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LORD BYRON.

SUBSEQUENT to the death of Lord Byron, a few incidents have occurred, connected with his name and character, which it may not be uninteresting or unimportant to notice, in a more connected manner than they have yet appeared. The subject treated of, almost ensures interest; and as to importance, a lesson may be easily gleaned from these scraps of the great bard's history, second to no biographical moral of the present century.

Let us for a moment revert to his obsequies, and enquire, at this common period for pageantry, what honour was paid him when dead, whom rank and genius had so dignified while living? We know that with the breath of life, enmity generally evaporates. Envy sees nothing which it would fain rob the pale corpse of, to apply to its own use—Hate is disarmed by the passive submission and silence of its victim—Rivalry, eager to earn a cheap character of benevolence is willing to do honour when the competition is closed for ever—Love and Friendship are strengthened, their object demands their commiseration and care, and is about leaving them never to return. At this period then for even officious sympathy, what attention was paid Byron's remains? We get the following as authentic on the subject:—

“Three plain carriages, without coronet or show, accompanied the poet's bier; and even of these one was occupied by the undertaker's men; a small band of literary men, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, and one or two others were in addition to Hobhouse, the only mourners.

“Their celebrity, however, compensated for the smallness of their numbers; they were worthy to accompany Byron on his last Journey; but at the first inn on the northern road, where you change horses, the poets abandoned the remains of their illustrious brother, to go to dine and sleep comfortably in town. From London to Newstead the body of Byron travelled without attendance, without a friend, save his faithful valet—it was abandoned to the mercenary care of those who are hired for such ceremonies. Hobhouse alone came to Nottingham by the coach; he arrived in time to see the remains of his friend united to those

of his ancestors—the day warm, the roads suffocating from dust; the peasantry crowded to see the funeral of the last of their feudal Lords; but the posterity of the Byron's vassals shewed no sign of gratitude or attachment. Byron expended his income far from his chateau, and had sold his domains to a stranger. No voice, accordingly, saluted him; “*no one cried God bless him.*” One of the greatest geniuses of modern times passed to his grave almost without one friend, or a single tear.

“The vault was opened; the coffin was lowered into it. There was no place left unoccupied in the last narrow resting-place of the Byrons; he himself had remarked that this circumstance was prophetic, and presaged the extinction of his race. They were accordingly obliged to place the remains of the Poet above the coffin which contained those of his mother; but this last had become rotten from time, and was unable to support the heavy leaden coffin which was laid above it. A crash was heard; one coffin had sunk into the other, and the remains of Byron were united to those of his mother.”

This neglect of Byron's remains seems almost unaccountable—the common meed of genius is, to have intense respect paid the ashes of its possessor, no matter how neglected the living frame might have been. Sheridan's hearse had its train of Princes—Burns, the ploughman and exciseman of Dumfries was followed to his hillock by a thronged procession of noble and wealthy mourners. Why then was Byron, the child of birth, title and genius, the all-eclipsing bard, the fearless philosopher, the volunteer in a foreign death strife for liberty—why was he scorned of prince and peer—rejected by the multitude—and earthed up as if some groveller had crept from obscurity to the tomb? It could not be because his scepticism hurt the faith, or his licentiousness offended the morals of his compeers—a thousand facts deny this. Perhaps it was partly owing to the independent and isolated stand which he had taken in life—his scorn of mere rank, and his misanthropic contempt for the great world. Whatever was its cause, it presented a humiliating final scene to the romantic drama of his distinguished life.

If there was something prophetic in the want of room in the family vault, whereby, the most renowned, the most noble of the Byrons, was denied space for refuge from an unhappy life—the sinking of that unhonoured corse into the dust of a mother's coffin, was a fit climax to the catastrophe. It seemed the triumph of simple nature, in contradiction to the fiery and supernatural flights which the ethereal occupier of that frame was wont to take; in mockery of the misanthropy, stoicism, and immortal breathings which lately excited that now unexisting dust. Here was the mortal part of her, whose wayward and fierce temper disgusted her own offspring—of her who early made him

flee his paternal hall—and the memory of whose barbed stings years could not obliterate—according to Byron's own account her negligence occasioned a deformity which often gave him intense mortification, and her unfeeling temper upbraided him in after years with those very defects. Yet—her arms were his only final resting place on earth. He had travelled over many lands, impressing each with imperishable records of his powers—but he returned to that breast which nursed him in infancy, and which he loved not—returned, and sank into its embrace, to be no more separated until the great day of the resurrection.

In the crash which denoted the breaking down of the *narrow house*, the matron's dust seemed to say, "Come my son—wild, wayward, and fiery as myself—rejected by the world, forgotten by thy fellows, deserted by the wife of thy bosom—tired of melancholy, of scorn, and of hate—come and rest for ever on thy first pillow. It tortured, but forsook thee not—and as a charmed bird, thy vain flights are now over, and thou quietly nestlest, on what thou didst consider thy bane, and made many efforts to escape. Giaour, Manfred, or Childe Harold—the spirits which thou didst conjure around have forsaken thee!—gone is their agony and their ethereal beauty—and thy mother's mouldering dust is thine unromantic but unpolled bourn."

So lay what was mortal of Byron, in the crowded charnel house. A tedious year rolled over the reposing dust, and no inscription or monument of any kind marked where it lay. It lay alone with its glory, and only marked from the common dust by the imperishable halo of its former name. In 1825 a tablet was erected to his memory by his sister. The public might forget its usual decreeing of monuments to its favourites—Lady Byron might neglect the memorial which common bosoms delight to raise in perpetuation of names which they honour—not so the sister of the deceased. The play of childhood was not so easily forgotten—Errors, and crimes, and glory of after years, could not efface the delicate ties which nature delights to weave for youth. Mature years brought many other ties and propensities and wanderings, still a *brother's* fame, a *brother's* happiness was seen in each—and when he returned to his own vault, and to his mother's breast, a *sister* was the tender reposer of the monument over his ashes. There is a pure living—ing of love—fraught with nature all sparkling, disinterested, and spontaneous, in the fraternal bond; which is, when unwarped by unhappy circumstances, perhaps the greatest glory and delight of our humanity.

The tablet erected to his memory bears the following short but comprehensive inscription:—

Credo Byron.

In the vault beneath,
 Where many of his Ancestors and his mother are buried
 Lie the remains of
 George Gordon Noel Byron,
 Lord Byron, of Rochdale,
 In the County of Lancaster
 The Author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."
 He was born in London,
 Twenty-second of January, 1788 ;
 He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the
 Nineteenth of April, 1824,
 Engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that
 Country to her ancient freedom and independence.
 His sister, the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh,
 Placed this tablet to his memory."

N. B.—In the vault is an urn, thus inscribed:—"Within this urn are deposited the heart and the brains of the deceased Lord Noel Byron."

Such is the landmark over one of the brightest beacons of human history. He "fires not, wins not, weeps not, now," except in his deathless pages—the clay-cold urn can well dissipate the fever of heart and brain. What a host of rushing thoughts must come over the spectator, who gazes on that vase which encloses the once throbbing vehicles of Byron's life and thought! If he could also "remove the skull from out the scattered heaps" how incomparably eloquent would the words appear, which were once moulded in that "distracted globe!"

"Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
 Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of thought, the palace of the soul;
 Behold through each lack lustre, eyeless hole,
 The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
 And passion's host that never brook'd controul;
 Can all, saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?"

What an increase of value does this sublime soliloquy receive, in connection with the once proud brow in which it was formed. The question of "saint, sage, or sophist," gets tenfold interest by such connection; for the supposition of Byron's annihilation, or of his future resurrection, alike involves deep and dark cogitation. The last couplet of this celebrated stanza are perhaps more innocent of scepticism, and more unworthy the foregoing "words which burn," than are generally imagined—for the writings of saint, sage, or sophist are as impotent to tell how that "tower" and "tenement" were built and furnished, as to tell how they may be renovated. Yet, we know that they did exist; and to reproduce, must be as easy to the Supreme Architect, as to originally form; divest this harped-on couplet of its poetry, and it is "a blank my Lord;" but its poetry gives a sad dubious termination, that beautifully suits the thoughts which precede it.

None will be inclined to say that the inscription on Byron's tablet, wants addition—the name "Byron" alone, were almost sufficient epitaph for him who has so impressed his history on all hearts—

"For in it lurks that nameless spell,
That speaks, itself unspeakable!
A spirit yet, unquelled and high,
That claims, and keeps ascendancy."

Some may think that supererogatory and unsuitable accompaniments are added to the bard's tomb. We find that the Sexton of the Church, no doubt willing to immortalize Byron, keeps an album for the use of visitors! In this scrap book of the dead, all pilgrims to the poet's shrine, may insert their verses or names in a sort of conjunction with his fame whom they affect to honour—of course names and verses are not a few. This common-place and familiar toying with departed greatness, seems rather a mockery of the proud dark spirit to which such is offered. Silence, and gloom, and even horror, might be fit ministers around the tomb of the stern bard; but the garrulous sexton, and the neatly bound album, appear to exclaim, "how are the mighty fallen!" When we can, let us instead of depreciating, endeavour to enhance the value of what cannot be mended—and perhaps on a second view of the album, this hoarding together of atoms of men's minds, may not be so vulgar and fleeting as at first sight we were inclined to consider it. Like the mound of stones on the wilderness grave, formed by each traveller casting one, it may outlive more laboured monuments. When the creations of the chissel fade from the marble, and the shrine which enclosed them falls "loud thundering to the moon," hiding all below in shapeless ruin—the mound has but collected its moss and wild flower—the germs of pine and oak begin to show themselves through the interstices—and it prepares to put on a form durable as the earth. So in some future years, these ten thousand pæans to Byron, may become a monument of feelings, durable as the Press can make it, not altogether unworthy the subject, from the worth of the intent. Mr. Bowring, Thomas Moore, the Duke of Sussex, and many unknown names, which are divided in life as the east is from the west, have already united their mites in this treasury of the grave. Dublin, London, Baltimore, Calcutta, Prussia, are severally attached, as places of residence, to names in the album; and it is no despicable proof of how wide and vivifying may be the rays from one master mind—and what a centre of attraction it may become to the scattered atoms of universal intellect.

