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Original Papers.

MONTREAL.

NO. V.

From the period at which the American Revolutionary War terminated so successfully in Canada, and so highly honourable to the loyalty and patriotism of the inhabitants; to that important era, in which a new constitution was given to the Province, we are unable to trace any public historical details of much consequence in relation to the object of our present researches. The determined manner in which the Americans were expelled out of Canada, and the sentiments of devoted affection which in every corner of the country existed towards that government, who possessed both the power and inclination to bestow upon the inhabitants the blessings of freedom and happiness, conspired to promote that internal security, which is at once the immediate and happy consequence of national tranquility, and the forerunner of agricultural and commercial prosperity. In the perfect enjoyment of all those means which give an impulse to industry and enterprize, the inhabitants of Canada, and more especially the citizens of Montreal, immediately betook themselves to those various and indispensable pursuits, without which society, as at present constituted, cannot be maintained with that degree of dignity which it has been the especial care of Providence to make the peculiar characteristic of man in his civilized

state. The ear of commerce was plied with redoubled vigour, and the implements of agriculture found employment in every hand. Trade, in all its departments, flourished with a rapidity which soon placed all former examples beyond the possibility of comparison. The fur trade, particularly, which always found its safest and most valuable depôt in Montreal, was resumed with a spirit and enterprise of the most promising character; and though it must be admitted that the endeavours, which were made by the commercial inhabitants of the city to penetrate into the Indian territories, and bring the natives into a regular system of traffic with them, were frequently attended with consequences both pernicious to the trade and unfortunate to individuals; yet the indefatigable exertions and invincible perseverance of some undaunted individuals served, in a very few years, to place this important branch of commerce on that lasting and respectable footing which it has since attained. It was during this period, that the merchants of Canada engaged in this trade, began to discover the necessity of conjoining their several interests, in order to enable them to pursue the traffic with greater certainty of ultimate success. This junction, formed with a degree of energy and liberality highly honourable to the individuals concerned, gave being to the North-West Company, which has since become so conspicuous in the local as well as commercial history of the country. All those animosities which are inseparable from commercial rivalry, and which might have formerly existed amongst the persons engaged in this trade, now totally disappeared; and their complete exclusion from the concerns of the company, contributed more than any other circumstance, to the fair dealing and general good conduct of the country partners, and to the integrity and respectability of those in the town. It was thus that Montreal received its primary character for commercial improvement. Its central situation in Canada rendered it of equal importance in forwarding the various views of commercial men throughout the country. Strangers and foreigners already began to look upon it as the only place whence the whole trade of Canada, of whatever denomination, should in future derive its energy and greatest encouragement. They did not fail to take advantage of those flattering expectations; and, aided by the melancholy and unsettled situation of affairs in the neighbouring colonies, an influx of emigration to Montreal and the surrounding country, took place, which was truly astonishing. At this period the whole population of Canada did not exceed ninety thousand souls, but in a few years, or about 1780, we are enabled to assert upon good authority, that the amount may be stated at nearly double that number. The population of Montreal, though we have no other data to go by than analogy, must have increased in a ratio commensurate with the rural districts of the country.

The British Government, ever alive to whatever tends to advance the prosperity of His Majesty's Dominions, and the true happiness of his subjects, wherever they may be placed, were not blind to the improving state of Canada, nor did they fail to take as early an advantage as circumstances could admit, of the prospect which was thus opened up, for the exercise of those judicious measures without which it is impossible that a nation can be great or a people contented. The Minister

began to look back upon what had already been done in Canada, and, perhaps, to find that the civil and religious institutions hitherto established in this great and extensive province, were by no means, either adequate to the just claims of a free people, or decidedly honourable to the pretensions of the mother country for all that is excellent in political jurisprudence. It must, indeed, be confessed, that the political establishments existing at this time in Canada, were merely formed as temporary arrangements in a new and unsettled country: but excuses were not wanting to palliate and prolong the duration of them. But however this may be, it is certain, that the conspiracy of some great political causes with the acknowledged destitution in Canada of a government suitable to its circumstances and magnitude, at once confirmed the opinion of the minister, and ripened his ideas with regard to this country into an absolute determination of re-modeling its constitution. As Montreal, no less than the Country at large, is deeply interested in this important era of our history, we cannot forbear to enter at some length, into its details.

When the province of Quebec was ceded by France to Great Britain, by the treaty of peace in 1763, a proclamation was issued, in which his Majesty promised, that measures should be taken for extending to the inhabitants, the benefits of the British constitution. Nothing, however, was done till the year 1774, when an act passed, "for making more effectual provision for the government of the province of Quebec."— This act was far from giving satisfaction, or answering its purpose; and it was now found to be, in many respects, inapplicable to the present state of the province. Mr. Pitt had for some time been endeavouring to frame a plan, better suited to existing circumstances, and as nearly analogous to the British Constitution, as the case would admit; and on the 25th of February, 1791, he presented the following message from his Majesty to the House of Commons;

GEORGE R.

"His Majesty thinks it proper to acquaint the House of Commons, that it appears to his Majesty, that it would be for the benefit of his Majesty's subjects in his province of Quebec, that the same should be divided into two separate provinces, to be called the province of Upper Canada, and the province of Lower Canada: and that it is accordingly his Majesty's intention so to divide the same, whenever his Majesty shall be enabled by act of Parliament to establish the necessary regulations for the government of the said provinces. His Majesty therefore recommends this object to the consideration of this House.

"His Majesty also recommends to this House to consider of such provisions as may be necessary to enable his Majesty to make a permanent appropriation of lands in the said provinces, for the support and maintenance of a Protestant clergy within the same, in proportion to such lands as have been already granted within the same by his Majesty; and it is his Majesty's desire, that such provision may be made, with respect to all future grants of land within the said provinces respectfully, as may best conduce to the same object, in proportion to such increase as may happen in the population and cultivation of the said provinces; and for this purpose, his Majesty consents, that such provisions or regulations may be made by this House, respecting all

future grants of land to be made by his Majesty within the said provinces, as this House shall think fit."

In consequence of this message, Mr. Pitt, on the 4th of March, moved "For leave to bring in a Bill to repeal certain parts of the act of the 14th of his present Majesty, intituled 'An act for making more effectual provision for the government of the province of Quebec in North America,' and to make further provision for the government of the said province." On this occasion Mr. Pitt opened the several heads of his plan with a detail unusually full. Scarcely a regulation of the most minuté kind was left unexplained. It was proposed, he said, to divide the Country into two provinces; to be called Upper and Lower Canada, in which there should be separate legislatures, each consisting, in imitation of the Constitution of the mother country, of a legislative council, and a house of assembly, which should have power, with the consent of the King signified by the Governor, to enact laws for their respective provinces; all the present laws and ordinances remaining in force, till repealed or altered by the new legislatures. The members of the councils were to be nominated by the king, and to continue for life, his Majesty being also authorized to annex to certain honours, corresponding to those of our peerage, an hereditary right to sit in the councils. The number of members of the council in Upper Canada, was not to be less than seven, and in Lower Canada, not less than fifteen. The members of the house of assembly were to be elected by districts and townships, and to continue for seven years; the qualification for voters in the former, being a freehold of forty shillings a year, and in the latter, owning a house of five pounds, or occupying one of ten pounds a year. The number of members of the house of assembly in Upper Canada was not to be less than sixteen, and in Lower Canada not less than thirty. The governors of the respective provinces were to appoint the time of meeting of the legislative council and house of assembly, to prorogue, and to dissolve them. There was to be a right of appeal from the provincial courts of law to the governor and executive council, and from them to the privy council in England, and ultimately to the house of Lords. Provision was to be made for the maintenance of the protestant clergy of the established church, by an allotment of one-seventh of the land. And to prevent such discontents, as had occasioned the separation of the American states, the British parliament was to have no power to impose any taxes upon the inhabitants, except for the regulation of trade and commerce, and the levy and disposal of those taxes were to be under the direction of the local legislatures.

The grand object in dividing the country into two distinct provinces, was, to put an end to the competition and disputes between the old French inhabitants, who almost entirely resided in Lower Canada, and the new settlers from England and the American states, who were principally fixed in Upper Canada, and were daily increasing.* It was also hoped, that the establishment of two independent legislatures would tend to make the laws definite and well understood, the uncertain and defective nature of which had hitherto operated very disadvan-

*TOMLINS'S Life of PITT.

tageously, especially in commercial concerns; and that it would have the effect of producing, from time to time, laws adapted to the wishes and condition of each province.

The bill containing these regulations, was read a first and second time, and passed through the Committee, without any opposition or debate; but on the 8th of April, the day the report was to be taken into consideration, a petition was presented against it from certain merchants, warehouse-men, and manufacturers of Quebec, who conceived it would operate in a manner prejudicial to their interests; and Mr. Hussey proposed it should be recommitted. Mr. Fox immediately rose, and objected, in very strong terms, to several parts of the Bill.— He observed, that many clauses in the bill appeared to be very exceptionable, and such as he could by no means subscribe to. The bill proposed to give two assemblies to the two provinces, and thus far it met with his approbation; but the number of persons of whom these assemblies were to consist deserved reprobation. In Great Britain, we had a septennial bill; but the goodness of it had been considered doubtful, at least, even by many of those who took a lead in the present bill. By a septennial bill, the country of Canada might be deprived of many of the few representatives that were allowed by the bill, in consequence of removal from home upon commercial pursuits. Of the qualification of electors he felt it impossible to approve. In England a freehold of forty shillings was sufficient; five pounds were necessary in Canada. As to the points of hereditary honours, to say that they were good or that they were not good, as a general proposition, was not easily maintained; but he saw nothing so good in hereditary powers and honours, as to incline us to introduce them into a country where they were unknown, and by such means distinguish Canada from all the colonies in the West Indies. In countries where they made part of the constitution, he did not think it was wise to destroy them; but to give birth and life to such principles in countries where they did not exist, appeared to him to be exceedingly unwise. He did not clearly comprehend the provision which the bill made for the protestant clergy. By the Protestant clergy, he supposed to be understood not only the clergy of the Church of England, but all descriptions of protestants. He wished to deprive no clergyman of his just rights; but in settling a new constitution, and laying down new principles, to enact that the clergy should have one-seventh of all grants, he must confess, appeared to him an absurd doctrine. The greatest part of these protestant clergy were not of the Church of England; they were chiefly what are called protestant dissenters in this country. But of all the points of the bill, Mr. Fox said, that which struck him most forcibly was the division of the province of Canada. It had been urged that, by such means, we could separate the English and French inhabitants of the province; that we could distinguish who were originally French from English origin. But was this to be desired? Was it not rather to be avoided? Was it agreeable to general political expediency? The most desirable circumstance was that the French and English inhabitants of Canada should unite and coalesce, as it were, into one body, and that the different distinctions of the people might be extinguished forever. He wished the people of Canada

to adopt the English laws from choice, and not from force; and he did not think the division of the province the most likely means to bring about this desirable end. He trusted that the house would also seriously consider the particular situation of Canada. It was not to be compared to the West Indies; it was a country of a different nature; it did not consist of a few white inhabitants, and a number of slaves; but it was a country of great growing population, which had increased very much, and which, he hoped, would increase much more.

Mr. Pitt lamented, that these objections had not occurred to Mr. Fox in an earlier stage of the bill; but he readily consented to its recommitment, from a desire of availing himself of any opportunity of hearing observations, and receiving information, in the difficult and important business of settling a new system for the government of a distant colony. He thought, however, that at present the proposed assemblies would be sufficiently numerous, and they might be increased when the population of the provinces* became greater, as the bill fixed the minimum. He totally differed from Mr. Fox, respecting the expediency of making the councils elective, and excluding all hereditary honours; he thought that none of those republican principles, which Mr. Fox had applauded, and described as resulting from a greater extension of learning, in those more enlightened times, would improve the Constitution of Britain, or of its colonies; and that in the Canadas, there ought to be hereditary aristocratical councils, answering to the British House of Lords. He contended, that the only method of reconciling the jarring interests, and opposite views of the inhabitants, was, by giving them two legislatures, in one of which the ancient Canadians might have the ascendancy, and in the other the new settlers; as animosity and confusion must arise, from uniting the same legislature, persons so dissimilar in religion, language, manners, and character; the conquerors and conquered; some attached to the English and others to the French laws. He trusted, however, that the French would hereafter voluntarily adopt the English jurisprudence, from a conviction of its being preferable to their own, which would be far better than using any compulsion upon the subject. With respect to the protestant clergy, he was desirous of making an adequate provision for them, sufficient to enable them to support their situation with respectability; and a seventh of the land was not equal in value to a tenth of its produce, which was the provision for the Parochial Clergy in England.

As it was these debates relative to a new constitution for Canada which led to the celebrated quarrel between Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke, it may not be altogether improper to give a short detail of it. On the recommitment of the bill, Mr. Burke rose, as he said, to speak to its general principle. He enlarged upon "the importance of the act which they were now about to perform. The first consideration was the competency of the House to such an act. A body of rights commonly called the *Rights of Man*, had been lately imported from a neighbouring kingdom. The principle of this new code was, that all men were

* The population of Upper Canada was supposed at this time, to be 10,000, including men, women, and children.

by nature free, and equal in respect to their rights. If this code therefore were admitted, the power of the House could extend no further than to call together the inhabitants of Canada to choose a constitution for themselves. The practical effect of this system might be seen at St. Domingo and the other French islands. They were flourishing and happy till they heard of the rights of man. As soon as this system arrived among them, Pandora's box, repléte with every mortal evil, seemed to fly open; hell itself to yawn, and every démon of mischief to overspread the face of the country." Mr. Burke continuing to launch out into the most violent invectives against the constitution and government of France, was repeatedly and loudly called to order, and at length compelled to sit down. Mr. Fox, when the tumult had subsided, with firmness defended his former sentiments relative to the French revolution; and repeated, "that he thought it upon the whole one of the most glorious events in the history of mankind." Mr. Burke rose again, and in vehement terms insisted, "that he was perfectly in order; and that the discussion of the Quebec Bill was a proper opportunity to put the country on its guard against those dangerous doctrines which prevailed in France, and which had found so many advocates here.— He observed that he had differed on many occasions from Mr. Fox, but there had been no loss of friendship between them. But there was something in the ACCURSED French Constitution which evened every thing." Mr. Fox hearing this interrupted him, saying "there was no loss of friendship." Mr. Burke replied "THERE WAS—he knew the price of his conduct; he had done his duty, and their friendship WAS AT AN END." Mr. Fox, on whom the attention of the house was now eagerly fixed, rose to reply, but his feelings were too powerful for utterance. All the ideas so long cherished, of gratitude, esteem and affection, rushed upon his susceptible and generous mind; and involuntary tears were observed to steal down his cheek.* A profound and expressive silence pervaded the House. At length, Mr. Fox, recovering himself, said, "that however events might have altered the mind of his Right Honourable Friend, for such he must still call him, he could not so easily consent to relinquish and dissolve that intimate connection which had for twenty-five years subsisted between them. He hoped that Mr. Burke would think on past times; and, whatever expressions of his, had caused the offence, that he would at least believe such was not his intention." The concessions of Mr. Fox made no visible impression on the haughty and unbending temper of Mr. Burke; and from this day a schism took place in the politics of the opposition party, which has been productive of very important consequences.

But to return to the bill. Two motions of Mr. Fox, the one for omitting the clause relative to hereditary nobility, and the other for fixing the number of the house of assembly in Lower Canada, at 100, were rejected by majorities of more than two to one; and, on the 18th of May, the bill passed as originally proposed by Mr. Pitt, except that, to meet the ideas of Mr. Fox, he consented that the houses of assembly should be chosen every four years instead of seven; that the House of Assembly in Lower Canada should consist of 50 members instead of

* BLSHAM'S George III.

30; and that there should be an immediate appeal to the House of Lords, without the intervention of the privy council. The lords lost no time in considering the bill, and after transmitting it to the commons for their concurrence to some amendments, agreed to pass it on the 7th of June. On the 16th of that month, a message was brought to the House of Commons from his Majesty, commanding the house to attend his Majesty in the House of Peers, when the royal assent was given to the Bill.

Thus were the Canadas happily put into possession of a constitutional charter, similar in all its most important points to that enjoyed by Great Britain itself. By a clause in the act, however, it was declared, that in consequence of the distance of the provinces from the mother country, and the change to be made in their government, it might be necessary that there should be some interval of time between the notification of the act and the day of its commencement within the provinces. It was not therefore, till the eighteenth of November, seventeen hundred and ninety-one, that a Proclamation was issued by the Lieutenant Governor, Alured Clarke, intimating that the Constitutional Act should commence within the Provinces on Monday, the twenty-sixth day of December immediately following. By another clause in the Constitutional act the Governor of the province was authorized to divide the same into "Districts, Counties, Circles, or Towns and Townships" for the purpose of effectuating the intent of the same, and to declare and appoint the number of representatives to be chosen by each to serve in the assembly of the province. Accordingly, on the seventh of May, 1792, a Proclamation was issued to that effect by the Lieutenant Governor, by which the boundaries and divisions of the County and City of Montreal are declared to be as follows: "That the thirteenth of the said Counties to be called Montreal, shall comprehend the Island of Montreal, including likewise such part thereof as shall be comprehended within the limits of the city and town of Montreal." "And that the second of the said Cities to be called, as heretofore, the city and town of Montreal shall comprehend all that tract or parcel of land, being part and parcel of the aforesaid County of Montreal, bounded in front by the River Saint Lawrence, and in the rear by a line parallel to the general course of the fortification walls on the rear of the said town at the distance of one hundred chains from the gate commonly called the Saint Lawrence Gate; and bounded on the easterly, or lowermost side by a line running parallel to the general course of the fortification walls on the easterly or lowermost side of the said town, at the distance of one hundred chains from the gate towards the Quebec suburbs, commonly called, the Quebec Gate; and on the westerly or uppermost side, by a line running parallel to the general course of the fortification walls, on the westerly or uppermost side of the said town at the distance of one hundred chains from the gate towards the Saint Anthony suburbs, commonly called the Recollets Gate; and that the said city and town of Montreal be, and the same is hereby declared to be divided into two parts to be called, respectively, the Easterly Ward, and Westerly Ward; and that the said easterly ward, shall comprehend all the easterly, or lowermost part of the said tract above described, bounded on the westerly or uppermost side by a line running through

the middle of the main street of the Saint Lawrence suburb and the continuation thereof, and through the middle of the street called Congregation street, Notre Dame street, and along the middle of the same, westerly, to the middle of Saint Joseph street, and thence down the middle of Saint Joseph street to the river; and that the said westerly ward shall comprehend all the rest of the said tract or parcel of land within the limits above described." The same proclamation declares, that the number of representatives which the county of Montreal shall be entitled to send to the provincial assembly is two; and that the city of Montreal shall be represented by four members, two for each subdivision thereof respectively.

Pursuant to writs issued on the 14th of May, 1792, the first provincial parliament of Lower Canada met at Québec on the seventeenth day of December following, and sat till the 9th of May, 1793. The House of assembly consisted of fifteen English and thirty five Canadian Members, amongst these twelve or more were proprietors of seigniories, about fifteen were merchants or traders of the first respectability in the province, five were advocates and attornies, three of whom previous to the dissolution, were raised to the bench—one of these, Mr. J. A. Panet, was speaker, who, in consequence of his being made a judge, vacated the chair, but not his seat. Two English and one Canadian members were in the same period appointed to be of the executive council.

There were in this assembly but three notaries, the remainder of the members not particularly specified here, were men of respectable character and circumstances in life; one of them Major Barnes of the Royal Artillery, was deputy quarter master general, and amongst the others were several officers on half pay, and Canadian gentlemen of small independent fortunes. This session was distinguished by great decorum and moderation through the whole of the proceedings. Eight bills including one money bill were passed.

THAW.

O lift again the shroud from Nature's face!

Let me behold that form I ever love,

O let me yet again his features trace;

The mountain and the mead—the garden and the grove,

The Dove returns! Earth smiles on me again,

And throws its coloured incense to the Sun;

Whose shrine is Nature—and from hill and plain,

From stream and ocean, his first rites begun.

His Altar Earth—where Love his Priest is found

And Beauty the Attendant of his shrine;

And human Hearts and human Eyes are round

And hers whose looks reflect all Earth to mine.

THE FUR TRADE OF CANADA. We are now considering takes its rise, having been suggested to us both publicly and privately, we deem the present a proper place in our researches, for availing ourselves of so good an advice. Natural History, indeed, has, in all ages, been the subject of philosophical enquiry, as well as a source of much amusement to almost every class of readers. In it, sages have found a mine of curious and interesting speculation, while scientific men have found it an ample scope for the indulgence of their genius. We cannot, therefore, doubt that the task which we are about to undertake will be acceptable to our readers, though we are far from pretending that we shall be able to combine any very new or interesting information with what has already been written upon this most important subject. The only merit due to us, if any, will consist of selecting from the best authors such information regarding those animals in Canada as contribute to the Fur trade, as may be deemed both authentic and entertaining. Until the commencement of our enquiries upon this subject, we had no conception of the number and variety of these animals; and, therefore, our account of them should extend beyond the bounds anticipated by our readers, we can only assure them that our sole excuse will be founded on our general desire to explore the history of this country, both in its natural and moral capacity, and to render it of as interesting a character as our humble talents, and the means which we possess, can possibly enable us to perform.

We shall begin with the BEAR. Of the Bear, there are three different kinds; the Brown Bear of the Alps, the Black Bear of North America, which is smaller, and the great Greenland, or White Bear. These, though different in their forms, are no doubt of the same original, and have all the same habitudes, being equally carnivorous, treacherous, and cruel. It has been said, indeed, that the black bear of Canada rejects animal food; but of the contrary we are all certain, and that they prefer flesh to every kind of vegetable aliment. The brown bear is properly an inhabitant of the temperate climates; but the black finds subsistence in the northern regions of Europe and America, while the great white bear takes refuge in the most icy climates, and lives where scarce any other animal can find subsistence.— The brown and black bears are found in all desert, rude, and woody countries; but they never appear in populous nations, nor in open and cultivated regions.

The bear is not only a savage, but a solitary animal. He flies from all society, avoiding every place to which man can have access, and is only easy where nature appears in her rudest and most antient form.— An old cavern, among inaccessible rocks, or a grotto formed by time

* THE BEAR has six cutting teeth and two canine in each jaw; five toes before and five behind. In walking he rests on the hind feet as far as the heel.

in the trunk of a decayed tree, in the midst of a thick forest, serve him for an habitation. Thither he retires alone, and passes part of the winter without provisions, and goes not out of it for several weeks. However, he is neither torpid, nor deprived of feeling, like the dormouse and marmot; but as he is excessively fat about the end of autumn, which is the time he retires, this abundance of grease enables him to endure abstinence; and he departs not from his den till he is almost famished. It is a common report, that during this time they live by sucking their paws, which is a vulgar error that scarcely requires refutation. These solitary animals couple in autumn, but the time of gestation with the female is still unknown. The female takes great care to provide a proper retreat for her young; she secures them in the hollow of a rock, and provides a bed of hay in the warmest part of the den; she brings forth in winter, and the young ones begin to follow her in spring. The male and female, by no means inhabit the same den; they have each their separate retreat, and seldom are seen together. When they cannot find a cavern for a den, to make a lodging; they break and collect branches of trees, which they so cover with herbs and leaves as to render them impenetrable by water. The voice of the bear is a deep murmuring, often accompanied with a grinding of the teeth, especially when irritated. He is very susceptible of anger, which is always furious, and often capricious. Though, when tamed, he appears mild and even obedient to his master, he should always be treated with diffidence and circumspection; and we should be particularly careful not to strike him in the nose, nor on the other sensitive parts. He may be taught to walk on end, to dance, and to perform various gesticulations. He seems even to listen to music, and to observe some kind of measure; but to give him this species of education, he must be taken young, and constrained during life. An old bear cannot be tamed, nor will he suffer restraint. He is naturally intrepid, or, at least, indifferent to danger. The wild bear seldom or ever turns out of his road, nor flies from the aspect of man. It is alledged, however, that the sound of a whistle surprises and confounds him to such a degree, that he rises on his hind feet. This is the time for shooting, and endeavouring to kill him; for if he be only wounded, he attacks the huntsman with fury, embraces him with his fore-feet, and suffocates him, if not timely assisted. Bears are hunted in different manners. In Sweden, Norway, Poland, etc. the least dangerous mode, it is said, is to intoxicate them by throwing ardent spirits on honey, of which they are fond, and search for it in the trunks of trees. In Canada, where the black bears are very common, and where they live not in caverns, but in decayed trees, they were anciently taken by setting their habitations on fire. As they climb trees with ease, they seldom reside on a level with the ground, and their habitations are often thirty or forty feet high. If it was a mother with her young, she descended

* That bears have a singular fondness for ardent spirits may be concluded from a circumstance which lately happened in Upper Canada, the truth of which may be implicitly relied on. A gentleman residing in a newly settled District of that Province, having had occasion, from his late arrival at home, to leave out over night two small casks of whisky, found them in the morning invested by two bears, who had the sagacity to withdraw the bungs, spill the liquor on the ground, and to sip it all up.

first, and was slain before she reached the ground. The cubs followed, and were seized by throwing a rope round their necks, and carried off either for the purpose of training or eating them; for the flesh is delicate and good: that of the adult is eatable; but as it is mixed with an oily fat, their paws and hams only are reckoned a delicate dish.—The more general way of hunting the bear in this country now is by the musket, the hunter being aided by two or more dogs. He is still, however sometimes caught in traps set on purpose. The amazing fatness of the bear makes him light for swimming; and, accordingly, he traverses with ease, rivers and lakes. In autumn, he is so fat, that he can scarcely walk, or, at least, he cannot run so quick as a man.—Upon his sides and thighs, he has sometimes ten inches thick of fat. The soles of his feet are gross and inflated. When wounded, there issues out a white lacteous juice. This part appears to be composed of glands, like papillæ; and it is for this reason, that these animals, during their winter retreat, continually suck their paws.

The RACCOON, which some authors have called the Jamaica rat, is of the size and figure of a small badger. His body is thick and short, and the hair long, bushy, black at the points, and gray underneath. His head resembles that of the Fox; but his ears are round and much shorter. The eyes are large, and of a yellowish green colour. Above the eyes, a black band runs across; the muzzle is slender, the nose somewhat turned up, and the upper lip advances beyond the under one.—He has, like the dog six cutting teeth, and two canine in each jaw. The tail is bushy, as long as the body, and marked alternately with black and white rings through the whole extent. The fore-legs are much shorter than the hind ones; and there are five toes, armed with strong sharp claws, on each foot. The hind-feet rest so much on the heel, that the animal can elevate and support his body in a position inclined forwards. He uses the fore-feet in carrying food to his mouth. But, as his toes are rigid, and have little flexibility, he uses both hands at a time in laying hold of what he is about to eat. Though thick and short, he is very agile. His claws, which are as sharp as thorns, enable him to climb trees with great facility. He mounts the trunk with alacrity, and runs to the extremities of the branches. He goes by leaps, rather gambols than walks, and his movements, though oblique, are quick and light. Naturalists, and, among the rest, Buffon and Goldsmith, have asserted, that the Raccoon is not indigenous to Canada; but that they are wrong, we have only to appeal to the history of the fur trade, and to every resident in the country. So far is the contrary the case, that the flesh of this animal is held in great estimation by many of the inhabitants of both provinces; and we ourselves, on various occasions, have seen whole carcasses of Raccoons exposed for sale in the Montreal market at a price which would by no means justify their want of reputation as a delicate dish. The Raccoon does not acquire its full growth till it be two years and a half old.

The CANADIAN-LYNX is known by the name of *Chat-cervier*, because this animal, like all others, is smaller in the New than the Old Continent. In the former, it is compared to the wolf; in the latter to the Cat. Charlevoix says, "In the woods of Canada, there are a great many wolves, or rather *Chat-cervier*; for they have nothing in common

with the wolf, but a kind of howling; in every other respect, they are *ex genere felino*. They are excellent hunters, and live entirely on game, which they pursue to the tops of the highest trees. Their flesh is white and good for eating. Their skin and hair are well known in France as a valuable branch of commerce. This animal is two feet three inches long from the tip of the nose to the origin of the tail, and from twelve to thirteen inches high. The body is covered with long greyish hair, blended with white and bright yellow hairs, and striped, as it were, with black in some parts. The tip of the nose, as well as the margin of the under jaw, is black. The whiskers are white, and about three inches long. The ears are two inches three lines* high, garnished in the inside with large white hairs, and with yellowish hairs on the edges. The outer side of the ear is covered with mouse-coloured hair, and the external margins are black. At the extremity of each ear, there is a large thin pencil of black hairs seven lines high. The tail, which is thick, short, and well furnished with hair, is only three inches nine lines in length; from the extremity to the middle, it is black, and afterwards of a reddish white colour. The under part of the belly, the hind-legs, the inside of the fore-legs, and the foot, are of a dirty white. The claws are white, and about six lines long. The Canadian Lynx, therefore, may be regarded as a variety very different from the Lynx of the Old Continent.

