

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10x	12x	14x	16x	18x	20x	22x	24x	26x	28x	30x	32x
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>									

Monthly Advertiser.

FEBRUARY, 1832.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE 1st No. of the **WESLEYAN MAGAZINE** for Nova-Scotia and New Brunswick, which was expected to have been issued about the 20th of the present month, is unavoidably delayed for a *short time*, until the arrival of Printing Materials from Boston; immediately after which it will be put to press with all possible expedition.

The above publication will sustain a decidedly religious character—conducted on the most liberal principles, and its selections invariably made with a view to the edification and entertainment of the rising generation in these colonies.

The work will be printed in a neat and handsome style, on fine English paper, and with an entire new type, imported expressly for the purpose. It will be issued for the present in quarterly numbers, at five shillings per annum.

Subscribers' names will be thankfully received by all the Wesleyan Ministers on their respective stations throughout the three Provinces, and at the printing office of Mr. J. S. Cunnabell, Halifax.

Just Published,

And for Sale at the Acadian Recorder Office,

**THE NOVA-SCOTIA CALENDAR, FOR
1832.**

Persons wishing to be supplied, will please forward their orders as early as possible.

Nov. 1831.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale at the Halifax Monthly Magazine Office, and at the Stationery Stores of Messrs. C. H. Bolcher and A. & W. M. Kinlay :

A Pamphlet,

ENTITLED

“An Essay on the Mischievous Tendency of Imprisoning for Debt, and in other Civil Cases. Second Edition, with an Appendix much enlarged.—60 pages, neat duodecimo. Price 1s 6d. Feb. 1832.

J. H. Metzler,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has commenced business in the above line, at the shop (formerly occupied by his brother in law the late Mr. James Walsh,) in Mr. Foreman's yard, opposite the Long Wharf.

All orders entrusted to his care will be punctually attended to, and executed in a neat and workmanlike manner.

↪ Paper Hanging, &c. &c.

6

Feb. 1832.

EDUCATION.

GEORGE THOMSON'S

**English and Commercial Academy, upper side
the Parade,**

IS now open for the instruction of youth of both sexes, in the most useful branches of Education, and on an entire new plan, derived from experience and study, as well as from information received lately from some of the first Teachers of England and Scotland, regarding the different systems of Education; with these and the experience of nine years' teaching in this town, he earnestly hopes to merit a continuation of the public favor.

↪ His Evening School will be opened about the beginning of October; early application and attendance, are necessary and best, particularly for adults, or those whose previous education has not been attended to.

September, 1831.

John G. Leeson,

Hard and soft Bread Baker,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the Baking Business in upper Water street opposite the Tea warehouse; he also returns his grateful acknowledgments for the encouragement already extended to him, and will endeavour, by strict attention and punctuality, to merit a continuance of public favour.

He would also intimate to owners and masters of vessels that flour can be baked into Biscuit, at his bakery, at the shortest notice, and on the most moderate terms. Every order in his line will be thankfully received.

January, 1832.

FREDERICK FREDERICKSON,

CONFECTIONER,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has lately taken the shop, No. 15, Granville-street, nearly opposite Dr. M'Cara's; where he keeps on hand various articles of Confectionery.

Lozenges of all kinds, Cocoa Nuts, Almonds, Fruits, &c. wholesale and retail.

He will in a short time, keep an extensive assortment of Pastry, and other articles, usually kept in his line, except liquors.

From the experience he has had, both in Halifax and the United States, he is enabled to supply his friends with confectionery prepared in a superior manner.

Parties (public or private) supplied at the shortest notice.

October, 1831.

SMITHERS and STUDLEY,

Decorative and General Painters.

RESPECTFULLY inform the inhabitants of Halifax and its vicinity, that they have commenced business in the above line, in all its branches at

No. 67, Barrington-Street, opposite the residence of the Chief Justice,

where orders will be received and executed with neatness and dispatch.

July, 1831.

MATTHEW WALLS,

RESPECTFULLY intimates his intention of giving Lessons to the Ladies and gentlemen of Halifax, on the

IRISH HARP.

His terms are moderate—and from the long practice he has had on that instrument, he feels assured that his method of teaching will give ample satisfaction to his pupils.

He will attend at the houses of his patrons regularly three times a week, on such hours as they may severally appoint. Applications left at his residence, in the house of Mr. W. Hesson, Upper Water-street, will meet with prompt attention.

* * Mr. W. will be ready to attend public and private Evening Parties during the winter. October.

EDWARD HEFFERAN,

Chair Maker,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public at large, for the liberal support he has received since his commencement in business, and begs leave to inform them that he still carries on the above business, in all its branches, at his Shop in Duke-street, next door to Mr. McDougall's.

All orders in his line will be executed in the neatest and most fashionable style.

☞ High and low Rocking Chairs, Children's Chairs, &c. &c.

PAINTING, GLAZING, &c.

Andrew B. Jennings,

BEGS leave to inform his Friends and the Public in general, that he has commenced the above business in all its branches, and hopes by strict attention and assiduity, to merit a share of public patronage.

All orders strictly attended to, and executed with neatness and despatch.

☞ Shop opposite that of William Chaplain's, in the rear of the Acadian school. Sept. 1831.

JOHN FOX,

Hard and Soft Bread Baker,

BEGS leave to tender his best thanks to those who have heretofore favoured him with their custom; and hopes, by punctuality and attention, to merit a continuance of public patronage.

☞ Flour baked into Biscuit for the use of shipping, and other orders in his line attended to, at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms, at his Bakery, in Barrington-street, a few doors north of the Halifax Grammar School. May.

THE HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY 1, 1832.

No. 21.

THE MIND.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

No subject more baffles the ingenuity of the human mind, than an investigation of its own nature. Whoever directs his attention to this subject, will feel a consciousness, that that principle in which his thoughts and actions originate, is something of a vastly different nature from that grosser part with which it is connected, and through whose mediation its intercourse with the external world is conducted. This principle whether it be designated life, soul, or mind, is far above our comprehension. There is in it, nothing which can be rendered palpable to any of the senses, and the external world presents no analogy, or resemblance, which might lead us to a discovery of its nature. If we turn our view upon ourselves, the boundary of our knowledge is, a *consciousness* that we are conscious. The effects of this principle, are the only data, from which our knowledge of its nature is to be derived, and if we reflect upon the difficulty, nay frequent impracticability, of deciding upon those causes which produce the commonest effects of natural science, we may form a feeble, though inadequate idea, of the obstacles to be encountered in tracing effects which are themselves but ideas to a cause, of whose existence these ideas are the only evidence. How absurd then, the speculations of those, who divide a principle so incomprehensible, into an almost infinite variety of the most incongruous parts, and form of a substance immaterial and indivisible, a confused assemblage of contradictory and irreconcilable principles, which cannot operate till the victory of one of the parties establishes a superiority over the others.

Palpably absurd as such a doctrine may abstractedly appear, it is but the amount of those systems of Philosophy, professing to

analyze and investigate the mind, of which **such** numbers have appeared in the world. But it has been reserved for the superior intelligence of the nineteenth century, not **only** to discover the correctness of previous speculations upon the **divisibility** of the mind, but also to determine with accuracy, the **residence** of each of the parts which compose this harmonious whole **of** contrary and irreconcilable principles. The brain phrenologists¹ consider, the encampment of the mental generals, and they **have** piously nominated each to that situation which his nature **seems** to demand; for while such as contribute most to the promotion of virtue are placed in the first file, those which have a contrary tendency are doomed to a situation behind backs. That there may be some stimulus to exertion, nature though she forbids transferences, has not prescribed promotion; and each, according as he exhibits a vigorous and active tendency, receives the reward of merit in an enlargement of domain, and an increased number of subjects.

But dropping the allegorical style, the basis of the system of phrenology, is that the prominence of any particular power in the mind, is indicated by a corresponding development of the brain, and that the nature and degree of these faculties, correspond with the situation and extent of this development. This doctrine, its supporters have endeavoured to prove, by practical illustrations. It is true, that in some instances, the characters of the individuals have corresponded with the conformation of their skulls, and it would be a greater wonder did such coincidences never occur, than that a few individuals should appear to confirm the theory, but ignorance and impudence have united their endeavours to increase this number, and diminish or conceal the cases of failure, And truly, when murder can be the result of a larger development of benevolence, or a continued perseverance in the most outrageous felonies and robberies be consistent with large indications of gentleness and humanity,* it will be difficult to succeed in the demolition of a fortress rendered impregnable by such elastic fortifications.

*These are facts which lately occurred at home, and the perpetrators were examined by the first phrenologists.

It has been previously stated, that we are incapable of forming any accurate conception of mind, but from habitually using in regard to it, terms having a relation to external objects, we acquire an erroneous idea of it in connection with material substances, and hence the absurdity of supposing the developement of the brain in any particular part, to correspond in degree with the prominence of a certain faculty, does not at first sight appear so glaring. It is evidently, however, a misconception arising from the confusion of our ideas of materiality and immateriality, and a false supposition that immaterial substances hold to space the same relation as material.

It seems to have been a favourite foible of philosophers, in all ages, to represent the economy of the mind as almost infinitely complicated; but it is rational to suppose, that where very little is or can be known, that hypothesis which is the least complex and at the same time, perfectly calculated for the solution of moral facts, is the most likely to be true; and in consequence the most worthy of universal reception. That theory which, in my opinion, best answers both these ends, is, that the mind is a principle naturally endowed with aspirations after happiness, and possessing a capacity of reason, which, like a rudder, steers it in all its operations to this end. That self love, selfishness, or a desire for happiness is the principle to which human conduct may be referred, is, I think, abundantly evident from a consideration of the motives in which it originates. The various pursuits which mankind follow in order to obtain a livelihood, are professedly in a great measure selfish, but if we review those minor parts of his character, which are generally considered as instances of his superiority to selfish principle, we shall find that they all bear the impress of the same stamp. Nothing is more natural, than that assertions of this kind should be received with distrust, for the operation of the very principle of which I am speaking, renders us unwilling to admit a fact so derogatory from our cherished fancy of the dignity of human nature, and the prism through which we have always viewed the subject, has obscured or misrepresented, our natural perceptions; but an investigation of a few of the particulars, will probably be sufficient to convince us, that the conclusion is not unwarranted by the premises.

“Where then,” an indignant moral philosopher exclaims, “are our innate sense of right and wrong? Where our benevolent feelings of friendship, charity,” &c. I repeat the question, where are they?

First then a sense of duty: This principle appears to me, to be one of those gratuitous contributions with which philosophical speculators have so unmercifully encumbered the mind. I am not aware that in the doctrines of revelation, any thing is to be found favourable to the supposition of its being an innate principle, and for my part, I cannot reconcile the inconsistency of supposing that we naturally possess a principle capable of suggesting to us that line of conduct which we ought to pursue, with the necessity of a revelation designed to promote the same end; or even with the doctrines of that revelation, some of which are absolute affirmations of the inability of unassisted nature to attain a knowledge of the duties which we ought to perform.

Another circumstance strongly corroborative of the same fact, is, that if a sense of duty were natural to the mind, no education could erase it, or even modify it, to such an extent that the same action should appear to one an indispensable duty, and to another a most detestable crime. Yet what pious mussulman could make it coincide with his sense of duty to denounce Mahomet as an impostor? What real believer in the christian dispensation, could bear without conscientious pangs, the idea of being saddled with half a dozen wives and as many concubines? Who that has been accustomed to European civilization and refinement, but would shudder with horror at the sight of a captive Indian suffering the most excruciating tortures which the ingenuity of his barbarous conquerors could invent?—And yet none of these feelings, but hundreds, and thousands, find it not inconsistent with their innate ideas of right and wrong to indulge. If then we find that conscience is nothing more than the operations of reason modified by education, to say that we are led by a sense of duty to the performance of any action, is nothing more than to affirm, that our reasoning tells us its performance, is essential to our happiness. Nothing can be more paradoxical than to suppose, that a sense of duty ever influences a man to do any action, when the neglect of that action would not have rendered him unhappy.

Let us now trace the origin of one or two of the benevolent principles. First then, Friendship—Who is your friend? Him whom you may manage to please—Could you regard as less than a fool, him who made you professions of friendship, and accompanied these by the remark, that he found no pleasure in your society and conversation? If then friendship points out the attainment of an object, if from this source is to be derived any of that ultimatum of human exertion—happiness, where is the inconsistency of classifying it under the head of selfishness? Next then is Charity—two classes of individuals are in the habit of exemplifying this feeling, those who hope to make it a stepping stone of ambition, and those who are influenced by a sense of duty. Of the latter class sufficient has been said under the head of duty, and no one will dispute the selfishness of the former. Charity presupposes a sacrifice, and the only difference between a charitable man and a miser, consists in a diversity of opinion, whether this sacrifice or its neglect, is most essential to his happiness.

In the same manner might the other benevolent feelings be analyzed, and reduced to one head, but I trust enough has been said to shew how easily such a deduction could be made, and any further investigation would in consequence be as trifling as useless.

A.

[We must enter our protest against some of the misanthropic conclusions of the above ingenious essay.]

THE TEMPER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By a Member in five Parliaments.