In this blank repose lay Byron—the stars which he had eclipsed, again shot forth their rays; and there were not wanted many meteors of the bog, which flitted, cackling their venom, round the hushed sphere of the late luminary. Detractors were not a few, and the dead giant offered a noble stage for the strut of pig-

mies, to whom one glance of his eye, were death; and who could no more take in his proportions in their judgment, than they could grasp creation. About five years after his death, Moore, his friend, and almost fellow, published his "Life of Lord Byron." Here was another bone of contention, with the bard's grave, as an arena for the combatants. Moore attempted to soften down Byron's conduct at that miserable epoch of his life—his departure from Lady Byron—and such softening could not be allowed by the too fastidious and vengeful survivors. There was some partiality exhibited for the dead, in those passages—but who came forward to challenge the feeling, and to tear the veil from infirmities, which the grave was fast hiding for ever? Alas! not those who had before vilified because it was their vocation—and who, reptile like, had fed on that fair mountain, anxious to turn all its plants to nightshade and hellebore—no—Lady Byron now becomes the opponent of her Lord's apologist! Former traducers were dull, droning, and despised—she comes coolly systematic, and to the point; and with legal advice and vouchers; with dates for the sceptical, and dark allusions for the credulous—she demurely blasts her departed husband's character. From a letter of her's on the subject, published in the *New Monthly and London Magazine*, we have the following passages:—

"It has been argued, that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony; that feelings incompatible with any deep sense of injury had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by persuasion and interference, when I was under the roof of my parents. These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation. * * The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron, by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind as to the reality of the alleged disease; and the reports of his medical attendant were far from establishing the existence of any thing like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. * * * Being convinced by the result of these inquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorize such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his power."

A letter from Dr. Lushington follows, and states that circumstances first detailed to him respecting Lord Byron, would justify a separation, but did not render such a step indispensable—but after conferences with Lady Byron, he says—"On receiving this additional information my opinion was entirely changed; I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion,

and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it." * *

Lady Byron concludes her letter, vindicating her father and mother, and soliciting from the readers of Lord Byron's life, an impartial consideration of the testimony extorted from her. A London periodical thus notices this letter :—

"Her ladyship's remonstrance is liable to two objections. First, that it ought to have been made some years ago, during the life time of Lord Byron, when these reports touching her ladyship and her family, were not only currently reported in the newspapers, but actually sanctioned by his lordship; and when the individual, whose memory is now defamed by her ladyship, was alive to meet the charges, which no sufficient testimony can now be gathered to repel; second, that the imputations thrown out by her ladyship are left ingeniously undefined, no specific guilt being stated, so that the public, always well disposed to acknowledge any compliment paid to its talent for invention, may construe them into any monstrous and convenient slanders it pleases. The cunning fortune teller in the play, fearful to commit herself, looks into the palm of a hand and shakes her head. The shake of the head is translateable at will into whatever the fool who believes it chooses to desire; so is Lady Byron's dark hint; and we are mistaken, if the malicious portion of society will not augur worse from it than ever her ladyship intended. For her own sake she should be explicit. There are many who, like us, will only place confidence in that which is clear and candid. She has nobody to spare, or she should have spared her husband."

Blackwood's Magazine and other periodicals are not slow in giving expression to public surprise and disgust at this appearance of Lady Byron. Byron was always sensitively careful of her ladyship's fame—taking the blame of untoward circumstances on himself, and declaring her amiable, bright and good. Five years after his decease, on account of some colouring in favour of her Lord, Lady Byron forgetting or despising the usual ties of nature, and unpropitiated by the grave, dips her shaft in cunning poison, and with a reckless hand, plunges it into her husband's character, saying to the ears of the world, "down down to hell, and say I sent thee there." Apalling as the prophesy seemed, which Byron addressed to "Ada sole daughter of his house and heart"—time has shewn that it was not an idle one. Already has "dull hate" been taught his child—his name has been made "a spell still fraught with desolation"—and no doubt, "to drain his blood from out her being were an aim, and an attainment"—else would the grave be allowed to hide her father's errors—and despite a little partiality shown his memory by his friend, cruel inuendoes on his character would have been spared.

The prophecy seems all to have been fulfilled; Lady Byron's letter, at least, gives the appalling lesson to her child with fearful accuracy.

In all this we have most striking specimens of the awful moral which Byron's history gives to his generation. Birth, title, fortune, beauty, genius, bravery, and fame, were his; yet with all those chief goods of the world, his life was unhappy, his death unhonoured, and his memory is wounded by his nearest relative. In lines, of which Byron is the theme, Pollok well says--

“ Proof this, beyond all lingering of doubt,
That not with natural or mental wealth,
Was God delighted, or his peace secured;
That not in natural or mental wealth,
Was human happiness or grandeur found.”

That Lady Byron's remonstrance might be better brought out, Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, and Editor of the *New Monthly*, accompanies it with a letter from himself. From this long article, in which not much is said, we give the following paragraphs:--

“ She brought to Lord Byron, beauty, manners, fortune, meekness, romantic affection, and every thing that ought to have made her to the most transcendant man of genius—*had he been what he should have been*—his pride and his idol.

* * * “ Her manner, I have no hesitation to say, is cool at the first interview, but it is modestly, and not insolently cool: she contracted it, I believe, from being exposed by her beauty and large fortune in youth, to numbers of suitors, whom she could otherwise kept at a distance. But this manner could not have had influence with Lord Byron, for it vanished on nearer acquaintance, and has no origin in coldness. * * *

“ The true way of bringing off Lord Byron from this question of his conjugal unhappiness, would be his own way, namely, to acknowledge frankly his one (and perhaps, the only one) great error of his life. Acknowledge it, and, after all, what a space is still in our minds for allowance and charity, and even admiration of him! All men, as they are frail and fallible beings, are concerned in palliating his fault—to a certain degree, they are concerned; though if you reduce the standard of duty too low, the meanest man may justly refuse to sympathize with your apology for a bad husband, and disdain to take the benefit of an insolvent act in favour of debtors to morality. But pay the due homage to moral principle, frankly own that the child of genius is, in this particular, not to be defended—abstain from absolving Byron on false grounds, and you will do him more good than by idle attempts at justification.

“ You said, Mr. Moore, that Lady Byron was unsuitable to her Lord—the word is cunningly insidious, and may mean as much or as little as may suit your convenience. But if she was unsuitable, I remark that it tells all the worse against Lord Byron.

I have not read it in your book, for I hate to wade through it; but they tell me, that you have not only warily depreciated Lady Byron, but that you have described a lady that would have suited him. If this be true, it is the unkindest cut of all—to hold up a florid description of a woman suitable to Lord Byron, as if in mockery over the forlorn flower of Virtue, that was drooping in the solitude of sorrow. But I trust there is no such passage in your book. Surely you must be conscious of your woman, with her “*virtue loose about her, who would have suited Lord Byron,*” to be as imaginary a being as the woman without a head. A woman to suit Lord Byron!!!—Poo! poo! I could paint to you the woman that could have *matched* him, if I had not bargained to say as little as possible against him.”

These extracts seem the pith of a letter which has made some noise in the literary world, and although they by no means extenuate Lady Byron’s culpability in publishing a disingenuous, dark letter, relating to her husband’s character, five years after his decease—yet they may imply good reasons for her separation from him—and good reasons why Byron, when made the subject of discussion, should not be absolved from a certain degree of bold censure.

If according to the first of these paragraphs from Campbell’s letter—Lady Byron brought manners, fortune, meekness, affection, and every thing that ought to have made her the pride and idol of a husband, to Lord Byron—most assuredly she was miserably recompensed, and found little if any thing corresponding to her own qualities in her husband. According to traits of Byron’s character *at this time*, as given by Moore, it is not too much to say, that he was vulgar, coarse, and callous to a disgusting degree. He had been basking in all the hot bed effluvia of that Augean stable, “*high life in London,*” until he seemed to have no healthy manly spots about him. His mind seemed to have been fully charged with a mass of low licentious sentiments, amid which, with a most paltry pride, he was careful that nothing domestic or delicate should appear. His proposal of marriage to Miss Milbanke, seemed the result of mere trafficking calculations; it was coarsely canvassed between him and some third person, and the letter which was intended to cruelly deceive the Lady by glowing language, and which demanded her hand and heart, was sent because this third person declared “*I never read a prettier one.*” After his acceptance, we find nothing of the man or of the husband coming over his froathy conduct; this would perhaps be inconsistent with his high life, and exclusive world, but we find, as principal incidents in the romantic interval between courtship and marriage, poor mawkish witless questions about *black and blue coats*. He writes to one friend, “*I must not marry in a black coat they tell me, and I can’t bear a blue one.*”—to another, “*They say one should not be married in a black coat. I won’t have a blue one—that’s flat—I hate it.*”

This was miserable stuff for Byron to be bandying about! were we to judge charitably, we might say, that fearful of appearing manly and delicate amid a world of puppyism—he affected an extreme of carelessness and coarseness which he did not feel. A week after his marriage he writes to Moore, “we must present our women to one another.” In another week he talks of the “chaste mysteries of Hymen—*damn the word*,” and in another fortnight he says “the treacle moon is over.” What a disgusting picture do those expressed feelings convey of a man, to whom a beautiful accomplished and amiable woman had been just united. Were Byron sincere in his scorn of the delicate social tempers and manners, well indeed was he repaid by the desertion of those feelings, and by the desertion of those who valued them; until howling to the mountains and the thunder, he complained of the world which he affected to despise; and turning his back on his fellow men, endeavoured to fill the void within by unearthly creations, which preyed like vultures on his own heart. When his treacle was turned into gall—and when affliction banished the dandy and called home the man to his bosom—he found the frothy world which he so ape’d, loudest in the clamour against its degraded idol. Indecorous as that world might be itself, abstract virtue is so commanding in the eyes of all, that vice was hissed from the stage when personified by those who were expected to direct, or to index the public propriety and morals. Whatever Byron’s private faults, or fault may have been, this sacrifice of love, religion, home and happiness, to the mawkish trash of the sceptic, and the man-of-fashion—this practised unmanly coldness to the amiable and endearing affections, seems “the great error of his life” alluded to by Campbell; and we may easily imagine many things naturally following the published “treacle moon,” putting great crimes out of the question, which would induce an elegant and good woman to yearn for release from the disgusting captivity of his house and company.

