer its due appreciation on the most magnificent scene in Greece. A guest at a banquet such as this, must himself bring the most delicate and exquisite portions of the intellectual fare.

Walter had fallen behind his troops with the palmer Bernard, (occasionally engaged in the conversation with his monastic companion, and occasionally immersed in reflections of deep regret for the baffled project of his whole life.

While thus indulging in alternate complaint and abstraction, a body of armed banditti emerged from a dell by which the dilapidated road of Eleusis led; and before assistance could be called or procured, seized Bernard; bound him, and carried him away. Walter instantly rushed to the rescue of his companion; calling some of his military retainers to follow him down a pathway which led into the glen. This path, beset with roots, fallen stone, and underwood; for some time impeded his progress: at length he reached an open area in front of a semicircular range of rock of considerable height. An enormous plane tree growing out of the face of this rock, overshadowed a small rectangular cistern of water, into which a fountain, pellucid as crystal, was emptying itself with a pleasing but drowsy reverberation. Above, among the lichens and long garlands of weeds and moss and ivy, which waved mournfully in the evening breeze upon the scowling brow of the rock, mysterious sculptured cavities were seen, some quadrangular, and many of them penetrating deeply into the bowels of the mountain. Among them was the relic of the throne of an idol which had been destroyed, and direct-

ly beneath a strange oven-shaped entrance to a dark passage, which descended at a rapid angle into the womb of the earth.

Walter promptly followed the hasty footsteps of the Princess across the ruins of the ancient temple of the great mother of mystery, Ceres of Eleusis; passed the Anthion or flowery well, and reached a long platform, the ruined walls of which distinguished it into three galleries; at the end of which they found a slight of steps, conducting upwards to a shrine, in which stood a defaced statue of the "Magna Mater." Theodora pointed to a concealed trap door behind the statue, which Walter with much effort lifted, and they descended by a sloping corridor, here and there cut into steps, into a vast and stupendous series of subterranean apartments, lighted feebly by torches, and terminating in what might be termed a subterranean theatre. All was silent as the grave. Theodora pointed to a dark gallery which led from the left of a raised portion of the excavation resembling a stage.

"It is that passage, Sir Knight," she said, "by which you may gain access to that sanguinary den, where the ancient traditions of the neighbourhood record that unutterable cruelties are perpetrated. I will wait here while you with caution explore it, in order that I may give you timely notice of any approach of persons from behind."

Walter unhesitatingly did as the Princess desired. He entered a long, low, and dark passage, of great extent, and reached its termination with no small difficulty. At the end of it, a glimmering light revealed to him another large cavern, none of the objects in which he could at first discern. At last a gentle sound, like a distant symphony of musical instruments, reached his ear, and the distant light gradually increasing, revealed an internal entrance, shaped in the same peculiar manner as the cavern entrance without, whence a strange machinery of cords and pulleys, and wheels annexed to a ladder, extended to the floor of the apartment, the level of which was sunk to a considerable depth beneath the elevation on which Walter stood. While he waited with intense anxiety for what was to follow, he perceived some object rapidly darting down that singular machinery, and then hurled like a corpse on the floor. A steadier survey shewed that it was really the person of a man, and his ear attested that it lived; for a groan followed. A pause ensued. The low murmuring music was again heard, and then, athwart the extremity of the cavern, there rushed, or appeared to rush, two rivers of fire, above which several large and bright globes, like islands, adorned with vernal beauty, were moving in regular order and synthetic unison.

At the extremity of the cavern, on the right hand, yawned a gulf of boiling vapours, into which, and out of which, stars were continually ascending and descending; while from the lowest depths of it proceeded an incessant clamour, produced by the howling of dogs, confusedly blended with the shrieks of men and women, and the cries of children.

Astonished as he was by the noise and strangeness of the scene, Walter was still more astounded at what he heard.

"Why seekest thou us, Caesar?" said a dreary and thrillingly mournful voice (for no person was discernable) "Why seekest thou us? Is

not thy sphere sufficiently troubled; but thou must desire to anticipate and participate the troubles of that which is to come? Why seekest thou us?"

"If," returned a voice from the bottom of the cavern, which Walter recognized by its daring and mocking bitterness for that of Andronicus; "if ye are all-knowing, as ye say, why seek ye to know? Surely ye ought in your omniscience to know already, that I come to learn the secret of my destiny; and the secret of the destiny of this incomprehensible globe of half-living, half-dead corruption, on which, like worms, we mortals toil, and crawl, and fatten upon each other, till we rot again into the palpable nothing whence we sprung. What means this numery of ascending and descending stars, of rolling globes and fiery rivers, and vapoury abysses?"

"Those stars," rejoined the doleful voice, in language familiar to the fanatical associations of Walter, (for it was couched in the words of that apocryphal book of Enoch of which he had often availed himself in spreading the mania of the crusades)—"Those stars* which roll over fire, are of those spirits which transgressed with woman, who came not in the proper season; and who will remain bound until the period of their crimes in the secret year."

"And when is that secret year?" returned the sneering voice of Andronicus. "Is it now, as the locust fanatics of the scollop and the cowl disturb the East and West with asserting and believing?"

"We will answer, Caesar," returned the oppressively melancholy voice, "from the records of those sculptured antediluvian pillars which you saw with Hassen Sebah in the Siridiac land, beneath the pyramid of Seth. But first lift up your eyes again, for it is to the eye that we speak our dismal knowledge as well as to the ear."

"Tell me then, what forms are those," inquired Andronicus, "which I behold in yon Cyclopean valley of toil and punishment, bright with the crimson glow of distant flames? Who are they? They are crowned and colossal, and they are hurried forward to a Volcanian network of brass and iron, such as Homer tells us was framed to punish the illicit love of Mars and Venus?"

"They are the Nephilim, and their children, moving to punishment," returned the sepulchral voice from the same apocryphal ritual; "and they are going to their elect fair ones, and their beloved betrayers, that they may be cast together into the chinks of the valleys, and the recesses of the rocks. The last shall be consumed before their eyes, and the first shall be bound there till the secret year. The rest whom you see perpetually toiling in the midst of flames at the anvil and forge, are the sons of Vulcan, the pagan tubal Cain. You have inquired when the secret year shall be. Listen now to the engraved prediction of the first Egyptian king, whose birth was at the close of the first week of the antediluvian world.

"Towards the close of the ninth century, that is to say, in the seventh week, the just, selected from the plant of righteousness, shall be

* Enoch, chapter 18. Pausanias; Cave of Trophonius.

† Book of Enoch, chapter 54. See also the Book of Enoch, chapter 92.

rewarded, and to them shall be given sevenfold instruction respecting every part of the creation."

"Enough," exclaimed Andronicus; "this prophecy I have heard before from Hassan Sebah. But where are the just men to be found in the ninth century? Are they Sebah's secret judges? or the Waldenses and reformers, whom the Greek and Roman churches agree in calling hereticks and devils?"

"Listen! we interpret not, Cæsar. Interpret for yourself."

"Afterwards shall come the eighth week, that is to say, from the ninth to the sixteenth century, in which shall be given a sword to execute justice upon oppressors, and the house of the great king shall be built up for ever."

"Dreams, lying dreams," exclaimed the Prince with a mortified violence; "but still they are dreams, (praised be common sense!) that falsify the still madder dreams of the crusading fanatics."

"Listen," rejoined the dimly lugubrious voice; "listen to the prediction with patience to the end. True whether it be or false, it contains the oldest pagan traditions, translated centuries before the Christian æra, and derived from those sculptures you have seen, which are coeval with the earliest periods of man's still recent family."

"After that in the ninth week, before the close of the year 2000, shall judgment be revealed to the whole world. And after the thousand years (of Horus, Mythra, and the great King of the Edda) have rolled away, on the seventh day of the tenth week, that is to say, towards the year 3000 of our æra, shall everlasting justice be executed on the watchers. This period constitutes the seventh millenary or Platonic great month from the first sabbath, and the fourteenth millenary from that creative regeneration of the world out of its chaotic state, to which a physical convulsion had reduced it after existing as a globe untrodden by man and animal through countless myriads of years. This is the secret of the world about which you inquire. A new heaven shall then appear, and all the celestial powers shine with seven-fold splendour for ever; and afterwards there shall be many weeks which shall eternally exist in goodness and in justice."

"Away, away!" exclaimed Andronicus, furiously: "your pagan rhapsodies and sybil oracles of golden ages, yet to come, which made even of the cold and judging Virgil an incoherent fanatic, are worse than those ingrafted on them by that new Roman pontifical college which I hate. End these old woman's tales: these anile drivelings of doating minds. Had the Sibyl burnt her nine volumes instead of six, it had been better for the world. They may suit such legislative dreamers as Numa or Plato, or my ancestor Julian; but they suit not me. It was not to the Trophonian Cave I came for a secret such as this! Let the world roll on as fate or fortune pleases in the centuries: ye tell me of hereafter.—Tell me what concerns the now, and what concerns myself. Shall I succumb, or shall my enemy succumb? Our struggle is like that of the Soors and the Asoors; of Typhon and Osiris in the womb. It is a grapple of life and death between us, and one of us must fall!"

"It depends on yourself, Cæsar," responded the appallingly mournful voice. "Worldly goods and worldly ambition must be gained by

worldly means ; by torpid hate, by sordid craft, by watchful ambition, by desperate courage and never-satisfied revenge ; the arts which the fallen Nephilim first taught to the antediluvian race. Invoke the counsel of those who sacrificed all for the world, and saw their children sacrificed, and they will answer ; those wandering stars whom we shewed you on your entrance, for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever ; those whom you now behold in human shape, chained like the Titan monarchs of Greek fable, each to his burning rock in yon blasted and desolate valley, outstretched beyond the vapoury gulph of screams and lamentations."

Walter started with a groan of desperation at that appalling Trophonian spectacle which traditionally quelled the faculty of smiles and laughter for ever. He was rushing forward to break the accursed spell of cavern-glamour, when the scene became dark (the direfully sepulchral voice still tolling, like a funeral bell, and shaking the subterranean roof with its vibrations) for a considerable period ; then a single ray of light advanced, increased, dilated, and brightened ; and at length, two children, locked together in each other's arms, naked, and with cadaverous smiles on their marble faces appeared and smiled, and whispered in a freezing voice, like the hiss of a serpent from a brake, "Revenge us ! revenge us !"

"My children," screamed Andronicus, "my children !"

"Treason—treason !" shouted Walter, in the maddening desperation of his horror, and incapable of restraining himself longer, while his hair bristled upon his head ; "stay your detestable drama," he exclaimed, "ye cavern wizards, whose acting prompts crimes against God and man, and whose catastrophe freezes the heart's blood."

A loud infernal, howling, many accented cry cut short his half-frenzied ejaculation by its fiercer clamour ; the deepest darkness, accompanied by a rushing sound like the falling of a fragment of rock from a great height ensued. A blow on the head, from an unseen hand, stunned and staggered the astounded soldier, and it was followed by an extreme pressure of the temples, producing instant insensibility. A death-like ignorance of all that had been done ensued, and Walter only recovered to find himself extended in front of the oven-shaped adit, with Bernard leaning over him, and the first silver ray of the refreshing morning breaking over the garlanded brow of the oracular rock.

"Arise, Lord Walter," said the palmer ; "you have escaped by miracle. The rear-guard of the army is impatiently waiting for you in the glen. Some hours are past since they relieved me from the hands of these cavern priests of Belial, who accused me of a design to pry into their mysteries, and were on the point of sacrificing my life."

[The following Narrative written by H. NEVILLE, soon after 1620, may be considered as the foundation of the Histories of Philip Quarrel, Robinson Crusoe; and all the later accounts, and romantic Adventures of the kind we have. EDIT.]

AN ACCOUNT

Of certain English People, who in the year 1569, making a voyage to the East Indies, were cast away, and wrecked upon an uninhabited Island near the coast of Terra Australis Incognita, and all drowned except one man and five women—given by Cornelius Van Stoetters, Captain of a Dutch ship, which was driven there by foul weather, in the year 1667; who found their posterity (speaking good English) to the amount of ten or twelve thousand souls.—LONDON: printed in a thin Ato. 1668.

CERTAIN English merchants, encouraged by the great advantages arising from the eastern commodities, in the year 1569, having obtained Queen Elizabeth's royal license, furnished out for the East Indies four ships, of which one English was chosen factor, who, embarked on the third of April, O. S. with his wife and family, consisting of a son of twelve years old, a daughter of fourteen, two maid-servants, a female negro slave, and George Pine (his book-keeper), on board one of the said ships, called the East India Merchant, of 450 tons, being provided with all manner of necessaries and conveniences, in order to settle a factory there.

By the 14th of May they were in sight of the Canaries; and soon after arrived at the Cape de Verd Islands, where they took in some provisions for their voyage; and steering their course south, and a point east, about the 1st of August came to the island of St. Helena; and having taken in some fresh water, set forward for the Cape of Good Hope, where by God's blessing they arrived safe, having hitherto met with no tempestuous or disagreeable sailing weather.

But it pleased God when they were almost in sight of St. Lawrence, (said to be one of the largest islands in the world,) they were overtaken by a great storm of wind, which separated them from the rest of the ships, and continued with such violence for many days, that being driven out of their knowledge, they lost all hopes of safety.

The 1st of October, about break of day, the sea continuing very stormy and tempestuous, they discovered land, which appeared high and rocky; and the nearer they approached to it their fears increased, expecting the ship would suddenly be dashed to pieces. The captain, therefore, Mr. English, and some others, got into the long boat, in hopes by that means to save themselves; and presently after, all the sailors cast themselves overboard, endeavouring to save their lives by swimming—but probably they all perished in the sea.

Mr. Pine, Mr. English's daughter, the two maid-servants, and negro-girl, were the only persons remaining on board the ship; and these five persons were miraculously preserved; for after the ship had beat

three or four times against the rocks, being now broken and quite foundered in the waters; they had, with great difficulty, gotten themselves on the bowsprit; which being broken off, was driven by the waves into a small creek, wherein fell a little river, which, being encompassed by the rocks, was sheltered from the winds, so that they had an opportunity, though almost quite spent, to land themselves.

Mr. Pine getting together some rotten wood, by the assistance of a tinder-box he had in his pocket, made a fire, by which they dried themselves; and then leaving the females, he went to see if he could find any of the ship's company that possibly might have escaped, but could find none. At length, it drawing towards evening, he, with what he could get from the wreck, returned to his fellow-sufferers, who were very much troubled for want of him; he being now all their support in this lost condition.

They were afraid that the wild people of the country (if there were any) might find them out; but could distinguish neither foot-steps nor paths. And the woods round about them being full of briars and brambles, they apprehended too, there might be wild beasts to annoy them, though they saw no marks of any. But above all, for want of food, they were afraid of being starved to death; but God had otherwise provided for them. The wreck of the ship furnished them with many necessaries; for getting together some broken pieces of boards and planks, sails and rigging, with the help of poles they made themselves tents; and having gotten wood for firing, and three or four sea-gowns to cover them, making the negro their sentry, they slept soundly all night, having been without sleep for several nights before.