IF, not being a Member, you have from time to time attended the debates of the House of Commons; if from the gallery, or the more snug retreats beneath it, you have looked along the narrow and dingy room, with its lounging, whispering, inattentive audience; nay, if you have listened to the best of the orators and the ablest of the reasoners whom the assembly possesses, but in moments when they were not excited to any extraordinary display: and if you have attempted to listen to the common and motley herd of debaters, it is ten to one but that you have formed a very moderate opinion of the talents and knowledge of the Representative body. And yet, supposing accident, interest, or money were to send you to that Assembly as one of its members, it is more than a hundred to one but that, ere you had well been one month old in your seat, you would find your sentiments of

the collective wisdom had undergone an astonishing alteration for the better. Canning was accustomed to say that the taste of the House of Commons was better than that of the individual within it whose taste might be considered the best. Certainly there is an astonishing quickness, delicacy, and in the long run, soundness of judgment in the opinion of the House. As correct taste is the great prevailing character of the assembly, so correct taste is the best qualification for a fair repute that any aspirant can possess. This is unfortunate, perhaps, but it is true. The tone of the House is pre-eminently that of gentlemen, and has the corresponding faults and merits. It shows great favour to inexperience; it shows great indignation at presumption; appearance, manner, chasteness of elocution, grace of expression, have there a greater weight than in any other public assembly in England, (the House of Lords scarcely excepted); and the respect paid to character even without talent, is far more constant and far more courteous than that which talent without character can ever obtain.

You often hear men out of the House say—"Oh, So and So cannot have much weight in Parliament, he declaims too much." Now it is utterly wrong to suppose that the House is averse to declamation. With a full and excited House declamation is incomparably more successful than reasoning; it is only in a thin House, on a question of business, that the correct taste we have referred to revolts instantly at all unnecessary ornament or unseasonable warmth.

"Remember," said an old and highly distinguished member to a young debutant of promise, "the character of the House is this: it is an assembly of men who have seen much; who have read sparingly. Address them not as deep thinkers, not as keen inquirers, not as ingenious speculators, not as ardent politicians; address them as men of the world." And here is one great reason why success in general is the work of years. To please men of the world, you must be a man of the world yourself, and this the young politician from Oxford or his travels must live longer in order to become. Intense study masters all other knowledge, but long experience only gives knowledge of the world.

It is too much the fashion for men out of the House to say—"Great information is sure of success!" Great information, if of the highest and most varied order, requires the nicest, the rarest skill in its management. Nothing the House so little forgives as a display of superiority greater than the occasion demands. Nothing it so despises as refined and new truths; it has a great dislike to philosophy; a great leaning to a bold common-place ingeniously put; to a well graced truism which a man of large information would be too apt to disdain. You are far more easily pardoned for falling below, than for soaring beyond the intellect of the House. When Mrs. Siddons was reading in her finest manner one of the finest passages in Milton to a delighted audience

above, the footman below yawned forth—"What the old woman's at it again!" The feeling, almost the words, of the footman are applied to the man once felt to be too great for ordinary usage. The very perfection of what a statesman's speech *ought* theoretically to be on a great occasion, was Sir James Macintosh's on the second reading of the Reform Bill—luminous, elaborate, thoughtful, but thoroughly ineffective. A series of such speeches, and the cholera morbus would not clear the House more completely.

The favourite tone of parliamentary oratory is essentially conversational: the House has a great love for the extempore, a great abhorrence of the prepared. Yet this is a schoolboy feeling, and a preference of the smart and clever to the profound and legislative. Information deeply hoarded, lucidly arranged, and carefully and logically bodied forth, may not show so much readiness in the speaker as a sharp personal repartee; but it is infinitely more creditable to the talents of the speaker, infinitely more honourable to the character of a deliberative assembly, and above all, infinitely more useful to the country. There is a great feeling in favour of a man who speaks not his own opinions only but that of some particular class. Thus, when Hunt came into the House "the Representative of the unrepresented," there was a decided inclination to hear him, not only as the orator, but also as the organ, of the mob. With a better education and a little more ability, he might have obtained, from that reason, a very remarkable station in the House. But he is vapidness itself. Never was there so miserable a twaddler. Yet from the mere habit of making men laugh; from the mere habit of relieving a grave and dry discussion with a cock-and-a-bull story about the Times newspaper, or his early life, or his wife's maidservant, or his driving about London bridge in a one-horse chaise, he is looked upon as a sort of relief from wisdom; and what is despised as buffoonery is welcomed as change.

One of the most remarkable things that excite the surprise of a new member, is the great difference between a reputation in the House and a reputation out of it. Many men receive the closest attention, nay, the most respectful deference in the House, who have managed to be utterly unappreciated and even obscure in the country. A new member is surprised to hear the compliments lavished on Mr. Baring, the respect paid to Mr. Wynne, the praises accorded to Mr. Atwood. He would be yet more surprised if he heard the speakers for the first time, and before he himself was imbued with the spirit of the house. But it is not the one speech, it is the general character of many speeches that obtain for such members the ear of the House; a knowledge of detail, a shrewd astuteness of reply, a particular tact, or a particular appearance of sincerity—all these often evinced, insensibly create a reputation with which the public, judging only by single speeches, often ill-delivered, and therefore ill reported, are thoroughly unable to sympathise. But the most remarkable

instance of this difference between distinction in Parliament and celebrity in the country, is Sir Robert Peel. Indubitably and confessedly no man so thoroughly mould and plays with the house. He rises—every one is hushed. He begins “Mr. Speaker,” and in his first sentence you perceive you are surrendering your attention to a master among the rulers. And, in truth, it is scarcely possible to conceive so finished, so consummate a debater. His elocution is incomparably clear and distinct; his tones of persuasion, of candid avowal, or serious expostulation, would be surprisingly effective even on the stage. His method of reply, his art of winding into the weak parts of his adversary’s argument, of bringing detail to work against a principle, and a principle against a detail; his habit of stating a truth on which he affects to ground his case, and then of spinning from the truth the most disguised, the most ingenious of sophisms, are all the very perfection of parliamentary adroitness, and out of parliament could never have been acquired. And Peel is one of the few men in the House of Commons who have taken great pains with themselves. If not all, at least most of what you admire in him is the result of amazing practice and earnest study. His action, his tone of voice, his smile, the wave of his hand, are as thoroughly the fruit of preparation as those of any actor even in France, where acting is a science as well as an art. He is never theatrical but always dramatic. He is to the House what Young is to the Stage!

We have implied that few members of the House take much pains with the arts of their profession. The fact is, that partly from the conversational tone of the House, partly from the dread of ridicule, partly from the fact that the generality of speakers have entered the House too old for study, men commonly content themselves with expressing opinions in what they think the plainest, which in reality is often the most slovenly, manner; they speak rather for their constituents than for fame. Then, too, how great an obstacle to improvement is the common gift of fluency? Persons of a certain station in life, and a certain age, and a certain knowledge of their subject, are seldom at a loss for mere words. Thus every one in the House is fluent, and that is the reason why many never care to be more than fluent. They find they express their sentiments without embarrassment, and think therefore they cannot be better expressed.

Every day there are complaints of unfairness in reporting, and certainly there is all the difference in the world between a speech as reported and a speech as read; yet, on the whole, it is rather, in general, the fault of the speaker than the reporter—very few indeed are the voices which distinctly reach the benches of the gallery. It requires great slowness of speech, great distinctness of enunciation, great practice in the management of the voice, to force the sound into the remote corners of a room peculiarly ill-constructed for hearing though not extensive in itself. Thus, it is nearly always the oldest speakers who speak most distinctly.—

Young members, however strong or musical their natural voices, are seldom perfectly articulate in the galleries. Every one has observed the peculiar twang of the old members, the raising of the voice very sharply and jerkingly at the last words of a sentence. That fault, unmusical when near, is incurred in order to prevent the greater fault of being unheard at a distance. The tendency of most young speakers is to drop the voice towards the end of a period : the reporter hears the beginning, and is at a loss for the termination.

Some men are celebrated as orators. There is a humbler ambition—some men are distinguished as cheerers. There was one gentleman in the early part of the last Sessions whose cheer was something ineffable ; he was a Tory, and his house had suffered, we believe, by a mob in the late election. The ebullition of his aristocratic indignation, denied egress in language, rushed into the most prolonged, the most sonorous, the most unseasonable of human cheers. You traced the bricklayer's bill in every one of them.

It is in Opposition that men cheer ; a Ministerial majority are singularly cold. Speeches that would rouse the ex-party to thunder, fall in a numbing silence on the ears of the party that are in. On the Ministerial side, moreover, every one looks on his neighbour as a rival for Ministerial favours ; he is, therefore, by no means charmed with the oratorical displays that he considers made at his own expense. A party in opposition are at least free from these petty jealousies and individual rivalships, and a name is therefore much easier made amongst the benches to the left of the Speaker, than these to the right. " But commend me," we remember hearing Fox once say—" Commend me to the cheer of an Irish member !" And certainly there is a generous warmth, a hearty self-abandonment, an exhilarating honesty in the Irish cheer, that is easily distinguishable from the cold, half-choked, half-whispered ejaculation of the Englishman,

The Irishman, too, is more alive to the merits, and more indulgent to the faults, of the young speaker. Let the maiden orator count those who come up smilingly to shake hands, and say something kind of his first attempt, and we will wager he will find two Irish to one English man. We have often observed, especially for the last few years, how much louder the applauses—how much keener the enthusiasm—how much broader, too, be it said, in justice, are the principles—how much more heartfelt seems the language on Monday nights, when Irish questions are commonly discussed, and the House is pretty thin of English members, than on any other nights in the week. In fact, the Irishman always throws his heart into whatever he attempts ; and now-a-days, when intelligence is growing a matter of easy acquirement, energy to execute will become a more rare quality than intellect to devise. " In our times," said the great Frederick, " ignorance does more

mischief than vice." In our times, it is not so much ignorance as indifference.

It is not often that men of literary merit succeed in the House, and one reason is that they are commonly too fastidious. They who have been studying the niceties of language all their lives, dislike to rush into the bold current of extemporaneous speaking—of incurring the half-finished sentence—the confused grammar—the bald English, into which even the best of Parliamentary debaters are often driven. Another cause of their want of success is, that they are often too refined in their reasonings. An experienced orator, who desires a cheer at some particular moment, will plunge voluntarily into some popular common-place, which in his heart he despises, in order to obtain it. It is seldom that the philosophical, fastidious, contemplative man of letters descends to these arts; seldom that you hear from him about “the corrupt Boroughmongers” on the one hand, or “the downfall of our sacred institutions” on the other. But these are minor obstacles to success, which a little resolution and a little versatility easily overcome. The greatest obstacle the man of letters has to contend with, is too great a susceptibility to failure. “Is not that a great speech?” said a member to Charles Fox, of the present Lord D’s maiden effort—“Yes,” answered Fox; “but before I judge of the speaker, I must see him fail.”

And literary men, above all others, are apt to become disgusted with a career which involves necessarily so many stumbles. One gives it up in despondency, another in disdain; a third is stifled by a sneer, and a fourth is rendered for ever dumb by a complimentary exposition of a blunder. Literary men, too, have an arch enemy to encounter in their own reputation—a great deal is expected from them on their first *debut*. Now, every one who knows any thing of public speaking, knows that, of all talents, it is the one which requires the most study and the longest practice. With exceptions so few that they may be dismissed at once, no orators permanently great, are great at the beginning. Few literary men have had any previous practice, when they enter the House; the thousand tricks and mysteries of oratory are utterly unknown to them; they make what would have been an excellent speech in an unknown member, but which, perhaps, from a mere diffidence, a mere want of address in delivery, is considered a failure for them; and that failure, perhaps, which ought to excite their energy, only induces their despair. It is a common thing to say, “Men find their level in the House.” It is an unjust observation; the mind does not always find its level—the tongue does. There is a great difference between the two.

Yet, on the whole, though any very clever man may fail repeatedly, if he have but the hardness of mind to persevere, he is *sure* of success at last: there is scarcely an instance to the contrary. A happy fact happily stated—a broad view—a noble sentiment—even a felicitous expression, will suddenly redeem a series of fail-

ures, and chain the House into attention; and with men of real talent and determined courage, though one opportunity may be lost, many opportunities never are. The misfortune is, that great genius and great hardness of mind are not so commonly united as they ought to be.

There is a very remarkable feature, and a very encouraging characteristic of the House of Commons—*one* speech will make a reputation—*one* failure will never lose it. It requires at least six failures to obliterate the impression of one success. The worst speeches in taste, tact, temper, and even common sense, ever made in the House, were some of Brougham's.

Of all literary men, the one who has the most thoroughly triumphed over every obstacle is Mr. Macaulay. With his great reputation,—entering the House in a signal manner, as a marked and chosen champion of a party, so much was expected from him that nothing was forgiven. His first speeches were, it is true, cheered and praised at the moment, but they were cavilled at the next day. Some called them essays, others declamations. Now they were mere words, and now they were too elaborate in matter. It is only within the last few months, only from his speeches on Reform, that he has fairly battled his way to a reluctant admission to the high and proud eminence his brilliant genius—his profound and various knowledge—his grasp of mind—his generous and noble views—his broad, practical vigour of common sense demanded from the first. But then, Mr. Macaulay was more than the literary man, he was a thoroughly-practised and a long-experienced orator before he entered the House.

The common characteristic—and strange as it may seem to those unacquainted with the tone of the House, the great drawback to the effect they produce—of men who both write and speak, is too good a choice of words. It gives the mob of the House the excuse, eagerly grasped at, of talking of pedantry and premeditation. So with the Lord Advocate—his last speech was thought the result of at least a month's written labour. Those intimate with that distinguished man, know that he never so laboured at any speech in his life. He could get up after dinner, and "speak off" an essay, not only with the same classical language, but in the same logical arrangement that the file and the foul copy alone give to minds of a slower order. His first failure the Lord Advocate has now redeemed: the reason is, that his first failure was *an essay*—his last success was a *speech*.

I could say a great deal about Shiel. He has it in his power to be a magnificent orator—to be more, a most effective member; but he must sternly dismiss his present style, there is not one occasion in fifty in which it suits the House of Commons. Declamation succeeds—declamation of the stern order, the vehement order, the passionate order—but never the florid order. The man who could compose the speech, spoken at Peneden Heath, has

in him the real and solid elements of greatness. Let him only do justice to himself?

Of all species of oratory that of conciliation is the most successful in the long run. In the excitement of party, the violent speaker may be enthusiastically welcomed for the moment: but every cheer he receives is often a seal on the fate of his permanent reputation. The epithet "statesman-like" is generally applied to the moderate tone. The House never long forgets that it is an assembly of men accustomed to good-breeding; and courtesy wins its way to favour in that public circle no less than it would do in a private. Had Brougham been the leader of the House of Commons, instead of Lord Althorpe, the Reform Bill would have been at least six weeks longer in the Committee. To be sure; every night there would have been much finer speaking: there would have been "bitter words, Master Shallow;" much excellent invective and crushing irony; and the Reformers would have gone to bed in higher spirits; and the newspapers next day would have been full of eulogy on "Mr. Brougham's most cutting attack." But when the Bill again went into the Committee, the Anti-Reformers would have flocked down with new amendments, new retorts, new speeches, new delays. They could easily have been stung into the most vexatious opposition by a great orator. They were literally shamed into discretion by a mild and good-tempered man of sense. This is what out of the House can scarcely be understood, but it is very easy of comprehension to any experienced member in it. This spirit of conciliation, this rhetoric of temper, was eminently possessed by Lord Castlereagh. It was by this, despite his bad reasoning and bad grammar, that he governed his assembly, and was confessedly one of the adroitest and most admirable leaders that the House ever knew. Thus the talent of leading, is one in which the Country can never sympathise with the House. The outward and visible signs of sense, knowledge and eloquence are what the Country can alone judge its representatives by. The fine, subtle, almost imperceptible arts of guiding the House and harmonizing a party, are only for the House and for a party to appreciate. This is one main reason why the House and the Country are so often at variance respecting the degree of consideration to be paid to individual members. Few great orators make great leaders. The art of eloquence, so invaluable in attack, is often dangerous in defence. In opposition, the art is to expose your antagonist: in office, the danger is least you expose yourself.

The life of the regular House of Commons man is not a bed of roses. It is scarcely possible, at the first sight, to conceive any existence more wearisome. At half past three he goes down to prayers; he takes his seat among cold, and desolate benches; petitions come on; long unseasonable speeches ensue; then, perhaps, the question is hunted down into the corner of a detail, where it is worried, mouthed, mumbled for three or four hours, and fi-

nally escapes, at last, to be hunted again at the next convenient opportunity. At seven, perhaps, our assiduous senator escapes up stairs to a plate of cold meat and a glass of brandy and water : and in half an hour afterwards he is fairly re-seated till two, nay three o'clock in the morning. And perhaps this laborious gentleman never speaks himself ; has no particular interest in the subjects discussed ; has no ambition to gratify ; no purpose to answer. Perhaps for him all the pleasure and luxuries of life await ; cheerful society, music, books, wine, love, all that riches can purchase and youth enjoy. What induces the choice he has preferred ? Heaven only knows ! And yet the more wearisome a pursuit at the beginning, the more seductive it often becomes at the end. Business grows upon men more than pleasure : only, indeed, to men who do not enter into it themselves, the daily work of the House of Commons is scarcely business : —“totius negotii caput ac fontem ignorant.” But it may be observed, that of all pursuits, those which lead to public speaking generally engross and tyrannize over the mind the most. At the Universities, the members of a speaking club rarely think of any thing else but the club. On the stage how invariably actors herd together ; how invariably their conversation turns on the art and its professors. So in regard to the House. A party of members, met at dinner, fly at once to that “interesting debate” —“Mr. Stanley,” “Sir Charles Wetherell,” “the sugar refineries,” and the indomitable “Bill.” This it is that makes the society of members dull to the gay world, and insipid to women in particular. Few ladies, however ambitious in general, long preserve much sympathy with the parliamentary ambition of their husbands. And here is a marked difference between the French and the English woman. The rewards which social distinction bestows in France are much more gratifying than those which it can grant in England ; yet in France, women value public reputation and political honours much higher than the honours of the *salon* ; and it would be well for England if here it were the same.

Talking of France, perhaps there is no instance in which the different character of the two nations is more manifest than in the National Assemblies. The French people, only lately aroused to deep thought, love to indulge in broad, grand, general truths. The attention of the English, turned by their National Debt and their enormous taxation to matters of practical business, is but coldly inclined to the nobler and larger truths, and fastens at once upon the minutiae of arithmetic and the petty utilities of detail. Madame de Stael observes rather profoundly, (we think in *L'Allemagne*,) that one cause of the excesses in the French Revolution, was the admission of strangers into the Deliberative Assembly. At first the orators, for the sake of effect, sacrificed truths to words. Whatever was most violent soon grew most showy, and then the orators sacrificed men instead of truths. In England this terrible effect of vanity could never occur.--

Through *their* representatives, the reporters, the whole people of England are looking on the debates in the House of Commons ; and not one man in ten, when he speaks, ever thinks about the reporters at all. It is curious to note how seldom the eye of the orator turns to the galleries ; and Colonel Sibthorpe and Mr. Hunt seem the only persons keenly alive to the desire that full justice the next morning may be done to their eloquence and wisdom at night.

It was a deep and true remark said to have been made by one of the most distinguished of living orators, that " The House of Commons, so faulty a representation of the *opinions*, would never have endured so long, if it had not represented so faithfully the *character* of the English people ! " And this has, at certain periods of history, made it what Lord John Russell has called it in his last work, (erroneously, without doubt, if he intended it generally to apply,) viz. " an *admirable* assembly." Happy will be that day when *both* the opinions and character are reflected in the national councils ! Perhaps, when that time shall arrive, and when the difficulties of our financial system shall no longer incumber and fritter down the genius of a profound and wise people, the more magnificent and enlarged of human truths may obtain that due and warm reception denied them at present. Statesmen may arise, who will at first meet with the impatience, but will finally chain the hearts, of their audience. The science of legislation may succeed to the arts of debate ; and what is now clever may then be wise !

And what effect will Reform—Reform delayed only to be more certain than ever—produce on the *temper* of the House of Commons ? What will be the *manners* of the Parliament of 1835 ? Its main features, in this respect, will always continue the same : always at least, while the country itself continues great and flourishing. As was remarked by Mr. Edward Bulwer in answer to that cant assertion that the people will choose their representatives from the lower orders—" 'The Roman people,' said Machiavel ; ' obtained the right to choose Plebians and they choose Patricians ; ' and this," added Mr. Bulwer, " must always be the case so long as mankind feel a respect for those greatly above them, but a jealousy for those only a *little* elevated beyond themselves ! The assembly will always (always, even if the monarchy of England were changed to a Republic,)—always, so long as the commerce of England overflows the world, and its arts, its sciences, its wealth endure, be an assembly of men of education and birth. It will be characterised by the same courtesy of demeanour, the same correctness of taste, the same aristocratic manners, but not the same aristocratic principles. The people will choose their representatives from the higher or wealthier order ; but they will *make* those representatives express popular opinions. They will demand that their oracles should be heard ; but in

order to give them the greater solemnity and the more effectual voice, they will suffer those oracles, as at Dodona, to be uttered from the loftiest trees ?

New Monthly Mag.

A SUMP.

From Noctes Ambrosiani. Blackwood's Magazine.

Tickler. James, what is a sumph ?

Shepherd. A Sumph, Timothy, is a chiel to whom Natur has denied ony considerable share o' understaunin', without hae'n chose to make him just altogether an indisputable idiot.

North. Hem ! I've got a nasty cold.

Shepherd. His puir parents haena the comfort o' being able, without frequent misgivings, to consider him a natural-born fule, for you see he can be taucht the letters o' the alphabet, and even to read wee bits o' short words, no in write but in prent, sae that he may in a limited sense be even something o' a scholar.

North. A booby of promise.

Shepherd. Just sae, sir—I've ken't sumphs no that ill spellers. But then, you see, sir, about some sax or seven years auld, the mind of the sumphie is seen to be stationary, and generally about twal it begins slawly to retrograwd—sae that at about twenty, and at that age, if you please, sir, we shall consider him, he has vera little mair sense nor a sooken' babby.

North. Tickler—eyes right—attend to the Shepherd.

Shepherd. Nevertheless, he is in possession o' knowledge ayont the reach o' Betty Foy's son and heir, so rationally celebrated by Mr Wudsworth in his Excursion—

Kensun frae moon, cock frae hen, and richt weel man frae woman ; for it is a curious fact, that your sumph is as amatory as Solomon himsell, and ye generally find him married and standin' at the door of his house like a schoolmaster.

North. Like a schoolmaster—How ?

Shepherd. The green before his house ovrflows wi' weans, a' his ain progeny ; and his wife, a comley body, wi' twins on her breast, is aiblins, with a pleased face, seen smiling over his shoulder.

Sumphs are aye fattish—wi' roon' legs like women—generally wi' red and white complexions—though I've kent them black-aviced, and no ill-lookin', were it no for a want o' something you canna at first sicht weel tell what, till you find by degrees that it's a want o' every thing—a want o' expression, a want o' air, a want o' manner, a want o' smeddum, a want o' vigour, a want o' sense, a want o' feelin'—in short a want o' sowle—a deficit which nae painstakin' in education can ever supply—and then, oholoos ! but they're doure, doure, doure—obstinater than either pigs or cuddies, and waur to drive along the high road o' life. For, by

tyin' a string to the hint leg o' a grumphy, and keepin' jerk jerkin' him back, you can wile him forrits by fits and starts, and the maist contumacious cuddy you can transplant at last, by pour, pourin' upon his hurdies the oil o' hazel; but neither by prigin' nor prayin', by reason nor by rung, when the fit's on him, frae his position may mortal man howp to move a sumph.

North. Too true. I can answer for the animal.

Shepherd. Sometimes he'll staun for hours in the rain, though he has gotton the rheumatics, rather than come into the house, just because his wife has sent out ane o' the weans to ca' in its father at a sulky junctuary—and in the tantrums he'll pretend no to hear the dinner-bell, though ever so hungry; and if a country squire, which he often is, hides himself somewhere among the shrubs in the policy.

North. Covering himself with laurel.

Shepherd. Then, oh! but the sumph is selfish—selfish. What a rage he flees intil at beggars! His charity never gans farther than sayin' he's sorry he happens no to hae a baubee in his pocket. When ane o' his weans at tea time asks for a lump o' sugar, he either refuses it, or selects the weeist bit in the bowl—but takes care to steal a gey big piece for himsell, for he is awfu' fond o' sweet things, and dooks his butter and bread deep into the carvey. He is often in the press——

North. What! an author?

Shepherd. In the dining-room press, stealin' jam, and aften lickin' wi' his tongue the thin paper on the taps o' jeely cans—and sometimes observed by the lad or lass comin' in to mend the fire, in a great hurry secretin' tarts in the pooches o' his breeks, or leavin' them in his alarm o' detection half-eaten on the shelve, and ready to accuse the mice o' the robbery.

North. What are his politics?

Shepherd. You surely needna ask that, sir. He belongs to the Cheese-paring and Candle-end Saveal School—is a follower o' Josey Hume—and's aye ready to vote for retrenchment.

North. His religion?

Shepherd. Consists solely in fear o' the deevil, whom in childhood the sumph saw in a woodcut—and never since went to bed without prayen, to escape a charge o' hornin'.

North. Is all this, James, a description of an individual, or of a genus?

Shepherd. A genus, I jalouse, is but a generic name for a number o' individuals having in common certain characteristics; so that, describe the genus and you hae before you the individual; describe the individual and behold the genus. True that there's nae genus consisting but o' ae individual—but the reason o' that is that there never was an individual stannin' in nature exclusively by himself—if there was, then he would undoubtedly be likewise his ain genus. And, pray why not?

Tickler. What is the meaning of all this both eration about sumphs?

Shepherd. Botheration about sumphis! In answer to some stuff of Southside's, I said he spoke like a sumph. Mr. Tickler then asked me to describe a sumph—and this sketch is at his service. 'Tis the merest outline; but I have pented him to the life in a novelle. Soon as the Reform Bill is scenally settled, Mr. Blackwood is to publish, in three volumes, "The Sumph; by the Shepherd." He'll hae a prodigious rin.

North. Cut out Clifford.

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
 Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
 Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
 "I am content to die—but, oh! not now!--
 Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
 Make the warm air such luxury to breathe—
 Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing--
 Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreath,
 Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow—
 I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripened into summer-time;
 The season's viewless boundary is past;
 The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime;
 Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
 "Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
 With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
 Not while the murmur of the mountain-bee
 Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
 Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow--
 I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

Summer is gone; and autumn's soberer hues
 Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;—
 The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
 Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
 "Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
 On the broad meadows and the quiet stream,
 To watch in silence while the evening rays
 Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
 Cooler the breezes play around my brow—
 I am content to die—but, oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers far and near
 Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
 Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
 Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound;
 Yet still that prayer ascends. "Oh! laughingly
 My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd;
 Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
 And the roofrings with voices light and loud:
 Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
 I am content to die—but oh! not now!"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring !
 Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread ;
 The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing :—
 The child of earth is numbered with the dead !
 “ Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
 Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane ;
 The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
 Nor fond familiar voice arouse again !
 Death’s silent shadow veils thy darkened brow—
 Why didst thou linger ?—thou art happier now !”

STORMING OF BADAJOZ.

THE peninsular war will always present matter of interesting reflection to the politician as well as to the soldier. It forms, in all its features, a most wonderful history ; and posterity appears likely to have the benefit of most ample expositions of its causes and details presented to their observation in every variety of light and shadow. The Marquis of Londonderry, Colonel Napier, and other distinguished actors in the glorious scenes, have given to the public volumes, which are valuable, at once, as chronicles of important facts, and as commentaries on the motives of the principal agents. The volumes before us are of less pretending character. They throw light, it is true, on occurrences that are now matter of history ; but they recommend themselves to our sympathies, chiefly, as the record of wonderful adventures and vicissitudes. The storming of Badajoz has often been described, but it has never been our fate to meet with so vivid a description of the horrors of that scene as Captain Cooke has given in the following passage :—

The garrison of Badajoz fired every morning, for a few days previously to the grand assault, a certain number of rounds, as if for practice, and to measure the ground.

The first order for storming the breaches, fixed it to take place on the 5th of April. I was informed that my turn for trench duty fell on that evening, because the officer just preceding me was out of the way. I resolved to play a like trick, and for a like reason, namely, not to miss the assault. I therefore got a friend to persuade the Adjutant to allow that the men should march off without me, promising to follow. This anecdote I relate, because the curious circumstance that it led to.

When I was quite certain that the assault was not to take place that night, I mounted my horse, and, riding to the entrance of the first parallel, I gave the animal to my batman, and proceeded on foot. I had just crossed the trench, and got into a field, taking a short cut, when I observed two figures making towards me. There was not any firing ; a solemn silence reigned around. Coming up at a half run, I put my hand to my sword, for the night was clear, and I saw they were not soldiers ; they soon

closed on me, demanding boldly, and in Spanish, the way out of the trenches : I pointed out the road to them, but, an instant after, suspected they were not Spaniards, but spies. I noticed they kept their hands behind them, and I thought it also very civil of them not to fire, for I am confident they were well armed. "*Buenas noches, Senor,*" said they, and hastily retired. When I reached the great battery, and found every body in it asleep, I thought the place bewitched. This was my last trip to the trenches. Thirteen times I visited them during the siege.

A long order was issued relative to the positions the troops were to occupy. On the 6th of April, the day was fine, and all the soldiers in good spirits, cleaning themselves as if for review. About two o'clock, I saw Lieutenant Harvest of our regiment ; he was sucking an orange, and walking on a rising ground, alone and very thoughtful. It gave me pain, as I knew he was to lead the "forlorn hope." He observed, " my mind is made up ; I am sure to be killed."

At half-past eight o'clock that night the ranks were formed, and the roll called in an under-tone. Lieutenant Colonel M'Leod spoke long and earnestly to the regiment before it joined the division, expressing the utmost confidence in the result of the attack, and finished by repeating, that he left it to the honour of all persons to preserve discipline, and not to commit any cruelty on the defenceless inhabitants of the town.

The division drew up in the most profound silence behind the large quarry, three hundred yards from the *three* breaches, made in the bastions of La Trinidad, and Santa Maria. A small stream separated us from the fourth division. Suddenly, a voice was heard from that direction, giving orders about ladders, so loud, that it might be heard by the enemy on the ramparts. It was the only voice that broke on the stillness of the moment ; every body was indignant, and Colonel M'Leod sent an officer to say that he would report the circumstance to the General-in-Chief. I looked up the side of the quarry, fully expecting to see the enemy come forth, and derange the plan of attack. It was at half-past nine this happened, but, at a quarter before ten, the ill-timed noise ceased, and nothing could be heard but the loud croaking of the frogs.

At ten a carcass was thrown from the town ; this was a most beautiful fire work, and illuminated the ground for many hundred yards ; two or three fire-balls followed, and, falling in different directions, shewed a bright light, and remained burning. The stillness that followed was the prelude to one of the strangest scenes that the imagination of man can conceive.

Soon after ten o'clock, a little whispering announced that "the forlorn hope" were stealing forward, followed by the storming parties, composed of three hundred men, (one hundred from each British regiment of our division ;) in two minutes the division

followed. One musket shot, *no more* was fired near the breaches by a French soldier, who was on the look out. We gained ground leisurely—but silently ; there were no obstacles. The 52nd, 43rd, and part of the rifle corps, closed gradually up to column of quarter distance, left in front ; all was hushed, and the town lay buried in gloom ; the ladders were placed on the edge of the ditch, when suddenly an explosion took place at the foot of the breaches, and a burst of light disclosed the whole scene :—the earth seemed to rock under us :—what a sight ! The ramparts crowded with the enemy--the French soldiers standing on the parapets--the fourth division advancing rapidly in column of companies on a quarter circle to our right, while the short-lived glare from the barrels of powder and combustibles flying into the air, gave to friends and foes a look as if both bodies of troops were laughing at each other.

A tremendous fire now opened on us, and for an instant we were stationary ; but the troops were no *ways* daunted. The only three ladders were placed down the scarp to descend into the ditch, and were found exactly opposite the centre breach, and the whole division rushed to the assault with amazing resolution. There was no check. The soldiers flew down the ladders, and the cheering from both sides was loud and full of confidence.

While descending the ladders into the ditch, furious blows were exchanged amongst the troops in their eagerness to get forward : at the same time grape-shot and musketry tore open their ranks. The first officer I happened to see down was Capt. Fergusson, who had led on our storming-party here, and at Rodrigo ; he was lying to the right of the ladders, with a wound on the head, and holding a bloody handkerchief in his grasp. I snatched it out of his hand, and tied it round his head. The French were then landing over the fire-balls, which produced a sort of revolving light. The ditch was very wide, and when I arrived at the foot of the centre breach, eighty or ninety men were formed. One cried out, "Who will lead?" This was the work of a moment. Death, and the most dreadful sounds and cries encompassed us. It was a volcano ! Up we went ; some killed, and others impaled on the bayonets of their own comrades, or hurled headlong amongst the outrageous crowd.

The *chevaux de frise* looked like innumerable bayonets. When within a yard of the top, I fell from a blow that deprived me of sensation. I only recollect feeling a soldier pulling me out of the water, where so many men were drowned. I lost my cap, but still held my sword. On recovering, I looked towards the breach. It was shining and empty ! fire balls were in plenty, and the French troops standing upon the walls, taunting, and inviting our men to come up and try it again.

Colonel M'Leod was killed while trying to force the left corner of the large breach. He received his mortal wound within three yards of the enemy, just at the bottom of some nine-foot planks

studded with nails, and hanging down the breach from under the *chevaux-de-frise*.

At half-past eleven the firing slackened, and the French detached soldiers from the breaches to repulse the other attacks, and to endeavour to retake the castle. I heard the enemy calling out on the ramparts in German, "All is well in Badajoz,"

The British soldiers did as much as *men could do*. The wood-work of the *chevaux-de-frise* was ponderous, bristling with short stout sword-blades fastened in it, and chained together. It was an obstacle not to be removed, and the French soldiers stood close to it, killing deliberately every man who approached it. The large breach was at one time crowded with our brave troops; I mean the fourth division, the heroes of many hard-fought victories and bloody fields. The light division had recently been crowned with victory; but to remove such obstacles was impracticable by living bodies, pushing against them up a steep breach, and sinking to the knees every step in rubbish, while a fearless enemy stood behind pushing down fragments of masonry and live shells, and firing bullets, fixed on the top of pieces of wood, the side of which were indented with seven or eight *back shot*.

Generals Picton, Colville, Kempt, Bowes, Harvey, Walker, Champlemond, and almost every officer commanding regiments, besides more than three hundred officers, and between four and five thousand gallant veteran soldiers fell around these walls.

The left breach had not been attempted at all until a quarter before twelve o'clock, when Captain Shaw of our regiment, collecting about seventy men of different regiments, and with great difficulty, after such slaughter for two hours, made a desperate effort to gain the top; but when half way up, as if by enchantment, he stood alone. Two rounds of grape and the musketry prevented any more trouble, for almost the whole of the party lay stretched in various attitudes.

Captain Nichols, of the Engineers, was of the number; he now shewed great courage; and when asked by Shaw, if he would try the left breach, answered he would do any thing to succeed. A grape shot went through his lungs, and he died three days after.

This attack was very daring. It was a forlorn hope, under accumulated dangers; almost all the troops had retired, and, a few moments before, a great alarm was excited by a cry from the heaps of wounded, that the French were descending into the ditch. To exaggerate the picture of this sanguinary strife is impossible:—the small groups of soldiers seeking shelter from the cart wheels, pieces of timber, fire-balls, and other missiles hurled down upon them; the wounded crawling past the fire balls, many of them scorched and perfectly black, and covered with mud, from having fallen into the *lunette*, where three hundred soldiers were suffocated or drowned; and all this time the French on the top of the parapets, jeering and cracking their jokes, and deliberately pick-

ing off whom they chose. The troops lining the glacis could not fire sufficiently, as they were terribly exposed, and could scarcely live from the cross fire of grape-shot.

Colonel Barnard did all in his power to concentrate the different attacks. It was in vain; the difficulties were too great. But Badajoz was not the grave of the light division's valour, nor of the fourth division's either.

Philippon, the governor, a *Frenchman*, and our enemy, gave the full particulars of this affair to a friend of mine, while travelling in England; he said that he thought the great explosion would have finished the business, but he was astonished at the resolution of the British troops, who, he said, were fine fellows, and deserved a better fate.

The single musket-shot, fired just as the "forlorn hope" descended the ditch, was a signal of their approach, which shews how determined the French were to have a good blow-up, for not a ball was fired before the explosion. The efforts of the garrison to preserve the place did them much honour. Philippon was determined not to do as the Governor of Ciudad Rodrigo had done. Had not the Earl of Wellington planned the two extreme attacks by escalade, on the castle, by the third division, and on the south side of the town by part of the fifth division, and on the Fort Pardalarias by the Portuguese, the result might have been very serious. The Duke of Dalmatia was within a few leagues, and opposite, Generals Hill and Graham. The Duke of Ragusa had pushed his advanced dragoons as far as the Bridge of Boats at Villa Velha, and at length got entangled in the labyrinths of Portugal. I have heard and read of sitting down before a town, opening trenches, blowing up the counterscarp, and all according to rule; but this was a crisis, time was precious, added to which the Guadiana ran in our rear, and the pontoon bridge had been carried away once during the seige, by the swelling of the river.

When the French soldiers found that the town was falling by escalade on the south side, and that the castle was lost to them, they made an attempt to retake the latter by an old gate, leading towards the town; that gate was pierced by their musketry in numberless places. I never saw a target better covered with holes. The third division had in return twice discharged a gun through it, which made two large holes. An old bandspike was placed under its breech to depress it, and remained precisely in the same way three days afterwards. The scaling-ladders were well placed, five quite close together against an old round tower. Many slain soldiers had evidently been pushed from off the parapet, and rolled nearly fifty yards down the hill; some lay with heads battered to pieces, whilst others were doubled up, looking scarcely human, and their broken limbs twisted in all directions.

The third division had been obliged to cross the broken bridge over the small river Revellas, rank entire. (amidst a shower of grape-shot, bullets, and bursting of shells,) and during the work

of death, to drag the unwieldy ladders up a rugged hill, to plant them against the walls; their first effort failed; many of the enemy then, contrary to General Philippon's orders, evacuated the castle, and went to assist at the breaches. At this moment, Lieutenant Colonel Ridge of the fifth regiment, called on an officer of his corps. "There, you mount one ladder, and I will lead up the other. Come on Fifth, I am sure that you will follow your commanding officer." *He was killed; but the place was carried!*

Let us pause and reflect that this act of heroism was executed after a long and fearful struggle, high walls, and defeat staring them in the face?

The third division then filled the castle, and there remained until day light. On the south side of the town, General Walker's brigade of the fifth division, hearing the rolling fire of the breaches, became impatient, and, with a simultaneous rush, gained (by escalade) the top of the walls, and even formed on the ramparts. On seeing a light, the cry of *mine* was set up, and a short panic ensuing, the enemy at the same time charging forward at a run with fixed bayonets, and shouting loudly, these troops were forced to give ground. An officer informed me, that he had thrown himself over the ramparts to save the colours of his corps, while nearly surrounded by French grenadiers. This bold fellow had the choice of either being pinned to the wall, or the risk of breaking his neck; he chose the latter. The rear regiment, however, fortunately stood firm. Many of the enemy then precipitately abandoned the town, accompanied by the Governor, crossed the bridge, and shut themselves up in Fort St. Christoval, on the other side of the Guadiana; and the next morning surrendered themselves prisoners of war. This brigade continued to be *hotly* engaged in the streets during the *whole night*. Some even asserted, that many of the Spaniards fired from their windows on our troops, and held out lights to guide the French; knowing that their property would fall a sacrifice, should the town be taken.

The place was eventually completely sacked by our troops; every atom of furniture broken; mattresses ripped open in search of treasure; and one street literally strewed with articles, knee-deep. A convent was in flames, and the poor nuns in dishabille, striving to burrow themselves into some place of security; however, that was impossible; the town was alive, and every house filled with mad soldiers, from the cellar to the once solitary garret.

When I examined the three breaches by day, and witnessed the defences the enemy had made for their protection, I was fully satisfied that they were impregnable to men; and I do declare, most positively, that I could not have surmounted the *chevaux-de-frisc*, even unopposed in the day-time.

Some talk that grappling-irons would have moved them. Who would, who could have done it? thousands of warlike French

soldiers standing firmly up to the points, not giving an inch, and ready for the fight. They fought in the streets to the last, and tried to retake the castle—*Que voulez-vous ?*

The *chevaux-de-frise* were fired after dark. Roundshot alone could have destroyed these defences, which were all chained together, and not made in a temporary manner, as most military men imagine, but strong and well finished; and the enemy, behold all, had made a deep cut, over which they had thrown planks, communicating with the town, besides three field-pieces to enfilade the centre breach, if the *chevaux-de-frise* should be seriously shaken. Had it not been for this, the divisions would have entered like a swarm of bees.

One man only was at the top of the left breach (the heaps of dead had, as a matter of course, rolled to the bottom,) and that was one of the rifle corps who had succeeded in getting under the *chevaux de frise*. His head was battered to pieces, and his arms and shoulders torn asunder with bayonet wounds.

Our batteries did not play on the ramparts that night after dark; but when the explosion took place, the whole of them opened with blank cartridge in our rear—probably to frighten the enemy, or to make them keep down; but they were old soldiers, and not to be so done.

Poor M'Leod, in his 27th year, was buried half a mile from the town, on the south side, nearly opposite our camp, on the slope of a hill. We did not like to take him to the miserable breach, where, from the warmth of the weather, the dead soldiers had begun to turn, and their blackened bodies had swollen enormously; we, therefore, laid him amongst some young springing corn; and, with sorrowful hearts, six of us (all that remained of the officers able to stand) saw him covered in the earth. His cap, all muddy, was handed to me, I being without one, with merely a handkerchief round my bruised head, one eye closed, and also a slight wound in my leg.

The country was open. The dead, the dying, and the wounded were scattered abroad; some in tents, others exposed to the sun by day, and the heavy dew at night. With considerable difficulty, I found at length my friend, Lieutenant Madden, lying in a tent with his trowse: s on and his shirt off, covered with blood, bandaged across the body to support his broken shoulder, laid on his back, and unable to move. He asked for his brother—"Why does he not come to see me?" I turned my head away; for his gallant young brother (a captain of the 52nd) was amongst the slain?

Captain Merry, of the 52nd, was sitting on the ground sucking an orange. He said, "How are you?—You see that I am dying; a mortification has ensued." A grape-shot had shattered his knee; had he had told the doctor that he preferred death rather than permit such a *good leg* to be amputated. Another

officer had just breathed his last between these two sufferers. The camp became a wilderness, some of the tents being thrown down, others vacant, and flapping in the wind, while the musketry still rattled in the town, announcing the wild rejoicing of our troops.

THE BRAVO.

“THE BRAVO, a Venetian Story!”—“by the Author of ‘The Pilot!’” Romance and Reality married together!—the most rare, as well as the most exciting and piquant of all literary unions, and one calculated to give birth to the most attractive offspring of any that the whole family of fiction can boast. We shall not frustrate or tamper with the eager curiosity that will be felt towards this new production of the great American Novelist, by entering into a detailed account of its plot, a cold description of its incidents, or a calculating estimate of its relative or comparative merits; but shall place before our readers one or two adequate specimens of its quality: and if *they* do not impress the reader with a sense of almost unlimited admiration for the powers that could produce them, no panegyrics of ours could have, or deserve to have, that effect. But we must first briefly glance at the nature of the Story, and at the moral effect which is sought to be attained by it; for without this, the extracts that we shall give would lose much of their moral interest, and nearly all of their moral meaning and value,—retaining nothing but that mere *dramatic* effect which may be attained by powers and means infinitely below those here employed. Be it understood, then, that the “Romance,” here placed before the reader, may be looked upon as an admirably constructed illustration of the evils of bad government; and the more admirable as it is level, at once, to the lowest and the highest pitch of human capacity. Children may read this “Venetian Story” with unflagging interest, and, with an after-delight, no more to be forgotten than that of the nursery tales which constitute their first and sweetest mental food; women, and men that have women’s minds, may read it with that eager appetite for excitement which rejects every thing that is not out of the ordinary course of daily experience and recognition—which is not, at once, “strange” and “new;” and men (fitly so called) may read it with an ever present sense of the deep penetration of its writer into the secret places of the human heart and mind, and his profound knowledge of the effects which position and circumstance work upon human character. But (and *this* is the high and noble character that we boldly claim for it above that of any other similar production,) *none* can read it, and ever after

cease to feel more deeply and intensely than any mere treatise or argument on the matter could have taught them, the unspeakable mischiefs that spring from a false relation between the governed and those who govern, and that natural and instinctive loathing which (whether consciously or not) such a state of things engenders in every human mind, whose possessor does not derive immediate personal benefits from the state of things in question.

“The Bravo” is a Tale, every incident and character of which grows out of the peculiar state of the social system of Venice, during the most corrupt period of her boasted Republic; and, to those who have the philosophy to find it out, this connection between cause and effect is perpetually present. In all other respects, it is a “Romance” in the ordinary, but also the best sense of that term, as indicating a series of strange incidents, high-wrought sentiments, consistently developed character, and unity in general design and effect.

Having said thus much, and refraining from all premature and injurious description of the plot and incidents, we shall lay before our readers two or three of the scenes which occur in the work; and we shall take them all from the last volume, where the interest of the narrative becomes most concentrated, and where the writer’s powers are most closely taxed, and (as is always the case with a man of real genius) they most fully answer to the claims made upon them.

The following scene takes place after an examination of “The Bravo” by the celebrated Council of Three, with a view to his immediate condemnation and execution as a public criminal—his death being now as necessary to the secret ends of the Republic as his life had recently been. If there is anything in prose or verse more pure, touching, and impressive than much of what follows, we have yet to learn where it is to be found:—

The entrance of an officer, in some haste, prevented a reply. The man placed a written report in the hands of the inquisitor in red, and withdrew. After a short pause, the guards were ordered to retire with their prisoner.

“Great senators!” said Jacopo, advancing earnestly towards the table, as if he would seize the moment to urge what he was about to say:—“Mercy! grant me your authority to visit one in the prisons, beneath the leads!—I have weighty reasons for the wish, and I pray you, as men and fathers, to grant it!”

The interest of the two, who were consulting apart on the new intelligence, prevented them from listening to what he urged. The other inquisitor, who was the Signor Soranzo, had drawn near the lamp, anxious to read the lineaments of one so notorious, and was gazing at his striking countenance. Touched by the pathos of his voice, and agreeably disappointed in the lineaments he studied, he took upon himself the power to grant the request.

“Honour his wish,” he said to the halberdiers; “but have him in readiness to reappear.”

Jacopo looked his gratitude, but fearful that the others might still interfere to prevent his wish, he hurried from the room.

The march of the little procession, which proceeded from the chamber of the inquisition to the summer cells of its victims, was sadly characteristic of the place and the government.

"It went through gloomy and secret corridors, that were hid from the vulgar eye, while thin partitions only separated it from the apartments of the doge, which, like the specious aspect of the state, concealed the nakedness and misery within, by their gorgeousness and splendour! On reaching the attic, Jacopo stopped, and turned to his conductors.

If you are beings of God's forming," he said, "take off these clanking chains, though it be but for a moment."

The keepers regarded each other in surprise, neither offering to do the charitable office.

"I go to visit, probably for the last time," continued the prisoner, "a bed-ridden—I may say—a dying father, who knows nothing of my situation, will ye that he should see me thus?"

The appeal which was made, more with the voice and manner, than in the words, had its effect. A keeper removed the chains, and bade him proceed. With a cautious tread, Jacopo advanced, and when the door was opened he entered the room alone, for none there had sufficient interest in an interview between a common Bravo and his father, to endure the glowing warmth of the place, the while. The door was closed after him, and the room became dark.

Notwithstanding his assumed firmness, Jacopo hesitated, when he found himself so suddenly introduced to the silent misery of the forlorn captive. A hard breathing told him the situation of the pallet, but the walls, which were solid on the side of the corridor, effectually prevented the admission of light.

"Father!" said Jacopo, with gentleness.

He got no answer.

"Father!" he repeated, in a stronger voice.

The breathing became more audible, and then the captive spoke.

"Holy Maria hears my prayer!" he said feebly. "God hath sent thee, son, to close my eyes.

"Doth thy strength fail thee, father?"

"Greatly—my time is come—I had hoped to see the light of the day again; to bless thy dear mother and sister—God's will be done?"

"They pray for us both, father. They are beyond the power of the senate."

"Jacopo—I do not understand thee!"

"My mother and sister are dead; they are saints in Heaven, father!"

The old man groaned, for the tie of earth had not yet been en-

tirely severed. Jacopo heard him murmuring a prayer, and he knelt by the side of his pallet.

"This is a sudden blow!" whispered the old man. "We depart together."

"They are long dead, father."

"Why hast thou not told me this before, Jacopo?"

"Hadst thou not sorrows enough without this?—now that thou art about to join them, it will be pleasant to know, that they have so long been happy.

"And thou?—thou wilt be alone—give me thy hand—poor Jacopo?"

The Bravo reached forth, and took the feeble member of his parent; it was clammy and cold.

"Jacopo," continued the captive, whose mind still sustained the body, I have prayed thrice within the hour—once for my own soul—once for the peace of thy mother—and, lastly, for thee!"

"Bless thee, father!—bless thee!—I have need of prayer!"

"I have asked of God—favour in thy behalf. I have bethought me—of all thy love and care—of all thy devotion to my age and sufferings. When thou wert a child, Jacopo—tenderness for thee—tempted me to acts of weakness—I trembled lest thy manhood might bring upon me—pain and repentance. Thou hast not known the yearnings—of a parent for his offspring—but thou hast well requited them. Kucél, Jacopo—that I may ask of God—once more to remember thee."

"I am at thy side father."

The old man raised his feeble arms, and with a voice whose force appeared reviving, he pronounced a fervent and solemn benediction.

"The blessing of a dying parent will sweeten thy life—Jacopo," he added after a pause, "and give peace to thy last moments."

"It will do the latter, father."

A rude summons at the door interrupted them.

"Come forth, Jacopo," said a keeper;—"the Council seeks thee!"

Jacopo felt the convulsive start of his father, but he did not answer.

"Will they not leave thee—a few minutes longer?" whispered the old man—"I shall not keep thee long!"

The door opened, and a gleam from the lamp fell on the group in the cell. The keeper had the humanity to shut it again, leaving all in obscurity. The glance which Jacopo obtained, by that passing light, was the last look he had of his father's countenance, Death was fearfully on it, but the eyes were turned in unutterable affection on his own.

"The man is merciful—he will not shut thee out!" murmured the parent.

"They cannot leave thee to die alone, father!"

"Son, I am with my God—yet I would gladly have thee by my side!"—Didst thou say—thy mother and thy sister were dead?"

"Dead!"

"Thy young sister, too?"

"Father, both. They are saints in Heaven."

The old man breathed thick, and there was silence. Jacopo felt a hand moving in the darkness, as if in quest of him. He added the effort, and laid the member in reverence on his own head.

"Maria undefiled, and her son, who is God!—bless thee, Jacopo!" whispered a voice, that to the excited imagination of the kneeling Bravo, appeared to hover in the air. The solemn words were followed by a quivering sigh. Jacopo hid his face in the blanket, and prayed. After which there was deep quiet.

"Father!" he asked, trembling at his own smothered voice.

He was unanswered. Stretching out a hand, it touched the features of a corpse. With a firmness, that had the quality of desperation, he again bowed his head, and uttered fervently, a prayer for the dead.

When the door of the cell opened, Jacopo appeared to the keepers, with a dignity of air that belongs only to character, and which was heightened by the scene, in which he had just been an actor. He raised his hands, and stood immoveable, while the manacles were replaced. This office done they walked away together, in the direction of the secret chamber. It was not long ere all were again in their places, before the Council of Three.

The subsequent examination, and the effect produced on Jacopo's replies by the death of his imprisoned father, is admirably conducted, but we cannot afford room for it. We pass on to another scene even more beautiful than the foregoing—nay, we will not scruple to say that it is in a higher and purer style than any thing of a similar kind that we are acquainted with.

Before his judges he made no defence whatever, firmly refusing to answer their interrogatories.

"Ye know what I have done, Messires," he said, haughtily. "And what I have not done, ye know. As for yourselves, look to your own interests."

When again in his cell, he demanded food, and ate tranquilly, though with moderation. Every instrument which could possibly be used against his life, was then removed, his irons were finally and carefully examined, and he was left to his thoughts. It was in this situation that the prisoner heard the approach of footsteps to his cell. The bolts turned, and the door opened. The form of a priest appeared between him and the day. The latter, however, held a lamp, which, as the cell was again shut and secured, he placed on the low shelf, that held the jug and loaf of the prisoner.

Jacopo received his visiter calmly, but with the deep respect of one who revered his holy office. He arose, crossed himself, and advanced as far as the chains permitted, to do him honour.

“Thou art welcome, Father,” he said; “in cutting me off from the earth, the Council, I see, does not wish to cut me off from God.”

“That would exceed their power, son, He who died for them, shed his blood for thee, if thou wilt not reject his grace. But—Heaven knows I say it with reluctance—thou art not to think that one of thy sins, Jacopo, can have hope without deep and heartfelt repentance!”

“Father, have any?”

The Carmelite started, for the point of the question, and the tranquil tones of the speaker, had a strange effect in such an interview.

“Thou art not what I had supposed thee, Jacopo!” he answered. “Thy mind is not altogether obscured in darkness, and thy crimes have been committed against the consciousness of their enormity.”

“I fear this is true reverend monk.”

“Thou must feel their weight in the poignancy of grief—in the—” Father Anselmo stopped, for a sob, at that moment, apprised them that they were not alone. Moving aside, in a little alarm, the action discovered the figure of the shrinking Gelsomina, who had entered the cell, favoured by the keepers, and concealed by the robes of the Carmelite. Jacopo groaned, when he beheld her form, and turning away, he leaned against the wall.

“Daughter, why art thou here—and who art thou?” demanded the monk.

“’Tis the child of the principal keeper,” said Jacopo, perceiving that she was unable to answer! “one known to me, in my frequent adventures in this prison.”

The eye of the Father Anselmo wandered from one to the other. At first its expression was severe, and then, as it saw each countenance in turn, it became less unkind, until it softened, at the exhibition of their mutual agony.

“This comes of human passions!” he said, in a tone between consolation and reproof. “Such are ever the fruits of crime.”

“Father,” said Jacopo, with earnestness, “I may deserve the word; but the angels in Heaven, are scarce purer than this weeping girl!”

“I rejoice to hear it. I will believe thee, unfortunate man, and glad am I, that thy soul is relieved from the sin of having corrupted one so youthful.”

The bosom of the prisoner heaved, while Gelsomina shuddered.

“Why hast thou yielded to the weakness of nature, and entered the cell?” asked the good Carmelite, endeavouring to throw into his eye a reproof that the pathos and kindness of his tones contradicted. “Didst thou know the character of the man thou lovedst?”

‘Immaculate Maria!’ exclaimed the girl—‘no—no—no!’

‘And, now, that thou hast learned the truth, surely thou art no longer the victim of wayward fancies!’

The gaze of Gelsomina, was bewildered, but anguish prevailed over all other expression. She bowed her head, partly in shame, but more in sorrow, without answering.

‘I know not, children, what end this interview can answer,’ continued the monk—‘I am sent hither to receive the last confession of a Bravo, and surely, one who has so much cause to condemn the deception he has practised, would not wish to hear the details of such a life?’

‘No—no—no—’ murmured Gelsomina again, enforcing the words with a wild gesture of the hand.

‘It is better, father, that she should believe me all that her fancy can imagine, as monstrous,’ said Jacopo, in a thick voice; ‘she will then learn to hate my memory.’

Gelsomina did not speak, but the negative gesture was repeated frantically.

‘The heart of the poor child hath been sorely touched;’ said the Carmelite, with concern. ‘We must not treat so tender a flower rudely. Harken to me, daughter, and consult thy reason more than thy weakness.’

‘Question her not, Father;—let her curse me, and depart.’

‘Carlo!’ shrieked Gelsomina.

A long pause succeeded. The monk perceived that human passion was superior to his art, and that the case must be left to time; while the prisoner maintained, within himself, a struggle more fierce than any which it had yet been his fate to endure. The lingering desires of the world conquered, and he broke silence.

‘Father,’ he said, advancing to the length of his chain, and speaking both solemnly, and with dignity, ‘I had hoped—I had prayed that this unhappy but innocent creature might have turned from her own weakness with loathing, when she came to know that the man she loved was a Bravo.—But I did injustice to the heart of woman!—Tell me, Gelsomina, and as thou valuest thy salvation, deceive me not—canst thou look at me without horror?’

Gelsomina trembled, but she raised her eyes, and smiled on him as the weeping infant returns the earnest and tender regard of its mother. The effect of that glance on Jacopo was so powerful, that his sinewy frame shook, until the wondering Carmelite heard the clanking of his chains.

‘Tis enough,’ he said, struggling to command himself; ‘Gelsomina, thou shalt hear my confession. Thou hast long been mistress of one great secret—none other shall be hid from thee.’

‘Antonio!’ gasped the girl,—‘Carlo! Carlo! what had that aged fisherman done, that thy hand should seek his life?’

"Antonio!" echoed the monk; "dost thou stand charged with his death, my son?"

"It is the crime for which I am condemned to die."

The Carmelite sank upon the stool of the prisoner, and sat motionless, looking with an eye of horror, from the countenance of the unmoved Jacopo, to that of his trembling companion. The truth began to dawn upon him, though his mind was still enveloped in the web of Venetian mystery.

"Here is some horrible mistake!" he whispered. "I will hasten to thy judges, and undeceive them."

The prisoner smiled calmly, as he reached out a hand to arrest the zealous movement of the simple Carmelite.

"It will be useless," he said; "it is the pleasure of the Three, that I should suffer for old Antonio's death."

"Then wilt thou die unjustly!—I am a witness that he fell by other hands."

"Father!" shrieked Gelsomina, "oh! repeat the words—say that Carlo could not do that cruel deed!"

"Of that murder, at least, is he innocent."

"Gelsomina!" said Jacopo, struggling to stretch forth his arms towards her, and yielding to a full heart, "and of every other!"

A cry of wild delight burst from the lips of the girl, who in the next instant lay senseless on his bosom.

In talking leave of this work, we must express our decided opinion, that if it is inferior to some of its predecessors from the same pen, in picturesque force of painting and masculine delineation of character, it has, on the other hand, scenes of pathos and delicacy that have never been surpassed, and that, in displaying powers in the writer which he had not previously put forth, excite expectations concerning his future productions, which we had no right to entertain, except on the ground that there is no setting limits to the operations of high genius.

FLIES UPON PICTURES.

THE following simple way of preventing flies from sitting on pictures, or any other furniture, is well experienced, and will, if generally used prevent trouble and damage: Let a large bunch of leeks soak four or five days in a pailful of water, and wash the picture or any other piece of furniture with it: the flies will never come near any thing so washed.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

THE battle of Ivry, where Henry IV. of France, then King of Navarre, triumphed over the army of the League, is one of the most glorious events in the annals of France.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
 And glory to our Sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre?
 Now let there be a merry sound of music and of dance,
 Thro' thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
 For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
 Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war:
 Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League, drawn out in long array,
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land:
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand:
 And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
 And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
 And he has bound a snow white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye:
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
 Right graciously he smiled on us, as burst from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, a deafening shout, God save our Lord the King.
 "And, if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
 For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
 Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war,
 And be the oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
 Of life, and steep, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
 The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
 With all his hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almagne.
 Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance!
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
 And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
 Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein;
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; The Flemish Count is slain.
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
 And then we thought of vengeance, and all along our van,
 "Remember St. Bartholomew," was passed from man to man.

But out spake gentle Henry then, "No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a Knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Ho! maidens of Vienna! ho! matrons of Lucerne :
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-men's souls.
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright :
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night :
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are,
And glory to our sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE.

LET the reader imagine himself in the large hall of the Stock Exchange, on the morning after the arrival of important news—the near prospects of war, issuing of press warrants, or unexpected mention of a loan by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. No business being allowed before 10 o'clock, until that time the members, assembled in unusual numbers, and for the most part deeply interested in the consequences of the news, saunter about, read newspapers, or chat in groups, waiting quietly the signal to begin. This is giving by the senior doorkeeper, who, as the time approaches, mounts several steps from the floor, and holds extended a large watchman's rattle, his eye fixed sidelong on the clock. At the appointed moment he springs the ill-omened instrument, and suddenly all quit their quiescent state, and rush simultaneously into the dense cluster—shouting, struggling, and vociferating with deafening clamour; some offering to sell; others bidding to buy; each party saying and doing whatever they think calculated to produce their own effect upon the market, and in particular to establish the first or opening price, as may suit their respective purposes, this being an important point in tactics here. On such occasions when the news is very important, and its effects consequently rapid and considerable, ruin and riches are the results, respectively, to many present, before the clock has struck the next hour. We have seen those who have left their homes in the morning possessed of many thousands, leave the spot to return thither in the afternoon, not worth a shilling. We have on these occasions, seen a man stand, and even retort the banter and practical jokes of those around him, who in the course of the last hour had lost £1,000 sterling. While another, more sensitive, stands gazing with wildness and dismay at the struggle which is going on before him, and at the sight of his whole property being swept away by the course which the market is taking. This state of things often continues,

with short intervals of abatement, during the whole morning ; few men, however, have bodily strength enough to continue long in the heat, noise, and pressure of this raging group. Some retire awhile, hoarse and pale, to recover their strength : but urged by the cries which proceed from the mass (for each party proclaims its triumphs, as the price rises and falls, with deafening shouts,) they rush again into the arena and resume the fray. Hitherto all has been, intense seriousness, heightened sometimes by disputes and personal feelings into wildness and fury, when it frequently happens that the scene becomes changed in a moment, as if by magic or the effect of a sudden phrenzy—every one knocks off his neighbour's hat, turns the flaps of his coat over his head and shoulders, or pelts him with paper bombs charged with saw dust ; they slap, bump and jostle each other ; Bartholomew fair, or the most exhilarating moment of a breaking up for the holidays, presents nothing equal to it for noise and extravagance : and the whole frolic generally ends with " Black Joke, " or some other popular tune, sung in full chorus by all present ; even those who have been ruined in the morning mingling in wild mirth with the rest, partly from habit, and partly to conceal their distress from their companions, which would, if suspected, deprive them of a last desperate chance of retrieving their fortunes. All this may seem at first sight mere childish folly and extravagance ; but it is perhaps an instinctive effort of nature to recover from the effects of the violent and overstrained action to which their spirits have been exposed. This interlude is, however, of short duration, and in a few minutes all is deep, concentrated, furious excitement again. On these occasions it sometimes happens, that one of those dense yellow fogs, which often darken and choke up the narrow parts of the city, throws a deep gloom over this struggling group ; the aspect and confusion of the scene becomes then diabolical ; lamp light is substituted and hardly serves with its yellow glaring light to distinguish the anxious agitated countenances passing alternately from light to darkness, while much of the picture is hidden in what a painter would call—frightful masses of shade. This knot of men, so occupied, form what is called the stock market ; the price which is established by them is that which is quoted in the newspapers, and affects the property of all holders of, or speculators in the funds. Passing over, however, the large class of persons who are in these fluctuations in the character of stock holders, and confining ourselves to those who make the medium merely of gambling, it may be estimated perhaps that five thousand persons are, on an average, interested in this way in the actions and effects of this cluster of men at the stock exchange, precisely in the same manner that the persons who surround a gaming table are in the result of the game there. About one thousand of these are connected with the house, and are pretty generally therefore on equal terms with

each other ; the other, and a large part are the public, who engage, through the medium of their brokers, in this desperate and unequal game. It would obviously be wholly impossible to show in detail the effects of the place and business of which we have given a true but bare outline, acting as it does so extensively and on so large a number of persons.

It will readily be conceived, that the men who are devoted to so engrossing a pursuit, are distinguishable from other classes of the community, and even from those with whom nominally, as men of business, they are apparently intermingled ; they have in fact, not the slightest pretensions to the character of men of business, and have no more direct connexion with trade than the members of the Jocky Club or of the betting-room at Newmarket. The phrase of good or bad times apply not at all to them, or in a sense directly opposite to its usual application. All they want is fluctuation in the prices of stock ; and, consequently, times of storm and disaster are to them as to birds of prey or Cornish Wreckers, times of activity and harvest ; they are therefore, a separate and distinct class, and have, as might be expected, peculiarities of character, manner, and appearance. Some persons indeed, who affect, like Sancho's kinsman, a fine palate in these matters, pretend that they can always distinguish a stock exchange man from others, by a kind of off hand, reckless slangish manner of doing things, and a mixture of the City and Tattersall's in his dress and appearance. The sudden changes and appalling risks, to which their occupation subjects them, cannot also be favourable to health and tranquility. Thews and sinews, indeed, that seems proof against any exertion are shattered to pieces by the constant anxiety and agitation of this pursuit : pale, anxious faces crowd the canvass, though, if a pun be allowable on so grave a subject, they can never be said to be without a "speculation in their eye." As it is well known that the Israelites play an active and conspicuous part on the Stock Exchange, it may be expected that mention will be made of them here. They are, as individuals scarcely distinguishable from the rest ; but, acting in their national spirit, they cling together pretty much in their schemes, and agree at least in trying to spoil the Egyptians : they are also, perhaps more wreckless and obstinate in encountering large and decisive hazards than the Gentiles. Some of them have acquired immense wealth ; which is often attended with remarkably little improvement in manner or appearance. We have seen a Jew worth a quarter of a million, who still retained completely the look and manner of his brethren, who obligingly present baskets of oranges to the Public at the Bank with the astounding offer of ten for sixpence ! Singing in the Stock Exchange has been mentioned, but only as affording occasional recreation : it serves, however, much more important purposes ; all slight violations of the rule of the house, or indeed any conduct in a member that gives displeasure to the

rest, exposes him to a regular sort of musical pillory—the culprit is surrounded by a compact and imperious set of choristers, and forced to stand in that awkward and insulated situation, while the National Anthem or some other popular song, is being sung; he then takes off his hat, makes a bow to all around, and is released. Often, however, when he thinks he is about to escape, either because his offence has been grievous or else that the singers are in unusually good voice, an *encore* is called for, and in no case that we know of, evaded on the plea of hoarseness or indisposition. In some instances, however, singing has been made the instrument of more condign punishment. On one occasion, a member, whose character was supposed to have compromised the character of the house with the public, was surrounded and sung to in the above mentioned manner whenever he entered the house. Being a man of strong nerves and animal spirits, he bore it pretty well for some time, hoping that he should be allowed to transact his business quietly and comfortably again, as usual, but these singing areopagites, not thinking him an object of mercy, continued to encircle him whenever he entered the house, and, however urgent his business, insisted on first treating him with the old tune, till at last his spirits and even his health began to fail, and he was finally obliged to sacrifice a lucrative connexion and retire from the house, being, although a loyal man, unable to bear the National Anthem any longer.—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

THERE is much poetry in these words, as we shall show presently. The rage for emigration from the Southern to the Western and South Western States, which prevailed excessively, a few years since, has of late very much abated. The Charleston City Gazette attributes the diminution to "the sheer exhaustion of the materials" remarking, however, that enough of it still remains to be deplored. "A journey through the woods of Alabama and Georgia," believes the journal we have quoted, "affords sufficient subject for observation and remark, in the still numerous emigrants we meet with, seeking, in the proverbially festive regions of the Father of Waters (Mississippi) those rewards for enterprise and honesty, which are comparatively denied to them in the more barren and exhausted fields of our own country."

The mode and manner of emigration among the wanderers is well depicted. They are described, with all their force, as it is called, of from ten to twenty, thirty, or more hands—a string of four or five waggons—a jersey or two, invariably, among them; and an occasional pack and sundry saddle horses, trudging along,

in even rows through the woods—at a slow pace, often to fifteen miles a day, as their creatures or themselves prove more or less fatigued—encamping by night, apart from the road, commonly in a circle, with sundry huge fires, illuminating the wilderness for miles with their strange, fluctuating and fantastic light, according to the interruptions of space or scenery. As they journey by day, some ride, some walk, alternately for relief—some are thoughtful, perhaps sad—others again, and not the fewer number, cheerily singing some native ditty and when they meet with travellers like themselves, cracking with them some hearty joke upon their trim, caparison, &c.

So much for the master and his rib, the bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, and all the little bones and flesh, fat and lean, that help to fill up the picture. Next come the darkies, “particularly famous for their legitimacy.” We have seen says the editor, some twenty five or thirty surrounding a Jersey waggon with a strange delight pictured in every face hearkening to the rude harmony of some ruder violin (of which there are always one or more, on every tolerable plantation in the up country,) while the coiled and shattered, and grating instrument, the cracked seams of which are, half the time, caulked with tar, is scraped unmercifully, until it yields the necessary quantity of woodland melody to satisfy the amateur who performs, and the no less critical company of connoisseurs who surround him. The whites hang about, at a little distance, not less delighted than their slaves. Thus they cheer the long way before them, and rob weariness and time of half her disquietudes.

It sometimes happens, that the Orpheus of the emigrants has “an itch for poetry” in which condition he indulges in a running vocal accompaniment, and ventures to assume the privilege, sometimes granted to ancient jesters by their feudal lords, of saying with impunity, very saucy things, as witness the following extemporary production of a family minstrel, who does not hesitate to suggest to his wandering and discontented master, in a delicate manner, that “a rolling stone gathers no moss.”

I born in Sout Calina,
 Fine country eiber seen,
 I gume from Sout Calina,
 I gume to New Orlean.
 Old boss he discontentum--
 He take he mare black Fanny,
 He buy a pedlar wagon,
 An he boom for Lousy-Anna,
 He boom, &c.
 Old Debble Lousy-Anna!

He gone five day in Georgy,
 Fine place for egg and ham;
 When git among de Ingins,
 An he push to Alabam.

He look bout pen de parie,
 Where dey hear de cotten grow,
 But he sperit still contrary,
 He mus fudder go.
 He boom, &c
 Old Debble, &c.

He look at Mrs. Seapy, (Mississippi)
 Good lady nough dey say,
 But he tink de State look sleepy,
 And so, he fose to stay.
 When first he off Calina,
 An on he mare blackFanny,
 He take not off he bridle bit,
 Till he get to Lousy-Anna.

GRAND CHORUS.

Old Debble Lousy-Anna
 Dat scarecrow for poor Nigger,
 Where de sugar cane grow to pine tree,
 And de pine tree turn to sugar. &c.
Boston Transcript.

THE RETURN.

“THE chief object of Buchanan in hastening to St. Rule's, had been to embrace, if still alive, the venerable professor under whose roof his youthful years had happily glided, and to acquire from him particulars relative to the surviving members of his own family, to whom peculiar circumstances prevented his directly addressing himself. In answer to his enquiries respecting the good doctor, he found, to his inexpressible regret, that he had died, full of years, but in possession of all his faculties, only a few months before; but learning that his maiden sister, the careful and benevolent superintendant of his household, yet survived, he could not resist introducing to the warm-hearted and almost maternal friend of his youth, one whose boyish pranks might, perhaps, form his chief hold on her recollection. Having sent a previous message, under an assumed name, requesting permission to wait on the old lady, (still, as he was informed, in the full vigour of her intellect, at the advanced age of eighty.) he prepared to follow the almost superfluous guidance of the damsel who came to escort him to the well-remembered scene of his youthful joys and sorrows. The low browed entry leading to the good lady's dwelling, as he mechanically bowed on passing beneath it, forcibly recalled the sundry intimations of increasing stature bestowed upon him, when he last frequented it in the erect pride of fast approaching manhood; and amid the Cimmerian darkness of the winding staircase, he felt as much at home as when his elastic footsteps last bounded over the threshold. His heart beat almost audibly, as the maid threw open the door of a small wainscoted parlour, and he found himself in the presence of a being who, in

the absence of maternal tenderness, had been to him a mother. Consideration for her advanced age, and various prudential reasons, induced him to open the conference as a stranger; but his assumed composure sustained grievous attacks from the associations with which the small apartment teemed. Amid the revolution of empires, and the rapid strides towards improvement, he had every where observed—here all remained unaltered, save that the size alone of this dining-room, once so spacious in his eyes, seemed to have unaccountably diminished.—There were the dark and gloomy-wainscoted walls, the high-backed ponderous chairs, the shining well-rubbed tables, the pride of Miss Nelly's heart,—in the polished edge of which, the conscious eye of Buchanan sought and found an incision, made in the wantonness of power, with the first knife of which he had been lawful possessor;—an outrage which only drew from the indulgent matron the well-known proverb about 'foles and chapping sticks.'—Upon the rug, whose cross stitch had employed for many years the patient fingers of Miss Nelly, reclined the lineal representative of a race of cats, whom she had taught even boys to treat with deference; and last, not least, in the solitary arm-chair, sacred, in earlier days, to the afternoon slumbers of her brother, sat the upright and wonderfully well-preserved figure of the old lady herself. She rose, with apparent difficulty, on Buchanan's entrance; and, with far greater difficulty, as he hastened to prevent her, did he refrain from throwing himself at once into her arms. For Buchanan, where feeling was concerned, was, in many respects, as much a boy as when he quitted the scene of his education. He had little intercourse with the world to blunt his sensibilities; and to etiquette he was as much a stranger as the wild tribes among whom his life had been passed. Summoning to his aid all the composure he could muster, he briefly apologized for intruding on the good lady, to make inquiries respecting old acquaintance at St. Rule's; which, without acknowledging it as the place of his education, he mentioned having frequently visited in his youth. The simple words—"Ye wad ken my puir brither?—I miss him sair"—drew from Buchanan a tribute of respect to the doctor's memory; during which, his eye twinkled, and his lips faltered, to a degree which might have startled eyes and ears more acute than the good lady's. 'The doctor,' continued he, 'was justly beloved by all who knew him, and by none so much as his former pupils, with one of whom I was very intimate in India. 'Do you recollect William Hamilton?' 'Do I mind lang Willie Hamilton?' ejaculated the old lady, in the fondest tone of reminiscence: 'I manu forget mysell when I cease to mind the laddie that lo'ed me better than his ain mither; though, to be sure, that was no saying muckle, for she was but a step-mither. But he was aye a dear weel-doin' laddie;—he risked his life to pu' my puir brither out o' the deepest part o' the Witch Lake, and wared his first siller in India to buy me this braw shawl;—may my right hand forget

its cunning, if I forget Willie Hamilton!—But,' suddenly lowering her voice, and wiping her eyes, 'he maun be dead, puir fallow, for its mony a year since ony ane could tell me a word about him. There's few that care,' added she, sighing, 'but frem'd folk like me, for he was aye o'er gude for his ain kith and kin.' 'You mentioned his family,' said Buchanan, after a pause; 'do you know what surviving relations he has?' 'Troth I could na say exactly. The braw madam that his father married spent a' the siller she brought and a hantle mair; and she died no lang after Sir John. The young laird he was aye saft and gude-natured, and I've heard tell he was maist ruined wi' a feckless Glasgow wife, and o'er muckle company.' 'And Marion?' eagerly inquired Buchanan, 'what became of her?' 'Did ye ken Menie Hamilton? Sweet bonny lamb! She was sair misguided amang them after her brother gaed to India. Her step-mither wad hae her to marry some auld deboshed lord; and Menie couldna consent, and they led her sic a life, that they drave her in desparation to marry her half-brother's dominie; but a gude lad he was, as I have heard tell, and as weel born as hersell, though he hadna a bawbee: but he had friends in England, where he was brought up, and he got some bit kirk in their way, and what's come o' them I never could hear. But,' continued the old lady, suddenly interrupting herself amid these long forgotten reminiscences, 'you said ye were a friend o' puir Willie's. Maybe ye can tell me whan or whar he died? To think that I dinna even ken whar the creature lies that I lo'ed as my ain son! He was alive and well but lately,' said Buchanan, quivering with suppressed emotion, yet fearful of the effect of a discovery on a frame so delicate, and a mind so unprepared. 'God be praised?' ejaculated his old friend; 'I'm blythe to hear he's in the land o' the living. But will he hae forgotten us a', think ye? will he be grown rich, and proud, and cauld hearted, that he never speirs after the folk he likit sae weel when he was a daft callant? Some o' us are awa to the kirkyard, and the rest grown auld, and frail, and doited; but if Willie wasna sair changed—' 'And sair changed he must be, when you can speak to him as a stranger,' exclaimed Buchanan, moved beyond the power of dissembling by this pathetic appeal. He bent before her and clasped her withered hand in his—'Do you know this?' said he, guiding her aged finger to a scar, inflicted by a sunken rock while wrestling with the billows for her darling brother's life, which his still smooth brow retained. 'As well might you forget yon day of jeopardy and joy, as I the blessing you then prayed for on my head. It has been elsewhere remembered, mother of my youth, and granted, though but in part. I have been in peril, and delivered—in poverty, and am now rich; but, oh, you prayed that I might never want friends, and, alas! I am come home like a ghost from the grave, and know not that I have a friend in the world.'—There was some danger of his having assisted to realise this me-

lancholy picture ; for the thin figure of his aged friend became rigid in his embrace, and the flush of emotion gave place to a death-like paleness. She, however, retained such a firm grasp of his hand, that he could scarce extricate himself to fly for water, which was fortunately in the room ; and when, after hastily swallowing a little, speech and colour slowly returned, it was evident that consciousness had never fled, from the connected answer she returned to his sad forebodings. ‘Dinna say sae, my ain dear Willie,’ said she, gazing on him with unspeakable tenderness, and trying to identify the embrowned and elderly stranger with the handsome stripling of her fond remembrance—‘dinna say sae and me sitting here. If I that was an auld useless body when ye were a lighthearted haffins callant, am spared to bid ye welcome hame again, why should ye no hae them o’ your ain time o’ life to take ye kindly by the hand !’ ‘Have you forgotten, then, my earliest and best friend,’ said Buchanan, ‘how few, few indeed, I left to care for me, and how likely it is that these sleep in their graves ? You can tell me nothing of them, and I dread to ask those who can. You can at least, however,’ continued he, anxious, from the good lady’s increasing tremor, to turn the conversation into less agitating channels, ‘give me some account of those so kind to me in former times at St. Rule’s.’ ‘And what can I tell you o’ them that would do your kind heart gude, Willie ?’ said the old lady sighing mournfully. ‘My brother, ye ken, is gane to his rest, and sae are maist o’ the auld grey pillars o’ the college, whose blessing gaed wi’ you. The comrades that played at the gouf wi’ ye are a’ fleein’ hither and yont, like gouf ba’s themselfs ; some few may be fawn in the bonnie lown sunny spots o’ this world’s wilderness, but mair, nae doubt, sunk amang its troubles, or entangled wi’ its briers. And the very bits o’ lassies !—Phemie Leslie, that ye danced shantreuse wi’, and that nae mortal could look at without blessing the blythe blink o’ her ee, is a broken-hearted widow, and a mourner for stately sons, aulder far than ye were when ye gaed to the wars, and said ye wad come back and marry her ! But, wae’s me,’ added she, wiping her eyes, ‘I’ve little need to tell you a’ this, when I should be doing my best to gie ye a cheery hame coming ! Dinna be cast down wi’ the dowie cracks o’ an auld body that’s lived ower lang for her ain gude. There’s some in St. Rule’s yet that will mind and welcome ye bravely, and there’s sons and daughters of them ye were wont to love and honour, treading in their father’s footsteps, and inheriting their kind hearts. Ye’ll be nae stranger here the morn, Willie, when they hear wha’s been wi, me.’ ”

HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

In our Number of last Month, we gave some account of the origin of this Institution, and of its progress, and we copied the few *fundamental* rules or resolutions then agreed upon, we now propose to record briefly its further progress, and to continue doing so in succeeding numbers of this periodical.

On Wednesday Jan. 7th, the first weekly meeting of the Institute was held in Mr. Aitkin's School room Dalhousie College. Each member on this night was allowed to introduce a friend, and a large and respectable audience attended. Mr. Joseph Howe delivered the inaugural address, in which he dwelt strongly on the intellectual and political advantages gained by the study of science, and applied a variety of general observations on the subject, to the members of the Institute as inhabitants of Nova Scotia. The lecture was well received, and a resolution was subsequently moved, that it should be printed. This was carried unanimously, and Mr. P. J. Holland having volunteered his services, the Address appeared in the Recorder newspaper of Jan. 7th.

The Hon. Sam. Cunard has presented a donation of £2 to the Institute, and as a member of the Halifax Banking Company, introduced the subject to the notice of that body; the result of this has been a donation of £25 from the Company to the Institute; thus nobly patronizing and assisting an establishment in its infancy which promises much for the good of the Country. The letters which passed on this occasion are as follows:

Halifax, January 9, 1832.

SIR,—The formation of any Institution whose avowed object, and more than probable effect will be to raise the character of the mechanics of the community, to inform their minds, and induce them to cultivate science almost as much for its own sake, and the enjoyment which its cultivation is capable of bestowing, as for the mere purpose of acquiring a subsistence, cannot but be viewed with gratification and goodwill by those who have the welfare of that community at heart.

Viewing the establishment of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute in that light, and anxious for the furtherance of its object and the extension of its beneficial influence, the President and Copartners of the Halifax Banking Company, beg you to accept of the sum of twenty five pounds, in behalf of the Institute, and as an earnest of their good wishes for its success and advancement.

I have the honour to be, with much respect, Sir, your most obedient, very humble servant. (in behalf of the Company.)

HENRY H. COGSWELL, President.

The President of the Halifax }
Mechanics' Institute. }

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, expressing the favorable opinion which the Halifax Bank-

ing Company, and yourself, its President, entertain of the nature and object of the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, and to the handsome manner in which you have expressed the sentiments of yourself and co partners for the success of the Institute, and the welfare of the community which compose it ; the accompanying donation of twenty five pounds to the funds of the Institute, can only be received as a further expression of your earnest desire for its future prosperity.

In accepting the above sum in behalf of the Institute, I return you (and I am sure I express the feelings of every member of the establishment) my sincere thanks for a testimony, so honorable, of the kindness and liberality of the President and Copartners of the Halifax Banking Company.—I have the honor to be, with much respect, Sir, your most obedient, very humble servant,

WILLIAM GRIGOR, President, of H. M. I.

The President of the Halifax }
Banking Company. }

A Donation list to the Institute has been thus respectably commenced, but owing to some undefined causes, the Committee appointed to solicit donations *has made no progress whatever*, and no further additions have been made to the list !

On January 13, the second weekly meeting was held, when Mr. James Foreman delivered a lecture on Arithmetic, or the power and properties of numbers. The lecturer in a most becoming manner exhibited much knowledge of his subject ; and excited respect in those, who had no taste for the rather dry science under consideration. After some conversation on the lecture, several rules prepared by the Committee were submitted to the meeting and approved of. The Rules are as follows :

1. That at weekly meetings the chair shall be taken at eight o' clock, the doors shall be closed at ten minutes past eight, after which time no person shall be admitted until the termination of the lecture ; when the lecture concludes, the door shall be opened for admission, and continue open for five minutes.

2. That the discussions shall be adjourned at ten o'clock, except the chairman see reason to continue them.

3. That it shall be incumbent on the chairman to preserve order, and to confine discussion to the subject of the lecture.

4. That at the conclusion of discussions on the evening's subject; other matters relative to the Institute may be introduced, by making a written proposition to the Chairman, such matters not to be decided before the next weekly meeting following their introduction.

5. That every person delivering his sentiments—except in a lecture—shall address the Chairman.

6. That if a person conduct himself disorderly during a meeting, the Chairman shall cause him to be expelled from the room, and shall subsequently refer the case to the Committee, who

shall have power to suspend the privileges of the offending party, or to declare those privileges forfeited, as the case may require.

7. That the following shall be the order of filling the Chair at weekly meetings--The President--1st vice President--2nd vice President--Treasurer--Secretary--Curator of Models--Chairman of Committee. In the absence of any here mentioned, beginning with the President, the officer next following shall take the Chair.

8. That every person who reads a lecture before the Institute, shall be requested to furnish a copy of the paper read to the Secretary, to be preserved by him among the manuscripts of the Institute.

9. That each member shall have the privilege to admit one other person a non-resident each night; tickets for this purpose shall be issued by the President. A member procuring admission for any beside a non-resident, shall be subject to censure, and shall forfeit this privilege for six months.

10. That the Chairman shall invite visitors to take part in discussions.

11. That an annual meeting shall be held on the last Wednesday in December, for the election of officers and committee; elections shall be by ballot.

12. That no lecture shall be delivered without its subject having been submitted to the Committee three weeks previously; except in cases of exigence, when the President or other officers may decide agreeably to the other rules of the Institute.

13. That all approach to discussions on party or domestic politics, or on controverted religious topics, shall be altogether prohibited; and that it shall be incumbent on the Chairman to exclude those subjects, and that his prerogative shall not authorise him in any way to suspend the provisions of this rule.

14. That each person who gives a donation of £5 to the Institute, shall be an honorary member of the same.

Resolved, That each Member of the Halifax Banking Company shall be sent a ticket of admission for the year 1832, such tickets to be renewed annually at the discretion of the Committee.

That the lectures of the Institute shall be open to the Members of the Assembly during the Legislative session.

That the Officers and Committee be requested to wait on his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor with a copy of the Rules of the Institute, and most respectfully solicit His Excellency to patronise the Institute.

Jan. 25. Mr. R. Watson delivered a lecture on the first principles of Geometry. This lecture was marked by much good sense good-humour and acquaintance with the science. It was well received, and evidently gave great satisfaction to the members. Towards the conclusion of the meeting some propositions in accordance with Rule 4, were made, and were referred for future consideration.

Feb. 1. Mr. James Forman read a paper on Algebra defining its uses and peculiarities, and giving numerous examples of its rules; towards the conclusion, Mr. Foreman relieved the dryness of his subject, by working some amusing problems in Algebra, the solution of which by Arithmetic, would occupy much space and time. For instance: The size a fish is demanded, whose tail weighs 9lbs. whose head weighs as much as his tail and half his body, and whose body weighs as much as his head and twice his tail. Answer, tail 9lbs. head 27lbs. body 36lbs. entire wt. 72lbs. Also, suppose a pole which has its third part sunk in mud, its fourth in water, and ten feet in the air above the water; what is its length? Answer 24 feet. Again, suppose several gentleman smoking of an evening paid 6 shillings & 1 farthing for cigars, and each one paid a like share of this sum: how many were there, and how much did each pay? Answer 17 Gentlemen who paid 17 farthings each.

In answer to a question, Mr Foreman described Algebra as differing from Arithmetic, by working with unknown quantities, which quantities were represented by letters.

After discussion on the lecture some propositions were made and referred to next weekly meetings; and two explanatory resolutions adopted, as follows:

Explanatory of rule 14.

That of every £5 paid by honorary members to the Institute £2 shall belong to the Mechanics' Library, to constitute the Donors honorary members of the same.

Explanatory of Rule 9.

That the term "Non-Residents" in Rule 9, does not include persons whose residence on any part of the Peninsula of Halifax shall exceed a period of three months.

About 200 persons attend the lectures of the Institute; weekly meetings have been held hitherto in Mr. Aitkin's school room, Dalhousie College, they commence in the Acadian School Room on Feby. 8.

[In conformity with a request of the Committee the above outline has been made and published.]

MONTHLY RECORD.

[We have unavoidably abbreviated the Record of this month. We intend giving an outline of our Legislative business in following Records.]

GREAT BRITAIN.—Latest dates by H. M. Packet *Opposum*, are to Dec. 12. They furnish the King's Speech at the opening of the Imperial Parliament on Dec. 6. The speech introduced the important question of Reform for a second time, it bewails the distress which exists in several parts of Great Britain, alludes to the Cholera, recommends some modifications of the Irish tithe

system, and improvements in the municipal Police of the Kingdom, and calls for the repression of illegal combinations.

This Session has commenced in much better temper than the last.

Cholera. Sunderland, Dec. 11. The disease commenced Oct. 26, since which time there have been 422 cases, and 141 deaths; and remaining sick 36.

FRANCE.—A dreadful riot has occurred at Lyons, occasioned by disputes between manufacturers and their employers. The city was for some time in possession of the workmen, and many lives were lost. The Duke of Orleans and Marshall Soult repaired to the scene, and order has been restored without the intervention of Military violence.

NOVA SCOTIA.—*Legislative Session.*—His Excellency opened the session on January 25.

Note from the Contributor of "THE MOORS" to the Editor.*

SIR,

Allow me to request you will afford me a small portion of space in your Miscellany, for the correction of some errors which through haste and inadvertency, appear in the trifle which was handed to you, and inserted in your December number.

In the last line of the first paragraph, in lieu of, "law and religion of Mahomet," read, "religion and law," &c. ; the *pretended* revelation of the religion of Mahomet was the *cause*, from which the *law* followed, in imitation of the Jewish example, as the *effect*; this arrangement therefore, logically follows.

In the passage referring to the English conquest of Ireland, Roderic O'Connor, is erroneously stated as the injured chieftain, who solicited and procured the invasion by the Normans. The truth is,—That at the period when Roderic O'Connor was Chief Monarch of all Ireland, Dermot M'Morogh, provincial King of Leinster, insulted Ternan O'Ruarch, Lord of Breffny, in Connaught, by carrying off his wife Devorgalla, daughter of Murdach O'Melachlin, King of Meath; the effects arising from this, together with his tyrannical conduct to his own nobles, had reduced him to the greatest necessity; and occasioned him to make an application to the Normans, in England, for their invasion, to assist in restoring him to his dominions; in obtaining this he was but too successful, and the event described in the text followed. O'Connor was Chief, or Supreme monarch of Ireland, by a constitution, similar to that by which the Britons elected Cassivellanus at the time of Cæsar's invasion;—or as the Emperors of Germany were elected.

*No. 19. p. 289.

Towards the conclusion, where the capture of Constantinople by the Turks is alluded to, the following expression, in which there is a slight grammatical inaccuracy, occurs ;—"the capture of *this city* ;"—more properly, *that*.

These are all the errors that I am aware of in the piece ; should any of your correspondents detect others, I shall be happy to receive correction ; and although the corrections now forwarded to you, may at first sight, to some, present rather an appearance of trifling, yet I should hope, when it is remembered, that it was chiefly with a view to the improvement and instruction of the young, that I was induced to compile and present the notes under consideration, to the notice of the public, I may be excused for an almost over-anxiety, for accuracy ;—to which, I would submit, all other circumstances, in such a composition, should be sacrificed.

I am, Sir, Your's

D. D.

MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, Jan. 2, Mr. James Scott, junr. to Miss Henrietta Blackadar. 7, Mr. J. A. Skinner, to Miss Isabella S. M'Donald. Mr. John Power, to Miss Sarah Burdett. 8, Mr. G. W. Frithy, to Miss Hannah Boyle. 13, Mr. John Taylor, to Miss Agnes Nicholas. 18, Mr. John Woodill, to Miss Eliza Wells. 24, Mr. William M'Donald, to Miss Eunice Gruber. 25, Mr. Robert D. Duke, to Miss Sarah Watson. 26, Mr. W. B. Gayton, to Miss M. A. Meagher. 29, Mr. Isaac Allen, to Miss Sarah Fenerty.—At Dutch Village, Jan. 12, Mr. James Parker, to Miss Rebecca Smith.—At Antigonish, 10, Mr. John W. Blanchard, to Miss Charlotte F. Simonds.—At Yarmouth, 19, Mr. S. Pool, to Miss Martha G. Byrne.—At Liverpool, 8, Mr. Robert Roberts, to Miss Josephine Collins. 11, Mr. John Morse, to Miss Rhoda Parker.—At Pictou, Jan. 5, Mr. N. L. Copeland, to Miss C. M'Cara. 18, Mr. George Craig, to Miss Ann Cameron. 19, Mr. William M'Donald, to Miss Christy M'Donald. Mr. Alex. M'Donald, to Miss Mary Duff.—At Newport, Jan. 22, D. D. Stewart, Esq., to Miss Mary Wier.—At Barrington, Jan. 5, Mr. Caleb Nickerson, to Miss Mary M. Worthen.—At St. Mary's, Mr. Robert Dixon, to Miss Hannah Hewit.—At Round Bay, Shelburne, Jan. 4, Mr. E. Perry, to Miss S. R. Dexter.—At Cape Negro, Jan. 9, Mr. William Swaine, junr. to Miss Margery Perry.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, January 2, Mrs. Catharine Mahan, aged 77. 9, Mr. John R. Raymur, aged 16. 9, Mrs. Mary Ann Thomas, aged 66. 19, Miss Mary Ann Clark, aged 16. 21, Mrs. Sarah James, aged 42. 21, Mr. John Downie, aged 23. 28, Mrs. Mary S. Haverstock, aged 42.—At Pictou, Jan. 2, Mrs. Elizabeth Skinner, aged 48.—At Shelburne, Jan. 8, Mr. L. M'Pherson, aged 67.—At Horton, Jan. 7, Mr. James O'Rourke.—At Lunenburg, Jan. 9, Rev. F. C. Temme, aged 69. 15, Mr. John Philip, aged 36.—At Gay's River, Mrs. Leah Cook, aged 72. Mr. William Cook, aged 74.—At Londonderry, Mrs. Mary Crow, aged 59.—At Parruborough, Mrs. Mary Eye, aged 30.