Providence seems to have wisely ordered, that in the manner we sin, we are punished—this fine-world sordidness of Byron, was punished keenly and perhaps cruelly by the fine world—and his indelicate treatment of Lady Byron, made foes of his own household. It gave him to exile, misanthropy, and consequent misery—stamped “decline upon his brow,” and gave the “mind’s convulsion” its worm—and years after his decease it arises like an unappeased ghost, to tear bandages aside which a friend would fain apply to the wounds of his character. When a broad view is taken of circumstances and occurrences, we are inclined in the present case, to agree with the Poet, “Whatever is, is right,” although the isolated event seems extremely evil.

In remarks such as we have allowed ourselves on Lord Byron, it were well to carefully discriminate between the man and his errors. Of distinct sketches of character we may think hardly, and reprobate bad habits, abstractedly considered; although

thousand other matters of undeniable nobility and greatness, would induce the tongue to grow wanton in praise of our subject. Indiscriminate approval of one, whose life is before the public, is in degree bad, as is indiscriminate censure. The dead should rest in peace—when that may not be, impartial justice should scan the character under consideration. Byron, perhaps, as we mention—still, when the offences are brought forward, reprobation should follow. Nature's moral laws are eternal—conscience matured by education and observation, is the judge of those laws—they may not be infringed on with impunity by any, however exalted in other respects—to drag infringements to the public bar, is not always necessary or proper—to firmly call them infringements, when they are there, is always a duty. We set out in these remarks by saying that Byron's history afforded an impressive moral to the generation in which he lived. In it we see demonstrated, that all the possible advantages which birth, fortune and genius, give to life, without propriety and virtue, tend but little to bestow "happiness, our being's end and aim." Few will dispute, that many a man of humble life, who went forth to his work in the morning, alive to the simple language of nature and religion—and who returned in the evening, as the linnet to its nest, to his garden and hearth, and expecting family—was happier, and even more dignified, than the spoiled child of fortune, and of mental power. Look at the placid evening of life experienced by the one; his burial amid the flowers of the little church yard, which his own hand had helped to embellish; his quiet repose there, waiting a joyful resurrection, with "his grand children's tears for epitaph"—and behold the wasted energies of the other, before half his days are past; his reckless dying hour; his ominously silent funeral, in the dark crowded charnel house; the controversy over his character; and the nearest relative who points the finger of public contempt at him who lies in cold obstruction. Without taking any more extended view, the moral of the picture strikes at once—it is pregnant with advice and warning—encourages the humble, and deters the proud and unfeeling.

The friends of Byron at the present time demand loudly, an explanation of Lady Byron's letter. A man such as Byron, who devoted his life to literature, whose poetical sentiments are general as the air, and who has lived, like a comet, in the public gaze—becomes identified with the public mind, and, as it were, a species of public property. We hope any future investigation will tend rather to redeem than injure his moral character. In the mean time, morals require, that genius, bravery, or love of general liberty, should not compensate for the more retired virtues—and when the retired walks of a great man's life are canvassed, the mention and support of this truth becomes necessary.

SEA SKETCHES.

No. 2.--*The Nautilus*

[FOR THE HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

THE landsman, who occasionally traverses the wide field of Ocean, sees few minute objects in his path so interesting as the Nautilus. It seems a specimen of natural history, which links the finny with the winged tribes; and either mimicks the inventions of man, or is the prototype of his "sea girt citadels," his "white sail'd ships." When the tall ship is pursuing a steady course on the mid-atlantic, the gazer who reclines over the bulwark, watching his vessel's course, is frequently gratified by the appearance of those minute mariners. They seem to imitate the splendor as well as the movements of the ship, and drive as fearlessly over the mighty deep, as the thunder armed leviathans of Great Britain. The size of this beautiful marine animal seems but a few inches on its different surfaces--the part resting in the water, is skiff shaped--from which it may be plainly seen to shoot up fan like membranes; from these other compartments unfurl, and catching the breeze, all fill like a perfect little sail, and bear the hull onward with considerable rapidity. They frequently seem to perform the evolutions of tacking, by rapidly shifting the position of their sails; and as far as could be ascertained, on rather a distant examination, had much perfection in locomotive power. Independent of the very curious structure and movements of those fairy ships, their appearance is very attractive. Their sails and hull seem to have a crystalline transparency, through which most lovely shades of purple float; changing according to position. from the delicate violet to the deep ardent crimson. I was not aware that they possessed the usual organs of insect tribes, that they had perception, and volition, until I was convinced by an experiment--I rather thought that they were of the species of star fish, and those other passive tribes, which seem more like ocean funguses possessed of peculiar vegetable life, than animals. I conjectured that the movement of their sails, might be the mere action of the air on very delicate membranes, and that, the Nautilus were more like beauteous weeds

Flung from the rock, on ocean foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail,

than actual navigators. With these depreciatory ideas of the animation and mechanism of the nautilus, I had no conception of its possessing pugnacious qualities, or that it could defend or attack as occasion might require. The sailor, I knew, called the little fairy skiff a "Portuguese man-of-war," and I supposed the term vague, or applied in ridicule. But, an experiment, as I

said, altered all my previous notions respecting this little wanderer of ocean, and gave me sufficient demonstration of its innate freedom and power.

Our vessel was becalmed or nearly so, the breathing of a gentle air was scarcely visible on the top gallant sails, and the bottom of the great deep was as unmoved and as glassy as though it were the lake of some sheltered woodland. A beautiful Nautilus drifted slowly by us, affording fine contrast in its silken wings and glassy frame, to the rough dark and cumbrous vessel beneath which it floated. Catching a breath which would be unfelt by any thing less delicate, and bent on a different course from ours, it passed slowly under our quarter, and was already a few yards astern, when a hand lowered himself from a rope ladder, thrown over our stern bulwark, and stretched after the little "Portuguese man-of-war." The fellow who thus went to capture the beautiful little vessel, was evidently a fresh water sailor, a lazy lounging fellow, who had "paddlet in the burn" with a better will than ever he ploughed the salt sea; yet his descent into the cool green water, which sparkled 'neath a lovely azure sky, was far from being an ungraceful picture, or one which wanted proper contrast and richness of colouring. The Captain who had induced him to the attempt, and a few passengers, stood looking over the bulwarks, smiling—while a group of real tars, grinned out incredulously and with a knowing leer, the meaning of which I had yet to understand. Jack neared the chace, and threw out his hand to grapple—the Nautilus seem'd undisturbed, it evidently was not captured; and Jack turning sharply away, made for the vessel, allowing his antagonist to go off with indeed flying colours. The latter held on its glorious way sublimely, notwithstanding its minuteness, and Jack pulled hard for the vessel, although repeatedly called on to seize and bring aboard the "Portugee." Quickly as his lubber habits would permit, he clambered up the side, and with a most woful countenance upbraided those who had urged him to his late enterprize. The hand and arm which attempted the capture of the Nautilus, was covered with a bright slime, and was becoming in appearance as if it were severely scalded. By the time his clothes were shuffled on, he was groaning in agony, and was soon stretched on the arm chest, his offending member, one appalling blotch of white blisters, and, he roaring aloud with excessive pain, calling on his friends for assistance, denying that he had committed any sins worthy of such punishment, and acting in all respects like a man enfrenzied with suffering. After the application of emolients, an hour elapsed before the symptoms of his disorder abated, and at length he was stowed away in his berth, resting his exhausted powers after the engagement and its consequences. The sailors were not wanting in their taunts at Jack's ignorance, and at his temerity in attempting to take a "Portugee man-of-war" single handed—and the

incident helped to fill up the vacuity which a calm on mid ocean generally creates.

To me it was a very interesting incident, illustrating most forcibly a portion of natural history. The little voyager which seemed born of the ocean foam, had not only a hull for swimming, and sails for motion, but had also a pigmy artillery of immense power, compared with its size and appearance. A being ten thousand times its weight attempted to take it prisoner, and with one ejection from its ordnance, the enemy had to retreat, covered with wounds and disgrace. Its fearless navigation of the awful surface of ocean, its delicate management of its beauteous sails, and its warlike opposition to aggression, made it an exceedingly interesting specimen of animal creation. I imagined, where was its possible harbour? did it ever anchor in some little fairy bay of the isles of the deep? or did it drive on amid the deserts of ocean, seeking no land, and from its creation to its death, an inhabitant of the billowy solitude? My inquiries were in vain—but they directed me to that Being who can give such sublimity to minute objects, and to waste places; and who, perfect in all his works, is as wonderful in an insect as in a world—and who, exuberant in loveliness, seems to scatter his choicest gems, farthest from the gaping ignoble crowds of earth.

THE SOLITARY BOAT.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

*Lo! undulating swells swept proudly by,
 Portending coming storm, and on the breast
 Of the most haughty, sat a lonely boat.
 Its dark death-bounded boards contained but one
 Intrepid mariner, whose eloquent eye
 Was bold—yet glanc'd around most anxiously.
 Appalling company, that wanderer has;
 The tyrant swell which mocks his strength and skill—
 The filthy sea bird glim'ring o'er the deep—
 Are his sole mates. The weakest rudest arm,
 Of his own nature, now, were link to earth,
 Happy to feel—amid the thick'ning gloom.
 But no, the mocking wave, the sporting scud,
 The screaming petrell, and the straining boat,
 Are the sole objects for his throbbing eye.*

Oh ! earth, earth, earth, with garden, green and bower,
Thronged cities, and ten thousand cheerful hearths !
Friends, fellows, love—farewell. This frantic squall,
Bends the weak mast, and sends the quivering skiff—
Like fire flash o'er the brine—more savage still,
Drenches her canvas, thunders o'er her side,
And whelming—sends her down to coral realms !
Another moment—and amid the foam,
Which hisses round like adders, floats the long
Dark raven locks of the intrepid man !
Louder the billow moans ; the ominous bird
Audacious, glideth nearer, and its scream
Seems the triumphing of some vampire fiend ;
The Heavens look blacker—but on one small spot,
Of cool calm azure—like a pitying glance
Of seraph hope—the dying sailor gazed,
Thought a deep prayer, and gazing sternly went,
Slowly, un murmuring down to watery grave.