The next day, after being well refreshed with sleep, the wind ceasing and the weather being warm, they went down from the rocks on the sands at low water, where they found a great part of the ship's lading, either on shore, or floating near it. Mr. Pine, with the help of his companions, dragged most of it on shore; and what was too heavy for them they broke, and unbinding the casks and chests, and taking out the goods they secured all; so that they wanted neither clothes nor other necessaries for house-keeping: but the salt water had spoiled all the victuals except one cask of biscuit, which being lighter, and perhaps better secured than the rest, was undamaged; this served them for bread awhile; and a fowl of about the bigness of a swan, very heavy and fat, which by reason of its weight could not fly, served them for present subsistence. The poultry of the ship by some means getting on shore, bred exceedingly, and were a great help to them. They found also in the flags by a little river, plenty of eggs of fowl, much like our ducks, which were very nourishing food; so that they wanted for nothing to keep them alive.

Mr. Pine, being now less apprehensive of any thing to disturb him, looked out for a convenient place to build a hut to shelter him and his family from the weather, and in about a week's time made a room large enough to hold them and all their goods, and put up hammocks for his family to sleep in. Having lived in this manner full four months, without seeing or hearing any thing to disturb them, they found the land they were in possession of to be an island, disjoined and out of sight of any other land, uninhabited by any but themselves, and that there was

no hurtful beast to annoy them; but; on the contrary, the country was very pleasant, being always clothed in green, and full of agreeable fruits and a variety of birds, ever warm, and never colder than in England in September: so that this place (had it the culture that skillful people might bestow on it) would prove a paradise. The woods afforded them a sort of nuts as big as large apples, whose kernel being pleasant and dry, they made use of instead of bread, together with the fowl before-mentioned; and a sort of water-fowl like ducks, and their eggs; and a beast about the size of a goat, and almost such a like creature which brought forth two young ones at a time, and that twice a year, of which the lowlands and woods are very full, and being harmless and tame; they could easily take and kill them; fish also; especially shell-fish; were in great plenty: so that, in effect, they wanted for nothing of food for subsistence.

After being in possession of this country full six months; Nature put them in mind of the great command of the Almighty to our first parents; as if they had been conducted thither by the hand of Providence to people a new world; and in this respect they proved not unfruitful; for in less than a twelvemonth from their first arrival on this island, the females proved to be with child, and coming at different seasons they were a great help to one another. The women all had their teemings annually, and the children proved strong and healthy. Their family increasing they were now well satisfied with their condition; for there was nothing to hurt them.

The warmth of the climate made it agreeable for them to go abroad sometimes, and they reposed themselves on mossy banks shaded by trees. Mr. Pine made several pleasant arbours for him and his women to sleep in during the heat of the day; and in these they passed their time together, the females not liking to be out of his company. Mr. Pine's family was increased, after he had lived in this island 16 years, to 47 children: for his first wife brought him 13; his second 7; his master's daughter, who seemed to be his greatest favourite, 15; and the negro 12; which was all the produce of the first race of mortals in this island.

Thinking it expedient to provide for another generation, he gave his eldest son a mate, and took care to match the rest as fast as they grew up and were capable; and lest they should encumber one another, he appointed his sons habitations at some distance from him; for growing in years, he did not like the wanton annoyance of young company.

After having lived to the sixtieth year of his age, and the fortieth of his being in possession of this island, he summoned his whole people together—children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—amounting to 565, of all sorts. He took the males of one family and married them to females of another; not permitting any to marry their sisters, as they did at first out of necessity. Three of his wives being dead, viz. the negro woman, and the other two who had been servant maids to his master, she who was his master's daughter survived them twelve years, they were buried in a place he had set apart for that purpose, fixing for his own interment the middle part; so that two of his wives might lie on one side of him, and two on the other; with his chief favourites, one on each side, next to him.

Arriving to the eightieth year of his age, and sixtieth of coming to this island, he called his people together a second time, the number of which amounted to 1,789; and having informed them of the manners of Europe, and charged them to remember the Christian religion, after the manner of those who spake the same language, and to admit of no other, if any should come and find them out, and praying to God to continue the multiplication of them, and send them the true light of his gospel, he dismissed them. He called this island the Isle of Pines, and gave the people descended from him the name of the English Pines, distinguishing the tribes of the particular descendants by his wives' names, viz. the Sparks's, the Irevois, and the Phills—Philippa being the name of the negro.

Being now very old, and his sight decaying, he gave his habitation and furniture that was left to his eldest son, after his decease, made him King and Governor of the rest, and delivered to him the history of these transactions written with his own hand, commanding him to keep it; and if any strangers should come hither by accident, to let them see it, and take a copy of it also if they pleased, that the name of this people might not be lost from off the earth.

It happened that in the year 1667, Cornelius Van Stoetters, captain of a Dutch ship called the Amsterdam, was driven by foul weather to this island, where he found the posterity of Mr. Pine speaking good English, and amounting to 10 or 12,000 persons.

The narrative from which this account is taken, was given by Mr. Pine's grandson to the Dutch captain: Printed in London, being licensed, June 27, 1668.

[FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.]

Parody.—See, "When he who Adores thee."

TO A BOTTLE OF OLD PORT.

When he who adores thee, has left but the dregs
Of such famous old stingo behind,
Oh! say will he bluster or weep; no, He's!
He'll seek for some more of the kind,
He'll laugh, and tho' doctors perhaps may condemn
Thy tide shall efface the decree,
For many can witness, though subject to phlegm,
He has always been faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of his earliest love,
Every rap in his pocket was thine,
And his very last prayer, every morning, by Jove,
Was to finish the evening in wine.
How blest are the tipplers whose heads can outlive
The effects of four bottles of thee,
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is to stagger home muzzy from thee!

R. D. R.

of painting to Scotland, has been all to credit the genius and industry of our countrymen. To mention the name of **SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R. A.**

The subject of the present memoir may be considered as the founder of the resident school of Scottish painting. Scotland had not failed to produce artists of eminence, both in history and portrait. Among the latter, Jameson, called sometimes the Scottish Vandyke, and Allan Ramsay, son of the poet, hold most respectable places. Their country, however, did not afford patronage adequate to their merits; and they were obliged to seek employment and distinction in the sister metropolis. During the last half century, however, the progress of wealth and taste led to a sensible improvement in this particular; and during the early life of Mr. Raeburn, David Martin, though an artist of only secondary talent, and not to be compared to his two predecessors in the art, had obtained very considerable employment in Edinburgh.

Henry Raeburn was born on the 4th March, 1756, and was the son of Mr. William Raeburn, a respectable manufacturer at Stockbridge, then a village about a mile distant from Edinburgh, though in consequence of the great extension of that city, it has now become a closely contiguous suburb. When yet a child, he had the misfortune to lose both his parents; but this want was supplied to him, as much as it could be, by his elder brother, William, who succeeded to the business, and acted to him always the part of a father. We understand that Sir Henry, during his youthful education, did not discover any particular propensity to the art in which he was destined so remarkably to excel. It was only observed, at the class of arithmetic, when the boys were amusing themselves in drawing figures on their slates, that his displayed a very striking superiority to those of the other boys; but this did not lead any farther. In other respects, he was distinguished by the affection of his companions, and formed at that early period intimacies with some of those distinguished friends whose regard accompanied him thro' life. Amongst the number was the Lord Chief Commissioner, Adam.

The circumstances of young Raeburn rendering it urgent that he should, as early as possible, be enabled to provide for his own support, he was accordingly, at the age of fifteen, apprenticed to an eminent goldsmith in Edinburgh. It was soon after this that he began to paint miniatures. In what manner this taste first shewed itself is not exactly known; but it certainly was altogether spontaneous, without lesson or example, and without even having ever seen a picture. His miniatures were executed, however, in such a manner as drew immediate attention among his acquaintances. His master then took him to see Martin's pictures, the view of which astonished and delighted him, and made an impression which was never effaced. He continued to paint miniatures; they were much admired, and were soon in general demand. His time was fully occupied; and he generally painted two in the week. As this employment of course withdrew his time from the trade, an arrangement was made, by which his master received part of his earnings, and dispensed with his attendance.

In the course of his apprenticeship, young Raeburn began to paint in oil, on a large scale. To aid him in this task, he obtained from Martin the loan of several pictures to copy: but that painter did not con-

tribute advice or assistance in any other shape; and having once unjustly accused the young student of selling one of the copies, Raeburn indignantly refused any further accommodation of this nature. Having begun, however, to paint large oil pictures, he soon adopted them in preference to miniatures, a style which he gradually gave up; nor did his after manner retain any trace of that mode of painting.

At the expiration of his apprenticeship, Mr. Raeburn became professionally a portrait painter. At the age of twenty-two, he married a daughter of Peter Edgar, Esq. of Bridgelands, with whom he received some fortune. Ambitious still farther to improve in his art, he repaired to London, where he introduced himself and his works to the notice of Sir Joshua Reynolds. That great man instantly saw all that the young Scotsman was capable of, gave him the kindest reception, and earnestly advised him to enlarge his ideas by a visit to Italy. He even offered, had it been necessary, to supply him with money. Mr. Raeburn accordingly set out for Rome, well furnished with introductions from Sir Joshua to the most eminent artists and men of science in that capital.— He spent two years in Italy, assiduously employed in studying those great works of art with which that country abounds. He travelled with all practicable expedition to and from Italy, without stopping at Paris or at any other place.

His powers now fully matured, Mr. Raeburn returned in 1787 to his native country, and immediately established himself at Edinburgh.— Having taken apartments in George-Street, he came at once into full employment as a portrait painter. Martin, who was still on the field, soon found himself eclipsed and retired. Raeburn became the only portrait painter of eminence; and he continued always decidedly the first, notwithstanding the able artists who have since risen in Edinburgh to adorn both that and the other branches of the art.

A life spent in one place, and in uniform application to professional pursuits, affords few materials for narrative. In 1795, finding his apartments not sufficiently spacious for the operations to be there carried on, he built a large house in York-place, the upper part of which was lighted from the roof and fitted up as a gallery for exhibition, while the lower was divided into convenient painting rooms. Mr. Raeburn had always his domestic residence at St. Barnard's, near Stockbridge, in a house beautifully situated on the Water of Leith, whose banks are here agreeably diversified and finely wooded. In addition to a paternal inheritance there, he became proprietor of some fields on its north side, a great part of which, as the demand for building extended, was let on a perpetual lease by him for houses, with gardens, on so judicious and tasteful a plan, that it soon became the most extensive suburb attached to Edinburgh.

The real history of Mr. Raeburn is that of his painting; but this, unfortunately, only himself could fully have given. Having stored his mind with ideas drawn from the purest school of modern art, he was indebted for his subsequent improvement solely to his own reflections, and the study of nature. He was never in the habit of repairing to London; and, indeed, he did not visit that metropolis, above three times, nor did he reside in it altogether more than four months. He was thus neither in the habit of seeing the works of his contemporaries,

nor the English collections of old pictures. Whatever disadvantages might attend this, it never stopped the career of his improvement.—Probably, indeed, it had the effect of preserving that originality which formed always the decided character of his productions, and kept him free from being trammelled by the style of any class of artists. Perhaps, also, the elevation and dignity of style which he always maintained, might be greatly owing to his exclusive acquaintance with the works of the Italian masters. In English collections, the Dutch specimens are necessarily so prominent, both as to number and choice, that a familiar acquaintance with them must be apt to beget a taste for that homely truth, and minute finishing, in which their merit consists.

The first excellence of a portrait, and for the absence of which nothing can atone, must evidently be its resemblance. In this respect, Sir Henry's eminence was universally acknowledged. In the hands of the best artists there must, in this part of their task, be something precarious; but in a vast majority of instances his resemblances were most striking. They were also happily distinguished by being always the most favourable that could be taken of the individual, and were usually expressive, as well of the character as of the features. This desirable object was effected; not by the introduction of any ideal touches, or any departure from the strictest truth, but by selecting and drawing out those aspects under which the features appeared most dignified and pleasing. He made it his peculiar study to bring out the minds of his subjects. His penetration quickly empowered him to discover their favourite pursuits and topics of conversation. Sir Henry's varied knowledge and agreeable manners then easily enabled him, in the course of the sitting, to lead them to an animated discussion on those ascertained subjects. As they spoke, he caught their features, enlivened by the strongest expression of which they were susceptible. While he thus made the portrait much more correct and animated, his sitters had a much more agreeable task than those who were pinned up for hours in a constrained and inanimated posture, and in a state of mental vacuity. So agreeable, indeed, did many of the most distinguished and intelligent among them find his society, that they courted it ever after, and studiously converted the artist into a friend and acquaintance.

Besides his excellence in this essential quality of portrait, Sir Henry possessed also, in an eminent degree, those secondary merits which are requisite to constitute a fine painting. His drawing was correct, his colouring rich and deep, and his lights well disposed of. There was something bold, free, and open in the whole style of his execution. The accessories, whether of drapery, furniture or landscape, were treated with elegance and spirit, yet without that elaborate and brilliant finishing which makes them become principals. These parts were always kept in due subordination to the human figure; while of it, the head came always out as the prominent part. Animals, particularly that noble species the horse, were introduced with peculiar felicity; and Sir Henry's equestrian portraits are perhaps his very best performances. The able manner in which the animal itself was drawn, and in which it was combined with the human figure, were equally conspicuous. His portraits of Sir David Baird, of the Duke of Hamilton, of his own son on horseback, and above all, perhaps, his recent one of the Earl of Hopetoun,

are striking illustrations of this remark. This skilful grouping and judicious arrangement of the accessories gave a peculiarly good effect to his family pictures, for which, however, Scotland did not afford a very extensive demand. That of Sir John and Lady Clerk, at Pennecuick house, painted soon after his return from Italy, deserves to be particularly mentioned.

Sir Henry painted portraits of most of the celebrated individuals by whom Scotland has been illustrated during the last forty years. Among those painted at an early period, the portrait of Mr. John Clerk, now Lord Eldin, ranks among the best; that of the late Principal Hill, St. Andrew's, also possessed great merit. Among the works executed during the last fifteen years, the portraits of Sir Walter Scott (full length), of Mr. Dugal Stewart, the late Mr. Playfair, the late Mr. Horner, Lord Frederick Campbell, MacDonnel of Glengarry, MacNab of MacNab, both in the Highland costume, and many others produced within the last ten years, merit particular notice.

Sir Henry did not devote any part of his attention either to historical or to landscape painting. His employment as a portrait-painter was constant, and his leisure hours were devoted to other pursuits. Although his pieces were carefully finished, yet he painted with uncommon expedition. His firm and sure touch enabled him to execute at once what others effected only by successive trials and operations.— Even Sir Thomas Lawrence, we understand, has been heard to say, that though he received a higher price for his pictures, he was worse paid for his time than Raeburn. An advice which Sir Henry received at Rome from Mr. Byers, a gentleman of great taste, and to which he invariably adhered, was, never to copy any object whatever from memory. Whether it was the principal figure, or the minutest accessory, he had it always before him; and to the strict observance of this rule, he ascribed, in a great measure, his continued improvement, and the genuine and natural character which his pictures always preserved.

