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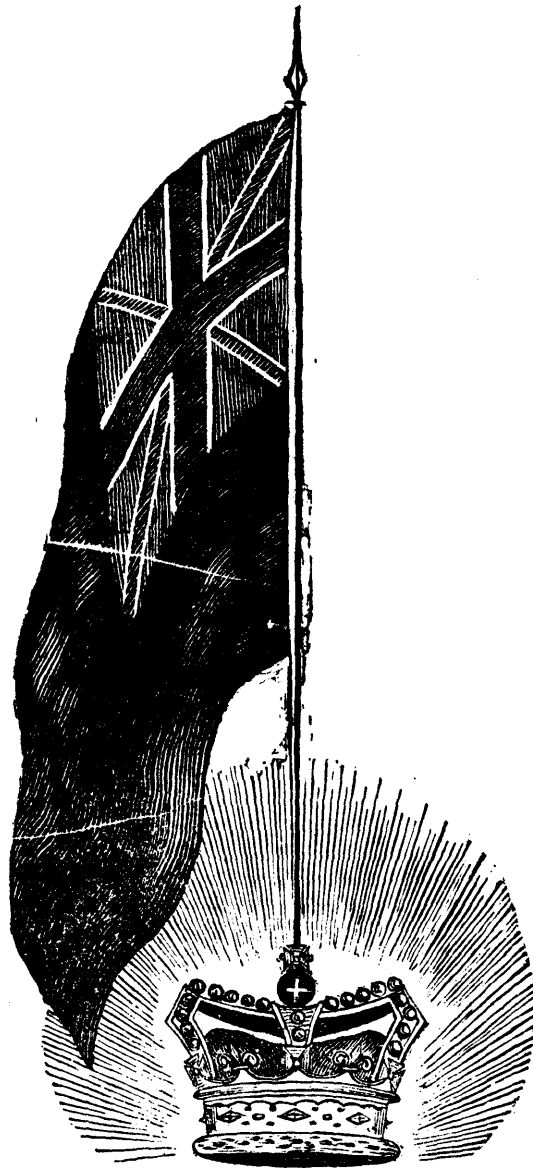
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No. 3.

Mount Hermon Cemetery, NEAR QUEBEC.

“ Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the Down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain’s murmuring wave,
And many an evening’s sun shine sweetly on my grave.”

The salutary effects of ornate and well-preserved cemeteries, on the moral taste and general sentiments of

all classes, is a most valuable result, and seems to have been appreciated in all ages and by all civilized nations, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, and in more modern times the Turks, all illustrated not only their skill in the arts, and their intellectual excellence, but also their social affections and refinement, and all the gentler characteristics of civilization, by a studied attention to cemeteries for the dead. If the christian seeks authority more commanding in its influence, he will find it with the patriarchs of Israel, who transmit

to their posterity, by example and precept, a spirit of reverence and solicitude for the burial places of their dead, more enlightened, but not less active or pervading. Let us have the "field and the cave which is therein and all the trees that are in the field," and "that are in the borders round about to be made sure" for "a possession of a burying place," (Gen. xxiii) was the language of the patriarch. And there "Abraham buried Sarah his wife." This touching narrative of the earliest ground ornamented, as from nature's hand, and set apart securely to its sacred purpose, is fresh with interest and instruction. It suggests to the living the duty of securing a respectful attention to the disposal of the remains of their friends; it shows the careful solicitude with which the patriarch cherished the memory of one with whom he had been so intimately allied in life; and it gives us a model of taste and beauty in the selection of spots designed for permanent burial places which may always be safely imitated.

The rural or ornate cemetery in the vicinity of the city, is the common ground upon which all parties can meet in forgiveness and harmony; it is the lap of the common mother which receives at last, in no unkind embrace, all her children, however widely sundered in their lives by the jarring controversies of their day. Then, if ever on earth, must peace terminate the angry and embittered strifes of men, tranquillity calm the troubled and contending spirits, and there must the pervading influence of the place, as it raises the thoughts upwards and beyond, throw the veil of oblivion over acts and deeds of omission or commission, which may have chafed the temper, wounded the spirit, or rudely crushed the affections of the heart. Let no man tread with levity or profaneness the mazes of the cemetery ground; it is the christian's commentary on the truths and the hopes he holds most sacred. To the cultivated mind it is a volume of the book of nature and of human destiny, which is ever read with interest and profit; and to the mass, of whatever grade in life, it is the faithful and true record and memento of their common lot.

The *Mount Hermon* cemetery recently formed within three miles of this City is in point of situation unsurpassed for beauty, in a secluded spot, on the brow of a hill looking down on the river St. Lawrence, it will, in a short time be an inviting place of resort for the citizen oppressed with the sorrows or wearied with the toil of life, and when a few years have passed and handsome monuments are erected, it will afford to the stranger sojourning by the way, a holy spot for wholesome reflection. Such places of resort, serve reverently to honour the dead, perpetuate the memory of their virtues and confirm a last estimate of their good deeds, whilst they reflect honour on the living and bear testimony to the cultivation of the best feelings of our nature.

The distance of *Mount Hermon* from the city, has been made an objection by parties who could not have given the subject proper consideration, much has been uttered and written, both in Europe and America on the subject of interment in crowded towns or cities; the agitation of the question has resulted in a decided public opinion against the practice. This topic has occupied the pens of medical men of great eminence; evidence of injurious effects has accumulated on every hand, till doubt itself has been forced to yield. Who would make the last home of a mother, a wife or a child in a crowded thoroughfare, close to noisy taverns or busy workshops, 'mindst the din of carts and wagons, where throngs of pedestrians hurry by with thoughtless jest or irreverent conversation, when a rural spot like that of *Mount Hermon*, remarkable for its romantic beauty, beyond the probable approach of active business or private dwellings, is within reach.

The directors of *Mount Hermon* cemetery are about to erect a handsome lodge at the entrance to the grounds, and in a few months a monument on an extensive and costly scale will be raised to the late Mr. Pozer whose memory will for many years be respected in Canada as a cheering example to those who would be the architects of their own fortunes. Captain Ferguson who was one of the first persons to observe the peculiar adaptation of the soil and general situation of the place to the object to which it has been devoted, now sleeps within its quite bounds. Let, then, this cemetery be reverently encouraged and supported by the class for whom it was projected. To the beauty of nature let the skill of the sculpture be added, the graceful taste of the florist and the chastened design of the architect. Let genius and talent combine to throw around the whole, their most exalted strains of poetry and religious feeling, and *Mount Hermon* will be a sacred ornament not only to Quebec but to British America.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

(Continued from page 22.)

'No, I do not understand it, Edward, nor do I wish to understand it,' added she; 'but, dearest, as you love me—as you love our children—risk nothing.'

'Love you, little gipsy! you know I'd die for you,' said he—and, with all his sins, the prodigal spoke the truth. 'Come, Nell, kiss me again, my dear—no long faces—don't take a leaf out of my old mother's book; you know the saying—'Never venture never win—faint heart never won fair lady! Good-by, love—'by Ned—good-by mother's darling,' said he, addressing the children as he left the house.

He reached Doncaster; he paid his guinea for admission to the betting-rooms; he had whispered with, and slipped a fee to all the shrivelled, skin-and-bone, hal

melted little manikins, called jockeys, to ascertain the secrets of their horses. 'All's safe!' said the prodigal to himself, rejoicing in his heart. The great day of the festival—the important St. Leger—arrived. Hundreds were ready to back Highlander against the field—amongst them was Edward Fenwick; he would take any odds—he did take them—he staked his all. 'A thousand to five hundred on Highlander against the field,' he cried, as he stood near a betting-post. 'Done!' shouted a mustachioed peer of the realm, in a barouche by his side. 'Done!' cried Fenwick, 'for the double, if you like, my lord.' 'Done!' added the peer; 'and I'll treble it if you dare!' 'Done!' rejoined the prodigal, in the confidence and excitement of the moment—'Done! my lord.' The eventful hour arrived. There was not a false start. The horses took the ground beautifully. Highlander led the way at his ease; and his rider, in a tartan jacket and mazarine cap, looked confident. Fenwick stood near the winning-post, grasping the rails with his hands; he was still confident, but he could not chase the admonition of his wife from his mind. The horses were not to be seen. His very soul became like a solid and sharp-edged substance within his breast. Of the twenty horses that started, four again appeared in sight. 'The tartan yet! the tartan yet!' shouted the crowd. Fenwick raised his eyes—he was blind with anxiety—he could not discern them; still he heard the cry of 'The tartan! the tartan!' and his heart sprang to his mouth. 'Well done, orange!—the orange will have it!' was the next cry. He again looked up, but he was more blind than before. 'Beautiful!—beautiful! Go it, tartan! Well done, orange!' shouted the spectators; 'a noble race!—neck and neck; six to five on the orange!' He became almost deaf as well as blind. 'Now for it!—now for it!—it won't do, tartan!—hurra! hurra!—orange has it!'