LINES

Written in an Album at the request of a Lady, on the eve of
departure for Bermuda.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

O BID not my pen to write "farewell !"
'Tis a word of joyless sound,
Not a ray of mirth nor a charm can dwell,
Where'er this word may be found.

A Mother I've seen o'er her dying child,
While the fast tears of sorrow fell,
Breathe o'er its lov'd form in accents wild,
A long heart aching farewell !

At a Father's death-bed by religion cheer'd,
I've seen like a mystic spell,
An only son kneel while the last sound heard
Was the gloomy and sad farewell !

And the Wife of one both youthful and lov'd,
 I've heard to her husband tell
 (And the pallid lips they were scarcely mov'd)
 "I die, while I lisp farewell!"

A youth I knew once—a Soldier brave,
 Who joyously bade home farewell,
 But the glory of war his life could not save,—
 In battle he gallantly fell.

I've watch'd the deck of a shipwreck'd Barge,
 When the gale blew a mournful knell;
 And as friend from friend was torn by each surge
 Werè sigh'd forth a last farewell!

Then how can I use a phrase that's so drear?
 Or its gloomiest features tell—
 For even in parting I'd mingle some cheer
 That's ne'er to be found in "farewell."

But when you proud ship shall spread her white sails,
 I'll not say farewell to you;
 But while wishing you safe to Bermuda's Isles,
 I'll breathe a sincere Adieu!

August 3, 1830.

J. L. S.

NOTICES OF NOVA SCOTIA.

A LATE number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which is a leading London periodical, contains a critical notice of "Moorsom's letters from Nova Scotia." As editors and critics must know every thing, the *New Monthly Critic* pretends to be a very good judge of his subject, praises Captain Moorsom's book as *being full and competent* on Nova Scotia concerns—and proceeds, out of exuberant charity, to give some information of his own, respecting the Province. He gravely tells his readers, that between Halifax and Windsor, a Canal bisecting the colony, is nearly completed!—This will enable our readers to judge of the value of such a critical notice, and to smile at the ignorance and impudence which is so often applied at a distance to Colonial subjects. We need not tell our readers, that they must be satisfied with a Stage Coach to Windsor instead of a Canal—and that the Canal which is to give Halifax a water communication to the Basin of Mines, connects with the eastern extremity of that piece of

water—while Windsor river empties itself into the western extremity. Also, from Halifax harbour to Windsor is but forty five miles; while the Canal, connected with the lakes and Shubenacadie river, will give a water passage of about eighty miles.

As another specimen of what no doubt passes for gospel at home, the same critic observes, that Indians and Negroes, are miserable and idle, and that “many of the Irish are not in a much better state; in 1827, four hundred and sixty were rescued from actual starvation by grants from the treasury!” We need not at all say, that the charge of misery and idleness here placed to Irish settlers, is false, as words can make it. Misery and idleness may be found among Irish settlers, as well as among other classes in Nova Scotia, but the critic’s implication is quite different, and alludes to the Irish in a body as to Negroes and Indians. Perhaps the libelling driveller would not wish to be informed, that instead of misery and idleness, the Irish settlers are not behind any other class in the Province for industry, and for the comparative happiness of humble independence. As to the Treasury grant to prevent starvation—the circumstance to which this sentence must allude, could not be charged on Nova Scotia, or Irishmen—but on the institutions of the Old Country, and on Emigration. In 1827, a number of emigrants who were induced to leave the ills they knew, for others which they knew not of, arrived at Halifax. To facilitate the transportation of the “bold peasantry,” and to benefit “shipping interests,” all regulations were removed from passenger vessels. In consequence, owners and charterers of vessels caring as little about human life or happiness, as their betters, deceived passengers into holds, crowded to suffocation, filthy and oppressive as those of slave ships—in the same spirit, Doctor and Medicine chest were voted useless; and after provision for the cabin and crew, very little care was taken what kind of water was procured for the passengers, or into what it was stowed. Empty oil casks were in some cases the receptacles, and the filthy composition which they contained, and which was called water, was doled out as if it were nectar—the entreaties of sickness or childhood being vain to procure a second draught. A passage of seven weeks under those circumstances was a noble nursery for disease and death, and both accordingly appeared at sea, and after the vessels had arrived at Halifax. Men well known to be able, active, industrious and intelligent, with, in some cases, their wives and little ones, were thus, debilitated and sick, rendered objects for public commiseration. If “grants from the Treasury” were not given, private grants and attention were bestowed to these victims of want and sickness in a manner characteristic of Nova-Scotia hospitality.

But is it a fair inference for the critic to draw, that because a few sick and dying emigrants were relieved, the Irish in Nova Scotia are miserable and idle?—It may be asked, if ignorance

and impudence dictated such assertions—is there any excuse why such ignorance should exist? We answer that we know of no authority altogether sufficient on such subjects. Moorsom's vague and in some instances pultry book, is a miserable reference—Haliburton's partially valuable history of the Province, is at fault in many matters. For instance, in the case under consideration, he says that, an hospital was erected for the sick emigrants—the fact is, that a tent in the poor house yard was the only shelter erected, for their use; the principal part of the sick being humanely accommodated in the poor house, and in an old barn about a mile distant from town. Again, he says that in consequence of sickness brought by the emigrants, eight hundred and eleven deaths occurred at Halifax, between Dec. 1826, and October, 1827. He might as well have charged the unfortunate strangers with setting the Liffy on fire. It is well known that many cases of small pox and fever occurred at Halifax then, as at other periods, which could not be at all traced to proceed from connection with emigrants—also, it was for reasons connected with the climate a most sickly period, and one, in which it was particularly noticed, that a much greater than usual number of old and delicate inhabitants died, from pulmonary and other complaints—for the introduction of which he might as well blame the man in the moon, as the emigrants. Yet all the mortality which happened from December to October, is placed to the accounts of the vessels which arrived in July !!

Grants from the Treasury, to prevent starvation, to which the sagacious critic of the New Monthly alludes, belongs, we imagine, to a different affair. In 1828, a grant was proposed and at once acquiesced in by the House of Assembly and Council, of £500 to Scotch Emigrants in the Island of Cape Breton, to keep them from want and starvation during the winter and spring. This, most likely is the circumstance on which the critic builds the misery and idleness of the Irish in Nova Scotia!

These and many other similar arguments, ought to strongly induce Nova Scotians, adopted and Native, to KNOW THEMSELVES, at least, and by degrees they will be easily enabled to impart knowledge of themselves to others.

THE RAMBLER.

No. 1—*The Coronation.*

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

I HAVE often remarked, that in events which have been described with greatest accuracy, and on which torrents of words have been expended, many incidents the most interesting to in-

Individual spectators have been altogether omitted. Opticians, I believe, say, that no two persons see the same rainbow—the least difference of position occasions the creation of a separate phenomenon; that beautiful appearance being formed by peculiar refractions of the rays of light, which flow to the eye of each spectator, as to a centre. In earthly events which attract the eye of the multitude, all accidents, circumstances, and opportunities, cannot be enjoyed in the aggregate; and sometimes each spectator enjoys his own version of what seems common property.

Notwithstanding the very prolix accounts, the books which have been written, the plates which have been cut, and the pictures which have been painted, connected with the coronation of George the Fourth—one little incident, which has hitherto escaped pen and graver, seems the most romantic of any, which that gorgeous occasion impressed on my mind. The night previous to the coronation, I was enjoying a stroll by gas light, along Whitehall; as I came to the Horse Guards, the gates, leading from St. James's Park, and which affords a passage to the back of Carlton House, flew open, and a coach and four with postillions trotted through. I was attracted by observing several horsemen as attendants on the coach, and on a closer view, the circumstance and its accompaniments were explained in a very romantic manner. It was the King proceeding to the house of the Speaker, where, according to custom, he was to sleep on the night which preceded his coronation. His Majesty was in the carriage, and his attendants were a party of the Oxford blues, habited as Cuirassiers. The athletic proportions of the men and their horses—the gleaming of the lights from their swords, and from the polished steel cuirasses which covered the breast and the back—made their appearance extremely picturesque. This, joined to the knowledge of who the individual was whom they were escorting, and at each side of whose carriage they rode in single file, made the little scene very romantic. I followed the cavalcade—very few, beside myself, were attracted by it, and when it turned from Parliament-street into Palace yard, the whole was in comparative and very pleasing seclusion. A retired part of Parliament street, forms one side of the square called Palace yard—a range of private buildings, terminating in an alley which conducts to Westminster bridge, forms a second side—the third is bounded by the murmuring Thames, which at the time mentioned, reflected vividly the lamps of its bridges and its banks—and the fourth side of the square is formed by buildings connected with the houses of Parliament, by the noble gateway, and towers of Westminster hall, and by a gateway and buildings belonging to the Speaker's residence, and which are continued to the side of the river. Into this square the equipage of George the Fourth rolled, and simple as it was, compared with what it is on state days, the solitary carriage attended only by the brave steel-clad cavalry, appeared to me more noble and beautiful—than Arabian horses,

gilded footmen, flowers and ribbons, could make a procession. The cavalcade approached the gate of the Speaker's residence—the doors flew open—and carriage and cavalry dashed through—the next moment, the doors closed again, and the whole scene had passed by. The tramp of the horses soon ceased, and the murmuring of the river, like the voice of simple nature was again heard. When pageantry of man is present, that voice is lost in the clatter of his horses' hoofs, but it continues its course undisturbed, and when the pageant and its object are passed into eternal oblivion, still that small voice rises, as it did at creation. I stood for a moment, admiring in memory the late scene. The Speaker's house was situated at the side of Westminster Hall, on the grounds which border the Thames—and the thought of the august visitor which had just entered, of the splendor of the apartments which were to receive the Monarch, the solitary carriage, the steel clad horsemen, and the silent scene and gothic gateway outside—renewed all my boyish dreams of Arabian Nights, and enchanted castles. Different from usual occurrences, the real heightened, the imagined appendages of the picture—the personage, who in such simple state, had just passed under those gloomy towers, was not knight errant, or Emperor of eastern slaves—it was the King of England's brave Islands and immense possessions—he did not go to the banquet of his vassal, to awake in the morning to the tournament or the chase—but the Monarch went to spend the vigil with his first Commoner; for in the morning he was destined to awake to be solemnly wedded, as it were, to a free nation, by indissoluble protestations.