To the above remarks, we are enabled to add the following estimate of the general merits of Sir Henry's pictures, with which we have been favoured by an eminent artist:—

“Of Sir Henry Raeburn's pictures, it may be said, that few, perhaps none of them, exhibit that attention to finishing, which invites close and minute inspection. At an early period of his career, he began to paint for effect; and he seems to have judged that labour unnecessary which was not to tell in the general results of his works, as viewed at a certain distance from the spectator. In the works of Vandyke, this minuteness of finish, and delicate expression of all the smaller parts, has been happily combined with a mastery and power over the general effect, which, while it takes nothing away from their vigour as seen on the walls of the Gallery, renders them interesting and delightful as subjects of near inspection and careful analysis. To those who are curious to know how far this latter quality may be sacrificed without prejudice to the former, the pictures of Sir Henry will afford a school of very interesting instruction; nor is that discernment and dexterity to be ranked of ordinary attainment, which can at once see, and at once express, all that is effective and essential, so as to exhibit, at the distance from which it is intended to be seen, the full result of the highest and most careful

finishing. All who are conversant with the practice of art, must have observed how often the spirit which gave life and vigour to a first sketch has gradually evaporated as the picture advanced to its more finished state. To preserve this spirit, combined with the evanescent delicacies and blendings which nature, on minute inspection, exhibits, constitutes a perfection in art to which few have attained. And if the works of Sir Henry fail to exhibit this rare combination in that degree, to this distinction they will always have a just claim, that they possess a freedom, a vigour and spirit of effect, conveying an impression of grace, and life, and reality, which we look for in vain amidst thousands of pictures, both ancient and modern, of more elaborate execution, and pains taking-finish."

The active mind of Sir Henry was by no means confined within the circle of his profession. Indeed, those who best knew him, conceived that the eminence to which he attained in it was less the result of any exclusive propensity, than of those general powers of mind which would have led to excellence in any pursuit to which he had directed his attention. Though in a great degree self-taught, his knowledge was varied and extensive. His classical attainments were considerable; but mechanics and natural philosophy formed the favourite objects of his study. To these, in a particular manner, he devoted the leisure of his evenings, when not interrupted by the claims of society. Sculpture was also an object of his peculiar study; and so great was his taste for it, that at Rome he at one time entertained the idea of devoting himself to that noble art, as a profession, in preference to painting. A medalion of himself, which he afterwards executed, satisfied all men of taste who saw it, that he would have attained to equal excellence in this art, had he made it the object of his choice.

Few men were better calculated to command respect in society than Sir Henry Raeburn. His varied knowledge, his gentlemanly and agreeable manners, an extensive command of anecdote, always well told and happily introduced, the general correctness and propriety of his whole deportment, made him be highly valued by many of the most distinguished individuals in Edinburgh, both as a companion and as a friend. His conversation might be said in some degree to resemble his style of painting—there was the same ease and simplicity, the same total absence of affectation of every kind, and the same manly turn of sense and genius. But we are not aware that the humourous gaiety and sense of the ludicrous, which often enlivened his conversation, ever guided his pencil.

Sir Henry Raeburn, like Raphael, Michael Angelo, and some other masters of the art, possessed a tall and commanding person, and a noble and expressive countenance. He excelled at archery, golf, and other Scottish exercises; and it may be added, that, while engaged in painting, his step and attitudes were at once stately and graceful.

The mental qualities of this excellent man corresponded with the graces of his conversation and exterior. By those who most intimately knew him, he is described as uniting in an eminent degree the qualities which command genuine esteem. His attendance on the duties of religion was regular and exemplary. In domestic life, he appeared peculiarly amiable. Though so much courted in society, he seemed always

happiest at home, in the bosom of his family and of his grandchildren, and he was sure to unbend himself by mingling in their youthful sports. To young men who were entering the arduous career of art, he showed himself always a most active and generous friend. Whether acquainted or not they were welcome to him, and were sure of his best advice and assistance. Notwithstanding his extensive engagement and pursuits, a large proportion of his time was always spent in rendering these kind offices. When unable to command time during the day, he would engage them to come to him early in the morning. In passing sentence on the works of his brother artists, he evinced the most liberal candour, and, even when unable to bestow praise, was scarcely ever heard to blame.

The merit of Sir Henry was amply acknowledged, both by literary societies and by those formed for the promotion of art. He became a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Imperial Academy of Florence, of the Academy of New-York, and of South Carolina Academy. On the 2d of Nov. 1812, the Royal Academy of London elected him an Associate; and on the 10th of Feb. 1815, they named him an Academician. This honour was conferred in a manner quite unprecedented, not having been preceded by any application whatever; while in general it is the result of a very keen canvass; and at that very time, the candidates were particularly numerous.

The time was come, however, when the talents of the artist were to meet a still more brilliant and imposing homage. His Majesty, in the course of that visit which has left so many grateful recollections in the mind of his Scottish subjects, determined to show his esteem for the fine arts, by a special mark of honour conferred on the most distinguished of their professors. This view was happily fulfilled by conferring on Mr. Raeburn the dignity of knighthood. So far was this from having been the result of any application, that Mr. Raeburn had not the remotest idea of it till the evening before, when he received a letter from Mr. Peel, announcing the Royal intention, and requesting him to meet his Majesty next day at Hopetoun-house. The ceremony was performed in the great saloon, amid a numerous assemblage of company, and with the sword of Sir Alexander Hope.

The honour thus conferred on Sir Henry being completely sanctioned by public opinion, conferred equal credit on the bestower and the receiver. His brother artists, instead of being moved with any feeling of envy, considered it as a noble tribute, which threw new lustre on themselves and their profession. These sentiments they expressed by a public dinner given to Sir Henry on the 5th of October. On this occasion, Mr. Nasmyth, in the name of his brethren, bore testimony to the high satisfaction felt by them at the choice made by his Majesty and which they founded not more upon the high talent of Sir Henry Raeburn, than upon the many excellencies of his private character. Sir Henry made a modest and dignified reply.

Sir Henry received afterwards the appointment of portrait painter to his Majesty for Scotland; a nomination, however, which was not announced to him till the very day when he was seized with his last illness. The king, when conferring the dignity of knighthood, had expressed a wish to have a portrait of himself painted by this great artist;

but Sir Henry's numerous engagements prevented him from visiting the metropolis for that purpose.

It reflects great honour on the subject of this memoir, that he never gave way to those secure and indolent habits, which advanced age and established reputation are apt to engender. He continued, with all the enthusiasm of a student, to seek and to attain farther improvement.—The pictures of his two or three last years are unquestionably the best that he ever painted.* We need only adduce, as examples, those of the Earl of Hopetoun, the Earl of Breadalbane, Sir John Douglas, the Marquis of Huntley, the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, Sir John Hay, Dr. Hunter, of St. Andrews, and Mr. Constable. But perhaps the most interesting part of his recent works consists in a series of half-length portraits of eminent Scotsmen, which, during this period, he executed for his private gratification. They include Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Jeffrey, the Rev. Archibald Alison, the late Mr. Rennie, Mr. H. Cockburn, the Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. H. W. Williams, and several others. Although the form does not afford scope for the display of his powers in grouping and ornamental accompaniment; the admirable truth with which not only the features, but the intellectual energies and expression of these eminent persons are here delineated, gives them an interest much superior to that of ordinary portraits.

Although Sir Henry had now reached the decline of life, yet his vigorous constitution, fortified by habitual temperance, gave a reasonable hope of his being yet for some time preserved to his friends and to the world. These hopes were doomed to be fatally disappointed. He appeared to enjoy the most perfect health, and was just returned from an excursion into Fifeshire with Sir Walter Scott, the Chief Baron Shepherd, and a small party of friends, united under the auspices of Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, who have, for some years past interposed a parenthesis into the chapter of public business, for the purpose of visiting objects of historical curiosity and interest. None of the party on this occasion seemed more to enjoy the party or its objects, than Sir Henry Raeburn. He showed on all occasions his usual vigour, both of body and of intellect; visited with enthusiasm the ancient ruins of St. Andrews, of Pittenweem, and other remains of antiquity, and contributed much to the hilarity of the party; and no one could have then supposed that the lamp which yielded a light so delightful, was to be so speedily quenched. When he returned to Edinburgh, Sir Walter Scott sate to him, in order that Sir Henry might finish two portraits; one, already mentioned, for the artist himself, and one for Lord Montigue. These were the last pictures which the pencil of this great master ever touched—a subject of affectionate regret to the person represented, who had been a long friend of Sir Henry Raeburn. Within a day or two afterwards, this amiable and excellent man was suddenly affected with a general decay and debility, not accompanied by any visible complaint.—This state of illness, after continuing for about a week to baffle all the efforts of medical skill, terminated fatally on the 8th July, 1823, when he had reached the age of 67.

* Two of these were in the Exhibition of last year at Somerset House, and very much admired. One in particular, was pronounced by an eminent judge to be the very best picture in the room.

This event excited the strongest sympathy, not only among the friends of Sir Henry, but throughout the public in general. The professors of the art felt, of course, an interest and sorrow peculiarly deep; and it was anxiously suggested, by several of the most respectable among them, that the remains of this great artist should be honoured with a public funeral. Although it was universally acknowledged, that this honour was due, peculiar circumstances prevented the accomplishment of their wish. On the 10th, however, a meeting was held of the Royal Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland; and with the Lord Provost in the chair, the following resolutions were passed:

1. That the meeting has, with the most profound regret, received the communication of the death of Sir Henry Raeburn, R. A., and his Majesty's Painter for Scotland; an event to be deplored, not more on account of the private virtues of this great artist, than of the pre-eminence to which he had devoted his rare and distinguished talents; and which has mainly contributed to the reputation of the art in this quarter of the empire.

2. That this meeting is fully sensible that it was a tribute most justly due to the memory of this eminent person, who had himself so largely contributed to the advancement of painting in Scotland, that the members of this Royal Institution should have requested permission of his family to have publicly attended in a body his remains to the grave: and that it is therefore with deep regret that this meeting has been obliged to yield to the conviction, that circumstances connected with the period of the year, and the indispensable engagements of the persons of whom this institution is composed, (which render it impossible for them to be assembled on the day when it is understood that the funeral is to take place) must prevent their having the melancholy gratification of affording that testimony of their respect for his virtues as an individual, of their admiration of his talents as a painter, and of their absolute persuasion that the progress of the art itself must be most materially retarded in this country by his sudden and premature death.

3. That the above resolutions be communicated to Henry Raeburn, Esq., and be made public in such manner as the Directors of this Institution may appoint.

In the sister metropolis, though Sir Henry was comparatively much less known there, an equally strong sensation was produced. At a meeting of the Royal Academy, held on the 14th, Sir Thomas Lawrence lamented the melancholy task which had devolved upon him, of officially announcing to his brethren the death of one of their most distinguished associates. He expressed his high admiration for the talents of the deceased, and his unfeigned respect for that high feeling and gentlemanlike conduct which had conferred a dignity on himself and the art which he professed. His loss, Sir T. Lawrence conceived, had left a blank in the Royal Academy, as well as in his own country, which could not be filled up.

Sir Henry, as was already observed, married early in life, and Lady Raeburn survives him. He had two sons; the elder of whom, Peter, a most promising youth, who inherited his father's genius, died at the early age of nineteen. Henry, the second son, is married and has a family. From his society his father always derived peculiar gratification; and, with the affectionate disposition which distinguished him, had entirely adopted his family as his own.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION JUDGED BY ITS RESULTS.

A THOUSAND years of slavery had thrown their shadow over France. From Charles the Great to Louis le Grand, the happiness of the many was ever overlooked in the aggrandisement of the few; and in the struggles of the nobles, the clergy, and the kings, the rights of the people were disregarded, and even to themselves unknown.

A rapid view of the history of this great nation appears necessary to the contemplation of the object before us; and without attempting to penetrate the obscurity which covers the origin of early Gaul, we may slightly notice the most prominent of those striking contrasts which her later annals every where present. The memory of the days, when in literature and civilization she rivalled the renown of Athens and of Rome; the powerful effects of that sublime eloquence which, in the early ages of Christianity, flowed irresistibly from the lips of St. Ambrose, St. Martin, and their illustrious coadjutors; the dazzling glories of Clovis, the founder of their monarchy; all were gradually sunk in the degeneracy of his successors; science expired under the burning glance of military fame; learning was buried in the cloisters; and religion, despoiled of its simplicity, became the terror of the superstitious, and the tool of power. The momentary glory which raised itself upon the ruins of the Merovingian race, was but the glory of a single family; and the victories of the house of Heristal only prepared the path for the coming of that mighty conqueror, whose very name carries sovereignty in its sound; the splendour of whose character outshines the congregated glories of his ancestors; and whose greatness is magnified by the dense obscurity which the neighbouring nations threw around him. CHARLEMAGNE was certainly a hero. Not stainless, but still astonishing. Overpowering, by the majesty of his virtues, the censure which his failings would provoke; and looking grandly from an eminence, in all the dignity of knowledge, upon a chaos of ignorance, barbarity, and superstition. In gazing on his greatness, we forgot all by which he was preceded. He stands like a barrier between past and present time; and we love to look at him as belonging to ourselves, in spite of the veneration that would consign him to the ages of antiquity. He was alike the father of France and the enlightener of Europe; giving solidity to the one and emulation to the other. He founded the honour of his people on the culture of their minds. From Italy, England, and Ireland, he procured them learned instructors. The elementary principles of knowledge revived at his command. The love of science, the thirst of fame, the pride of country, were emanations from his genius, and shed their lustre over the world. He died; and France, no longer sustained by his support, could not bear the weight of the celebrity she inherited from him; but the stamp of that character which he imprinted on her still remained. Domestic aggrandisement and foreign conquest took the lead by turns; ambition, faction, and revolt rioted in the spoils of piety and learning; chivalry, like a beautiful meteor, blazed awhile in dazzling but fictitious lustre; aristocracy succeeded despotism, and was, in its turn subdued; religion, raising her head from her debasement, lost quickly, in the madness of the crusades, the loveliness of that en-