'Liar!' exclaimed Fenwick, starting as if from a trance, and grasping the spectator who stood next him by the throat—'I am not ruined!'—In a moment he dropped his hands by his side, he leaned over the railing, and gazed vacantly on the ground. His flesh writhed, and his soul groaned in agony. 'Eleanor!—my poor Eleanor!' cried the prodigal. The crowd hurried towards the winning-post—he was left alone. The peer with whom he had betted, came behind him; he touched him on the shoulder with his whip—'Well, my covey!' said the nobleman, 'you have lost it.'

Fenwick gazed upon him with a look of fury and despair and repeated—'Lost it!—I am ruined—soul and body!—wife and children ruined!'

'Well, Mr. Fenwick,' said the sporting peer, 'I suppose if that be the case, you won't come to Doncaster again in a hurry. But my settling day is to-morrow—you know I keep sharp accounts, and if you have not the 'ready' at hand, I shall expect an equivalent—you understand me.'

So saying, he rode off, leaving the prodigal to commit suicide if he choose. It is enough for me to tell you that, in his madness and his misery, and from the influence of what he called his sense of honour, he gave the winner a bill for the money—payable at sight. My feelings will not permit me to tell you how the poor infatuated madman more than once made attempts upon his own life; but the latent love of his wife and of his children prevailed over the rash thought, and, in a state bordering on insanity, he presented himself before the beings he had so deeply injured.

I might describe to you how poor Eleanor was sitting in their little parlour, with her boy upon a stool by her side, and her little girl on her knee, telling them fondly that their father would be home soon, and singing to them the simple nursery rhyme—

'Hush, my babe, baby bunting,
Your father's at the hunting,' &c.

when the door opened, and the guilty father entered—his hair clotted—his eyes rolling with the wildness of despair, and the cold sweat raining down his pale cheeks.

'Eleanor! Eleanor!' he cried, as he flung himself upon a sofa.

She placed her little daughter on the floor—she flew towards him—'My Edward!—oh, my Edward! she cried—'what is it, love?—something troubles you!'

'Curse me, Eleanor!' exclaimed the wretched prodigal, turning his face from her; 'I have ruined you!—I have ruined my children!—I am lost for ever!'

'No, my husband! exclaimed the best of wives, 'your Eleanor will not curse you. Tell me the worst, and I will bear it—cheerfully bear it, for my Edward's sake.'

'You will not—you cannot,' cried he; 'I have sinned against you as never man sinned against woman. Oh! if you would spit upon the very ground where I tread, I would feel it as an alleviation of my sufferings—but your sympathy, your affection, makes my very soul destroy itself!—Eleanor!—Eleanor!—if you have mercy, hate me—tell me—show me that you do!'

'O Edward!' said she imploringly, 'was it thus when your Eleanor spurned every offer for your sake, when you pledged to her everlasting love? She has none but you, and can you speak thus? O husband! if you forsake me, forsake not my children. Tell me! only tell me the worst—and I will rejoice to endure it with my Edward!'

'Then,' cried Fenwick, 'if you will add to my misery by professing to love a wretch like me—know you are a beggar!—and I have made you one!—Now, can you share beggary with me?'

She repeated the word 'Beggary!'—she clasped her hands together—for a few moments she stood in silent anguish—her bosom heaved—the tears gushed forth—she flung her arms around her husband's neck—'Yes!' she cried, 'I can meet even beggary with my Edward!'

'O heaven!' cried the prodigal, 'would that the earth would swallow me!—I cannot stand this!'

I will not dwell upon the endeavours of the fond, forgiving wife, to soothe and to comfort her unworthy husband; nor yet will I describe to you the anguish of the prodigal's father and of his mother, when they heard the extent of his folly and of his guilt. Already he had cost the old man much, and, with a heavy and sorrowful heart, he proceeded to his son's house, to comfort his daughter-in-law. When he entered, she was endeavouring to cheer her husband with a tune upon the harpsichord—though, Heaven knows, there was no music in her breast, save that of love—enduring love!

'Well, Edward,' said the old man, as he took a seat, 'what is this thou hast done now?'

The prodigal was silent.

'Edward,' continued the grey-haired parent, 'I have had deaths in my family—many deaths, and thou knowest it—but I never had to blush for a child but thee! I have felt sorrow, but thou hast added shame to sorrow.'—

'O father!' cried Eleanor, imploringly, 'do not upbraid my poor husband.'

The old man wept—he pressed her hand, and, with a groan, said—'I am ashamed that thou shouldst call me father, sweetest; but, if thou canst forgive him, I should. He is all that is left me—all that the hand of death has spared me in this world! Yet, Eleanor, his conduct is a living death to me—it is worse than all that I have suffered. When affliction pressed heavily upon me, and, year after year, I followed my dear children to the grave, my neighbours sympathised with me—they mingled their tears with mine; but now, child—oh, now, I am ashamed to hold up my head amongst them! O Edward, man! if thou hast no regard for thy father or thy heart broken mother, hast thou no affection for thy poor wife?—canst thou bring her and thy helpless children to ruin?—But that, I may say, thou hast done already! Son! son! if thou wilt nuder thy parents, hast thou no mercy for thine own flesh and blood?—wilt thou destroy thine own offspring? O Edward! if there be any sin that I will repent upon my deathbed, it will be that I have been a too-indulgent father to thee—that I am the author of thy crimes!'

'No, father! no!' cried the prodigal; 'my sins are my own! I am their author, and my soul carries its own punishment! Spurn me! cast me off!—disown me for ever!—it is all I ask of you! You despise me—hate me too, and I will be less miserable!'

'O Edward!' said the old man, 'thou art a father, but little dost thou know a father's heart! Disown thee! Cast thee off, sayest thou! As soon could the graves of thy brothers give up their dead! Never, Edward! never! O son, wouldst thou but reform thy ways—wouldst thou but become a husband worthy of our dear Eleanor; and, after all the suffering thou hast brought upon her, and the shame thou hast brought upon thy family, I would part with my last shilling for thee, Edward, though I should go into the workhouse myself.'

You are afflicted, sir—I will not harrow up your feelings by further describing the interview between the father and his son. The misery of the prodigal was remorse, not penitence. It is sufficient for me to say, that the old man took a heavy mortgage on his property, and Edward Fenwick commenced business as a wine and spirit merchant in Newcastle. But, sir, he did not attend upon business; and I need not tell you that such being the case, business was too proud a customer to attend upon him. Neither did he forsake his old habits, and, within two years, he became involved—deeply involved. Already, to sustain his tottering credit, his father had been brought to the verge of ruin. During his residence in Bamboroughshire, he had become acquainted with many individuals carrying on a contraband trade with Holland. To amend his desperate fortunes, he recklessly embarked in it. In order to obtain a part in the ownership of a lugger, he used his father's name! This was the crowning evil in the prodigal's drama. He made the voyage himself. They were pursued and overtaken when attempting to effect a landing near the Coquet. He escaped. But the papers of the vessel bespoke her as being chiefly the property of his father. Need I tell you that this was a finishing blow to the old man.

Edward Fenwick had ruined his wife and family—he had brought ruin upon his father, and was himself a fugitive. He was pursued by the law—he fled from

them; and he would have fled from their remembrance, if he could. It was now, sir, that the wrath of Heaven was showered upon the head, and began to touch the heart of the prodigal. Like Cain, he was a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. For many months he wandered in a distant part of the country; his body was emaciated and clothed with rags, and hunger preyed upon his very heart-strings. It is a vulgar thing, sir, to talk of hunger—but they who have never felt it, know not what it means. He was fainting by the wayside, his teeth were grating together, the tears were rolling down his cheeks. The servants of my father's house,' he cried, 'have bread enough, and to spare, while I perish with hunger; and, continuing the language of the prodigal in the Scriptures, he said—'I will arise and go unto my father, and say, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight.'

With a slow and tottering step, he arose to proceed on his journey to his father's house. A month had passed—for every day he made less progress—ere the home of his infancy appeared in sight. It was noon, and, when he saw it, he sat down in a little wood by a hill-side, and wept, until it had become dusk; for he was ashamed of his rags. He drew near the house, but none came forth to welcome him. With a timid hand he wrapped at the door, but none answered him. A stranger came from one of the out-houses and inquired—'What dost thou want, man?'

'Mr. Fenwick,' feebly answered the prodigal.

'Why, naebody lives there,' said the other, 'and auld Fenwick died in Morpeth jail, mair than three months sin'!'

'Died in Morpeth jail!' groaned the miserable being, and fell against the door of the house that had been his father's.

'I tell ye, ye cannot get in there,' continued the other.

'Sir,' replied Edward, 'pity me—and, oh, tell me, is not Mrs. Fenwick here—or her daughter-in-law?'

'I knaw noughts about them,' said the stranger; 'i'm put in charge here by the trustees.'

Want and misery kindled all their fires in the breast of the fugitive. He groaned, and, partly from exhaustion, partly from agony, sank upon the ground. The other lifted him to a shed, where cattle were wont to be fed. His lips were parched, his languid eyes rolled vacantly. 'Water! give me water!' he muttered, in a feeble voice; and a cup of water was brought to him. He gazed wistfully in the face of the person who stood over him—he would have asked for bread; but, in the midst of his sufferings, pride was yet strong in his heart, and he could not. The stranger, however, was not wholly destitute of humanity.

'Poor wretch!' said he, 'ye look very fatigued; dow ye think ye cud eat a bit o' bread, if I were gie'n it to thee?'

Tears gathered in the lustreless eyes of the prodigal; but he could not speak. The stranger left him, and, returning, placed a piece of coarse bread in his hand. He ate a morsel; but his very soul was sick, and his heart loathed to receive the food for lack of which he was perishing.

Vain, sir, were the inquiries after his wife, his children, and his mother; all that he could learn was, that they had kept their sorrow and their shame to themselves, and had left Northumberland together, but where, none knew. He also learned that it was under-

stood amongst his acquaintances that he had put a period to his existence, and that this belief was entertained by his family. Months of wretchedness followed, and Fenwick, in despair, enlisted into a foot regiment, which, within twelve months, was ordered to embark for Egypt. At that period, the British were anxious to hide the remembrance of their unsuccessful attack upon Cadiz, and resolved to wrench the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs from the grasp of the proud armies of Napoleon. The cabinet, therefore, on the surrender of Malta, having seconded the views of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, several transports were fitted out to join the squadron under Lord Keith. In one of those transports, the penitent prodigal embarked. You are too young to remember it, sir; but at that period a love of country was more widely than ever becoming the ruling passion of every man in Britain; and, with all his sins, his follies, and his miseries, such a feeling glowed in the breast of Edward Fenwick. He was weary of existence, and he longed to listen to the neighing of the war-horse, and the shout of its rider, and as they might rush on the invulnerable phalanx, and its breast-work of bayonets, to mingle in the ranks of heroes; and, rather than pine in inglorious grief, to sell his life for the welfare of his country; or, like the gallant Graham, amidst the din of war, and the confusion of glory to forget his sorrows. The regiment to which he belonged, joined the main army off the Bay of Marmorice, and was the first that, with the gallant Moore at its head, on the memorable seventh of march, raised the shout of victory on the shores of Aboukir.

In the moment of victory, Fenwick fell wounded on the field, and his comrades, in their triumph, passed over him. He had some skill in surgery, and he was enabled to bind up his wound. He was fainting upon the burning sand, and he was creeping amongst the bodies of the slain, for a drop of moisture to cool his parched tongue, when he perceived a small bottle in the hands of a dead officer. It was half filled with wine—he eagerly raised it to his lips—Englishman! cried a feeble voice, ‘for the love of Heaven! give me one drop—only one!—or I die!’ He looked around—a French officer, apparently in the agonies of death, was vainly endeavouring to raise himself on his side, and stretching his hands towards him. ‘Why should I live!’ cried the wretched prodigal; ‘take it, take it, and live, if you desire life!’ He raised the wounded Frenchman’s head from the sand—he placed the bottle to his lips—he untied his sash, and bound up his wounds. The other pressed his hand in gratitude. They were conveyed from the field together. Fenwick was unable to follow the army, and he was disabled from continuing in the service. The French officer recovered, and he was grateful for the poor service that had been rendered to him; and, previous to his being sent off with other prisoners, he gave a present of a thousand francs to the joyless being whom he called his deliverer.

I have told you that Fenwick had some skill in surgery—he had studied some years for the medical profession, but abandoned it for the turf and its vices. He proceeded to Alexandria where he began to practise as surgeon, and, amongst an ignorant people, gained reputation. Many years passed, and he had acquired, if not riches, at least an independency. Repentance also had penetrated his soul. He had inquired long and anxiously after his family. He had but few other relatives; and to all of them he had anxiously written, imploring them to acquaint him with the residence of

the beings whom he had brought to ruin, but whom he still loved. Some returned no answer to his applications, and others only said that they knew nothing of his wife, of his mother, or of his children, nor whether they yet lived; all they knew was, that they had endeavoured to hide the shame he had brought upon them from the world. These words were daggers to his bruised spirit; but he knew he deserved them, and he prayed that Heaven would grant him the consolation and the mercy that was denied him on earth.

Somewhat more than seven years ago, he returned to his native country; and he was wandering on the very mountain where, to-day, I met you, when he entered into conversation with a youth apparently about three or four and twenty years of age; and they spent the day together as we have done. Fenwick was lodging in Keswick, and as towards evening, they proceeded along the road together, they were overtaken by a storm. ‘You must accompany me home,’ said the young man, ‘until the storm be passed—my mother’s house is at hand.’—And he conducted him to yonder lonely cottage, whose white walls you perceive peering through the trees by the water-side. It was dusk when the youth ushered him into a little parlour where two ladies sat; the one appeared about forty, the other three-score and ten. They welcomed the stranger graciously. He ascertained that they let out the rooms of their cottage to visitors to the lakes, during the summer season. He expressed a wish to become their lodger, and made some observations, on the beauty of the situation.

‘Yes, sir,’ said the younger lady, ‘the situation is, indeed, beautiful; but I have seen it when the water, and the mountains around it, could impart no charm to its dwellers. Providence has, indeed, been kind to us; and our lodgings have seldom been empty; but sir, when we entered it, it was a sad house indeed. My poor mother-in-law and myself had experienced many sorrows; yet my poor fatherless children—for I might call them fatherless—and she wept as she spoke—with their innocent prattle, soothed our affliction. But my little Eleanor, who was loved by every one, began to droop day by day. It was a winter night—the snow was on the ground—I heard my little darling give a deep sigh upon my bosom. I started up. I called to my poor mother. She brought a light to the bedside—and I found my sweet child dead upon my breast. It was a long and sad night, as we sat by the dead body of my Eleanor, with no one near us; and, after she was buried, my poor Edward there, as he sat by our side at night, would draw forward to his knee the stool on which his sister sat—while his grandmother would glance at him fondly, and push aside the stool with her foot, that I might not see it;—but I saw it all.’

The twilight had deepened in the little parlour, and its inmates could not perfectly distinguish the features of each other; but, as the lady spoke, the soul of Edward Fenwick glowed with him—his heart throbbed—his breathing became thick—the sweat burst his brow. ‘Pardon me, lady! he cried, in agony; ‘but, oh! tell me your name!’

‘Fenwick, sir,’ replied she.

‘Eleanor! my injured Eleanor!’ he exclaimed, flinging himself at her feet; ‘I am Edward, your guilty husband!—Mother! can you forgive me? My son! my son! intercede for your guilty father!’

Ah, sir, there needed no intercession—their arms were around his neck—the prodigal was forgiven!

Behold," continued the narrator, "yonder, from the cottage, comes the mother, the wife, and the son of whom I have spoken! I will introduce you to them—you shall witness the happiness and penitence of the prodigal—you must stop with me to-night—start not, sir—I am Edward Fenwick the Prodigal Son!"

LAST EFFORTS—ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

(Continued from page 23.)