This little preliminary scene to the Coronation, was more pleasing to me, than the more garish and studied exhibitions which marked that period. Often since, I have been led to think that principal scenes, and principal personages, are not always the most interesting or perhaps important.

[Persons amid untoward situations and circumstances of life, who yet cultivate a literary taste, and endeavour after literary recreations, have always been thought particularly worthy of notice, in our Mother land. In that country, which, with an Aristocracy and a Commons, proud and wealthy above any nation of earth—deems it, an honour to reckon the Ploughman Burns among its natives—and gives Bloomfield's little volume a place in the most splendid libraries. Induced by such an example, if not by our own feelings, we are proud when any opportunity occurs, of exhibiting, here, that some of the laborious classes rise above their difficulties, and retain feelings, and taste, which do them honour—and pursue recreations, far above what are too often supposed consequent on their situations. With these views, we are much pleased to direct

attention to the simple and pleasing lines which follow, and which prove that the delicate sensibilities of our nature, may be found highly toned, in breasts where they would be last sought for, by the generality of the educated world.]

POINT PLEASANT.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Point Pleasant, thou hast charms for me,
Where'er I cast mine eye ;
Whether across the boundless sea,
Or to the woodland's high.

How beauteous looks the calm blue deep,
Beneath the rising moon ;
'Tis sweet at such an hour to stray,
Upon the beach alone.

No breeze disturbs thy awful rest,
Or crowns thy waves with foam,
Ah ! let me glide across thy breast,
And cast one glance at home.

If not—ye gentle travellers tell,
(That come to kiss the shore,)
If all those absent friends are well,
Whom I shall meet no more ?

And if a few, still dear to me,
Strive through life's cheerless game—
Tell them, one heart in foreign land,
Still beats for them the same.

Oh, life how varied are thy scenes !
With trouble, and with rest—
How like the deep—now calm, then storms,
Invade its fickle breast:

Yet half the ills by mankind felt,
Are by themselves brought on—
And gone too far, each step they take
Seems wearisome and lone.

Oh ! power divine—destined once more,
To wander o'er the deep—
Allay the angry billows roar,
Let vengeful tempests sleep.

And thou, pale governess of night,
 Ah! spare thy friendly ray--
 To hover round us on the deep,
 And cheer our lonely way.

Alas! how short are scenes like this,
 How soon they fade away--
 They're like the captive's dream of bliss,
 Which flies with coming day.

J. L.—y, (Private) 34th Regt.

ROBIN HARTREY:—A TALE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Chapter 1.

It was a bright day in June, the warmth of the sun, and the want of any breadth of shade, induced the repose so congenial to summer noontide. The sparkling Suir crept along its soft banks, the little ripples sent by the surges of the tide along the edges of the marsh, or the occasional gentle boiling round some small rocky promontory, reflected the sun's downward ray, as if so many diamonds floated on the stream—but out on its unbroken centre no mirror could more truly and calmly give the deep blue of the empyrean, or the dark green masses formed by the woods of Bellevue. The river was solitary as death, except at long intervals, some straggling boats floated lazily along, impelled languidly by a couple of oars most irregularly pulled. When these glided by like panoramic figures over the still scene, the stroke of the oar was heard distinctly, as a watch tick in a night chamber—and the occasional warbling of a flute, from some young performer—or the hearty laugh in chorus, told the parties to be city youngers, who, getting a boat as they could, were enjoying an excursion on their native stream—and from under the eye of parent or master, luxuriating in all the freedom and life which is so delightfully felt at this period of existence. In the neighbouring fields the cattle had crept close under the hedge for shade, or on the lawn to the left, many a picturesque groupe had collected under the elms and oaks which defied the meridian sun to pierce their thick branches; but not a low was heard, they lay or stood on the green carpet, quietly ruminating, and motionless, except in endeavouring to drive away the flies, which seemed to annoy them in sport. Scarcely a bird was heard, except a chance note from a goldfinch, delighted at finding itself among a bower of thistles; if a robin

slitted noiselessly as air across the path, he hardly rustled the leaves of the white thorn, as he darted amid its close labyrinths, and a dropping note or two were all he uttered. The rural noonday was almost as still as night—but at length a murmur loud and cheerful comes on the downy air, the service in the little chapel of Faithlegg is concluded, and its crowd of simple worshippers, issue forth, and by their noise and gaiety, strongly contrast rational with irrational creation. The stream, the field, the cattle, the birds were silent; impressed like automaton with the impulse of the moment, the richness of the season and the noontide lulled them into repose—nothing but the passing accidents influenced their thoughtless existence—and they all moved on in accordance with the noiseless dictates of nature, as the shadow moves over the significant dial. Not so rational creation—the sun might beam, or the storm might rave, they half forgot the circumstances, and despite of all, answered the tinkling of the artless bell, and bowed in the humble house of prayer before the God of nature. He was the father of their spirits and they acknowledged him; this spark which united them with his throne, despised the fluctuation of season or time; it saw an immaterial world far above the present, and avowing themselves in act, as but pilgrims here, refused to be bound by the world's fleeting tides; and acted as subjects of a higher, an universal empire. Perhaps the well informed devotee would see much to condemn in their rude worship, would despise it as gross, and ridicule it as unworthy and inefficacious—so it has ever been, and the eloquent Pharisee will not comprehend why the Publican goes down to his house justified.—But the spectator uncursed by party education, will see in their distant grasping after purity—in their profound acknowledgment of the excellence of virtue—and in their vivid hopes of a blessed futurity—much of the soaring of the immortal mind, much of its undying emotions, crowded and clogged indeed by many unhappy accumulations; but still if not individually a polestar and a beacon; collectively; giving sweet light to the observer like the distant stars in the milky way of the heavens. The little chapel yard was soon crowded by groups animated enough—their hearty shake hands, and the loud laugh, told the meeting of friends, who seldom meet except on such occasions. One or two women had wandered among the head stones, and kneeling on the graves of some loved objects of memory, uttered prayers for their repose—whether necessary or not, such seem beautifully philanthropic, and are at least efficacious in blessing the soul of the sincere utterer. At one grave which from its mouldering cross, and the absence of garland, appeared not a recent one, stood a tall elderly man leaning on a long staff—a step from him, a young bright countenanced girl knelt, and looking up to heaven with eyes of unearthly beauty, seemed lost for a moment in profound and pathetic adjuration. The old man moved slowly towards the gate of the burial

ground, treading down unconsciously the luxuriant grass, and crushing the king-cup and daisy, which in innocent mockery of human woe, spangled amid the glossy herbage in all their summer pride. He was followed silently by the young woman, whom we shall call Cathleen, and who was at this time about eighteen years of age. The little gate was fastened with religious care behind them—the Sunday groups were already disappearing—some were winding close under the hedges of the glowing road, others were on the picturesque paths which intersected the fields, and none interrupted the silence which Robin seemed inclined to indulge. He continued his pace homeward along the road, followed at a regular distance by Cathleen. The melancholy of his features were unbroken, his eyes were bent to the ground, and his thoughts seemed far away from the spot which he traversed. His dress was that of the comfortable class of Irish peasants—a coarse blue coat and small clothes, a broad striped linsy woolsey waistcoat, silk handkerchief tied carelessly about his neck, yarn hose, small toed shoes, and felt hat. Cathleen also had the appearance of comfort without the affectation of overstepping her rank. Her eyes had lost the religious tone which gave them such dignity at the grave, and they now glistened and rambled, full of all the unutterable life, which health, inexperience and beauty can alone exhibit. She adjusted the little pink ribbon which was attached to her cap, it looped under a dimpled chin, which was fair and polished as ivory, and forming a bow on the crown, and another at the left side, was evidently intended to be very gay and attractive; the train of a gay cotton gown, was drawn, as is customary, through the pocket hole, for the double purpose of making it of pleasant walking length, and to show the green petticoat beneath—which being of glazed stuff, rustled and glistened as grand as satin; a blue coarse cloth cloak hung carelessly on her shoulders; and ever and anon, she took a longer step that she might examine the neat shoe which enclosed her pretty foot, or drawing her clothes tight, held up her heel that she might see how it sat behind; her fair hair was parted exactly on the forehead, and was drawn to each side plain and beautiful as a silk band; a green and red kerchief close about the neck, spread tightly across the bosom, was pinned behind, and completed the attire of our rural belle. As Robin approached the end of the bye road which he was now pacing, and drew near the more public thoroughfare to which it led, he stopped for a moment—and Cathleen taking a quicker step, was by his side. They again proceeded. “Cathleen,” said he, “do you remember how long it is since your aunt died?” “Deed I do, Uncle,” answered Cathleen, “its three years next St. Michael’s, and good right I have to remember—she was the best of aunts to a poor orphan like me, and you are aunt and uncle, and father and mother to me ever since.”

“Say nothin about it my colleen,” returned Robin, “you’re a

good girl, and not so poor neither, the cows your father left you have been very handy to us, and the bit of fortune that we kept together, will make you comfortable yet, if you take care of your self. How long is it since my poor Billy went away?"

"I doe no, Uncle, sactly—but I thinks it is five years."

"Well now Cathleen, why for do you be forgotten Bill? it is four years last St. John's fair, since he was trapped by the cursed red coats, and his time, ill be out in another twelvemonth; and please the Lord, and the queen of heaven, he'll be back with us once more—to help me to mind the bit of a farm—and to tell us stories of his travels on the long winter nights."

"Amen then," said Cathleen, "I often thinks of Bill, how we used to play together when we were childer, and how he used to take my part and fight for me, and bring me nests, and honey suckles and sorrel from the fields."

"Good right you have to think of him—he was fond enough of you, and he gave you a kiss, lovenly, like a man when he was going away, and tould you to keep it for him till he came back."

"Five years is a long time," said Cathleen, "I blieve I amost forget Bill's face now, if he was to come."

"But you must not forget him, Cathleen, he'll soon be home now, and think of him like a good girl, and may be your old uncle would bless ye both together yet."

Little more at this time was said by either Robin or Cathleen, they moved on quickly, their thoughts as different as eighteen and sixty might warrant.