thusiasm to which they owed their impulse; the darkness of feudality was occasionally enlightened by the casual glimpse of knowledge; tyranny fixed firm its chains on independence; conquests were made and abandoned; battles lost and gained; monarchs assassinated or canonized; dynasties established and overthrown;—but still the print of Charlemagne's genius was deep upon the national character. Through every age, every reign, and every convulsion, not one of them resembling that by which it was preceded or followed, the elements of that character seemed preserved by the magic of his creation; and we see learning, science, courage, and ambition, though frequently obscured, still never extinguished, but blending their shades with folly and crime in astonishing combinations of consistent frivolity. Such was the continued march of French events, when, by regular gradations, the minds of men began anew to develope their powers; when present experience, and the memory of the past, flashed their united lights to illuminate mankind; and to arouse them from the torpor of submission. Feudal tyranny and royal despotism had for ages performed their silent task of brutalizing, by degrading the people; and the national religion, sublimely mysterious to the most enlightened, but to the uninformed incomprehensible, gave its powerful aid to the formation of that chain, which bearing hard and long upon the giant mind of man, was finally corroded by its own rust; and snapt asunder at the application of the volatile essence which the emancipating hand of genius so skilfully applied. But to trace the progress of modern philosophy to eulogize the talents of its disciples, or to lament their errors, is not within the compass of this design. The causes are sufficiently known; we have but to treat of the effects of that mighty, that monstrous revolution, which in its magnificent dawning scattered light and brightness with such beautiful profusion; but which, mounting too fiercely in its course, warmed into life the whole creation of reptile passion; drew after it the noxious exhalations of human depravity; and sinking soon into the ocean of time, showed us the tracks of its career covered awhile by a veil of radiance, that softened down the horror of their aspect. Nearly an age has passed since the completion of that great catastrophe. We now begin to recover from its early agitations. The generation which acted in its opening scenes is sinking fast into the grave; and the passions of those who survive, experience hourly that mental interment which hides them from the world. At this distance then, the rising race may contemplate the past with tempers tolerably composed, and a vision sufficiently clear. We may contrast the state of France in the eighth century, when the wisdom of Charlemagne, like the wand of an enchanter, raised her to a pitch of unparalleled renown, with her condition in the eighteenth, when Louis lost his empire and his life; when the monarchy of so many ages was emerged in the gulf of revolutionary fanaticism; and the veneration for the sacred name of king, so interwoven in the feelings of Frenchmen, faded before the imagined splendour of republican virtue. Look at the Revolution from whatever side we will, the object that strikes us first and strongest is its crimes. They have stamped upon the name of France for ever and ever a stigma, by each new shade of vice made more indecible; and which centuries of remorse and virtue could never wipe away. This is a grievous bequest to posterity, and

in days to come will be acknowledged, by many, a retrospective curse. Yet these crimes, deep and complicated as they were, are not to be attributed to natural depravity. Whoever has studied the French character, has perceived the high rank which humanity holds among its virtues. Charity to beggars, kindness to children, and good treatment of domestic animals, can be seen by the very travellers on their high ways. We must then look to other causes, to discover the source of their revolutionary guilt; and those who will not believe that the system of their tyranny was sufficient to produce it, must attribute it to the terrible excitement of sudden liberty, acting on the passions of an ignorant population. The quickness of French intellect can seize an object with rapidity, but is little capable of discussing it with depth. The people saw they were enfranchised, and in the former gaolers of their minds they fancied they perceived the causes of their imprisonment. Revenge hurried them blindly on; and royalty, priesthood, and nobility, suffered, in their representatives, the punishment that could it have been fairly appropriated, would have been sent back upon the tyranny of ages. But whatever the particular causes might be, the public mind became familiarized with horror, and tinged with a shocking ferocity. Thirty years have softened down this feeling in those remote from the bustle of political life. At this moment the mass of the people, the peasantry and the small proprietors, are, in their rural retreats, a model of independence with civility, and humanity with courage. But this unfortunately is not the class that gives the tone to national peculiarities; the contagion has still left its stain upon the towns, and is incalculably the greatest evil of the revolution.

The military spirit which so deeply pervaded France, and bore her victorious armies o'er the earth, is generally ascribed to the Revolution. This is a short-sighted view of a feeling which has existed since France became a nation. It was ever her distinguishing trait. In all ages and in all circumstances it was displayed, proportioned in its vigour to her political situation. The difference is, that freemen fight better than slaves; and though under the monarchy her efforts were probably less vigorous than of late, yet if we compare the enthusiasm of the republic with the fanaticism of the crusades (which latter arose from a revolution in feeling not less striking than the other), we shall see the same energies, the same excesses, the same insatiation. But in one case the impulse was religion, in the other, liberty; the hostility in the 11th century was against the foes of their faith, that of the 18th, against the opponents of their politics. It is not then the passion for conquest; but the spirit with which it was waged, that we must rank high on the list of revolutionary ills. Republican France made war like a thirsting tiger. She seemed to fight for food, not fame. Blood was the aliment of her ambition, and when satiated with that of her foes, she turned homewards for a fresh supply. The force of her example was infectious and far-spreading. Her tactics were adopted; her atrocities retaliated; Europe became a military school; "death was on every head, and vengeance in every heart;"* and if "war in its fairest form, implies a perpetual violation of humanity,"† what execration is sufficiently strong

* Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis, speaking of the wars of savage Greece. † Gibbon.

for those who displayed it to the world in its foulest aspect? The contests of the Revolution, and those arising from it, have fixed, by their virulence as well as by their duration, a warlike feeling in every country within the circuit of its action, and entailed it upon them from generation to generation. This, as a general evil, is felt by the world at large; its peculiar effect on France herself was to check the blossoms of her freedom, and fit the land for chains. A military government is ever the cradle of despotism. Each convulsion of the state but rocks the growing monster into strength, till he springs, like the sons of Calirhoe, at once from infancy to manhood, ready to strike and able to enslave. Look to France—observe her opening struggles, her early breathings of enfranchisement, her vows, her sacrifices, her victories! How long did their accumulated triumphs last? In what did they end? Ten years of independence, bloody, chequered, and imperfect—sunk into into a slavery far worse than she had shaken off, because the one was the imperceptible growth of centuries, formed against the will of the people, and unable to resist their power; the other was of their own creation, built upon their weakness, and cemented with their blood. Chance shook the yoke from off their shoulders. The idol they had set up fell from its own weight. France received a new king, and gained a glorious constitution; the first of which she has the folly to decry, and the second the absurdity to call a benefit of her own making. The atrocities inflicted on religion and its ministers, come next to be considered; but it was long doubtful whether religion in the abstract was injured, or the contrary. All the abuses of the church at once uprooted; the degrading superstitions thus destroyed; the emancipation of the mind thus effected; from these what mighty good might not the world have fairly looked for? But when all form and all faith was openly abjured; when religion was trampled under foot, and profligate impiety placed upon her pedestals; the earth to its remotest ends rung with reproach, and shrunk with horror. The hopes of philosophy were lost in contemplating these fearful scenes; and all sects, in every country, joined in the belief that religion in France was for ever overthrown. Look to the result. The phrenetic convulsion soon passed by; and religion re-entered her temples in triumph. Unhumbled by her disgrace, untaught by her calamities, she came not in the meekness of reform, but rushed back in all the pride of ceremony and procession; took her stand upon the base of her former corruption; and defied the lights of reason and of truth. Had Bonaparte established the Reformed religion instead of that of Rome, (and it is certain that he would have done so had one been as good an instrument as the other,) the benefits accruing from the revolution would have perhaps overbalanced its evils. But we see that France has abandoned that hope. We see her relapsed into that faith, whose leading dictates are blind belief and unquestioning submission; and we have nothing finally to expect for this fickle country, but a probable return to her former servitude, with a recurrence of the frightful means that must attend a fresh emancipation. Coming to such a conclusion as this, one would naturally exclaim, “What have been the benefits of this highly-vaunted event? In what has France been a gainer, or how has the world been improved?” The advantages to France were nevertheless immense,

had she known how to preserve them. The distribution of property, though effected by much individual injustice; the consequent independence and comparative wealth of the peasantry; the spreading of education; the encouragement of manufactures; the overthrow of prejudice—these were the manifold and mighty results effected by the revolution; but a wide distinction exists between this enumeration and the blessings she now enjoys. These, arising solely from the abuse of those which the revolution gave her, and from the conquest of the country by the other powers of Europe, are the return of a family, who, let faction clamour as it may, must feel themselves more than any other fully identified with France. If the Bourbons are false to France, on whom can she depend? If the pride, the pleasure, the glory of being for centuries identified with her, cannot keep the current clear in the blood of her hereditary rulers, in what upstart adventurer is she to look for purity? Political equality; trial by jury; a representative government! these are her present blessings. Had she them under the republic? Had she them under the Emperor? These self-answering questions lead but to others. *What does she require? How is she to be improved? What nation is so happy, so rich, so unincumbered, so soon to be great?*

It is then clear that the invaluable goods which she now possesses—her charter, and the associated host of happiness which surrounds them—are far from being the actual results of the revolution. They arose from her conquest, and might have been had without the cost of oceans of blood and years of degradation. The chief benefits of the revolution were temporary to France. She murdered her mild and merciful monarch, to erect a cold usurper in his stead; she plunged religion in the depths of disgrace, to return to the sway of a superstitious creed; she revelled in the drunkenness of disbelief, and awoke to the embraces of intolerance. The momentary freedom which she won, was bartered soon for the chains of Imperial despotism; the independence of her people was thrown at the feet of her tyrant; the incipient cultivation of their minds was sacrificed to his policy; their bodies were offered to hecatombs at the shrine of his ambition; and but for his fall, they would at this day have been ground down in ignorance and thralldom. But one splendid advantage arose from the revolution; one noble gift to France, to Europe, to the world; one blessing, alike the property of us, and the unimpaired, inevitable birthright of posterity—its EXAMPLE. Not that of shaking off the yoke of tyranny—that was not new to men, nor wanting to the world; but that terrible example of excess, that hideous spectacle of horror, which terrifies mankind from trusting to the impulse of their passions, and makes nations pause upon the threshold of revolt. This is no fanciful assertion. It has been already acted on. Spain has arisen, but she has not bathed herself in blood. Naples has awoke, but not in an attitude of terror. Germany has threatened revolution; but has she not been held back by the fear of following that of France? France herself is threatened monthly, weekly, hourly—Why does she not act? We too have our threateners! Who among them would dare the trial even with the prospect of success? We trust, not one; and we are convinced that the feeling which has guided the honourable advance of Spain, which leads the present progress of events

in Naples, which stays the steps of German innovation; gives France tranquillity; and England hope; is the dread which all men and all nations feel at venturing upon the path reddened by the stains of that bloodiest of revolutions.

We trust that the example may not be lost; not half-effective, but entirely so. That princes, as well as people, may feel its influence sink deep into their hearts. That while the governed, thinking themselves distressed; will rather bend to the servility of supplication, than try force for their relief, the rulers will weigh well the value of complaint, and know that unsatiated distress must ever lead to desperation.

THE VAULTS OF ST. MICHAN'S.

It is not generally known that the metropolis of Ireland contains a very singular subterraneous curiosity—a burial-place, which, from the chemical properties of the soil, acts with a certain embalming influence upon the bodies deposited within it. I speak of the Vaults beneath St. Michan's Church—a scene where those who have the firmness to go down and look death in the face will find an instructive commentary upon the doctrines of moral humiliation that are periodically preached above.

You descend by a few steps into a long and narrow passage that runs across the site of the church; upon each side there are excavated ample recesses, in which the dead are laid. There is nothing offensive in the atmosphere to deter you from entering. The first thing that strikes you is to find that decay has been more busy with the tenement than the tenant. In some instances the coffins have altogether disappeared; in others, the lids or sides have mouldered away, exposing the remains within, still unsubdued by death from their original form. But the great conqueror of flesh and blood, and of human pride, is not to be baffled with impunity. Even his mercy is dreadful. It is a poor privilege to be permitted to hold together for a century or so, until your coffin tumbles in about your ears, and then to re-appear, half skeleton, half mummy, exposed to the gazes of a generation that can know nothing of your name and character beyond the prosing tradition of some moralizing sexton. Among these remnants of humanity, for instance, there is the body of a pious gentlewoman, who, while she continued above ground, shunned the eyes of men, in the recesses of a convent. But the veil of death has not been respected. She stands the very first on the sexton's list of posthumous rarities, and one of the most valuable appendages of his office. She is his buried treasure. Her sapless cheeks yield him a larger rent than some acres of arable land; and what is worse, now that she cannot repel the imputation, he calls her to her face "the Old Nun." In point of fact, I understand that her age was one hundred and eleven; not including the forty years that have elapsed since her second burial in St. Michan's.

Death, as has been often observed, is a thorough Radical, and levels all distinctions. It is so in this place. Beside the Nun there sleeps, not a venerable abbess, or timid novice, or meek and holy friar, but an athletic young felon of the 17th century, who had shed a brother's blood, and was sentenced for the offence to the close custody of St.

Michan's vaults. This was about one hundred and thirty years ago. The offender belonged to a family of some consideration, which accounts for his being found in such respectable society.

The preservative quality of these vaults is various in its operation upon subjects of different ages and constitutions. With regard to the latter, however, it does not appear that persons who had been temperate livers enjoy any peculiar privileges. The departed toper resists decay as sturdily as the ascetic; supplying Captain Morris with another "reason fair, to fill his glass again." But it is ascertained that children are decomposed almost as rapidly here as elsewhere. Of this, a touching illustration occurs in the case of a female who died in child-birth, about a century ago, and was deposited in St. Michan's. Her infant was laid in her arms. The mother is still tolerably perfect; exemplifying, by her attitude, the parental "passion strong in death;" but the child has long since melted away from her embrace. I inquired her name, and was rather mortified to find that it had not been preserved. But I was chiefly affected by the relics of two persons, of whom the world has unfortunately heard too much: the ill-fated brothers, John and Henry Sheares. I had been told that they were here, and the moment the light of the taper fell upon the spot they occupy, I quickly recognized them by one or two circumstances that forcibly recalled the close of their career: the headless trunks, and the remains of the coarse, unadorned, penal shells, to which it seemed necessary to public justice that they should be consigned. Henry's head was lying by his brother's side; John's had not been completely detached by the blow of the executioner: one of the ligaments of the neck still connects it with the body. I knew nothing of these victims of ill-timed enthusiasm except from historical report; but the companion of my visit to their grave had been their contemporary and friend, and he paid their memories the tribute of some tears; which even at this distance of time, it would not be prudent to shed in a less privileged place. He lingered long beside them, and seemed to find a sad gratification in relating several particulars connected with their fates. Many of the anecdotes that he mentioned have been already published. Two or three that interested me, I had not heard before. "It was not to be expected," he said, "that such a man as John Sheares could have escaped the destiny that befel him. His doom was fixed several years before his death. His passion for freedom, as he understood it, was incurable; for it was consecrated by its association with another passion, to which every thing seemed justifiable. You have heard of the once celebrated Mademoiselle Therouane. John Sheares was in Paris at the commencement of the Revolution, and was introduced to her. She was an extraordinary creature; wild, imperious, and fantastic in her patriotic paroxysms; but in her natural intervals, a beautiful and fascinating woman. He became deeply enamoured of her, and not the less so for the political enthusiasm that would have repelled another. I have heard that he assisted in the uniform of the national guard at the storming of the Bastille, and that he encountered the peril as a means of recommending himself to the object of his admiration. She returned that sentiment, but she would not listen to his suit. When he tendered a proposal of marriage, she produced a pistol, and threatened to lay him dead if he renewed the subject.