On Wednesday morning (the 30th) all was again at the worst, threatening almost instantaneous dissolution. He was so ill that he could see no visitors, and had to content himself with receiving through one of his immediate attendants a message of condolence and affection, brought by Barnave from the repentant Jacobins, at the head of a numerous deputation. Towards evening, however, he again grew easier; so much so that he was unattended during the hours of midnight: but when, at daybreak, Cabanis descended to his chamber, he found that he had been lying for two or three hours in the most violent pain; in which he continued to his disease. But, precisely in proportion as his bodily pangs grew more and more excruciating, his attention to his friends, and calm dignified resignation, increased. The friends who called to see him were not admitted, and even his adopted son was kept away from his chamber; his secretary de Comps, and Pellenc, and his chief friend of all, de Lamarck, were his constant attendants. His good sister, du Saillant, came frequently; and having to leave her carriage, by reason of the barrier, on the Boulevard, the dense crowd always parted reverentially, leaving an open passage for her to the door. The brother had cast a halo round the sister: as the moon reflects the sun, so she, from his splendor, was made luminous to the anxious people.

It was now painfully evident that life and death had come to hand and hand conflict, and Cabanis and all his friends entreated Mirabeau to be allowed to call in other medical advice; but he steadily refused to let any other see him; saying, "I do not forbid you doing or saying out of my chamber whatever you may please, but they must not enter here. And when Cabanis pressed him further, he said firmly, "No, I will see nobody: you have had all the trouble; if I return to life, you will have all the merit, and I wish you alone to have all the glory."

With Dr. Petit, who came but was refused admission to his chamber by Mirabeau, Cabanis held a consultation, and then, in the course of the day, administered many decisive remedies. These, however, had not the least effect; and seeing Cabanis disappointed and disconsolate, Mirabeau administered this sublime solace: "*Thou art a great physician; but the Author of the wind, that overthrows all things—of the water that penetrates and fructifies all things—of the fire, that vivifies or decomposes all things—He is a greater physician still than thou!*"

This was the last day in March, and well-nigh his last as well; and never was a month's exit crowned with a more august display of human self-forgetfulness and thoughtful generosity: it seemed as though whatever agony he suffered was not from his own internal tor-

ments, but from the uneasiness and sorrows of his friends. For the first time in his life he beheld the Count de Lamarck weep like a very woman. "It is," he said thereon, "a very touching sight, that of a calm and frigid man not being able to conceal a trouble against which he vainly arms himself." He spoke with warm gratitude of Frochot's attentions to him, saying, if he grew well he should have learned the art of nursing an invalid from him alone; and when that gentleman supported his burning forehead, said, with a strange admixture of friendship, and the old self-confidence "Would I could leave it thee as an heritage!"

He was supplied regularly with an account of the debates, and entered into their intricacies. His mind was most absorbed with speculations on the English diplomacy. "That Pitt," he said, "is the minister of preparatives. He governs by what he menaces, rather than by what he actually does. If I had lived, I think I should have given him some trouble."

When they described to him the remarkable and unexampled solicitude of the people, he cried transporatively, "Ah, yes! beyond a doubt, a people so feeling and so good is well worthy that one should devote one's self to their service: that one should endure all to establish and consolidate liberty! It was glorious to me to consecrate my entire life to their cause; and I feel that it is pleasing to me to die in the midst of them."

With Friday morning (April 1,) came Dr. Petit, who was this time admitted to Mirabeau's chamber. He found that death was actually then beginning, as the pulse had ceased to beat, and the arms and hands were cold and clammy as those of a corpse, although he still retained their use. After a very minute examination, Dr. Petit decided that there was not the remotest vestige of a hope. In the course of the morning came Talleyrand; who (and it is honorable to him) bent his proud resentment unsolicited, and came unexpected, but welcome, to pardon his dying friend, that they might not part as enemies. The Bishop of Autun opened the interview: an embarrassing task, considering the two years' non-friendliness, in a very frank manner: "The half of Paris," said he, "remains permanently at your door. I have come hither, like the other half, three times a day to hear tidings of you, and regretting bitterly each time my not having the power to save you." The interview thereafter was tender in the extreme. It lasted two hours; during which Mirabeau embodied all his ideas upon the political aspect, in clear and forcible advice; at the same time giving him a speech he had prepared, "On the inequality of divisions, in succession by line direct," and begging him to read it for him at the ensuing debate: which Talleyrand did. After he had departed, Mirabeau made his visit a plausible pretext for declining the last offices of the Romish Church, informing the *curé* that he had already seen a higher ecclesiastic, the Bishop of Autun.

In the afternoon he made his will. Before commencing, he said to Frochot: "I have some debts, and I do not know the exact amount: I know no more of the state of my fortune; nevertheless, I have several obligations imperious to my conscience, and dear to my heart." When these words were told Lamarck, he generously proposed to pay all legacies Mirabeau should recommend him; and with equal nobility of spirit, Mirabeau used this liberality, though moderately and with discretion.

Slowly declined the day, and the shadows of night

crept over the land—the last night of his earthly pilgrimage: but if the shades of death were upon the body, the starlight of the intellect—the meteoric soul—gleamed out in undiminished brilliance. His physician lay on a neighbouring couch, and Mirabeau spoke with wondrous continuity till the morning; his words pouring forth too rapidly and too impetuously, in an unbroken fire-flood, as in the Assembly in his days of strength. Slowly also the curtains of night were in their turn drawn aside, and daylight began to dawn upon the world. His last day on earth! Think what lies in that! the past curling back like an indistinct and confused battle-picture, the present wavering like an empty vapor, and before, the dim immensity of the unknown To-Come looming up in hazy distance; unknown and dubious to the best of us Christians: but alas! doubly so to the dying Mirabeau; for he properly had no belief whatever, and in the world to come he knew not the consoling sublimity of a universal tribunal and an everlasting reward: but he looked forward unto death simply as a rest and an annihilation. And it is this that renders his death all the more heroic; for it is comparatively easy to die when death is regarded as the portal to a happier kingdom; but when an ignoble rest is the highest expectation, it is not so easy.

His first act on this last day was one of humane consideration. The wife of a faithful retainer, named Legrain, had scarcely ever left his chamber since his illness, although her son was ill of a fever, and she herself very far advanced in pregnancy; and scarcely had the day dawned ere Mirabeau addressed her thus:—

“Henrietta, you are a good creature. You are about to have a child, and are risking the life of another, and yet you never quit me. You owe yourself to your family; go, therefore, I desire it.”

As soon as day had broken thoroughly, the windows were flung open, and the mild spring breeze stole in and fanned his feverish temples.

“My friend,” he said to Cabanis, “I shall die to-day. When one is in that situation, there remains but one thing more to do; and that is to perfume me, to crown me with flowers, to environ me with music, so that I may enter sweetly into that slumber wherefrom there is no awaking.”

His mention of flowers was one of the ruling passions asserting itself at the hour of death. In his little garden he had many trees and shrubs then greenly verdant, and here and there, in tuft or border, the earlier flowers were bursting into bud, and the later ones peeping from the brown earth; and that his eye might behold them once again, they wheeled his bed to the opened window, and he looked forth into the expanse of heaven. Just then, as though to greet him, the round and lustrous sun emerged from behind the clouds, and rayed forth upon him; and as he basked in the beams, and gazed upon dazzled and delighted, to its broad circle, he cried:—

“If that is not God, it is at the least his cousin-german!”

He then informed Cabanis that he felt he should not live many hours, and begged him to promise not to leave him till his death; and when in promising, Cabanis burst into tears, he said, “No weakness, unworthy yourself and me! This is a moment when we ought to know how to make the most of each other. Pledge me your word that you will not make me suffer useless pain. I wish to be able to enjoy, without draw-backs, the presence of all dear to me.”

He then had de Lamarck brought to him, and having placed him on one side of him on his bed, and Cabanis on the other, for three-quarters of an hour he spoke to them of private and public affairs; “gliding rapidly over the former, but dwelling upon the latter:” in mentioning which he uttered his memorable words—

“I carry in my heart the dirge of the monarchy, the ruins thereof will be the prey of the factious.”

Almost immediately after this he lost his power of speech, in which state he lay for an hour, apparently devoid of pain; but at about eight, the *coup-de-grâce* of death was being given: his body convulsed and writhed as though in frightful and agonizing pain, and in dumb torture he signed for drink; water, wine, lemonade, jelly, were offered, but refusing them all, he signed again for paper; which being given, in hot rapidity he scrawled his wants and wishes in the words TO SLEEP! (*dormir.*) Then, when that wish was not complied with, he wrote more at length, praying, for common humanity's sake, that they would give him opium. Just at that time, Dr. Petit arrived, and decided upon giving him a composing draught; and the prescription was immediately dispatched to the nearest druggist. Meanwhile his aggravated death-pangs had burst the very chains of death, and he recovered speech, to give a reproach to his friend.

“The doctors, the doctors!” he cried.—“Were not you (to Cabanis) my doctor, and my friend? Have you not promised me that I should be spared the anguish of a death like this? Do you wish me to die regretting having given you my confidence?”

Having said which, he sank into a kind of asphyxia, and lay motionless, and to all appearance insensible; but cannon firing in the distance aroused him, and he said, in a dreamy surpris:—

“Are those already the Achilles' funeral?”

And immediately after, as the chimes rang half-past eight, he opened his eyes slowly, and gazing heavenward, died!

So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down,
Perish the greatness and the pride of kings!

He was forty-two years and twenty days old; and as he lay there a corpse, the beholders remarked that—“Except one single trace of physical suffering, one perceives with emotion the most noble calm, and the sweetest smile upon that face, which seemed enwrapped in a living sleep, and occupied with an agreeable dream.”

So closes the most wonderful death-bed scene whereof we yet have annals: we call it wonderful; and not beautiful, and yet we would not have had it otherwise, for it is altogether in keeping with the man, and completes the character.

LOVE.—Love throws a magic veil over all things; and, seen by the softening influence of affection, tyranny is but superiority, and coldness self-control. God's blessing on the woman's heart! for it is a fearfully beautiful thing; so unselfish, so devoted, so patient, so forbearing, and so loving, like a rill of the clearest water which fertilises a whole plain, nourishing giant trees and young flowers together, giving all life and loveliness heedless of itself, save serene in its own deep joy. Let women be as nature made them, and then Olympus itself holds no more glorious beings than they. Let them be simple, natural, and loving, and they pass through the cycle of their virtues, for all others depend on these.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE BETHROTHED—*We were very anxious to give a place to the story bearing this name which was sent to our office; but the manuscript requires so much correction that we cannot for the present attend to it,—if the writer will send for it we will break thro' our rule and return it, with a few lines for his guidance.*

JOSEPH L.—*You are evidently a good-natured person but we have found so many friends ready with ADVICE that we must keep the balance of our stock of thanks for those who prove their good wishes by aiding the increase of our circulation.*

A VOICE FROM THE COVE.—*If the owner of the "Voice from the Cove," would clear his throat from political hoarseness and send us an article calculated to elevate the character of Ireland and her sons—he would prove himself a useful Cove to his native land and a welcome contributor of ours.*

A VERY OLD SUBALTERN.—*Our space is so limited that we cannot undertake to answer all questions that our correspondents may put to us, however, we shall always be happy to oblige, when we have an opportunity and we are now able to inform 'A very old Subaltern,' that the quotation he alludes to, is from a "Song to Celia by Ben Johnson," the first four lines are as follows:*

"Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."

EMILY.—*Asks us how to translate the following:*

"Je ne suis pas ce que je suis,
Car si j'étais ce que je suis,
Je serait ce que je suis."

The suis final is from the verb suivre—there's a key for you Miss Emily.

A YOUNG MECHANIC.—*Gutta percha is a non-conductor of electricity, it was first discovered by a Mr. Thomas Lobb while on a botanical mission to Syngapore, and introduced into England in 1843 by a Dr. Montgomerie, it is extracted from a tree that grows to an enormous size in the Malay Islands; the purposes to which Gutta percha is applied are so numerous that we cannot attempt to enumerate them but the curious will be gratified by inspecting some books for sale at Mr. Sinclair's shop, the binding made of Gutta percha in imitation of ancient carving.*

At the suggestion of some country friends we send this number of our Journal free of all charge to several parties in the country; those who favour us by becoming subscribers can have the early as well as the future numbers forwarded to them FREE OF POSTAGE.

Worldly prosperity is a much greater drain upon our energies than the most severe adversity; there is no spring, no elasticity; it is like walking through life upon a Turkey carpet. Large and noble faculties are required to make a wise use of worldly prosperity; there is little stimulus in, and no excitement beyond, what the individual can furnish for himself; his days are rounded with security, and softly cushioned against all the harsh realities of life.

SINCLAIR'S JOURNAL

Of British North America.

QUEBEC, 31ST MARCH, 1849.

SCOTCH CAUTION.

It has become a settled point that the people of Scotland are remarkable for a cold and cautious temper. Has it never occurred to any of the multitudes who receive and respect this doctrine, that it is strangely at issue with a vast proportion of the facts known regarding the Scottish people? We make no apology for briefly discussing the subject, because it is manifestly a curious circumstance that a people should generally act in contradiction of one of their most notable attributes.

A potent English monarch had, at the close of the thirteenth century, by craft and force completely established a right of dominion over this poor little northern country. A private gentleman rose in rebellion. The people for years supported him in a guerilla warfare, which scarcely was blessed with a hope of success. Wallace at length came to the end that might have been expected. He was put to death by the ungenerous usurper. Within two years, one of the claimants of the crown, who might have continued to be a great Lord under Edward, is found taking up the same dangerous game. In the whole series of transactions which followed, down to the battle of Bannockburn, there is a show of almost every quality on the part of Bruce and the Scots *except* caution. That battle itself would never have happened, if Bruce had not been a romantic knight rather than a politic king, for it was obviously impolitic for a leader with thirty thousand troops to meet an enemy with a hundred thousand in the open field.

Throughout the almost incessant wars, external and internal, in which the Scotch were engaged for two hundred years after this period there is no trace of a Fabian policy: all is headlong ardour. A pretty young French queen, wishing to make a diversion against the king of England, with whom her husband was at war, sent a ring to the king of Scotland, with a request that he would ride three miles into English ground for her sake. The Scottish monarch, though a married man above forty years of age, immediately invaded England under this call. In a few weeks, while resting with his army on a Northumbrian hill, he saw an English army deploying over a bridge to fight him. A politic man would have attacked it when half over, and beaten it. James was too gallant to take any such advantage. In the consequent battle, he lost his life, along with the flower of his nobility and people. One is astonished at the utter want of caution and consideration in the whole of this affair; yet it did not serve as a lesson. The son of this gallant king sent an army against England in nearly similar circumstances, and on its coming to the destruction which was to be expected, he died of grief. In all of these collisions, the English leaders appear as the wary men. Scotland seems as a simple reckless child in comparison. Where was Scotch caution on the day of Pinkie fight? In

the connection of the affairs of Elizabeth and Mary, on which side lay the astuteness, and on which the impulsiveness? Were the Walsinghams, the Wottons, and the Burleighs, a set of frank heedless Englishmen, allowing themselves to be tricked by the cold calculating ministers of the beautiful queen of Scots?

The national attribute is brought into a strong light in the affair of the Covenant. The king, with England at his back, attempts little changes in the ecclesiastical arrangements of Scotland. In the month of May 1639, this cold-blooded people present themselves in arms on Dunse Law, bide the worst which that great monarch could bring against them. England had by that time some grievances of her own to bear; but it was the cautious Scotch who first took to pike and gun for the good cause. The affair ends for the meantime in a capitulation; but next year, on a fine day in the month of August, this cool-headed people, once more in arms, are seen crossing the Tweed at Coldstream, in order to fight Charles on his own ground. Their whole conduct throughout the civil war is the oddest possible for a cautious people. After all they had suffered from Charles, twenty thousand of them followed the poor Duke of Hamilton to Uxeter, with a vain hope of redeeming their unhappy monarch from the bondage of the sectaries. Not content with thus knocking their heads against Cromwell, they must, two years after, defy him and republican England for the sake of Charles II. Their attack on Oliver at Dunbar, their march to Worcester, are most extraordinary doings for a people eaten up by the spirit of selfish calculation. Never certainly was caution more whimsically shown, or more inappropriately rewarded.

It was the fate of Scotland in the next reign to be put under a church establishment which represented the opinions of only a handful of the people, but which was supported by a powerful and merciless government. The peasantry of a single county rose in rebellion, and fell in scores under the bullets of Dalrymple. The peasantry of another county, some years later, exposed themselves in the same way to the sabres of Claverhouse. A thousand of these calculating people were offered liberty if they would say 'God save the king'—the alternative being Barbadoes and Maryland. Strange for a cautious people, they refused, and the cold strand of Orkney was strewed with their corpses before the year was out. What a series of strange proceedings for such a people, those conventicles which they would attend, gentles as well as commons, though ruinous fines stared them in the face, and no man knew but Claverhouse might be behind the next hill with his dragoons! The scores of men who, for conscience' sake, sang their last psalms under the gibbet in the Grassmarket, how strange to think of them as specimens of a nation who, while allowed to have tolerably clear heads, are yet set down as generally distinguished by frigid hearts!

The two rebellions in behalf of the exiled House of Stuart will of course appear as notable illustrations of this national torpor of feeling. In 1745, the Scotch Jacobites came out in thousands to the open field, braving for their principles loss of life and possessions; while the English Jacobites, equally enraged, remain quietly at home, and read of Prince Charlie's progress in the newspapers. Even of the Welsh, hotheaded as they are reputed to be, not a man draws his sword. It is pleasant for a Scotchman to think of eighty of his 'cautious' countrymen getting themselves hanged at Carlisle, Preston, and Kennington Common, for daring

to rank themselves up against King George and his army; many of them declaring, too, with their last breath, that, if it were to do over again, they would do it. The affair of 1745 was almost the only occurrence for a century after the accession of the House of Hanover that forcibly attracted the attention of the English to Scotland; and strange to say, it presents this so-called cautious people in an attitude purely romantic, audacious, and unwise.

After ages of war and civil broils, the Scotch thought themselves, at the close of the seventeenth century, of applying their energies to commerce. The first ventures of so cautious a people one would have expected to be on an exceedingly moderate scale in proportion to their resources. All the circumstances ought to have been marked by prudence and forethought. What was the actual fact?—a plan of extraordinary boldness, for an entrepôt at Darien, involving a capital of four hundred thousand pounds, being about half of the whole circulating medium in the country. The total destruction of their expeditions, and the perdition of their money, bear strong witness indeed to the national attribute! About that time, who was the Scotsman most conspicuous in England?—was he a paragon of caution? It was William Paterson, who projected the Bank of England—one of the most adventurous beings perhaps that ever breathed. Twenty years later, France was thrown into an extraordinary ferment by a new bank, on which came to be engrafted a scheme for colonising Louisiana. The projector was a foreigner, a daring schemer in monetary matters. So successfully did he impart his enthusiasm to others, that people of all ranks flocked to convert their actual capital into his paper. A stranger entering the Rue Quinquempoix at that crisis would have found a hunchback making a good livelihood by letting out his back as an extempore desk on which the transfers of an imaginary stock were negotiated. If introduced at court, he would have found the son of the projector admitted to the circle of noble youths who were privileged to join in the dances of the young king. Strange to say, the man who produced the universal madness in Paris, to be followed by an equally universal ruin, was a member of that nation so celebrated for its cautious calculation; it was John Law, a native of Edinburgh. Banking, it will be said, has been conducted cautiously and successfully in Scotland. Not so fast. The success of Scotch banking arose in reality from a feature of incaution, a large issue of notes. But for the smallness of the country, allowing each man to know something of another's affairs, and the general probity of the men engaged in banking, an issue of notes so much beyond the means of their ready and immediate withdrawal would have been attended by the greatest danger. It has, in fact, been an adventurous system all along, one in which credit has been stretched to an extent which we rarely see exemplified in larger countries. Nor has it been uniformly successful. There are a few counties in Scotland the proprietary of which has been perhaps as much changed in consequence of misadventures in banking, as Fermanagh was by the Cromwellian settlement. The extreme case was that of Douglas, Heron, and Company bank established in 1769, ruined in 1772. They issued notes like a snow-drift, and gave large quantities of them out to individuals to be put into circulation in different parts of the country, and accounted for at certain periods. These notes used to come back for payment at the central office, before their various circulators had

accounted for them. Anybody with a coat on his back and a little brass on his forehead could get a bill discounted with Douglas, Heron, and Company. It is told that there was a back-going farmer about the Pentland Hills, who, having exhausted all his friends and neighbours, and being reduced, to desperation, was told that money was to be got almost without ceremony at a house in the Canongate. He came with a bill for £50, accepted by one of his ploughmen, and had the money in his hand as quickly as if it had been only change for a guinea. He packed it slowly up in his pocket, strode to the door, and there turning coolly about, said pretty audibly, 'Faith, billies, this canna gang on lang.' The damage to the shareholders, who were of all classes, was dreadful. Sir Walter Scott speaks with a bitter grudge of the loss incurred by his father through Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank; yet we observe the old gentleman stands in the list for only £500 of stock. Mr. Islay Campbell, the most successful advocate of his time, told a friend that it would have been better for him never to have made one penny by his profession, than to have made a venture in that bank. Some men paid quotas of loss every now and then during the greater part of their lives; and, as we are assured only a very few years have elapsed since the books were finally wound up, it is not improbable that in some instances the sufferings from Douglas, Heron, and Company's bank extended through three generations.

Any one living in Scotland at the present day, and looking round him with the eye of a man of the world, would be at no loss, we believe, to discover such examples of things done under false calculations, or no calculations at all, as would leave him a good deal at a loss to account for the character which the people have acquired on the score of caution. He would not see what are called 'fast men' in great numbers; but of heedless speculators and half-crazy projectors he would find no lack. However strange it may sound in an English ear, there are plenty of rash and thoughtless people in Scotland. Only inquire into family histories: where is there one without its wayward member, who is continually coming back upon them ruined and undone, to be once more set up in the world, or once more and finally shipped off for the colonies? Ask in the share-market---look into the Gazette---inspect the shipping list at Glasgow. Hopes you will everywhere find as rife as fears. On all sides ruin bears its part beside success. One does not hear much now-a-days of such spirit among religious people as that which fills the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth century with wonders. Yet only in 1843, about a third part of the established clergy of Scotland abandoned their livings on a point of conscience. Other people, ourselves amongst the number, are at a loss to understand their reasons: opposite partisans try to extenuate the matter in various ways. In plain truth, whatever might be the merits of the prompting cause, it was an astonishing example of self-sacrifice, one which any people might be proud to have in their history, and which, we venture to say, the whole nation will yet be proud to see there. We strongly recommend the particulars to the consideration of those who regard the Scotch as wholly made up of cold and selfish calculation.

We might go on to ask if the most eminent Scotsmen of past times have been noted for caution. Was Bruce a cautious man when he exposed himself to the

attack of Sir Henry Bohun at Bannockburn? Was John Knox a cautious man?---he of whom Morton said as he saw him laid in the grave, 'There lies one who never feared the face of man!' Was Montrose cautious at Kilsyth, or Dundee at Killiecrankie? Was Fletcher of Salton cautious when he killed Dare at Torquay? Burns proclaims in his verse that 'prudent caution self-control is wisdom's root;' but, him self, 'o'er fast for thought, o'er hot for rule,' could never practise the maxim. Scott looked a prudent man till near the end of his days' when it was found that not a son of the Muses in their most reckless times had acted more inconsiderately than he. A hardy ardour and enthusiasm seems to belong to the whole of the great men of our century. Caution is the last peculiarity which a biographer would attribute to them.

How, then, comes it that the Scotch, with such a history, obtain such a character? We cannot undertake to solve the mystery to universal satisfaction; but we see a few peeps of daylight through it. The Scotch, in the ordinary affairs of life, exhibit a tolerably clear intellect; they do not rush into acts and situations with the precipitancy of the Irish. But there is nothing extraordinary about them in this respect. The English, however, whose judgment on this point is the subject of debate, see their neighbours in two limited aspects. They either see the northern adventurer plodding his way among a people richer than himself, and anxious to make up by prudence for his original want of means; or they themselves come as mercantile travellers into Scotland, seeking to press off all sorts of English goods upon such shopkeepers as they think trustworthy. The Scotch trader has to be on the defensive both against the trading sharpness of the English, and against taking an over-quantity of their goods, all of which he knows must be paid for. He therefore presents a somewhat hard and slow manner to the *empressement* of his visitor. The Scotch are accordingly, as a nation, judged by the English from a few specimens, who are either unfair representatives of the mass, or are presented in circumstances so peculiar, that their actual character is not represented. It is like judging the people of Italy from the wandering image-venders, or the people of France from the conduct of the actors in the Théâtre Français. It gets, however, a specious sort of sanction from the fact, that the Scotch do bear themselves with something like an average degree of prudence amongst the nations; and so it passes. The English, meanwhile, have no more idea of the style of living and dealing pursued by the bulk of the Scotch people, than they have of the *ménage* of an Esquimaux, or perhaps less. The many who live in an open-handed and elegant manner, the still greater number who live in comfort, the generous charities supported in the large towns, the sacrifices made by the poorest under the influence of their higher sentiments, remain totally unknown, and therefore enter not into the account. If these remarks do not explain the mystery, then we despair of it, and must leave it as a problem to be solved by wiser heads than ours.

Suspense may be easily endured by persons of an indolent character, who never expect to rule their destiny by their own genius; but to those who feel themselves possessed of energy and abilities to surmount obstacles, and to brave dangers, it is torture to be compelled to remain passive, to feel that prudence, virtue, and genius avail them not; that while rapid ideas pass in their imagination, time moves with an unalterable pace, and compels them to wait, along with the herd of vulgar mortals, for the knowledge of futurity.

Poet's Corner.

TEA-TABLE TACTICS.

A Song for young Officers.

I.

They may talk of the ruin
That Bacchus is brewing,
But if my advice a young soldier would ask, Sir,
I would say that the hiccups
Are safer than tea-cups;
So, beware of the *Chaynes*, and stick to your flask, Sir,
Had I stood to my bowl,
Like a gay jovial soul,
By this time I might be a General officer,
But I dallied with Sally,
and Betty, and Ally,
And lost all my time with their *tay* and their coffee, Sir,
Oh! *tay* is a dangerous drink,
When the lady that makes it's a beauty;
With her fingers so *nate*,
She presents you a plate,
And to cut bread and butter she puts you on duty;
Then she pouts her bright lips,
While the congou she sips,
And her sweet mouth some question demanding,
Puts your heart beyond all self-commanding;
Through the steam of the tea-pot her eyes shine like
stars,
And Venus again makes a conquest of Mars.

II.

When I entered the army,
At first it did charm me;
Says I, "by St. Patrick, I'll yet live in story:
When war is announced—"
But a petticoat flounced
With a *nate* bit o'lace, it ensnared me from glory,
Had I mounted the breach,
Glory's lesson to teach,
I might have escaped, and a pension be paying me;
Instead of soft folly,
With Nanny or Molly,
Which bound me, like Sampson, while Cupid was slaying me.
Oh! *tay* is a dangerous drink, &c., &c.



THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

A TALE OF LIFE.

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their family connexions, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed, one day when they were drinking their wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations:

That they should dine alternately at each other's houses on the first and last day of the year; that the first bottle of wine uncorked at the first dinner, should be recorked and put away, to be drank by him who should be the last of their number; that they should never admit a new member; that when one died, eleven were to meet, and so on; and that when only one remained, he should on those two days dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table, but the first time he so dined alone, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the first bottle, and in the first glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meeting with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought indeed, that could have darkened those anticipations, was one not likely to intrude itself at this moment, that of the hapless wight who was destined to uncork the first glass at his lonely repast.

It was entered into; and as their pleasure yacht skimmed along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their first and last feasts of ensuing years. Their imaginations ran out with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They wanted in conjectures of what changes time would create.

"As for you, George," exclaimed one of the twelve, addressing his brother-in-law, "I expect I shall see you as dry, withered and shrunken as an old eel-skin, you mere outside of a man!" and he accompanied the words with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

George Fortescue was leaning carelessly over the side of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any at the conversation which had been carried on. The sudden manual salutation of his brother-in-law threw him off his balance, and in a moment he was overboard. They heard the heavy splash of his fall, before they could be said to have seen him fall. The yacht was proceeding swiftly along; but it was instantly stopped.

The utmost consternation now prevailed. It was nearly dark, but Fortescue was known to be an excellent swimmer, and startling as the accident was, they felt certain he would regain the vessel. They could not see him. They listened. They heard the sounds of his hands and feet—An answer was returned, but in a faint, gurgling voice, and the exclamation "Oh God!" struck upon their ears. In an instant, two or three, who were expert swimmers, plunged into the river, and swam towards the spot whence the exclamation had proceeded. One of them was within an arm's length of Fortescue; he saw him; before he could be reached he went down, and his distracted friend beheld the eddying circles of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. He dived after him, and touched the bottom; but the tide must have drifted the body onward, for it could not be found.

They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where drags were kept, and having procured the necessary apparatus, they proceeded to the fatal spot. After the lapse of about an hour, they succeeded in raising the lifeless body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies were employed for restoring suspended animation, but in vain; they now pursued the remainder of their course to London in mournful silence, with the corpse of him who had commenced the day of pleasure with them in the fulness of health, of spirits, and of life. And in their severe grief they could not but reflect how soon

one of the joyous twelve had slipped out of this little festive circle.

The months rolled on, and cold December came with all its cheering round of kindly greetings and merry hospitalities; and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of poor Fortescue. Eleven of the twelve assembled on the last day of the year, and it was impossible not to feel their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, five on one side and six on the other, forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

A decorous sigh or two, a low, becoming ejaculation, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous "offering to the names of poor George Fortescue," as they proceeded to discharge the more important duties for which they had met. By the time the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to the potations of fine old hock and "capital Madeira," they had ceased to discover any thing so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of eleven.

Several years had elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up their double anniversaries as they might aptly enough be called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But, alas! there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness; for on that day, their friend, companion, brother almost, was banged! Yes, Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their circle, had, on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place.—In other words, a bill of exchange which passed into his hands for £700, passed out of it for £1,700.

It would be injustice to the ten to say, that even wine, friendship and a merry season, could dispel the gloom which pervaded this dinner. It was agreed beforehand, that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme; and having thus interdicted the only things which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight.

Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of Rowland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled, two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig, the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port and warm Madeira carried it against hock, claret, and red burgundy; and champagne stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew in favor—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation grew less boisterous, and it turned chiefly on politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and Windows were most carefully provided with list and sand bag—the fire more in request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing and riotous merriment. The rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by 11 o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or six glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, tying on woolen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, grasping sturdy walking canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy.

Four little old men of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices and dim, rayless eyes, sat down, by the mercy of Heaven, (as they themselves tremulously declared,) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year, to observe the frolic compact which, half a century before they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Eight were in their graves! The four that remained stood upon its confines. Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips,

not more than half full; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, if a sort of strange wheezing might be called a laugh; and when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulses through their veins, they talked of the past as if it were but yesterday that had slipped by them—and of the future as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist; and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and then their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable; two only could play at cribbage, and cribbage was the game. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, their fading sight distinguish, the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze each deal.

At length came the last dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head fourscore and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in his house and at his table, they had celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained for eight and fifty years, the bottle they had uncorked, recorked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him; with a feeble and reluctant grasp, he took the frail memorial of a youthful vow and for a moment memory was faithful to her office.—She threw open her long vista of buried years; and his heart travelled through them all. Their lusty and blithesome spring, their bright and fervid summer—their ripe and temperate autumn—their chill but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how one by one, the laughing companions of the merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt all the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own); and as he drained a glass which he filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled by himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of the easy chair, and out of which her had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not still extinct till the following day. And this was the LAST DINNER.

Human nature is evidently endowed with a variety of appetites and desires, adapted to the various objects which are capable of supplying its wants, or of furnishing it with pleasures. The body stands in need of constant support, which is not to be procured without considerable art and labour. This art and labour must be greatly increased, if not only the necessities, but also the conveniences and elegancies of life are desired, and the refinements of sense considered as objects of pursuit. The senses are not only inlets of pleasures merely corporeal but of others, also, of a more refined and delicate kind, of which the mind, under the influence of fancy, is of the chief recipient. Hence they open a very extensive field of human enjoyment, and claim the whole compass of nature to administer materials for the fine arts. The mind of man is eagerly desirous of knowledge, and wishes to discover the relations, the causes, and the effects of the various objects that are presented to it. Not only corporeal wants and appetites, the senses of beauty, of harmony, and of magnificence, and the love of knowledge, subject men to necessities which must be supplied, or offer to him pleasures which he cannot but desire; he is also actuated by various affections, some selfish, and some benevolent, which serve as constant spurs to action, and impel him into various tracks, according to the different complexions of their objects.

SIR JOHN BARROW.

(Continued from page 31.)

Barrow had now completed his fourteenth year, and began seriously to reflect on his future prospects. His parents were very desirous that he should enter into holy orders, and offered, out of their scanty means, to support him as a *sizer* in one of the universities; but he did not think himself suited for that sacred profession, and begged to take his chance a little longer, in the hope that something might turn up to afford him employment more suitable to his feelings. About this time a lady from Liverpool called one day at the cottage, and said, without ceremony, that her husband was Mr. Walker, the proprietor of a large iron foundry in Liverpool; and that, in the course of her visit to the north, he had wished her to look out for an active intelligent youth to superintend the workmen, and keep the accounts of the factory, under the guidance and instruction of one who, from age and infirmity, could not long continue his employment; that the youth would live in the family; and that they had one son, of about ten years of age, who, being of a weakly habit, it was their object to give him instruction at home, at least for some time to come. 'Now,' she said, addressing young Barrow, 'from the character I have heard of you at Ulverstone. I think you would answer our purpose; and if you think that such an appointment would suit you, I will write to my husband on the subject.'

The proposal was not only most flattering, but otherwise welcome to a youth of fourteen, who longed for employment, and who was also desirous of relieving his parents from the expense of maintaining him at home. Accordingly, he was soon domesticated in Mr. Walker's family, where he spent two years in useful and honourable occupation; but the death of his employer was followed by the disposal of the iron foundry to another merchant, and once more Barrow found himself without employment. Just at this time he happened to meet a relative of Mrs. Walker's who was engaged in the Greenland whale-fishery, and who proposed that he should fill up a few months of his leisure time by taking a trip with him to frozen seas; saying that he would be glad to give him a berth in the ship, and that such as his table afforded he should share with him. This kind offer was embraced with eagerness, and shortly after, they embarked in the good ship 'Peggy,' and put to sea.

This northward voyage was full of interest to one possessing so inquisitive a turn of mind as Barrow. The plains of ice on the eastern coast of Greenland, with their immense herds of seals strewed on the surface; the jagged mountains of Spitzbergen, with their lower slopes clothed with lichens and saxifrage; the excitement of a whale chase and capture—such were the outward objects which captivated his attention, while at the same time he pursued the

study of nautical lore both in its practice and theory so successfully, that Captain Potts said another voyage would make him as good a seaman as any in his ship. He further attempted, by way of filling up the long day of perpetual sun, to write a poem on the arctic regions; but very soon discovered that poetry was not his forte: nor were the materials he had to work upon of the most inviting nature to the Muse; 'for,' as he truly says, 'the feats and fates of whales and narwhales, morses, seals, bears, and foxes, malmonks, burgomasters, and strontjaggers, could afford but rugged materials for blank verse.'

After a few months' absence from England, he returned to his cottage home, bearing with him a couple of the jaw-bones of a whale, which he set up as gateposts to the entrance of a small croft close to his parents' dwelling. Here he was gladly welcomed by many; but from none did he receive a more cordial reception than from his respected master the Revd. Mr. Walker, and his old friend, the *wise man* of the hills, Mr. Gibson. The latter asked a thousand questions about navigating ships in an icy sea; and having ascertained what progress Barrow had made in nautical science, urged him to aim at further advance. 'No young man,' he observed, 'should stop short in any pursuit he undertakes till he has conquered the whole; for, without a profession, as you are, you cannot tell to what good use knowledge of any kind may be applied. Shut up in this retreat, the extent of my knowledge is of a very limited and unproductive kind; but it has been of use to my two sons in London, one of whom stands high in the Bank of England, and the other is manager of Calvert's brewery: it has also been sometimes of use to my neighbours.'

'The good old farmer encouraged me to persevere in my studies, and especially in mathematics, which were a sure foundation for astronomy, and all the rest. I took leave, and thanked him for all his kindness.'

At this time Barrow's mind was much perplexed concerning his future course in life; but he was too manly to indulge in despondency; and it was curious enough that, through one of the sons of this *wise man*, came the first opening of which he felt any desire to avail himself; for, owing to the recommendation of Mr. Gibson of the Bank, he obtained the situation of mathematical teacher in the academy of Dr. James at Greenwich. There he spent between two and three years, afterwards fixing himself in London, where he communicated instruction in mathematics to many persons among the higher classes of society. In the course of the year 1791 he became acquainted with Sir George Staunton, who called on him one day to inquire whether he could bestow a portion of his leisure in instructing his only son, a boy of ten or eleven years of age. To this proposal Barrow gladly acceded. 'I suppose,' said Sir George, 'you are practically acquainted with astronomy, and know the constellations and principal stars by name? I am a great advocate for practical knowledge!' Barrow answer-

ed in the affirmative; and the constellations and astronomy,' he adds, 'brought vividly to my mind my old friend Mr. Gibson, and the globe and the map of the Town Bank School; and I was more than ever persuaded that all is for the best.' Thus was laid the foundation of a friendship which ended only with life; and Barrow always acknowledged with gratitude that to Sir George Staunton's unvarying kindness he was indebted for all the good fortune which attended him through life.

A few months later, Sir George Staunton having been appointed to accompany Lord Macartney in his embassy to China, in the capacity of secretary and minister plenipotentiary, that gentleman contrived to have young Barrow's name placed on the list of the ambassador's suite as comptroller of the household; and this arrangement filled him with such joy, that (as he expresses it) he was 'overwhelmed with delight.'

Previous to launching out into the new world now opening before him, he contrived to visit his parents at Dragleybeck; and we cannot forbear noting down the brief sketch he gives of the good old couple at this period of his life. 'I found my parents happy and well; but my mother's eyesight, which had long been failing, was now quite gone; the principal uneasiness it occasioned her was her inability to attend divine service, the church being a mile from the cottage; my father and mother having for more than twenty years never missed the two Sunday services; but my father read to her the morning lessons and the evening service regularly every Sunday. The loss of sight never interfered with my mother's usual cheerfulness, and the young ladies of Ulverstone were her constant and agreeable visitors.'

Barrow had just completed his twenty-eighth year when he sailed in Lord Macartney's suite on the 26th September, 1792. Our space will not admit of any extracts from the journal he kept during his voyage to China, and visits to Chusan, Pekin, and Canton. We may, however, be allowed to quote one passage which bears upon the earlier part of his history. Among the costly presents sent by George III, to the emperor of China, were several valuable mathematical and scientific instruments, which, on the arrival of the embassy in Pekin were delivered to the care of Barrow, in order that they should be fitted up in the great hall of audience in the palace of Yuen-min-Yuen, for the emperor's inspection. This charge he felt to be a serious one, when he found himself surrounded by the members of the tribunal of mathematics, and other learned personages, all asking him questions concerning astronomy, mathematics, &c. 'How often,' he exclaims, 'when among these people, did I think of my poor old friend Gibson, and how much I was indebted to him!'

After an absence of two years from England, Barrow landed at Spithead in the ambassador's suite, on the 6th September 1794. Sir George Staunton's house was now his home, where, besides the instruc-

tion bestowed on Mr. Staunton, he was busily employed in compiling and arranging the materials for Sir George's official account of the embassy to China. He, however, obtained a few weeks' leave of absence, to run down to Ulverstone to see his parents whom he found quite well, and 'delighted at his safe return.' There he found himself looked upon as a curiosity; for at that time it was by no means ordinary a matter to traverse the globe, as it is in the present day; and a man who had visited Pekin, and seen the emperor of China, was regarded as a wonder.

On his return to London, Barrow resumed his usual course of life; among his other engagements was that of accompanying Mr. Staunton three days in the week to Kew Gardens, where they used to botanise with Aiton's 'Hortus Kuvensis' in the hands, which, in Barrow's future travels in South Africa, was of the greatest service to him, Kew being in possession of specimens of a large portion of the Flora of the Cape of Good Hope.

Towards the close of 1796, the Cape of Good Hope having fallen into our hands, its government was committed to Lord Macartney, who immediately appointed Barrow as his private secretary—a nomination equally honourable and agreeable to him; and on the 4th of May 1797, he landed in Cape Town in health and high spirits. Here a new sphere of duty awaited him, which he filled with the same energy and diligence which had marked his course throughout life. Owing to the refractory state of the Boers in the colony, Lord Macartney, on his first arrival, found himself encompassed with difficulties, which were increased by an utter ignorance of the geography of the country. He intrusted Barrow with a mission to the Boers at Graaff Reynet, which was exploratory as well as conciliatory in its object. Having fulfilled this mission most satisfactorily, he subsequently volunteered his services on other expeditions, with the view of becoming acquainted with the people, as well as with the productions of the country, and of ascertaining the geographical positions and boundaries of the various settlements, which at that time were most imperfectly known. 'Thus,' as he briefly expresses it, 'between the 1st of July, 1796, and the 18th January 1797, I had traversed every part of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and visited the several countries of the Caffres, the Hottentots, and the Boers: performing a journey exceeding three thousand miles on horseback, very rarely in a covered wagon and full one-half of the distance as a pedestrian. During the whole time (with the exception of a few nights passed at the Drosdy-house Graaff Reynet) I never slept under a roof, but always in a wagon, and in the cot that I brought with me in the good ship "Trusty" from England.'

(To be continued.)



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