At length they turned to the right, and entering a descending bye road which led to the river, and which was called the Cove, they were in the immediate vicinity of their own cottage. A swinging sign board, with a ship for its device, and which directed to a small ale house, was passed—one or two other cottages produced greeting to the old man and his niece—a little farther, and the road which they were descending, was finely shaded by a grove of ash and elm trees to the left; and was sheltered on the right, by a bold hill, which bosomed up suddenly and gracefully, shutting all beyond except the sky from the passer's glance—further on under a steep bank, and in the shade of a little hanging wood, a cool clear well, surmounted by a small white alcove, looked amid the rich glare of noon day like a living gem—at the opposite side a stream tumbled down, brawling loudly amid the loose stones, and running with its puny tribute to the noble Suir; the descending road took a serpentine inclination, the trees shot up proudly, and formed a more noble avenue—and at length, a little patch of flat sward, showed the base of the hills, and the evel of spring tides. Situated on this flat was the cabin of Robin Hartrey. The site was bounded on one side by the river, on the opposite by the hill which Robin and his neice had just descended, to the right by a small pill, and a soft rich hill beyond, and to the left by a broken clifty bank, which supported

most picturesquely, a romantic little wood. A flower garden, a public path to the water, a terrace, and a small fruit and kitchen garden, were the more immediate boundaries of the cottage. As Cathleen approached, a black bird, in a cage of wicker work, which was suspended at the cottage door, gave a cheerful whistle, by way of recognition and welcome to his attentive mistress; and a large water dog came crouching to Robin's hand, claiming the honour of a moment's notice. "Well Carlo," said Robin, "do you forget Bill, your master, as well as Cathleen does?" This was answered by Carlo with a joyous bark, and a bound along the path—and by Cathleen, who murmured out, "deed then uncle, I dont forget Bill, and you need'nt be comparin me with Carlo, any how, I'll never forget Bill, I love him as my born brother." "I'm glad of it," returned her uncle, and for his sake you know you mustn't have any sweethearts, nor be dancin with Mr. Cavanagh so mighty often." Cathleen walked smartly into the house at this little rebuke, and amid all the bloom of health, the glow of conscience mantling over her delicate cheek, was but too visible to her sagacious uncle. The old man sat for a while on the rude bench which is so pleasant an appendage to an Irish cottage door, and the beauty of the sweetly soothing landscape around him, the gambols of his dog, and the animated whistling of his black bird, seemed unable to engage his attention—he sat abstracted and careful, outward objects gave their figures to his retina, but visions on his mind's eye were of more importance, and attraction.

To be continued.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Hail House of God!

I joy to see thy covering renewed—
 Thy lofty spire directing to the sky;
 Where all desire to be; but chiefly those
 That worship at thine unassuming altar.
 How fit to see all things in order; where
 The worship of the King of Kings is held.
 Lately thine aged covering seemed like
 The remnant of a ruin'd house of Baal,
 Which few or none regarded. Now thy sides
 And windows, glancing back the ev'ning rays,
 Would seem to say, "All glorious within."

Long may thy doors stand open, wide to all ;
 " Wide as the heaven they lead to," yea and long
 May solemn sounds, far from thy heltry horns
 Upon the gentle undulating breeze,
 Along the vales among the neighbouring hills,
 Stir up the ling'ring worshipper to haste,
 On days of rest from worldly toil and care :
 And oft remind him of the awful sound,
 Which shall arouse the dead, and change the quick,
 And call them all to judgment, to be doom'd,
 Th' unjust to endless woe--the just to rest.

PHILANDER.

 MORNING.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

With the bright orb that rules the day,

May I each morn arise—

And to the God of heaven pay

The morning sacrifice ;

The sacrifice that he hath said—

(And to his word he's kind)--

In singleness of heart if paid,

Should his acceptance find.

Ere the gay lark doth leave its nest,

Its matin hymn to pay—

May I--with my poor off'ring drest

In God's appointed way—

Ready beside his altar kneel,

To catch the living fire—

And inly see, and inly feel,

Its flame on high aspire.

Never, oh never may the flame,

Dwindle into a spark--

In any soul that owes thy name,

As pilot of its bark :

But may it burn in all, in each—

O God increase the flame—

That we may sit in heav'n, and reach

More knowledge of thy name.

SARAH.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

TO THE ELECTORS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN,—You are at this time called on by the British Constitution, to exercise one of the dearest rights of Britons. That of choosing men from among yourselves to form a House of Assembly, which is, or ought to be, the guardian of your laws and liberties. It is called a House of Assembly, for by it the people are in effect assembled together to participate in their own government. Rational noble form! the breast expands when it contemplates this bulwark of freedom, and the spirits of the mighty dead who won this right, examplers and inspirers of patriotism, pass in triumph, before the exulting soul!

Hereditary Freemen,—while ye rejoice in your privileges, see that they suffer not by your conduct. The men who now are of yourselves, but will soon go out from among you, as your representatives, will in the nature of things be beyond your controul for seven tedious years.—Now is the time to ponder who those men shall be, what tests shall be required of them, and what pledges they must be called on to make. One of your late representatives said that ye gave him no charge concerning your rights! let such a slur on your public spirit be no more heard for ever. Choose your men calmly, depend on their honour for all minor concerns—but single out the chief diamond of your possessions, and give it in sacred keeping to those who are to represent your power, your purse, and your sentiments, in the great council of the land.

This gem is, that your representatives by being the bearers and the guardians of your resources, have their proper weight in the government—that none but them may levy the taxes necessary for the support of government, and for the improvement of the country—and that no other power in the state shall either directly or covertly lessen or increase the revenue agreed on by your representatives. These rights are constitutional and are of first rate importance—without their free exercise, in what does

the value and power of your House of Assembly consist? without them your elections are a mockery, your chosen House a deception and a shadow, your claim to "Britons" is gone, and you may write yourselves slaves as soon as you wish.—Britons are distinguished from enslaved nations, by their representative government—by it they give or withhold their own property like freemen—and have a respected voice in the legislature of the land. If this is a necessary right in Britain, where an august family is securely and permanently seated on the throne, and where a House of Lords possesses the halo of immense wealth and of hereditary fame and honour—how much more necessary is it here, where a Military Officer, liable to momentary change represents our King, where a party of placemen represent the House of Lords—and where in consequence, much of the stability of our government depends on that portion which is chosen by the people, and which being part and parcel of the people, have the knowledge and the sympathy so valuable in governments.

In choosing your representatives, let the protection of these rights be your chief test and pledge—for on them your political liberty rests—and surely Nova Scotians, any more than Britons, will never be slaves of their own accord. Look then to your guardians—if a candidate says, "I have attended to your best interests, but I have acquiesced in the sacrifice of your rights, and would barter the independence of your House for pecuniary considerations!" Answer such an one with the scorn which you would feel towards him who would offer you a price for the honour of your wives—or would attempt to barter for your immortal souls. The blood and treasure of your noble ancestors purchased those rights, and earth is too poor to pay for their loss. The man who would not willingly lay down blood and treasure in defence of the sacred rights which distinguish Britons from slaves, is unworthy of them, and is a fit person to support and to vote for the betrayers of trust, and the sentinels who turn their weapons on their most sacred charge. If those who have through loss and trouble advocated and most devotedly stood and fallen by your rights, if they have not greatly sinned in other matters, or if sinning, they are open to repentance and reformation, they, most

assuredly are the fittest objects of your present choice. Gratitude for their able and devoted conduct, demands this—consistency, to show that the principles ye applaud, ye are willing to support, demands it—your character in the eyes of those who far and near have been watching the rising spirit of the country, demands it;—and have not these men many recommendations? Some of them would do honour to any public deliberative assembly in the universe, and all have shewn that unbending integrity in the cause of liberty which is the great glory of the British character. Local considerations may and ought to have some influence on your choice; but where would the power be to do local good, if all power were lost?—Could another branch of the government controul and dictate to your representatives in money matters, their ability to do local good might be put in a nut shell. Those who contended for your rights, contended for the vital principal on which all other matters in the representative body rest, as the building rests on the foundation. If then ye intend to change any of the thirty three, who deserve so much from you, let *their* conduct in the late dispute be the line which your future members shall be called on peremptorily to pledge themselves to follow. In other matters ye may get others to act as well, but when your existence as British freemen was attacked, their conduct was deserving of all praise.

Not only are ye called on by love of freedom and justice to act on general principles now—but ye have more direct and less evasible inducements. The great prerogative which ye, as electors, are about to exercise, is not a holiday sport; or a game in which prejudices, interests, and friendships should decide on defeat or victory. It is a most solemn national occasion, on which a number of men are set apart for public purposes, are chosen from among their fellows to be a voice and an arm to the country in its legislative capacity, for the ensuing seven years. Religion which teaches us our duty to God, to ourselves and to our neighbours, binds you to act uprightly, conscientiously, and independently in this matter. The man who neglects his civil rights, is as bad a christian as he is a citizen—the Apostle says, that, he who minds them not, is worse than an infidel, and if we can im-

agine any characters, which are utterly detested in the eyes of our Creator, it would be those which sneer at integrity and independence, and sacrificing earthly rights for sordid or paltry considerations, would be ready as of next importance to sacrifice eternal privileges. if coward fears did not deter them. Conscience, if not awfully hardened, will be a powerful advocate for uprightness in this as in all other matters. The constitution reposes a great trust in electors, a trust held for the public good, and to be exerted with all the independent deliberation, which we usually suppose to be attached to questions involving our honour and honesty. If this trust is betrayed for a *bribe* of any description, if ye sell your birthright for a golden inducement, or a mess of pottage, for a smile, or a grasp of the hand—if to please or to serve, yourselves or others, ye give your votes as toys and trifles, and not for a well defined and public end—the man who does so, is a traitor to his country, as much as he who gives up a citadel to the enemy—and if conscience has any fangs, it will whisper so in a retired hour to his degraded soul. An implied oath is also on the head of every voter, which binds him to give his support to the candidate whom he supposes best able and willing to serve his country—and the voter who acts on other impulses, has not the miserable plea of evasion and reservation to palliate his virtual perjury.