This I had from himself. But her rigour did not extinguish his passion. He returned to Ireland full of her image, and, I suspect, not without a hope that the success of the fatal enterprise in which he embarked might procure him, at a future day, a more favourable hearing; but of this and all his other hopes you see? (pointing to his remains) "the lamentable issue." I asked whether his mistress had heard his fate, and how she bore it. My friend replied, "When I was at Paris, during the short peace of Amiens, I asked the same question; but I met with no one that had personally known her. She was then living; in a condition, however, to which death would have been preferable. She was in a miserable state of insanity, and confined in a public institution."—"John Sheares," he continued, "flung himself into the revolutionary cause from principle and temperament; but Henry wanted the energy of a conspirator: of this he was forewarned by an incident that I know to have occurred. Shortly after he had taken the oath of an United Irishman, (it was towards the close of the year 1797,) he was present at the election for the city of Dublin; a riot took place at the hustings, the military interfered, and the people fled in confusion: a tradesman, who resided in the vicinity, hearing the shouts, hastily moved towards the spot to inquire the cause. The first person he met was Henry Sheares, pallid, trembling, and almost gasping for breath. He asked what had happened: Sheares, with looks and tones importing extraordinary perturbation, implored him, if he valued his life, to turn back. It was with some difficulty that the interrogator could obtain an intelligible account of the cause and extent of the danger. As soon as he had ascertained the fact, he fixed his eye on Sheares and said, 'Mr. Sheares, I know more of some matters than you may be aware of; take a friend's advice, and have no more to do with politics; you have not nerves, Sir, for the business you have engaged in.' But the infatuation of the times, and the influence of his brother's character and example, prevailed. When the catastrophe came, John Sheares felt, when too late, that he should have offered the same advice. This reflection embittered his last moments. It also called forth some generous traits that deserve to be remembered. His appeal to the Court in behalf of his brother, as given in the report of the trial, is a model of natural pathos; but I know of nothing more pathetic in conduct than a previous scene, which Curran once described to me as he had witnessed it. When Curran visited them in prison to receive instructions for their defence, John Sheares rushed forward, and embracing his knees, implored him to intercede for Henry; for himself, he offered to plead guilty; to die at an hour's notice; to reveal all that he knew with the exception of names; to do any thing that might be fairly required of him, provided the government would consent to spare his brother."

The preserving power of the vaults of St. Michan's was long ascribed by popular superstition to the peculiar holiness of the ground, but modern philosophy has unwrought the miracle by explaining, on chemical principles, the cause of the phenomenon: "Water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body." The walls and soil of these vaults abound with carbonate of lime and argillaceous earth; a compound that absorbs the moisture which is necessary to the putrefactive process. In all weathers the place is perfectly free from damp. The consequence is,

that animal matter exposed to such an atmosphere, though it undergoes important chemical changes, and soon ceases to be strictly flesh, yet retains, for a length of time, its external proportions. I had occasion to observe a circumstance that proves the uncommon dryness of the air. One of the recesses, which is fastened up, is the burial-place of a noble family. On looking through the grating of the door, we saw two or three coronets glittering from the remote extremity of the cell, as brightly as if they had been polished up the day before. The attendant assured us that it was more than a year since any one had entered the place. He inserted a taper within the grating to give us a fuller view, when his statement was corroborated by the appearance of an ample canopy of cobweb, extending from wall to wall of this chamber of death, and which it must have cost the artificers many a weary day and night to weave. A curtain of the same sepulchral gauze overhung the spot where the Sheareses rest.

I had seen the Catacombs of Paris, but I was more interested, and made to feel more for others and myself, in the Vaults of St. Michan's. In the Catacombs the eye or the heart find nothing individual to rest upon; your sympathy is dispersed over myriads of anonymous skulls and thigh-bones, and these fantastically arranged into melodramatic combinations, as if the Graces have any business under ground; and after death has picked us to the bone, our skeletons must be broken up and shuffled into attitudes conforming to the immutable principles of Parisian taste. I could never heave a sigh while promenading between those neatly trimmed hedge-rows of human bones; I thought of and pitied the workmen more than the materials. But at St. Michan's, I felt that I was really in a sepulchre and surrounded by the dead. The very absence of neatness in their distribution; and of respectful observance towards them was a source of instructive reflection, by forewarning me of my cessation of personal importance when I shall cease to breathe. Every kick the sexton gave a chance skull or two that stopped the way, had its moral: it was as good as the festive usage in old Egypt, of handing round an image of death from guest to guest, to the words of

"Drink and be merry, for such you shall be."

In the absence of such a custom now, I know of nothing more calculated to bring down the pride of any one that piques himself too much upon his flesh and blood, than an occasional conversation in a churchyard with a sexton or gravedigger, on the subject of their trade. It is very well as long as a man has a certain allowance of mind and muscles at his disposal, and can strut, and talk, and look big, and hum fragments of bravuras, and be seen now and then in a tandem, and resort to the other methods of commanding some deference to his personal identity; but when once this important personage becomes motionless, cold, and tongue-tied, and, unable to remonstrate, is seized by the undertaker, and, as the Irish phrase is, "is put to bed with a shovel," farewell human respect!—"out of sight, out of mind:" his epitaph, if he has left assets to buy one, may, for a while, keep up a little bustle about his name, but a short dialogue with a sexton of aftertimes, over the scattered fragments of his existence, will afford a pretty accurate mea-

sure, of the degree of real insignificance into which he has subsided.— This is mortifying; but it is among the sources of our highest interests. Certainly, it is only natural that we should look to some future compensation for our minds, in return for the many insults their old companions are sure to suffer when they are not by to protect them: it were an intolerable prospect otherwise. To-day to be active, happy, and ambitious, conscious of being “made for the contemplation of heaven and all noble objects,” and to-morrow to be flung as useless lumber into a hole, and in process of time to be buffeted by grave-diggers and shovelled up to make way for new comers, without a friendly moralizer to pronounce an “Alas, poor Yorick!” over our chop-fallen crania—or perhaps (what is still more humiliating in a posthumous point of view) to be purloined by resurrection-men, and hung up in dissecting rooms as models of osteology for the instruction of surgeon’s-mates for his Majesty’s navy—the thoughts of all this would gall, as well it might, our vanity to the quick, were it not that Religion, assured of a retribution, can smile at these indignities, and discover, in every rude cuff that may be given to our dishonoured bones, a farther argument for the immortality of the soul.

ACCOUNT OF AN OLAND HUT.

[The following curious account of an Oland* hut is extracted from Dr. CLARKE’s Travels in Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, &c. &c. recently published.]

“A more curious sight could hardly be imagined. At our entrance, nobody was up. The members of the family held a conversation with our boatmen, but we saw none of them. The floor of the only room they had, and of which we had taken possession, was covered with straw and sedge, according to the custom of the country at *Christmas*, and once a practice, even in King’s houses, in *England*. Peeping from behind their hiding-places, as soon as they perceived that strangers had entered this apartment, they were all stirring; and presently there fell out from every side of the room the naked figures of men, women, boys and girls, who had been piled in tiers one above another, as in a ship’s cabin; being concealed from view by so many sheep skins, which were suspended as curtains before their cots. This motley group, amounting in all to thirteen persons, without a rag to cover them, squatted themselves upon the floor in the middle of the chamber, and began altogether the business of their brief toilette. The women put on two pairs of woollen hose, and over these a pair of greasy boots. The toilette being ended, they all with one accord began to blow their noses into the palms of their hands, and to wipe them upon their clothes.

* The Oland Isles—called also the Aland Isles—lie in the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia, about 60° North Lat. and 20° East Longitude. The number of the inhabitants is from five to six thousands. Their agriculture very trifling, but their trade to Stockholm in Fish of various kinds, very considerable. EDIT.

Then the men kindled their tobacco-pipes ; and a universal hawking and spitting commenced. Nor were the women unoccupied ; for a large fire being lighted, the females of the family quietly took up their petticoats, and sate before it, very leisurely gartering their stockings. This being done, a girl now handed round their breakfast ; it consisted of, first, a dram to each person, served in a small silver cup ; secondly, a portion of black biscuit, with about two ounces of fresh butter. At this meal they sate without ceremony or order, each where and with whom he pleased, chatting and laughing in groups, apparently contented and happy. It was rather new, to see mothers with children at their breasts disengage their tender infants from the nipple, to pour down their little throats a portion of the dram which came to the mother's share ; but still more remarkable to see these young dram-drinkers lick their lips, roll their eyes about, and stretch out their puny hands, as craving more ; showing how accustomed they were to this beverage. Perhaps the practice may explain the frequency of dwarfs in the Northern countries of Europe ; as in *Poland, Russia, and Sweden*. But the author, venturing a mild remonstrance upon seeing an affectionate mother pouring brandy down her child's throat, was told, "It is good for them : our children are not troubled with wind or with rickets ; and our adults," giving one of the sturdy peasants a notable thump, "see how hardy and healthy they are !" There was no reply to such an appeal ; for of the *Olanders*, in general, it may be said, that a more vigorous race can hardly be found ; and all of them have imbibed with their milk their morning drams of brandy. It is in scenes like that which the interior of this hut exhibited, the mind is forcibly struck with a conviction of the relative nature of human happiness ; that it belongs to no rank or situation in life as a peculiar possession ; but that in all stations, gifted with health, and virtue, and just government, Providence has vouchsafed an equal portion of this blessing." p. 328.

FORGETFUL CUPID.

A ROSE one morning Cupid took,
 And fill'd the leaves with vows of love,
 When Zephyr passing fann'd the book,
 And wafted o'gils and leaves above.

Seizing his dart, the god then traced
 Pledges to Psyche in the sand,
 But soon the resluent tide effaced
 The fleeting record of his hand.

Quoth Psyche, "From your wing I'll take
 Each morn' a plume, and you another,
 With which new pledges we will make,
 And write love-letters to each other."

Cries Cupid, "But if every pen
 Be used in writing oaths to stay,
 What shall I do for pinions, when
 I want them both—to fly away?"

THE BACHELOR'S ELYSIUM.

Mr. Editor,

I PASSED an evening lately in company with a number of young persons, who had met together for the laudable purpose of spending a merry Christmas; and as mirth exercises a prescriptive right of sovereignty at this good old festival, every one came prepared to pay due homage to that pleasant deity. The party was opened with all the usual ceremonies; the tea was sipped, the cakes praised, and Sir Walter Scott's last novel criticised; and such was the good humour which prevailed, that although our fair hostess threw an extra portion of bohea into her tea-pot, not a breath of scandal floated among the vapours of that delightful beverage. An aged gentleman who happened to drop in, at first claimed the privilege, as "an old *Revolutioner*," of monopolizing the conversation, and entertained us with facetious tales; told the fiftieth time, of Tarleton's trumpeter, General Washington's white horse, and governor Miffin's cocked hat, with occasional pathetic digressions relating to bear-fights and Indian massacres. The honest veteran, however who was accustomed to retire after smoking one pipe, soon grew drowsy, and a similar affection, by sympathy I suppose, began to circulate among his audience, when our spirits received a new impulse from an accidental turn of the conversation from three-cornered hats and horses, to courtship and marriage. The relative advantages of married life and celibacy were discussed with great vivacity, and there were a number of old bachelors and antiquated maidens present, who had thought deeply and feelingly on the subject, and were, therefore, able to discuss it with singular felicity, the ladies' side of the question had greatly the advantage. A gentleman, who had reluctantly left the card-table to join the ladies, gave his opinion that life was like a game of cards—a good player was often *evcred* by a *bad partner*—he thought it wise, therefore, to *play alone*. "Perhaps," said a fair miss, "a good partner might assist you." "Thank you, madam," said he, "courting a wife is nothing more than *cutting for partners*—no one knows what card he may turn." My friend Absalom Squaretoes gravely assured us that he had pondered on this subject long and deeply, and it had caused him more perplexity than the banking system, or the Missouri question; that there were several ladies whom he might have had, and whom, at one time or other, he had determined to marry, "but," continued he, arching his eyebrows with a dignity which the great Fadladeen might have envied, "the more I hesitated, the less inclination I felt to try the experiment, and I am now convinced that marriage is not the thing it is cracked up to be!" Miss Tabitha Scruple, a blooming maid of three score, confessed that for her part, she was very much of Mr. Squaretoes' opinion—it was well enough for honest pains-taking people to get married, but she could not see how persons of sentiment could submit to it—"unless, indeed," she admitted, "congenial souls could meet; and, without mercenary views, join in the tender bond—but men are so deceitful, one runs a great risk you know!"

Mr. Smoothtongue, the lawyer, who had waited to hear every other opinion before he gave his own, now rose, and informed the company

that he would *conclude the case*, by stating a few points, which had occurred to him in the course of the argument. He began by informing us the question was one of great importance, and that much might be said on both sides.—(“Twig the lawyer!” said Squaretoes.) He said that so great a man as lord Burleigh, treasurer to queen Elizabeth, had written ten rules of conduct, which he charged his son to observe and keep next to the ten laws of Moses, and that the very first of them related to the choice of a wife. He pointed out all the unfortunate husbands mentioned in history, from Adam down to George the fourth, and after detailing the relative duties and rights of *baron* and *femme*, as laid down in Blackstone, concluded with sundry extracts from Pope, whose works he declared he set more store to than those of any writer in the English language, except Mr. Chitty.—He was interrupted by a young lady, who declared that Pope was ‘a nasty censorious old bachelor—so he was.’ The lawyer replied, that as Mr. Pope’s general character was not implicated in the present question, it could not be properly attacked, nor was he called on to defend it—and that, as long as his veracity was unimpeached, his testimony must be believed, which he offered to prove from ‘Peake’s Evidence’ if the lady desired him to produce authority. The lady assured him that she was greatly edified by his exposition of the law, and had no desire to see the books—but confessed that though she admired his speech very much, she was still at a loss to know which side he was on. “Madam,” said he, with great gravity, “I admire marriage as a most excellent civil institution, but have no inclination to engage in it, as I can never consent to tie a knot with my tongue which I cannot untie with my teeth.”