The Canadian MUSK-RAT is of the size of a small rabbit, and of the figure of a rat. Its head is short, and resembles that of the water rat. Its hair is soft and glossy; and beneath the first hair there is a thick down, nearly resembling that of the beaver. Like other rats, its tail is long, and covered with scales; but its form is different; for, instead of being cylindrical, it is compressed latterly, from the middle to the extremity, and roundish near the origin. The toes are not united by membranes, but garnished with long close hair, which assists the animal in swimming. Its ears are very short, and not naked, as in the common rat, but covered, both internally and externally, with hair. The eyes are large, their aperture being about three lines. In the under jaw there are two cutting teeth, about an inch long, and two shorter ones in the upper. These four teeth are very strong, and serve the animal for gnawing and cutting wood. As the Canadian musk-rat belongs to the same country with the beaver, dwells on the water, and has nearly the same figure, colour and fur; they have often been compared to each other. It is even asserted, that a full grown musk-rat, at first sight, may be mistaken for a beaver of a month old. They differ greatly, however, in the form of the tail, which in the beaver is oval and flat horizontally; but, in the musk-rat it is very long and flat, or compressed, vertically. Besides, these animals have a great resemblance in their dispositions and instincts. The musk-rats, like the beavers, live in society during the winter. They make little huts, about two feet and a half in diameter, and sometimes larger, where several families associate together. It is not the object of this operation, like that of the marmot, to sleep during five or six months, but solely to shelter them from the rigour of the air. These houses, or

* A LINE measures one-tenth of an inch.

huts, are round, and covered with a dome about a foot thick. Their materials are herbs and rushes interlaced, and cemented with earth, which they plash with their feet. They are impenetrable to rain, and furnished with steps in the inside, to prevent their being injured by inundations from the land. These huts, which serve the animals for a retreat, are covered, during winter, with several feet of snow and ice, without incommoding them. They lay not up provisions, like the beaver, but dig a kind of pits or passages under and round their habitations, to give them an opportunity of procuring water and roots.— Though thus associated, they pass the winter in melancholy. During all this period, they are deprived of light; and when the gentle breezes of the spring begin to dissolve the snow, and to discover the tops of their habitations, the hunters open the dome, suddenly dazzle them with the light, and kill or seize all those who have not time to retire to their subterraneous galleries, into which they are still followed; for their skin is valuable, and their flesh makes tolerable good eating.— Those who escape the vigilance of the hunter, quit their habitations at this time. They wander about in summer, but always in pairs. They feed upon herbs, and voraciously devour the fresh productions of the earth. By this redundancy of excellent nourishment the animals acquire an odour of musk, so strong as to be hardly supportable. This odour is perceived at a distance; and, though agreeable to Europeans, is so disgusting to the savages, that they have denominated a river, inhabited by a vast number of these rats, the *stinking river*. Their cry is a kind of groaning, which the hunter counterfeits, in order to make them approach him. Their fore-teeth are so strong, and so proper for cutting, that when shut up in a box of hard wood, they soon make a hole sufficient for their escape, which is a faculty they have in common with the beaver. They swim neither so long nor so swift as the beaver; but often go upon the ground. They do not run well, and they walk still worse, rocking from side to side, like a goose. Their skin preserves the smell of musk, which renders their fur not so generally agreeable; but the down or under hair, is used in the manufacturing of hats. These animals are not remarkably wild, and, when taken young are easily tamed. They are then very pretty, and their tail, which is long and flat, and makes their figure disagreeable, is, at this period of life, very short. They sport with as much innocence and gentleness as young cats. They never bite, and might be easily reared, if their odour were not disagreeable.

The MARRIN is generally eighteen inches long, and the tail ten more. It differs from the polecat, in being about four or five inches longer; its tail also is longer in proportion, and more bushy at the end; its nose is flatter; its cry is sharper and more piercing; its colours are more elegant; and what still adds to their beauty, its scent, very unlike the former, instead of being offensive, is considered as a most pleasing perfume. The martin, in short, is one of the most beautiful of all beasts of prey: its head is small and elegantly formed; its eyes lively; its ears are broad, round and open; its back, its sides, and tail, are covered with a fine, thick, downy fur, with longer hair intermixed; the roots are ash colour, the middle of a bright chesnut, the points black; the head is brown, with a slight cast of red; the legs, and up-

pet sides of the feet, are of a chocolate colour: the palms, or under sides, are covered with a thick down, like that of the body; the feet are broad, the claws white, large and sharp, well adapted for the purpose of climbing, but, as in others of the weasel kind, incapable of being sheathed or unsheathed at pleasure; the throat and breast are white; the belly of the same colour with the back, but rather paler; the hair on the tail is very long, especially at the end, where it appears much thicker than near the insertion. Of all the animals of the weasel kind, the martin is the most pleasing; all its motions shew great grace, as well as agility; and there is scarcely an animal in the woods, of its own size, that will venture to oppose it. Quadrupeds five times as big are easily vanquished; and even the wild cat itself, though much stronger is not a match for the martin; and although carnivorous animals are not fond of engaging each other, yet the wild cat and the martin seldom meet without a combat. The martin is more common in this country than in any part of Europe. These animals are found in all the northern parts of the world from Siberia to China and Canada. In every country, they are hunted for their furs, which are very valuable, and chiefly so when taken in the beginning of the winter. The most esteemed part of the martin's skin is that part of it which is browner than the rest, and stretches along the back bone. Not many years ago, above twelve thousand of these skins were annually imported into England from Hudson's Bay, and above thirty thousand from Canada.

The **POLECAT** is in great estimation among the Canadian huntsmen. There are three species of this animal; the first is the common polecat; the second is called the minx; and the third, the stinking polecat. The polecat, in general, is larger than the weasel, the ermine, or the ferret, being one foot five inches long; whereas the weasel, is but six inches, the ermine, nine, and the ferret, eleven inches. The polecat, for the most part, is of a deep chocolate colour; it is white, about the mouth; the ears are short, rounded, and tipped with white; a little beyond the corners of the mouth a stripe begins, which runs backward, partly white and partly yellow; its hair, like that of all this class, is of two sorts; the long and the furry; but, in this animal, the two kinds are of different colours; the longest is black, and the shorter yellowish: the throat, feet and tail, are blacker than any other parts of the body; the claws are white underneath, and brown above; its tail is about two inches and a half. It is very destructive to young game of all kinds; but the rabbit seems to be its favorite prey; a single polecat is often sufficient to destroy a whole warren; for, with that insatiable thirst for blood which is natural to the weasel kind, it kills much more than it can devour. They in general reside in woods or thick brakes, making holes under ground of about two yards deep, commonly ending among the roots of large trees, for greater security. The fur of this animal is considered as soft and warm; yet it is in less estimation than some of a much inferior kind, from its offensive smell, which can never be wholly removed or suppressed.

The colour of the **OTTER** is brown; and he is somewhat of the shape of an overgrown weasel, being long, slender and soft skinned. Its usual length is about two feet, from the tip of the nose to the insertion:

of the tail; the head and nose are broad and flat; the mouth bears some similitude to that of a fish; the neck is short and equal in thickness to the head; the body long; the tail broad at the insertion; but tapering off to a point at the end; the eyes are very small, and placed nearer the nose than usual in quadrupeds. The legs are very short, but remarkably strong, broad, and muscular. The joints are articulated so loosely, that the animal is capable of turning them quite back; and bringing them on a line with the body, so as to perform the office of fins. Each foot is furnished with five toes, connected by strong broad webs like those of water-fowl. Thus Nature, in every part, has had attention to the life of an animal whose food is fish, and whose haunts must necessarily be about water. The Otter has two different modes of fishing; the one by catching its prey from the bottom upward, the other by pursuing it into some little creek, and seizing it there. In the former case, as this animal has longer lungs than most other quadrupeds, upon taking in a quantity of air, it can remain for some minutes at the bottom; and whatever fish passes over at that time, is certainly taken; for, as the eyes of the fish are placed so as not to see under them, the otter attacks them off their guard from below; and seizing them at once by the belly, drags them off shore, where it often leaves them untouched, to continue the pursuit for hours together. The other method is chiefly practised in lakes and ponds, where there is no current; the fish thus taken are rather of a smaller kind, for the great ones will never be driven out of deep water. In this manner the otter usually lives during the summer, being furnished by a supply much greater than its consumption; killing for its amusement; and infecting the edges of the lake with quantities of dead fish, which it leaves there as trophies rather of its victory than its necessities. But in winter, when the lakes are frozen over, and the rivers pour with a rapid torrent, the otter is often greatly distressed for provisions; and is then obliged to live upon grass, weeds, and even the bark of trees. It then comes upon land, and grown courageous from necessity feeds upon terrestrial animals, rats, insects, and even sheep themselves. Nature, however, has given it the power of continuing a long time without food;—and, although during that season it is not rendered quite torpid; yet it keeps much more within its retreat, which is usually the hollow of a bank worn under by the water. There it often forms a kind of gallery, running for several yards along the edge of the water; so that when attacked at one end, it flies to the other, and often evades the fowler by plunging into the water at forty or fifty paces distance, while he expects to find it just before him.

ON SONGS.

NO. III.—PRIMITIVE MUSIC.

Nulla reverabilis Arte, sit mea culpa licet; forsam tamen Arte tuenda est.—R. SORU, 1662.

—The soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me—and me alone.

Heureux un Art, dont l'histoire est l'Eloge.—GASSER.

We have had the *Geography of Plants and Flowers*—the beauties of Form and Colour have been traced from the faint tinge of the last flower which blooms on the Ocean-beach, to its highest splendour in the almost living blush of the Rose, and to where the russet Moss still seeks to climb and cover with its petrifying leaves the last recesses of the Mountains.

Philosophers have tried their skill in arranging their fellow creatures by the same laws. We have heard of the influence of the Northern Star. Hippocrates tells us the characters of men are like their countries—some *marshy* and *meadowy*, others *mountainous* and *woody*—he calculates their finer sensibilities by the rising of *Arcturus* or the *Pleiades*, whilst the profound and amiable Montesquieu, prefaces his estimation of human nature by an enquiry into the effects of heat upon an iron bar!—I have no wish to face an investigation which has embarrassed Theologians, Politicians, Moralists, and even Musicians—the question of *climate*. I will rather try to evade the *a priori* discussion and look to that power which Man possesses of overcoming the inferior laws of his nature—to that *Imagination* which like the *Winter-Carpenter* of the Kings of Persia, perpetuates the verdure and delights of Nature amidst its annual ruin—to that *spark of divine fire* which, unmodified itself, modifies all things.

Yet throwing aside these material Theories, which, even if admitted, would involve us in the most extreme contradictions, we will not forget, in our tracing the *Geography of Music*, the influence of Nature—her terrors and her charms. Of all speculations of ancient learning, perhaps the most perfect and sublime is that of Plato, which regards the material universe as the created image of *Mind*, and consequently in sympathy with the soul of Man as an emanation of its original. There is indeed something in this idea, so simple—so sublime—so reasonable and attractive, that it appears to me a perversion of Intellect, or at least a depravity of Taste, to dwell for a moment on the grovelling enquiries of a Burke or an Allison. My subject forbids me to descend to these,—to examine the mechanism of the labyrinths of the *Ear*—or the mysterious prism of the *Eye*—it forbids me to ask whether the Lip analyses the sparkling Champagne and the generous Burgundy; or

whether the *breeze* of my native hills might have been formed in the Laboratory of the haggard Chemist.

I must return to my subject—Original and Primitive Music—and its more peculiar *preservation, rise, or progress*, amongst those portions of mankind, whose situation removed them from the physical or political changes which have so often reversed the fates—the character and happiness of tribes, societies, and nations. M. Walckaener of the French Institute, in his beautiful work on *Cosmologie*, has finely sketched the distribution of the different races of men—he has traced the remains of antient and civilized nations to the Heights and Mountains of the Earth—left like the islands and rocks of a submerged continent, whilst the waves of Moral and Political Revolutions overflowed the rich and productive regions below. When the Deluges also, recorded in early history, swept the face of Countries—when the riches of the vallies and the plains became the prey of barbarians or conquerors—when tyrants, by the laws or the sword, banished Peace and Virtue from those Edens which human toil and industry had formed—then, the Hills and Mountains became the refuges of Misery, and the sanctuaries of Freedom, of Laws, and of Happiness. Traditional knowledge, says Muller, the historian, *the germ of all humanity*, the source of wisdom and learning, was preserved on the Mountains of the primitive world, was carried into the various nations of the earth, and became embellished or deformed according to the fate of these countries.

The general and often singular similarities which we discover amongst the Relics of Music collected in various countries—from China to Lapland, strongly prove that we still possess that divine Melody of whose powers and influence past ages have recorded such proofs; and convinces me, that it is the mind—the senses—and the associations of *Men* that are altered and deteriorated; and consequently our conception, performance, and delight in these. It permits me to assert that it still exists for him who can recognize the Language of Nature—whose heart is not withered, and all its just affections destroyed, and who listens to that secret voice obscured but not destroyed by the world and its ignoble worshippers. But where shall we seek some proofs to establish this—to show that the ages of Nature and Truth still shed their tender light through the darkness of Time—that its inspiration is yet around us, and unknown in Temples and Palaces, has sought an asylum amidst deserts and rocks?

Yet Pilot! hold! bring forth each Map and Chart!
 —If there's a Land as fondly dreams this heart
 Where Man, heaven's tenant loves his rock or mead
 And thinks his Magna Charta is his creed—
 Where still præmeval Plety is found
 And Toil can smile nor curse the barren ground—
 Where Sorrow yet can lift to Heaven its eye
 And Hope still soothes earth's hopeless misery—
 Where Children still man's earlier state renew
 And learn their duty, rather than their due:
 Where Knowledge can unveil the mental eye,
 And yet the Heart retain simplicity?—
 If there's a Land where Temperance is enjoyed
 And Nature not the Glutton satisfied:

Whose humble youth in gentle peace delight,
 Yet bear the death shock in the doubtful fight;
 If there's a Land where Love with all his Art
 Can fall to wound a second time the heart:
 A Land where thoughts—and mind—and love descends
 Connecting Men—their friends and fathers' friends;
 Where sorrow does not guard the sufferers' bounds,
 But from one cottage walks the village rounds,
 Where many a kind—uncosily Night
 Old joys—old friends—old tunes unite?—
 If there is such? O bear me o'er the tide
 To seek it through the world—on every ocean side,
 To stormy Island—or to desert sand
 In vain—'Tis ALBIN—'tis my native Land.

Perhaps Nationality requires some moderation, but if it is an error, it arises from hearts that can sympathize with that of others. But may not there be countries to whom Fate has destined happier Fame? May not the Scottish Exile indulge in those remembrances which to him spread a light over distant lands? May he not recall those names which have consecrated his Country in the eyes of all Nations. May he not in Song feel a new access of sorrow when he hears the voice of the Heathen lament "the poor white Man who came and sat under their Tree"—when he hears of the grey hairs of Abercrombie wept by Infidels amidst the deserts of Egypt—or the name of Graham made the cry of victory on the walls of Seringapatam which two thousand years before had affrighted the Roman Eagles from the banks of the Clyde!

My subject has irresistably led me to the Hills and although I do not at present wish to enter on the subject of local influence, I think it necessary, before proceeding to moral causes, to allude to that state of sensation which exists amidst the solitude of Mountains. It is there alone the Ear enjoys the whole scale of sound, from the deep repose of summer, when as Ossian describes it, "mid-day is all on flames and silence over all the hills," to the "giant Anthem" of the Midnight storm. Pliny if I remember has mentioned in one of his Letters the influence of the extremes of sound on the mind, in standing by the shore when the sea is agitated, or in profound stillness. I have no wish to look down on the softer tenants of the vale; I shall yet have occasion to make peace with them when I join the mirth and share the mid-Ale of Old England—nor shall I forget its brave and industrious Kindred of Holland who, as Mirabeau said, have triumphed both over Nature and Tyrants,—nor even pass without a tribute, the Dutch Skipper who hangs a May-Garland on his Main-top-gallant Stay, on the Morning of Love.

But if we turn our attention to that mode of existence which prevails amongst simple and remote nations, it is impossible not to feel that amidst their humble toils they have preserved feelings lost the world. "Men of Glaris and Underwalden" says a Swiss writer, "ye are left as the Monuments of ages gone by—of habits, effaced—of virtues, unknown." Is it not then fair to take our stand in those scenes which are forgot by History, or only recalled as a figure of speech—in those Countries who can show the most numerous and interesting proofs of affection for their native Land—who equalling any in their patriotic

defence and political preservation of their honor, have further adorned it with the tributes of their Love—where Genius has reared its Altar in every Glen on which its gifts may be offered—where every unknown Stream has been sung by its shepherds, and every Mountain re-echoed to the Songs of those who dwell beneath its brow—whose natives, with a kind of indefinable Piety have connected even Religion with the spot of their birth, and who doomed to leave it might, without profanity, exclaim with Adam :

This most afflicts me, the departing hence,
Where I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where was vouchsafed
Presence divine, and to my sons relate !
So many grateful Altars would I hear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or in monument to ages !

Let those nations then alone claim these happy Laurels—this peaceful and delightful Fame, who have to boast of simple and invariable manners—of fixed desires—of constant tastes and uniform lives—“where,” to borrow the words of the Foreigner I have quoted, “the soul enjoys that original and attractive repose of heart—that inexpressible charm which attends the antient habits of a simple people—that obscure and quiet routine of humble labour—those calm and serious joys—those affections interwoven with life—those passions which endure to the grave !” O happiness without regret—rest without sadness—security without apathy.

Few nations have received such marks of general interest as the Swiss. The Traveller amongst them lays aside his enquiries to admire, the Poet finds he must become a Historian, and the Historian that he must be a Poet,—the Moralist finds his theories vanish into their original chaos,—the Philosopher, softened at the sight of happiness like theirs, “wishes he had never doubted,”—and the remembrance of those scenes—of those ages of happiness, recur to bewilder the Statesman, even at the moment when the Senate hangs upon his words—when the light of his eloquence seemed to have penetrated the dark clouds of Political error, and he seemed a being inspired to save, protect or bless nations ! “I love the people of Switzerland” said Mr. Fox, in one of his speeches, “for I have seen and known their happiness !” Never did a nation receive from such a man, and in such a place, so affecting a testimony. In the midst of the assembled Deputies of the greatest Monarchy—composed of the descendants of its ancient Chivalry—of those who “by Brand, by Bridle, or by Oar” had risen to Nobility ; of those benefactors of man, who almost justify the language of the Poet, “all is the gift of Industry !” In the midst of these, the greatest Orator and Patriot—the most learned Gentleman and the most refined Scholar ; and born in the class of our Nobility, spoke these words : as if to show, that Truth in her fairest form, presided in that august Assembly. O England, thou alone hast sustained this height in the morality of Political Empire. O peaceful and happy Land that merited such praise.

The song so often spoken of, the *Ranz des Vaches*, is not one of

those things which have been laid hold of by Declamers or Poets to give noise to a paragraph or rock a sentence into repose. Its effects and magic influence over the Swiss was first recorded, more than a century ago, by grave Historians and Physicians—it may be found in the "*Pathopatriadalgia*" of Zwinger of Basil, in the Breslau Miscellany and other German writers. The Music of this Song is remarkable and can scarcely be perpetuated by notes. Viotti, the Prince of the Violin, tells us in the copy he has published, that he could neither give it rhyme or measure—that its melody required to be unconfined, and that measure would derange its effects. "The sounds are prolonged in the space, through which they pass, and the time they take to fly from one mountain to another, must be determined by the singer."—"When we hear it performed," says a French author, "who will not feel himself transported into the high vallies of Switzerland, near the grey rock, under a cold sky and a warm sun! We think we hear the austere and chill wind murmuring through the rocky defiles, and see torrents rushing from the rock into the gulph they have worn in ages. Such is the magic of this air—its wild, but sweet expression—delightful feeling of a pleasure without gaiety—a joy of the Mountains." (*Un plaisir sans gaieté—une joie des Montagnes.*) Perhaps it may please some to see the little French Song which has been united with this air, to which I add the translation of Mr. Montgomery.

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour ?

Nos clairs ruisseaux,
Nos coteaux,
Nos hameaux,
Nos montagnes ?

Et l'ornement de nos campagnes

La si gentille Isabeau !

A l'ombre d'un ormeau.

Quand danserai-je au son d'un chalumeau.

Quand reverrai-je en un jour,

Tous les objets de mon amour ?

Mon père, ma mère,
Mon frère, ma sœur,
Mes agneaux, mes troupeaux,
Ma Bergère !

Quand reverrai-je en un jour

Tous les objets de mon amour ?

O when shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the Earth ?
When shall I these scenes of affection explore

Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,

With the pride of our mountains the maid I adore

O when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead

In the shade of an Elm, to the sound of the reed ?

When shall I return to that lonely retreat

Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet

The lambs and the hiefers that follow my call,

My father, my mother,

My sister, my brother,

And dear Isabella, the joy of them all ?

O when shall I visit the land of my birth ?

'Tis the loveliest land on the face of the Earth !

I shall again have to recall these subjects, and to repeat our belief, that this primitive and divine Melody yet exists in *Simple Nations*!

Airs. Music, like language, is of an imperishable nature—but in a more strict sense. It more than rivals the ancient traditions of the Earth, or the Tongues in which they have been preserved—the abstract and essence of sound, it alone can boast of “*wasting a sigh from Indus to the Pole*,” or perpetuating to distant ages, the unalterable tones of Genius and Feeling. Who can tell that the *Harp of Israel* is yet mute, or the *Daughters of Jerusalem* silent? who will say that the *Songs of Orpheus* and *Thamyras* are lost, or the *Hymn of the Druid* heard no more? That the *Lyre of Amphion* is unstrung, and the *Dorian Flute* forgot? Although cold is the *Cad-wallo's* tongue, and the *Song of Urien* hushed, and the lay of *Llewellyn*, past, do their strains not yet linger amid the sorrowing chords of the Cambrian Lyre? Although the hand of Cuchullin “*sleeps by his side*,” and *Carril of other times* be laid low—if the *Harp of Tara* is “*like the beam that has shone*,” are the voices of other years not heard on the “*lonely Cromla*” and in the “*cave of its sorrows*?”—Although, the traveller asks in vain, where is the *Son of Fingal*—has his voice died “*like the evening breeze among the grass of the Rock*?” No! all exist for those whom Nature delights!—Without these what is Earth? or what are their lives whose paths are *unconsecrated by Fancy*? Let the Poet of Hope reply:

'Tis theirs unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred—and no home is sweet!

A.

NO. I.

CLAN NA GEALLANA, THE MACLEAN CLAN, AND NIEL OIG, HEAD OF THE CAMPBELLS OF DUNTRON.

SINCE the earliest memorials of antiquity, the Macleans have been exalted among the mightiest chiefs by the heroic self-devotion of their vassals; and by a chivalrous generosity, in maintaining the numerous bonds of friendship established between their chiefs and the heads of distinguished families. From those bonds of amity the Macleans derived their first patronymic—*Clan na Geallana*, or children of the promises. The high-souled deeds that gave rise to one bond of friendship, have been partly transmitted to us by a well-known tradition, couched in measured prose, nearly resembling a lyric poem. It is abridged in the following translation.

“The hope of *Niel Oig*, the hope of his people, had a twin brother, in face and figure so resembling, that the nurse of the younger threw over them a dim haze of enchantment, and never could it be known which had the right of elder birth. The valiant youth that risked his life for Dowart, won the hearts of the people by deeds of renown, kindness, and of even-handed justice. The other twin, dark, sullen, and cruel, laid the heavy hand of power on every head. One hour *Niel Oig* is in the hardy vigour of old age, the next he is stretched for the narrow house. His word had not given the castle of turrets to either of his sons; and the friends of each, with burning courage, were eager

by arms to settle the lot hidden as a darkened moon. They agreed that the fight must begin on the sands of the bay in view of the castle, when wreathing mists, tinged with a beau of the east, should pass away over a far receding tide. The dark splintered crags, and brown woody steeps, are bright with warriors striding to the fray, or with flashing eyes looking for a signal of onset; and as a stream bursting from a rock glitters with quivering light to the face of day, the Berlins of Dewart, terrible in their gleaming strength, drew to the beach in aid of *Niel Oig*. But *Niel Oig* waved his hand of might in token of the music of words, and multitudes hung upon the sounds.

“In my soul,” he said, “I still behold my father. His voice of age still is on my ear, as he forbade his sons to raise an arm against each other; and since no choice remains for me, but to disquiet his spirit in airy halls of rest, or to yield the right within my sure grasp, I give up to my brother the Castle of the Turrets, and go in peace to the halls Woody Oil.* All the valiant and wise must clearly see; and my brother must feel in his breast, that I am not ruled by the little soul of fear, nor the lack of power. He sees my followers are ten to one of his array. Dauntless in heart, their hands on their spears, and lo! the invincible chieftain of Mull with crowding Berlins cover the bay.”

“The great in many wars, the hero of early youth, bright on frequent fields of manhood—the great in bending to the will of a father cold beneath his *cairn*—the friend of the chief of *Clan na Geallana*, bore his stainless banner in peace to the halls of Woody Oil. Happy in the spouse of his love—happy in the buds of valour and beauty springing around him—the unconquered leader of the brave—the far-spreading shield of the feeble—the companion of mighty chiefs—the mouth of wisdom—the song of bards—he shone forth as the sun sending his loveliest beams through the recesses of a forest. But the dweller of the Castle of Turrets darkened the fame of his race. Rovers of oceans at his feasts of shells; and he fell, gashed with strokes from their gore-dropping hands. No spouse, no son, no offspring flower of tender beauty mourned over his grave. His deeds were wrapped in silence by the bards of the Turrets—his name is forgotten in song—no hunter points to the rank grass of his narrow house, to recal an echo of renown from times of old. Dark-browed, grinning clyes of mischief skin along the low heap of earth that covers his bones; and the spirit of the storm lingers there, when he descends from the rugged cliffs, that hide their peaks in dun mists, untill he rages abroad in whirlwinds over waves, cleaved by the forky fires of heaven, and awfully roaring around the base of the rock crowned by the Castle of Turrets.

“The people gather in joy to hail *Niel Oig*, the lofty head, that never for evil bared an arm of power, nor looked coldly on the weak of his tribe. He yielded to his furious brother, as a far-spreading forest waves before a blast of the hills. But again he rears his head—for the idle breath of winds has sunk to a whispering gale, hushed in the deep bosom of a thorn-skirted cavern.

“The bond of friendship between *Niel Oig* and the chief of *Clan na Geallana* has waxed in strength, by exchanging the nurture of *Mau-*

* A smaller estate, for many generations allotted for the second son.

me* for their sons; that each having two fathers and mothers, four hearts of heroes and heroines must be in the chill of death, ere the hand of a foe could make orphan mourners of their helpless infancy. The sons of the chieftain of Mull were reared by the spouse of the Turrets, and the leader of *Clan na Geallana*, in his castle of the Isle of Mull, receives the hope of the Turrets to the fostering bosom of his chieftainers, from generation to generation.

"The chief of *Argathela*, with his ten thousands, pours suddenly on Mull, and lays *Clan na Geallana* under a perpetual tribute of conquests. Long groaned a race of the brave, under a yoke of overwhelming power; till Allan the Lion arose, a sparkling star among warrior kings. A hero unmatched, on burning plains of the east, refused to bow before *Argathela*. *Maccaillanmore* decrees fire and sword for Mull, and summons his vassals to ravage the land of the valiant. They gather in war boats, bristled with lance and spear. The chief of the Turrets appears with his foster, the spouse of her that thought him on her bosom, and gave him to the bosom of the chieftainers of Dowart. The foster and his three sons are all that stand with *Niel Oig*, as firm in heart he spoke to *Maccaillanmore*.

"I have come at the word of the lord and chief of *Argathela*, yet no brand of the Turrets, can be drawn against the chieftain of Mull.—His mother nourished my days of infancy, and he drew the sinews of his strength from the breast of her that gave me birth.

"Then, returned *Maccaillanmore*, whenever I shall have broken the sinews of Mull, I turn my weapons against you and yours.

"Be it so, replied *Niel Oig*, if only the breach of a bond of friendship can avert the clang of deadly weapons—a bond of friendship is more than life to the true and valiant. With locks as the silver spray of fearful leaping waves over the rocks of Mull, the foster of *Niel Oig* passed by night in a little skiff to Dowart, all unknown to the leader of his people; to reveal the perils of the Turrets.

"To ruin the friend knit to my soul by the name of brother will not save me; said the undaunted chief of *Clan na Geallana*. Forty Berlins ride before my castle; take them, and tell *Niel Oig*, his sworn brother conjures him, by the fame of our fathers, to save his ancient house from desolation.

"The foster brothers had made a hasty array of the powers of the Turrets. The day decreed for fire and sword shewed the Berlins of Dowart, manned by the followers of *Niel Oig*.

"Whence come those well-appointed war boats?" said *Maccaillanmore*.

"They were sent by the chieftain of Mull," answered *Niel Oig*; and he conjured his sworn brother by the fame of our fathers, to save his ancient house from desolation.

"He has saved himself," responded the high-souled *Maccaillanmore*. "Let his sworn brother admonish him to pay the feudal dues, not to our prowess, but to his own soul of honour; and let *Maccaillanmore* stand a third in your friendship of heroes."

B. G.

* *Alaune* signifies milk nurse.

... MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE ...
 ... NO. IV ...

THERE is also, that aberration of the mind called Lunacy, or more properly Periodical Insanity, as the time of attack differs much in various subjects, some being affected only every year, while others have a return every month, and even every two weeks—the paroxysms of each however, exist for seven or eight days. In the latter cases, therefore, the interval of reason, must be considered of too short a duration to admit the patient's power and controul over property; or amenable to justice for crimes committed by him, conceiving, as I do, that the brain can, for a long time after, but partially exercise its functions. It is in these and in other instances related before, that Public

Notaries should always keep in mind D'Aquesseau's sage precept—
Quia in eo qui testatur ejus temporis quo testamentum facit integritas mentis exigenda est. He should also devote much of his attention to discover if relatives, or other persons interested in a Will or deed of Gift, do not sordidly take advantage of this state of mental alienation, to exact what, in moments of the patient's sanity, could never be avowed his act or testamentary disposition. His dictates should be such, as not to leave in the mind of this public officer, the most distant doubt of the full enjoyment of reason; nay, his will must be evinced in the clearest manner: *Ita, ut adsint potestas, voluntas et modus.*

But a few days ago, a friend of mine, and a gentleman of legal knowledge (himself a Notary) related to me the extraordinary case of recent occurrence, of a woman about seventy years of age, who had always complained of the ill-treatment she invariably received from her daughter-in-law, since which she has always appeared much grieved. She enjoyed £50 a year, as bequeathed during her life time by her late son; but latterly they have found a Deed of Gift, making over the 50 pounds to the Daughter, in consideration of which gift, the good and kind daughter makes over to the generous mother-in-law the sum of 6 dollars a year!! Thus, being sound of mind and understanding, the poor decrepit woman makes over, for the kind treatment of her daughter, the sum of 200 Dollars a year, for 6! Curiosity, impelled me to see the poor woman—she denies having ever signed the deed in question, but she appears to have lost her memory. How far this deed of Gift may prove valid, will shortly be determined in a Court of Justice.

However applicable, it would probably be needless if not superfluous to introduce the civil code, touching contracts and obligations, but the conditions which are indispensably necessary to determine their validity, may not be improperly exposed here: 1st. The full consent of the obligee—2dly. His capacity of contradicting—3dly. An object which forms the subject of engagements—and 4thly. A lawful cause for the obligation. On the full consent of the obligee, I could not attain my object by more forcible and explanatory terms, than by

quoting those of the code itself, which are thus concisely expressed:—
 "Qu'il n'est pas valable s'il n'a été donné que par erreur, ou s'il a été extorqué par violence ou surpris par dol. La violence existe, encore qu'elle ait été exercée par un tiers autre que celui au profit duquel la convention avait été faite, et non-seulement lorsqu'elle l'a été exercée sur la partie contractante, mais encore lorsqu'elle la été sur l'époux, l'épouse, les descendans ou ascendans: il y a violence lorsqu'elle est de nature à faire impression sur une personne raisonnable, et qu'elle peut lui inspirer la crainte d'exposer sa personne, ou sa fortune à un mal considérable et présent. On a égard, en cette matière, à l'âge, au sexe, et à la condition des personnes. Il y a dol lorsque les manœuvres pratiquées par l'une des parties sont telles, qu'il est évident que sans ces manœuvres l'autre partie n'aurait pas contracté."

Previous to my concluding this article, I cannot omit coinciding with many others, on the erroneous idea, that insane persons are incapable of exerting the powers of reason. On this, although my opportunities of acquiring the most ample information must be limited compared to Medical attendants of European Asylums whose extensive means for observation have been followed by the publication of facts, yet, I may be allowed to add, that, which has occurred within my own range of experience.

It may yet meet the recollection of many, that some time ago, I communicated to my friend, Doctor Hacket of Quebec, the extraordinary case of abstinence of forty three days in a man, named *Rochet*, of *Sorel*, which was published in the provincial and United States papers—the possibility of this case, I need not add, was proved by the deposition of persons who surrounded almost constantly the bed of the patient.— Since that time he has laboured with little intermission under the most uncommon excitement and alienation of mind, followed sometimes to a furious state, during which few can escape his violence—he is even totally forgetful of his wife, children, friends, and all those but a few years ago, so dear to him. Having had occasion a few days ago to visit a gentleman in the neighbourhood I met with *Rochet*, in whom I recognized every external characteristic of the madman. His favorite address of *Pere Eternel*, unfortunately escaped my memory, I therefore welcomed him by his name *Rochet*, for which, with a stick in his hand, he struck me several times on the arms, muttering in the mean time, words, touching his authority of chastising every one, who dared an insult to him; a large cane was however near me, and with it by loud threats he was immediately quieted. In the evening I called again, when I found him rational, and even amusing. He seemed to regret his violence to me, and with some contrition begged my pardon. I took advantage of that state to introduce his *long* abstinence. On this, he appeared pleased, and was much interested in my observations, and he related the case with the same preciseness, I had already done in my letter to Doctor Hacket. He still, however, retained the fear of being poisoned by his wife; and spoke much upon the folly of a man advanced as he was in years (being 83) of having married a young woman, and very rationally impressed me with the precepts of a man not only indebted to years for experience in the world, but of having once possessed a more than an ordinary capacity of mind. He was

aware of his painful situation, and frequently spoke of it, as precluding him from exacting by course of law, the many pecuniary advances made some time ago to many without Notarial or other obligations. He frequently adverted to the events of forty and fifty years, observing, sometimes very emphatically—“*The times, sir, never alter of themselves, it is the work of man.*” I met him a few days after, and taking advantage of my being unguarded, he struck me again, at the same time reproaching me of the menaces I had a few evenings before, made to him. The above case clearly evinces that insane persons have indubitably short lucid intervals of reason.

It has been asserted by many that lunatics could not reason. To prove this erroneous, I shall relate the following case from Mr. Haslam's excellent work on Insanity:—A Lunatic of Manchester Asylum having conceived himself ill-treated by his keeper, resolved upon some means of revenge, for which he was punished by close confinement.—Some time after, he was transferred to Bethlem Hospital, where he related the circumstance to Mr. Haslam thus:—“Not liking this situation, I was induced to play the hypocrite: I pretended extreme sorrow for having threatened him, and, by an affectation of repentance, induced him to release me. For several days, I paid him great attention, and lent him every assistance: he seemed much pleased with the flattery, and became very friendly in his behaviour towards me. Going one day into the kitchen, where his wife was busied, I saw a knife (this was too great a temptation to be resisted); I concealed it, and carried it about me. For some time afterwards the same friendly intercourse was maintained between us; but as he was, one day unlocking his garden door, I seized the opportunity, and plunged this knife, up to the hilt, in his back.” Here this man was acting upon real circumstances and actuated solely by malignant resentment, which when opportunity offered, he gratified.

FAREWELL TO WHISKEY, ETC.

Throw Physic to the Dogs—I'll none of it!—MACBETH.

Delirious cup, where men have said,
And Dithyrambic Bards have told;
The heart might find a magic aid,
As the lip touched the mantling gold!

Let the dull clown repeat the strain,
And crown with drugs his fiery bowl,
Hailing thee medicine of the brain!
And the physio of the soul!

For I have watched thy sorcerous lamp!
And summoned every hope to smile;
But, on me, you fell like the dew so damp,
On the blaze of a funeral pile.

An image in this heart remains,
Too heavenly bright—too pure—too fair,
E'er to be dimmed by mortal stains
Tortured from Ocean, Earth, or Air!

I bear a fever in this frame,
Beyond thy cold, unhallowed fire,
Which scorns to mix its sacred flame
With ought that's destined to expire.

SCOTCH REFORM.

AIR—WOOD AND MARRIED AND A'.

My name it is *Sawney McWay*,
 And I am a wabster by tred,
 I'm a burgess in *New-Galloway*,
 And I sleep safe and sound in my bed;
 They tell me I maun become free,
 And they talk o' reform and distress—
 But there's little the matter wi' me,
 When I canna *fen out my distress*.

Wi' their Freedom, Reform and a;
 They're scarcely a' worth a sang;
 Wee'll soon put our *back tae the wa'*,
 When we hae *discovered our wrang*.

I ken that the land was mair blythe;
 When the castle and cot shared the soil,
 When kindness made greatness unfelt,
 And gratitude lightened our toil;
 When equal wi' a' but our Lords,
 We formed but o' brithers a band,
 And its them wha now speak of reform,
 That hae broken the ties o' the land.

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &c.

'Tis the loon wi' his new fangled gear,
 And the Lawyer cock-laird in his ha'
 Mak auld Scotland sae dowie and wae,
 And turn right and wrang into law.
 They come to our *Glens* and our *braes*,
 To be honoured they glower and they fret;
 But they soon tak again their auld ways,
 For our money is a' they'll e'er get.

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &c.

It's the honest and poor should be Loyal,
 They hae little to loose mair than me,
 The poor man toils o'er a' the Earth,
 But in Britain they only are free;
 Let them *cess* their fine meat, drink and claithing,
 That only bring sickness and sin,
 It's wi' them that's corrupted by these,
 That I'll vote the *Reform* to begin.

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &c.

They never taxed our tatae-yard,
 Nor the lang-kail *Jean* boils in the pan,
 Nor the Herrings frae bonnie *Loch-Ryan*,
 That's a feast for a hungry man;
 And at e'en when we sit by our fire,
 We're as free as a King and a Queen,
 There's na tax on my bonnie wee bairns,
 Nor a cess on my *Jeanie's* blue een.

Chorus—Wi' their freedom, &c.

Our parrich is no taxed I am sure,
 I fent a wee field down by *Kells*,
Jeanie spares a wee lock to the poor,
 And we've nearly eneuch for oursel's;
 I grant ye, the salt's a wee dear,
 But wha can make a' pleasures meet,
 And we only want salt it is clear,
 Because that the meal is so sweet.

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &c.

My *Jeanie* cares little for braws,
 Yet on *Sabbath* there 's few trigger drest,
 But I dinna think much o' her claes,
 For when she 's least on she leuks best.
 I make gude coarse sarks, to the bairns
 And what's aboon them's nae great care,
 We're little the waur I weel ken,
 To begin in the warld rather bare.

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &c.

Then awa wi' Reformers like these,
 W'll trust in the hand made us poor,
 And that's a' the greatest can say,
 For in *Hux* they are only secure!
 It's neither our *King* nor our *Princes*,
 Make the ills that we poor folk maun bear,
 And when Death struck the *Pride* o' the *Land*
 It was then they first caused us a tear.*

Chorus—Wi' their Freedom, &c.

Then soon may the time come again,
 My forebearers saw lang syne,
 When I may throw up my bonnet
 For ane o' the *Stewart* line!
 For Sir *Willie*, wha thought o' our hills †
 When he fought amang *Pyrennee* bras,

* Death of the Princess Charlotte.

† Lieut. General the Honourable Sir William Stewart, brother to the Earl of Gal-
 loway. His services which have been long and distinguished, have ever been accom-

O! he aye should be victor amang us,
Wha sae aft has been sae wi' our faes!

Wi' their Freedom, Reform and a'
They're scarcely a' worth a sang;
Wee'l soon put our *back* tae the *wa'*
When we hae *discovered our wrang*.

panied by a peculiar gallantry and antient feeling; and few Officers have suffered more in their toils and dangers. I believe he is equally remarkable for simplicity and dignity of character and that uncalculating courage, which in a noble rank is of a peculiar interest and value.

At one of the actions in the Peninsula having received a musket ball in his wrist—he turned to an officer near him, and said with a smile, “*that makes fourteen*”—as much as to insinuate, that he thought it rather more than his Arithmetical share.

Sir William is also brother of the Revd. and Honble. Dr. Stewart, of Canada.

THE MOTHER.

I saw the tear steal down her cheek,
Just like a *Mother's* tear,—
Such inward grief it seem'd to speak,
Such sympathy sincere,
As by a little mound she knelt,
'Twas where her darling slept:
Each tender feeling seem'd to melt
For anguish while she wept.

She wept—and oh! so sad her woes!
So sad her seeming smile—
In tears alone, she sought repose,
And sorrow to beguile.
She turned away so pensively,
With lingering looks behind—
Looks that seem'd eloquent to say:
“Be to yon hillock kind,”

“Tread softly there, where'er you go,
“And pause—to heave a sigh:
“My babe, my infant sleeps below,
“All cold its relics lie!
“Bear thence no flower that decks its bed,
“Or blooms in wildness near;
“Sacred the spot, where rest the dead,—
“To mothers—ever dear.” C. B.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(Not published in his Works.)

MARCH 17, 1752; O. S.

DEAR SIR,

Notwithstanding the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes, which life forces upon us, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day—such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity, or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses as a burden, but crushes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common course of nature, against which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flash of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concussion of an earthquake heaps the ruins of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miseries time brings, though silently, yet visibly forward; by its own lapse, which yet approaches unseen, because we turn our eyes away, and they seize us unresisted, because we would not arm ourselves against them, by setting them before us.

That it is in vain to shrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourselves which must sometimes be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect, and perhaps none more than the speculative reasoner, whose thoughts are always from home, whose eye wanders over life, whose fancy dances after meteors of happiness kindled by itself, and who examines every thing rather than his own state.

Nothing is more evident, than that the decays of age must terminate in death. Yet there is no man (says Tully) who does not believe that he may yet live another year, and there is none who does not, upon the same principle, hope another year for his parent or his friend; but the fallacy will be in time detected; the last year, the last day, will come: it has come, and is past.—The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end, and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects.

The loss of a friend, on whom the heart was fixed, and to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state of desolation in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself; and finds nothing but emptiness and horror. The blameless life, the artless tenderness, the native simplicity, the modest resignation—the patient sickness and the quiet death, are remembered only to add value to the loss—to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended—to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.

These are the calamities by which Providence gradually disengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exercise resolution, or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left us here but languishment and grief.

Yet such is the course of nature, that whoever lives long must outlive those whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our

present existence, that life must one time lose its associations, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any interested witness of his misfortunes or success. Misfortunes indeed he may yet feel, for where is the bottom of the misery of man! but what is success to him, who has none to enjoy it? Happiness is not found in self-contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the state of departed souls, because such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason deserts us at the brink of the grave, and gives no farther intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent. There is joy among angels in heaven over a sinner that repenteth. And surely the joy is not incommunicable to souls disentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let hope, therefore, dictate what revelation does not confute—the union of souls may still remain; and that we, who are struggling with sin, sorrow, and infirmities, may have one part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving the reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in religion. When we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and greater power? And to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the *greatest power is the best?*

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not seek succour in the gospel, which has brought life and immortality to light! The precepts of Epicurus, which teach us to endure what the laws of the universe make necessary, may silence, but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on abstract things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquillity in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promise of him in whose hands are life and death, and from the assurances of another and better state, in which all tears will be wiped from our eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion only can give patience.

SAM. JOHNSON.

UPON THE DEATH OF A CHILD OF EIGHT YEARS OLD.

OH! if the fond regrets of mortal love
Are heard before the throne of God above—
If to a soul too young for guilt, 'tis given
To find its own congenial home in Heaven—
If the warm tears of those who gave thee birth
May cleanse thy spirit from the stains of earth—
My Brother, go!—and while thy youthful lyre
Blends its fresh incense with th' immortal choir,
Oh may its holy echoes earthward flow,
To soothe the hearts that weep thy loss below,
And Henry's form in all its new-born bloom
Chase the cold thought of Henry in the tomb.

CHRONOLOGY OF CANADA:

The following Article, to the extent to which it will appear in this number, has already been published in the Montreal Herald; but as its compiler has kindly promised to continue the subject, we have deemed it advisable to re-publish what has already been completed; that the whole may appear in one connected chain, from the commencement to its termination.

1534—April, 20th (Old Style)... By command of Francis 1st, King of France, Jacques Cartier left the Port of St. Maloes, on a voyage of discovery, with two small ships and 122 men.

May 10—He reached Cape Bona Vista, in the Island of Newfoundland; and, in his progress through the Gulph, which he afterwards named St. Lawrence, he entered a large bay, where suffering much from heat, he called it Baye de Chaleurs.

August—After visiting Gaspé Bay, and coasting great part of the Gulph, he took formal possession of the country, for the French Crown, and sailed for France, carrying with him two of the natives.

1535—May 19 (Old Style)... Cartier again departs from St. Maloes, in pursuit of further discoveries, having under his command three vessels,—the Grande Hermine, of 120 tons, the Petit Hermine of 60 tons, and the Emerillon of 40 tons, taking with him, besides adequate crews, several young gentlemen volunteers in search of fortune, and the two Indian natives to serve as interpreters.

August 10—He enters the Gulph of the Great River of Canada, on the festival of St. Lawrence, and calls the former by the name of that Saint, which name was afterwards extended to the River itself.

August 18—Near the entrance of the River, he discovered a long Island, which his Indians called Nantiscotie, which he called L'Assomption, and which, at length, acquired the name of Anticosti.

Sept. 1—He reached the mouth of the Saguenay, a large river, running from the north, into the River St. Lawrence.

Sept. 8—Leaving his vessels, he goes with part of his crews and volunteers in boats, in search of a wintering place, and arrives at the scite of Quebec, which name has been fancifully ascribed to an exclamation of one of his sailors, at sight of the bold point of land, which there advances and confines the river. On this spot, he found a village inhabited by Indians, who called it Stadacone.

Sept. 16—Having found near Quebec a commodious wintering ground, in the mouth of the river now called the St. Charles, he lays up the Grande and Petit Hermines, and proceeds in the Emerillon, as far as Lake St. Peter; whence he pursues the voyage in boats.

Oct. 2—He reaches an inhabited village, called by the Indians Hochelaga; (foot of the rapid?) situated upon an island, and near the

NOTE.—Cartier long expatiated in vain upon the probable advantages to be derived from establishing a Colony in his new discoveries; for the French Court, participated in the incorrect opinion then prevalent, that such countries only as contained mines of gold and silver were worth possessing.

foot of a mountain, which last he called *Mont-Royal*, and this name slightly changed to *Montreal*, has been applied to the Island and to the City built thereon by the French.

Oct. 11—Having found the Indians every where friendly, and inclined to consider himself and crew as superior to human beings, he left *Montreal* and, entering the mouth of the *St. Charles* on the anniversary festival of the *Holy Cross*, he called it *St. Croix Harbour*.

Nov. 15—His vessels were now surrounded by ice, and the whole river was soon frozen over as far as *Montreal*, as reported by Indians.

1536—Feby. 22 (Old Style)... The River *St. Lawrence* became navigable for canoes, opposite to *Quebec*, but the ice remained firm in *St. Croix Harbour*.

April 5—His vessels were disengaged from the ice, but, having lost 25 men by scurvy or some unknown malady, during the winter, he was obliged to leave one of his vessels dismantled.

May 6—Having seized the chief of the Indian village, along with the two Indians already mentioned, he sailed for France; and proceeding slowly for the sake of observation, he took his final departure, 19th June, from *Cape Race*, in *Newfoundland*, and reaching *St. Maloes* on the 16th July, he prepared his Report to the King of France.

1540—(Old Style)—To the combination of private enterprise with Court patronage, we are indebted for important geographical discoveries; and *Jacques Cartier*, having succeeded in recommending his projects to certain spirited individuals, was at length enabled to resume his career.

Jan'y. 15—For *François De Larocque*, *Seigneur de Roberval*, inspired with the true spirit of adventure, prevailed upon *Francis 1st* to appoint him *Viceroy* and *Lieutenant General* in *Canada*, *Hochelaga*, &c. and likewise to grant to *Jacques Cartier* a *Royal Commission*, as an associate in the expedition with the rank of *Captain General*.

May 23—The *Viceroy Roberval*, having undertaken the equipment of two vessels at his own expense, experienced some difficulties and delays in completing his preparations; and he was induced to despatch *Cartier* before him, with five vessels.

August 3—*Cartier* after a course of stormy weather reached *Newfoundland*, where he waited some time in vain for *Roberval*.

Aug. 23—He arrived at *St. Croix harbour*; and proceeding four leagues upwards, in his boats, he found at the mouth of a small river a commodious harbour, and built a fort, which he called *Charlesbourg*; where, having left a small garrison, he immediately returned to France.

1541—*Roberval* at last was enabled to leave France with five vessels, well manned and equipped, having *Cartier* as chief pilot or conductor. Much uncertainty and contradiction exists in the historical accounts of this voyage;—it appears however to have been so far fortunate; and, either on the Island of *Cape Breton*, sometimes called *Isle Royale*, or on the adjoining coast of the *Gulph Saint Lawrence*, *Roberval* and his associates built a Fort; where *Cartier* was left commander, with a numerous garrison, well provisioned, and with one of the vessels belonging to the expedition. *Roberval*, however, hastened back to France, for the purpose of obtaining additional encouragement and settlers.

1542—This year, he had proceeded on his outward voyage, as far as

Newfoundland, having three ships and two hundred persons, besides supplies of provisions on board for the new settlement, when he was disagreeably surprised at meeting Cartier returning with the remainder of the Colonists, whom the inhospitable nature of the Country and the rising jealousy of the Indians, had induced to abandon the fort and to embark for France. According to the Historian Charlevoix, Roberval, being a man of firmness and address, prevailed upon the fugitives to change their course and second him in fulfilling the instructions of the king. Having restored order in the garrison, which he again left under Cartier's command, he despatched one of his officers, named Alphonse, to examine the coast of Labrador, in the vain hope of finding a passage to the East Indies. He himself is stated to have ascended the River Saint Lawrence, and to have entered the River Saguenay; but nothing satisfactory has reached us, on the subject of his progress or of his various voyages to Canada, from this year till the year 1549, during which interval, Jacques Cartier, ruined in health and in fortune, returned to France and died neglected by his thoughtless countrymen.

1549—Roberval's pursuit of discovery and settlement had been long interrupted by the duty of serving his king in the famous struggle for power and glory, between Francis 1st of France and Charles 5th of Spain; but Francis being now dead, and the troubles of France pacified, our noble Adventurer resumed his former career; and associating with himself his Brother, of equal celebrity, he embarked for Canada, with a numerous train of enterprising young men; but they were never heard of afterwards, the whole being supposed to have perished at sea. This misfortune destroyed for a time all hopes of supporting an Establishment in Canada; and, during fifty years, no measures were taken for succouring the descendants of the few French Settlers who had remained in that Country.

1598—Jan'y. 12—The Marquis de la Roche was appointed, by Henry the fourth, his Lieutenant General in Canada, Hochelaga, &c. His Commission is the first which makes provision for partitioning the discovered lands into Seignories and Fiefs, to be held under the feudal tenure and as a compensation for military service in the field, when required.

Having resolved to examine the Country, before carrying out many settlers, he embarked along with about sixty persons of ruined fortunes; forty of whom he landed on Sable Island, a place totally unfit for Colonization. He next reconnoitred the neighbouring coast of Acadia, now called Nova Scotia; and having collected the information deemed necessary, he returned to France, being prevented by tempestuous weather from executing his design of withdrawing the forty persons left on Sable Island; and twelve miserable survivors of those unfortunate people were only rescued from their hopeless situation in the year 1605. But the Marquis de la Roche was not destined to resume his career; for his private misfortunes retained him in France, where he is said to have fallen a victim to disappointment and chagrin, soon after his return.

1600—M. Chauvin, a naval officer, this year, obtained from Henry fourth a Commission, granting to him an exclusive trade with Canada, and other rights and powers similar to those conferred on the Marquis de la Roche; and he associated with himself Pontgravé, a skilful navi-

gator and merchant of Saint Maloes. They made two gainful voyages to Tadoussac, near the mouth of the Saguenay River, carrying on an extensive trade in Furs, with the Indians, who for mere trifles exchanged most valuable Skins.

1603—While preparing for his third voyage, Chauvin died; and Pierre Dugast, Sieur de Monts, a Calvinist, received from Henry 4th a patent conferring on him the exclusive trade and government of the territory situated between the 40th and the 46th degrees of latitude: though himself of the reformed Religion, he was enjoined by his patent of appointment, to convert the native Indians to the Roman Catholic tenets. To this gentleman and to M. de Chatte, the Governor of Dieppe, in Normandy, belongs the credit of associating, in their schemes of trade discovery and colonisation, the celebrated Samuel de Champlain, who founded Quebec, and, by his personal character and exertions, contributed greatly to render Canada an object of lasting interest to France and to European Christendom.

1607—After a variety of fortune in establishing trading posts, which he left in charge of his associates, in L'Acadie, now called Nova Scotia, the Sieur de Monts lost his privilege; and only obtained a renewal of it by agreeing to form a new establishment on the River St. Lawrence. After this engagement, two vessels were equipped, and placed under the command of Champlain and Pontgrave; but the whole year was passed in carrying on the Fur Trade from Tadoussac, while the Acadian Colony was suffered to go to ruin, and that proposed on the St. Lawrence was attempted.

1608—At length Samuel de Champlain, whose laudable ambition was not confined to commercial pursuits, resolved to effect the establishment contemplated by the French Court; and sailing from France with three ships containing emigrants, he entered the St. Lawrence; and, at the spot where that river is joined by the St. Charles, and becomes contracted in its channel, he landed, erected huts for his settlers, cleared some land, sowed wheat and rye, and laid the foundations of the City of Quebec, the capital of New France, on the 3d July, 1608.*

1609—Champlain's infant establishment soon excited the curiosity of various tribes of Indians; and the Mountaineers who inhabited the lower part of the St. Lawrence, the Algonquins, who occupied its shores from Quebec to Montreal, the Hurons, whose principal residence was on Lake Huron, and other less considerable tribes, all engaged in war with the Iroquois, solicited and obtained the assistance of the French. Without foreseeing the consequences, Champlain taught them the use of fire-arms; and even joined them, in offensive operations against the powerful Iroquois or Five Nations. In this thoughtless manner began the ruinous contests between his settlers and the Iroquois, who soon obtained the support of the English and Dutch Colonies; and continued their predatory and cruel warfare with little intermission, notwithstanding the conciliatory efforts of the Jesuits, till the final subjugation of Canada by Great Britain, in the year 1700.

* Charlevoix says that *Quebeo*, in the Algonquin and *Quehbec*, in the Abanagui tongues signify a contraction; and he thus accounts for the name of Quebec given to the new City, in a less fanciful manner than has been done elsewhere.

Leaving the Colony under the command of Pierre Chauvin, Champlain returned to France this year, which is memorable as the epoch of conferring the name of New France on Canada.

1610.—Champlain is stated by Charlevoix, this year to have reached Tadoussac from the French coast, in the remarkable short passage of eighteen days. Elated with the admiration of the Indians, and having made an easy campaign last year against the Iroquois, Champlain joined his allies; and, after a fatiguing march and some desperate fighting in the neighbourhood of the Lake, afterwards called by his name, he again obtained the victory, chiefly by the effects of his fire-arms.

Having returned safely from this second expedition, Champlain was preparing to form an establishment at Montreal, when accounts of the assassination of Henry 4th obliged him to revisit France; and that melancholy event having deprived Mr. De Monts of the support and patronage requisite for the promotion of his commercial views and for the protection of the infant Colony, he exhorted Champlain to seek a powerful patron at the Court of the Queen Regent Mary de Medici.

1611.—Charles de Bourbon, Comte de Soissons, had hardly been saluted Father of New France, appointing Champlain his Lieutenant, when he died; but he was immediately replaced by De Condé, a Prince of the blood Royal, who confirmed Champlain's appointment.

1612.—This whole year was spent by Champlain in France, owing to the intrigues of certain merchants of St. Maloes, who obliged himself and his associates to give them a share of the exaggerated advantages of exclusive trade conferred by the royal patent.

1613.—March 6, ... Champlain sailed from St. Maloes with only one ship, commanded by his friend Pontgrave, lately returned from L'Acadie; and they reached Quebec the 7th May, which place being found in good condition, they ascended to the Indian village of Hochelaga, near the present scite of Montreal, where they amused and astonished the natives with warlike shows and exercise. Thence, quitting Pontgrave, Champlain explored a part of the great river Ottawa, whence, hastening to Quebec, he arrived with his friend at St. Maloes, in the end of August.

1614.—This year was passed in forming a new and more extensive commercial association with merchants at St. Maloes, Rouen and Rochelle, which being approved by the Prince de Condé, viceroy of New France, he obtained the Royal Letters Patent for the establishment of that Company, which, to promote the important object of spreading religion, agreed to defray the expences of four Priests of the order of Recollets, who undertook the dangerous voyage to New France, for the purpose of administering spiritual consolation to the colonists, and founding missions for the propagation of the Gospel among the Indians. The apparent subserviency of colonial policy and commerce to the religion of the State, in the progress of events, will form an interesting contrast between the French and the English Colonies, in North America.

1615.—The Indians began to practise upon Champlain's easy temper and romantic disposition, being desirous of using his troops chiefly to secure the victory, without giving them a due share of the glory or of

the spoil. This year, the Hurons went on their expedition, carrying along with them Father Joseph Caron, Recollet, leaving Champlain behind, who afterwards followed: and his force and fire arms were found necessary to dislodge the enemy from a kind of fort which they had erected. On this occasion, he was severely wounded, which accident led to a hasty but not disorderly retreat on the part of the allies, who obliged him and Father Caron to pass the winter in their Country. Submitting with a good grace, and availing himself of his favorable position for exploring the Country and studying the character of the Indians, [1616] Champlain visited the Huron villages, extending his tour to Lake Nipising, where the Algonquins had some establishments. Learning however that his savage allies intended to drag him into another expedition, he engaged some Indians to seize the opportunity of the first opening of the navigation to convey Father Caron and himself to Quebec, where they arrived 11th July, 1616, to the great surprise and joy of the Colonists who thought them both dead.

Father Joseph, no less zealous in his vocation, had gained some knowledge of the language of the Hurons, observed their haunts and fixed in his own mind the proper stations for Evangelical Missions among them.

After remaining a month at Quebec, Champlain and Father Joseph Caron returned to France, accompanied by the Superintendent of the Evangelical Mission.