It is needless to multiply inducements to act uprightly, the mass of the people are too politically honest to need more than an allusion. If then your cheek puts on a warmer flush, when ye are appealed to as the descendants and the subjects of Britain—if the mention of names bright on the page of history, stir your spirit as the sound of a trumpet—if ye wish to honour your country and to leave an untarnished constitution to your children—if ye desire to live honourably in the memory of your descendants, and not be a loathing to them; act like freemen, christians, and true Nova Scotians at the present election. Act so, one and all—having a majority of good public servants will not excuse those who send the bad—let no place in the land be willing to have the finger of scorn pointed at it, as the place so ignorant,

so degraded, and so worthless that it rested satisfied in being a plague spot on the general independence. Finally, Loyalty calls on you to act broadly and determinately at the present time. Loyalty does not at all mean attachment to this or that person. It means that public fidelity which gives to every man his due, which is true to the prince as the protector and administrator of the constitution—which is true to the laws as the rules established by freemen for the protection of property, person and life—and which wishes to secure to every man the enjoyment of the political rights and privileges which are naturally attached to his situation. This is that public loyalty or fidelity which a wise ruler values most. Our late revered King was loyal to himself and his country, when he said, “the crown is held in trust for the good of the people”—and the man who opposes any improper grasp of the crown, is more loyal than the suicidal sycophant, who with a senseless and guilty passion, would sacrifice right to interest or blind attachment.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN, the sole intent of my address to you is to strengthen your patriotism, your loyalty, your integrity and your independence—and to induce you to give memorable proofs of the worth of your political character in your conduct, at the *Present Election of Representatives for the Nova Scotia House of Assembly*. Your own discernment, and the public profession of principles made by the candidates, will enable you to judge wisely, if ye *indeed* wish to exercise *unbiassed* judgment.—All eyes are upon you—be circumspect, and upright, and independent, for a few ensuing weeks, and your triumph is achieved. Your character will be raised in your own eyes, as well as in the eyes of all good men; and ye may expect from an over-ruling providence great addition of happiness and prosperity by the legislative labours of those, who convinced of having a bold and virtuous constituency, will serve them with increased exertion.—Deserve good representatives, and you will have them.

MARCO.

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

[FOR THE H. M. N.]

The death of his late Majesty has induced most public pens to attempt sketches of his life and character. These sketches are as diversified in manner and matter as are the minds of the writers. While some are satisfied with a mere recital of facts, others bring the reprehensible parts of his Majesty's conduct prominently forward, and others waste the realms of hyperbole and bombast to crowd terms of eulogy on their subject. Perhaps nothing shows mankind to be merely full grown children, so strongly, as their delight in licking the dust before every personification of power, and their great aptitude to be caught with glare and pomp, forgetful of what forms real dignity of character. When a prince or a great man is fallen, instead of treating the subject on its own merits, there is generally in preachers and writers, a prostration of independence and integrity, and a kind of mental idolatry, which is foolish as it is nauseous. Happily the subject of the present sketch affords full scope for manly eulogy, and for sincere regret, which, in getting expression need little fear hyperbole. When we say this, it is of the King, not the man, we speak—and perhaps it is as the former, not the latter, his character should be scanned; for it is in that he has been most intimately connected with the nation. Those who argue that his Majesty's entire life is public property, and that in taking an estimate of his character all should be brought under review, as being justice to the dead and benefit to the living—have some grounds for their avowal. If a person, who, from his birth to his death, has been fed luxuriously by the nation every day, should come broadly under the cognizance of public observation, we find many arguments for a general review of the character of George the Fourth.—At the age of twenty one, in the year 1783, we find that he received from the Parliament a sum of £100,000 as an outfit, and a sum of £50,000 a year from the civil list. The sums of money at this period were of considerably more value than similar amounts now. When the Prince was twenty four years of age, we find Mr. Pitt announcing an increase of £10,000 a year to his income, a grant of £161,000 to pay his debts, and £20,000 to finish his house, Carlton Palace. Two years after, on the marriage of the Prince, his income was increased to £133,000 a year, £28,000 was voted for jewelry and plate, £26,000 for furniture—and debts to the amount of £639,890 were settled. In 1812, when he assumed the dignity of Regent, £100,000 were granted to defray his expences. These are the acknowledged and public items which were lavished on a few years of the life of one man. They incontestably prove the immensity of British resources, and the extravagant and reckless hand with which they were dealt by those in

power. During this squandering of public money the nation was occasionally in great distress—the wonder is, when we consider this one specimen, how it could ever bear the burthens which were heaped on its patient back. If these costs to the nation before the Prince came to the throne, justify a review of his character during that period, we have the following hurried glance at the dark side of the picture.—On his coming of age, his fond, but judicious and pious father limited his income to £50,000 a year, which, though acquiesced in by the Prince, produced behaviour towards his father, which materially affected the simple minded old monarch—it seemed the first shadow of that coming night which too soon enshrouded all his faculties—at this time we find that George the Third became sombre, absent and solitary. Although publicly acquiescing in his father's regulation of his income, the Prince spent three times its amount yearly, and three years after the regulation, his debts amounted to £250,000; a statement to this effect, and an application for relief made to his father, produced fresh mortification to the disappointed and venerable man. At this time the Prince entered into all the dissipation of the Turf, and squandered immense sums on courtezans—to one he gave a necklace worth 6,000*l.* and a bond for 10,000*l.* more—to another, and this a married woman, a bond for 20,000*l.* This latter after being cast off, was settled on the country by a pension of 500*l.* a year. A third open criminal connection, before his Royal Highness had formed his 25th year, was made a subject of parliamentary remark. The Prince now was an open patron of all the brutality of the prize ring, and of the cruel sports of bull baiting, and other vulgar and immoral recreations. His excesses in conviviality, and intrigues with married women of rank, gave much pain to his august parents, and his best friends. In 1794 the pecuniary embarrassments of the Prince, induced him to agree to marriage, contrary to his inclinations—and on the arrival of his intended spouse in England, a paramour was sent as her attendant—and a gallant officer was dismissed from the Prince's household, because he remonstrated strongly on the conduct of this guilty woman, to the unfortunate stranger. During the ominous honey moon, the unfortunate Princess experienced harsh usage, because she refused sitting at table with her husband's mistress. The imprudent extravagance of the Prince was such as to produce a bill on the first year of his marriage, to prevent Carlton Palace being seizable by creditors. At this time, on a new establishment being formed for him, he retained two noted courtezans in opposition to all the remonstrances of the unhappy Princess—and in opposition to the interference of his afflicted father, he appeared with them at all public places. Open and covert insults rendered the breach between the Prince and Princess more irreparable, and after many efforts of the King to avert the evil, his Royal Highness wrote his wife what is generally called a letter of licence. A letter in which he finally re-

nounced her society, and pointed her to other sources for tranquility and comfort. Contrary to the entreaties of the Princess and the King, the intentions of this letter were carried into effect—a separation took place, and was followed by reiterated prosecutions. The King through all, was the defender of her Royal Highness, and when her daughter was torn from her, his Majesty insisted that the Prince was an improper person to have charge of his own child. Numerous causes, too well grounded, made the Regent extremely unpopular, among what sycophants called the “mob,” but actually among the thinking independent portion of the kingdom; demonstrations of this spirit on some public opportunities, occasioned the enactment of laws which were a disgrace to the British code, and for which the Prince bore his share of obloquy, although the weight of public censure fell on the notorious and unhappy Lord Castlereagh. To those political sources of unpopularity, the Regent’s thanks to the perpetrators of the “Manchester Massacre” was the climax. Private cabals and persecutions, and public prosecutions were unremittingly and cruelly carried on against the Princess, and vain endeavours to stem the torrent of such, and to check the vicious habits of his son, were among the last lucid acts of George the Third. Disappointed and harassed, where he looked for glory and repose, the old man bowed to circumstances—and the death of his mind, was after some time followed by the death of his body—he went to the grave beloved by a nation, and his son reigned in his stead. The Regent was now King, and of the many acts which marked the commencement of his reign, it is not our wish to speak—the persecutions of his consort—the obscene pens and pencils which were patronized against her—and the many immoral and disgraceful attempts to injure those whom the laws protected, are all written in a thousand pages which record passing events, and on a million minds which were witnesses of the facts. Were we to speak of the early life of the illustrious dead as propriety and morals would dictate, we should greatly fail in the respect due to Princes. As it is, we think it more a duty to name the principal errors of our late King’s early life, in this brief memoir, than to allude to them in a bulk as venial trifles, and slaver over his whole life with mawkish praise as is the fashion.

We would not leave this part without naming some mitigations of the gloom which we have portrayed, and without mentioning some bright touches on the picture. When we consider the waywardness of the human mind—when we consider a young man athletic in soul and body—suddenly let loose from parental restrictions, which were too strictly defined and enforced—when we see such an one surrounded by a multitude of crawling clever sycophants, by all the pleasures of life, and possessed of what seemed in perspective, boundless means—is it any wonder if we find him rejoicing as a giant to run his race, and that that race should be chiefly found among the forbidden flowers of the road

which lay before him? The mind which supposes itself in such a case, will find little reason to cast stones at others. The height of the stage on which great personages appear, seem the great source of worldly condemnation. And it is, from the nature of things, an wholesome and very legitimate source—for “to whom much is given much is required,” and the great landmarks and examplers of society should be correct, if not brilliant and pious. But there were many sparkling bursts amid the shades of the picture to which we have alluded; many aspirations which showed that the straying soul had great and good feelings—and that under happier circumstances, he would sooner have been the delight of a nation. When the Prince was eleven years of age he spoke a prologue to the play of Cato, which was performed by juvenile actors. The sentiments in this prologue could only be fit for a noble youth, one who exhibited many of the sentiments then, which since, have made his hoary hairs blessed. The prologue was spoken very impressively, we give a few of the lines to which the young prince gave spirit and utterance, and which never would have been written for a dull sensual boy. After reciting the advantages to be gained by such exercises, the prologue says—

“T’ attain these glorious ends, what play so fit,
As that where all the powers of human wit
Combine to dignify great Cato’s name,
To deck his tomb, and consecrate his fame?
Where LIBERTY! O name for ever dear!
Breathes forth in every line, and bids us fear
Nor pains, nor death, to GUARD our sacred laws,
But bravely perish in our Country’s cause.
Patriots indeed!—Nor why that honest name
Through every time and station still the same,
Should this superior to MY years be thought,
Know tis the First great Lesson I was taught.
What though a boy! it may with pride be said—
A boy in ENGLAND born—in ENGLAND bred—
Where Freedom well becomes the earliest state,
For there the love of Liberty’s innate.”