These opinions coming from such high authority, seemed to settle the controversy, and the question was about to be carried *nem. con.* in favour of celibacy, when an unlucky Miss, whose cheeks, and lips, and teeth, reminded one of pearls, and cherries, and peaches, while all the loves and graces laughed in her eyes, uttered something in a loud whisper about “sour grapes,” which created a sensation among a certain part of the company, of which you can form no adequate idea, unless you have witnessed the commotions of a bee hive. I now began to be seriously afraid that our Christmas gambols would eventuate in a tragical catastrophe—and anticipating nothing less than a general pulling of caps, was meditating on the propriety of saving my own curly locks, by a precipitate retreat. Fortunately, however, another speaker had taken the floor, and before any open hostilities were committed, drew the attention of the belligerents, by a vivid description of Eiddlers’ Green. This he assured us, was a residence prepared in the other world for maids and bachelors, where they were condemned as a punishment for their lack of good fellowship in this world, to dance together to all eternity. Here was a new field for speculation. A variety of opinions were hazarded; but as the ladies all talked together, I was unable to collect the half of them. Some appeared to regard such a place as a paradise, while others seemed to consider it as a pandemonium. The ladies desired to know whether they would be provided with good music and good partners; and I could overhear some of the gentlemen calculating the chances of a snug loo-party, in a back room. On these points our informant was unable to throw any light. The general impression

seemed to be that the managers of this everlasting ball would couple off the company by lot, and that no appeal could be had from their decision. Miss Scruple declared that she had a mortal aversion to dancing, though she would not object to leading off a set occasionally with particular persons; and that she would rather be married a half a dozen times, than be forced to jig it with any body and every body. Mr. Skinflint thought so long a seige of capering would be rather expensive on pumps, and wished to know who was to suffer. Mr. Squaretoes had no notion of using pumps, he thought moccasins would do; he was for cheap fixings and strong. Miss Fanny Flirt was delighted with the whole plan, provided they could change partners; for she could imagine no punishment more cruel than to be confined for ever to a single bear. Mr. Goosy thought it would be expedient for to secure partners in time, and begged Miss Demure to favour him with her hand for an eternal reel. Little Sophy Sparkle, the cherry-lipped belle, who had nearly been the instrument of kindling a war as implacable as that of the Greeks and Trojans, seemed to be afraid of again giving offence; but on being asked her opinion, declared that it was the most charming scheme she ever heard, and that she would dance as long as she could stand, with any body or nobody, rather than not dance at all.

During all this time I was lolling over the back of a chair,—a lazy habit which with many others I have caught since my third sweetheart turned me off—and was rolling and twisting the pretty Sophy's handkerchief—for I can't be idle—into every possible form and shape. I was startled into consciousness by the dulcet voice of my fair companion, as she exclaimed; "La! Mr. Drywit how melancholy you are! how can you look so cross when every body else is laughing? pray what do you think of the grand ball at Fiddler's Green?" "I never trouble myself, madam, to think about things which do not concern me." "Oh, dear! then you have no idea of going there?" "Not I indeed,—I go to no such places." "And not expecting to inhabit the paradise of bachelors, it is a matter of indifference to you how your friends enjoy themselves?" "No indeed: I sincerely hope that you may caper into each others good graces, and romp yourselves into the best humour imaginable with the pains and pleasures of "single blessedness:" as for my single self I intend, unless some lady shall think proper to stand in her own light, to alter my condition." Having uttered this heroic resolution, I made my bow and retired. But the conversation of the evening still haunted my imagination; and as I sunk to sleep, general Washington's white horse, Sophy Sparkle, and Fiddlers' Green alternately occupied my brain, until the confused images settling into a regular train of thought, produced the following vision.

I thought that the hour of my dissolution had arrived, and I was about to take my departure to the world of spirits. The solemnity of the event which was taking place did not affect me however, as it would have done, had the same circumstance occurred to me in reality; for my mind was entirely filled with the conversation of the previous evening, and I thought, felt, and died like a true bachelor. As I left the clay tenement which I had inhabited so long, I could not avoid hovering over it for a moment, to take a parting view of the temple which had confined my restless spirit, and for which, I must confess, I had a

high respect. I could now perceive that time had made ravages in the features which had lately been mine, that I had not been aware of while living, and that the frame which had carried me through a stormy world, was somewhat the worse for the wear; and I really felt a joy in escaping from it, similar to the emotions with which the mariner quits the shattered bark that has braved the billows through a long voyage. Still, however, I felt something like regret in quitting my ancient habitation, and was beginning to recal to memory the conquests I had made in it, and the sieges it had withstood; when I was obliged to take my departure. I had always thought that spirits flew out of a window, or up the chimney, but I now found that whatever might have been the practice of others, mine was a ghost of too much politeness to withdraw in this manner from a house in which I had been only a boarder; and accordingly I walked deliberately down stairs, and passed through the parlour where several of my female acquaintances were talking of me. The curiosity which we have all inherited from our first mother, would have induced me to stop, had I not recollected that it would be very ill bred in me to listen to the discourse of those who were not aware of my presence, and that, according to the old law, "listeners never hear any good of themselves." I therefore passed on, but could not avoid observing that the current of opinion was rather in my favour, and that those who allowed me no good quality while living, now confessed that at least I had no harm in me. As soon as I reached the open air, my spirit began to ascend for some distance, and then floated rapidly towards the north. It was a brilliant evening, and as the stars shone with uncommon lustre, I could not help fancying them the eyes of millions of beauties, who, having made it their business to teaze the beaux in this world, were doomed to light them to the next.

I do not know how long I had been journeying; when I discovered the sea beneath me, filled with mountains of ice, and I perceived that I was rapidly approaching the North Pole. I now congratulated myself upon being able to determine, by actual observation, whether the Poles are flattened as some philosophers imagine; together with other questions of like importance to the happiness of mankind. But how great was my surprise when, on arriving at the place, I found that all the philosophers in the world were mistaken, except Captain Symmes, and discovered only a yawning cavern, into which I was suddenly precipitated!

I now travelled for some distance in utter darkness, and began to be very fearful of losing my way, when I suddenly emerged into a new world, full of beauty, melody, and brightness. I stood on the brink of a small rivulet, and beheld before me an extensive lawn of the richest green, spangled with millions of beautiful flowers. Clusters of trees and vines were scattered in every direction, loaded with delicious fruit. Birds of the loveliest plumage floated in the air, and filled the groves with melody. The garden of Eden, or the paradise of Mahomet; could not be arrayed by a poetic fancy with half the charms of this Elysium.

[To be continued.]

POETRY.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have call'd me long,
 I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
 Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chesnut-flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
 Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
 —But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle-sigh,
 And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky,
 From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
 When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
 They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
 They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
 Where the violets lie may be now your home.
 Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
 With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
 Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
 The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,
 Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last;
 A shade of earth has been round you cast!
 There is that come over your brow and eye
 Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die!
 Ye smile!—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
 —Oh! what have ye look'd on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed!—and I see not here
 All whom I saw in the vanish'd year!
 There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
 Which toss'd in the breeze with a play of light;
 There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay,
 No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
 As if for a banquet all earth was spread;
 There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
 And had not a sound of mortality!—
 —Are they gone?—is their mirth from the green hills pass'd?
 —Ye have look'd on Death since ye met me last!

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now,
 Ye have strawn the dust on the sunny brow!
 Ye have given the lovely to the earth's embrace,
 She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race!
 With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
 They are gone from amongst you in silence down.

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair,
 Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!
 —But I know of a world where there falls no blight,
 I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
 Where Death, midst the blooms of the morn may dwell,
 I tarry no longer,—farewell, farewell!

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
 Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
 For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
 Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
 I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
 And the flowers are not Death's;—fare ye well, farewell!

F. H.

FAREWELL TO AIRDRIE.

ALONE beneath the cloud of night,
 A wretched, weary, wandering wight,
 Spite of her tears I took my flight
 From her I love in Airdrie.

Though doom'd her fond suit to deny,
 'Twas languaged by the tell-tale eye,
 How much my heart wish'd to comply,
 Nor leave my love in Airdrie.

Though mantled o'er with winter's snow,
 And deem'd immersed in floods of woe,
 I feel within Love's warmest glow
 Whene'er I think on Airdrie.

“Forget me not” when Helen sings,
 Or Margaret's sigh remembrance brings,
 Or Mary wakes the trembling strings,
 My heart—my soul's in Airdrie.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WIDOW OF THE ROCK, AND OTHER POEMS, BY A LADY.

We have found this little volume on our table, among a mass of other publications, since our former number was issued; and as we would disclaim the blame of keeping a Lady waiting; we have given it the earliest possible attention. We are happy to say its perusal has afforded us some pleasure, which is no small tribute to its merit at the present day, when such hordes of poets are struggling on the road to "Fame's high temple." Besides, any thing in the shape of good poetry from a female is extremely rare. This remark is not made in the spirit of ill-natured criticism, nor as implying a want of talent in the gentler sex; on the contrary we have considered females for many reasons, as better qualified to write poetry than men. They possess many of the requisites for this task in a superior degree. They have in general more time, finer feelings, more vivid imaginations, and fancies more ingenious; and lastly, the sweet cords of sensibility which vibrate in their minds are far more susceptible of impressions from external objects and events, than in the obdurate breast of man. But for all this, "true it is, and pity 'tis it's true," for one good female poet we have twenty male. That they are capable of producing some good works in this line cannot be denied. The merits of the present volume, though not unmingled with defects, speak clearly that woman can, if she will, write good poetry.

The volume opens with an extremely well written modest preface, such as few readers of taste will peruse without feeling a wish for a farther acquaintance with the author. Then commences with what is to be sure the longest, but to our taste, not the best written piece in the book, "The Widow of the Rock," from whence the title is derived. It is a pretty enough story about the simple loves of Reuben and Lucy, and the Death of the former by a Rattlesnake, and so forth. In the preface the writer informs her readers that "she has read and admired much good poetry in her life time," it is not therefore to be wondered that she should fall into imitations occasionally. The following passage bears a close resemblance in idea to the account of the Hermit, in the Tragedy of Douglass:—

Calm is her mind as the subsided sea,
 And settled is the sorrow in her eye:—
 Oft by some devious brook, or mould'ring tree,
 She sits indulging the unbidden sigh,
 And sometimes turns, and talks to Reuben by,
 Then will she start in terror,—and anon,
 Dive in the woods, and wander farther on.—Page 29.

The whole volume is made up of detached pieces, apparently, written at different periods, and whose different degrees of merit mark the progressive improvement of the author. Where all possess beauties and defects, which is the case here, it becomes a difficult point to select one possessing the greatest degree of merit, but if a preference can be given, we should feel inclined to say, the lines "To the

memory of General Agnew," and those "on the British navy," with the little Ode "on finding her bower covered with worms," are the best. Some of the scenes and events are depicted with a vividness of colouring that the reader will be inclined to think the writer has been a sharer in them; these are of course the best written, for the feelings of the heart and the pen moved in unison: and the verses seem to flow from a well-informed, and well regulated mind. The following stanzas "on visiting the grave of her daughter for the last time," afford a fair specimen of this:—

'Tis the pale moon of midnight my sad spirit hails,
I see its dim gleams through the tall waving trees:—
Earth slumbers,—solemnity's silence prevails
I alone break the swell of the wide-sweeping breeze.

It is not the moon in the pride of her power,
Nor the soothing relief of the calm midnight shade,
That leads me to wander alone at this hour,—
'Tis the moon-lighted hill where my daughter is laid.

There—there is my heart.—'Midst the forest's wild gloom,
Sleeps the babe that once smiling I fondly caress'd:—
How I watch'd o'er its beauties and mark'd its young bloom;
Oh! yet the remembrance is dear to my breast.

This lonely retreat doth the moaning-dove choose
To pour forth her melting funereal dole;
While list'ning her notes oft my footstep I lose,
As for thee pours her dirge, it is sweet to my soul.

And yet happier for thee, that so soon thou hast fled
From the tempest of passion, the trials of life,
Than live through the mazes of love to be led,
And like me feel the pangs of maternity's strife.

Years have past away since, but I cannot forget thee,
Sweet germ of my hopes, tho' thy sorrows are o'er;
Thou art happy, my daughter!—why should I regret thee?
Tho' thy mother must weep,—thou wilt never weep more!

Thy spirit escap'd ere thou knewest to frame
One thought or one wish that could mem'ry load;
Ere the dawns of reason or sentiment came,—
While existence was fresh from the hand of its God.—page 36.

The idea of these poems being founded on reality, is farther confirmed from the subjects she has selected for her verse; there is nothing of what is termed the machinery of poetry; nothing but real occurrences or tangible objects; none of your imaginary beings from fairy land—nothing of ghosts or spirits introduced.

The variety of subjects which this little volume embraces has afforded a display of the versatility of talents the author possesses. Her muse is capable of an expansive flight. Some of the pieces are grave, some gay, and when we read "The Desert Isle," we could not help thinking she had "a little turn for satire." The Jackall President borders on the ridiculous; and all her descriptions indicate an attentive observant "of men and manners."

The far less agreeable part of our duty now remains, namely, to notice some of the defects which this work contains. These are more in number than in magnitude; and if we judge by the superior beauties in some passages, we feel inclined to attribute the blemishes more to negligence than defect of talents in the writer.

Some lines terminate with an abruptness approaching to silliness:

“ The loaded Hemlock boughs are bending low,
“ Or spring elastic, and their burden throw;

is very bad and perhaps the worst in the book.

There are defects in the verse too, which, in some passages, offend the ear of a correct reader. And the rhyme is not always so correct as the state of modern poetry demands. “ Unawares” forms a bad rhyme with “ stars.” “ Heath” and “ wreath” is also inadmissible; and moreover we have never understood “ heath” formed an article in American scenery.

In the Ode “ to the memory of General Agnew,” the following passage is obscure:—

“ There was *One*, who protected the sons of the soil,
“ Their rights made his own, and their injuries his care;
“ *He* crav'd not of power but his enemies to foil,
“ Once conquer'd, he strove the defenceless to spare.”

“ He crav'd not of power” makes the sense imperfect; it should be either *He crav'd nought of power*, or the word *for* substituted for *of*.— And had the word *sought* been substituted for *crav'd* it would be still more poetical.

“ ————— the roses ————

“ That hide and embellish its pitiful strife.—page 43.

We cannot comprehend how a thing can be hid and embellished at the same instant. The roses may hide the thorns but there is an absurdity in those wicked pricklers being embellished.

The attack by the rattle-snakes made upon Reuben is described in the following line:—

Swift to their victim *fly* the furious train.—page 24.

The power of flying may belong to the great sea serpent, but it is not a mode of locomotion, rattle-snakes are possessed of, *Glide*, would have been a better word.

The worms which covered her bower after rain must also have been of a particular species when their very remains make a *noiso*.

Come not to the cheerful day-light,
Your *noisome* remains to disperse:—page 46.

But it is time to turn to the fairer side of this production—and we select the following as a specimen of the writer's talent for the lighter descriptions of poetry.

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WITH A FEATHER-PAN.

On which Roses were depicted.

Go, light, fantastic, airy thing,
By Fancy pluck'd, from Cupid's wing!
Thy pencil'd Roses gaily blowing,
(The work of nymph, alas! unknowing,
What mischief here might lurk unseen,
Should Zephyr take Apollo's mein,
And lightly fanning thoughtless fair,
Excite a flame not cool'd by air.)
But might this gift to friendship be,
The pledge of friendly courtesy,
No mischief hence could e'er ensue,—
More harmless roses never grew.—page 62.

There is a sweet and simple pathos in the following lines which far overbalance their defects:—

It was a lone retreat into the wild,
Where Nature reign'd in undisturb'd repose:—
There Lucy—(on her breast an infant child,
Would often come at lovely evening's close
To see his toil, and how the pile arose;
Then future plans employ their happy minds,
Till night the lovers in their wandering finds.

Sweet are the works we wholly call our own,
They seem a portion of ourselves, and yield
A pure delight, in foreign things unknown:—
How swells the settler's breast to view the field
Whose charms by his own hands have been revealed,
Where feudal rights no menial toil command,
No tyrants suck the fatness of the land!—page 20.

With a due allowance for the inaccuracy we have noticed above, the death of Reuben by the rattlesnakes is well described in the following lines:—

Swift to their victim fly the furious train,
Coil round his neck, and plant the venom'd sting,
Curdled with fear, and writhing in his pain,
He feels the hissing tribe around him cling,
And in each vein their cureless venom fling,—
He seeks the door—resistance all too late,
Dives in the snow, and yields him to his fate.—page 24.

We shall conclude our extracts by the following, wherein the writer in "good set terms," expresses her opinion of Mr. Jefferson, late President of the United States. An ill-natured critic would say they manifest more of a generally ascribed fault of her sex than the talents of the Poet. But it cannot be denied her ire is where well expressed:—

Self-dubb'd philosopher!—the mob's delight!
 Thy looming Science like thy mammoth's bones
 From quiet earth shall ne'er be dragged to light.
 Then pray (if thou canst pray) in humble tones,
 That trying Death who no distinction owns
 From Freedom's shore may sweep thy coward name,
 And save Columbia such blot of shame!
 For thee no patriot lyre shall e'er be strung,
 Foul stain of Liberty! the rabble's choice!
 Not e'en thy bombast from the chair that rung,
 Shall live in future generations' voice,—
 Thy baleful slang no more make fools rejoice:
 For who would sound the blessings of thy reign,
 Confed'rate vile of Atheists and Tom Paine.—page 122.

At the end of the work there are some Poems said to be written by an American Gentleman, and in the preface we are informed they are presented to the public "as a relief to the tedium of her own performances, and as affording something at least deserving of criticisms." We have not left space to allow of long extracts or many remarks upon these additional pieces, but have observed they are not equal to those of the Lady in merit. The Negro's benevolence is the first of them, and contains a description of a man being lost in the forest, and an account of his being found by a Negro who brought him to his home. The whole zest of it is contained in the conclusion, and all the pleasure derived from the *dénouement* of the plot does not repay the trouble of wading through forty-six stanzas of heavy prosing stuff.

The following is a specimen of this author's luminous talents:—

"Oft'neath the shade the tall magnolia cast,
 Pleas'd with the view, he whiled the hours away
 What time the sun her middle arch has pass'd,
 And nature blithe, to want his zenith ray."

Now it will puzzle our readers to find out what is the author's meaning here. If the pronoun *her* refers to the shade, where is the middle of a shade. If it refers to the magnolia, it is a violation of grammar, a school-boy would be whipt for—as the verb "cast" indicates that magnolia is in the plural. And again if the word *her* refers to the sun, we are in doubt if "the blessed sun" should be arrayed in the garb of a male or a female; for in the next line he talks of "*his zenith ray*." By the bye, this is the first time we have seen the word zenith used as an adjective, and we wish the American Gentleman joy of his new discovery. The epithet "blithe." Good sir, the word is never employed as here. The *blitheness* of nature comes on when the sun rises, never as he declines. There is an abundance of silly weak lines. What can be worse than the following description of the fall of a stately oak, where, "*sheer through the tall trees had his huge bulk driven*." Here is a fine example of the bathos,—only to be equalled by the Knight who

"Gallantly threaded the wood in his flight
 Like a squirrel running through a fence by moon-light."!!

* See Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.

But we have done, and shall only express a hope that this "American Gentleman," like the Lady, will "read and admire" (if his taste and talents will allow) "some good poetry in his life time," before he again ventures before the public—for this is a duty he must have heretofore overlooked.

The mechanical department of this little volume as far as regards paper and printing, is executed in a very shabby stile; and it is far too high priced for a work got up on so cheap a form. The paper is excessively coarse, and the printing full of typographical errors, betraying an unpardonable degree of negligence. Its appearance and price will evidently hurt the sale of the work among those who purchase a book for its prettiness—and of these characters there are not a few.

THE CHARIVARI OR CANADIAN POETICS,

BY LAUNCELOT LONGSTAFF.

The author of this little work has selected a subject richly abounding in materials for the humorous description of poetry; and he has in the arrangement, and detail of the plot exhibited a genius of no ordinary stamp. He has, we think, in adopting the same species of verse as used by Lord Byron, rather cramped his own poetical powers. Few, if any can come in sight of Byron in his career; and his extensive and lofty genius, in proportion to its great powers, is difficult to imitate. From some grave and moralizing passages in the Charivari, we are of opinion the writer would be a more successful imitator of Byron in the gloomy, than in the light description of poetry. But overlooking these little defects, which indicate an aspiring mind which could attempt an imitation of the noble bard's method—we have no hesitation in recommending this work to the attention of our readers; as containing a laughable story well told, and abounding in touches which display a mind of no small poetic powers.

Monthly Register.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The subjects of primary importance from this quarter are derived from the proceedings in the Imperial Parliament. The Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 23d Feb. brought forward his statement of the financial condition of the country, which exhibits a flattering prospect of a diminution of taxes and an increase of revenue. In the proposals he submitted he took an anticipatory view of the subject, and after showing that the surplus last year amounted to £6,710,985, and when £5,000,000 were deducted for the sinking fund, there would still remain a surplus. This properly applied, he showed at the end of 1827, would amount to £4,135,899, by the following statement; and that, after deducting £300,000 to be applied for intended repairs in Windsor Castle, and providing for other contingencies.

According to the estimated revenue and expenditure for the next four years, he calculated that besides the surplus for the present year already stated at £1,710,985,

There would be a surplus for 1824	1,052,076.
1825	872,346.
1826	477,346.
1827	522,346.

At the end of 1827, the total surplus will be £4,135,099.

Two memorials have been presented to the Lords of the Treasury; one from the Merchants and Manufacturers of Belfast, and the other from the Corporation and Chambers of Commerce of the city of Waterford, praying their Lordships' intercession for a repeal of the Duties on the Trade between Great Britain and Ireland.

FRANCE.—The public attention in this country has been engrossed by the electioneering proceedings for the Chamber of Deputies. Out of 246 Deputies returned by the Electoral Colleges for Districts, there are only about sixteen Liberals. The Departmental Colleges have yet to elect 172 Deputies; but in these the opposition candidates have less chance than in the other districts. The *Etoile* of the 5th, announces a few additional returns—all royalists. Strange as it may seem, the crusade against Spain has added prodigiously to the strength of the Bourbons.

M. de Villelle intends to reduce the 5 per cents. if they should rise 1 or 2 per cent. more, which is fully expected, as the most extraordinary efforts are made for that purpose.

SPAIN.—The only events deserving notice from this quarter are the change in the ministry, and the convention regulating the occupation of the country by the French troops. The Council is composed of twenty members, of which fourteen have been permitted to retire, and Messrs. D'Asgumosa and Castiels, the first and second functionaries in the Ministry of State, have been also superseded.

The convention for regulating the military occupation of Spain by France, was signed on the 9th February. It is to remain for four years in force; 40,000 men are to occupy the country, and Spain is to pay to France the sum of two millions francs per month.

A convention has also been agreed upon between France and Spain, relative to the vessels captured during 1823, in which it is mutually decided that the numbers of captures being nearly equal, they shall be placed as an off-set against each other.

RUSSIA.—The Merchants of Odessa, have presented a Memorial to the Emperor of Russia, complaining of incessant vexations, which the Russian Commerce in the Black Sea experiences from the Turks. Instructions have been sent to the Consul General, commanding him to demand as a *sine qua non* of all treaties with the Porte, the correction of the grievances complained of.

GREECE.—The cause of the Greeks still wears a favourable aspect. They have made several important conquests; and a very general spirit exists in their favour, as evinced by the contributions which were raising to aid them. Lord Byron had subscribed £10,000 for their assistance, and a relative of Mr. Canning's had given half as much for the same purpose. The Society of Friends in England had contributed £7,000. Greek bonds are at 2½ per cent. premium in London. Lord Byron had been appointed Prohedros (President of strangers) in the country, admitted into their Councils, and actively engaged in forwarding their warlike operations.—Patros was blockaded by him accompanied by Colonels Stanhope and Delaney, and measures were taking to besiege Lepanto. The Greeks had made a landing twenty leagues to the North of Smyrna and on other parts of the coast, and levied large contributions.

The first number of a newspaper printed in modern Greek had just arrived in England. The types were sent from that Country by the Greek Committee.

AMERICA.

UNITED STATES.—During this month Congress has been setting in mature deliberation on many subjects important, both to the internal policy of the country, and also as referring to matters connected with her relations to foreign powers.

A circumstance, which has excited a great degree of public interest has taken place, namely, the dismission by the Legislature of New-York of Mr. Dewitt Clinton, from his seat as one of the board of Canal Commissioners. Several Public meetings have been held to express their opinion of the conduct of Mr. Dewitt Clinton during a period of fourteen years, which he has occupied this station, and their unequivocal dissatisfaction of the measure.

WEST-INDIES.—The state of public affairs in some of these Colonies, does not wear so unclouded an aspect as might be wished; the reason of this arises in part from differences which have broken out between the different branches of the Legislature in some of the islands, and is in part attributable to the planters feeling dissatisfied at the contemplated plans for ameliorating the condition of the slaves, which were expected to be brought before the Imperial Parliament in its present Session. The first of these discordant causes had been exemplified in the Island of Bermuda. The Governor, Sir William Lunley on the 13th of March, had found it necessary to dissolve the House of Assembly in a very abrupt manner, in consequence of their having passed resolutions declaratory of "various acts of mismanagement, and unjust denomination of Gov. Lunley's administration."—These resolutions they had transmitted to be laid before his Majesty, and had refused to proceed with the public business until the result should be heard.

Sir Benjamin D'Urban has arrived and has taken upon himself the Government of Antigua.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Assembly of this Province was prorogued on the 11th of March.

No less than 104 vessels of different sizes are now building in the Province of New-Brunswick, some of them from 500 to 700 tons burden.

NOVA SCOTIA.—It being the intention of Sir James Kent's Lieut. Governor of this province, to revisit his native country. On the 9th of March the Council and House of Assembly, presented him with an appropriate Address on the occasion, expressive of the high estimation in which they held his talents and zeal as a public character and of their regard for his private conduct as a gentleman, during his residence among them. The Provincial Parliament was prorogued by His Excellency.

A Bill for extending the Jurisdiction in this Province, has passed during the last Session.

Provincial Journal.

APRIL, 1824.

This month has, as usual, been attended with striking and important changes, both in the aspect of nature; and in the pursuits of men. The disappearance of the snow, cessation of the continued frost, and the return of genial weather, has stirred up the Agriculturist from his winter inactivity. The disappearance of ice in our rivers and their becoming again the medium of communication, has excited the attention of the merchant, while the "busy plying" of boats, batteaus, and all the river craft, with the loading and unloading of the cargoes, has given to our aquatic scenery and to our ports the aspect of bustling commerce.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR APRIL, 1824, FOR THE DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.

From the northern situation of this part of the country, the operations of husbandry seldom take place before the middle of this month, and frequently only at the close of it. But from the rapid melting of the snow in the beginning of the month, then were great hopes that the seed time would be earlier this season than usual. Frequent rains however prevented its general commencement till near the 20th, since which the sowing of wheat has been nearly completed, and the ground has seldom been in better order to receive the seed.

The grass lands have a very favorable appearance, owing to the snow falling early in the autumn, which prevented the roots being injured by frosts. Fat Cattle are very scarce, owing to the deficiency of last year's crops—lean stock low in price, but milch-cows dear and in request. The imported short horned breed of cattle, from their handsome shape and large size are becoming of late the favourites of stock farmers. A cow of this description with her calf got by Eclipse, was sold for £15. The breed of sheep is rapidly improving, and every day points out the great necessity of attending more closely to those useful, but hitherto much neglected animals, for Agriculturists now begin to see clearly the urgent necessity of cloathing themselves from their own flocks, unless a foreign market be found for the surplus productions of the soil.

Those employed in the manufacture of rumple sugar have found it one third less in quantity this season, than usual, from the rapid melting of the snow, and the want of frosty nights, which are requisite to make the trees run freely.

Such has been the rapid progress of vegetation, that at the close of the month, the woods were enameled with the early flowers, and the meadows clothed with the verdure of Spring.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR APRIL, 1824, FOR THE DISTRICT OF QUEBEC.

The season during the present month has been a week or ten days earlier than usual. There have been some very warm days and some slight rains at different times of the month. On the 25th the Thermometer stood above 70 degrees; the greater part of the day it was as high as 78 degrees. Many nights of hard frost however intervened. In the night immediately preceding the warmest day above mentioned, ice was formed of nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness.

The winter's snow had generally disappeared from the greatest portions of the fields at the end of the third week of the month, but large quantities remained in drifts collected in situations sheltered from the winds; some wheat was put in the ground in favourable situations at the close of that week, and during the last week sowing has been fairly commenced.

Ploughing was interrupted last autumn by the early fall of snow at the end of October, and a good deal remains to be done. The ploughed fields are however in excellent condition for sowing, the early snow having protected the ground against the frosts entering further than is necessary for pulverising the surface. The meadows and pastures have come from under the snow green and promising, and the cattle will go to grass in good condition, there having been abundance of forage during the winter. The Clover and Timothy sown last year with the grain have as usual stood the winter well, and the fields of these grasses, in Hay last year, will give full pasture for cattle this year a fortnight earlier than the common pastures.

Vegetation has kept pace with the earliness of the season: the earliest spring flowers have already appeared; the alder and willow are in blossom, and the forests have changed their hue from the expanding of the buds; all presaging an early season, and usually with us, an abundant year.

The hopes of the farmer are again cheered with the prospect of an export demand for grain, and a consequent revival of trade and every branch of industry, the prosperity of each of which in the natural order, re-acts and promotes the prosperity of all the rest.

Quebec, April 15.—AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The annual Show of fatted Live Stock for this District, was held on the Upper Town market place yesterday, conformably to the advertisements of the Quebec Agricultural Society.

A great number of the Cattle produced was of a very superior quality. Some of the Oxen of the Canadian Breed were of the finest description, and surpassed every other in fatness and the smallness of the bones and ossal. One pair, we are informed, was purchased by Mr. J. Anderson for 208 Dollars, and generally, the whole, we believe, brought a very fair price. The Sheep and Wethers shewn, generally, were rather of an inferior quality. Several Hogs of a very superior breed were produced from Mrs. Racy's at Beauport.

A great number of prizes and gratifications were distributed for Live Stock, and also for Agricultural Produce; the distribution of the Premiums for the latter, having been deferred till this Meeting.

Among the articles exhibited we are happy to see some very fine samples of dressed Hemp, from the Farms of the Gentlemen of the Quebec Seminary, at St. Joachim. Those samples were from Hemp which had been water rotted and dressed conformably to the printed Instructions for Hemp and Flax, distributed by the Society in 1820, and they were pronounced, by very competent judges, to be much superior to the best Russia Hemp; quantities of seed, from imported seed distributed by the society, have been preserved for the ensuing season.

The want of Funds, we are informed, will prevent the Society from issuing its usual advertisement of premiums for the ensuing year; but it is hoped, that the subscriptions of the present members of the Society, and of others who may join, (the Society being open to every individual on paying a small annual sum), will prevent the efforts which have hitherto been made to excite among the farmers a spirit of agricultural improvement, from being altogether interrupted.

INCIDENTS, DEATHS, &c.

Lower-Canada.

MONTREAL.

The whole of the Steam-Boats belonging to this Port had arrived from their wintering quarters by the 20th, and are now in full occupation plying their usual trips. Some Durham-Boats have arrived from the upper country with their usual loadings of Flour, Ashes, &c.

A Charity Sermon was preached in the Scotch Church on the 4th, and a collection made amounting to £40.

On Sunday the 4th, a young man was drowned by falling through the ice when crossing from this city to the Isle St. Helens.

On Monday the 5th, a servant when going for water, fell through the ice near Pointe-à-Callièrè.

Drowned, near William-Henry, on the 4th, Mr. John Bermingham, a native of London, while attempting to save a schooner belonging to Mr. Lesperance, which from the cable breaking, had drifted with the ice down the river.

On the 9th, the New-Market Theatre was opened for the first time, with Home's celebrated Tragedy of Douglass.

The foundation stone of the Masonic Hall in this city on the scite of the old Mansion House was laid on the 21st with masonic honours.

On the 23d. His Majesty's Birth-day, was commemorated in this city with the appropriate demonstrations of loyalty. The military of the garrison, consisting of the 70th regiment fired the *feu de joie* on the Parade at twelve o'clock. In the evening there was a splendid ball and supper at the Mansion-House, attended by all the fashionables in the town.

Died. At L'Assomption, on the 19th inst. in the 34th year of her age, Marguerite De St. Ours, only daughter of the late Hon. P. R. De St. Ours.—Suddenly, on the 5th, Mr. Joseph Lovis, watchmaker, in this city.—At his house, St. Urbain-street, in this city, on Sunday the 4th, in the 85th year of his age, Alexander Henry, Esquire, for many years an active Magistrate, and His Majesty's Auctioneer for the District of Montreal.—John D. Hamilton, Esq. merchant, of Quebec.—Suddenly, Mrs. Mackenzie, widow of the late Mr. Murdock M'Kenzie, of Quebec.—On the 27th, at Augusta, Mr. Daniel Dunham, in the 76th year of his age, one of the first settlers of Upper-Canada.—On the 1st, Mr. John Cooper, clock and watch maker of this city.—At Varennes, on the 31st, in the 50th year of her age, Marie Hyacinthe Massue, Lady of Etienne Duchesnois, Esq. M. P. for the county of Surrey.—Mr. Charles H. Greeno, painter, of this city, aged 41.

QUEBEC.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

The Grand Jury presented the Collector of His Majesty's Customs at this Port, for exacting, in the discharge of his duty, fees, to which he was not by law entitled.

The Criminal Term for this District ended on the 31st of last month, when the following convictions took place:—Charles Biore, obtaining money by false pretences; judgment arrested.—William Folket and Sarah his wife, violent assault on their infant child; three months imprisonment in the Common Gaol.—Jacques Balduc, perjury; twelve calendar months imprisonment in the Common Gaol, and on a day in April, between the hours of eight and twelve at noon, to stand for one hour in the pillory.—François Vezina, assault on a corporal of the 37th regiment, in the execution of his duty; three calendar months imprisonment in the Common Gaol.—Joseph Baucher and Louis Campbell, assault and false imprisonment; twelve calendar months imprisonment in the Common Gaol.—Ross Battersby, John Hart, Simon Audy, three several convictions of Petty Larceny; to be confined in the House of Correction, and therein kept at hard labour for twelve calendar months.—Marie Anne Gagné, Petty Larceny; to be confined in the House of Correction, and therein kept at hard labour for three calendar months.—Charles Bourbeau, manslaughter, prays benefit of Clergy; to be confined in the House of Correction, and therein kept at hard labour for two years.

SEDUCTION.—The Court of King's Bench was occupied nearly the whole of the 5th with a very interesting Trial, in a case of Seduction. The Plaintiff in this action was Kemner dit Laflamme, a Farmer of the Parish of St. François du Sud, and the Defendant J. B. Morin, a Notary of the same Parish, who under promise of marriage, had seduced the daughter of the Plaintiff, a young girl of about seventeen years of age. The unfortunate girl became pregnant, and the seducer having deserted her, endeavoured to extenuate his conduct by vilifying the character of the female he had already so deeply injured. The father came into Court to seek such reparation as the law could afford for the injury he had sustained from the unprincipled conduct of the seducer.—The case was tried before His Honour the Chief Justice and a Spécial Jury. Messrs. Vallières and Moquin, Counsel for the Plaintiff, and the Hon. F. W. Primrose for the Defendant. Mr. Vallières addressed the Jury with great feeling; after a luminous charge from the Bench, they retired for a few minutes, and returned with a verdict of L. 200 damages, to the general satisfaction of a crowded Court.—Happily for the credit of Canadian morals, such trials are far from being frequent, and we trust that the heavy damages so properly awarded by the Jury, will prove a salutary check to those over whose conduct reason and morality have no restraint.

On the 12th, the Court was occupied in hearing the arguments of Counsel on an application made by Mr. Samuel Neilson, for an injunction to the Sheriff of this District, enjoining him to publish, according to law, his advertisements of sale of real

property in the Gazette published by Samuel Neilson, and a *mandamus*, ordering J. C. Fisher, Esquire, to discontinue publishing in his Paper, "The Quebec Gazette, printed by Authority," the said advertisements of the Sheriff. All the Judges were on the Bench.—The Judges in this case deferred giving judgement till next Term.

In the cause of P. Patterson vs. D. Sutherland, Cashier of the Montreal Bank at Quebec, to recover the amount of two Bills of Exchange bought for the Plaintiff by the Defendant, and which were subsequently protested, it appears that the instructions of the Plaintiff did not warrant the Defendant to purchase other Bills than those sold by Government and the Montreal Bank, as stated in the letter of instructions, and judgment was given in favour of the Plaintiff for L. 2400.

Our Sovereign Lord the King vs. Hon. A. L. J. Duchesnay. This appears to be a claim by the Commission for managing the Estates of the late Order of Jesuits, now in the hands of the Crown, to a portion of the Seigniorship of Beauport, which has been in the possession of the Defendant or his ancestors for thirty-eight years. This question involved the very delicate one of the law of prescription against the Crown, as applicable to this Colony. His Honor the Chief Justice gave at very great length the authorities which induced him to give his opinion in favour of the Crown. The Honorable Messrs. Justices Kerr, Perrault, and Bowen, also at great length, gave their opinions in favour of the Defendant.

His Majesty's birth-day was celebrated here with the usual display of pomp and loyalty. The guns on the Citadel fired a royal salute, and the infantry were paraded as usual.

Mass was celebrated with great pomp in the Parish Church of this City, by the Reverend Mr. Signay, Curé of Quebec, to a numerous and respectable congregation of English Catholics. The Band of the 68th regiment attended on the occasion. We particularly notice this occurrence, as we have been given to understand that this is the first time the Festival of the Tutelar Saint of England has been so observed in Canada.

A large party was entertained at the Chateau by His Excellency, and the King's health was drank with loud acclamations, followed by *God save the King*, in English and French; and in the evening there was a splendid ball and supper in the Union Hotel, under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor in Chief and the Countess of Dalhousie.

The first boat arrived on the 3d, from near Three-Rivers, up to which place the river was open.

We regret to learn that a Melancholy Accident happened yesterday morning, occasioned by the upsetting of a Bateau from St. Nicholas, by which no less than eight persons met an untimely death. An Emigrant family from Saint Giles are amongst the sufferers, and some of the individuals have left heavy families to lament their fate. The Bateau belonged to a person named Plante of St. Nicholas, who was on board. This distressing calamity is said to have arisen from the unskilful manner in which two bullocks, on board, were tied: one of the animals got loose and upset the boat. The carcasses of the animals and the boat have been found.

A subscription is to be immediately entered into in these Provinces to remit a sum of money in addition to the fund at home for the purpose of erecting a public monument to the late Earl of Hopetoun. There can be no doubt but that this opportunity of marking the estimation in which was held the late Colonel of the 42d. will be cheerfully embraced.

By a Proclamation signed by His Excellency the Governor in Chief, and dated the 18th inst. the Provincial Parliament of Lower-Canada is further prorogued to the 15th of June next. The term at which the four years of this Parliament expire and new elections must be held, as we believe, during the month of August next.

The Lake ice made its appearance on the 15th, it has now all passed and the river is perfectly open.

Fire.—The extraordinary vessel, as regards her size, now building at the Island Orleans caught fire during the night, and it is said nearly forty feet of her length were consumed commencing from the bow. It appears that a fire had been made to dry the vessel.

GRAND MILITARY FETE TO THE COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE.—On the evening of the 19th, Colonel Johnstone and the officers of the 68th Light Infantry, stationed in this Garrison, entertained the Earl and Countess of Dalhousie, and a numerous party of the fashionable circles of Quebec, at a splendid Ball and Supper given in honor of her Ladyship, to whose hospitable attentions the society has been so much indebted for promoting that round of amusement and gaiety which has so particularly characterised the past winter.

Upper-Canada.

KINGSTON.

From the following census it appears that the county of Frontenac must, according to law, be represented in Parliament by two Members.

Inhabitants in the Township of Kingston, 1904—do. in Pittsburgh, 957—do. in Lobborough, 689—do. in Portland, 255—do. Wolfe and Simcoe Islands, 196—Total 4,151.—do. in the town of Kingston, which sends one Member to Parliament 2,849.—Total number of inhabitants in the county of Frontenac, 7,000.

FIRE.—On the morning of the 13th, about two o'clock, the stable situated in the rear of that brick house in Barrack street, occupied by Major Schoedde and Captain Pearce of the 60th Regiment, was discovered to be on fire. An adjoining house containing materials for the erection of a new frame house, together with an adjacent range of old buildings, formerly occupied as barracks, the property of Mr. James Meagher, were totally consumed by the destructive element. Five families were in possession of the latter premises, when the accident happened. The ravages of the fire would have been much more extensive, but for the extreme calmness of the morning.

It is with regret we state that ten fine dogs, belonging to Major Schoedde and Captain Pearce, which were kept in the stable, perished in the flames.

Died.—On Thursday the 25th, the wife of Darius Smith, of the Township of Kingston, Upper-Canada, aged 52 years.

YORK.

The foundation Stone of the new Gaol in this city was laid on the 24th, His Excellency the Lieut. Governor Sir Peregrine Maitland and Staff, along with the members of the Executive Council, Judges and Gentlemen of the Bar, with the Magistrates and a numerous assembly of Gentlemen were present on the occasion. A Sovereign and Half Sovereign of gold, and several coins of silver and copper, of the present Reign, together with some newspapers and other memorials of the present day, were deposited in a cavity of the stone, over which, a plate of copper, bearing an appropriate inscription, was placed; and, after His Excellency had given the first blow, with a hammer handed to him for the purpose, the ceremony concluded with several hearty cheers from all who were present.

Army Intelligence.

QUEBEC, MARCH 29.

A Court Martial was held in August last in this garrison on Lieutenant Colonel Burer, of the 37th foot, stationed here, upon charges preferred by Lieutenant and Adjutant Lang of the same Regiment. The Trial occupied several days, and created a good deal of interest at the time. The English January mail has brought out the decision of His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, which was sanctioned by His Majesty.

We understand that the proceedings of the Court are somewhat censured. Its sentence was that Lieut. Col. Burer should be publicly and severely reprimanded. His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief has obtained His Majesty's sanction among others to the following Remarks, which are given in substance. Thus it would appear that the only charge of six in number, noticed by the Court as not being trivial or ill sustained, the Court have proceeded to conviction upon testimony by no means free from suspicion and have passed a sentence which could only be justified by the most unbiassed evidence."

"His Majesty perceives with regret that Lieut. Col. Burer's language towards the officers must have been hasty and offensive, but not such as to justify the sentence of the Court; on the other hand, the language in the wording of the charges is so over-charged and there is such an occurrence of frivolous matter that they must be viewed as betraying a malicious spirit on the part of the prosecutor."

"Upon these grounds he has to recommend to His Majesty, that Lieutenant and Adjutant Lang be placed on half pay, three months after the receipt of this in the Colony."

The detachment of the Royal Artillery under Captain Cruttenden, has been removed from the Garrison of St. Helens to Quebec, and replaced by another detachment under the command of Major Wallace.

GENERAL ORDER.

Head-Quarters, Quebec, 24th April, 1824.

The formation and appearance of the troops in Garrison yesterday, in honour of His Majesty's birth day, call upon the Commander of the Forces to express in General Orders his unqualified approbation to all officers commanding.

His Excellency feels it incumbent upon him to notice in a particular manner—the Volunteer Troop of Quebec Cavalry, commanded by Major Bell—the Artillery company by Lieutenant Cringan—the Rifle company, by Captain Dunn—the Grenadiers and Light Infantry of the 8th Battalion of Quebec Militia by Captains Cary and Melvin, respectively—their appearance in line with His Majesty's Troops, completely drilled, and admirably appointed during the three last months, bore ample testimony of their zeal and spirit.

The Governor in Chief is delighted to see such Corps forming in the cities of this Province—they do honor to the country—they do honor to those who have stepped forward and shewn the good example to young men—they unite all classes of Society—and lead to general happiness. These are the motives of the Governor-in-Chief in promoting and encouraging the volunteer Corps—and His Excellency has peculiar pleasure in offering this record of His approbation and thanks to the officers above named.

By Command of His Lordship the Governor-in-Chief,
and Commander of the Forces.

(Signed,)

J. HARVEY, D. A. G.

War-Office, Feb. 13th, 1824.

63d Regt.——Mackworth, gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Hart, appointed to the 18th Light Dragoons, dated as above.

7th ditto, J. Faincombe to be Captain, by purchase, vice Hamilton, who retires, dated as above. Ensign E. K. Champion, to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Faincombe; and F. Car, gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Champion, both dated as above.

Provincial Appointments, (By His Excellency the Governor in Chief.)

Cambell Sweeny, Esquire, to be Inspector of Pot and Pearl Ashes for the City of Montreal.—Charles Fremont, Esq. to be do. do.—Jean Bouthillier, Esq. to be do. do.—Louis Lamontagne, Gentlemen, to be do. do.—Pierre Paul Demaray to be a Notary Public for the Province of Lower-Canada.—Pierre Louis Le Tourneux, Esq. to practice the Law in all His Majesty's Courts of Justice in this Province.