1617—This year is memorable on account of the combination of the late allies of Champlain for the extermination of the French; their machinations having been fortunately discovered by one of themselves to a Recollet Friar, named Pacifique Duplessis, he prevented the calamity by exciting jealousies and divisions, and bringing over some influential individuals among the Conspirators to his views of peace. Their cruel resolution has been ascribed to their fears of being severely punished on the return of Champlain for the murder of two Frenchmen;—but the good Friar acted as Mediator; and Champlain, chusing a middle course between European and Indian ideas of justice, accepted the offer of the Savage to place one of the murderers at his mercy—to present a large quantity of furs to the relations of the deceased, and to deliver two of their chiefs as hostages into his hands.

1620—During three years, the troubles of the Regency in France, deprived the Prince de Condé of his liberty, and of the due exercise of his Viceroyalty; and combined, with the avidity and jealousy, of the Traders under the Patent, to paralyze the efforts of Champlain for the security and advancement of the Colony. But this year, Marshal Montmorency having purchased the Prince's Viceroyalty for eleven thousand Crowns, he confirmed Champlain's Commission, and appointed Monsieur Dolu, a highly respected Officer of Justice, as Colonial Agent in France. Canadian prospects having thus brightened, Champlain ventured to convey his family to New France. He arrived at Tadoussac in time to stop the intrusion of some Rochelle Adventurers, whom he surprised not only violating the rights of his associates to the exclusive trade of the Country, but likewise selling fire-arms to the Indians, which dangerous practice had been hitherto wisely avoided.

1621—This year, the Iroquois or Five Nations seem to have extend

ed their views from merely predatory warfare against the Colony, to a settled plan of extermination; for they now perceived the new bond of religion uniting the French with the Hurons and with the other objects of their inveterate hostility. Dividing their forces, they attacked the Colonists and their allies at three different points; and, though repulsed at the principal posts, they ravaged the surrounding Country, and excited such alarm, in Champlain that he called a Council of the Priests, Officers, and Chief Colonists, which advised the immediate despatch of a Deputy to France, to lay before His Majesty and the Duke of Montmorency, the deplorable situation of the Colony, and the culpable neglect of the association, to provide for its support and to fulfil the general condition of their Patent. Father George Bailliff, personally known to the young King, being chosen Deputy, on this occasion, succeeded in his important mission. The Company was suppressed; and the rights of that delinquent association were transferred to William and Emeric de Caen, two Protestants, admissible under the wise and humane policy of the edict of Nantz, to places of trust, power and profit under the French Crown.

1622—Fourteen years had now elapsed since the foundation of Quebec; but its population did not exceed Fifty Souls; its Commerce was insignificant, and the principal station for the Fur Trade continued to be Tadoussac, though another had been lately established at Three Rivers, 25 leagues above Quebec.

1623—M. Pontgravé, one of the greatest benefactors of New France, was this year obliged to return to Europe on account of bad health; and William de Caen himself visited Quebec, where, though a Calvinist, he was well received; and continued popular for some time, among Roman Catholics.

Champlain, whose department was not commerce but military and civil superintendance, was at this period alarmed by a report that the Hurons intended to enter into alliance with the Iroquois; and he hastened to send back to the former Father Joseph Le Caron, accompanied by a Recollet Priest and a Friar, just arrived from France, in the hope of preventing a coalition so dangerous to the infant Colony.

1624—Champlain built this year at Quebec a fort of stone, and he afterwards returned to France with his family, and there found Marshal Montmorenci in treaty with his Nephew, Henri de Levi, Duke of Ventadour, who finally acquired the viceroyalty of New France. This Nobleman purchased the charge from religious motives, being zealous for the propagation of the Catholic faith among the Indians; and, under his auspices, with the King's permission, three Priests of the order of Jesuits were appointed to found a Mission at Quebec.

1625—The names of the Priests devoted to this Mission were Charles Lallemant, Enemonde Masse, and Jean de Brebœuf; but it required all the characteristic address and management of the Jesuits to overcome the prejudices against their order, which were deeply felt in France, and industriously circulated in Canada.

This year Nicholas Viel, a Recollet Priest, and a young Indian Proselyte, returning to Quebec from Lake Huron, were drowned, by the oversetting of their canoe, in a rapid of the channel which divides the Island of Montreal from the Island of Jesus. The fatal place is

still known by the name of the Sault de Recollet, or the Recollet Rapid. This event was suspected by some to have arisen from design on the part of the Indian conductors of the canoe, who escaping with their lives, carried off the baggage of their late passengers.

1626—This year, three more Jesuits arrived with some mechanics, and, under the superintendance of Father Enemonde Masse, Quebec began to improve, and to assume the appearance of a City. That jealousy against the Jesuits experienced elsewhere, pursued them into Canada, and produced a series of vexatious proceedings on the part of M. de Caen, who being, at their instance, as he supposed, reprimanded by the Viceroy, became still more troublesome from motives of revenge.

1627—Champlain, having this year returned to Quebec, readily perceived the lamentable effects of those jealousies and disputes, which not only encouraged the insults and atrocities of the Indians, but likewise interrupted the building of houses and clearing of land in the surrounding country. De Caen and his associates attended to the Fur Trade only, while religious dissensions combined with their culpable neglect of civil duty to encrease the disorders of the little Colony. As a remedy to this desperate state of affairs, recourse was had to the strong measure of transferring the Commerce of New France to a powerful association, called the Company of a Hundred Partners, consisting of Clergy and Laity, and established under the special patronage and management of the celebrated Cardinal de Richelieu, Grand Master, Chief and Superintendant of the Navigation and Commerce of France.

This association, as declared by the Royal Edict of 19th April 1627, was established for the primary purpose of converting the native Indians to the Catholic faith, by the precepts of a zealous Clergy, and by the example of a respectable body of devout settlers, and with the secondary view of obtaining for his Majesty's subjects new commercial advantages derivable from a better management of the fur trade, or from the desirable discovery of a route to the Pacific Ocean and to China, through the great river and lakes of New France.

From such extensive views and motives of a spiritual and temporal nature, the powers and privileges conferred on the association were great and unprecedented; but the duties imposed upon that body were so much evaded in the sequel, that none of the brilliant anticipations of worldly advantages to the French nation were ever realised.

The Company held New France, with the extensive privileges of a feudal Seignory, under the King, to whom was owing fealty and homage and the presentation of a Crown of Gold at every new accession to the Throne. With the right of soil a monopoly of trade was granted. The King only reserved, for the benefit of all his subjects, the Cod and Whale Fisheries in the Gulf and coasts of the Saint Lawrence, and to such Colonists as might not be servants of the Company, was secured the right of trading with the native Indians for peltries, it being understood that, on pain of confiscation, they should bring all their acquisitions of Beaver Skins to the Factors of the Company, who were bound to purchase them at Forty Sous a piece.

[To be continued.]

Selected Papers.

SIR GEORGE PREVOST,*

SINCE the CANADAS became a province of the United Kingdom, there is not a period in their history which is more fraught with importance than that during which SIR GEORGE PREVOST presided as Administrator-in-Chief of the government. It was at the commencement of that period, that the United States of America, either from political jealousy, or some other national consideration arising, perhaps, more out of the unavoidable circumstances into which a long course of unparalleled warfare had placed Great-Britain than a direct inclination on her part to injure the prospects, or insult the honour of her rivals on this side of the Atlantic, took occasion to come to an open rupture with our parent-state, and risk the justice of their cause to the precarious issue of physical power. The geographical situation of these provinces, as a part of the British Empire, by nature rendered them at once an object of assault and conquest to the arms of their enemies; and before that country, upon which their sole dependance for safety and protection must ever rely when menaced with danger, either foreign or domestic, could possibly hear of the declaration of war, it certainly lay within the probability of contingent events, that Canada might become a victim to the ambitious views which threatened her happiness and prosperity. To assume, in the mean-time, a defensive aspect, and to organize means for its success, so as effectually to withstand the shock meditated against the country was the inevitable duty of the governor. Sir George Prevost was not a stranger to the responsibility which attached to him as such, and he lost no time or pains to fulfil the expectations of his country. There are in public life a thousand different situations the difficulty of whose management can only be estimated by the test of experience, and in which failure is as probable a contingency as success. It is not for us to say which of these events has resulted from the government of Sir George Prevost; because we conscientiously feel, that any investigation upon our part of a subject which has generated so much public discussion—upon which such a variety of opinions are entertained—and which has served to call forth the sentiments of several individuals eminent for their rank and talents—would be as totally destitute of public utility, as it would be a dereliction of that pledge under which we commenced our literary labours—never to involve their character, however humble, or otherwise destitute of real merit, in political or religious discussions. It must, indeed, be admitted, that, in this country at least, the very name of Sir George Prevost,

* Some Account of the Public Life of the late Lieutenant-General SIR GEORGE PREVOST, BARONET, Particularly of his Services in the CANADAS; including a Reply to the strictures on his Military Character, contained in an article in the Quarterly Review, for October, 1822—London: printed for T. Cadell, Strand; and T. Egerton, Whitehall, 1823.

and the measures which characterized his civil and military government, are calculated to engender political feelings of no ordinary nature, and that he who any wise meddles either with the one or the other, is necessarily enlisted on either side of the controversy. In this proposition we are disposed to think every candid person will be ready to concur; but, for our own part, we must thus early be permitted to express our most decided and unqualified DENIAL of the inference. We can assure those who will submit to listen to us, that we have a much higher stake in the government and prosperity of the country than for a moment to interfere in its political dissensions—WE FEEL A DEEP AND SINCERE INTEREST IN ITS HISTORICAL CHARACTER AND REPUTATION: and it is on this ground *alone* that we have taken up the volume before us with the intention of selecting a few extracts from it.

To say nothing disrespectful of the dead is an ancient and divine maxim. In all ages and in all countries it has been held sacred to the last degree. Indeed, it seems quite impossible to speak in terms of adequate abhorrence of the man, who, discarding the obligations of civilized society, and forcibly rending the inviolable chain which connects the transactions of time with the inconceivable grandeur of eternity, pollutes the sepulchre of the dead, and waves over the still glowing memory of their departed worth, the black and malicious ensign of slanderous defamation—thus poisoning the already bitter cup of surviving friends, and rendering those sighs and tears, which confer its greatest lustre on humanity, a very mockery of woe! But, if this be the ignoble character, which the unanimous suffrages of mankind have in general made applicable to the traducers of the dead, we have much pleasure, from the view which we have taken of the present subject, to rescue *one* delinquent from so calamitous a sentence. The writer in the Quarterly Review, who, at the distance of five or six years from the death of the man whose public conduct he essayed to investigate and criticize, though it will be impossible to reconcile his conduct to the standard of moral rectitude, so far from calling forth the universal execration which has been levelled against him, has on the contrary—in our opinion at least—deserved well both of the friends of Sir George Prevost, and of his country. Of the former, because he has enabled them to appear before the public and defend the memory of their departed relative to much greater advantage, and with a probability of far greater success than it was possible they could ever enjoy under any other circumstances:—and of the latter, because, by eliciting the present Defence, his writings have been the ground-work of an investigation, which, whether well or ill conducted, will enable the future historian of Canada to come into the field with all the materials of reason and truth, relative to a period which we have already stated to be the most interesting in the annals of her civil as well as military government.

With such sentiments, we are disposed to flatter ourselves that no man, of whatever party or political feelings, will hasten to quarrel with us for publishing Extracts from the Defence of the Government of Sir George Prevost. But, besides the motives which we have already stated, we have others still more urgent in defence of the task which we have undertaken. We are bold enough in this early stage of our la-

hours, to arrogate to ourselves some superiority of claim to the publication and preservation of all that tends to elucidate the history of Canada, and prolong its current from the earliest to the latest periods. We esteem the Canadian Magazine as an established repository for materials of local history, and we are convinced the public, whose favors we so earnestly entreat, will never leave us to feel the disappointment incident to over-sanguine hopes. We have, however, been seriously surprised at having heard the daring assertion, that, after an anticipated era relating to these provinces, which is as ardently hailed by one party as it is rejected and disapproved of by another, the preceding history of Canada will not only entirely vanish in the importance of succeeding events, but be totally unworthy of record. We no less disagree from such an opinion than we disapprove of the motives from which it must have sprung. It is at once unphilosophical and barbarous. To obey its dictates would be to deprive mankind in general, of their greatest lesson of instruction—talents of the fittest school for expansion and improvement—and literature of its proudest and most valuable gem. The origin of nations, and their progressive rise towards maturity, we deem by far the most important eras in their annals. With what regret have all civilized countries looked back on the barbarism of their ancestors, and mourned over that impenetrable cloud of ignorance which for ever separated them from a knowledge of their origin! Of what country can we speak with certainty from its foundation to its fall? Who first taught the Chaldeans Astronomy—Greece the arts—or Rome the ambition of universal conquest? How absurd, then, to say that there is no importance attached to the early history of Canada! So far from thinking so, it shall ever form a prominent feature in our labours to collect every authentic material regarding it, which an industrious enquiry can put in our power. These ingredients of national history can neither be too frequently repeated, nor too generally preserved. Time is a sad leveller of events. His dilapidations are irresistible. History herself too often falls a victim to his unrelenting fiat. Let us therefore do all we can to guard against his tyranny; and while we are conscious of the rectitude of our purpose, who can disarm the satisfaction and tranquility which will ever follow in the train of a deed of honesty.

“Major-General Augustin Prevost, the father of the late Sir George Prevost, was by birth a citizen of Geneva; he entered the British service as a Cornet in the Earl of Albemarle's regiment of Horse Guards, and was present at the battle of Fontenoy, where he was wounded.

Having attained the rank of Major in the 60th regiment in 1759, he had the honour of serving under General Wolfe, and received a severe wound in the head, whilst gallantly forcing a landing, twenty miles above Quebec, under the immediate command of General Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester. Upon the reduction of Canada, Major Prevost was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and served with reputation at the capture of Martinique and the Havannah. In 1775, he was appointed to the command in East Florida, and, in 1778, he eminently distinguished himself by his defence of Savannah, against the attack of a very superior force of French and Americans, under

the Comte d'Estaing and General Lincoln. The garrison consisted of only 2,300 men, while the force of the besiegers amounted to 8,000, supported by a fleet of twenty-two sail of the line. Such, however, was the determined energy of Major-General Prevost, and of the British soldiers and sailors under his command, that the enemy were compelled to abandon the enterprize, after thirty-three days' close siege.*

In 1780, Major-General Prevost, after having served twenty-two years in North America and the West Indies, returned to England, to enjoy the pleasing consciousness of having always discharged his duty with zeal and effect. His health was much impaired by a long residence in climates unfavourable to an European constitution, and, on the 6th of May, 1786, he died, at Greenhill Grove, near Barnet, in the sixty-third year of his age.

In 1765, Major-General Prevost married, at Lausanne, a daughter of M. Grand of that place;† and, on her husband's departure to America, Mrs. Prevost accompanied him thither. George, their eldest son, was born while General Prevost was stationed in the province of New Jersey, on the 19th May, 1767. Being designed by his father for the military profession, he was placed with that view at Lochée's academy, at Chelsea, and his education was finished at Colmar, on the continent. He obtained his first commission, in the 60th regiment, and being removed upon promotion to the 28th foot, he joined that corps at Gibraltar, in 1784. He obtained his majority in 1790, and early in 1791, he took command of the 3d battalion of the 60th regiment at Antigua. In March, 1794, he was promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the 60th, and, in 1795, he proceeded to Demerara, and from thence to St. Vincent's, at that time attacked by the French. He was there actively employed in suppressing the Carib insurrection, and in resisting the French invasion, and at the storming of the Vigie he commanded a column. In October, 1795, he was ordered to Dominica, to relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Madden in the command of the troops in that island; but in January, 1796, he resumed the command of the 3d battalion of the 60th regiment at St. Vincent's, where he was twice severely wounded in successfully resisting the enemy's progress towards the capital of the colony, after the defeat of Major-General Stewart at Colnary. In consequence of his wounds, Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost obtained leave to return to England. The sense which the inhabitants of St. Vincent's entertained of his services was warmly expressed in an address from the Council and House of Representatives in that island.

On his arrival in England, Lieutenant-Colonel Prevost was appointed Inspecting Field Officer. In January, 1798, he obtained the rank of Colonel, and proceeded in the same year to the West Indies as Brigadier-General. In 1798, he was removed from the command of the troops at Barbadoes to St. Lucie, as Commandant, where he was afterwards

* Vide Beatson's "Naval and Military Memoirs," vol. iv. p. 518, Appendix, No. I.

† Mr. Gibbon to Mr. Holroyd.—"Let me tell you a piece of Lausanne news. Nannette Grand is married to Lieutenant Colonel Prevost. Grand wrote to me; and by the next post I congratulated both father and daughter. There is exactness for you." Beatson, Oct. 31st, 1765. Vide Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, vol. i. p. 439.

appointed Lieutenant-Governor, in compliance with a request from the inhabitants. Brigadier-General Prevost continued to perform the duties of Governor of St. Lucie, until the peace of 1802, when that colony was restored to the French. The address, which he received from the inhabitants of the island on his departure, fully evinces the popularity, which he had acquired; while the letters addressed to him, and to Colonel Brown-rigg, Secretary to H. R. H. the Commander in Chief, by Sir Thomas Trigge, at that time Commander of the Forces in the West Indies, satisfactorily prove that he merited the confidence reposed in him by Government.

In July, Brigadier-General Prevost arrived in England, when the government of Dominica was immediately offered to him by Lord Hobart. Having accepted the appointment, he embarked for that island in the following November, and landed there on the 25th of December, 1802.

In the following year, he volunteered his services on the expedition against St. Lucie and Tobago, and served as second in command under Lieutenant-General Grenfield, who in his general order, after the capture of Morne Fortunée, thus mentions his conduct upon that occasion:

"To the cool and determined conduct of Brigadier-General Prevost and Brigadier-General Brereton, who led the two columns of attack, may be attributed the success of the action; but to Brigadier-General Prevost it must be acknowledged, that to his counsel and arrangements the Commander of the forces attributes the glory of the day."

The important services of Brigadier-General Prevost upon this expedition, received numerous tributes of approbation from distinguished military characters; and even the French Commander could not refrain from expressing the esteem and admiration with which he regarded his generous enemy. Upon the successful termination of this affair, Brigadier-General Prevost returned to his Government at Dominica, where nothing worthy of notice occurred until the 22d February, 1805, when an unexpected attack was made by a French squadron from Rochefort. The result of that attack was highly creditable to the valour and military talents of the Governor, who after having with the few troops under his command, disputed inch by inch, the landing of the French force, amounting to 4,000 men, and covered by an overwhelming fire from the ships, succeeded in effecting a retreat to the fort of Prince Rupert. The French Commander in Chief, after vainly summoning him to surrender, reembarked the whole of his troops, and sailed to Guadaloupe.

The terms in which H. R. H. the Commander in Chief was pleased to express his sense of General Prevost's conduct upon this occasion, were highly gratifying to his feelings. In consequence of his gallant and successful defence of the Colony, General Prevost received a communication from the Speaker of the House of Assembly, conveying to him the thanks of that body, and informing him that a Thousand Guineas had been voted by them for the purchase of a sword and a service of plate, to be presented to him in testimony of their gratitude and approbation. A similar testimonial to the conduct of General Prevost

upon this occasion was given by the Patriotic Fund, who voted him a sword of the value of one hundred pounds, and a piece of plate, of the value of two hundred pounds, for the distinguished gallantry and military talents which he had displayed. From the West India Planters and Merchants General Prevost likewise received a piece of plate to the value of three hundred guineas.

In July, 1805, General Prevost returned to England. Soon after his arrival he was created a Baronet, and was subsequently appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth.

In February, 1808, he was selected to command a brigade destined to reinforce Nova Scotia, where he succeeded Sir John Wentworth as Governor, and in December, 1808, he left Halifax, in order to assist in the reduction of Martinique. The expedition sailed from Barbadoes on the 28th of January, 1809, and on the 30th, the troops were landed on the island of Martinique. Sir George Prevost was second in command under General Sir George Beckwith, and to him the management of all the active operations was confided. The result of this expedition was, that the French troops were driven into Fort Bourbon, where they held out until the 24th of February, when the surrender of that fort completed the conquest of the island.

Upon the conclusion of this short but brilliant campaign, Sir George Prevost passed a few days at Dominica, where he was received with many demonstrations of joy. Addresses were upon this occasion presented to him by the House of Assembly of Dominica, and by the merchants and inhabitants of St. Christophers.

In the month of April the army returned to Halifax, and from this period until his appointment to the chief civil and military command in British North America, in 1811, upon the resignation of Sir James Craig, Sir George Prevost remained in Nova Scotia, esteemed and beloved by all ranks of the inhabitants. On his departure for his new government, he received the most gratifying addresses from the inhabitants of Halifax, and from the clergy of Nova Scotia, &c. &c.

No sooner had Sir George Prevost assumed the chief command of the Canadas, than he became sensible of the necessity of placing those provinces in the most efficient state of defence; and he therefore applied himself with the utmost vigour and vigilance to call forth all their resources. It is difficult to believe that the unwearied exertions of Sir George Prevost, with a view to this important object, should have been altogether unknown to the writer in the Quarterly Review. But supposing him to have been ignorant of them, yet without access to the private and confidential correspondence which took place between Sir George Prevost and his Majesty's Government, or to the communications which passed between him and the officers under his command, it was impossible that the Reviewer could form a correct opinion upon the subject. And yet he has not hesitated boldly to assert, that "in the winters of 1811 and 1812, although the designs upon the Canadas were openly avowed in the American Congress, except the embodying of the militia of the Lower Province, Sir George Prevost made not the slightest preparation for defence." The following state-

* Vide Review, page 415.

ment will show the degree of credit to which this assertion of the Reviewer is entitled.

In the month of September, 1811, Sir George Prevost arrived in Canada, and in the same month, proceeding from Quebec to the district of Montreal, he inspected the different forts and military positions in that neighbourhood, and on the American frontier. Soon after his return to Quebec in the November following, he communicated confidentially with the Adjutant-General of the forces in England, upon the apprehended hostilities with America. In December he proposed to Lord Liverpool, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, the raising a corps of Fencibles, from the Glengary settlement in Upper Canada; and in his correspondence with Admiral Sawyer, who commanded on the Halifax station, he requested that a ship of war might be sent on the opening of the navigation, to the St. Lawrence. In the month of February, 1812, another communication was made to the Secretary of State's Office, in which Sir George Prevost expressed a hope, that the proceedings in Washington would justify him, in making preparations to repel the threatened attack. Those preparations had been commenced as early as November, 1811, by forwarding arms and ammunition to the Upper Province. During the winter of 1811 and 1812, and the spring of the latter year, frequent communications passed between the Commander of the forces and Major-General Brock, who commanded in Upper Canada, respecting the preparations which would be necessary in the event of a war. It was proposed to reinforce Amherstburgh and Fort George; and supplies of provisions, cavalry arms, accoutrements and money, were directed to be conveyed to Upper Canada. — Accoutrements and clothing for the Militia in the Canadas, were requested from the British Government. Another schooner was directed to be built, to increase our marine on Lake Erie. Captain Gray, Deputy Assistant-Quarter-Master-General, was despatched to the Upper Province, in order to assist in forwarding these defensive preparations; and Captain Dixon, of the Royal Engineers, was directed to proceed to Amherstburgh, to inspect the works of that fort, which the Commander of the forces had ordered to be put in a tenable state. The propriety of strengthening and fortifying York was submitted to Government; and the commanding engineer was directed to make the repairs, which his report on the different forts and posts in Upper Canada, had stated to be necessary. In addition to these measures, a reinforcement from the 41st regiment, and five companies of the Newfoundland Fencibles, left Quebec in the month of May for the Upper Province.

On the 31st March, Sir George Prevost addressed a private and confidential letter to Major-General Brock, in which his sentiments respecting the approaching war, and the policy to be adopted in meeting it, were clearly detailed. One passage in this letter merits a more particular notice, since it is highly important, not only as repelling the accusation of the Reviewer respecting the want of preparation for the war, but also as containing an answer to another charge which will afterwards be noticed. The paragraph in the letter, is as follows:—
“You are nevertheless to persevere in your preparations for defence, and in such arrangements as may, upon a change in the state of af-

fairs, enable you to employ any disposable part of your force *offensively* against the common enemy."

Independently of all these various communications with the officer commanding in Upper Canada, respecting the measures to be pursued in the event of war, and of the supplies of men, arms, money, stores, and provisions, which, with a view to that event, had been afforded to Upper Canada; much correspondence had previously taken place, and many difficulties had been removed with regard to the supply and transport of the Indian presents to the Upper Province, upon the due furnishing of which very materially depended the support which we might expect to receive from the Indians, in case of a rupture with America. From this statement, drawn from the original correspondence, and from official documents, it is evident, that even in contemplation of hostilities, an event by no means certain, and which the British Government were so far from thinking probable, that they discouraged any measure of extraordinary expense to meet it, the Commander of the forces did, as far as rested with him, during the winter of 1811 and 1812, and for months prior to the declaration of war, make every preparation for defence, consistent with the means which he possessed. All the requisitions of Major General Brock which the Commander of the forces had the power to grant, were promptly complied with; nor was the slightest intimation ever given by that invaluable officer, that any measure, either suggested by himself or which ought to have occurred to the Commander of the forces, for the preservation of the Upper Province, in the event of its being attacked, had been overlooked or neglected. The same vigilant foresight will be found to mark the conduct of Sir George Prevost in the Lower Province. One of the first measures of his government, in contemplation of war, was an application to the legislature of Lower Canada, in February, 1812, for an act to new model the militia laws, and which might enable him to call forth a proportion of the population into active service. Averse as the Canadians had hitherto been to grant any power of this description to former Governors, and repugnant as many of the clauses which it was intended to introduce into the bill, were to the habits and feelings of the people, such was the deserved popularity acquired by Sir George Prevost, from the conciliatory policy, which, as before stated, he had adopted towards the Canadians, immediately upon his arrival amongst them, that he obtained from the Legislature nearly all that he had required. Before the end of May, 1812, a sum exceeding £60,000 was placed at his disposal for the militia service; and he was authorised to embody 2,000 Bachelors, between the age of eighteen and twenty-five years, for three months in the year; and in case of invasion, or imminent danger of it, to retain them for a year. In case of war, he was empowered to embody, if necessary, the whole militia of the Province. Under that law a force of 2,000 men, from the finest and most efficient class of the militia, was embodied on the 13th May, so to remain for three months, unless the then state of affairs should render it expedient to retain them longer.

[To be continued.]

THE LAST END AND CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH had surprised the nations of Europe by the splendour of her course: she was destined to close the evening of her life in gloom and sorrow. The bodily infirmities which she suffered, may have been the consequences of age: her mental afflictions are usually traced by historians to regret for the execution of Essex. That she deeply bewailed his fate, that she accused herself of precipitancy and cruelty, is certain: but there were disclosures in his confession, to which her subsequent melancholy may with greater probability be ascribed. From that document she learned the unwelcome and distressing truth, that she had lived too long; that her favourites looked with impatience to the moment which would free them from her control, and that the very men on whose loyalty she had hitherto reposed with confidence, had already proved unfaithful to her. She became pensive and taciturn: she sat whole days by herself, indulging in the most gloomy reflections: every rumour agitated her with new and imaginary terrors: and the solitude of her court, the opposition of the Commons to her prerogative, and the silence of the citizens when she appeared in public, were taken by her for proofs that she had survived her popularity, and was become an object of aversion to her subjects. Under these impressions, she assured the French ambassador that she had grown weary of her very existence.

Sir John Harrington, her godson, who visited the court about seven months after the death of Essex, has described in a private letter, the state in which he found the queen. She was altered in her features, and reduced to a skeleton. Her food was nothing but manchet bread and succory pottage. Her taste for dress was gone: she had not changed her clothes for many days. Nothing could please her: she was the torment of the ladies who waited on her person. She stamped with her feet, and swore violently at the objects of her anger. For her protection she had ordered a sword to be placed by her table, which she often took in her hand, and thrust with violence into the tapestry of her chamber. About a year later he returned to the palace, and was admitted to her presence. "I found her," he says, "in a most pitiable state. She bade the archbishop ask me if I had seen Tyrone. I replied with reverence that I had seen him with the lord deputy. She looked up with much choler and grief in her countenance and said; O, now it mindeth me, that you was one who saw this man elsewhere? and hereat she dropt a tear, and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup, which she often put to her lips: but, in truth, her heart seemed too full to need more filling."

In January she was troubled with a cold, and about the end of the month removed, on a wet and stormy day, from Westminster to Richmond. Her indisposition increased: but with her characteristic obstinacy, she refused the advice of her physicians. Loss of appetite was accompanied with lowness of spirits, and to add to her distress it chanced that her intimate friend, the Countess of Nottingham, died. Elizabeth now spent her days and nights in sighs and tears: or, if she condescended to speak, she always chose some unpleasant and irritating

subject; the treason and execution of Essex, or the pretensions of Arabella Stuart, or the war in Ireland, and the pardon of Tyrone. At last she fell into a state of stupor, and for some hours lay as dead.—As soon as she recovered, she ordered cushions to be brought, and spread on the floor. On these she seated herself, under a strange notion, that if she were once to lie down in bed, she should never rise again. No prayers of the secretary, or the archbishop, or the physicians, could induce her to remove, or to take any medicine. For ten days she sate on the cushions, generally with her finger in her mouth, and her eyes open, and fixed on the ground. Her strength rapidly decayed; it was evident she had but a short time to live.

Sir Robert Cecil now took the necessary measures to fulfil his engagements to the king of Scots. He sent for his confidential friends to Richmond, and requested others to repair to London. Partly by intreaty and partly by force, the queen was put to bed, and listened attentively to the prayers and exhortations of the archbishop. The next day she lay on her side, motionless, and apparently insensible.—On the following morning, the lord admiral, with the lord keeper, and the secretary, approached the dying queen, and begged to remind her of what she had said to him at Whitehall, that her throne was the throne of kings. We are told that, at his voice, she started as from a dream, repeated the words, and added, “I will have no rascal to succeed me. Who should succeed me but a king?” Cecil, wishing to elicit a more intelligible answer, requested her to explain what she meant by “no rascal.” She replied that a king should succeed, and who could that be but her cousin of Scotland? The archbishop again prayed: she became speechless, but twice beckoned to him to continue. In the evening the three lords came a second time, and desired her to make sign, if she continued in the same mind. She raised her arms in the air, and closed them over her head. In a few minutes she began to doze: and at three the next morning tranquilly breathed her last.—

By six, the lords from Richmond joined those in London; and a resolution was taken to proclaim James as heir to the Queen by proximity of blood; and by her own appointment on her death-bed. In the judgment of her contemporaries, and that judgment has been ratified by the consent of posterity, Elizabeth was numbered among the greatest and most fortunate of our princes. The tranquillity which, during a reign of nearly half a century, she maintained within her dominions; while the neighbouring nations were convulsed with intestine dissensions, was taken as a proof of the wisdom or the vigour of her government: and her successful resistance against the Spanish monarch, the many injuries which she inflicted on that lord of so many kingdoms, and the spirit displayed by her fleets and armies, in expeditions to France and the Netherlands, to Spain, to the West, and even to the East Indies, served to give to the world an exalted notion of her military and naval power. When she came to the throne, England ranked only among the secondary kingdoms; before her death it had risen to a level with the first nations in Europe.

Of this rise two causes may be assigned. The one, though more remote, was that spirit of commercial enterprise, which had revived in the reign of Mary, and had been carefully fostered in that of Elizabeth;

by the patronage of the sovereign, and the co-operation of the great. Its benefits were not confined to the trading and sea-faring classes; the two interests more immediately concerned. It gave a new tone to the public mind: it diffused a new energy through all ranks of men. Their views became expanded: their powers were called into action; and the example of successful adventure furnished a powerful stimulus to the talent and industry of the nation. Men in every profession looked forward to wealth and independence: all were eager to start in the race of improvement.

The other cause may be discovered in the system of foreign policy adopted by the ministers; a policy, indeed, which it may be difficult to reconcile with honesty and good faith, but which, in the result, proved eminently successful. The reader has seen them perpetually on the watch to sow the seeds of dissension, to foment the spirit of resistance, and to aid the efforts of rebellion in the neighbouring nations. In Scotland the authority of the crown was almost annihilated: France was reduced to an unexampled state of anarchy, poverty, and distress; and Spain beheld with dismay her wealth continually absorbed, and her armies annually perishing, among the dikes and sand-banks of the Low Countries. The depression of these powers, if not a positive, was a relative benefit. As other princes descended, the English queen appeared to rise on the scale of reputation and power.

In what proportion the merit or demerit of these and of other measures should be shared between Elizabeth and her counsellors, it is impossible to determine. On many subjects she could see only with their eyes, and hear with their ears; yet it is evident that her judgment or her conscience frequently disapproved of their advice. Sometimes, after a long struggle, they submitted to her wisdom or obstinacy; sometimes she was terrified or seduced into the surrender of her own opinion: generally a compromise was effected by mutual concessions. This appears to have happened on most debates of importance, and particularly with respect to the treatment of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. Elizabeth may perhaps have dissembled: she may have been actuated by jealousy or hatred: but, if we condemn, we should also remember the arts and frauds of the men by whom she was surrounded, the false information which they supplied, the imaginary dangers which they created, and the despatches which they dictated in England to be forwarded to the queen through the ambassadors in foreign courts, as the result of their own judgment and observation.

It may be that the habitual irresolution of Elizabeth was partially owing to her discovery of such practices: but there is reason to believe that it was a weakness inherent in the constitution of her mind. To deliberate appears to have been her delight: to resolve was her torment. She would receive advice from any; from foreigners as well as natives; from the ladies of her bed-chamber, no less than the lords of her council: but her distrust begot hesitation; and she always suspected that some interested motive lurked under the pretence of zeal for her service. Hence she often suffered months, sometimes years, to roll away before she came to a conclusion: and then it required the same industry and address to keep her steady to her purpose, as it had already cost to bring her to it. The ministers, in their confidential

correspondence, perpetually lamented this infirmity in the queen: in public they employed all their ingenuity to skreen it from notice, and to give the semblance of wisdom to that which, in their own judgment, they characterised as folly.

Besides irresolution, there was in Elizabeth another quality equally, perhaps more, mortifying to her counsellors and favorites; her care to improve her revenue, her reluctance to part with her money. That frugality in a sovereign is a virtue deserving the highest praise, could not be denied, but they contended that, in their mistress it had degenerated into parsimony, if not into avarice. Their salaries were, indeed low: she distributed her gratuities with a sparing hand; and the more honest among them injured their fortunes in her service; yet there were others who, by the sale of places, and patronage, and monopolies, were able to amass considerable wealth, or to spend with a profusion almost unexampled among subjects. The truth however, was, that the foreign policy of the cabinet, had plunged the queen into a gulf of unfathomable expense. Her connexion with the insurgents in so many different countries, the support of a standing army in Holland, her long war with Spain, and the repeated attempts to repress the rebellion of Tyrone, were continual drains upon the treasury; which the revenue of the crown, with every advantitious aid of subsidies, loans, fines, and forfeitures, were unable to supply. Her poverty increased as her wants multiplied. All her efforts were cramped: expeditions were calculated on too limited a scale, and for too short a period; and the very apprehension of present, served only to entail on her future, and more enormous expense.

An intelligent foreigner had described Elizabeth, while she was yet a subject, as haughty and overbearing: on the throne she was careful to display that notion of her own importance, that contempt of all beneath her, and that courage in the time of danger, which were characteristic of the Tudors. She seemed to have forgotten that she ever had a mother: but was proud to remind both herself and others, that she was the daughter of a powerful monarch, of Henry VIII. On occasions of ceremony she appeared in all her splendour, accompanied by the great officers of state, and with a numerous retinue of lords and ladies, dressed in their most gorgeous apparel. In reading the accounts of her court, we may sometimes fancy ourselves transported into the palace of an eastern princess. When Hentzner saw her, she was proceeding, on a Sunday, from her own apartment to the chapel. First appeared a number of gentlemen, barons, earls and knights of the garter; then came the chancellor with the seals, between two lords carrying the sceptre and the sword, Elizabeth followed: and wherever she cast her eyes, the spectators instantly fell on their knees. She was then in her sixty-fifth year. She wore false hair of a red colour, surmounted with a crown of gold. The wrinkles of age were imprinted on her face; her eyes were small, her teeth black, her nose prominent. The collar of the garter hung from her neck; and her bosom was uncovered, as became an unmarried queen. Behind her followed a long train of young ladies dressed in white; and on each side stood a line of gentlemen pensioners, with their gilt battle-axes, and in splendid uniforms.

The traveller next proceeded to the dining-room. Two gentlemen entered to lay the cloth, two to bring the queen's plate, salt and bread. All, before they approached the table, and when they retired from it, made three genuflexions. Then came a single and a married lady, performing the same ceremonies. The first rubbed the plate with bread and salt: the second gave a morsel of meat to each of the yeomen of the guard, who brought in the different courses; and at the same time the hall echoed to the sound of twelve trumpets, and two kettle-drums. But the queen dined that day in private; and, after a short pause, her maids of honour entered in procession, and with much reverence and solemnity, took the dishes from the table, and carried them into an inner apartment.

Yet while she maintained this state in public and in the palace, while she taught the proudest of the nobility to feel the distance between them and their sovereign, she condescended to court the good will of the common people. In the country, they had access to her at all times; neither their rudeness nor importunity seemed to offend her: she received their petitions with an air of pleasure, thanked them for their expressions of attachment, and sought the opportunity of entering into private conversation with individuals. Her progresses were undoubtedly undertaken for pleasure: but she made them subservient to policy, and increased her popularity by her affability and condescension to the private inhabitants of the countries in which she made her temporary abode.

From the elevation of the throne, we may now follow Elizabeth into the privacy of domestic life. Her natural abilities were great: she had studied under experienced masters; and her stock of literature was much more ample than that of most females of the age. Like her sister Mary, she possessed a knowledge of five languages; but Mary did not venture to converse in Italian, neither could she construe the Greek Testament, like Elizabeth. The queen is said to have excelled on the virginals, and to have understood the most difficult music. But dancing was her principal delight; and in that exercise she displayed a grace and spirit, which was universally admired. She retained her partiality for it to the last: few days passed in which the young nobility of the court were not called to dance before their sovereign; and the queen herself condescended to perform her part in a galliard with the duke of Nevers, at the age of sixty-nine.

Of her vanity the reader will have noticed several instances in the preceding pages: there remains one of a more extraordinary description. It is seldom that females have the boldness to become the heralds of their own charms: but Elizabeth by proclamation announced to her people, that none of the portraits which had hitherto been taken of her person, did justice to the original: that at the request of her council she had resolved to procure an exact likeness from the pencil of some able artist: that it should soon be published for the gratification of her loving subjects; and that on this account she strictly forbade all persons whomsoever, to paint or engrave any new portraits of her features without licence, or to show or publish any of the old portraits, till they had been reformed according to the copy to be set forth by authority.

The courtiers soon discovered how greedy their sovereign was of

flattery. If they sought to please, they were careful to admire: and adulation the most fulsome, and extravagant, was accepted by the queen with gratitude, and rewarded with bounty. Neither was her appetite for praise cloyed; it seemed rather to become more craving, by enjoyment. After she had passed her grand climacteric, she exacted the same homage to her faded charms, as had been paid to her youth: and all who addressed her, were still careful to express their admiration of her beauty in the language of oriental hyperbole.

But however highly the queen might think of her person, she did not despise the aid of external ornament. At her death, two, some say three, thousand dresses were found in her wardrobe, with a numerous collection of jewellery, for the most part presents, which she had received from petitioners, from her courtiers on her saint's day, and at the beginning of each year, and from the noblemen and gentlemen, whose houses she had honoured with her presence. To the austere notions of the Bishop of London, this love of finery appeared unbecoming her age, and in his sermon he endeavoured to raise her thoughts from the ornaments of dress to the riches of heaven: but she told her ladies, that if he touched upon that subject again, she would fit him for heaven. He should walk there without a staff, and leave his mantle behind him.

In her temper Elizabeth seemed to have inherited the irritability of her father. The least inattention, the slightest provocation, would throw her into a passion. At all times her discourse was sprinkled with oaths: in the sallies of her anger it abounded with imprecations and abuse. Nor did she content herself with words: not only the ladies about her person, but her courtiers and the highest officers in the state felt the weight of her hands. She collared Hatton, she gave a blow on the ear to the earl marshal, and she spat on Sir Mathew ———, with the foppery, of whose dress she was offended.

Elizabeth firmly believed, and zealously upheld, the principles of government established by her father, the exercise of absolute authority by the sovereign, and the duty of passive obedience in the subject. The doctrine, with which the lord keeper Bacon opened her first parliament, was indefatigably inculcated by all his successors during her reign, that if the queen consulted the two houses, it was through choice, not through necessity, to the end that her laws might be more satisfactory to her people, not that they might derive any force from their assent. She possessed by her prerogative whatever was requisite for the government of the realm. She could, at her pleasure, suspend the operation of existing statutes, or issue proclamations which should have the force of law. In her opinion, the chief use of parliaments was to vote money, to regulate the minutiae of trade, and to legislate for individual and local interests. To the lower house she granted, indeed, freedom of debate; but it was to be a decent freedom, the liberty of "saying aye or no;" and those that transgressed that decency were liable, as we have repeatedly seen, to feel the weight of the royal displeasure.

A foreigner, who had been ambassador in England, informs us that under Elizabeth the administration of justice was more corrupt than under her predecessors. We have not the means of instituting the comparison. But we know that in her first year the policy of Cecil

substituted men of inferior rank in the place of the former magistrates; that numerous complaints were heard of their tyranny, peculation, and rapacity; and that a justice of the peace was defined in parliament to be "an animal who, for half a dozen chickens would dispense with a dozen laws: nor shall we form a very exalted notion of the integrity of the higher courts, if we recollect that the judges were removable at the royal pleasure, and that the queen herself was in the habit of receiving, and permitted her favourites and ladies to receive bribes, as the prices of her or their interference in the suits of private individuals.

Besides the judicial tribunals, which remain to the present day, there were in the age of Elizabeth, several other courts, the arbitrary constitution of which was incompatible with the liberties of the subject: the court of high commission, for the cognizance of religious offences; the court of star chamber which inflicted the severest punishments for that comprehensive and undefinable transgression, contempt of the royal authority; and the courts martial, for which the queen, from her hasty and imperious temper, manifested a strong predilection. Whatever could be supposed to have the remotest tendency to sedition, was held to subject the offender to martial law; the murder of a naval or military officer, the importation of disloyal or traitorous books, or the resort to one place of several persons who possessed not the visible means of subsistence. Thus, in 1595, under the pretence that the vagabonds in the neighbourhood of London were not to be restrained by the usual punishments, she ordered Sir Thomas Wyllford to receive from the magistrates the most notorious and incorrigible of these offenders, and to execute them upon the gallows, according to the justice of martial law.

Another, and intolerable grievance was the discretionary power assumed by the queen, of gratifying her caprice or resentment, by the restraint or imprisonment of those who had given her offence. Such persons were ordered to present themselves daily before the council till they should receive further notice, or to confine themselves within their own doors, or were given in custody to some other person, or were thrown into a public prison. In this state they remained, according to the royal pleasure, for weeks, or months, or years, till they could obtain their liberty by their submission, or through the intercession of their friends, or with the payment of a valuable composition.

The queen was not sparing of the blood of her subjects. The statutes inflicting death for religious opinion have been already noticed. In addition, many new felonies and new treasons were created during her reign; and the ingenuity of the judges gave to these enactments the most extensive application. In 1595, some apprentices in London conspired to release their companions, who had been condemned by the star-chamber to suffer punishment for a riot: in 1597 a number of peasants in Oxfordshire assembled to break down inclosures and restore tillage: each of these offences, as it opposed the execution of the law, was pronounced treason by the judges: and both the apprentices in London; and the men of Oxfordshire, suffered the barbarous death of traitors.

We are told that her parsimony was a blessing to the subject; and that the pecuniary aids voted to her by parliament were few and incon-

siderable, in proportion to the length of her reign. They amounted to twenty subsidies, thirty tenths and forty fifteenths. I know not how we are to arrive at the exact value of these grants: but they certainly exceed the average of the preceding reigns: and to them must be added the fines of recusants, the profits of monopolies, and the monies raised by forced loans: of which it is observed by Naunton, that she left more debts unpaid, taken upon credit of her privy seals, than her progenitors did take, or could have taken up, that were a hundred years before her."

The historians, who celebrate the golden days of Elizabeth, have described with a glowing pencil the happiness of the people under her sway. To them might be opposed the dismal picture of national misery, drawn by the catholic writers of the same period. But both have taken too contracted a view of the subject. Religious dissension had divided the nation into opposite parties, of almost equal numbers, the oppressors and the oppressed. Under the operation of the penal statutes, many ancient and opulent families had been ground to the dust—new families had sprung up, in their place—and these, as they shared the plunder naturally eulogized the system to which they owed their wealth and their ascendancy. But their prosperity was not the prosperity of the nation; it was that of one-half obtained at the expense of the other.

It is evident that neither Elizabeth nor her ministers understood the benefits of civil and religious liberty. The prerogatives which she so highly prized, have long since withered away; the bloody code which she enacted against the rights of conscience, has ceased to stain the pages of the statute-book: and the result has proved, that the abolition of despotism and intolerance adds no less to the stability of the throne, than to the happiness of the people. *Lingard's England.*

STANZAS.
I MAY not think, I must not moralize,
For it is only in the lucid pause
Of sense and consciousness that feeling sleeps
And woos her to her own forgetfulness.
Onward I must! But how, or where, or wherefore,
Is more than mystery. No hope shall hallow
The bitter hardships of a dreary day;
No dream of lightness shall divert the sleep
Of midnight misery; and when I wake
To wander in the wild, cold blast of morn,
Glory will bend no look of brightness on me
To chase the shadow from my darken'd soul.
But I must wander still without a wish
To win me happiness, my goal ungain'd
Because unknown, the sorrow yet to come
Unseen; and all my future fate cer'd up
Like infancy unchristen'd in the grave!

RICH FOLK.

Stertinius.

*Virtus, fama, decus, divina humanaque, pulchris,
Divitiæ parent, quæ qui construxerit, ille
Clarus erit, foris, justus*

Damastippus.

Stertinius, Et quicquid volet,

Stert. For virtue, glory, beauty, all divine
And human powers, immortal gold, are thine;
And he, who piles the shining heap, shall rise
Noble, brave, just

Dam.

You will not call him wise?

Stert.

Yes, any thing; a monarch, if he please!

THAT wealth is a desirable thing no one can doubt; and even those who, by experience, seem to have the best reason to doubt it, appear to have less doubt about the matter than any body else. It is desirable, however, as the discovery of mercury or opium may be said to be desirable—the use solves the question one way, and the abuse another. The man who employs his large means in becoming splendor, improvements, education, and charity makes one almost question the blindness of Fortune. To him, such possessions may be called desirable, and he is to be envied; but let us see how others, on whom fortune has lavished her favors, deserve the envy they inspire.

Of the pride and vanity of beauty in a woman, or talent in a man, I have some conception, and can understand why I should pay the homage of gazing with admiration on the former, and even submit to the office of burning incense before the latter. In both, it is an infirmity, but an infirmity to which we bend not only with grace, but we have, in the loveliness of the one, and the genius of the other, a benefit and reward. But how, why, or wherefore we are to crouch and cringe to the arrogant self-sufficiency of wealth, standing on no other merit, I cannot comprehend. If the rich man would give us any of his money, it would be intelligible enough; but when he will give us nothing but his disgusting impudence, wretched pride, dullness, ignorance, and even contempt, what is to be thought of the worshiper with such a monkey for a God?

Now for the wealthy, who abuse their possessions, and would be really happier without them; or at any rate derive that sort of enjoyment

See Juvenal, Sat. iii. v. 147.

materiam præbet causasque jocosum, &c.

And that the rich have still a gibe in store,
And will be monstrous witty on the poor;
For the torn surcoat and the inter'd vest,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest;
The greasy gown, sullied with often turning,
Gives a good hint to say the man's in mourning;
Or if the shoe be rip'd, or patch is put,
He's wounded, see the plaster on his foot,

from them, which every sane mind must consider as pitiable and contemptible.

Take the miser:—but he is condemned at all hands therefore I shall let the epigrammatists dispose of him.

Tongilius labeo, &c.—MARTIAL.

Peter has plenty of the coin;

But he has nothing else, poor soul!

The next is from the Greek:

All say thou art rich, but I pronounce thee poor;

Since use is e'er of wealth the test most sure;

'Tis thine, if thou its many blessings share;

If not, thou art but the banker of thine heir!

Even the brute creation know and despise him, if we may believe Lucilius. Speaking of a miser, he said—

He once a mouse, within his mansion spled,

And straight—what dost thou, villain, here? he cried,—

To come, the mouse rejoind'd, no food inclin'd me;

But here methought *no cat* would think to find me!

If this hoarding be an enjoyment, safety must be a principal ingredient in it; and in that case, it is grievous to think of the labor lost in digging it out of the earth, where it would have been perfectly safe, and as useful. Such a person is rich, as the ass laden with gold is rich—having all the burthen, without participation in the enjoyment.

Now the man of wealth, whose kitchen and cellar are daily making great inroads into his constitution, finds that even physic will not do, but he must, listless and bloated, take exercise. A pack of hounds and a stud of horses are purchased, and he takes the field; the envy of the county. Where is the cause of envy? Why does he do this—

Why, sorely against his grain; and, merely that he may get a night's rest, he undergoes, and with greater reluctance, more fatigue than a paver or a coal-heaver. Such a man, without resources in himself, would have been healthier, and ought to have been happier, as a laborer. Were minds well regulated, it would be found that Providence has made a very equal distribution of happiness, or the true enjoyment of sublunary things. The poor and industrious, with sufficient, have

full as much as the rich profligate with his luxuries. What they want in one way, they have in another—a frugal meal, but satisfactory—employment to drive away care, with that bend, *ennui*, and to seduce sleep—appetite for the coarsest fare, and health to sweeten all. Dionysius, the sophist, addressing his audience on the virtue of moderation in the pursuit of pleasure, used to say, that a person should taste honey only on the tip of his finger! Hesiod* tells us that *half is more than the whole*, which is explained, by a reference to the indulgence of the appetite. Make me not poor, that is, starve me not; lest I steal and offend thee; make me not rich, that is, give me not a superfluous abundance, lest I forsake thee, is one of the best prayers that man can offer

* Opera et Dies, l. i. v. 40.

up to Heaven. For a Heathen, Horace's wish is perfect:—

Leisure, a competence, a book, and friend.

But too much stress is laid on *leisure*. Idle time for amusement is delicious to busy people or the laborious; but idleness without limits is a curse—the most tedious, as well as pernicious in its consequences, of all earthly things. The wealthy and idle are nevertheless envied, in consequence of the strange and silly notions which people form of what they would do if they had wealth and leisure; and such notions are scarcely caricatured or over drawn in the case of the rustic lad, who said, If I was rich, I would swing on a gate, and eat ginger-bread, all day long.

See the citizen retired with a plum—so comfortable that he's quite miserable. See how he enjoys idleness:—behold him looking about his park for a convenient tree to hang himself. I once knew a man of immense wealth, who sleeping and eating apart, was the most wretched of mortals, always bent on murder (killing time); and unable to accomplish it. On a certain occasion, one of his numerous servants, a new-comer, entered his room to ask him for something to do. To do? he exclaimed—what do you think I hire you to find you something to do? I have trouble enough to find something to occupy myself; and how the devil do you think I am to find any thing for you to do? He discharged him, as an unreasonable scoundrel.

Then comes the young gentleman, who has just jumped into a large fortune. Escaped from college rules, he hates study almost as much as ever, which is quite enough to determine him never to open a book again. Intrigue, theatres, and all that sort of thing, and every thing else in the world, are not sufficient: time and purse are still heavy with him. Gaming is the only pastime worthy of a gentleman. His fortune is known, and he is not black-balled. Every hell is open to him—it is his right road, and he goes. Madame Deshoulières has well described one of the consequences:

Les plaisirs sont amers s-lot qu'on en abuse: tout est usé s'on veut.

Mais il faut seulement que le jeu nous amuse, tout est usé s'on veut.

Un joueur d'un commun aveu, n'a rien d'humain que l'appareil.

D'ailleurs il n'est pas si facile qu'on pense on s'en va tout d'un coup.

Le désir de gagner, qui nuit et jour occupe, y fait s'ennuyer.

Est un dangereux aiguillon.

Souvent quoique l'esprit, quoique le cœur soit bon, on commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon.

Amusement, which exceeds the measure, Play, merely for diversion's sake,

Is fair, nor risks a heavy stake.

The veteran gamester, void of shame, utters his mind, the slave of every vice, Spawn'd by that foul fiend avarice.

Though with integrity and sense
The gamster may his trade commence,
The lust of gold will soon impart
Its subtle poison to his heart.

To each mean trick inur'd to stoop,
The knave soon supersedes the dupe.

Another advantage, as it is called, of wealth in improper hands, is giving routs, or being at home; the only pleasure of which is shutting the door on the visitors, sinking in a chair, and saying, "Thank God! they are gone!" The delight of this open house is on a par with that of the Irishman, who said he kept open house, because the roof was off. Nothing can support persons through this visitation, but the fancy that they are envied the power of giving such entertainments, as they are miscalled. These friendly and affectionate meetings of some two or three hundred persons consist generally of those who are scarcely known, and, if known, not at all cared for, and who with all proper gratitude despise or ridicule the inviter. But these magnificent houses are the envy of all, and why? Because in truth there is not a single room in which the family can be said to be comfortable. Then the dinners—well may those who have none envy them; but how are they to be envied, who give them?—this distinction is forgotten—for their sole gratification is in thinking what will be said of the feast:—for them, that is enough—the poor, all—for appetite for it they have none.

But recollect the number of visits to receive, and the number to pay—so many carriages at the door, so much envy of their happiness, and so little to be found to envy. Well may the foot-passenger toiling along the path, way-worn and weary, envy those who pass in their carriages; but here the distinction is wanting—it is the carriage, and not the riders in it, that should excite desire; for they are often to be pitied, as they know not where they ride, and would never undergo the irksome ceremony, *ennuyante* to the last degree, but that they enjoy the base pleasure of exciting, as they imagine, us base an envy. The same vice is observable in children, whom we frequently see delighted to have a bauble, not because they have any use for it, or care a pin about it, but because other babies wish to have it, and envy them.

A box at the opera is on the same ground—for half the season it is a nuisance to the possessor, but it is the cause of envy; other pleasure none. So much trouble to make up their minds to go; but it will be a full opera, and, however sick and sorry, they must be there.

To estimate truly the power of agreeable sensation, says a sensible writer, it is necessary we should possess a state of mind capable of relishing them. A fine concert can give no delight to those who are eaten up with *ennui*, indifference, and perhaps disease. Melody could tend little to alleviate the situation of the slaves among the Etrurians, who every year, as Aristotle relates, were beaten with rods to the sound of flutes.

What is to be said of persons in the *embarras* de riches, who treat the favors of Fortune in this manner? Are they to be envied? That wealth should fall into such hands is beyond me—it is not in my philosophy to find it out. Epictetus compared Fortune to a woman

who granted favors to the meanest of his servants. The following madrigal pursues this idea:—

Dans l'amour, comme dans le jeu
Rien n'est certain, rien n'est solide;
Et le mérite sert bien peu
Où sans ordre et sans choix la Fortune préside.
Du plus adroit et du plus généreux,
Du plus amiable et du plus amoureux,
Souvent, sans y penser même,
Le plus sot est le plus heureux!

The gamester and the gallant find
Fortune and love are of one mind;
Both are by mere caprice directed:—
In vain the generous lover sighs;
In vain his art the gamester plies;
Virtue and skill are both neglected.

Fortune and Cupid, all agree,
Areso stark blind they cannot see.
The worth of any kind of merit:
Blockheads grow rich ere well aware;
To women fools and fops are dear,
Dearer than men of wit and spirit!

A rich old fellow once asked a philosopher, what kind of a thing opulence was, and how he would define it. "It is a thing," he replied, "which can give a rogue an advantage over an honest man."

There would be no end to my 'wise saws', were I to adduce all the modern instances of abuse of riches. The excitement of envy, without any real enjoyment, seems to be the summit of the happiness, or rather the besetting vice, of all unworthy possessors of wealth. A mere dolt buys a seat, and becomes M. P. What for?—to be envied—not for the enjoyment, or any useful purpose. What enjoyment has a dumby for a rotten borough, purchased with his superfluous cash, in sitting up night after night, or sleeping in the gallery, during a heavy session, but that he is an object of envy to the ignorant and stupid?—a monstrous throng of admirers, admit.

Not to trespass further, I shall now come to what my philanthropy has suggested: but it is first necessary that I should describe my own situation, which, as the persons interested are more likely to understand rhyme than reason, I shall give in verse:—

The address of one 'out of suits' with FORTUNE, to those who are her favorites.

'Let them but remember Louis XIth who, to a clerk of the exchequer, that came to be lord-treasurer, and had (for his device) represented himself sitting on Fortune's wheel, told him, he might do well to fasten it with a good strong nail; lest, turning about, it might bring him where he was; as indeed it did!'—*Explorata*, vol. 7. 112.

BEN JOHNSON'S WORKS.
Armed by Fortune with a charm—
Nought on earth can do me harm!

What the charm is, would you know,

She has laid me down so low,

That, let her all her power use,

I may win, but cannot lose;

I may fill my empty purse,

May be better—can't be worse!

You, who ride upon her wheel,

Careless what your fellows feel;

You, on high, who laugh and scoff,

Oh, beware you fall not off!

Arm'd by Fortune with a charm,

Falls can never do me harm!

Up, you think you've got a friend,

Never sure, till you descend:

Great your prospect, wide your range;

Oh, that things are doom'd to change!

Arm'd by Fortune with a charm,

Changes ne'er can do me harm!

Hopeless you, with danger near,

I all hope, with nought to fear;

You then, on the giddy steep,

Cease to laugh, and learn to weep,

Own the truth; which wise ones know—

I've most cause to smile below!

Arm'd by Fortune with a charm,

Nought on earth can do me harm!

What the charm is, would you know?

She has laid me down so low,

That, let her all her power use,

I may win but cannot lose;

I may fill my empty purse,

May be better—can't be worse!

What then I could wish, and now propose, is, that all these abusers of fortune would commit their means to me, and I am ready to undertake to make them more comfortable in their minds, more healthy in their bodies, and more respected and happy in the opinion of all whose opinion is worth any thing, than they have been during the uncontrolled management of their own fortunes. I require no thanks, for I shall take the very large surplus to myself; but conditionally—that whenever I use it as they have done, I shall return it, join them, and be doomed (bitter punishment) to be held in the same estimation as themselves.

I shall conclude with St. Paul—'Gold and silver I have none; but such as I have, give I unto thee—my advice.'

TRUS.

SONNET.

TO THE NORTH STAR.

Star star, mid changes, all unchangeable,

In loveliness and station, still the same—

Outshining far, the myriad lights that dwell

In Heaven's blue dome, with thy pale pensile flame!

Alas, why art thou fairest! since thy beams,

That seem to herald only scenes of light,

Lead men to northern skies, and flowerless streams,

And wilds of snow; and climes of loveless night;

Thou, mid changes, all unchangeable, art

In loveliness and virtue, still the same—

Alas, why art thou fairest! why so well

Gifted by Love to waken passion's flame;

Since, beautiful as in mind and mind thou art,

Thou winn'st us but to know thy cold and loveless heart.

C. L.

In the general rush, which, within the last twenty years has been made into the literary market, by persons of every age, rank, and condition, men, women, and children, octogenarians and infants, lords and day-labourers, all eagerly exposing their wares to sale, the name of William Hayley, a great trader in his day, and whose credit stood exceedingly high, has been in considerable danger of being forgotten. The fashion of his goods is, indeed, that of the last century, and the public, always intent upon novelties, have of late years preferred manufactures from more modern hands. However, as Hayley was considered one of the most skilful workmen of his own times, this last specimen of his craft now before us may be regarded as a matter of interest and curiosity.

To those persons who are attached to literary biography, and more especially to literary *auto*-biography, these volumes will afford much amusement. Education, habit, inclination, and fortune, all conspired to render Hayley a complete author. His existence was one round of reading and writing; he breathed in an atmosphere of books. He had no hopes, no wishes, no wants beyond literary eminence and literary ease. So deeply was he imbued with the quintessence of authorship, that every thing around him was tinctured with the same spirit. That his son should have repeated Pindar at the age of five, and should have become a poet before he was six, is not to be marvelled at; but that an ancient nurse should criticize the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," would seem somewhat extraordinary, did we not remember that she resided under the roof of Hayley. The present Memoirs, then, are the faithful chronicle of an author's life, and as such are certainly highly curious. They contain no romantic adventures, no brilliant achievements, no wonderful accidents by land or sea, no surprising relation of political intrigues, and by some persons they may therefore be thought destitute of interest; but this is a mistake. Incidents like these would be strangely misplaced in the annals of an author. The only contest in which he engages is "the battle of the books." His only travels are round his library. He mingles, it must be confessed, in politics, but they are those of Rome and of Athens.—His biography is a history of his mind,—of his progress in his studies,—of his connexion and friendship with men of similar habits and pursuits, and of his advancement and success in literary reputation. There is surely something better, and there ought to be something more interesting in this than in the hair-breadth escapes of the soldier or the traveller. Then we are admitted in some degree to inspect the mighty mysteries of author-craft; we see the mode (to be figurative once more) in which the commodities are prepared for the literary market, and we become acquainted with the bibliopolistic art. Moreover, by

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of William Hayley, Esq. (the Friend and Biographer of Cowper, written by himself; with extracts from his private Correspondence and unpublished Poetry; and Memoirs of his Son, Thomas Alphonso Hayley, the Young Sculptor. Edited by John Johnson, LL. D., Rector of Yaxham with Welborne in Norfolk. 2 vols. 4to.

our familiarity with the corporeal man, we divest ourselves of a portion of that veneration and awe with which we are apt to regard the abstract author:—but were we to enumerate the various pleasures and advantages of literary biography, we should consume all our ink, and, it may be, with it, our readers' patience.

Hayley flourished at a period which some of our modern illuminati are apt to regard too lightly. In poetry, it is true, the standard of public taste is now considerably higher: but in almost every other branch of literature, there lived at that period many men whose names will be well and long remembered. Johnson and Garrick were passing away, but there was Gibbon as an historian, Warton as a critic, and Watson as a biblical scholar, who may certainly challenge a comparison with any succeeding names. Nay, in poetry itself, there was Cowper, whose excellencies, notwithstanding the denunciation of my Lord Byron, are alone sufficient to rescue the age from the charge of poetical barrenness. With these, and with all the other "foremost men" of his time, Hayley was in habits of intimacy, and, in many cases, of correspondence. Of his friendship with Cowper, it is unnecessary to speak. To that friendship, the public owe their acquaintance with the character of that most amiable and admirable man; and to the same source Hayley is principally indebted for the additional share of reputation which he at present enjoys.

For the information of such of our readers, who, inverting the rule observed at the Ancient Concerts, never open a book which has not been published within the present century, we shall trace a slight sketch of the Life of Hayley, which may serve to give some idea of his "Memoirs." He was born in 1745, and of his childhood he has left an account a little too minute and circumstantial. His poetical propensities displayed themselves very early, and one of his first composition was "A voluntary Epistle to a young Lady, in Latin couplets." At the age of twelve, he was sent to Eton, where he remained six years—imbibed more than the usual share of Greek and Latin—wrote an Ode to Ingratitude, and received "a most severe whipping" for secretly visiting one of the London theatres. On leaving school, he paid a visit to his mother at Chichester, and here we would notice the very feeling and amiable manner in which the biographer expresses himself whenever he has occasion to mention this excellent parent, whose virtues indeed seem to have rendered her worthy of all filial love and reverence. It was now high time for Hayley to fall in love, which he accordingly did on the first opportunity. The object of his adoration was a young lady whom he denominates "the fair Frances of Watergate," and with whom there happened to him the following romantic "love-passage." "When the young Frances and William had been a few days together, it happened that a thunder-storm surprised them in the groves mentioned above. The lady was constitutionally affected by the turbulent elements, and she actually fainted in the arms of William, an incident alluded to in the following impromptu of the young poet." Will the reader pardon the *non-sequitur*? We apprehend that this thunder-storm was ominous, for after a profusion of promises and poetry, vows and verses, the match was broken off in a very inexplicable manner. The worthy Divine, who has edited these

Memoirs, has omitted a whole parcel of letters relating to this *embroglio*. We confess we thought this an *hiatus valde defendendus*.

The occupations which employed the time of Hayley during his residence at college, and the friendships which he there formed, were such as might be expected from a person of his studious character and elegant taste. He devoted a portion of his time to improving himself in the art of drawing, reading Demosthenes until one o'clock in the morning, and indulged his fancy on the probable occupations of the distant nymph to whom he was attached. He appears at this time to have exercised his pen in poetical compositions with considerable assiduity. On leaving Cambridge, Hayley visited Scotland, and resided for a little time in Edinburgh. On his return to Chichester, the love-affair with the gentle Fanny terminated as we have mentioned above.

He now began to think seriously of his prospects in life, for his fortune was by no means ample. At one period he had determined to pursue the law as a profession, and had ever become a member of the Middle Temple; but the Muses triumphed over Themis, and Hayley became an author about the same time that he became a husband. His union with the Muse seems to have been more productive of happiness to him than his marriage with his mortal mistress, whose health and spirits were the victims of a nervous disorder.

Determined to push his fortune in the literary world with vigour, Hayley visited the metropolis in the year 1769, and diligently applied himself to dramatic composition. His tragedy of *The Afflicted Father* was offered to Garrick, who appears to have been unwilling to refuse it, but more unwilling to accept it. All the manœuvres of the manager were exerted to extricate him from this difficulty, which was not, however, effected without highly offending the dramatist, and more especially his young bride. *The Syrian Queen* met with no better fortune from Colman; and Hayley, tired of London and the theatres, returned to his paternal retreat at Earham. Here he employed himself in various studies; composing poetical epistles to many of his friends, and throwing off copies of verses whenever he could find a fair occasion. In 1777, he produced his *Epistle on Painting*. So prolific was the poet's muse, that there was scarcely a single celebrated individual to whom he did not address some stanzas, which were frequently the means of his forming new intimacies and friendships. In this manner he became acquainted with the philanthropic Howard; and the *Epistles on History*, addressed to Gibbon, procured for their author the friendship of that illustrious historian. In 1781, *The Triumph of Temper*, the most successful of all Hayley's works, made its appearance, and produced a most favourable impression upon the public. He became the popular poet of the day, and even the rough Chancellor Lord Thurlow sought his society. With Gibbon, who appears to have admired his poetry, he became very familiar. Encouraged by his new success, Hayley brought forward another tragedy in 1789, which was represented at Drury-lane and Covent-garden on the same evening. At the former it failed, but was received with tolerable favour at the latter theatre. *Eudora*, another tragedy, was withdrawn after the first night's representation. Hayley's talents were certainly any thing but dramatic. In 1792, he became acquainted with Cowper; but the pub-

lic are sufficiently informed upon this part of his history. About this period he wrote his *Life of Milton*. Mrs. Hayley, who had been for some time separated from her husband in consequence of her peculiar state of health, died in 1797; and a few years afterwards the poet lost his beloved son, of whom a copious memoir is given in the present volumes. From this period, until his death in 1820, Hayley lived very much in retirement. He was, however, tempted, in the year 1808, to adventure once more upon the perilous sea of matrimony; but the speculation was unfortunate, and in a few years after their union the parties separated. Nothing in Hayley's temper, which was very mild and cheerful, seems to have occasioned either this or his former separation, but his studious habits were, probably, not very agreeable to his companions.—He produced several works in addition to those which have been mentioned: an *Essay on Old Maids*, in 3 volumes—a work full of gay amusement, and evincing a considerable extent of reading; several comedies in rhyme; a *Life of Romney the Painter*, and many other minor compositions.

The Memoirs contain many original letters, some of which possess considerable interest, and also several unpublished poetical pieces, which do not rise above the ordinary level of Hayley's genius. As a short specimen we shall select a copy of verses addressed to Miss Hannah More, which, from the tone of them, must certainly have been written in the last century. There is something peculiarly *piquant* in the idea of the excellent author of "Cœlebs" and "Moral Sketches" being addressed in the following strain:—

TO MISS HANNAH MORE.

Thy verse, sweet sister of the Lyre!

A hapless poet found,

His brain oppress'd with feverish fire,

His eyes in darkness drown'd;

But with a magical control

Thy spirit-soothing strain

Dispels the languor of his soul,

Annihilating pain.

If to relieve the sickly hour,

Thy distant hand can frame

A useful charm of such high power,

To kindle pleasure's flame;

How may he scorn all human charms!

How blissful his condition!

Who shall encircle in his arms

So lovely a magician!

One of Hayley's critical friends imagined the conclusion of these verses "rather too warm," but the poet himself conceived them to be "perfect water-gruel," and thought that the fair object of them must be "very prudish indeed" if they offended her. In fact, Hayley's pen never trespassed beyond the bounds of delicacy, and yet it is singular enough that a comedy which he had written in French, and which was offered to one of the Parisian theatres, was rejected on account of an alleged impropriety in the introduction of a lady upon the stage whose character was not altogether unblemished. Upon the appearance of the *Essay on Old Maids*, also, the nice sense of propriety in some of the sisterhood was scandalized at several passages in that work, which

were not in truth at all calculated to offend decorum.

A very useful lesson upon the unsubstantial nature of literary popularity may be gleaned from these volumes, which furnish abundant instances calculated to make many of our living authors tremble for their posthumous reputation. Several individuals are mentioned by Hayley in glowing terms of praise, whose very names have long since faded from the public ear. Who, for example, in the present generation ever heard of "the immortal Mundy?" In the same manner Miss Seaward is eulogised so warmly as to justify, in some degree, Porson's satirical verses. The celebrated Miss Seaward, and "the sublime Muse of Lichfield," sound rather amusingly to modern ears. Hayley appears to have measured the reputation of this long forgotten lady by her own standard; and a more fallacious mode of estimation could not have been adopted. We may here notice the very extraordinary habit in which "the Poet of Earham," as he styles himself, indulged, of describing his friends by some strange periphrasis, a practice which deteriorates much from his otherwise pleasing style. He appears to have felt an unconquerable aversion to surnames, for after having once mentioned them, he avoids the repetition of them with the most amusing ingenuity. In his letters he frequently denominates himself "William of the Turret," from a cottage residence to which he had given that name; or, "the Hermit;" or, in the earlier part of the Memoirs, "the young Poet of Sussex." Gibbon is "the Roman Eagle." Helen Maria Williams "the young Muse;" and Mrs. Opie "the excellent Amelia of Norwich." The reader is occasionally at a loss to determine the identity of the personages thus described, and is puzzled between "the amiable Physician of St. Alban's" and "the admirable Physician of Derby."

Nothing is more remarkable in the literary character of Hayley than the strong propensity he displayed for writing epitaphs. No tomb-stone was too haughty or too humble for this exertion of his talents. He was unfortunate in losing many of his early friends by death, but the mournful pleasure which he enjoyed in celebrating their virtues in an epitaph appears always to have afforded some consolation to his grief. Cowper—his nurse—his footman—Bishop Watson—and a parish clerk (who was lucky enough to die during the Poet's residence within the parish,) were all commemorated in very smooth verse. Upon one occasion Dr. Johnson happened to have composed an epitaph upon a lady, to whose manes our Poet had already rendered the same service. Johnson, on seeing the rival lines, without being informed of the author's name, exclaimed, "It is unequal, but the man has much poetry in his mind." "If," adds Mr. Hayley, with great simplicity, "he is the very envious being he is generally supposed to be, he will detest me most cordially."

That portion of the work which has fallen to the lot of the present editor matches exceedingly well with the prior part of the volumes. It contains some details of the last years of the Poet's life, and a summary of his character, upon the whole, fair and candid. We have only space to add, that the "Memoirs of Thomas Alphonso Hayley," present an account of a very amiable and clever boy, who was well entitled to fill a place in Klefekerus's *Bibliotheca Eruditorum præcocium*. An affectionate father, who lost a child like this, in the very bloom of his promise, may be pardoned in consecrating to his memory so copious a memoir as the present.

(N. M. Magazine.)

THE ISLAND.*

THE eccentric spirit to whom we are indebted for a new poem under the above title, has returned, in this instance, to that style, or rather that class of work which he seemed to have finally abandoned for something, certainly, less generally interesting and attractive, however elevated in rank and ambitious in pretension. It is to his narrative poems—his Giaours, his Corsairs, his Laras, &c. that Lord Byron owes his popularity at least, if not his reputation. If it were not for these, and the intense interest that they had excited towards any thing he might offer to the world, his Manfreds, his Cains, and even the noblest of all his productions, his Heaven and Earth, might have remained *mysteries*, in more senses than one. The latter were a kind of "*Caviare*," that nothing could have rendered palatable "to the multitude," unless their appetite had been previously excited in a degree that prevented them from judging exactly what it was of which they were partaking. If even the "Heaven and Earth" had appeared anonymously, and had not included any internal evidence of the source from whence it came, it would have fallen still-born from the press. As it was, people read it without relishing it, praised it without appreciating it, and laid it by without ever intending or desiring to take it up again. Whereas, of all the numerous fragments which this extraordinary writer has put forth, if there is one which indicates the true nature of the poetical structure he is capable of raising, and (we are determined to hope and expect) he some day or other will raise, to the glory of his art, and the immortal honour of his name—it is this:

The *Island*, as we have hinted above, is a narrative poem, like those by which the author first became celebrated; with this difference, however, against it—that it is "*founded on facts*." We say "*against it*," for this reason,—that facts are not only such "*stubborn*" but such stirring things in their individual selves, that any suspected, much more any avowed alteration or embellishment of them, never fails to weaken the effect of a narration in which *they* are to form a distinguishing feature. Abstract truth will very well bear to be "*in fairy fiction dress'd*;" that which merely *may have been*, may be described to have been in any manner that the fancy or the feelings of the narrator may suggest, consistently with the object in view. But that which *has been* cannot be safely treated in this way, if the person who treats of it places any dependence on the fact of its having actually happened. To tell us, in the plain and intelligible prose of an eye-witness, that certain events took place thus and thus; and then to tell us over again, the same story in substance, but after a different fashion, and one that is intended to be *more poetical*;—this is something worse than a work of supererogation. If Lord Byron had a mind to tell a story of the mutiny of a ship's company and its consequences—well and good; the subject would immediately strike us as being well adapted to his powers, and susceptible of the most poetical treatment. But why hamper himself with an actual narration of a mutiny, only to alter or abandon it, just

* *The Island*; or, *Christian and his Companions*. A Poem, by the Right Honourable Lord Byron.

as he might think fit at the moment;—retaining the actual names, places, &c. but mixing them up with other names and places, and adapting them to other and fancied events? This is the only general fault we have to find with the interesting work before us. For the rest, it includes several admirable descriptive passages, some fine touches of character and passion, and a few clear, distinct, and highly interesting pictures. It consists of four cantos, the first of which is, by many degrees the most inferior; indeed it is inferior to any other piece of writing of the same length, that we remember of this author. It merely gives a slight sketch of the completion of the mutiny on board Captain Bligh's ship, and of the captain and part of the crew being set adrift; and then accompanies the mutineers (Christian and his companions) in their adventures in one of the Otaheitan Islands. The second canto introduces us to the two persons who make the principal figures in the poem.—Torquil, a young mountaineer, who formed one of the mutinous crew, and Neuha, an island girl, who attaches herself to him as a lover. The descriptions of each of these are among the best part of the poem.

“ There sat the gentle savage of the wild,
 In growth a woman, but in years a child,
 As childhood dates within our colder clime,
 Where nought is ripen'd rapidly save crime;
 The infant of an infant world, as pure
 From nature—lovely, warm, and premature;
 Dusky like night, but night with all her stars;
 Or cavern sparkling with its native spars;
 With eyes that were a language and a spell,
 A form like Aphrodite's in her shell,
 With all her loves around her on the deep;
 Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;
 Yet full of life—for through her tropic cheek
 The blush would make its way, and all but speak;
 The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and threw
 O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,
 Like coral reddening through the darken'd wave,
 Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.
 Such was the daughter of the Southern Seas.”

The description of the English, or rather Scotch lover, if not so distinct and picturesque, is equally spirited.

“ And who is he?—the blue-eyed northern child
 Of isles more known to man, but scarce less wild;
 The fair-hair'd offspring of the Hebrides,
 Where roars the Pentland, with its whirling seas;
 Rock'd in his cradle by the roaring wind,
 The tempest-born in body and in mind,
 His young eyes opening on the ocean-foam,
 Had from that moment deem'd the deep his home;
 The giant comrade of his pensive moods;
 The sharer of his craggy solitudes;
 The only Mentor of his youth,—where'er
 His bark was torn, the sport of wave and air;—
 A careless thing, who placed his choice in chance;
 Nursed by the legends of his land's romance;
 Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear;
 Acquainted with all feelings, save despair.”

Placed in the Arab's clime, he would have been
 As bold a rover as the sands have seen,
 And braved their thirst with as enduring lip
 As Ishmael, wafted in his desert-ship;
 Fix'd upon Chill's shore, a proud cacique;
 On Hellas' mountains, a rebellious Greek;
 Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane;
 Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.
 For the same soul that rends its path to sway,
 If rear'd to such, can find no further prey
 Beyond itself, and must retrace its way,
 Plunging for pleasure into pain; the same
 Spirit which made a Nero, Rome's worst shame,
 A humbler state and discipline of heart
 Had form'd his glorious namesake's counterpart :
 But grant his vices—grant them all his own—
 How small their theatre without a throne !”

The remainder of this canto is chiefly occupied with sketches of the island scenery, and reflections arising out of the situations of the “half-savage and the whole.” The following grand piece of invective is finely characteristic of the noble writer's style, both of thought, feeling, and expression.

“ Had Cæsar known but Cleopatra's kiss,
 Rome had been free—the world had not been his,
 And what have Cæsar's deeds and Cæsar's fame
 Done for the earth? We feel them in our shame!
 The gory sanction of his glory stains
 The rust which tyrants cherish in our chains.
 Though Glory, Nature, Reason, Freedom, bid
 Roused millions do what single Brutus did,—
 Sweep these mere mock-birds of the despot's song
 From the tall bough where they have perch'd so long,—
 Still are we hawk'd at by such mousing owls,
 And take for falcons those ignoble fowls,
 When but a word of freedom would dispel
 These bugbears—as their terrors show too well.”

We must counteract the effect of the above not very soothing passage, by the delightful one which follows it, and which is no less characteristic of the author's other style.

“ Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,
 Neoha, the South-sea girl, was all a wife;
 With no distracting world to call her off
 From love; with no society to scoff
 At the new transient flame; no babbling crowd
 Of coxcombry, in admiration loud,
 Or with adulterous whisper to alloy
 Her duty, and her glory, and her joy;
 With faith and feelings naked as her form,
 She stood as stands the rainbow in the storm,
 Changing its hues with bright variety,
 But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,
 Howe'er its arch may swell, its colours move,
 The cloud-compelling harbinger of Love.”

Towards the end of the second canto we are introduced to another personage, whose appearance and character contrast somewhat strangely but yet very naturally, and with great spirit, with the two above described. This is a thorough-bred Wapping jack-tar, with a pipe and an oath constantly in his mouth, who comes to announce that a strange sail is in sight, and that Christian (whom we now hear of on the island for the first time) has "piped all hands"—anticipating the nature of its errand. The remainder of the poem is occupied in alluding to the general battle which takes place between the mutineers, and those who have come in pursuit of them, and in describing the events which follow on the result of that battle; which events are fatal to all the mutineers, with the exception of Torquil—who is saved by his mistress plunging with him into the ocean, and taking him, by a submarine entrance, into a rocky cave, which she has previously prepared for his reception. Here they remain till the strange ship,—believing them to be drowned, leaves the island; and we are left to suppose that they live happy for the time to come.

This is the whole substance of the story—if story that can be called, which is, in fact, little more than a collection of sketches—pieces of pure execution—scarcely at all bound together by any plot, and scarcely needing it.

The description of the remnant who escape from the first general skirmish, and take temporary shelter among the rocks and crags, is excellent. We have space but for one or two short portions of it.—The following shews us the leader of the desperate band.

"Stern, and aloof a little from the rest,
 Stood Christian, with his arms across his chest,
 The ruddy, reckless, dauntless hue once spread
 Along his cheek, was livid now as lead.
 His light brown locks so graceful in their flow,
 Now rose like startled vipers o'er his brow.
 Still as a statue, with his lips compress'd,
 To stifle ev'n the breath within his breast,
 Fast by the rock,—all menacing, but mute,—
 He stood; and save a slight beat of his foot,
 Which deepened now and then the sandy dirt,
 Beneath his heel, his form seem'd turn'd to flint."

It will be observed, in perusing this part of the poem, that the manner in which Ben Bunting, the jolly jack-tar, is occasionally introduced (always with his pipe in his mouth) not only gives a fine contrast to the grouping of the pictures (for this part is a series of pictures) but it communicates an extraordinary reality and naturalness to the effect.

The death of the last three desperadoes—particularly that of Christian—is finely given. So is the following preparatory passage to it, which seems to place them before us in a kind of monumental gloom and stillness, as if they were already changed into their own funeral effigies.

"They landed on a wild but narrow scene,
 Where few but Nature's footsteps yet had been;

Prepared their arms, and with that gloomy eye,
 Stern and sustained, of man's extremity,
 When Hope is gone, nor Glory's self remains,
 To cheer resistance against death or chains,
 They stood, the three, as the three hundred stood,
 Who dyed Thermopylae with holy blood,
 But ah! how different! 'tis the cause makes all,
 Degrades or hallows courage in its fall,
 O'er them no fame, eternal and intense,
 Blazed through the clouds of death, and beckon'd hence;
 No grateful country; smiling through her tears,
 Begun the praises of a thousand years;
 No nation's eyes would on their tomb be bent,
 No heroes envy them their monument;
 However boldly their warm blood was spilt,
 Their life was shame; their epitaph was guilt,
 And this they knew and felt; at least the one,
 The leader of the band he had undone,
 Who, born perchance for better things, had set
 His life upon a cast which lingered yet,
 But now the die was to be thrown, and all
 The chances were in favour of his fall,
 And such a fall!—But still he faced the shock,
 Obdurate as a portion of the rock
 Wheron he stood, and fixed his level'd gun,
 Dark as a sullen cloud before the sun."

The poem closes by the return of the lovers from their temporary sanctuary, and the triumphant reception of them by the kind and happy islanders; and the tale of blood and crime ends without leaving that painful impression on the reader which most of this author's serious narrative poems have hitherto done. The following is the concluding passage, which produces an effect similar to that of looking at some of the pictures in Captain Cook's voyages:

"Again their own shore rises on the view,
 No more polluted with a hostile hue;
 No sullen ship lay bristling o'er the foam,
 A floating dungeon:—all was hope and home!
 A thousand proas darted o'er the bay,
 With sounding shells, and heralded their way;
 The chiefs came down; around the people pour'd,
 And welcomed Torquil as a son restor'd,
 The women throng'd, embracing and embraced,
 By Neuba,—asking where they had been chased,
 And how escaped? The tale was told, and then
 One acclamation rent the sky again,
 And from that hour a new tradition gave
 Their sanctuary the name of Neuba's Cave,
 An hundred fires, far flickering from the height,
 Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,
 The feast in honour of the guest, return'd
 To peace and pleasure, perilously earn'd;
 A night succeeded by such happy days,
 As only the yet infant world displays."

MR. MAGAZINE.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

EVERY one who is conversant with Richmond and its environs (and what man, since the Diana steam-vessel first started from Queen-hithe to Eel-pie Island, can plead ignorance?) must know that passengers are conveyed across the Thames, from Ham to Twickenham, by a ferry-boat: that there is a footpath through a field which leads from the river to Ham: and that, to attain that footpath, it is necessary to cross a stile. Upon this stile, one fine afternoon in July last, sat, astride, Mr. Robert Robertson and his nephew Tom Osborne, awaiting the return of Platt the ferryman, that they might solace themselves with a view of the tombs in Twickenham church-yard. "Tom," said the uncle to the nephew, "I have long wished to give you something." The eyes of the nephew brightened; he mechanically took off his kid-skin glove, and protruded his right hand. "I mean, some little advice." Tom replaced the glove upon his hand, with a look that seemed to say, "The less the better." "I take," continued Mr. Robert Robertson, "an avuncular interest in all that concerns you; and I cannot but enter my protest against the grotesque garb in which you have enveloped your person. Dress, nephew, was originally intended to guard us against the inclemencies of the weather: but, in your case, I am sorry to say, that it deviates into downright ornament. But, lest you should think that I am inclined to too sweeping a censure—*spargere voces ambiguas*—(I hope you keep up your Latin) I will, with your permission, analyse your apparel from head to foot—*ab ovo usque ad mala*. The latter quotation is from Horace. To begin, then, with your hat: I am sorry to find it white: Sir Barnaby Botolph, the Blackwell-hall factor in Cateaton-street, has a very sage apopthegm upon that head, 'Shew me a man with a white hat, and I'll shew you a fool.' Now, I should be sorry, nephew, to stultify you without a hearing, (stultify is a legal verb, much in favour with the late Lord Ellenborough): so, prithee tax that bulbous excrescence, (the expression occurs in George Alexander Stevens,) that fills up the hollow of the article that I am criticising, and tell me whether you mean to suffer judgment to go by default, or to plead the general issue with a justification." "I plead a justification," said Tom, briskly. "Good, answered the professional Mr. Robertson: bold, too, but hazardous. In what does your justification consist?" "Your example." "Mine!" "Yes, uncle, yours. My aunt Sally has a picture of you painted by Hoppner thirty years ago. It exhibits you patting a favourite filly. The scene is a stable: you wear your hat, and that hat has a crown like Mother Shipton's, surrounded by three silk bands with a rosette to each. Just like the smooth-complexioned clergyman's that one so often meets in St. Paul's Church-yard." "I wonder your aunt Sally keeps that absurd picture," said Mr. Robertson: "but, at all events, the hat is a black one; you have therefore failed in your justification. And, now, nephew, to continue my analysis. The next article to which I am anxious to draw your attention is your cravat. In the good old times

a cambric stock, with a Bristol-stone buckle behind, was universally worn. The full-length engraved portrait of General Washington will shew you what I mean. "I would not captiously confine you to that: no, a white muslin cravat, like that which I now wear, may well be worn by you. But Waterloo blue silk appears to me to be altogether inadmissible. An eye of heavenly blue is a pretty adjunct to a pretty woman; but a cravat of that hue is no necessary appendage to a lordling of the creation. I call you lordling, nephew, because you have barely attained sixteen; you cannot take up your patent of peerage to dub yourself a lord of that orbit, until you have attained twenty-one. I suspect you will hardly be bold enough to plead a justification to my second count." "Indeed, uncle, but I shall," retorted Mr. Thomas Osborne. "My uncle Charles's dressing-room, you know, is hung round with caricatures." "Well." "Well, uncle, one of them is a portrait of you, drawn by Rawlinson just thirty years ago. It shews you with a thing round your neck more like a poultice than a cravat, with two ends hanging down to your middle like Mr. Endless, the lawyer, in 'No Song no Supper,' and underneath it is printed

"My name's Tippy Bob.

"With a watch in each fob."

"Tippy Devil!" petulantly exclaimed Mr. Robert Robertson; "Rawlinson was a libeller: an etcher of extremes: a painter of pasquinades: your uncle Charles might be better employed than in gibbeting his relations after that fashion.—But to resume the subject of our discourse. We will now, Tom, diverge a little downward. Your coat, Master Osborne, is absolutely bobtailed. Were you spurred for a set-off at the Royal Cockpit, you would be docked in character. Then its collar: what a preposterous length! It hangs down from either shoulder, like Doctor Longsermon's black-silk scarf." "Nay, now, upon your third count,—my coat, uncle, I justify most valiantly," retorted the stripling: "I don't stand up for its positive propriety; but I do for its comparative." "Comparative with what?" "With one of yours, uncle, which you wore about thirty years ago. Last night I overheard Mrs. Thistlewood tell Captain Paterson that she accompanied you, in the year 1792, to Kanelagh; she said that you made your previous appearance in her drawing-room (I quote her very words), in a salmon-coloured coat with a light-blue velvet collar and cuffs: that she was sitting behind the screen, which made you think that you were alone in the room; and that under that impression, and, as she states it, dreaming of future glories in the Chelsea Rotunda, you walked up to the looking-glass, and, after surveying yourself for a half a minute, exclaimed—"Well, Bob, if they stand this, they'll stand any thing!" "Mrs. Thistlewood is a lying old coquette," exclaimed Mr. Robert Robertson; "I make it a rule never to insinuate any thing to the prejudice of any body's character; otherwise I could tell something that happened to her about thirty years ago, which the public would not hold to be barred by the statute of limitations.—But to proceed. The mention of coat, nephew, naturally leads the mind to waistcoat—yours, I see, is striped. Mr. Polito might doubt whether you were an ass or

a zebra; but we will pass that by: it is wondrous short; and 'de minimis non curat lex.' Pray keep up your Latin. I never should have prospered if I had lost mine.—Proceed we, therefore, to your trowsers. They too, I see, are striped. To stripes in that part your inattention to your Latin may authorize you to lay some claim. But, Heavens! how capacious is their size! The tailor, indeed, seems to have repented of his extravagance, by puckering up a part of them. But what means that broad strap under the foot? Is it to prevent their slipping off over your head? or are you possessed of the prospective policy of Sam Scribble, who suffered at the Old Bailey for signing a wrong name on a banker's cheque; and who artfully passed two leather thongs under his feet, that he might, by annexing them to a hook, and the hook to the hangman's noose, enable himself to vibrate his half-hour without strangulation. Upon this count I defy you to plead a set-off." "My reverend uncle," answered the pertinacious nephew: "far be it from me to tax you with laxity either of principles or pantaloons. But I hope you will permit me again to call your recollection to the portrait painted by Hoppner. You are there exhibited in"— "Not loose trowsers, I'll be sworn."—"No, uncle, not loose trowsers, but tight leather breeches. No sooner had Mrs. Thislewood told her story about your coat than Captain Paterson matched it with another, about your leather breeches." "Indeed!" cried Mr. Roberson, drawing himself up, and looking out for Platt's ferry-boat, "and, pray, what might the nautical gentleman say?" "Why, he said, uncle, that he once called upon you, when you were trying on a new pair of doekskins. The maker of them stood by to comfort and assist you. You were suspended, he said, in mid air like Mahomet's coffin; when you had, by dint of struggling and kicking, got tolerably well into them, the operator drew from his pocket two iron hooks, to button them, at the knees. He also told Mrs. Thislewood that you stood the agonizing process with the patience of a primitive martyr, until the third button of the right knee burst its crements, and went off like the cork of a ginger-beer bottle." "Well, sir, and pray what happened then?"—"Why, then, uncle, he says, that you said something very like 'Oh, damn it!' After which, Captain Paterson added that he does not know what happened, as he turned very sick, and left the room; and so was prevented from holding the conclusion of the operation."

Mr. Robert Robertson, in deep displeasure, now summoned all his syllogistic powers. He was upon the eve of flatly denying the truth of the captain's assertion; of proving that folly and foppery were weeds of modern growth; that *his* uncle never had occasion to lecture *him* upon his extravagance or coxcombry, thirty years ago; and, finally, that propriety of exterior and soundness of intellect had quitted this country on or about the commencement of the French Revolution. Unfortunately, however, this chain of demonstrations was sundered, never to re-unite. Platt hove in sight; uncle and nephew entered the boat; and the presence of two market-gardeners and a footman in livery prevented Mr. Robert Robertson from establishing the superiority of the human race—thirty years ago! (N. M. Magazine.)

POETRY.

ORIGINAL VERSES.

THE EXILE.

O Scotia dear thou'rt still my home,
 Tho' far from thee I'm doom'd to roam,
 Tho' from thy hills I'm forced to part,
 Yet still thou'rt dearest to my heart.

Yes! still thou'rt dear unto my soul,
 Tho' oceans wide between us roll;
 Tho' from thy glens and mountains blue,
 Yet still my soul to thee is true.

Yes! still my heart beats true to thee,
 Tho' I thy shores ne'er hope to see;
 Tho' now I tread Columbia's strand,
 Yet still I love my native land.

Yes! still my native land I'll love,
 Tho' I from thee must ever rove;
 Tho' from my home and friends so kind,
 Yet still thou'rt present to my mind.

Yes! to my mind thou'rt present still,
 Tho' far from Cotrick's heath-clad hill;
 Tho' from thy winding fairy streams,
 Yet still I see thee in my dreams.

Yes! tho' I'm from thy hills and dales,
 Thy wimply burns and flow'ry vales;
 Yet to these vales, those hills and burns,
 My enraptur'd fancy oft returns.

Yes! still my enraptur'd fancy strays,
 'Mong' flowers and brackens on thy braes;
 Tho' all these scenes I view no more,
 Yet still I sigh for Scotia's shore.

Yes! still for Scotia's shores I sigh,
 For Scotia's winds, and Scotia's sky,
 Yes still that sky, those winds and shores,
 My broken heart their loss deplores.

Tho' hope, sweet hope, to man so dear,
 Oft whispers in my raptur'd ear—
 "Your native land you yet may see,
 "Howe'er so distant you may be."

There's something still forbids that thought,
 Tho' I to cherish it have sought;
 There's something still, to me does tell,
 That I have ta'en my LAST FAREWELL.

W.

SELECTED VERSES.

EVENING.

Sweet is the hour when Evening throws
 Her dusky shades o'er hill and dale,
 When pearly dew-drops deck the rose,
 And fragrant odours fill the gale;
 When all below and all above,
 Breathe but the harmony of love.

But while I view the grateful scene,
 And all around seems blest,
 Yet feel the throbbing heart within,
 The agonised breast;

Feel that remorse, that grief, despair,
 Are and have long been inmates there,

I fly the scene; 'tis not for me,
 That nature's choicest beauties bloom;
 Others may gaze with ecstasy,

I fix my glance upon the tomb;

Where the heart that is broken, the soul that's forlorn,
 Drinks the cup of oblivion, and forgets how to mourn.

THE LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE EVE OF A NEW-YEAR.

"Smile of the moon!—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;
A gentle flash of light that came
From Her whom drooping Captives love;
Or art thou of still higher birth?
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My raptur to reprove!

"Yet how?—for I, if there be truth
In the world's voice, was passing fair;
And beauty, for confiding youth,
Those shocks of passion can prepare
That kill the bloom before its time,
And blanch, without the Owner's crime,
The most resplendent hair.

"Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas,
I may not trust thy placid cheer!
Pondering that time to-night will pass
The threshold of another year;
For years to me are sad and dull,
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

"Unblest distinctions I, showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains;
All that could quit my grasp or flee,
Is gone; but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit;—for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains.

"—And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the furthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

"A woman rules my prison's key;
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me—doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!

"To-night, the church-tower bells shall
ring,
Thro' these wide realms, a festive peal;
To the new year a welcoming;
A tuneful offering for the weal
Of happy millions lull'd in sleep;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

"Farewell for ever human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the pray, of hopes the sport,
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.

"Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gaz'd
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flow'ets of the fields!—
It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

"Hark! the death-note of the year,
Sounded by the castle-clock!"—
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tir'd head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block!

THE FALLING LEAF.

The leaf that falls from yonder tree,
Full oft brings back the joys to me,
Of Summer; deck'd in beauty's pride,
When Eden bloom'd on every side!

There was a time when I was blest,
And of full many a friend possess;
But blest with these may others be,
Mine went like leaves from yonder tree!

But, ah! those happy hours have flown,
And, like the beams of false renown,
With many a heart once full of glee,
Are as the leaves from yonder trees!

Talk not what fortune's aid can do,
That light that shines and mocks us too;
The happiest hour will be to me,
When like the leaf from yonder trees!

THE following beautiful lines were written by the late Mr. RITCHIE, the accomplished African traveller, (the narrative of whose journey has just been published by his companion, Capt. Lyon) in the very situation described in the two first lines, when on board the vessel which conveyed him from England; upon the deck of which he long stood, with tears in his eyes, regarding, for the last time, the land of his nativity.

ADIEU TO ALBION.

Thy chalky cliffs are fading from my view,
 Our bark is dancing gaily o'er the sea;
 I sigh while yet I may, and say Adieu,
 ALBION, thou jewel of the earth! to thee,
 Whose fields first fed my childish fantasy,
 Whose mountains were my boyhood's whole delight,
 Whose rock, and wood, and torrent were to me
 The food of my soul's youthful appetite;
 Were music to my ear—a blessing to my sight.
 I never dreamt of beauty but behold!
 Straightway thy daughters flash'd upon my eye;
 I never mused on Valour, but the old
 Memorials of thy haughty chivalry
 Fill'd my expanding breast with ecstasy;
 And when I thought on Wisdom, and the crown
 The muses give, with exultation high
 I turn'd to those whom thou hast call'd thy own,
 Who fill the spacious earth with their and thy renown.

When my young heart in life's gay morning hour,
 At beauty's summons beat a wild alarm,
 Her voice came to me from an English bow'r,
 And English smiles they were that wrought the charm;
 And if, when lull'd asleep on fancy's arm,
 Visions of bliss my riper age have cheer'd—
 Of home, and Love's fireside, and greetings warm
 For one by absence, and long toil endear'd—
 The fabric of my hope on thee hath still been rear'd.

Peace to thy smiling hearths, when I am gone!
 And may'st thou still thy ancient dow'ry keep,
 To be a mark to guide the nations on,
 Like a tall watch-tower flashing o'er the deep!
 Long may'st thou bid the sorrower cease to weep,
 And shoot the beams of truth athwart the night
 That wraps a slumbering world; till, from their sleep,
 Starting, remotest nations see the light,
 And earth be blest beneath the buckler of thy might.

Strong in thy strength I go; and wheresoe'er
 My steps may wander, may I ne'er forget
 All that I owe to thee! and, oh! may ne'er
 My frailties tempt me to abjure the debt!
 And if, when far from thee my star must set,
 Hast thou not hearts that shall with sadness hear
 The tale, and some fair cheek that shall be wet,
 And some bright eye, in which the swelling tear
 Shall start for him who sleeps in Afric's deserts drear?

Yet will I not profane a charge like mine
 With melancholy bodings; nor believe
 That a voice, whispering ever in the shrines
 Of my own heart, spake, only to deceive.
 I trust its promise—that I go to weave
 A wreath of palms, entwined with many a sweet
 Perennial flower, which Time shall not bereave
 Of all its fragrance—that I yet shall greet
 Once more the Ocean Queen, and throw it at her feet.

ANECDOTES.

LORD CHATHAM.

Some years after this nobleman's resignation of all his employments, a petition was sent from the City to his Majesty, humbly requesting an immediate dismissal of his ministers. The reply, as might reasonably be supposed, to so audacious a solicitation, consisted in a plain negative. The petitioners were told that their demand was an imputation against the royal abilities and penetration, as if he wanted sagacity to perceive when he was faithfully and ably served. In the ensuing session of Parliament the Earl of Chatham made a motion, that an humble address be presented to his Majesty, requesting that he would be graciously pleased to discover to the House the person under whose influence he had returned such a reply to so loyal a part of his people. But, said his Lordship, 'this motion of mine will certainly be negated: I can anticipate rejection in the aspects of Ministers. How then shall I come at the information I contend for? Was it you, or you (addressing himself to those most liable to suspicion?) Will nobody reply? Let me see if countenances will betray.—The face has been known to be the index of criminality.' He then directed his eye of fire to every minister in the assembly, and fixing it with all his collected force at last upon a great Law Lord, exclaimed, *Ah! methinks I see Felix tremble.* It is said, that such was the irresistible effect of the united power of this statesman's person, manner, and eloquence, that even one of the greatest men that ever adorned this kingdom was on this occasion daunted into a temporary fear, by this bold, though vague imputation."

THE LAST OF THE MONTAGUES.

The last Duke of the noble house of Montague was distinguished by his benevolence and humanity, which, however, were sometimes exercised in a very eccentric manner. The duke had often observed a middle-aged man in something like a military dress, of which the lace was tarnished, and the cloth threadbare, walking at a certain hour in the park with a mournful solemnity. He made inquiry respecting him, and found that he was an unfortunate man, he having laid out the whole of his stock in the purchase of a commission; he behaved with great bravery in war, but at its conclusion was reduced to starve on half-pay. He learnt farther that the poor officer had a wife and three children in Yorkshire, to whom he regularly sent down one moiety of his pay, reserving the other for his own support in town, where he was in the hopes of obtaining a situation. The duke determined to serve this generous veteran; and one day sent his servant to invite him to dinner. The captain returned thanks, and promised to wait on his grace. When he came, the duke received him with marks of peculiar civility; and taking him aside, with an air of secrecy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company to dine chiefly on account of

a lady, who had long had a particular regard for him, and expressed a great desire to be introduced to him, which her situation rendered impossible without the assistance of a friend; and that having learnt this circumstance by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together. The captain was confused; replied, that he must be imposed upon; and he doubted whether he ought not, to resent it. The duke, however, soon relieved him from his difficulty by introducing him to the dining-room, where to the captain's amazement, his wife and children were seated at table; the duke having sent for them from Yorkshire. After dinner the duke presented the astonished captain with the deed of an ample annuity, saying—"I assure you, it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money better."

GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN.

It was on the day, or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country; the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent.—I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that, whatsoever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the Historian might be short and precarious.—I will add two facts which have seldom occurred in the composition of six, or, at least, five quarto volumes:—1. My rough MS. without any intermediate copy, has been sent to press.—2. Not a sheet has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and of the printer; the faults and merits are exclusively my own.

LATE DR. JOHN MOORE, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

In the former part of his Grace's life he was the Curate of Brackley, in Northamptonshire, in which at that time resided a plumber of the name of Watts, who, having a comfortable independence, kept an open table every market-day for the neighbouring Gentlemen and Clergy.—Amongst his guests on such occasions was Mr. Moore; but ceasing to be frequent in his visits, Mr. Watts inquired the cause: the reply was, "Mr. Watts, I am at this time ten pounds in your debt, which I am unable to pay, and I feel a little delicacy in intruding on your hospitable table." Mr. Watts begged he would not give it a thought, but come as usual, adding, that he had twenty pounds more at his (Mr. Moore's) service. In the course of their lives Mr. Watts fell into decay, and the poor Curate became Archbishop of Canterbury. In this elevated rank he did not forget his humble friend, but made his latter days comfortable, and after his death settled an annuity on his widow, who died lately, at the advanced age of 97, up to which time the annuity was regularly paid by his Grace's family.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—It affords us the liveliest pleasure to announce the continued improving state of the National Revenue. Notwithstanding the great reduction of taxes made last spring, we find that during the last quarter there has been an increase of £40,000 in the customs alone; above that of the corresponding quarter last year.

It has been officially announced, that His Majesty's Government have determined to send out Consular Agents to the various ports and places in South America, in which British interests are at present most extensively concerned. The London Courier surmises, that the time seems to be approaching, when a more defined connexion between Great Britain and America will take place; and adds, that "the appointment of consuls to the several countries which have thrown off the authority of Spain, would be, in itself, an act tantamount to the recognition of their independence, if, indeed, that recognition must not precede such appointments; for otherwise, how can they be accredited? It is, in fact, in the nature of things, impossible, that England can be otherwise than favourably disposed towards States whose importance, in every point of view, is so thoroughly appreciated." Connected with this subject, a late declaration made by Mr. Canning, is of great importance.—"Disclaiming," says he, "in the most solemn manner any intention of appropriating the smallest portion of the late Spanish possessions in America, his Majesty is satisfied, that no attempt will be made by France to bring under her dominion any of these possessions, either by conquest, or by cession from Spain."

Captain Parry, the commander of the North-West expedition, arrived at the Admiralty on the morning of the 18th of October, having landed at Whitby, whence his Majesty's ships *Fury* and *Hecla* were continuing their course to the river Thames. The public regret that Captain Parry has not been able to accomplish the North-West passage, will be amply compensated by the general pleasure which will be felt at the safe return of this gallant officer and his brave companions. In 1821, the expedition explored Repulse Bay, Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome, Middleton's French Strait, and that neighbourhood, and finding no passage to the Northward and Westward, wintered in the southern bay of an island, called Winter Island, (in latitude 66° 11', longitude 83°). In 1822, the expedition, guided and encouraged by the information they had received during the winter, from a party of Esquimaux, with whom they had established a friendly intercourse, pursued their attempt to the Northward, and examined all inlets onwards to the West, till they arrived at a Strait, which separates the north-west coast of America from what Captain Parry considers to be clusters of islands, extending Northward towards the scene of his former voyage.

The great object of ascertaining the northern limit of the continent being thus accomplished, Captain Parry penetrated two degrees to the Westward with considerable expectation of final success; but in a narrow part of the strait, they found the ice fixed in such a manner that it is perpetual, and not separated in any season, or under any circumstances. The expedition was therefore obliged to winter in lat. 60° 28', long. 81° 50'. In the summer of this year, finding the ice still fixed to the shores, in such a manner as precluded all hopes of further progress in the neighbourhood in which he was, Captain Parry thought it advisable to give up the attempt and return to England. The expedition has lost by illness, only Mr. Fyffe, the Greenland Master, and three seamen, and one man killed by an accident.

SPAIN.—Cadiz, which we mentioned in our last number, as in the act of making the stoutest resistance to the French, has at last surrendered to its enemies, without any conditions being either demanded or offered. This important event took place on the 29th of September. On that day the King and the Royal family left Cadiz, simply because the confusion and dismay were such, that no one had authority to prevent them. It was not, however, till the first of October, that Ferdinand actually joined the French. On the third, the French troops made their entry into Cadiz. Couriers were immediately expedited to all the corps of the Spanish army, with letters from the king, directing them to lay down their arms. The militia has been disbanded and disbanded. They have been directed to return to their homes, on pain of being regarded as traitors and rebels. The Duke del Infantado will command the whole Spanish army. Ballasteros was presented to the king, who turned his eyes another way. He demanded a private audience, which the king refused. Fifty thousand troops are to remain in Spain until the establishment of tranquility under the king's government. Mina still continues in arms, and it is said, resolved to make a vigorous resistance. The patriot Riego has been condemned at Madrid, but hitherto spared. On the 4th of October, the king of Spain issued a Decree, from Xeres, in which he forbids any individual who has been a deputy to the Cortes in the two last sittings, to present himself, or be within five leagues of the route to Madrid. All Ministers, Councillors of State, and all persons of note, who held offices under the Constitution, are prohibited from ever entering the capital, or approaching within fifteen leagues. The king was expected to arrive at Madrid on the 20th of November; and that town is said to be quite frantic with joy. His Majesty has sent collars of the Golden Fleece to the Prince of Carignan, and the chief of the French Staff, Count Guilleminot. Among the persons who are to be sent away from Madrid, are the Nobles of Spain, who served in the voluntary militia of the Cortes; and their number is said to amount to eleven. It is notorious, that the king does not live in harmony with the Duke of Angouleme. His Royal Highness desires that his Majesty would accomplish his promises, and throw a veil over the past; but Ferdinand inexorably persists in being an absolute king; and in governing according to his own good pleasure; and hope vainly seeks for the same means of opening the eyes of Ferdinand, or of inspiring him with moderation.

FRANCE.—Some changes have taken place in the French Cabinet, and others are spoken of. The Baron de Damas is appointed Minister of War, vice the Duke of Belluno appointed Ambassador to Vienna—the private accounts say he was removed. The Ministers of the Marine and the Interior, it is said, will not retain their places. The municipality of Paris have waited upon the King to beg his sanction of a public Fête, to be given by the city to the Duke d'Angouleme and his army. To this request his Majesty replied—"I am entirely alive to the sentiments which my good city of Paris have expressed towards me. It could not give me a greater mark of attachment than in thus offering a fête, to one whom I love, to call my son, to him who is the glory of France and the joy of my old age. My heart is with you."—A splendid description is given of the progress of the King and Royal family, in state to Notre-Dame, in order to offer up a public thanksgiving for the liberation of Ferdinand VII. The ceremony was of an imposing description. Several carriages were employed in the cavalcade of the Royal Family and the great officers of state; that of the King was drawn by ten superb horses, whose heads were decorated with lofty white plumes. Their caparisons seemed to be of beaten gold. The attention of the Parisians was more strongly attracted to external procession than to the ceremony in Notre-Dame. The day was clear and sunny, and a vast number thronged the way from the Tuilleries to the Cathedral.—The Princess Talleyrand as soon as she heard the news of the liberation of the King of Spain, caused a grand Mass to be celebrated in the parish church of the bridge of Sains, in thanksgiving for so happy an event.—On the 16th of Oct. the anniversary service of the late Queen Marie Antoinette, was celebrated at the Royal Abbey of St. Denis. The church was filled with the faithful and the flower of France, who came to the foot of the altar, to enter their protest against the crime of the 16th October. Amongst those present was observed M. Chauveau-Lagarde, to whose part there fell the honorable duty of defending the unfortunate Queen before the bloody tribunal of 1793. Near the Cenotaph stood the Dukes of Havre and Grammont, Captains of the King's Guards.

GREECE.—The accounts from this country are calculated to throw a ray of hope over the struggles of the interesting people who inhabit it.

America.

WEST INDIES.—The British West Indies are in a terrible state of agitation. Jamaica, Demarara, Antigua and other possessions, are under the influence of the most unhappy discontent. Barbadoes is also in the same state of insubordination, the whole of which is caused by some provisions of the Imperial Parliament, peculiarly odious to the inhabitants.

PROVINCIAL JOURNAL.

LOWER CANADA.

Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada.

LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL CHAMBER, Quebec 25th Nov.

This day at two o'clock, His Excellency the Governor in Chief came down in State to the Legislative Council Chamber, and being seated on the Throne, the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was sent down to the House of Assembly to command their attendance before His Excellency, and that House being come up, His Excellency opened the fourth Session of the Eleventh Provincial Parliament, with the following Speech:

Gentlemen of the Legislative Council,

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

It is painful to me to meet you in each succeeding year with statements of difficulties in our financial affairs, but as they still exist, it is incumbent upon me to bring them before you in the fullest detail; and it is for that especial purpose I have called you to meet at this early period:

Placed as the Executive medium between the Imperial Treasury and this Provincial Parliament, I am to be guided by the decisions of both, in financial matters; and having the satisfaction to know that the course I have pursued in the difficulties of this summer has been approved by His Majesty's Government, it remains for me to submit it to your consideration, in order that Parliament here may adopt such measures as to it shall seem best.

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly.

I shall direct the proper officer to lay before you the annual accounts of the Province, to 31st October last, so soon as they can be prepared; also estimates of the probable expences of the Civil Government; for the year now commencing, in the same form as I presented them in last Session, and in His Majesty's name I am to call upon you to make provision accordingly.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Council,

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

It is with great satisfaction I have to state, that the Revenue continues fully equal to what it has been for several years past, and that I consider the Province essentially prospering, even to a degree far beyond what is generally imagined.

Under existing circumstances it may be unnecessary for me to recommend the improvement of Roads, or the Canal now nearly completed;

or indeed any works which spring from public pecuniary aid; nevertheless I trust they will not be omitted in your deliberations.

There are other subjects, not so dependent, and not less important to the public interests.—The Judicature Bill, and that for the establishment of Register Offices have been already under your consideration, and I hope will be again resumed.

We are already arrived at the last Session of this Parliament, let it be the anxious desire of all to close our labours in that harmony and effectual concert, which always promote public good and ensure public prosperity. In that desire, I think I need not assure you of my cordial concurrence.

The following Members of the Legislative Council and House of Assembly were present:

Members of the Legislative Council.

The Honorable Mr. Chief Justice Sewell, speaker, the Honorable John Hale, A. L. J. Duchesnay, John Richardson, H. W. Ryland, Wm. M'Gillivray, Revd. J. O. Plessis, Catholic Bishop, Jas. Irvine, M. H. Perceval, Olivier Perrault, Wm. Burns, Thos. Coffin, T. P. J. Taschereau, Rodk. M'Kenzie, W. B. Felton, Honorable Mr. Justice Kerr, and Mathew Bell.

The Honorable Mr. Bell, took his seat in the Council, for the first time.

Members of the Assembly.

The Honorable Mr. Vallières de St. Réal, Speaker, Messrs. Badeaux, Bélanger, Blanchet, Bourdages, Bureau, Cuvillier, Clouet, Davidson, Heney, Jones, E. C. Lagueux, L. Lagueux, Langevin, M'Callum, Neilson, Oldham, O'Sullivan, Panet, Paré, J. Perrault, Proulx, Quirouet, Rochon, St. Onge, Stuart, Taschereau and Viger.

Amateur Concert.—The splendid musical entertainment given on the 27th ult. by the Orphean Society of Montreal, in conjunction with several other Amateurs, in aid of the funds of the General Hospital, was brilliantly attended. Of the performances of the evening it is impossible to speak in adequate terms. As they constituted the first instance in this city of the application of musical science to the purposes of humanity, so they far surpassed the highest expectations which might have been previously entertained of them. The design of the meeting was no less creditable to the generosity of this respectable society than the execution of their plan was honourable to their taste and attainments. We understand that about £45 were collected on the occasion.

Charity Sermon.—On Sunday 1st inst. a charity sermon was delivered in the Protestant Episcopal Church of this city, by the Revd. B. B. Stevens, Chaplain to the Forces; the amount collected on this occasion was £62. 3. 2, which sum is to be appropriated to the funds of the Montreal Orphan Asylum.

Emigrants' Society.—We understand that the Government of the Mother Country has in that generous manner which it is conspicuous for, granted the Sum of £1000 in aid of the Emigrants' Society of Quebec, to be appropriated to the relief of the numerous objects of distress that come under its notice. This sum, with the liberal provisions made

by the Provincial Legislature, and the large Subscriptions by the public, give this Society the means of doing the most extensive good.

Quebec Gazette.—The first number of "The Quebec Gazette, published by authority," and conducted by Dr. Fisher, the King's Printer, was published on the 30th of Oct. last. We are most happy to find from the preliminary remarks of the Editor, that a paper emanating under the immediate auspices of Government is likely, in its future numbers, to introduce to these Provinces that excellent system of political and literary inquiry which characterizes the best British Newspapers. In this country we have much need of the liberal plan of conducting Newspapers proposed by Dr. Fisher, and while he realizes the due estimation of his important duties, much blame must be attached to the publishers of periodical works, if they do not to a certain extent at least, follow his example.

Monument.—The commissioners for the erection of the Monument in memory of Major Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, give notice in the Upper Canada papers, that they are ready to receive proposals for its construction. It is to be a stone Tower, of fifty feet in height, and sixteen feet broad at the base, with a winding stone stair in the inside, and a vault beneath. It is to be commenced on the first of May next.

Singular Explosion.—A strange accident took place in a Chemist's shop in this city a few days since. A person having put a gallon or two of Alcohol upon a stove in a tin vessel, the liquid took fire and exploded with a violent shock. The whole room was filled with flame; and a person endeavouring to escape by the shop door, had opened it partly, and merely put his head out, when the sudden expansion of air in the room closed the door, caught him by the head, and held him for several seconds, until the conflagration ceased. No other injury than the loss of the liquor, and the fright suffered by the person present, was sustained.

Religious Donations.—We have been intrusted with making public the grateful acknowledgment of the Trustees of the Presbyterian Congregation of Cornwall; (U. C.) an acknowledgment which it is not the less their duty to make, because unwished—of the very liberal subscriptions of the Citizens of Montreal and Quebec—the former amounting to £150, and the latter to £50. Amongst these, that of His Excellency the Governor is in a particular manner gratifying, as indicative of that generosity and liberality which has distinguished his Government; and which must greatly tend to give public spirit a direction to all the interests and happiness of the Province.

Assemblies.—The Montreal Assemblies, which, last winter, added so much to the amusement and sociality of the city, are immediately to be arranged for their management, during the approaching season.—The comforts and general arrangements which will be ensured, cannot but render these more than equal to the former; and there is reason to expect a very general desire to make them contribute to the public satisfaction and pleasure.

Montreal General Hospital.—At a Quarterly Meeting of the Governors, duly convened, to receive the Reports of the Committee of Management, the Medical Officers and the Treasurer's account, held on the 4th of November current, a report was read by the Secretary which exhibited a very distinct and satisfactory view of the affairs of the Institution. The following is a statement of the funds for the quarter ending on the above day :

The Montreal General Hospital, Dr.
 To Samuel Gerrard.
 1823
 Aug. 5. To balance of acct. delivered this day. £448 3 3
 Nov. 8. To the following drafts, viz :
 To Joseph Beckett & Co. £28 0 0
 To John Redpath, 15 15 8
 To Gibb & Henderson, 13 9 7
 To James McIntire, 17 10 5 1/2
 To John Try, 42 2 10
 do. to pay small acct. 98 10 1/4
 214 17 8 1/2
 665 0 11
 By recd. from the Collec. £150 5 3
 do. for Students' tickets. 11 13 4
 Mr. Bingham's ann. Sub. 5 0 0
 do. Presbyterian Church at Williamstown, } 34 1 0
 After a Sermon by Revd. B. B. Stevens, } 50 0 0
 do. Friend to the Institution, 5 0 0
 do. Two Special Juries, 3 0 0
 do. Concert by the Orphan Society, } 48 18 4
 do. Pay Patients, } 13 0 0
 324 18 5
 £338 21 6

Montreal, Nov. 4th, 1823.
 (Signed) SAMUEL GERRARD, Examined and Approved.
 (Signed) J. RICHARDSON, Presdt.

The Report of the Patients admitted into and discharged from the Montreal General Hospital, from Aug. 1st to Nov. 1st 1825.
 Medical Officers attending during the Quarter
 Wm. Lyons, Esq.
 A. F. HOLMES, M. D.
 Patients remaining in the Hospital
 August 1st. 805
 admitted from August 1st to November 1st. 124
 173
 Discharged, {
 relieved, } 118
 at their own request }
 130

—Dead, 15
 remaining in the Hospital, 173
 Nov. 1st, 1823. 22
 Admitted: Protestants, 70
 Roman Catholics, 52
 122
 Out Patients admitted, 120
 Protestants, 77
 Roman Catholics, 52
 129
List of Diseases admitted into the Montreal General Hospital, from 1st of Aug. to the 1st of Nov. 1825.
 Typhus Fever, 14
 Continued do. 42
 Intermittent do. 5
 Inflammation of the head, 2
 do. of the bowels, 1
 do. of the Eyes, 1
 do. of the Lungs, 4
 do. of the Pharynx, 4
 Rheumatism, 6
 Erysipelas, 2
 Small Pox, 1
 Dyspepsia, 4
 Catarrh, 4
 Diarrhea, 4
 Dysentary, 14
 Ulcers, 10
 Contusion, 4
 Wounds, 4
 Explosion, 1
 Cancer, 1
 Palasy, 1
 Colic of Poiton, 1
 Hip joint disease, 1
 Fractures, 1
 Syphilis, 1
 Gonorrhœa, 1
 Marasmus, 1
 Heria humoralis, 1
 Psoriasis, 1
 Mammary Abscess, 1
 Constipation, 1
 Vomiting, 1
 Cough, 1
 Headache, 1
 Phlegmon, 1
 134
 JOHN STEPHENSON, M. D.

New Fairs.—By a proclamation from the Governor in Chief, a fair is authorised to be held at NICOLET, in the District of Three Rivers, on the 12th day of September, once in every year, in virtue of the act passed in the last session of the Provincial Parliament.

By a similar proclamation, a fair is authorised to be held at the Village of TERREBONNE, in the District of Montreal, on the third Tuesday of September in each year.

By a third proclamation, a fair is also authorised to be held at FREDERICKSBURG, in the County of Bedford, in the District of Montreal, twice in every year, viz: on the first Wednesday of every month of March and last Wednesday of every month of September.

Fire.—We are exceedingly sorry to have been informed that the out offices of Lieut. Col. De Salaberry, at Chambly, were destroyed by fire on the 19th inst.—the fire was caused by a stove. His dwelling houses were saved with difficulty.

We understand from good authority that the Honorable John Hale succeeds the Honorable John Caldwell as Receiver-General, and Thos. A. Young, Esq. late acting Comptroller of the Customs at the Port of Quebec, enters upon the duties of Inspector General of Accounts in the room of Mr. Hale.

The Honorable Mr. Justice Kerr and the Honorable Matthew Bell have been called to the Legislative Assembly of this Province.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

We have this day (Oct. 21) the pleasure of announcing *officially* the appointment of Sir HOWARD DOUGLASS to the Lieutenant-Governorship of this Province. We say the *pleasure* of announcing it, because it is not merely desirable that we should have that high and responsible situation filled, but it is peculiarly desirable that it should be filled by one of Sir Howard's reputation. From every thing we have heard, both of his private and public character, we have reason to congratulate ourselves and the province at large on his appointment. He is said to be a man of sense and science, to be both disposed and well qualified to plan and carry into effect public improvements. Above all, he is a man who will *think for himself*, which is just the man we want. His habits are domestic. He has a family of nine children, and it is understood that one of his sons will accompany him and act in the capacity of Aid-de-Camp. He has been long advantageously known as an officer in the Royal artillery, and is in high favour with the Royal Family. He served for some time in Canada, and was created a Major General in the year 1821. He is of a Scotch family, and is one of the Baronets of Great Britain connected with Scotland. His father, Sir Charles Douglass, distinguished himself during the American war, and was known to several individuals now in this place. He commanded the Formidable 98 guns, which broke the enemy's line on the famous 1st of June, 1794, under Admiral Earl Howe. Sir Howard was expected to leave England about the 7th of this month, and therefore the probability is, that he is now on his way, and will reach his destination in the course of November.

UPPER CANADA.

York, 11th Nov. 1823.

At half past two o'clock this day, His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, proceeded in his usual state to the Legislative Council Chamber, when being seated on the Throne, and the House of Assembly being present at the bar, was pleased to open the Session with the following SPEECH:—

Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council,

and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

I have much satisfaction in meeting you at a period in which nothing in the situation of Foreign Affairs appears likely to disturb the peace of the United Empire;—when a spirit of contented industry and obedience to the Laws prevail generally among the People of this Colony, and the depression of value in the chief productions of the Country, consequent upon the termination of the War, is gradually diminishing.

On the review of our internal condition, I am sensible that much benefit has attended the wise and temperate manner in which those powers and privileges have been exercised, which are vested by the Constitution in this great Council of the Province:

Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

I have ordered the proper Officer to lay before you the Public Accounts, and the Estimates for the ensuing year; and I rely on your wisdom and just liberality to make such provision as shall be requisite for the proper support of His Majesty's Government.

I am not at present enabled to inform you, in what manner the recent measures of the Imperial Parliament, for the General Regulation of the Colonial Trade, have affected that portion of our Revenue which is collected at the port of Québec; but a change, tending to remove restrictions upon Commerce, may be expected naturally to have produced a result beneficial to our finances. Notwithstanding the economy which you have practised, and to which I have always been desirous to give effect, I regret that the Provincial Treasury is not in a situation that will enable you to afford material aid to the variety of Public Objects which it is desirable to promote; but I trust that at no very distant period, the resources of this Colony, will, without any severe additional burthens on the people, rise so far above the ordinary demands, that it will be in the power of the Legislature to give an effectual impulse to Public Improvement.

Honourable Gentlemen, and Gentlemen,

Since the close of the last Session, the Arbitrators appointed under the General Trade Act, have reported their decision on the Arrears of Revenue due to Upper Canada, from the Sister Colony. The amount awarded has not yet been paid into the Treasury of this Province; but I am assured that no material delay is to be apprehended.

You will doubtless direct your attention to such Provincial Laws as are about to expire; of these, the enactment for regulating our Commercial Intercourse with the United States of America, will appear of most immediate importance, and to require more than ordinary consideration, in order that its provisions may be rendered consistent with the spirit of the Acts which have been recently passed by the Imperial

Parliament, to regulate the Trade of the British Colonies in general and in particular, of His Majesty's North American Provinces.

The cordial intercourse so happily established between the two House of this Legislature, upon a practical discernment of their just constitutional relations, and my past experience of your public spirit, afford me the best assurance, that whatever matters of general interest, I shall find it expedient to bring before you, will be entertained with zeal and attention; and I rely upon the steady continuance of your exertions in pursuit of such objects as may tend, under the favor of Divine Providence, to improve the growing resources of the Country, and to increase and confirm the sound welfare of the People.

Agricultural Report.

FOR NOVEMBER.

THE weather being open at the beginning of the month, Ploughing was continued to the 11th; on the following day the frost set in, and closed the operations of field labour. Although much ploughing has been done, there remained much to do, from the soil being too dry. From the continued frost and snow since the above period, it may be considered the winter has set in, which is to be regretted on account of the length of time that Stock must be fed at the home stead, which will be little short of six months; this should draw the most serious attention of farmers, to husband their fodder, in order to supply their stock with food for such a length of time. Much inconvenience has been experienced for the want of rain this autumn; several mills have been nearly stopped for want of water,—a circumstance seldom witnessed at this season of the year.

The markets have been well furnished with Store Cattle at low prices; many have been bought to stall feed for the spring. The continued low price of the productions of the soil has induced farmers to raise and fat stock; in preference of attending to markets, where there is little or no demand for their produce. The attention which is paid by some enterprising individuals to improve the breed of Horses is deserving of great praise. But the country cannot reap that benefit it has a right to expect, while there is no restriction on persons who allow their stallions to range at large; in the Upper Province a duty of £2 per annum is paid by persons keeping a seed horse; perhaps something of this kind would have the effect to remove the present difficulty, and farmers would get rid of a great nuisance which is but too often attended with unpleasant disputations.

Civil Appointments.

PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,

QUÉBEC, October 22d, 1823.

His Excellency the Governor in Chief, has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz:

Thomas Aylwin, Esquire, Interpreter for the Court of King's Bench and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for the District of Quebec, in the room of C. R. D'Estimauville, Esq. resigned.

George Scott, Esquire, Gauger, at the Port of Saint Johns, in the stead of Bartholomew Tierney.

Jacque Le Blond, Esquire, to be Sergeant at Arms of the House of Assembly, in the room of Mr. Augustus Welling, deceased.

John Hill Roe, gentleman, to practice Physic, Surgery and Midwifery in this Province.

Amable Bochet, gentlemen, a Surveyor of Land, for do. do.

Pierre Bibaud, Esquire, to practice the Law in all His Majesty's Courts of Justice in do. do.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS AT THE PORT OF St. JOHNS,

For the Quarter ending 10th October, 1823.

IMPORTS.

294 Barrels Ashes,	2120 Pounds Snuff,
2718 do Indian Meal,	1105 do Hops,
254 do Pork,	7988½ do Sole Leather,
9 do Tar,	3725½ do Harness Leather,
4 do Beef,	94 do Shavings,
1 do Pitch,	89 do Skirt Leather,
1 do Rosin,	50 do Horse Butts,
28341 Pounds Butter,	2531½ Sides Upper Leather,
28108 do Cheese,	1735 do Horse do.
3000 do Oat Meal,	12 do Grain do.
1100 do Lard,	10 do Bridle do.
245 do Flax,	2 do Bag do.
50 do Wool,	1894 Calf Skins,
44 do Honey,	1693 Sheep do.
3796½ Bushels Apples,	955 Kip do.
220 do Corn,	410 Seal do.
88 do Potatoes,	318 Morocco do.
83 do Oat Meal,	252 Goat do.
33 do Indian Meal,	150 Rabbit do.
29 do Pears,	96 Cat do.
8 do Peaches,	97 Lamb do.
2½ do Plumbs,	20 Squirrel do.
2 do Beets,	7 Russet do.
1 Box Peaches,	4 Hog do.
36 Boxes Spring Water,	2 Bear do.
1000 Buffaloe Robes,	2500 Feet Oak Plank,
940 Raw Hides,	500 do do Timber,
240 Deer Skins,	5000 do Pine do.
53 Otter do.	8 Barrels Dye Wood,
2 Leopard Skins,	20 do Rye Flour,
2 Seal do.	6 do Wheat do.
425 Water Melons,	18 Bushels Pease,
2 Turkeys,	3 do Beans,
£602 : 05 : 10d. Sundries Valued.	10 do Rye,
£57292 : 10 : 00d. in Specie.	586 Head of Cattle,
	457 Hogs,
	57 Sheep,
	42 Horses,
	45 Gallons Spirits of Turpentine.

DUTIABLE ARTICLES.

17027 Pounds Leaf Tobacco,
53126 do Manufactured do.

EXPORTS.

6403½ Bushels Salt,	1040 Minx Skins,
5262 Pounds Dry Cod,	506 Raccoon do.
18 Barrels Shad,	12 Fox do.
17 do Salmon,	50 Martin do.
1 do Herrings,	37 Tons Plaister,
2 Tierces Shad,	484 Gallons Oil,
1 do Salmon,	285 do Rum,
12638½ Pounds Beaver,	15 do Brandy,
100 do Castorum,	3 do Peppermint,
61235 Muskrat Skins,	29 Horses,
12401 Seal do.	£993 : 06 : 0d. Merchandize Valued.
200 Calf do.	£8957 : 10 : 0d. in Specie.

COMMERCE.

RATES OF COMMISSIONS, STORAGE, &c.

RECOMMENDED FOR GENERAL ADOPTION, AND ALLOWED

BY THE MONTREAL COMMITTEE OF TRADE,

(WHEN NO AGREEMENT SUBSISTS TO THE CONTRARY)

Established at a Meeting of the said Committee, 25th Febr'y, 1823.

COMMISSIONS AND AGENCY.

For Selling Consignments, from Ports or places out of the Canada, without guaranties.....	5	per cent.
For Selling Consignments, from Ports or places in the Canadas, without guaranties.....	2½	per cent.
For Del credere or guarantee of Debts.....	2½	per cent.
For Purchasing, Shipping and forwarding Merchandise, to Ports or places out of the Canadas.....	5	per cent.
For Purchasing, Shipping and forwarding Merchandise, to Ports or places in the Canadas.....	2½	per cent.
For Purchasing Bills of Exchange, Stock or Specie, with funds in hand.....	1	per cent.
For Purchasing Bills of Exchange, Stock or Specie, taking reimbursement by Bills or Drafts.....	1½	per cent.
For Endorsing Bills of Exchange.....	2½	per cent.
For collecting uncontested Debts, and remitting the proceeds, without endorsement of Bills.....	2½	per cent.
For Collecting contested Debts, and remitting the proceeds, without endorsement of Bills.....	5	per cent.
For receiving and remitting Bank Dividends.....	1	per cent.
For Selling or Purchasing Vessels.....	2½	per cent.
For Collecting or procuring Freight, and on Ship Dishurements.....	5	per cent.
For Effecting Insurance against loss by fire, on amount of Premiums.....	5	per cent.
For Adjusting Losses occasioned by fire, and remitting the amount recovered from the Insurers.....	2½	per cent.
For Receiving and paying Monies, from which no other commission is derived.....	1	per cent.
For receiving and forwarding Goods from abroad, according to the bulk of each package and trouble attending to it.....	6d. a 2s 6d	per package.

And on the amount of the responsibilities incurred by such agency, 2 1-2 pr. et.

N. B.—The above Commissions to be exclusive of Storage, Brokerage, and every other charge actually incurred, or disbursed.

The risk or loss by fire, unless insurance be ordered, and of robbery, theft, and other unavoidable occurrences, if the usual care be taken to secure the property, is in all cases to be borne by the Proprietor of the Goods.

On Consignments re-shipped or withdrawn, half Commission to be charged.

STORAGE, ETC.

On Wheat,	} First Month, 1d per minot; succeeding months 1-2d per minot. Receiving & delivering 1-2d per minot; Cribbling ea. time 1-2d per. Passing Wheat, &c. through a screen, each time 1d per minot. Turning to prevent heating, each time 6d per 100 Minots. Subject to the same charges as Grain; except Cribbling—each time 1-1-2d per Minot.
Barley, Pease,	
Oats and	
Corn,	
Flaxseed	
Flour and Meal,	First Month, including receiving and delivering, 4d per Barrel;— succeeding months, 3d per barrel.

Hork, Beef, Butter & Lard in barrels,	}	First month, including receiving and delivering, 6d per Barrel;—
Huds. Muscovado Sugar, Tobacco, and similar heavy Goods,		succeeding months, 4d per barrel.
Punchions and Pipes of Liquors,	}	First month, including receiving and delivering, 3s 6d; succeeding months, 1s per package.
Huds. of Liquors,		First month, including, receiving, delivering and gauging, 2s 2d; succeeding months, 8d per hhd.
Qr. casks of Lq.	}	First month, including receiving, delivering and gauging, 1s 1d; succeeding months, 4d per Qr. Cask.
Tierces of Sugar, Rice, &c.		First month, including receiving and delivering, 2s 2d; succeeding months, 8d per Tierce.
Teas,	}	First month, including receiving and delivering, 4d per Chest; succeeding Months, 2d per Chest.
Cordage,		First month, including receiving and delivering, 5s per Ton; succeeding months, 1s 6d per Ton.
Iron & Copper,	}	First month, including receiving, weighing and delivering, 7s 6d per Ton; succeeding months, 2s 6d per Ton.
Salt,		First month, including receiving and delivering, 2d per minot; succeeding months, 1-2d per Minot.
Codfish,	}	For the use of Bags, 4s 2d per 100 Minots.
Bales, Cases, Crates, &c.		First Month, including receiving, weighing and delivering, 6d per Quintal; succeeding months, 2d per Quintal.
Coals—Ground Rent;	}	To be charged in proportion to Casks of their respective dimensions.
		First Month, 1s 6d per Chaldron; succeeding Months, 6d per Chaldron.

N. B.—Every package stored, though it may not remain 24 hours, will be liable to one month's Storage.

On Packages transferred, Storage will be charged to the new Proprietor for one Month at the rate established for first Month; afterwards as succeeding Months.

Storage and Disbursements are to be paid before removal of the Property.

Montreal Prices Current.

PRODUCE OF THE COUNTRY.		IMPORTED GOODS, &c.	
Pot Ashes, -	per cwt. 32 0d a 32 6	Rum Jamaica, -	per gall. 3 0d a 3 2
Pearl Ashes, -	per 32 0 a 32 6	Rum Leewards, -	per 2 6 a 2 8
Fine Flour, -	per bbl. 30 0 2 dull.	Brandy Cognac, -	per 6 6 a 0 0
S. fine. do. -	per 35 0 5	Brandy Spanish, -	per 5 0 a 5 2
Pork, (mess) -	per 75 0 a 80 0	Geneva Holland, -	per 5 3 a 0 9
Pork, (prime) -	per 57 6 a 62 6	Ginera British, -	per 2 4 a 2 6
Beef, (mess) -	per 45 0 2 nomin.	Molasses, -	per 2 4 a 2 6
Beef, (prime) -	per 35 0 5	Port Wine, -	per Pipe, 435 a 50
Wheat, -	per minot. 5 6 0 0	Madeira O. L. P. -	per 36 a 80
Barley, -	per 1 8 a 1 10 2	Teneriffe L. P. -	per 35 a 35 0d
Oats, -	per 1 0 a 1 3	Do. Cargo, -	per 23 a 25 0d
Pease, -	per 2 0 a 2 3	Sugar Muscovado -	per cwt. 45 0d a 55 0d
Oak Timber, -	per cubic ft.	Sugar Loaf, S. fine. -	per lb. 0 9 a 0 1d
White Pine, -	per	Coffee, -	per 1 6 a 1 7
Red Pine, -	per	Tea, Hyson, -	per 6 0 a 6 6
Elm, -	per	Tea, Twankay, -	per 5 6 a 5 9
Ash, -	per	Soap, -	per 0 6 a 0 7 1/2
Staves, standard, -	per 1200	Candles, -	per 0 8 a 0 9
West India, do. -	per		
Whiskey, country manufc. -	2 9 0 9		

Army List.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards, Captain J. P. Sweny to be Major, by purchase, vice Turner, who retires. Lieutenant F. Polhill to be Captain, by purchase, vice Sweny. Both dated 28th Aug. 1823. Cornet R. Heaviside, by purchase, vice Polhill, dated as above; and Lieutenant H. Master, from 40th Foot, vice Stammers, who exchanges, dated 29th Aug. 1823, to be Lieutenants. Gentleman Cadet H. Wilson, from the Royal Military College, vice Heaviside, to be Cornet, by purchase. Dated 28th August, 1823.

12th Regiment of Light Dragoons, Cornet W. Elton to be Lieutenant, without purchase, vice Foster, appointed to the Cape Corps of Cavalry. Dated 28th Aug. 1823.

17th Ditto, Lieutenant G. F. Clarke, from half-pay 8th Light Dragoons, vice F. Curtayne, who exchanges, receiving the difference; dated 29th Aug. 1823; Lieutenant G. Robbins, from half-pay 8th Light Dragoons, vice I. Blake, who exchanges, receiving the difference; dated 30th Aug. 1823; and Lieutenant W. Dungan, from half-pay 10th Light Dragoons (Biding Master) without purchase, to be Lieutenants. Dated 31st Aug. 1823.

Royal Wagon Train, Lieutenant Joseph Macdowall, from half-pay of the Regiment, to be Lieutenant, vice William Smith, who exchanges. Dated Aug. 28, 1823.

2d Regiment of Foot, Lieutenant Henry Waring to be Captain by purchase, vice Power, who retires. Dated as above.

Ensign Godfrey Charles Mundy to be Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Waring. Dated as above.

40th Ditto, Lieutenant A. J. Stammers, from the 1st Dragoon Guards, to be Lieutenant, vice Master, who exchanges. Dated 25th Aug. 1823.

Ensign William Dick Fergusson, from half-pay 60th foot, vice Alfred Shewell, who exchanges, receiving the difference, dated 27th Aug. 1823, and Ensign John Sigismund Gore, from half-pay 82d Foot, paying the difference, vice Bower, appointed to the 61st Foot, dated 28th Aug. 1823, to be Ensigns.

61st Ditto, Ensign Thomas Bowyer Bower, from the 37th Foot, to be Ensign, vice George Charles Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, who retires upon half-pay 82d Foot, receiving the difference. Dated as above.

73d Ditto, Lieutenant J. Reynolds, from half pay Rifle Brigade, to be Lieutenant, vice G. A. Poos, who exchanges. Dated as above.

Ceylon-Regiment, Lieutenant A. Robertson, from half-pay 94th Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice F. Hammond, who exchanges. Dated as above.

Cape Corps (Infantry) Lieutenant F. H. Foster, from the 13th Light Dragoons to be Adjutant and Lieutenant. Dated as above.

42d Regiment of Foot, Major-General Sir G. Murray, G. C. B. from the 72d Foot, to be Colonel, vice General the Earl of Hopatoun, deceased. Dated 6th Sept. 1823.

72d Ditto, Lieutenant-General Sir J. Hope, from the 92d Foot, to be Colonel, vice Sir G. Murray, appointed to the command of the 42d Foot. Dated as above.

92d Ditto, Lieutenant-General A. Duff to be Colonel, vice Sir J. Hope, appointed to the command of the 72d Foot. Dated as above.

Royal Regiment of Artillery. Second Lieutenant J. Dyson to be First Lieutenant; Gentleman Cadet V. Robinson to be Second Lieutenant; First Lieutenant K. F. Slater, from half-pay, to be First Lieutenant. All dated August 11.

Brevet Colonel and Lieutenant Colonel J. Viney, to be Colonel, vice Wright, retired; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel and Major R. S. Brough to be Lieutenant Colonel, vice Viney; Brevet Major and Captain R. Macdonald to be Major, vice Brough; Second Captain T. G. Browne to be Captain, vice Macdonald. All dated Sept. 4.

9th Regiment of Foot, Hospital-Assistant J. Burt to be Assistant-Surgeon, vice Dent, promoted in the 21st Foot. Dated 4th Sept. 1823.

13th Ditto, A. Shaw, Gent. to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Slacke, appointed to the 28th Foot. Dated as above.

15th Ditto, M. K. Atherly, Gent. to be Ensign, by purchase, vice Browne, promoted in the 70th Foot. Dated 25th August, 1823.

Ensign A. Beatty, from half-pay 44th Foot, to be Ensign, vice Atherly, appointed to the 70th Foot. Dated Sept. 4, 1823.

18th Ditto, Brevet Major R. Percival to be Major, without purchase, vice McNeill, deceased; Lieutenant J. Cowper to be Captain, vice Percival; Ensign J. Grattan to be Lieutenant, vice Cowper; Gentleman Cadet E. K. Young, from the Royal Military College, to be Ensign, vice Grattan. All dated as above.

21st Ditto, Assistant-Surgeon W. Dent, from the 9th Foot, to be Surgeon, vice Carey, deceased. Dated as above.

23d Ditto, Lieutenant R. P. Holmes to be Captain, by purchase, vice England, promoted in the 49th Foot; Second Lieutenant E. T. Ellis to be First Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Holmes; W. Le M. Tupper, Gent. to be Second Lieutenant, by purchase, vice Ellis. All dated as above.

28th Ditto, Ensign G. Shawe to be Lieutenant, without purchase; Ensign A. G. Slacke, from the 13th Foot, to be Ensign, vice Shawe; Lieutenant T. Wheeler to be Adjutant, vice Bridgeland, deceased. All dated as above.

32d Ditto, Captain Hon. M. R. Molyneux from half-pay 2d Ceylon Regiment, to be Captain, vice J. Williams, who exchanges, receiving the difference. Dated as above.

33d Ditto, Captain J. P. Correvont, from half-pay 60th Foot, to be Captain, vice H. B. Hall, who exchanges, receiving the difference. Dated as above.

35th Ditto, Captain W. Hay, from the 67th Foot, to be Captain, vice Wilder, removed from the service. Dated as above.

35th Ditto, Lieutenant J. W. Boyes, from the 85th Foot, to be Lieutenant, vice Power, who exchanges. Dated September 4, 1823.

State of the Thermometer,

FOR NOVEMBER.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer.			Winds.	Weather.
	morn.	noon.	even.		
1	48	48	48	E.	Cloudy.
2	48	50	48	N. E.	Clear.
3	46	48	44	E.	do.
4	44	44	44	E.	do.
5	42	44	42	E.	do.
6	40	42	42	N. E.	Rain in the Morn.
7	40	40	40	E.	Clear.
8	40	40	40	N. N. E.	do.
9	38	40	40	N. E.	do.
10	36	38	36	N. E.	Snow.
11	32	32	32	N. E.	Clear.
12	26	28	30	N.	do.
13	30	28	28	N.	Snow with h. wds.
14	20	26	28	N. W.	Snow.
15	38	36	34	W.	Cloudy.
16	24	24	16	N.	Clear.
17	18	22	20	N. E.	do.
18	20	24	18	N. E.	do.
19	30	32	32	N. W.	Cloudy.
20	34	48	40	W.	do.
21	40	42	42	W.	Rain wh. fog in ev.
22	42	34	32	N. W.	Snow in the even.
23	32	32	24	N. E.	Clear.
24	32	32	24	N. E.	do.
25	20	30	24	N. W.	Snow in the even.
26	40	40	40	W.	Cloudy with shrs.
27	38	40	32	N. E.	Rain.
28	30	30	22	E. N. E.	Clear.
29	28	30	30	E. N. E.	do.
30	28	32	28	E.	do.

Births.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Robert Froste, of a daughter.

At Clarke Cottage, Côte St-Antoine, on the 3d inst. Mrs. Simon Clarké of a Son.

On the 20th ult. the lady of Dr. Cowper of Bellville, of a Daughter.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Dr. Andrews of a Daughter.

Marriages.

On Saturday the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Black, Mr. William Robertson, of this place, to Miss Margaret Kerr, late from Ayrshire, Scotland.

At St. John's, on the 15th inst. Wm. Dobie Lindsay, Esq. Comptroller of the Customs of that Port, to Julia, third daughter of the late Doctor Oliva of Quebec.

In this City, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Edward Black, Roderick Matheson, Esq. Paymaster late Glengary Light Infantry, to Miss Mary Fraser Robertson, daughter of Capt. Robertson, of Inverness, Scotland.

At Terrebonne, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. John Bethune, Robert Lester Morrough, Esq. Barrister at Law, to Margaré, daughter of the Hon. Roderick McKenzie, Esq.

At Marlborough, on the 6th inst. by Henry Bürritt, Esq. Mr. R. Brown, to Miss Ellen Norton, of the former place.

On the 15th inst. at 9 o'clock A. M. at the house of Lieut. Col. McKay, Indian Department, by the Rev. Mr. Stevens, Chaplain of the Garrison—Ensign John Alfred O'Gorman, 60th Regt. to Miss Catherine, daughter of the late Alex. McKay, Esq.

At Three-Rivers, on the 10th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Short, James H. Kerr, Esq. to Miss Harriot, youngest daughter of the Rev. Mr. Short.

At St. Catharines, (U. C.) on the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Addison, Mr. Elias Adams, to Miss Merrit, both of Grantham.—Also, Mr. David Camp, of Gainsborough, to Miss Northrop, of Grantham.

At Kirktonfield, on the 15th August, William Morris, Esq. of Perth, (U. C.) to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Cochrane, of the former place.

Obituary.

On the 2d inst. aged 14, William, Son of Mr. Francis Forbes.

At Edinburgh, on the 21st ult. Eliza F. Longmore, daughter of the late George Longmore, Esquire, Medical Staff, Québec.

In this City, on the 19th inst. Marie Aöne Archambault, wife of A. Jobin, Esq. N.P.

In Elizabethtown, on the 5th inst. Mrs. Mary Wilson, of Kingston.

At Kingston, on the 10th inst. Henry, Son of William Maxwell, Esq.

In this City, on the 22d inst. Mr. Robert Wilbycomb, aged 19 years.

In this City, on 31st Oct. Mr. Phineas Bagg, aged 72.

Suddenly, at Three-Rivers, on the 11th inst. much esteemed and generally regretted, Mrs. Marie Josephine Robitaille, wife of R. Kimber, Esq. aged 59 years and 6 months.