We have no doubt but these lines suited well the strong and generous mind of the boy at that time, and we cannot but regret that temptation triumphed over so promising a germ. When the Prince was of age, he entered the House of Lords, and in his first speech gave evidence of the manliness and liberality of his character—he supported an address for the suppression of seditious writings and meetings, but the tenor of the sentiments which he expressed, were the reverse of bigotted or tyrannical—“He was,” he said, “educated in the principles, and he should ever preserve them, of a reverence for the constitutional liberties of the people; and, as on those constitutional principles the happiness of that people depended, he was determined, as far as his interest could have any force, to support them.” * * * The

following words the Prince delivered with peculiar emphasis:—"I exist by the love, the friendship, and the benevolence of the people; and their cause I never will forsake as long as I live."—Through all the wild and disgraceful eccentricities of the Prince's character, there were continual gleams of wholesome light and life which endeared him to those who knew him best, and which occasion deep regret that his aberrations were so frequent and extreme. As indications of the political and literary tendency of his mind, we find him shortly after coming of age, surrounded by the most celebrated men of the age. Fox, Grey, Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Flood, Plunket, and the most brilliant gems of the aristocracy, formed the galaxy amid which the "Rising Sun" moved. When the Prince was 30 years of age, wishing, we would hope, to escape the thralldom of bad habits and impure connection at home, he ardently desired to be appointed to active service—in requests to this effect, he stated his inducements to be—to fight for his birthright, to defend his father's throne, and to uphold the glory of the people of England, which was dearer to him than life—but all representations on the subject, were, from political motives, without avail. These incidents, joined with a thousand anecdotes, which display benevolence and liberality, help to soften the more displeasing and prominent parts of the Prince's life. They make us regret the untoward circumstances which produced his licentiousness, and his conjugal infidelity and harshness—but they triumphantly prove that tyranny, bigotry, or mercenary feelings, had no place in his breast,—and if acts which argue oppression, can be pointed at, they may safely be said to be occasioned by the ebullitions of a mind endeavouring to set aside barriers to its pleasures or power—and not acts done for their own sake.

We now turn to take a hasty glance of a more dignified period. That in which the Regent became King, and in which, many causes of uneasiness having disappeared, the subject of our sketch was more at liberty to indulge his inclinations and his power. The mere mention of "the reign of George the Fourth," conveys a mass of glory and eulogy to the mind. The virtual conqueror of Europe—the emancipator of a nation, despite a host of domestic power and bigotry—the patron of Art, and Science, and Literature—the parent of charitable and religious institutions—the scholar, gentleman, and King—are all combined in the name of our late Monarch. Public feeling is seldom wrong, and perhaps no British King ever departed to a future state, for whom so voluntary and universal a feeling of respect was felt, both by his own subjects and those of other kingdoms and nations. Few Monarchs enjoyed a reign under more favourable circumstances, and perhaps still fewer could be found to take advantage of those circumstances, unmarred by meddling or ambitious passions. During his Regency, the power of the great enemy of England, and the scourge and conqueror of the remainder of

Europe, was crushed as in a mortar. The dreaded Napoleon, a proud trophy to the arms of George, was cast on a miserable island, the captive pensioner of Great Britain. This splendid opening to a reign, was not followed up for aggrandizement or conquest, peace was given to the nations; and peace, like an unsetting sun, gilded his entire reign, calling up innumerable flowers over human society, and binding round the brows of the aged Monarch, wreaths, to which Cesar's laurels were unsightly and dim.

Although we know that it is appointed unto all men once to die, yet when sickness, pain and death approach palaces, the contrast is peculiarly striking and melancholy. The title George the Fourth, but lately sounded on the ear like the name of a Demigod. Happy was the artist who could produce some rare work worthy of being presented to so refined and critical an eye—the Poet received fresh inspiration, if his first pages were to be honoured by address or dedication to such a personage—could embellishments of palaces, or sweet morsels for the palate, or amusements or recreations, be invented, by the most indefatigable heads in the kingdom—the King was the centre to which the most choice of all such rays were directed, where they met as in a focus, and were rejoiced if they imparted any spring to light or life. Over what Island or continent was not the King's name as a talisman, second only to that of omnipotence? on the sea amid the wonders of the mighty deep, there were his servants and his ships, exacting a most willing homage to his name from all nations of the earth. Earth and ocean ministered to his power and pleasure—and twice ten thousand Fanes joined their prayers to draw down heavenly influences on his honoured head. Let us look for a moment to a Monarch in such a state—his pavilion on the sea coast—his castle in the interior—and his palaces in the Metropolis—each glorious and crowded with delights, as the resting places of the King of day amid the constellations of heaven. Look from this to the man, still royal, but his humanity divested by affliction of its wonted beams—no longer rioting in all the delicate perfumes which art and nature could present, he gasps convulsively for a little common air—the strains of music are hushed as death, and a convulsive torturing cough from the royal patient afflicts every ear in the melancholy chamber—merry shouts no longer mixing with the harp and the viol come ringing from the royal walls, the weary sentinels are removed off their wonted walks, that the groans of the Monarch should not fall on any but sympathetic and polite ears—pain, writhing pain, is on the glory of the land, and the tinsel enjoyments of earth are crushed and spoiled, as a bubble in the hand of a giant. At length death indeed comes, that conqueror of Kings, sends an appalling ensanguined torrent across the hopes of the nation, and the late Monarch is cold, helpless, and valueless, as the reposes in the pyramids.

At this place we are induced to contrast two incidents of the King's life—one at either extreme. The birth of his late Majesty, was particularly auspicious, and produced excessive rejoicing in the Court circles. Blessed with virtuous parents, all the delicate pleasures of social life were but heightened by the rank and wealth of his protectors. When the birth of the Prince was announced to the King, the bearer of such joyous tidings to a father's heart, was presented with 500*l*. This was a promising specimen of the joy which was kindled in the royal residence by the event, and which spread over the cities and hamlets of the land like flashes from the aurora borealis. "The ladies who called at the palace, were admitted into the Queen's bedroom to see the infant, about forty at a time; the part containing the bed being screened off by a sort of lattice work. The royal infant lay in a most splendid cradle, of velvet and Brussels lace, adorned with gold; whilst two young ladies of the Court, in virgin white, stood to rock the cradle; and the nurse at its head, sat with a crimson velvet cushion, occasionally to receive the child and present it to its mother. The cradle was placed on a small elevation, under a canopy of state. The head and sides, which came no higher than the bed, were covered with crimson velvet and lined with white satin. From the head rose an ornament of carved work, gilt, with the coronet in the middle. The upper sheet was covered with a very broad, beautiful Brussels lace, turning over the top upon a magnificent quilt of crimson velvet and gold lace; the whole length of the Brussels lace appearing also along the sides, and hanging down from underneath." While these ceremonies were going on, and cannons were firing in the Park, communicating the tidings to the public, the happy father and his attendants, were invited to the windows of the Palace, to view a procession which was bearing treasures captured from the enemy through the metropolis. Acclamations from public and private impulses resounded throughout the court, and perhaps few Monarchs ever tasted more sincere pleasure than George the Third did at that moment, perhaps a Prince was never born under happier auspices than was the infant heir apparent. This incident, depicting such a blending of social comfort with splendour, is the one we would contrast with the last moments of Geo. the Fourth—"The King was assisted into a chair by his bed-side, and a great alteration struck the Page in a moment as overcasting the royal countenance; the King's eyes became fixed, his lips quivered, and he appeared to be sinking into a fainting fit. The physicians were instantly sent for, and the attendants at once assisted the King with *sal volatile*, *eau de Cologne*, and such stimulants as were at hand at the table. At the moment his Majesty attempted to raise his hand to his breast, faintly ejaculating, "Oh God! I am dying!" and after the intervention of two or three seconds of time, he uttered the following words, which were his last—"This is death"—his expiring condition.

barely enabling him to announce this fatal sensation, so as to be heard by the page, on whose shoulder his Majesty's head had fallen. The King died at thirteen minutes past three o'clock on Saturday morning. Before the Physicians had arrived, his eyes were closed in death."

Is not this incident of our Monarch's dying hour, strongly contrasted indeed with his joyous nativity?—the lonely morning watch—the absence of relatives and friends, only compensated by the attendance of two pages—no wife or daughter or spiritual attendant to catch the dying words, which were murmured on the shoulder of a menial—awful contrast indeed, contrast which alters the relative positions of situations, and makes the most humble subject in the land sigh over the fate of his King. The domestic errors of youth were sorely visited in this life—repented of and forgiven, and repaired where possible, let us hope that a blessed fruition has succeeded.

We will pass the gorgeous solemnities of the funeral, the groupings with which chivalry and romance and poetry, decorated the chamber, the procession, the church, and the cold vault—all have gone by like the fantastic figures in the moonlight clouds, and the approaching coronation, eclipses the mournful pageant. One monument stands to loudly attest the shortness of human power and happiness. Dissatisfied with his Metropolitan residence, his Majesty had erected a splendid palace in a beautiful situation; the park which brought rural scenery within the bounds of London, and which grouped all classes in their hours of recreation, spread before its windows. Its design and embellishments, its statuary, paintings, gold work, and tapestries, were the chief works of a number of splendid artists—it rose beautiful as a fairy creation, and firm as a monument of a King's work, and one intended for future generations, should be—but before it received its final polish, and was altogether fitted to receive its august builder—its owner was no more—he was done for ever with palace and castle—the narrow house had received him, there to await the Archangel's triumph. The palace stands an awful memento of life's uncertainty. In view of Buckingham House, stands a palace erected for the late Duke of York. He also had departed to eternal habitations before his earthly house was finished. These baffled hopes of the two royal brothers, stand within view of the moralist, who may wander through St. James's Park—splendid, silent and black, they look the spectres of human pride and hope, obelisks of royal disappointment and despair. The spirits of those for whom they were intended, we hope have attained to glorious rest among the many mansions of a better kingdom—and while the piles they erected for themselves on earth are vocal with the music of others who forget their name—may they be entranced in sounds, to which the music of the spheres are dull and inharmonious: