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THE

CANADIAN REVIEW

AND

LITERARY & HISTORICAL JOURNAL,

No. I.

JULY, 1824.

In primisque hominis est propria vera inquisitio atque investigatio. Itaque cum sumus necessariis negotiis curisque vacui, tum avemus aliquid videre, audire, addiscere: cognitionem que rerum aut occultarum aut admirabilium ad beate vivendum, necessariam ducimus.—CICERO.

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1824.

CONTENTS OF NO. I.

THE

CANADIAN REVIEW,

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LITERARY & HISTORICAL JOURNAL.

Vol. I. JULY 1824. No. 1.

"QUEBEC LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

We derive no less pleasure than encouragement from the reflection, that we have commenced our labours at a time when such vigorous efforts are made to improve the moral and political condition of those parts of the British Empire, with whose literary prospects we are about to connect ourselves. If these, our labours, shall ever be so fortunate as to contribute in any way to the promotion of those patriotic views, we need not say what satisfaction we shall derive from the contemplation of those reasons which induced us to come forward and lend our feeble aid to purposes so highly honorable to a nation's worth and glory, and the honor which such an event will confer, not upon us, but upon that public whose liberality of sentiment so easily paves the way for judicious and meritorious enterprize. The institution of such an association as the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, is in itself, so noble an effort to organize the literature of the Country, and otherwise so similar in its objects to our own pursuits, that we feel no apology is due for introducing it as our preliminary article, in order at once to declare our opinion of its ends and purposes, and, in so doing, make such other observations as may appear necessary while ushering such a work as the present into the world.

About the commencement of the French revolution, the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt travelled on this Continent, and we believe it is in his account of those travels that the following short, but curious and important passage is to be found:—"Throughout all CANADA, there is no public library, except in Quebec, and this is small and consists mostly of French books. No literary Society exists in Canada, and not three men are known in the whole country, to be engaged in scientific pursuits. Excepting the *Quebec Almanack*, not a single book is printed in Canada!" The case is very different.

now. There are at this day in Canada men of genius and talent, who not only engage in scientific studies, but whose general acquirements *would not dishonour any department in literature. There are also* both public and private libraries which would do credit to older countries, and to a community more distinguished in the world for learning and knowledge. And, whatever may be the value or the character of the works which are periodically issued from the press of Canada, as well as those other works which incidentally find their way by the same means into the world, this Country can boast of as extensive a circulation of literary and political matter as any other Country of similar advantages, situated at the same distance from the great schools and other extensive marts of European science and literature.* Our progress in these acquirements has indeed been marked by that procrastination which has in all ages of the world characterized the march of letters; but it is no unreasonable thing to suppose, that, once we have fairly started in a course of liberal and enlightened literary pursuits, we may one day be in a condition, if not to rival, at least to approximate the acquirements of those countries that have long preceded us in their approaches to the sources of human knowledge. Nor, in doing so, can we esteem it otherwise than as a privilege of no ordinary value to these Provinces, that they form so distinguished a branch of the British Empire, where, we may safely assert, a more ample field is to be found for ingrafting and rearing a scion of that venerable tree of art and science which has from old spread its fruits and its shelter over so great a portion of the world, than is to be met with in any other of our Colonies.

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* There are 19 Newspapers published and circulated in the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Six of these are published twice a week, and some of the remainder issue Supplements when any intelligence of importance arrives. Four of these papers are printed in Quebec, one of which is wholly in the French language, and another partly in French and partly in English. In the Government Official Gazette some translations into this language necessarily appear also. In Montreal, which only contains a population of 25,000 at the utmost, *seven* papers are issued weekly with Supplements, but one only of which is printed in French. In Brockville in Upper Canada, there is only one weekly paper. In Kingston, there are two; in York, two; in Niagara, one; in Queenston, one. The Township of Stanstead in Lower Canada, furnishes another, which amounts to the number we first stated. How these papers are conducted may be matter of consideration in some of our future numbers. Previous to 1809 there were only four papers in both Provinces.

Besides the libraries of the two principal Catholic Seminaries of Quebec and Montreal, and those of the various religious institutions in the Province, there are in every Town in Canada a number of public and private libraries that would do credit to any Country. The library of Montreal which contains a very extensive collection of valuable books upon every subject connected with polite and useful literature, deserves to be particularly mentioned, on account of the liberality with which it is furnished with new publications, and the judicious manner in which it is regulated. The Quebec public library does not, we understand *contain such a numerous list of books, but it is, upon the whole, most respectable.* The libraries of Kingston and York in Upper Canada, also contain a most valuable collection of books. Besides these, circulating libraries are to be found in every town in the Province, originally established by some respectable bookseller, and supported, as they generally are in England, by "the reading public." We shall suppose all these libraries to contain ten thousand volumes at the lowest calculation!

This will appear more manifest when we consider that the British American Provinces, unlike most other appendages of the Empire, are almost wholly inhabited by natives of Great Britain, or the descendants of such natives imbued with the same moral and political sentiments, and cherishing the same domestic and national feelings as their fathers and their ancient kindred. Much has been said and written about the extent, wealth, splendour and importance of what has been termed the British Empire in India, and great stress has been laid upon its value to England in a commercial and political point of view. But however, much we may pray for the prosperity of our country in this latter respect, and estimate the benefits which may have been derived from our influence and possessions in India, a moment's attention to the moral materials, if we may so express ourselves, of which these possessions are composed, will not only convince us of their comparative inability for extending and preserving the grand objects of civilization and refinement, but of the doubts which must ever exist, no less from natural than political causes, about the preservation of India as a component part of the British Empire. Thither no Britons are ever heard to transport themselves and their families for the purpose of taking root, as it were, in the soil, and of spreading the manners of their native land over the surface of the earth, and so perpetuating them to the latest ages. No individual ever dreams of going to India, unless he is so fortunate as to hold a commission in the British army or in the civil service of the country ; and the moment his duties are performed, or his prospects realized, he returns to his native country to spend the remainder of his days in that ease and affluence which his good fortune abroad may have secured to him. Even the British laws are not in force in India ; and in a British settlement where we neither find these nor the Constitution which bore them in full and vigorous operation, we may very reasonably conclude, that such cannot be the spot which is destined to perpetuate the manners, the arts, the learning, or the literature of the mother country. Here, however, matters are quite different ; and what we have endeavoured to express in the negative of India, may be repeated in the affirmative of Canada, and the other British Provinces on this Continent. Year after year do thousands of our fellow countrymen, with their wives, families and moveable effects and property, transport themselves across the Atlantic, never more to return, but to establish themselves in an useful and permanent manner on waste lands belonging to the British Crown, the encouragement of whose liberality they immediately receive, and the protection of whose laws in their fullest force and most liberal construction, is immediately extended to them, even in the remotest corner of the woods. Whatever may be the untoward lot or misfortune of some individuals who come to this country—and there are misfortunes in the best regulated and most prosperous communities—we maintain, that the only change which a British emigrant who is really bent upon or inclined to do good, undergoes upon coming to either of the Canadas, Nova Scotia, or New Brunswick, is a year or two of hard labour and a total amelioration of his condi-

tion; for if he is *comfortable* at home he will never think of coming abroad. In either of these countries he will enjoy perfect tranquility from those commotions and adverse occurrences which are so common amongst the dense population of older countries, and become the means, not only of cultivating and improving, and exploring the natural capabilities of the country to which he has removed, but of perpetuating the laws, the morals, and the manners of the country which gave him birth. In this view, his country is more indebted to the enterprising emigrant than he is to his country, though in general we should be inclined to assume all obligations of this kind reciprocally. But it is by these means, however slow in their progress and undigested in their execution, that a powerful and flourishing country, such as our own, is enabled to spread more remotely the wings of her greatness and her glory, and by lending the sinews of her wealth and population to distant colonies, to carry down through ages of prosperity and improvement her own natural as well as domestic customs. Thus did two celebrated people, the Grecians and the Romans, raise themselves to a height of reputation which they will ever enjoy, and which, though the monuments of their national splendour be now crumbling in the dust, will always reflect honour on the human species. Without anticipating the same fate, may we not expect that the same honours await our own Metropolitan State, and that after ages will look to her as a third great luminary in the hemisphere of human genius, reflecting the glory of the past upon the dawning hopes of the future? And if so, may we not expect that the region wherein we have commenced these our labours, will one day participate in the honours resulting to the mother country from a long and peaceful reign of literary and scientific enjoyment? We have neither the vanity nor the pride to conceive that any effort of ours will contribute in the slightest degree to promote so very desirable an event, and are sure that with whatever ardour we may be tempted to persevere in the discharge of our duty, our labours can only be considered as occupying a place in that distant and general approach towards literary distinction which must ever characterize a new and unsettled country. But humble and distant as that approach must necessarily be, may we not be permitted to hope, that the spirit which has lately arisen in this country, and induced the better informed classes of society to prosecute with such eagerness those paths in the study of letters which lead to the sources of more refined and general information, tends to a fruition no less creditable to the parties concerned, than it will be useful to the future improvement of the country in every department of the arts. With whatever certainty we may accustom ourselves to look forward to the realization of such hopes, we must, in the mean time, submit to be taught by the literary history of other countries, that our progress must necessarily be slow; for though Greece and Rome gave birth and maturity to every species of refinement, many an eventful period of their life passed away, before the fine arts and literary knowledge ripened into that manhood and perfection by which they shall ever be distinguished while a vestige of them remains to be admired. But

this leads us back to the subject more particularly before us, by entering into a short consideration and review of the arts connected with Literature and History.

Some useful arts must be nearly coeval with the human race ; for food, clothing, and habitation, even in their original simplicity require some art. Many other arts are of such antiquity as to place the inventors beyond the reach of tradition. Several have gradually crept into the world without an inventor. The busy mind, however, accustomed to a beginning in things, cannot rest till it finds or imagines a beginning to every thing. But in all Countries, especially where the people are barbarous, rude, or illiterate, the progress of arts is extremely slow. The lowest date assigned to the arrival of Cadmus in Greece is one thousand and forty five years before the birth of our Saviour. Homer flourished not less than two hundred years after him. It has been doubted, however, whether the Prince of poets could either write or read ; and the arguments adduced for the negative, in Mr. Wood's Essay on the original genius of Homer, seems scarcely controvertible. The earliest Grecian prose writers known to the antients themselves, were Pherecydes of Syrus, and Cadmus of Miletus ; mentioned by Pliny to have lived during the reign of Cyrus King of Persia, and at least two hundred and fifty years after Homer. No Grecian State had its laws put in writing till about the same period, when Draco was archon of Athens, and Zaleucus lawgiver of the Epizephyrian Locrians. The earliest Grecian prose-writers, whose works had any considerable reputation with posterity, were Hecatœus of Miletus, and Pherecydes of Athens, who were about half a century later. The interval, therefore, between the first introduction of letters into Greece, and any familiar use of them was, by the most moderate computation, between four and five hundred years. They made a progress not more rapid in Rome than they had done at Athens ; and they passed to the extremeties of the Roman Empire, only in company with new Colonies, and joined to Italian policy. In Britain, where they flourish with most splendour in the present age, they were equally tardy in approaching to maturity. To encourage the art of reading in England, the capital punishment for murder was remitted, if the criminal could but read, which in law language is termed *benefit of Clergy*. One would imagine that the arts would have made a very rapid progress when so greatly favoured ; but there is a signal proof to the contrary ; for so small an edition of the bible as six hundred copies, translated into English in the reign of Henry VIII. was not wholly sold off in three years. Indeed, as a learned antiquarian justly observes, the people of England must have been profoundly ignorant in Queen Elizabeth's time, when a forged clause added to the twentieth article of the English Creed passed unnoticed till about eighty years ago.

Before we proceed to investigate whence and in what manner the arts and the sciences first dawned upon the world, let us for a moment consider the causes which give facility to their advancement. The progress of art seldom fails to be rapid, when a people happen

to be roused out of a torpid state by some fortunate change of circumstances. Prosperity, contrasted with former abasement, gives to the mind a spring, which is vigorously exerted in every new pursuit. The Athenians made but a mean figure under the tyranny of their petty sovereigns ; but upon gaining freedom and independence, they were converted into heroes. Miletus, a Greek city of Ionia, being destroyed by the King of Persia, and the inhabitants made slaves, the Athenians, deeply affected with the misery of their brethren, boldly attacked the King in his own dominions, and burnt the city of Sardis. In less than ten years after, they gained a signal victory at Marathon ; and, under Themistocles, made head against the prodigious army with which Xerxes threatened utter ruin to Greece. Such prosperity produced its usual effects : arts flourished with arms, and Athens became the chief theatre for sciences as well as for fine arts. The reign of Augustus Cæsar, which put an end to the rancour of civil war, and restored peace to Rome, with the comforts of society, proved an auspicious era for literature ; and produced a cloud of Latin historians, poets, and philosophers, to whom the moderns are indebted for their taste and talents. One who makes a figure rouses emulation in all : one catches fire from another, and the national spirit is every where triumphant : classical works are composed, and useful discoveries made in every art and science. The restoration of the royal family in England, which put an end to cruel and envenomed civil war, promoted improvements of every kind ; arts and industry made a rapid progress among the people, though left to themselves by a weak and fluctuating administration.— Another cause of activity and animation, is the being engaged in some important action of doubtful event ; a struggle for liberty, the resisting an invasion, or the like. Greece divided into small States frequently at war with each other, advanced literature and the fine arts to unrivalled perfection. After a long stupor during the dark ages of Christianity, arts and literature revived among the turbulent states of Italy. The Royal Society in London, and the academy of sciences in Paris, were both of them instituted after civil wars that had animated the people and roused their activity. And now let us consider the rise and progress of the arts.

Art is natural to man ; and the skill he acquires after many ages of practice, is only the improvement of a talent he possessed at the first. Vitruvius* finds the rudiments of Architecture in the form of a Scythian Cottage. The Armourer may find the first productions of his calling in the sling and the bow ; and the Shipwright of his in the Canoe of the Savage. Even the Historian and the Poet may find the original essays of their arts, as we shall afterwards have occasion to remark, in the tale, and the song which celebrate the wars, the loves, and the adventures of men in their rudest condition. Ages are generally supposed to have borrowed from those who had gone

* Marcus Vitruvius Pollio was a very celebrated Roman architect, and according to the common opinion, was born at Verona, and lived in the reign of Augustus, to whom he dedicated his excellent treatise on architecture, divided into ten books. There are several English translations of Vitruvius.

before them, and nations to have received their portion of learning or of art from abroad. Science appears to have originated in Asia. Of the arts, says a late eloquent writer to whom we are principally indebted for these observations, Egypt was probably the mother of many, as she was certainly the most; the sciences at the same time receiving attention in proportion nearly to their supposed importance for civil life. Geometry is said to have been the offspring of the peculiar necessity of the Country; for the annual overflowing of the Nile obliterating ordinary landmarks, that science alone could ascertain the boundaries of property, The very erroneous calculation of the year, probably carried from Asia into Greece, if ever admitted in Egypt, received early those very valuable improvements, by the addition of intercalary days, through which three hundred and sixty five were given to the twelve months. The singularly daring and unfeeling hardiness, attributed by the Roman lyrist,* to the man who first committed himself in a frail bark to the winds and waves, appears by no means necessary for the origin of Navigation. In a warm climate as the middle of Asia, bathing would be a common refreshment and recreation; and the art of swimming, especially where so many terrestrial animals were seen to swim untaught, could not be long in acquiring. The first attempt at the management of a boat was thus deprived of all terror; and as it could not escape observation that wood floated naturally, and that the largest bodies floating were easily moved, the construction and use of the Canoes required no great stretch of invention. Every circumstance, therefore, leads to suppose, that Vessels of that simple contrivance were employed on rivers before the first emigrations took place. The occupants of Phœnicia, coming to the coast of the Mediterranean with these slender rudiments of naval knowledge, would find many inducements to attempt the improvement of the art. Their country, little fruitful in corn, but abounding with the finest timber, had a ready communication by sea and the mouths of the Nile with Egypt; which with all its fertility, being almost confined to the production of annual plants, had occasion for many things that Phenicia could supply. Thus arose Commerce and many other of the useful arts.' Among the inhabitants of the earth, westward at least of the Indus, the Assyrians and the Egyptians, with the people of the Countries immediately about or between them, seem alone never to have sunk into utter barbarism. Assyria was a powerful Empire, Egypt a most populous country, governed by a very refined polity, and Sidon an opulent Cit abounding with manufactures, and carrying on an extensive Commerce, when the GREEKS, ignorant of the most obvious and necessary arts, are said to have fed upon *Acorns*. Yet was Greece the first country of Europe that emerged from the savage state, and this advantage it seems to have owed entirely to its readier means of communication with the civilized nations of the east. How Greece improved and perpetuated these arts introduced from the east, the learned world need not be informed.

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* Horat. Ode 3d. l. 1.

Useful arts paved the way to the fine arts. Men upon whom the former had bestowed every convenience, turned their thoughts to the latter. Beauty was studied in objects of sight; and men of taste attached themselves to the fine arts, which multiplied their enjoyments, and improved their benevolence. Sculpture and painting made an early figure in Greece; which afforded plenty of originals to be copied in these imitative arts. Statuary, a more simple imitation than painting was sooner brought to perfection: the statue of Jupiter by Phidias, and of Juno by Polycletes, though the admiration of all the world, were executed long before the art of light and shade was known. Apollodorus, and Zeuxis his disciple, who flourished in the ninety fifth Olympiad, were the first who figured in that art. Another cause concurred to advance statuary before painting in Greece, and that was a great demand for statues of their gods. Architecture, as a fine art, made a slower progress. Proportions, upon which its elegance chiefly depends, cannot be accurately ascertained, but by an infinity of trials in great buildings; a model cannot be relied on: for a large and small building, even of the same form, require different proportions. The Romans borrowed the fine arts from the Greeks; but it cannot be said that they improved upon them.

From the fine arts we proceed to literature. Every known alphabet bears strong marks of derivation from one common source. whence Egypt, Syria, and Assyria, had all profited before its advantages were known to the rest of the world. According to the reports most generally received among the Greeks, letters were first introduced into their Country by a colony of orientals, who founded Thebes in Boeotia; and the very near resemblance of the first Greek Alphabet to the Phenicians, indeed sufficiently testifies whence it came. The name of Cadmus, by which the leader of the colony became known to posterity, signified, it has been observed, in the Phenician language, an eastern man: and till the overwhelming irruption of the Bœtians from Thessaly, about sixty years (according to Thucidides,) after the Trojan war, the country was called Cadmeis, and the people Cadmeians. But there is strong reason to suppose, that in the early ages, the difference of language over Asia, Africa and Europe, as far as the inhabitants of those ages are known to us, was but a difference of dialect; and that the people of Greece, Phenicia and Egypt, mutually understood each other. Nor does any circumstance in the history of the Grecian people appear more difficult to account for, even in conjecture, than the superiority, form and polish which their speech acquired, in an age beyond tradition, and in circumstances apparently most unfavourable. "For it was amid continual emigration, expulsions, mixtures of various hordes, and revolutions of every kind, that was formed that language, so simple in its analogy, of such complex art in its composition and inflexion, of such clearness, force and elegance in its contexture, and of such singular sweetness, variety, harmony, and majesty in its sound." Already in the time of Homer and Hesiod, who, as we have already hinted, lived long before writing was common, we find

it in full possession of these perfections ; and we learn on no less authority than that of Plato, that still in his time the diction of Thamyras and Orpheus, supposed to have lived long before Homer, was singularly pleasing. From the Greek was derived the Latin orthography, and thence that of all western Europe ; among which the English, being the most irregular and imperfect, approaches nearer in character to the Oriental.

After the general excellence of the Greek language, the perfection which its POETRY attained, at an era almost beyond all memorials, except what the poetry itself has preserved, becomes an object of high curiosity. It is in vain, however, to enquire for the origin of that verse which, though means no longer exist for learning to express its proper harmony, still, by a charm almost magical, pleases universally. But it was the ignorance of letters that gave poetry its consequence in the early ages. To assist memory was perhaps the original purpose for which verse was invented. But this is doubted by some, and particularly by Lord Kames, who takes occasion to remark, that to undertake the painful task of composing in verse, merely for the sake of memory, would require more foresight than ever was exerted by a barbarian : not to mention that other means were used for preserving the memory of remarkable events : a heap of stones, a pillar, or other object that catches the eye.— The account given by Longinus is more ingenious. In a fragment of his treatise on verse, the only part that remains, he observes, "that measure of verse belongs to poetry, because poetry represents the various passions with their language ; for which reason the ancients, in their ordinary discourse, delivered their thoughts in verse rather than in prose." But be this as it may, it is certain, that the assistance which it gave to the memory was originally the most important uses of poetry. At this day, what school boy would not prefer to perform a task which depends principally on memory, in poetry rather than in prose ? For these causes, poetry has in all countries preceded regular prose composition. Laws were, among the early Greeks, always promulgated in verse, and often publicly sung ; a practice which remained, in some places, long after letters were become common. Morality was taught, history was delivered in verse : lawgivers, philosophers, historians, all who would apply their genius or experience to the instruction or amusement of others, were necessarily poets. "The character of a poet was therefore a character of dignity : an opinion even of sacredness became attached to it : a poetical genius was esteemed an effect of divine inspiration, and a mark of divine favour : and the poet who moreover carried with him instruction and entertainment no way to be obtained without him, was a privileged person, enjoying by a kind of prescription, the rights of universal hospitality."

But when subjects of writing multiplied, and became more and more involved ; when people began to reason, to teach, and to harangue ; they were obliged to descend to common prose : for to confine a writer or speaker to verse in handling subjects of that nature would be a burden insupportable. The prose compositions of

early historians are all of them dramatic. A writer destitute of art is naturally prompted to relate facts as he saw them performed; he introduces his personages as speaking, or conferring; and he himself relates what was acted, and not spoken. Herodotus, who lived half a century after the Athenian Pherecydes already spoken of, is the oldest Greek prose author *preserved* to us. Former histories were but dry registers of facts, like that curious and valuable monument of our own ancient history, the Anglo-Saxon Annals.* Herodotus first taught to give grace to detail in prose narration, and at once with such success, that he has had, from the ablest writers in the most polished ages, the titles of father and prince of history. Thucydides followed him only a few years. The Roman histories before the time of Cicero are chronicles merely. Cato, Fabius Pictor, and Piso confined themselves to naked facts. In the *Augustæ Historiæ Scriptores*, we find nothing but a dry and insipid narrative of facts, commonly of very little moment. The perfection of historical composition which writers at last attain to after wandering through various imperfect modes, is a relation of interesting facts, connected with their motives and consequences.

ELOQUENCE was of a later date than the art of literary composition; for till the latter was improved, there were no models for studying the former. Cicero's oration for Roscius is composed in a style diffuse and highly ornamented; "which," says Plutarch, "was universally approved because at that time the style of Asia introduced into Rome with its luxury, was in high vogue." But Cicero in a journey to Greece, where he leisurely studied Greek authors, was taught to prune off superfluities, and to purify his style, which he did to a high degree of refinement. He introduced into his native tongue a sweetness, a grace, a majesty, that surpassed the world, and even the Romans themselves.

The Greek STAGE has been justly admired among all polite nations. "The Tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, in particular, are by all critics held to be perfect in their kind, excellent models for imitation, but far above rivalship. If the Greek Stage was so early brought to maturity, it was a phenomenon not a little singular in the progress of arts. The Greek tragedy made a rapid progress from Thespis to Sophocles and Euripides, whose compositions are wonderful productions of genius, considering that the Greeks at that period were beginning to emerge from roughness and barbarity into a taste for literature. The compositions of Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, must have been highly relished among a people who had no idea of any thing more perfect." With respect to Greek Comedy, all we deem it necessary to say at present, is, that it does not appear to have surpassed the tragedy in its progress towards perfection. The Roman Theatre, from the time of Pluatus to that of Terence made a rapid progress.

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* CICERO informs us of the origin of Annals. To preserve the memory of events the *Pontifex Maximus*, says he, wrote what passed each year, and exposed it on the tables in his own house, where every one was at liberty to read: this they called *annales maximi*; and hence the writers who imitated this simple method of narrating facts were called *annalists*.

After having dwelt so long, but we hope not unnecessarily, upon the rise and progress of arts and literature in the ancient world, it may not be improper to take a cursory view of their rise in modern Europe, after they had been so long eclipsed by Gothic barbarism. Christianity, after having demolished in Europe all the idols of Pagan antiquity, preserved *some* of the arts to assist the powers of persuasion, and to favour the preaching of the Gospel; but in doing so it is to be lamented that, instead of the gay divinities of Greece and Rome, it erected monuments of terror and gloominess, suited to the tragic events which signalized its birth and progress: and the Gothic ages have left us monuments, the boldness and majesty of which still strike amidst the ruins of taste and elegance. In these monuments, however, the arts became as hideous as the models they were formed upon, and barbarous as the Princes and Pontiffs that encouraged them. At length the period arrived for lessening those scaffoldings of religion and social policy. The fine arts returned with literature from Greece into Italy by the Mediterranean, which maintained the commerce between Asia and Europe. The Huns, under the name of Goths had driven them from Rome to Constantinople; and the very same people under the name of Turks, expelled them again from Constantinople to Rome. That celebrated city once more became the seat of the arts, which she cultivated until they took a deep and wide spreading root throughout Europe. The progenitors of the modern race of Europe and America, however, who came abroad to the possession of cultivated Provinces, retained the arts they practised at home: the new master hunted the boar, or pastured his herds, where he might have raised a plentiful harvest: he built a cottage in the wing of a palace: he buried in one common ruin, the edifices, sepultures, paintings, and libraries of the former inhabitants: he made a settlement upon a plan of his own, and opened anew the source of inventions, without perceiving at a distance to what length their progress might lead his posterity. The cottage of the peasant race, like that of the farmer, by degrees enlarged its dimensions; public buildings, as we have already said, acquired a magnificence in a new taste. Even this taste came, in a course of ages, to be exploded, and the people of Europe recurred to the models which their fathers destroyed, and wept over the ruins which they could not restore.

That country of old so fruitful in heroes, and since in artists, beheld *literature*, which is the inseperable companion of arts, flourish a second time. It had been overwhelmed by the barbarism of a latinity corrupted and disfigured by religious enthusiasm. The mythology of the Romans revived in literature and the graces of antiquity. Letters and arts, after crossing the sea, passed the Alps. In the same manner as the Crusades had brought the oriental romances into Italy. The wars of Charles the eighth, and Louis the twelfth introduced into France and the surrounding countries some principles of good literature. But the literary remains of antiquity have been studied and imitated, only after the original genius of modern nations had broke forth. "The rude efforts of poetry in Italy and Provence, says a ce-

lebrated critic, resemble those of the Greeks and the ancient Romans. How far the merit of our works might, without the aid of their models, have risen by successive improvements, or whether we have gained more by imitation than we have lost by quitting our native system of thinking, and our vein of fable, must be left to conjecture. We are certainly indebted to them for the materials, as well as the form of many of our compositions; and without their example, the strain of our literature, together with that of our manners and policy, would have been different from what they at present are. This much, however, may be said with assurance, that although the Roman and the modern literature favour alike of the Greek original, yet mankind in either instance would not have drank of this fountain, unless they had been hastening to open springs of their own." On the continent of AMERICA arts and literature are only beginning to dawn; but if it cannot be boldly asserted, let us fondly anticipate, that it will be such a dawn as will one day rise to an effulgence which will not only claim kindred with the glory of the past, but shed a splendour around it that is destined to beam with undiminished lustre on the latest ages of the world. But it is now high time to proceed to a more direct consideration of the subject before us. We cannot however, do so without alluding in as few words as possible to the *first literary* institution which is said to have been established in the world. The celebrated Peisistratus was the founder. The noble character of that Grecian is well known. He was eminent for his love of learning and the fine arts, and is commonly acknowledged to have founded the first public library known in the world. The first complete collection and digestion of Homer's poems is by Cicero attributed to him. Cicero also speaks of his eloquence in the highest terms, as the first model of that sublime and polished rhetoric, in which, as in the most other arts, Greece has been mistress of the world. The character of his son Hipparchus is transmitted to us, on no less authority than that of Plato, as one of the most perfect in history. Such were his virtues, his abilities and his diligence, that the philosopher does not scruple to say the period of his administration was like another golden age. He was in the highest degree a friend to learning and learned men. The collection and digestion of Homer's works, by others ascribed to his father, is by Plato attributed to him. Hipparchus, however, introduced them more generally to the knowledge of the Athenians, by directing that a public recital of them should always make a part of the entertainment of the Panathenaan festival.* He invited the poets Anacreon of Teos, and Si-

* This was an ancient Athenian festival, in honor of Minerva the protectress of Athens, and called *Athenæ*. Herpocration and Suidas refer the institution of this festival to Erichthonius *fourth* King of Athens, who lived before Theseus. Theodoret alone says the feast was established by Orpheus. Till Theseus, however, it was never a particular feast of the City of Athens, and was called simply Athenæ: but that Prince uniting all the people of Attica into one Republic, they afterwards all assisted at the feast; whence the name of Panathenæa i. e. the feast of all Attica. In effect all Attica was present; and each people sent a bullock for the sacrifices, and for the entertainment of vast multitudes of people assembled. There were two festivals under this denomination, the greater and

monides of Ceos, to Athens, and liberally maintained them there. Desirous of infusing instruction as widely as possible among his fellow countrymen, while books were yet few, and copies not easily multiplied, he caused marble terms of Mercury, with short moral sentences engraved on the sides to be erected in the streets and principal highways throughout Attica.

Of all the subjects that engage the attention and pursuits of men, there is none which possess so much importance to his present and ultimate happiness as literary acquirements. To the educated and enlightened mind in particular, they open up to his understanding a field of such high satisfaction as to render a description of it to the ignorant or thoughtless, a task totally hopeless. In truth, mind itself is a component part of literature, for, under that term we are bold enough to include all that is possible to bespeak our esteem in a moral, a philosophical, or historical point of view. What would the might, the grandeur, or the beauty of the Universe avail to a being devoid of attributes to comprehend and admire them? In the absence of the human mind, bearing a close affinity to the intelligence that gave it being—pervades every thing and comprehends every thing—the Sun himself might illumine and give warmth without engendering those feelings of awful admiration and gratitude which so peculiarly belong to him,—the planets might roll in all their silent and unspeakable splendour without one eye to gaze with rapture on their silvery course,—and the seasons might exchange their various hues, pleasures and innocent enjoyments without a heart to thrill with delight at the approach of gentle spring—effulgent summer—golden harvest—or exhilarating and social winter. All nature conspires in rendering the mind subservient to its influences. Nothing exists in vain, and every thing that is, must first be admired and then investigated. The mind of man is the organ through which this is to be done. It perceives, and is pleased—it meditates, and is happy in the reflection that it never meditates in vain. It spurns away from it the gross and heavy shackles of inanimate matter, and penetrates to its high destinies through the dark and barbarous passages of ignorance, scattering to a distance the filth and rubbish of superstition. It leaves far in the shade all those ignoble pursuits which do not tend to dignify man in the sight of Heaven, and rejoices in every opportunity in which it can rid its researches of those incumbrances which so much retard invention and improvement of every description. It is, besides, unwearied in its travels through the boundless regions of enquiry. In looking with careful avidity on the goal of its distinguished pursuits, its progress is as unremitting as its object is fascinating. It never totters on the brink of despair, nor is dismayed whilst passing through the darkest cloud of adversity that can assail it. It hovers not on the precipice of doubt, nor trembles at the noisy and destructive torrents of relentless prejudice. In

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the lesser. The greater panathenæa were exhibited every five years; the less every three, or, according to some writers, annually. Prizes were exhibited there for three different kinds of combat; the first consisted of foot and horse races; the second, of athletic exercises; and the third of poetical and musical contests.

short, its object, like its essence, is divine; and the one can never be retarded or defeated but by that power which gave being and energy to the other.

If such then be the attributes of mind, as connected with literary knowledge, it is evident that literature is founded on some superstructure coeval with time—that the decree which bade the one to roll, ordered the other to exist, if not in the actions, at least, as an inseparable quality from the mind of man—and that it is the palladium around which it was destined religion and philosophy, the arts and the sciences should rear up their glorious and ever enduring monuments. Literature, then, has something real in it. It is an embodied existence capable of being exercised in the most ennobling pursuits—in framing the most useful precepts for the guidance of man in every thing that concerns his welfare—and in contributing to his amusement and happiness. Above all, it is the parent of HISTORY. and history, as the great progenitor of wisdom and knowledge. in conjunction with literature, or, in other words, the philosophy of letters, seems to us to be the utmost of an enlightened age's ambition Who then would not take pleasure in becoming a worshipper at the mutual shrine of two deities, whose influence pervades—whose graces adorn—and whose wisdom dignifies all the pleasures and transactions of civilized society. Indeed, Literature and History are one; at least, if they are not so, they are always found to be co-existent—intimate beings between whom there can be no separation—the one ever ready to lend its potent aid and influence to whatever promotes the interest of the other. In what has passed away of the long and dreary march of time, they have ever been found hand in hand in support of their own and the dignity of the human species, and will continue so united while they are respected and cultivated. They are the main pillars in the archives of religion, and it is through them that our hopes of Heaven—the only hope built on a sure and imperishable foundation—are secured to us. They form the warning beacon which casts an illuminating ray on the path of man in his darkest wanderings. and, like the arm that guides the fiery comet in its track, recall him from those aberrations which lead to inevitable destruction, to a participation in the joys of hope and happiness. They are his monitors as well as his companions in the calm and tranquil hour of domestic retirement, enabling him to converse with "the spirits of the mighty dead," at the same time that they afford him an opportunity of being inspired ed by their wisdom and profiting by the faults of those immortal spirits. They are his shield in the day of battle and his pilot in the tempest. From them each succeeding generation has derived its lessons of instructions in all the arts and sciences. By them the Moralist has been taught to sow the seeds of precept and good manners throughout all regions of society. By them the Philosopher has been able to penetrate into the mysterious recesses of nature and to parade in living colours before our view the wonders of her magnificent superstructure. By their guiding and encouraging arms the Astronomer has soared to regions beyond the sun and brought back to our

astonished minds, not imaginary, but true and genuine accounts of myriads of worlds which perpetually roll in the immensity of space with a regularity of motion which pronounces with the loudest acclaim the incomprehensible might and dignity of their great Author. It is from them that the poet has learned to attune his lyre to patriotic feeling for his country, and to pourtray in story and in song the deeds of her heroes and the innocent amours of her swains, until every mountain glen and wood has reverberated back the strain. It is in and through them that the Historian himself derives his being—the Sculptor the admiration due to his art—the Hero his glory—the Patriot the love and gratitude of his countrymen. In a word, without them, neither Socrates nor Homer—Apelles nor Demosthenes—Cicero nor Virgil—Shakspeare nor Johnson—Milton nor Chatham—Reynolds nor Newton, had ever appeared the grace and glory of their several ages, to instruct and amuse mankind, and to extend the sphere of their moral and intellectual capacities.

No wonder then, if in every age of the world these great predominating causes of its happiness have been found securing to themselves a due share of the esteem and regard of the enlightened, and that the more they are cultivated the more they will be found to spread abroad through every region of the earth their beatifying effects. We behold them not only pervading society in its rich and populous and cultivated circles—in the minerated seminaries of the learned and in the closets of the sages—but shedding their genial rays far and wide among every kindred, tongue and people. Even the wilderness itself, and the dark and solemn haunts of the savage have, in some measure, been traversed and illumined by their balmy influences. They have a genius, and it is universal. It may slumber, and for ages, but still it exists. The dark cloud of barbarism may hover around it, and threaten its total annihilation; but its fire is unextinguishable and its spirit immortal. How truly gratifying, therefore, must it be to every enlightened mind to behold that which has preserved the Divinity within us, and society entire, approaching in a living and tangible form, our own homes, and taking up its abode at our very thresholds!—to see the genius of literature and history organizing amongst us a system for its own preservation—and adopting means for handing down to our posterity its inestimable benefits and blessings!—The institution of THE LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC ought to be hailed as an event of the most incalculable importance in the transactions of this infant Country. Promoted and encouraged as it is by the first Magistrate of the British American Colonies with a spirit and liberality which heap greater honors on his head than all the laurels—though they be many—which he has won in the field, and by other distinguished characters, the learned throughout the country should for a season suspend their various private pursuits in order to avail themselves of an opportunity of lending every necessary aid for facilitating the establishment and rendering permanent the usefulness of an institution that must ultimately prove of the greatest consequences to the public. It is with such views we ourselves have thus early taken up the subject, and

with the additional hope, that, though our means and abilities are far too slender to be held in any estimation for giving the least permanent avail to the objects of the society in question, we could not probably discharge our duty to the public without laying before it such observations as may occur to us upon the present most interesting and important subject. In doing so, it may first be attempted to point out the necessity which exists in this country for the establishment of such an Institution as the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec; *secondly*, what ought to constitute the principal features and conduct of such a Society; and *lastly*, the benefits which must necessarily result to the country from its perfect and permanent organization.

When CANADA was first discovered by Europeans it was indeed inhabited by man—but that man was a Savage! Dark in his mind—wild in his look—and uncontrouled in his passions, he roamed about in the wide and shady field which Nature had prepared for him, without a local habitation to shield his person from the storm, or a ray of reason to pilot his actions from the perils of error and adversity. Nature alone was his God and instinct his only moral rule.—The one he worshiped with the dread, the fervour, and the superstition becoming his untutored mind—the other he obeyed with the headlong blindness peculiar to the beasts of the forest. He lived as became the votaries of such deities. He was a stranger to virtue.—No moral tie could bind his affections. His heart never throbed with ecstacy at the approach of feminine charms and feminine kindness. His bosom never glowed with the fire of that love which constitutes at once the hope and the ornament of civilized society. His were not the eyes to sparkle with delight at the tale of mutual constancy, or the story of patriotic worth. His were not the sensations which, in the midst of the storm of passion, could be lulled into calm and forgiving serenity at the "voice of the charmer," or the melody of the lyre. Nor were his the arms which shielded beauty and innocence from the hands of the spoiler in the day of battle. And neither the care that secured from contamination the tender friend of his bosom and the affectionate mother of his offspring! Yet he had *his* virtues, for virtues in a Savage they must necessarily be called. He had patience to endure the hardships and privations of fatigue—courage to defend himself from his enemy—dexterity and perseverence to provide himself with food by following the chase—skill to navigate the Canoe—and cunning to divert the machinations of his enemies. But these, and other virtues inherent to man, even in his rudest condition, he was not suffered to enjoy in that perpetual, but gloomy tranquility in which his insuspicious mind had, perhaps, lured itself. In an ominous hour the "white man" landed on his coast, and along with the genius of civilization in one hand, carried the fatal and destructive weapons of war and rapine in the other. For a while the Savage, with that instinctive independence of soul and boldness of disposition which is so natural to *him, resisted the incursions of this strange foe, and contended for* the prize of victory with a manly determination that elicited even the admiration of his ruthless enemy. He never heard of civiliza-

tion—it was a term at once of insignificance and *barbarism* to him. He knew not its dictates and scorned its laws as incompatible with his happiness. When, therefore, he saw the country of his birth, to him the fairest on the earth—the homes of his fathers—the rude *altars of his still ruder religion—and his very existence as a human* being placed in jeopardy he shrunk not from the perilous task which such dangers called him forth to perform, and perished rather than yield to his inexorable foe. But this was not a war of chivalry or of policy. It had far different elements for its inspiration, and far different motives for its triumphs. It was, indeed, the contest of refinement with savagism—of man in his proud and enviable condition of an enlightened, a social, and reasoning being, with his fellow-man in his wild, untutored, and degraded state ; but it had its origin in the foulest of all ambitions—the possession of that base metal which in civilized Countries *only* gives power to the weak over the strong—to the foolish over the wise—to the ignorant over the enlightened—to the miser over the poet—and to the mechanic over the philosopher. With the emblems of such powers spread forth in all their glittering but deceiving magnificence on the banners which the invader bore, who could anticipate but success to his arms over the bold but feeble efforts of the untutored Savage ? He was indeed successful in every point. The savage knew, and what was more, *felt*, that the " white man" was his superior. He crouched at his approach—shrunk from his gaze—and trembled at his voice. He was degraded in his own eyes, and became reckless of his condition. He became sullen—debauched—and enslaved. The loud acclaim of battle with which he met his foe was hushed—its noisy torrent subsided into a calm—and its tide receded from the approach of civilized man like the foam of the troubled wave from the beach when nature sinks into the stillness of repose after the howlings of the tempest,—leaving the woods, the sheltering canopy of the Indian, to the solitude that nourished them, and to the ravages of the storm and the destructive hatchet of the European !—This is not a picture of fancy. It has not been drawn by the magic wand of the artist, nor yet by the wild imagery or flowing numbers of the poet. It has the existing realities of life legibly written on its forehead.—Nor is it a singular occurrence. It has been, and may yet be the fate of Empires. Light and darkness are coeval with man. They sang with joy at his creation, and will only perish in proclaiming his own dissolution and that of the world which he inhabits. But, the scènes which they exhibit, are they not worthy of being RECORDED? Are not the triumphs of the enlightened mind over the dark cloud of barbarism—of the religion of Christ over the folly and superstition of Idolatry—and of the peace, and joy, and endearments of Society over the vindictive howl and cannibal revelry of savagism worthy of attracting the notice of those men of learning and research whose good fortune it is to survive or succeed the turmoil of such important events ? Ay!—and though the Genius of History has hitherto raised but a fragile column to commemorate them, yet we trust the time is nigh when the niche which has lain so long vacant in the tem-

ple of History will be occupied with a monument worthy of the rising prospects of Canada. Does there not then exist, we would ask, a crying and urgent NECESSITY for the establishment of some such institution as that now contemplated at Quebec? When the Savage, the original Lord and owner of the land which we now inhabit, with all his domestic and public habits—his religion, his wars, his huntings, his fairy navy, his national alliances and social friendships are vanishing from our view with the rapidity of desolation;—when the Forests which he inhabited, with their awful associations of gloom and solitude, are giving way to cultivated fields and joyous vineyards;—when the spires and glittering pinnacles of Cities have laid their foundations on the ruins of the "red man's" hovels;—when the chime of the curfew wings its holy echo through the wood and on the flood instead of the murderous yell of the savage;—and when Civilization with the splendour and the strides of the rising Sun sheds its illuminating rays on all places and on all men,—is it not the meridian hour in which the historian is bound to collect the scattered fragments that every where lie around him into one solid and enduring mass of intelligibility, instruction and amusement? But, in doing so, he must pause a while, for even here his task will not be accomplished. The hand of history is bound to trace other pages and far more important ones—than those in which we read of the discovery of new worlds and the trials and difficulties attending their subjugation to the sway of moral and municipal jurisprudence. Man in his most enlightened condition, besides the best and most useful features in his character, has also others of a very interesting but less valuable quality, worthy of being preserved by the hand of truth; and which, alas! demonstrate the inevitable certainty, that if it be the good fortune of nations to spring at times from the trammels of ignorance and barbarism, there still remain adhering to their actions crimes and outrages of so deep a dye as may at some period of their history plunge them back again into the dreadful abyss from which they have emerged. No sooner, then, did civilization—yes, CIVILIZATION!—secure to itself a firm and established footing on those dark and unknown shores which had but lately afforded shelter to the most ferocious animals of the chace and to man in his wildest condition of savagism, than that ambition of power and rivalry in glory whose virtue can only proceed from the proud vanity which still adheres to the pursuits of man in his most cultivated state, began to show symptoms of their restlessless and tyranny. The antiquity of the monarchical states of Europe had already established their local boundaries to a degree of such certainty and general acknowledgement, that the warlike contests in which they were so frequently engaged were undertaken more with a view of gaining some *political* object or influence than of conquest or territorial acquisition; but no sooner had the discovery of a new world, represented in the fairest colours that Geography, Commerce, and Agriculture could paint it, been sounded by the trumpet of fame in the ears of European potentates, than all the fiery passions incident to avarice and uncontroled ambition flew to arms, determined

to participate in the perils, the spoils and the sovereignties yielded up by so glorious and extraordinary an event. The struggle became hot and bloody. The *civilized* warfare of Christians, with all its destructive elements of vengeance and desolation, thundered its forboding voice through scenes which, though possessing the grandeur and sublimity of nature's freshest mould, never before witnessed so rich and solemn a display of ruinous portent. In CANADA, *two of the most ancient and powerful Monarchies of Europe* contended for the prize of victory in the new and extensive field before them with an ardour and perseverance unparallelled in modern history. At last, however, the Country which had been so long and so gloriously swayed by a Charlemagne, a Henry *quatre*, and a Louis *le grand* was forced to give way to the arms of that nation whose sceptre is *Magna Charta* and whose dominion is the ocean, and leave her to dispose of her conquests in this remote region of the world as her generosity might dictate and her unparalelled laws prescribe. The sovereign transition of Canada was sudden, but by no means, or in any shape, attended with injustice or tyranny. The laws of England, the pride and glory of her people, and the envy of the world, were substituted for those of a Country not very famous in the records of municipal liberality. Her protective privileges of person and property were extended to the meanest individual.—Religion was permitted its free and most unbounded moral exercises. Commerce was licensed to traverse the Country with treasure in her hand and the glow of future prospects in her countenance. Agriculture tore the wild incumbrances of the forest from the surface of the land, and formed in their place cultivated tracks of fruit and verdure, Even the scowl which had hitherto remained in the countenances of the straggling remains of the Indian population for the loss of their country and independance was calmed down to placidity by a generosity of treatment to which they had been unused from their late masters. All nature looked gay ;—and the Serf and the Seigneur rejoiced at the generous reception which they experienced from their new sovereign and protector. They felt not the change—they regreted it not. Their condition was ameliorated—not debased. They flew into the arms of the Country of their adoption with a cheerfulness which evinced the fullest confidence in the future prospects and independence of their native Country.—Again, therefore, we would ask, if such transactions do not form a proper theme for the preservation of the historion ?—and where can he with greater facility and truth collect his materials than on the very arena on which the subjects of his record have been performed ? Thus, then, we hope, we have shown the NECESSITY of the LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF QUEBEC.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL PRIVILEGES of such a Society is a matter upon which the wisest may differ; and, indeed, may afford grounds for the entertainment of various opposite opinions by its most arduous promoters. It is universally allowed, that though Literature, in all its branches, is a subject, of all others, which should call forth the primary attentions of an enlightened age, as being most conducive

to the moral and religious improvement of the human race, yet there is no subject upon which men of all characters of understanding have so widely differed when any plan has been proposed for the formation of some organized system for the spread and promotion of literary acquirements. This is most unfortunate; but experience has proved that it is by no means untrue. The paths of Literature are as various as they are numerous. Every lover of her pleasures strikes out a new road for himself, and when once he has done so, nothing will induce him to forsake his course. If it happen not to be the loftiest in point of scientific research or imaginative grandeur, it is at least the most pleasant to the itinerant, and the one with which he is best acquainted. The Astronomer will shun the direction of the Metaphysician as incompatible with the divine satisfaction which he entertains in tracing out the tract and dimensions of unknown worlds, while the Metaphysician will be ready to ridicule such studies as idle in comparison to the realities which nature has spread around him. The Historian will wonder how the poet can spend his time in rearing such perishable superstructures from the materials of his own mind, while there lye before him in such magnificent profusion the realities of the actual transactions of life; and the poet on his part, will contemn that narrowness of mind and talent which can only dwell with pleasure on the circumscribed limits of what has in reality taken place. The Scholar, or the man of letters, will take delight in searching the classical treasures of Greece and of Rome for additional light to his studies, whilst the Mathematician can only find pleasure in stretching the science of figures to its utmost philosophical demonstration. The Biographer can only feel that he is a rational being while he is preserving from oblivion the dark and lively hues of mind and character, at the same time that the Novelist glories in calling both in being by the magic of his fascinating art. And thus, throughout all the region of letters, as well as in all the other pursuits of life, do we find the genius and propensities of men administering rules to their moral actions. It would be wrong, however, to denominate this a foible in the general construction of the nature and faculties of man; and, in truth, when we reflect seriously upon this important circumstance, we shall find that such a tendency to devious pursuits is the greatest blessing, which literature can possibly enjoy. But when we begin to contemplate the amalgamation of the various branches of learning into one arena with only *one* prospect before it, it is then that we behold the gilded wings of science and literature soaring in all the pride of conscious power and independence to those separate regions from which descend the whole life and animation of the intellectual world. It is then that we feel the difficulty of concentrating the ambitious projects of the mind and rendering it subservient to the advantages which may be derived in common life from one peculiar institution; and it is then that we experience those galling disappointments which would mar our most splendid anticipations. Fortunately, however, *there are* circumstances in life in which this diversity of mental acquirement can be propitiated in favour of the Republic which it constitutes;—

and such, we hope, are those which called into being the association whose interests and influence we are now discussing. Though genius is omnipotent in its influence and impatient of restraint—tho' it detests rules, and is a foe to those systematic arrangements without which, in some cases, it is impossible to carry on the affairs of life, yet it is tenderly alive to whatever tends to the promotion of its own honor and improvement. It is ever devoted with feelings of the most lively affection to the moral and intellectual improvement of man; and will ever feel an interest in any institution that would aspire to its favours. This will be verified by a due attention to the constitutional rights of the Quebec Literary Society. Canada, comparatively speaking, has made but little progress in Letters. It is true, that the country is not destitute of the elements necessary for calling forth the inspiration which flows from education and mental acquisition.—that seminaries of learning spread their influence and benefits throughout all classes of society—and that we have men amongst us whose talents and acquirements do honour to the best schools in Europe; but, in so far as we can learn,—these, in all their various departments, have hitherto been confined to *professional* pursuits, and to the more immediate wants of individual ambition. No effort has yet been made to organize the information and the talents which are scattered so supinely and inactively throughout the country. None of the learned professions seem to appreciate, or, if they do, seem to acknowledge the advantages which, in all countries, ancient and modern, have been derived from a combination, as it were, into one focus, of the various ingredients, if we may so speak, of which the human mind is constituted, and thereby instituting amongst us a systematic enquiry into those means by which intellectual intelligence, is perpetuated from age to age, and beauty and uniformity preserved in the cultivation of every art that tends to promote the happiness and moral improvement of man. The members of our religious Institutions, if, as we are willing to think, they know how to appreciate that constant and reciprocal communication of literary pursuits to which they owe their happiness as men, and influence as christians, do not appear to set any value, *as a body*, upon that mutual interchange of literary feeling and literary sentiment which is the source of so much good in other countries, and which may be denominated as the means by which the hierarchy of Great Britain has so justly become the basis and the guide of the literary and scientific, as well as the moral character of the people of that happy country. They are too much opposed, various, and distinct, in their religious tenets—too dissimilar in their domestic habits—and at too great antipodes with regard to their private interests, and political sentiments, to be able, at so early a period of the history of the Country, to combine with vigour in any enterprize calculated to promote the interests of liberal and polite learning, or of giving such bias to public opinion, with regard to matters of this kind, as entitles us to look upon it otherwise than in a very subordinate degree of amelioration. And as to our seats of learning, whatever we may be able, by a careful examination, to trace of their effects in society, we hold ourselves entitled to speak with moderation of their *pub-*

lic endeavours to advance the cause of human improvement, either individually or as a body. We would by no means assume to ourselves a censorship over the more ancient seminaries of learning in this province, in particular; but, however unpleasant to our inclinations and feelings, we cannot help observing, that their example and influence in facilitating the progress of the arts and the sciences which spring from intellectual improvement, has been more deplorably deficient than can well be excused in institutions so long and richly endowed, notwithstanding the excellent opportunities afforded them to the contrary by a constant and numerous attendance from almost all the respectable English and French families in the country. Assuredly there is something more necessary to be done by the professors of learning in Canada than the routine of meeting their pupils once or twice a day in their class rooms, and occupying themselves with *mere words*, and that, too, in the most abject sense of the phrase. From the course which we understand is pursued in these Seminaries, it may be doubted whether these students are very sure what word is a noun and what a verb, and therefore they are occupied about *words*.

But professors with different ideas, and students with far more serious and useful exercises, are necessary to raise us in the estimation of the literary world. In this rising Colony we have need of many kinds of men; it is necessary that we should possess, within our own bounds, the *means* of giving to each kind that sort of preparation which may best fit them for the life to which they are destined. So there be no want of unity in the general character and feeling of the whole country, considered as acting together, the more ways the intellect of the Country has, in which to shoot itself out and display its energies, the better will it be:—the greater the variety of walks of exertion and species of success, the greater the variety of stimulus applied; and the greater the spirit of that universal activity, without which minds become stagnant, like fish pools, the greater is our hope of long preserving a place in the estimation of the world. Who, except the professors and the students who attend them, know any thing of the internal economy of the two extensive public Seminaries of Quebec and Montreal? They are both represented to have been founded for the education of youth through all its various departments to the higher branches of philosophy and the mathematics; but who ever hears of their progress in these sciences or in letters? Who has ever heard of the prelections of the professors upon the important branches of education—of the notes and discussions of their pupils—or of the busy hum of an anxious and promising body of aspiring scholars? We sometimes, indeed, have the good fortune to see a solitary straggler of the latter turning some lonely corner of our streets, dressed in his dark blue robe and party coloured sash; but we can learn no more of his studies, either from himself or his teachers, than we can of those of an Indian from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Is there no other responsibility attached to the teachers than those fragile and ephemeral connexions which subsist between the tutor and his pupil? and if there be, as we believe there is, why is not the public periodically put in posses-

sion of some *data* by which to judge at once of the teacher's capacity and the students progress ?—But enough of this subject for the present, in the hope that the Literary Society of Quebec will one day become the means, not only of introducing into our Seminaries of learning a system of more liberal and enlightened economy, but also of influencing by the constitution of its laws, and the circulation of its more advanced proceedings, the whole range of our society.—Indeed we know not how we should be able to appreciate the advantages of such a Society if at any future period of its progress to maturity, its constitutional laws should receive such a form as to enable it to become the generous and enlightened censor of our schools, and the impartial arbitrator of every measure that tends to the cultivation and promotion of the polite and learned arts.

Where, we would ask would be the difficulty, or, if so, where the impropriety of associating by means of a Royal Charter, or some other Ordinance proceeding from his Majesty, each head of our Schools of every denomination with this, or some such literary Institution, in order to extend its influences and its exercises into the very heart of every Academy in the Province ? Against such a measure, no doubt, the prejudices which are ever found to attach themselves to different tenets and opposite modes of thinking upon the learned professions of life, would be formed in deep and obstinate array. But is there a scholar in the Universe, sensibly alive to the interests and reputation of letters, and totally unshackled by the rules of *schola sacerdotum*, or who could find an inclination in his heart to avoid any opportunity for promoting the cause of learning, and especially that kind of cultivation of the mind, which after it has been surfeited with the knowledge of school books, aspires to a cultivation of polite and useful information ? On the contrary, we have every reason to hope, if not to believe, that there is scarcely an individual belonging to the learned professions in this country, who would not by his talents and influence, forward to the utmost any reasonable and well digested measure calculated to promote the cause of liberal and enlightened reflection. And hence the responsibility which attaches itself to the patrons of the Society whose laws we are now considering, for weighing in the balance those springs which are to give future life and motion to its most vital functions. Considering the institution of this Society as a mere experiment, and the humble, though useful and necessary path to which its exertions in the field of literature must be restricted during its earlier years, we cannot conceive how the ground-works of its operations could be better laid than in the rules or laws now before us. They have come forth to the public in a very modest and unassuming shape. The association from which they proceed neither arrogates to itself powers or faculties which it does not possess, nor builds hopes for its future prosperity, otherwise than upon those sentiments which entirely depend upon the enlightened views of the country with regard to its ends and purposes. These moderate and becoming views cannot be better expressed than in the language of the Society itself:—"Although it is intended" says the pamphlet before us, and the whole of which will be found in another part of this work—" although it is intended that this Society

shall *hereafter* embrace every object of literary interest and inquiry—it has been considered expedient at present, and during its infancy, to confine our researches to the investigation of points of history immediately connected with the Canadas. To procure and furnish the complete annals of the Country may never be in our power; but we are persuaded it will soon be found within our reach, to illustrate the most remarkable epochs of our history, and to place in strong relief their most interesting and singular details." We have dwelt at such length upon the first and second propositions with which we set out in our remarks more immediately connected with the Literary and Historical Society, namely, the necessity which existed for such an institution in this country, and the constitutional laws which, in our opinion, should govern such a Society—that we find we have left ourselves no room for entering at any length upon the third proposition, which was simply to deduce the benefits which might arise from this Society. Indeed this proposition is self-evident; for if we have not failed in satisfactorily shewing that the present state of society in this country loudly called for the institution in question, and that it is founded on liberal and enlightened views, we think there can be little necessity for discussing the *benefits* which must ultimately arise from it. These will very readily occur to every well informed mind: and we shall only upon this head add, in the words of the address before us, that—" whether we regard the prosperity of this Institution in a NATIONAL or in a LITERARY point of view, its advantages are equally apparent, and must come home to every bosom. It will raise us in the moral and intellectual scale of nations. It will cherish our noblest feelings of honour and patriotism, by shewing that the more men become acquainted with the history of their country, the more they prize and respect both their country and themselves. In a LITERARY point of view it is fair to expect that the formation of this Society will introduce a lasting bond of union and correspondence between men, eminent for rank, condition and genius, from one extremity of the British Provinces to the other."

In conclusion, however, we would warn both the public and the members of this intelligent society, neither to be over-sanguine in their expectations as to the extent of encouragement which may be expected from the literary men scattered throughout the British Provinces in contributing to the archives of the Society, nor as to the extent of their influence over the sentiments of the well informed individuals and learned bodies in them; for it is easy to perceive that in the progress of our society, there are periods in which such a proposition as the present must be more favourably received than at others. When men become occupied in the subjects of policy, or commercial arts, they wish to be informed and instructed, as well as moved. They are interested by what was real in past transactions. They build on this foundation, the reflections and reasonings they apply to present affairs, and wish to receive information on the subject of different pursuits, and of projects in which they begin to be engaged. This seems to be the origin and progress of society itself, and it will consequently, we sincerely hope, be ultimately the means of giving animation and stability to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

"LETTRES DES CURE'S des Paroisses respectives du Bas-Canada, dont il est fait mention dans le cinquième Rapport du Comité Spécial sur les Terres incultes de la Couronne; imprimées en conformité à l'ordre suivant de la Chambre d'Assemblée, savoir:"

Chambre d'Assemble'e, Samedi 15 Fe'vrier, 1823.

Ordonné,—Que Cent Copies des Lettres des Curés de cette Province au Comité Spécial sur les Terres de la Couronne, soit imprimées pour l'usage des Membres de cette Chambre.—*P. E. Desbarats, Greff. Ass.*"

We believe the House of Assembly do not usually circulate the papers printed for the use of their special Committees, beyond the walls of the Bishop's Palace. The papers under consideration have, however, and in a regular book-form too, found their way into the wide world. The matter they contain, we suppose, was thought by some patriotic members, too good to be consigned to the fire-proof vaults of the House of Assembly. We are of the same opinion; and we look upon this volume, of *one hundred and twenty three pages*, as a most important document, expressing the political sentiments of a distinct class of men, who, in this Province, possesss more than sovereign influence over the minds of the people. We are therefore inclined to give this part of it a much wider range of publicity than could have been contemplated by the zealous gentlemen who caused the light of heaven to shine upon it, by conferring on it, we sincerely hope, the honours of immortality. In doing so, we shall pass over all the questions, except the last, the answers to which involve two very important subjects, that is, the religious and political feelings of *Messieurs les Curés* of this province. In order, however to give a full review of the answers of these gentlemen, we shall point out all the particulars for which they are remarkable. They naturally resolve themselves in the following heads:—*Firstly*, Contradiction; *Secondly*, False Statement of facts; *Thirdly*, Ignorance; *Fourthly*, Absurdity; *Fifthly*, Strong hostile feelings to every thing English, and attachment to France; and *Sixthly*, Attachment to old customs, and prejudices, and consequent hostility to improvement. This may be thought a severe and forced interpretation; but we shall make the gentlemen in question speak for themselves.

I. CONTRADICTION. To illustrate this head it will be proper to premise, that the dislike of these gentlemen to every thing English, has led the great majority into the assertion, that the Township lands never will be settled by French Canadians, because those lands are not held by the *antient tenure*, and because of their distance from what they call "*les secours de la Religion.*" Some honest men among them have, however, asserted the contrary of all this, and hence arises the *Contradiction*; but to the proof. For the information of such of our readers as have not seen this famous book, we shall, first, state the 14th question put by the House of Assembly, and which is the only question we have at present any thing to do with. "Va-t-il aucun des habitans s'établir dans les Townships concédés en franc et commum soccage et s'il n'y en va pas, a quelle cause l'attribuez vous?" "Do any of the labouring class go and establish themselves in the Townships, and if they do not, to what

cause do you attribute it ?" We have before us the answers of fifty Cures, all in the negative, and all giving very nearly the same reasons. We shall select a few of those which come first to hand.—Mr. Ranvoyze, Curé of Saint Anne, says, " many of the young people of my parish go and establish themselves in the Seignories of the Districts of Montreal and Three Rivers ; but I know of none who have established themselves in the Townships. This I attribute, in my humble opinion, to two principal reasons, first, because of the distance they would find themselves from Religious assistance (*les secours de la Religion ;*) and, secondly, because of the tenure and conditions of the Concessions in free and common soccage."—M. Langlait dit Germain, Cure of Ange Gardien, gives the same causes in very nearly the same words ; and so on with a host of them. The same M. Ranvoyze, in his capacity of Curé of Saint Joachim, gives rather a different account of the matter. He speaks of the impossibility of paying for the lands which they would be obliged to *purchase* in the Townships ; and gives, at last, the true reason why his people, (and we may extend the same cause to most of the parishes,) do not take lands in the Townships—viz : the influence of the Clergy themselves, *who are afraid that their people may learn* and love the Religion and the language of the English. After speaking of their utter privation in the Townships of all religious assistance, he says—" because, as things are there, they could not have a Catholic *Establishment ;* but it would not be so, were these Crown lands conceded in *Fiefs.*" " They could then have, in a settled form (*d'une manière fixé*) all the assistance of their Religion." No doubt ; establish fiefs and seignories, and the tithes naturally follow. Here, then, is the true cause. The Priests, who possess boundless influence over the minds of the " *habitans,*" would rather see the farms on the Seignories divided into smaller portions, whereby their tithes would be increased, than suffer them to escape to the Townships, where they might soon entirely free themselves from their thraldom. In furtherance of this darling object, they make use of the prejudices of the people in favour of antient customs ; and thus easily persuade them that the feudal tenure is better than the free and common soccage. In proof of this, let us hear what is said by some of those Curés who appear not to have been quite so zealous as others in the exercise of their influence. M. Dufresme, Cure of Saint Regis, acknowledges, that Canadians have settled in the Township of Godmanchester, and that many more would go, were it not for the badness of the roads, and the consequent difficulties of communication ; and if we are to judge by his list of baptisms, etc, we may conclude that a very great portion of his people are in the aforesaid Township. M. Joyer, Cure of Pointe du Lac, says, " I have no doubt the ' habitans' would go to the Townships were lands offered to them to a sufficient number." M. Morin Curé of Saint Anne La Parade, says, " The only *absolute cause* for their not going is the want of necessary means." The Bishop of Jalde, says, " the people of Riviere Ouelle do not go to the Townships, because the lands in the Fiefs are not all conceded."

From all these testimonies, and we might add many more, we may fairly conclude, that the Canadian Habitans do not settle in the Townships, either when there are unconceded lands in the Seigniories, or when the priests interpose their authority to prevent them.

II. False Statement of Facts. In addition to the illustrations under the last head, which are corroborative of this, we shall refer to the letter of M. Painchaud, Curé of Saint Anne, whom we shall have occasion to quote under another head. This gentleman's language is a very fair sample of the peculiar manner of making statements belonging to his brethren to suit their own views. After speaking of the "extreme difficulty of procuring lands in the Townships," he says, "this difficulty was indeed of such a nature, (and I speak here of what I have *seen*, *heard*, and acted in,) that notwithstanding the humble manner in which our people represented the sad necessity to which they were reduced, of either taking, without any title, their fire-wood from the lands of the Crown, or of burning their fences, yet it was necessary to demand, press, and solicit; and it was not till after having employed the highest characters, that they could procure only *fifty four* lots, with all the reserves and restrictions usually demanded." Now, who does not see, that in this case, the Township lands were applied for with the sole view of pillaging them of all their timber and fire-wood; and because they could only procure 54 lots in *one* Township for this *laudable* purpose, a hue and cry is raised against the Government, and the "extreme difficulty" of procuring lands in the Townships is unblushingly held forth as a reason why these lands are not taken by the French Canadians! Hear a little of the language which this gentleman puts into the mouth of the ignorant Canadians:—"They have already refused to our Clergy their proper influence over our schools, and have given it to Protestant Ministers—how then would it be in the Townships?" Really, it is scarcely necessary to remark on this piece of chicanery. Where, we would simply ask, are the Protestant ministers who could exercise their influence over the schools in the different French parishes, if they had the privilege. We must have a very considerable importation before we can expect to see such a system carried into effect. But, perhaps, the gentleman has an eye, in this assertion, to the Royal Institution of Quebec. Even in that case, he would be wrong, because Monseigneur du Plessis was appointed by His Majesty one of the members of that Corporation—but his Lordship refused the honour. Again, "the Irish have assured me, says a third, that we should be like them, obliged to pay tithes to Protestant ministers, and this is the meaning of the Clergy Reserves." This falsehood is too palpable to need refutation. We might quote many more passages of the same tendency as those; but we shall content ourselves with one more. Hear, then, M. Cherefils, Curé of Saint Constant:—"It is easier for them (the Canadians) to take a farm and cultivate it immediately, which does not average more than ten shillings annual rent, than to pay thirty shillings per acre, for a farm of three acres by thirty, as they now rigorously demand in Sherrington." To expose the error of this statement,

we have only to remark, that Sherrington belongs to individual land-holders, who have taken upon themselves to divide their farm into narrow strips, and who, between them and the owner of the Seigniorie of La Salle, which joins it, have contrived to cheat the Settlers into their own terms. We need hardly say how different things are in that Township from those belonging to Government, where lands are granted for a trifling office-fee.

III. IGNORANCE. M. Boissonnault, Cure of Saint Jean Port Joli, gravely tells us, that "there are no *Townships* in the *parish* de Saint Jean Port Joli;" and yet he has the hardihood to speak of the causes why they are not settled." The preference given to the protestant Clergy in the different distributions of these lands, (in the moon we may suppose) give them a distaste for such settlements." Mr. Bellenger, Cure of Saint Paul, tells us, that his people do not like to hold lands "in *free and common soccage*, because they would be obliged to pay double rent." Truely we do not envy the Honourable Committee the *value* of any information they can hope to derive from such wise-acres as these.

IV. ABSURDITY. We have already remarked, that the most powerful reason urged by almost the whole body of the Clergy against the settlement of the Townships by Canadians, is the want of "*les secours de la Religion.*" It is needless to make any further quotations on this subject; but we beg to be allowed to ask what do this Reverend body expect? Do they hope to see an Ecclesiastic planted in the midst of a Forest before a tree is cut down, and then wait in anxious expectation the arrival of settlers, that he may give them "*les secours de la Religion?*" We should really think it a less Quixotic scheme to allow the settlement to precede the Priesthood; and we should like to be informed which of these two methods was adopted by their forefathers in the first settlement of this Country.

V. STRONG HOSTILE FEELINGS TO EVERY THING ENGLISH, AND ATTACHMENT TO FRANCE. Some of our former quotations have been illustrative of this head; but we must add a few more. M. de Courval of Narville et les Ecureuils, says, that many are afraid of taking these lands "from the dread of *expatriating* themselves;" that is, their associating with the English is tantamount to expatriation. M. Fortin, of St. Jean de l'Isle d'Orléans, says, "The mode of concession does not suit the Canadians; they do not like to mix with *people of all sorts of religion.*" The same gentleman acknowledges, that on their present lands, his people "bring up their wretched families only to augment, at a future day, the number of mendicants." Mr. Noel, Curé of Kakoua, says, the Canadians respect the *King and the Clergy*, but think them to be *too powerful neighbours.*" Mr. Painchaud, from whom we have quoted under a former head, is particularly elegant in his hostility and dissatisfaction, for the following is the language which he puts into the mouth of his people. "Is it christian prudence (says one) thus to expose the *salvation* of our children. It is notorious that every advantage is for the Protestants, and every disadvantage for us; let us no longer be told that the *Government is just and impartial, &c. &c.*" "My son (says another) has

fought and bled to keep these lands *for the English, and these same English wish to oppress us.*" "In the United States of America, (says a third,) all men are free, and above all there is no exclusive religious privileges, as *we are told* there are in England, and as we *see* here in Canada." M. Brodeur, Curé of Saint Roch des Aulnets, in speaking of going to the Townships, makes his people say, "we should have to submit to pass our whole life among *strangers*, brought up differently from ourselves, and professing a different religion from ours."—"We would rather see our children always poor, or at a great distance from us, if only settled in a Seignorie, than to see them loaded with riches in the midst of such dangers to their *education* and their religion." Mr. Demouchelle, Cure of St. Genevieve, says, the Canadians will not settle in the Townships, "until they can be assured of having French Canadians for neighbours, with whom they could *freely communicate*." Mr. Huot, Curé of Sault au Recollet, says, "separated from their own people, they recoil at the idea of settling in the midst of *strangers* in our country." M. St. Germain, Curé of Terrebonne, says, "in the Townships they (the Canadians) would be entirely deprived of instruction, threatened with seeing their children gross in ignorance, or only encumber such schools as are directed by the Protestant Clergy, who, in virtue of that celebrated commission which a little more than a year ago, has been crammed down our throats, was placed at the head of all the schools in the province. How can they expose themselves to so many inconveniences at a time—how can we urge them to it?" Mr. Crenier, Curé of St. Anne des Plaines, calls the French Canadians "a *nation* entirely Catholic." Mr. Pigeon, Curé of Saint, Phillippe, says the Canadians "fear as much to be without catholic churches, as they dread the establishment of protestant schools." Mr. Tabeau, Curé of Boucherville, says, "To encourage and *preserve* the Canadians (as faithful subjects we suppose) it will be necessary to give them, if I may so express myself, nothing but what is *purely Canadian*." Again, "they must not be *drowned* among too great a number of *strangers*." Mr. Kelly, Curé of William Henry, complains that the Canadians are prevented from bringing "Priests from Europe,"—of course from France—"who might instruct them in their religion." No doubt a Priest from France would make all his parisioners good *Frenchmen*. M. De Launay, Curé of Saint Leon speaking of the times previous to 1759, the year of the conquest, calls them "those happy times—that golden age of Canada." "In those days," continues he, "the Colonists were attached to their King and their country; but now, *it is quite the contrary*." Need we go farther?

VI. ATTACHMENT TO OLD CUSTOMS AND PREJUDICES, AND CONSEQUENT HOSTILITY TO IMPROVEMENT.—We might quote from 120 pages of the book before us, and in each produce something strongly illustrative of this head. We shall content ourselves with one or two. "The few young men" (says one) "who take new lands, prefer them close to their parents and friends, *however bad the soil may be*."—The Canadians, (says another) will not settle in the Townships, be-

cause a great proportion of those lands are taken up by Americans, a people with whose manners and customs they cannot sympathize." And they all agree, without knowing why, that the feudal tenure is better than free and common soccage. Let us talk no longer of improving the condition of these people, so long as their minds are enthralled by such a set of men, and such a set of prejudices. Nothing but the introduction among them of Englishmen—English institutions, and consequently, English feelings, will gradually wean them from their prejudices and from their thraldom to Priestcraft.

It may, perhaps, be said—"Is not all this very natural, or could we expect the French Canadians to be otherwise than attached to their own customs, as well as to their mother country?" We answer, not in the least extraordinary. But we must, at the same time, take leave to say, that it would be very extraordinary if we, with a full knowledge of their hostility to every thing that even sounds like English, should persevere in that line of policy which tends to foster, to strengthen, and perpetuate that feeling. It is one thing to tolerate the free exercise of their religion; but it is another thing to put it into their power to support that religion by special enactments, to the neglect of the religion of England. It is one thing to know their anti-English feelings and prejudices, and to apply a remedy which will imperceptibly undermine and finally destroy them; but it is quite a different thing to adopt and persevere in a system of legislation, which has hitherto had no other effect than to put them in a situation to rivet the chains which must finally bind them indissolubly to France.

If, then, we wish to render this a truly British Colony, let us speedily look to it; let us not be deterred by any motives of false delicacy. The mask is now torn off, and we see the naked truth—a *change must take place.*

SABBATH MORN.

How placid and how sweet this holy morn,
That throws its modest blush from yonder hill;
The linnet softly sings from off the thorn;
With murm'rings grave responds the neighb'ring rill,
While nature wakes from slumbers sweet and still,
And crystal gems are shining on the lawn.

The mists are rising from the early bed,
As farther up we see the God of Day;
Light pours on light, and ray on ray is shed,
As through the heav'ns he holds his lucid way,
While all around his little sun beams play,
And the tinted clouds in rich luxuriance lay.

The vernal zephyrs come with sweet parfume,
From earth to heaven their holy incense raise;
The landscape's spread with morning's vivid bloom,
The air resounds with melody and phraise;
The dewy flow'rs now sparkling in the blaze
That triumphs o'er night's dark and sullen gloom.

Ah, lovelier still! I hear the church-bell ring,
Its hallow'd note floats sweetly to my ear—
What joy I feel—I hear the angels sing!
While on my cheek I feel the the grateful tear.
Celestial Morn! I cannot linger here;
To yonder worlds my soul would quickly wing!

SKETCHES OF UPPER CANADA, DOMESTIC, LOCAL AND CHARACTERISTIC :

To which are added Practical Details for the information of Emigrants of every class ; and some recollections of the United States of America. By John Howison, Esquire, Second Edition, Edinburgh, 1822.

This is one, and we believe the last, of that numerous list of volumes of all dimensions, from the portly *quarto* to the diminutive *duodecimo*, which, since the conquest, have occasionally appeared concerning the curiosities and resources of Canada with so little credit to the authors and benefit to the Country. It is seldom that a year passes over our heads in which a book or two have not been issued from the British press, professing to detail in all their most essential features and enlightened developement, all those wonderful particulars which it is deemed necessary for our countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic to be informed of previous to a voyage hither for the purpose of bettering their condition in the world.—But notwithstanding this friendly and patriotic species of good conduct on the part of our travellers, it unfortunately happens, that the readers of their laborious publications, seem as grossly ignorant of this Country—its commercial resources, agricultural pursuits, and political economy—as they are of those of the moon, if any such exist in confirmation of the late discoveries of a celebrated German Astronomer. Indeed, as for the bulk of our countrymen at home, Canada, we should conjecture, occupies nearly an equal portion of their thoughts, and strikes them much in the same light, with the ring of Saturn. They consider it as something very large, very curious, very distant, and inexpressibly unimportant to themselves and their families : as a country wholly covered with woods, and solely inhabited by savages : as a climate that will in winter freeze the strongest Angoumois brandy in the bottle, and in summer resuscitate the best fresh butter into the cream which begot it : and, withal, a land totally unworthy of any other regard than that which is cursorily paid to the most diminutive and unknown of the South sea islands. This apathy and lack of knowledge about a country the possession of which cost our ancestors so much blood and treasure—where Wolfe expired in the arms of Victory at the moment of delivering this new and valuable legacy to his country—where the graves of so many of her brave sons rise in green and solitary clusters to attest their valour and heroic disdain of life in her cause—and where so many of our relatives, after being driven from the homes of their fathers without a heart to pity or an eye to weep for their misfortunes, have forever taken shelter in the woods from the misery that otherwise awaited them, but still sighing with sentiments of longing solicitude for the land of their birth and of their kindred—we say, that the want of proper and authentic information about such a country which seems to prevail throughout the United Kingdom, we have heard attributed to the want of some standard book, which, in a popular and actractive style, should aim at making the English reader comprehensively acquainted with the scene, the nature, and the history of the British power in North America.

The disgraceful fact that no such transatlantic *guide* exists; must be admitted; and assuredly the volume before us, whether we consider it in the light of "the travels for pleasure of a gentleman of fortune," for an "*Esquire*" brings up the rear of the learned author's name of three words and three syllables—as the production of a tourist in search of the picturesque—as the speculations of a land-jobber—the ravings of an emigrant agent—or the specious theories of a political economist—is equally and deplorably destitute of truth, information, sound sense, discretion and judgement. We admit, however, the severe test by which a book of travels is tried, when it is read in the country which it professes to describe. A stranger can scarcely avoid committing errors, and those of a serious nature, which a native will not instantly detect, and laying prejudices on both sides out of the question, will probably enlarge most upon those subjects that stand least in need of explanation to the people whom they concern. But notwithstanding the length to which we are willing to extend the indulgence implied in this observation, we cannot conceive how it is possible for Mr. Howison altogether to escape the disapprobation of every sensible Canadian who has read his work for the idle, and, in many respects, childish entertainment which he has ventured to spread before us, as well as the castigation of every capdid critic for the turgid and inflated *eloquence* of his style, if we may so speak, and his utter recklessness about every other consideration than causing *effect* by the production of a work, which, instead of giving eyes to the blind and knowledge to the ignorant, as he no doubt anticipated, seems to us adapted for no other purpose than affording a few hours' amusement to the Romance and Novel readers of Great Britain, and serving as a fertile source from whence La belle Assemblé, the Ladies' Magazine, and other periodical works of the same description, could easily draw a vast reinforcement of monthly matter to fill up their pages, and of which, we are assured, they have amply availed themselves. But, in our opinion, the most extraordinary circumstance which attended the publication of the first edition of this work, was the marked respect and unqualified approbation which it experienced from those two great leading periodical publications of Scotland—the Edinburgh Review, and Blackwood's Magazine. That the latter, however inconsistent with its avowed principles and conduct, should endeavour to speak favourably of a production coming from the hands of a frequent and laborious contributer to its own pages, is not so surprising; but that the former, which is renowned all over the world for the splendour of its talents—the correctness of its information—and the general, though severe and impartial, accuracy of its critical comments and reasoning—should lend its pages to the propagation of one of the most puerile, and, in many respects, one of the most false and unreflecting descriptions that was ever given of Canada, is to us a matter of much surprise and curiosity. Thus, however, is proved in the most clear and satisfactory manner, that gross and unpardonable ignorance which we have attributed to the Mother Country, from the most learned and best informed classes of society to

the rawest serf, relative to the internal resources and capabilities of these provinces! We sincerely trust, that the time is not far distant when a better spirit will prevail amongst our countrymen; and that, if no exertion will be made by themselves to obtain a more extensive knowledge of the most valuable Colonial possessions of Great Britain, the spirit which has lately been awakened, and is now in busy operation within this country for its improvement in every respect, will speedily be the means of spreading abroad some more enlightened notions relative to these fine, but shamefully neglected provinces.

As to the book before us itself, we freely confess, that we are but little inclined to follow in its barren and desultoreous track in order to substantiate the opinion which we have endeavoured to form of it. Its pages throughout are so extremely insipid and uninteresting in their subjects, and so childishly romantic in their details, that we had as soon follow the course of a culler of flowers, or a collector of butterflies, as attend with minuteness to the devious ways of Mr. Howison for the purpose of stopping him short and telling him, that if he really had the good of Canada at heart by meditating a book which could be read with interest and profit by those who were absolutely concerned in her prosperity and welfare, he should do so—not by dwelling with such singular satisfaction, as he has done, upon the idle chattering of a Canadian driver with his horse—not by depicting the manners and behaviour of a child tottering under the weight of its grandfather's huge cocked hat—not by painting in glowing, but *false*, colours the dexterity of a Roe-buck in reconoitring the motions of literary itinerants and batteauxmen as they passed by his lair—not by describing a "Deer-hunt *by torch-light*," a circumstance which we are convinced never took place—not by detailing the ingredients of a good breakfast, and the chemical process of hemlock tea—nor "*landing upon an island*"—nor a "*false alarm*"—nor any of the other no less ridiculous scenes which he has endeavoured to describe with such bombastical minuteness—but, with those abilities and talents for observation which he undoubtedly possesses, by sitting down with serious responsibility to recount in plain and familiar language such facts as might afford his countrymen an insight into the commercial and agricultural peculiarities of this country as might enable them to judge with preciseness whether it would be adviseable for them to emigrate when misfortune assails them at home, and under what circumstances. We are not, however, permitted to embark far upon this wilderness of a book before we fall in with a passage which must satisfy the most indulgent reader of the extreme destitution of all useful information in which it was written; and that, to collect any knowledge of the moral and political situation of the country, formed no part of the plans of the writer. In page 18th we are presented with the following curious and extraordinary passage.

"Those individuals of the lower classes that one meets in the streets of Montreal, carry with them an appearance of vigour, contentment, and gaiety, very different from the comfortless and desponding looks that characterize the

manufacturing population of the large towns of Britain. When in the midst of a crowd, the tone of our feelings often depends more upon the degree of happiness exhibited by those around us, than by what we actually enjoy ourselves; and a man cannot fail to experience a lively pleasure, when he walks through a town, and perceives that a large proportion of its inhabitants are strangers to beggary and woe. The streets of our cities in Britain display such a succession of miserable beings, that one is often inclined, while traversing them, to become inimical to civilization; as half the objects that present themselves afford evidence of the waste of happiness which its purchase occasions. Montreal is as yet a stranger to those miseries which a surplus labouring population never fails to produce, and will probably continue so, as long as vacant lands lie open, in all parts of Canada, for the reception of settlers."

The author, indeed, does not profess to include *Lower Canada* in his researches; but, besides the moral philosophical inconsistency contained in this unguarded passage, it nevertheles proves, that the furious rapidity with which the author passed over every moral and phy ical subject of enquiry, was no less than that with which he traver ed the country at large. The error in moral science to which we allude, is contained in the sentence in the above quotation which intimates, that when in a crowd the tone of our feelings depends more upon the happiness of those around us than by what is actually enjoyed by ourselves. In our opinion, the very reverse of this is generally the case; for though we admit, that all passions, but especially those of the social kind, are contagious, and that when the passions of one man mingle with those of another, they increase and multiply prodigiously; yet a heart overclouded with real woe and sorrow will never for a moment cast a sympathetic glance on the joy which may surround it: on the contrary it will loath and shun every thing that savours of pleasure, and take refuge in its own sad meditatiou from the turbulent enjoyments of a more fortunate world, until some signal event occurs to rouse it from its lethargy.

A man in grief cannot bear mirth; it gives him a more lively notion of his unhappiness, and of course makes him more unhappy.—Satan, contemplating the beauty of the terrestial paradise, has the following exclamation:

> With what delight could I have walked thee round,
> If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
> Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
> Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crown'd,
> Rocks, dens, and caves! but I in none of these
> Find peace or refuge; and the more I see
> Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
> Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
> Of contraries: all good to me becomes
> Bane, and in heav'n much worse would be my state.
>
> *Paradise Lost, Book* IX. *line.* 114.

But be this as it may, it is evident, that had the author of the volume before us entered upon that field of minute and discriminate enquiry, which, in our estimation, all travellers who intend to favour the world with a written account of their proceedings are bound to do, he never, in justice to truth, and the real state of circumstances, in Montreal, would have ventured to represent matters in this light. We know not in what happy moment of festal, or other enjoyment, it

was the good fortune of Mr. Howison to have traversed our streets and beheld this exquisite scene of gayety and cheerfulness in the conduct and countenances of the lower orders. It is indeed true, that in all their actions the French Canadians, carry along with them an activity and vivacity which is to be found in no other country, and when sorrow and distress hung most heavy upon them, it is somewhat difficult, especially for such a superficial observer as our author, to mark in their exterior behaviour the traces of what they are suffering within. But French Canadians do not form the majority either of the higher or the lower orders of the citizens of Montreal, and we are so unfortunate as to be able, on too good grounds, to contradict the assertion of our author, who, on more occasions than the present seems to have been carried away into error and misrepresentation by the mere phantoms of his own imagination.

Montreal, we think, contains a population of twenty five thousand, distinguished for that variety of character which prevails throughout the most populous cities of Europe. In truth, from the central situation of the city as a depôt for the wanderers who arrive in this country from almost all parts of the world, there are, perhaps, but few cities in Europe, that can present the same aspect of the various hues and characters of humanity. When we consider the poverty, distress and wretchedness which such carry in their train, and the number of individuals that yearly come among us for relief from the misfortune and misery with which they have been overwhelmed in other countries, we may well imagine the tendency which such untoward circumstances have in giving an immoral feature to the society of our lower orders. In fact we see vice and crime of every description stalking in wan and ghastly array through our streets at every hour of the day and night; and we venture to assert, that there is not a town in England of double, nor in Scotland of quadruple, the population of Montreal, where there are more offences committed against the criminal laws of the country. As a melancholy and evident proof of this, we have only to state, that during each of the four last criminal terms of the Court of King's Bench of this City, no less, at an average, than from sixty to seventy convictions took places for all manner of crimes, from the slightest recognized by the law to those of the deepest hue and most attrocious nature. We have already slightly hinted at the causes which lead to this sad picture of the state of our society; but as a warning to our countrymen who may be disposed to try their fortune in this land of strangers, we cannot forbear to mention one or two more, in particular, which in our opinion, contribute to the state of immorality and crime which prevails amongst us.

In general, there are only two species of emigrants who come to Canada—those who come to cultivate and to subsist upon the soil, and those who, after converting their property at home into money, come with commercial or other speculative views in the hope of bettering their condition. Ignorance as to the actual state of the country, and the plans which are necessary to be pursued immediately upon arriving in it, in order to effect their purposes, is fre-

quently the ruin of both. Amidst this ignorance, the one, instead of applying at the proper quarter for advice, and proceeding without a moment's delay to some spot of vacant land where his industry will secure his prosperity, will frequently loiter his time away with some friends and associates of his youth who may have preceded him in the country, in the hopes of discovering some readier means of subsistence, than by following out his original intention of proceeding to the woods, deeming that it will be time enough to do so when every other prospect absolutely fails him. Before that stern necessity arrives, however, it is a thousand to one if he does not become the dupe of some vicious and dissolate character who glories in waylaying the unsuspicious and unfortunate emigrant, or become so much habituated to society and dissipation that he cannot extricate himself from their baneful and demoralizing trammels. He will at the same time find the cheapness of living, and especially of all kinds of spiritous liquors, with additional force ministering to his propensities; and he will thus, at last, be tempted, if not forced, to indulge in the lowest excesses of a life of idleness and debauchery.—He is then lost to his unfortunate family and to his country, and in all probability becomes a victim to despair and crime. The other species of emigrant, we have mentioned, is not more fortunate. Perceiving, or, at least deeming that he perceives a thousand channels which the ignorance or stupidity of those who have come before him, has left open for the employment of his superior skill and more ample means, he suddenly embarks, with all that enthusiasm and want of reflection so peculiar to those who imagine that they have discovered the secret path that leads to a mass of hidden treasure, into all these scenes of speculative enterprize which ultimately will pave the way to his ruin. In all probability, he will by turns become a speculator in land—a farmer—and a merchant; but, when too late, he will in all likelihood find, that he is himself the ninety-ninth out of a hundred whose too ardent projects have failed in a similar way from want of knowledge of the country and due reflection as to the rules which ought to regulate his conduct in setting out in it. He, too, will become a living and a melancholy monument of his own rashness and folly; and like his unfortunate cotemporary whose character we have endeavoured to draw above, may also be seen rushing headlong upon the stake which uniformly terminates in a life of riotous dissipation.—Such is *our* opinion of a most prominent feature in the society which Mr. Howison describes as, to all appearance, in the perfect enjoyment of every comfort and happiness; and we call upon any person in the least acquainted, either in Quebec or Montreal, to say whether we have exaggerated the scenes which daily pass before our view. That the blame of all this folly and wretchedness is *solely* attributable to the unfortunate emigrants themselves, we are far from insinuating; and we shall take another opportunity in these remarks to show, that not only the government, but the laws of the mother country relative to emigration, are deeply implicated in the adversities which emigrants have to encounter upon their arrival in this country, and the consequent hardships which the old in-

habitants are doomed to suffer in their domestic peace and comfort. Here we shall only remark, that if emigration to Canada be not placed on a different footing from that on which it presently exists, and assimilated, as much as circumstances will admit of, to the laws which govern emigration to New South Wales and Van Diemen's land, the consequences will not only be serious and ruinous to the settlement of this country, but fraught with infinite disaster to the political views and expectations of the Mother country.

Instead of accompanying our author from Lower to Upper Canada, which, even in imagination, would be as barren and uninteresting a journey as we ever performed, we shall leave him altogether for the present, with the view of supplying, to the best of our ability, and as far as our limits will permit us, that glaring deficiency, with regard to the best interests of this country, by which the work before us, as well as every other publication of a similar import which has yet fallen under our observation, is so pre-eminently distinguished. We allude to the most proper and beneficial mode of settling and improving this country. In doing so, we shall leave to historians and philosophers the task of enquiring into those causes which gave its existence to emigration. It is only necessary for our present purpose to observe, that mankind, according to the most ancient historians, considerably informed and polished, but inhabiting yet only a small portion of the earth, was inspired generally with a spirit of migration. What gave at the time peculiar energy to that spirit, which seems always to have existed extensively among men, Commentators have indeed, with bold absurdity, undertaken to explain ; but the historian himself has evidently intended only general, and that now become obscure observation. All history, however, proves, that such a spirit has operated over the far greater part of the globe ; and we know, that it has never ceased to actuate, in a greater or less degree, a large portion of mankind ; among whom the numberless hordes yet wandering the immense continent, from the north of European Turkey to the north of China, are remarkable. The practice of settling Colonies in distant countries has been adopted by the wisest nations of antiquity, who acted systematically upon maxims of sound policy. This appears to have been the case with the ancient Egyptians, the Chinese, the Phenicians, the commercial states of Greece, the Carthagenians, and even the Romans ; for though the Colonies of the latter were chiefly military, it could easily be shewn that they were likewise made use of for the purposes of trade. The savage nations who ruined the Roman Empire, sought nothing but to extirpate or hold in vassalage those whom they overcame ; and therefore, whenever princes enlarged their dominions at the expence of their neighbours, they had recourse to strong forts and garrisons to keep the conquered in awe. For this they have been blamed by the famous Machiavel, who labours to shew,* that the settlement of Colonies would have

* See his political treaties entitled the *Prince* ; which has been translated into several languages. The world is not agreed as to the motives of this work ; some thinking he meant to recommend tyrannical maxims ; others, that he only delineated them to excite abhorrence. He died in 1530.

been a cheaper and better method of bridling conquered countries, than building fortresses in them. John de Witt, who was one of the ablest and best statesmen that ever appeared, strongly recommended Colonies; as affording a refuge to such as had been unfortunate in trade; as opening a field for such men to exert their abilities. Some, however, have ridiculed the supposed advantage of Colonies, and asserted, that they must always do mischief by depopulating the mother country. The absurdity of this notion need not be asserted; for the British Colonies in America will ever be exemplary monuments of the benefits attending colonization; and will shew, that instead of depopulating the mother country, they have for the last two hundred years been the refuge of her surplus population, and one of the greatest sources of her commercial prosperity. The question, therefore, is not as to the wisdom or policy of Colonization, but as to the *best means* for establishing them on a prudent and lasting foundation.

It has ever been the wish of the Government of Great Britain to promote the settlement of her Colonies by giving all that encouragement to emigration which may, at various periods, have been deemed consistent with her political interests. At the termination of every war in which these Colonies were concerned, every offer that could be supposed advantageous was made to the officers and soldiers serving in the country to remain and cultivate the lands to which they were entitled by law—well knowing that nothing could promote the improvement of the Colonies so much as being settled, in the first instance at least, by men of such an annual capital as was neither too large to induce them to desert their prospects when they became weary with labour, or too small not to be amply sufficient for procuring all the necessaries of life while the labour was proceeding on to maturity. On many other occasions, too, laws were enacted for affording encouragement and facility to every class of his Majesty's subjects to emigrate to the British Colonies; and while various regulations were made for their conveyance and settlement, several large sums were, from time to time, voted by parliament for defraying the actual expence of emigration, and for furnishing the settlers with implements of husbandry, and maintaining them until their lands were supposed to be in a condition to do so. But unfortunately these were partial and evanescent regulations and laws, and seem to have been resorted to more with a view to serve some political purpose, or give peace and satisfaction to a certain class of the community in the mother-country, than to promote the welfare and prosperity of the Colonies themselves. Not long ago, when Great Britain was beset and shook to her very centre with poverty, discontent and riot, it was deemed a safeguard to her future tranquility to enter immediately upon some plan of emigration which should gradually drain the country of the evils which disturbed and oppressed it; and, accordingly, not only every facility, but every encouragement which could with propriety be devised, was given to such individuals as should agree to transport themselves to the Colonies. The measure was certainly a wise one; but no sooner had

the storm which threatened the best interests of the country abated, and the political hemisphere again become tranquil, than all the encouragement and protection, which had been formerly given to emigration, suddenly ceased ; and every man who found himself in distress, and was anxious to avail himself of the hopes held out by emigration, was permitted to do so on his own scanty means, and on his own personal responsibility, without the slightest countenance or protection from government. That this was a species of impolicy and injustice, if not of cruelty, totally unworthy of the magnanimity of the British government, and which must one day be repented of, it is quite unnecessary for us to insinuate further ;—for that system of laws, however wisely conceived, or however justly executed, which have the effect of encouraging and promoting the views of a discontented and rebellious subject, while his more honest, industrious and peaceable countryman is left to struggle with his misfortunes in the best way his drooping spirits will permit him, is surely worthy of blame, if not of universal condemnation. While the former, after having insulted and reviled his country and every Institution that is great and useful in it, is carried free of expence to a country abundant in resources for bettering the condition of unfortunate farmers and tradesmen, and there maintained until his circumstances have arrived to that state of independence and affluence from which it is impossible to recede without the most abandoned extravagance or mismanagement on the part of the emigrant; the other, after having experienced in their most rigorous effects the misfortunes incident to agriculture or commerce in the more ancient countries of the world, is permitted to pine in solitude and wretchedness on his native shore, or, with the sad pittance which, with difficulty, he may have saved from the wreck of his former independent circumstances, to waft his way without friendship or protection, and mayhap with a wife and throng family, to a country where he is a perfect stranger, and where, if nothing remains of the scanty means with which he may have set out, he will inevitably become a pauper, and, with all his family, fall a burden upon the better disposed classes of our community, like hundreds before him situated in similar circumstances.

We are therefore of opinion, that the laws, if they may be called such, which at present apply to persons emigrating to the British Colonies in America, are unwise, impolitic and absurd in themselves, as well as incalculably detrimental to the improvement of these Colonies ; and that, the sooner they are revised and amended, the sooner will this country rise into Agricultural and Commercial opulence, and the Mother Country herself rejoice in the facility which she may have given by the improvement of those laws to the power and prosperity of her Colonies. In doing so, one of two measures becomes absolutely and indispensibly necessary, and without which it will be in vain that any alteration at all is attempted. Either Government must take the whole system of emigration into its own hands—transport emigrants free of expence to the Colonies—allot lands to them upon their arrival—and maintain them upon those lands

until they have arrived at such a state of comfort, and security against the privations incident to their situation, as shall enable them to prosecute with vigour the new and enterprizing line of life upon which they have entered, and gradually enable themselves to discharge a moiety of the expence incurred by government in establishing them in such comparative comfort and happiness:—or, failing of this, they must enact laws similar to those that already exist with regard to emigration to New South Wales and Van Diemen's land, which forbid any emigrant to embark who is not in actual and clear possession of property to such an amount as will enable him to land in such a state of comparative opulence as will secure his own future prosperity in the country, as well as the most judicious improvement that may be conceived applicable to its future welfare. In taking the liberty to suggest the propriety of either of these measures to the consideration of the British government, we must candidly admit the difficulty which we feel in deciding which of them we conceive to be most entitled to respect. If, however, we entirely throw aside all consideration in behalf of the mother-country—the great political agitations, which, at times, threaten her best interests—the agricultural and commercial distresses which give rise to such commotions—and to the necessity which must ever exist on the part of government to adopt some conciliating measures for their suppression—and dwell solely on those means which are best calculated to raise the colonies to independence and prosperity, we should certainly conceive that the *latter* mode of peopling and improving this country, is, by far, the most eligible and beneficial. In this case, that deluge of poverty, wretchedness, and vagrancy which has for so many years overrun the country—disgraced its moral character—and almost ruined its agricultural prospects—would be most effectually stayed, and none would be permitted to come to the country except capitalists of respectability, who possessed both the spirit and the means of reducing the wilderness to cultivation, and of preserving the morals and the loyalty of the country from corruption and contamination. As to the other measure proposed, we think, that it also possesses great and manifold benefits; bnt they are benefits of a far inferior description to those which we have just been enumerating. By granting free permission to any person who might be so inclined to embark for the colonies without encroaching upon his private means of living, and there subsisting him until he should be in a condition to do for himself, no doubt many inducements would be held out to individuals who would never otherwise dream of emigrating. Among such, various characters would necessarily be found: Some who, rather than leave their native country, would, for want of that industry and enterprize which should ever characterize emigrants, rather prefer to drag a life of penury and woe amidst the scenes familiar to their youth; and others who, from habits of idleness and vice, had become careless to all industry and callous to every moral tie, and would only think of changing the scenes of their dissipation in the hope of renewing them with redoubled ardour and relish in a country unacquainted with their es-

capes. Assuredly, such characters, so far from being an acquisition to this country, would, as they have already in a great degree been, be the bane of its prosperity and the instruments of its ultimate ruin. And thus we discover, not only the preference which is due to the *first* of the two measures which we have been discussing, but the necessity which exists on the part of the British government for looking with an eye of care and steadiness to all future emigrations to the Canadas and Nova-Scotia.

But why, we would earnestly enquire, have not the British Government, long before now, paid a due regard to those measures? and what, we should be glad to know, are the reasons which can be urged against their immediate adoption? Is Canada a less favoured country than Botany Bay or Van Diemen's land? Is its soil less productive—its clime less hospitable—its laws, for they are British, less secure—its *morals* less strict—its society less respectable—or its feelings less loyally attached to the mother country? If not, and we are not afraid of contradiction, why does there exist such a remarkable and prejudicial difference in the laws which regulate the emigration to both countries? All we can say is, that it appears to us to be a circumstance no less extraordinary than unjust, that while such a colony as New South Wales—at such an immense distance from the mother country—of no political influence—of no commercial resources—and with no *domestic* inducements to the inhabitants of any part of the united kingdom to transport themselves thither,—is receiving every attention from government which ought, in a very short time, to render it a great and flourishing Colony, Canada, on the other hand, inferior to no country in the world for richness of soil—facility of cultivation—cheapness of living—prosperity of commerce—extent of inland navigation—beauty and grandeur of scenery—equity of laws—freedom of political institutions—amplitude of religious provision—and complete exemption from all descriptions of public burthens,—is permitted to languish in cruel uncertainty as to her future fate with regard to the character of her population and the cultivation of her soil, and to become a perfect Lazaretto for every species of poverty, disease, wretchedness and crime that are continually pouring in upon her shores from almost every country in Europe, but especially from Great Britain and Ireland! If then the first object of a rising colony is subsistence and a moral population, and the next the prosperity likely to flow from these two sources, surely there must be something radically wrong in the present system of emigration to the British Colonies in America. By pursuing this system many dangers of a most serious nature may be incurred. The moral and social character of the majority of the inhabitants of these colonies, will soon become tainted—their attachment to a country in which they have failed to procure the means of subsistence, and which they, or their fathers, have been obliged to abandon amidst scenes of poverty and disease, will gradually become estranged—and their political feelings towards a mother-country that has cruelly denied them the necessaries of life at home, and refused her advice and protection abroad, will become callous, corrupted

and disloyal. But, above all, the agricultural prosperity of these colonies will be retarded, if not wholly frustrated ; and if this fails, what will become of our arts and commerce ? If our lands are not properly settled and cultivated, all commerce is precarious, because it is deprived of its principal supplies, which are the productions of nature. Nations or colonies that are only maritime or commercial, enjoy, it is true, the fruits of commerce ; but the origin of it is to be found among those people that are skilled in the cultivation of land. Agriculture is, therefore, the chief and real opulence of Colonies as well as of the States to which they belong. The Romans, in the intoxication of their conquests, by which they had obtained possession of all the earth without cultivating it, were ignorant of this truth. It was unknown to the barbarians, who destroying by the sword an empire that had been established by it, abandoned to slaves the cultivation of the lands, of which they reserved to themselves the fruits and the property. Even in the age subsequent to the discovery of the Eastern and Western worlds, this truth was unattended to ; whether in Europe the people were too much engaged in wars of ambition or religion to consider it ; or, whether the conquests made by Spain and Portugal in America having brought them treasures without labour, the people of Europe were contented with enjoying them by encouraging luxury and the arts, before any method had been thought of to secure these riches. But the time came, when plunder ceased having no object on which it could be exercised : when the conquered lands in the new world, after having been much contested for, were divided, it became necessary to cultivate them, and to support the colonists who settled there. How necessary it is that the same plan should be followed up with steadiness and energy ! Indeed nature seems to have implanted in all generous minds, that labour is the first duty of man, and that the most important of all labours is that of cultivating the land. The reward that attends Agriculture, the satisfying of our wants, is the best comment that can be made of it. " If I had a subject who could produce two blades of corn instead of one," said a monarch, " I should prefer him to all the men of political genius in the state."— How much is it to be lamented that such a king and such an opinion are merely the fiction of Swift's brain. Every thing, indeed, depends upon, and arises from the cultivation of the land. It forms the internal strength of states ; and occasions riches to circulate into them from without. Every power which comes from any other source, is artificial and precarious, either considered in a natural or moral light. Industry and commerce which do not directly affect the agriculture of a country, are in the power of foreign nations, who may either dispute these advantages through emulation, or deprive the country of them through envy. This may be effected either by establishing the same branch of industry among themselves, or by suppressing the expectation of their own unwrought materials, or the importation of those materials when manufactured. But a country well cultivated, occasions an increase of population, and riches are the natural consequence of that increase. " This is not

the teeth which the dragon sows to bring forth soldiers to destroy each other; it is the milk of Juno, which peoples the heavens with an innumerable multitude of stars." The British government, in our humble opinion, should therefore, not only endeavour to place the emigration to our Colonies on this continent on such a footing as would ensure the proper settlement and cultivation of the land, but also encourage, by every possible rational means, our internal agriculture, as well as promote the views of such individuals of capital and enterprize as may be disposed to carry it to its highest state of perfection, by favouring the multiplication of every kind of production by the most free and general circulation.

In the mean time, and in the firm belief that the period is fast approaching when government will see the necessity of amending the emigration laws, it becomes a most imperious duty on the well disposed inhabitants of this Country to employ every means in their power to stay the promiscuous emigration which yearly takes place to these provinces, or, at least, endeavour to give publicity to such sentiments as they may by experience entertain upon the subject, in order, at once to extricate themselves from a tide of injury and oppression which they are not bound to endure, and to put their unfortunate fellow-subjects at home upon their guard against such a system of inconsiderate emigration as may for ever plunge them in poverty and distress. For our own part, we know not how to do so better, than by quoting at full length the following most excellent Address, published some years ago by the Emigrant society of Quebec—a Society to which, we have no hesitation to say, both the mother-country and these provincer, owe more than they will ever be able to repay, either in gratitude or otherwise.

"The object of this Address, is to request that steps may be taken to circulate the requisite information among the lower classes at home, and especially in Ireland; in order that it may be generally understood:—

I. Under what circumstances they may be warrantably encouraged to emigrate.

II. Under what circumstances they ought to be deterred from the attempt.

III. What knowledge ought to be possessed, what rules are to be followed, and what plans avoided by those who do emigrate.

The Society therefore beg leave to state their opinion, that persons with families, possessing a sufficient sum to support them for one year after their arrival in this country—or single men with a provision something less, who are able-bodied, and either expert in agriculture or masters of any of the *common mechanical* trades—provided they are of steady, correct industrious habits, and of enterprizing characters, may fairly be encouraged to transfer their homes to this country, and to expect a better fortune than is likely to await them by any opening presented in their own. In many cases, it would be highly useful, if the funds of the Society could be made capable of rendering some degree of assistance to persons of this description.

But with respect to persons differently situated, and of a different stamp; persons who abandon their homes in a vague expectation of relief from *change*, because they are not thriving where they are; and who land upon these shores in a destitute condition, and without energy to struggle with difficulties, the Society can promise them only disappointment and increased misery: and the case is daily to be witnessed, of those who have been lured hither by false and interested representations, but whose wish and prayer, upon their arrival, is to obtain the means of returning. The Society have actually, in some instances been obliged to employ their funds in sending back deluded and helpless beings who have severed themselves from all the dependence which they could count upon for support in

this world. It appears also, from the public papers, that considerable numbers of those who have emigrated to the United Stats are straining their exhausted means to return. It is very important to impress the conviction, that there are three articles of expence absolutely necessary to the preservation of life itself in this climate, of which a much inferior provision will answer the purposes of existence in others; the articles namely of clothing, fuel, and a compact lodging; to which it must be added, that there are various sources of employment for the Poor, connected with husbandry and navigation, which are wholly suspended during a Canadian winter.

The cases, however, of those who arrive in this country in a forlorn and distressed condition, are infinitely multiplied by the want of information under which the parties act. The season at which the vessel sails, and the port to which she is bound, as its situation respects their ulterior progress, are two points of considerable moment. It ought to be their endeavour to have before them, as much as possible, upon their arrival, the open portion of the year And it is a very common circumstance, that emigrants are brought *here*, whose destination is in some part of the United States, or of the British Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where they have particular inducements to go; to gain which points from Quebec, is perhaps a matter of much greater difficulty and expence, than to go direct to them from Great Britain or Ireland. Several women, with families, coming lately to join their husbands at the points abovementioned, have been led to suppose, that their object would be as readily attained by taking a passage to Quebec, which they have reached without the means of proceeding farther.

It is essential, therefore, that persons emigrating to America should be furnished with some degree of geographical information. And if they hesitate under what government to place themselves in this quarter of the globe, it may be very honestly recommended to them, to forbear from changing masters. Of those who have recently made their election in the United States, it is a fact personally known to members of the Society, that large numbers have found their advantage in resuming their allegiance, and have made application to the British Consul at New-York, for aid to effect a removal into Upper Canada; practically disproving an opinion, which has a pretty general influence, as to the superior inducements of Foreign America.

With respect to that frequent separation of families which has been adverted to—the husband, or the father, coming alone to *try* the country, and sending afterwards for his household, or perhaps returning to fetch them out, the Society can by no means recommend this experiment, unless the parties are so situated that a considerable *present* sacrifice will not eventually distress them. Not only is much time lost, perhaps at a season which renders it highly valuable—not only is the difficulty and expence attending a removal across the seas, increased by this practice; but it constantly happens, that the family upon their arrival at Quebec, are utterly at a loss to trace the person whom they have come to seek; and there are some instances within the knowledge of the Society, where the hope of doing so seems almost gone.

It might be productive of incalculable benefit to the cause of Emigration, if certain Associations were formed in different places at home, composed of intelligent and benevolent individuals, who would open a correspondence with the Society here, and furnish information to the parties upon the spot. The materials for such associations exist abundantly in Great Britain and Ireland; and the Quebec Emigrants' Society entertain a confident hope, that neither the distance at which they act, nor the inferiority of their own pretensions, will cause their appeal to be disregarded, or deprive them of that encouragement and assistance, which they anxiously solicit. They trust that they are engaged in a good work, and in the prosecution of their endeavours they look to the co-operation of good men, and the blessing of God above.

But it is now high time to return to Mr. Howison, whom we left, we believe, plodding his weary way from Lower to Upper Canada.—We are ready to admit, however, that, after having remained so long on our own course with the view of correcting, if if possible, the erroneous opinions of our author and the generality of travellers in Ca-

nada with regard to the kind of information which is most suitable for the perusal of a British public, we are extremely unwilling to accompany our author on his route any further; notwithstanding that his way, though in many places intercepted and disfigured with the briars and rubbish of the romance of authorship, is strewed here and there with the flowers of just observations, so far as they go, and beautiful language. In justice, however, to truth and our own sentiments, we cannot avoid referring to one or two of those opinions which are so thoughtlessly and unsparingly scattered throughout the whole of the volume before us. We shall take them up at random.

In specifying the various classes of persons to whom he would recommend emigration, Mr. Howison says, that "men of small income and increasing family, will find in Upper Canada, in many respects, an advantageous place of residence. When I say this, I of course include those persons only who do not derive their incomes from the exercise of any profession, and who have no obvious means of improving their circumstances. Half-pay officers, annuitants, &c. are in this situation. An individual of this class may do well in Upper Canada, if he possesses a farm, and raises enough of all kinds of produce to supply his own wants. With *two hundred and fifty pounds* a year, and *fifty* or *sixty* acres of land, he might by proper management, support a large family in comfort and abundance." Now, though the general outlines of this paragraph are pretty correct, yet the moment that it enters upon particulars, it denotes a glaring want of enquiry and information in our author, who pretends to have passed two years in the country which he describes. So far are we satisfied of this, that we are firmly of opinion an individual with the *third* of this income, and the *half* of the lowest number of acres here allotted to him, could, even with a "large family," in a few years, not only arrive at "comfort and abundance" by clearing and cultivating land, but acquire comparative independence and opulence.—We have seen this frequently realized; and can assure our author, that had he penetrated a little farther into the bush, and mixed with the families of half-pay officers in their peaceful retirements, instead of remaining on the frontiers amid the tumult of taverns and the thunder of cataracts, he would have found not only "comfort and abundance," but more taste and elegance than he is perhaps aware of, and, in all probability, superior to what he may have ever seen

"At the Royal Hotel
Or Ambrose's dreary Cell,"

the Restorateur and Whiskey-punch reservoir of the celebrated North and the rest of Blackwood's literary Corps. We do not think it an absolutely necessary qualification in a tourist or a literary man to be a judge of POTATOES: but our author, so far from being of the same opinion, seems to have made strict enquiry into this important matter, and he tells us the result has been, that, in Canada, "potatoes succeed in most soils, *but are much inferior in quality to those produced in Britain!*" We should be extremely sorry to allow one disparaging sentence cross our lips with regard to the potatoes of Great Britain; and in us, who have so frequently seen such splen-

did arrays of this noble and favorite vegetable displayed in all its various culinary shapes on the hospitable tables of our mother-country, it would, indeed be the height of ingratitude to do so; but we cannot help differing in opinion with our author, and of expressing it as our firm belief that the very reverse of his assertion is the case.—And it is extremely natural to suppose so, for potatoes are *indigenous* to Canada, and it was not till the year 1565 that potatoes were introduced into Ireland from this Continent, and from thence into England by a vessel wrecked on the western coast, called *North Meols*, in Lancashire, a place and soil still famous for producing this vegetable in great perfection, though not greater than in this country. But were we thus to continue to rebut every foolish and incorrect piece of information with which the book before us so ludicrously abounds, we should occupy more room than we can well afford; we shall therefore leave them to be further sneered at by every well-informed Canadian, and the the prudence and good sense of every English reader, and proceed to bring our review of it to a close, by referring to a point of some considerable importance to every candid and liberal man who may for the future travel in America.

Our author winds up his desultory story, by a long chapter which he has been pleased toentitle "Recollections of the United States of America," being the produce of his hasty travels through that country on his return from Canada to Europe: and in which we are sorry to observe a mixture of ignorance and prejudice—praise and blame—levity and grimace totally unworthy of an enlightened British traveller. In enduring the penalty of his conduct, we admit that Mr. Howison has the consolation of being not the only itinerant who has transgressed the bounds of propriety in speaking disrespectfully of the manners and habits of our neighbours of the United States. He has only followed in the track of the prejudices raised by others, without looking either to the right or to the left to see whether he was not misled. That prejudices, and no ordinary ones, should exist between the British and the Americans, is by no means surprising. Though the majority of the latter have sprung from the soil of Albion, they left it only after having been worn out with political and religious troubles to go in search of peace and quietness in distant climates; and it is therefore natural, that the succeeding generations should, along with the causes which they themselves have experienced of a similar nature, entertain hostile feelings towards the Country of their fathers, which no lapse of time or change of events can scarcely eradicate: On the other hand, it is equally natural, that the people from whom the Americans went out—a people renowned for ages for all that can redound to a nation's honor and glory—should look with an eye of marked prejudice, if not of contempt, upon a country to which they have given being, pretending to vie with them in greatness and refinement. But, however natural this may be, it is a thousand pities, that the travellers among each of these people, instead of adding fuel to the flame of this prejudice and discord, should not, by a reciprocity of liberal sentiment and indulgent observation, endeavour mutually to apply some healing balm to those

hostile personalities which disgrace both countries. In this petty warfare, so inexpressibly unworthy of the literary men of an enlightened age, Mr. Howison is a perfect Hercules, for he has descended to the lowest and most vulgar haunts of the people for the purpose of exercising his prowess in bringing into open parade before us all the enormities of an ignorant and unlettered life; and which, we are ready to affirm, he would have found in equal "practical perfection," to use an expression of his own, in the most enlightened countries in Europe. We are, in sooth, no warm admirers of American manners, far less of that spirit of vulgar and presumptive *equality*, which so generally prevails amongst them; but we have the impartiality to think, that they have no very disgusting peculiarities of habits which are not to be met with in a more or less degree in any other country in the world.

But, of all the distorted features which European travellers have given to us of the manners of the Americans, the most serious charge which we are enabled to bring against their delineations is that which applies to the manner in which they have represented the *social* habits of this people. They are said to entertain fewer domestic virtues and local attachments than the peasantry of Europe. We do not, indeed, find there those graces, those talents, those refined enjoyments the means and expence of which wear out and fatigues the springs of the soul, and bring on the vapours of melancholy which so naturally follow the disgust arising from sensual enjoyment: but there are the pleasures of domestic life, the mutual attachments of parents and children, and conjugal love, that passion so pure and so delicious to the soul that can taste it, and despise all other gratifications. It is also true, that we do not find among the Americans those patriarchal habits, laws, and enjoyments which are so common among the feudal tribes and patronymic clans, the sad and wretched remains of whom are still to be seen in Europe; but if we reflect a moment, we shall find, that it is solely owing to the absence of this identical feature in the domestic society of the United States complained of, that civilization has penetrated so far into the woods—that the cultivation of the soil has been carried to such a degree of maturity—and that the population has become so dense and enterprising.—Few of the young men among the mass of the population of the United States ever think of entering upon a course of servitude as hired labourers or otherwise, as they do in Europe. On the contrary, as soon as they become of an age to be able to do for themselves, they claim from their parents any little patrimony that may be owing to them, and prepare to go farther into the woods, there to establish themselves upon the lands for life, or, after building a house, forming enclosures, cutting down a part of the wood, and putting every thing into a decent train of cultivation, sell the settlement which they have formed with so much labour, and proceed still farther into the woods, to commence anew the same career of hardship and of industry. Here they lead such a rural life as was the original destination of mankind, best suited to the health and increase of the species: and thus, when we behold those elements in actual

operation which give their hue and character to the people of the United States, we are no longer at a loss to conceive how our author, and his contemporary tourists, who give themselves no time or trouble to dive beyond the surface of the moral habits of the people whom they profess to describe,—should be led so far astray in their prejudices, as to give an unfounded and distorted picture of the manners of a people so much and so incessantly exposed to the calumny of travellers. But we decline to follow the subject any farther, having only, after being forced upon it by the work before us, endeavoured to express our own sentiments with that candour which we shall ever hope to maintain throughout this publication. Whoever has visited the Leasowes, in Warwickshire, England, must have felt the force and propriety of an inscription which meets the eye at the entrance into the delightful grounds. We would recommend its perusal to all European travellers previous to their landing in America.

Would you then taste the tranquil scene?
Be sure your bosoms be serene:
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life:
And much it 'vails you, in their place,
To graft the love of human race.

We now take leave of Mr. Howison with no other sentiments than those of respect for his talents and powers of delineation of rural scenery, notwithstanding the manner in which we have been forced to speak of his want of practical information and research. We do not expect to meet him soon again, either personally, or in a literary character; but if ever such an event should take place, he may depend upon our being among the first who shall take an opportunity of introducing him to our friends or to the notice of our Canadian readers.

THE GRAVE.

How deep and quiet is the tomb—
Its brink how dark and dread!
Veiling in an impervious gloom
The country of the dead.

The nightingale's sweet melody
Is never warbled there,
And friendships votive roses lie
Wither'd on the bier.

There widow'd brides forsaken wring
Their hands in wild despair,
Vain in its depths their moans they fling,
With the young orphan's prayer.

Yet where for happiness beside
Shall wretched mortals fly,
When that dark gate alone may hide
Th . hoped tranquility!

There hearts are driven storm tost by woes,
That ne'er knew rest before,—
Were else shall they obtain repose,
But where they beat no more? *Eng. Mag.*

SAINT URSULA'S CONVENT OR THE NUN OF CANADA,

Containing scenes from Real Life. In two volumes. Kingston, Upper Canada: 1824.

Had this not been the first native novel that ever appeared in Canada, we candidly admit, that no consideration could have induced us to give its title a place among our pages, and that to descend from the contemplation of the continued splendour which is shed around our imagination by the productions of the mightiest geniuses of the age, to the perusal of this tale of a nursery, would be more than a sufficient reason for ranking ourselves amongst the most idle of all readers of fiction. The truth of it is, that, whatever our present avocations may lead us for the future to do, we have never been accustemed to the perusal of many novels; and that it is the satisfaction which we have derived from falling in thus accidentally with a cotemporary candidate for literary fame, and the hope, that, in our riper years, we may one day meet again on better terms to aid each other on our difficult path, we have in the present instance deviated from our ordinary conduct for the purpose of expressing in as gentle and impartial a manner as we are able, consistently with our duty, our opinion of the book before us. We must, in the first place premise, that we have not yet arrived at a satisfactory conviction of the utility of novel writing, especially of those light, amatory, and romantic tales, which, under this title are daily issuing from the press;

> Unfinished things one knows not what to call
> Their generation's so equivocal;

and that until that is the case, we cannot help thinking, that the genius and talents of young writers, of both sexes, might be applied to much greater advantage to themselves and others in commencing their labours, by pursuing some more serious and important course in literature than *fiction*, the most alluring of all species of composition. We are far from insinuating that this kind of writing may not be made subservient to the highest sentiments of morality and virtue; for that a novel might be written so as to interest the heart in behalf of these principles of our nature, as much as any one has ever warped it to the side of vice, is a truth which no man will ever venture to call in question who has any knowledge of human nature; and Dr. Johnson himself has said, that these familiar histories may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of vice and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and definitions. But what is the reason, we would ask, that the moment a person bent upon a literary course of life deems his acquirements of sufficient importance to administer to the instruction of others, that instruction is sent forth to the world in the form and style of a novel? In our opinion, it is just because this is the most hacknied road in literature to public notoriety, and being so, and there being so many fellow-travellers equally reckless of the manner in which the journey is performed, if the gaol to which it leads afford but a temporary gratification to the pride and the vanity of the itinerant, they greedily embrace this as the only oppor-

tunity by which their limited talents are destined to be perpetuated. If this be true, with what assiduity ought all our young writers to beware of committing themselves? How many thousand paths are open for the exercise and display of their talents besides novel-writing! In the actual occurrences of life there is a natural beauty, as well as a moral principle which the invention of the highest genius can never equal; and in reflecting upon them, a feeling and generous mind, is often struck with awe and veneration at the happy or unfortunate results to which they lead in human affairs. As the recollection of these are as useful and important for the preservation of social and patriotic feelings, as the worshiping of their household gods by the ancients, we could wish that all young persons aspiring to the enviable rank of authorship, instead of distracting their minds for the purpose of drawing an unnatural and insipid picture of humanity by means of a tale of fancy in the form of a novel, would apply themselves with assiduity to collect the scattered fragments of what may have happened in real life, and by combining them with those scenes of rural beauty of which nature has, almost, in every country, been so profuse, present them to our view in the unassuming garb of facts, which must inevitably lead to some moral deduction.

The little volumes before us, are represented to be partly composed from "scenes in real life," and so far the author has fallen in with our views as to the *first* steps in literary composition; but these "scenes from real life" are apparently so few and so absolutely unnatural, that their effect is totally lost upon the reader. What would completely obviate our objection to the impropriety of young writers rushing at the first bound of their career upon the dark and intricate courses of fiction, is not the *mixture*, as it were, of real with imaginary transactions, but a thorough disregard of all fictitious matter, until both the taste and the mind of the writer have been formed by all that is beautiful in nature, and moral and virtuous in real life. We do not, indeed, say that the taste and the mind cannot arrive at this degree of perfection without the necessity of expatiating upon scenes of this description *in writing*, or in painting, for it is extremely possible to arrive at the highest attainments in taste and intellectual capacity without going through the drudgery of practical composition; but we are of opinion that no person can ever arrive at any thing like perfection in imaginary composition unless they have undergone a long and careful study of nature and the real transactions of human life. Hence the utility of commencing to describe the circumstance of real life, before launching forth on the intricate plots and winding details of fictitious composition. In all the works of nature simplicity makes an illustrious figure; but in those works of fiction which assume not nature for their guide, a corrupted taste will too soon become manifest:

> Poets like Painters, thus unskill'd to trace
> The naked nature and the living grace,
> With gold and jewels cover every part,
> And hide with ornament their want of art.

With respect, more particularly, to the volumes before us, we have every disposition to receive them with cordiality and respect. They are, as we have already said, the first Novel which Canada has ever produced, and the first sacrifice at the shrine of public opinion of a lady who is represented as only seventeen years of age at the time of writing them—two circumstances of themselves sufficient, in our opinion, to render them very interesting favourites with Canadian readers, whatever may be their demerits in talents and execution. We are bound to honour and respect the man who makes the first effort to cultivate a barren field, or tear up the briars of the wilderness, in order to render it subservient to the purposes of civilization, however rough and artless his first essay may be: so we are bound to hail with feelings of respect and gratitude the first literary genius who starts up among us, to chase away, in the words of our fair author, "a long night of ignorance and inaction," however manifold may be his failings. It is in this light alone, that we would bespeak the good will of our readers in favour of the little work before us, notwithstanding that it comes to our presence enveloped in swaddling-bands, which we greatly fear no age or maturity will completely relieve it from. We are sorry that we have neither talents nor room for presenting our readers with an outline of the story of the "Nun of Canada." The plot is by far too intricate in its details, and miserably destitute of that simplicity which leads us with pleasure into a more intimate view of the machinery by which the operations of an ordinary story are regulated. The truth is, that the incidents which give life to this Novel may be seen to equal advantage in any well kept parish register; for it is wholly made up of those never varying events which attend births, marriages, and deaths, among the higher and some of the middling ranks. Instead therefore of attempting to give a detailed account of the subject matter of this book, we shall only enter upon a few cursory observations regarding its execution, which we hope may be of service to our fair author in her future progress towards literary distinction, and refer our readers to the volumes themselves for more particular information; hoping there are but few of them who are not in possession of this firstling of our Canadian Novels.

Though we have said, that the manner in which the details of this story are constructed is devoid of simplicity, yet we do not hesitate to admit that the *language* in which it is composed, is distinguished both by simplicity and elegance of expression, and is void of meretricious drapery or affected splendour. If it betrays any thing of studied polish, it is to be attributed to the almost uniform preciseness of its periods. In justice, however, to our young and fair "unknown," we must acknowledge, that, in having adopted this conciseness of style, she has not fallen into obscurity, which is too frequently the case with writers who affect brevity of expression. It is true her sentences are not always so full and clear as we could wish; and in several places she betrays a neglect—we will not say an ignorance—of grammatical propriety. She not unfrequently uses a repetition of a word in the same short sentence; and altho' this cannot in every

instance be avoided, though it sometimes contributes to beauty and energy of diction, it should not be arbitrarily indulged. She has likewise some favourite expressions of which she has, in the course of the work, made a hackneyed application; such as "*sublunary affairs, showering choicest blessings, choicest favours, breathless expectation,*" &c. All these, though very well applied in their respective places, are nevertheless not the most pleasing from their being too often brought upon the tapis. In the following phrase, "I would sooner die a thousand deaths," &c. the word "*sooner,*" employed in the sense of *rather*, does not seem admissible; nor does the term "*lively,*" intended as an epithet of *country*, appear altogether applicable. In the first chapter of this work, as the nurse and the mother—as the latter then supposed herself to be—of the suppositious Adelaide, are introduced discoursing of the bad state of the infant's health, the mother addresses the nurse with an exclamation pronounced in French, and which address she concludes by communicating her sentiments in English:—"Eh, mon Dieu Josette! what is the matter with Adelaide? I should not have known the child, had I seen her elsewhere." She replies in the like exclamatory way, concluding her address also in the English tongue:—"O Jesu Marie! you frighten me with your wild looks. Pray, *ma chere Dame* be not alarmed." Now this, in our judgement is incongruous in the extreme, that two persons supposed to be of the same nation, and capable of conversing in the same language, should talk together in the manner above described. But perhaps this mode of colloquial intercourse is not unusual with such Canadians as speak both English and French. On this hypothesis, our author may be justified in representing her characters discoursing as they are sometimes wont to do in life. Near the commencement of the sixteenth chapter, there is certainly, as the present reading stands a very great mistake. There mention is made of Lord Dudley and his sisters having entered into the room when Mr. Turner, his sister Charlotte, and the then supposed Mademoiselle Adelaide de St. Louis, were sitting. Had the affirmation been made of Lord Dudley and his sister, there would have been no mistake; because we find Lady Augusta was in company with her noble brother, but not Lady Louisa, as she was then called. Had that gay, witty, and talkative lady been present, it is natural to suppose she would not have remained silent through the whole chapter.

It is to be regretted that the fair writer did not allow herself a wider field in the work before us. By confining her labor within so circumscribed a sphere, she has deprived herself of the opportunity of exhibiting in her characters a greater variety, and of more fully depicting their manners, habits, passions, affections, sentiments, so that we might be enabled to judge, whether nature or education had the stronger influence upon their conduct. To speak, however, in the tone of candour and sincerity—*omnia non possumus omnes*—when we reflect on the narrow space, two small duodecimo volumes, to which she has confined the operations of a genius just beginning to expand itself, we cannot be otherwise than surprised that she has performed

so much. Her despatch is admirable, take it all in all; but shews itself no where to such advantage as in description, and moral illustration. As to the last mentioned circumstance, let it be observed, that she does not sicken us with the tedious verbiage of canting sentimentalists. To give an air of novelty to her work, she has in some degree effected her aim, by introducing Canadian scenery: still her Novel is far from being new, as we meet with many scenes and incidents of a similar complexion to those of hers in the writings of others of the Novel tribe. Though criticism might, if extended to its great rigour, raise numerous objections to this work, one truth is however clear in spite of criticism, that it is worthy of regard, particularly on account of the liberal, enlightened and philantropic sentiments it conveys, and the pure, exalted ideas of morality and religion it suggests. From the example of Catharine, the good Nun, we learn submission to the will of Heaven, acquiescence in the Divine appointments, and an entire confidence in the aid and protection of Omnipotence. By her example we feel inspired with that fortitude and patience which eminently distinguish the true philosophy of the christian from the boasted wisdom of the stoic: Hence the ways of God to man are vindicated, and the fear of death subdued. Such is the doctrine recommended by the practice of the virtuous Catharine, the heroine of the story: it is she that "points the moral and adorns the tale."

In conclusion, we beg to assure the author of this work, that if in any instance we may be looked upon as having spoken of her production with undue severity, we cannot accuse ourselves of having oversteped the bounds of fair criticism. To censure works, not men, is the just prerogative of criticism; and accordingly we have endeavoured to avoid all personal censure; censuring with a view merely to find fault cannot be entertaining to any person of humanity; and of this also we acquit ourselves. We sincerely hope, however, that we shall soon again have the pleasure of meeting our fair author in some of her literary works, though we, with equal sincerity, trust, that it will not be on the "*novel track.*" We would, with due respect, rather submit to her consideration the propriety of perusing with care and attention the History of the British American Colonies, where she will find ample means for the further developement of her talents, which, if properly cultivated, we would fain hope are destined to throw much interesting light upon the literature of Canada. If the transmission of a copy of this work could be of the slightest gratification to her, we can assure her, that nothing could afford us more pleasure; and that she has only, to direct how our wishes to oblige her can be accomplished.

"THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED—A DRAMA BY LORD BYRON*—1824."

There are few persons in modern times, indeed, we may say no one, that has appeared in the arena of the world of literature, who has engrossed a greater share of public attention than the noble author of the work now before us. Whatever ideas and opinions have been entertained of the merits or defects of his writings, one thing appears certain, that he has the peculiar talent of arresting our attention, and rivetting our thoughts to his productions, even though we dissent from his ideas, and condemn his principles; and it is this which must convince every one of impartial decision, that he has been endowed with a singular and powerful genius, and intellect which may be compared alone to the vast and convulsive Ocean—profound, mysterious, and magnificent; now, beautiful as its undulating wave which reflects the surrounding objects in calmness and brilliancy, and now, tossing and turbulent, as when the awakened tempest rouses from the unsearchable deep the power of its might, and the impetuosity of its commotion. Moreover, whilst contemplating the one, a fear of falling into its abyss of waters, (altho' in all the admiration of overpowering wonder,) awes and frequently appals the sense, and thus in meditating on the work of this singularly gifted being, inviting in his descriptions, and intense in his pourtrayal of passions, we feel as if standing before an object which, whilst it incantates us with the spell of its astounding charms, yet makes us thrill with doubt and fear, that they are but temptations to allure, and seducing smiles to deceive, as if the head had been conceived in heaven, and the heart naturalized in darkness.

The most lamentable conclusions however, to be drawn from the perusal of the whole of the works of Lord Byron is, that, although it is said, "*experientia docet*," yet, in the latter productions of his muse, he has all the faults, more immorality and scepticism, and few of the natural touches of beauty, which appear in his earlier writings. In fact, the basis on which he must rest for the purest, and only enviable part of his fame, is in the tales which his genius conceived and produced; his Bride of Abydos, his Corsair, Lara, not to pass over Childe Harold, the master-piece of his talents; and although many faults may be found in the opinions and sophisms advanced in each, yet it is all intermingled with so much beauty, sentiment, and sublimity, as to make it appear less observable, and we may add, reprehensible. The heroes in each, it is true, are beings imperfect and prone to error as the greater part of mankind are, lofty in their pretensions—artful in their principles—and vindictive in their propensities;—but still endowed with some peculiar grace or charms which, in some measure allures and redeems their very failings. Who that has read the parting scene between Conrad and Medora, whose feel-

* Since putting this and several other articles to press relative to the same author, we have received the melancholy tidings of his Lordship's death. We trust, however, that nothing will appear in either article reflecting more severity on the character of this great poet during his lifetime, than may with equal justice be made after his death.

ings did not thrill under the associations of tenderness which it represented, and although Conrad is said to have been a being.

Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes;

yet, that virtue, overpowering in itself and in its very impression throwing all his other moral failings into the back ground; and if we enquire, what were his imperfections, they were the common errors of the world, the errors of all who war and aspire; for it has been aptly observed, that though the slaying of one man, constitutes murder, the slaying of thousands confers immortality. What have all wars for dominion and gain and all the conquerors who conducted them, been? History may applaud, and Time memorize; but the real denomination is no more to be glazed over under a wreath of laurel than under an ignominious scaffold;—and we may question if many of the actions of Napoleon Buonaparte do not merit as stern a recompense as that of the assassin of the Duke de Berri, who acted perhaps under an impression of freedom, with the more honest principles of the two, and if he conceived himself oppressed, have been impulsed, by an opinion, as patriotic in his own mind, as that of William Tell.

Childe Harold, with many faults in reasoning and sophistry, cannot fail to produce on the mind of every reader, an interest which it were in vain to attempt to describe. The faults in it are those of waywardness, sometimes a little obstinacy, and oftener, a little caprice; but if such an impression arises in the perusal of one passage it is immediately forgotten in the ensuing brilliancy of idea which captivates us with its powerful enchantments and force of imagination. We are carried, as it were, along a stream where every different beauty and shade of landscape are scattered and diversified, sometimes in the force of the stream, hurried on until sensation pants under its agitating motion, sometimes borne upon the calmer influence of a less impetuous current, now startled at the frowning and overhanging rocks which surround, and then enraptured at the sudden opening into a lovely and more enchanting prospect, whose feature glows rich and luxuriant under the rays of vivifying splendour. No partial selections from this poem can give any idea of its force, brilliancy, or pathos: it requires to be read throughout to perceive all its beauties. Here and there perhaps, obscured by a cloud, but soon bursting forth again as resplendent as the god of poesy and light. Originality and power of language are its first, grandeur of conception, and intensity of feeling its next claim to our praise; its grandeur, however, is frequently that of the tempest, whose flashes of lightning though they illume, yet scorch with their electric collision.

In speaking thus far of the merits of Lord Byron's writings, we have been stimulated by a feeling of what is due to his genius and originality on one side:—the more difficult and unpleasant task now devolves itself on us, of pointing out the faults and blemishes, the thorns of poesy amidst the roses of graceful fancy and flowery composition. It is however, equally incumbent, as without our errors being pointed out, few, could or would mend or improve,—not that we can hope for much, (after all that has been said,) from his Lord-

ship's impurturbable intellect, and unshaken determination to take no one's admonition. Many in a review of his writings have entered into a discussion, on his private life, which appears to us perfectly foreign to the rights they may deem themselves invested with to judge of him in his avocations as an author. Little has, or could have been known respecting those domestic differences, so much talked of, and less should have been said, considering that there have been faults, in all probability, on both sides, and each opinion found likely to be erroneous. Leaving every thing, therefore, of this nature in silence, the first charge against him as an author, compiling his ideas for the instruction and amusement of the public, is his inglorioussness as a Britain, and an unpatriotic feeling towards the land of his sires, which nursed and educated him. His political opinion as to the most efficacious method of guarding the state and improving the country, both in her powerful relations, and financial system, may have been employed, without degenerating into the unfeeling and unmanly epithets of calling the victory of Waterloo, the carnage of Mount St. Jean, and subsequently in a note added to a later publication, expressing his abhorrence at having any communication abroad with an Englisman; and, moreover, that the only chance by which he had been made acquainted with what was passing in Great Britain, was through the medium of Galignani's messenger.* To all of which, we can only observe, that we should be sorry to disbelieve the statement of his Lordship, but which, if true, leads us either to doubt his word with suspicion or to pity his statement with disgust.

With regard to his moral principles and theological opinions.—On the former it is hardly possible to argue; on the latter it is hardly fair to judge. The author, whose genius could produce specimens of pure poetry which may be extracted in isolated parts from his writings, shews much bad taste in ever choosing for the sake of diversity, subjects to be treated on, not in the sublime pathos of Homer, Milton, or Pope—but in the loose footsteps of a wanton sensualist.

It is only in painting the scenery of nature, in describing the intensity of passion, in pourtraying the fascinations of woman, and the powers of love, in thoughts which burn, and words which glow that he shines: whenever the soul is supposed to be aroused by a sudden burst of love, ambition, hatred, doubt, or despair, it is then that his genius exhibits the force of its intellectual powers—but he requires subjects of this nature to be striking and grand. His atmosphere of poetry is more the "hurly burly" of the tempest, than the calm and pensive beauty of the firmament with its host of irradiated stars, where he stands like a spirit, in the midst of its roar to watch its motion, and sneer at its devastation.

If we were to point out amongst the writings of Lord Byron, those pieces where his morality is the least to be questioned, we should name his Dramas, although formed under the austere rules of the unities, and exhibiting but few graceful beauties, at the same time

* An English Newspaper published in Paris.

pourtraying many striking features and forcible passages, yet even here, we could scarcely fancy a person of his knowledge, so far, falling into the prejudice of criticism, as to support the dogmatical principles of the Unities with such pedantic positiveness, unless he wishes to make us think that his plays are specimens of a correct taste, and that Shakespeare, Massinger, Ben Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Otway, &c. were all tyros in the dramatic art. If it arises from a desire of singularity, it is but poor pride, and if from an idea of strict adherence to the rules of Aristotle, quite contrary to his usual mode, which is, of doing every thing according to a rule of his own. Perhaps his Anti-Anglican mind, scorns even to associate his name with those of his countrymen, but uniting with the French Dramatists, is as much an admirer of that nation's despotic principles in this way, as of their revolutionary ones in another.

We do not mean to argue by all this that, where it can be done, without destroying the effect of a piece, the writer of a play, is not to follow the Unities : on the contrary, it adds so much to the merit of the author in producing a work, faultless in all its parts ; but we cannot condemn the non-adherence to such rules, without condemning the works of our immortal bard Shakespeare, who, with but one exception, produced better plays in despite of such binding laws, than all the zealots of the art ever produced in any other. Whatever cramps Genius, is subversive of originality ; whatever checks natural grace is injurious to effect—and we might as well extol the artificial construction of a canal or aqueduct running in its straitened course, over the beauty of a stream winding in all the graceful bends of natural variety.

We must, however, now turn to the work before us, the last which has appeared from his pen, and are sorry to observe that the subject is as ill-chosen, and the spirit in which it is written as disheartening in many parts as some of his other late productions, without any of the striking beauties of language and construction which make many of his pieces so admired. In a short note we are told that it is founded partly on a novel called " The three Brothers" from which M. G. Lewis took his " Wood-Demon,"—and partly from the " Faust" of Goethé. The reader may recollect in that spirited production of our author's, which we may say first raised public expectation so high in favour of his Lordship's Muse, namely, " his English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers," that amongst those whom his Satire treated so severely and in many instances so justly, Mr. Lewis did not escape his share of censure ;—let him speak for himself ;—

" Oh, wonder working LEWIS—monk, or bard
" Who fain wouldst make, Parnassus, a church-yard
" Lo, wreaths of yew, not laurel bind thy brow
" Thy muse, a sprite,—Apollo's sexton thou ;
" Whether on ancient tombs thou lak'st thy stand
" By gibb'ring spectres hail'd,—thy kindred band
" Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page*

*If this was written in irony, as we suppose it was, we wonder, what his Lordship thinks of his own Don Juan?

"To please the females of our modest age,
"All hail M. P. † from whose infernal brain
"Thin sheeted phantoms glide,—a grisly train;
"At whose command, "grim women," throng in crowds
"And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
"With small grey men"—"wild gagers,"—and what-not,
"To crown with honour, thee and Walter Scott,
"Again, all hail,—if tale like thine may please,
"St. Luke, alone can vanquish the disease—
"Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell,
"And in thy skull discern a deeper hell."

What is to be thought after all this, of the taste, and judgment of one who falls into the very error which he has here so severely censured.

In the "Deformed Transform'd," we have however, the Devil himself embodied in human guise, appearing to a deform'd mortal, who is brooding over the deformities of his shape, and the misfortunes arising from it, which are explained, in a most unnatural, and unfeeling dialogue betwixt mother and son. The spirit offers to exchange forms, and to take the mortal's since it is irksome,—the conditions are very moderate on the part of the spirit, who tells him,

"But I'll be moderate with you, for I see
"Great things within you,—you shall have no bond
"But your own will,—no contract save your deeds."—

This is accepted, and our supernatural guest raises, the shades of Julius Cæsar, Alcibiades,—Socrates, Anthony, and Demetrius Poliorcetes, to all of whom, Arnold,—(which is the name of our hero,) has some objection;—he at length chooses the form of the shade of Achilles, which the spirit also raises,—who now, in his turn, asks himself,—

And what shall I wear?

Arnold. Surely he
Who can command all forms, will choose the highest;
Something superior even to that which was
Pelides now before us,—perhaps his
Who slew him, that of Paris,—or still higher
The Poet's god; cloath'd in such limbs, as are
Themselves a Poetry.—

Stranger. Less will content me
For I too love a change.—

Arnold. Your aspect is
Dusky, but not uncomely.—

Stranger. If I choose
I might be whiter,—but I have, a *penchant*
For black, it is so honest, and besides
Can neither blush with shame, nor pale with fear
But I have worn it, long enough of late
And now I'll take your figure.—

Arnold. Mine?—

Stranger. Yes,—you
Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha
Your mother's offspring,—People have their tastes
You have your's, I mine.—

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†Member of parliament.

We do not give this extract alone, as a denouement of the story, but also as a specimen of the language throughout the drama, which sometimes rises a little higher in interest, and with an occasional idea, somewhat more forcible, and pleasing,—but taken altogether, is weak, and tedious. The stranger now enquires where Arnold would like to make his appearance, in his new form, who says,—

Where the world
Is thickest, that I may behold it, in
Its workings.—

Stranger. That's to say,—where there is War
And Woman in activity;—Lets see!

What his Lordship means to say, by "Woman in activity," we know not,—his more comprehensive mind,—no doubt has a meaning, but for us less sublime mortals it might be as well to add, a glossary to some of these most select passages. Arnold, now says that he has heard great things of Rome,—upon this, the stranger summons four coal black steeds, attended by two pages,—

The mighty steam, which volumes high
From their proud nostrils curses the very air
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire flies wheel
Around their manes, as common insects swarm
Round common steeds towards sunset.—

Stranger. Mount, my lord
They, and I, are your servitors.

Arnold. And these
Our dark eyed pages, what may be their names.

Stranger.—You shall babtise them.

Arnold. What in holy water?

Stranger.—Why not? the deeper sinner;—better saint.

This we take to be our author's creed;—however, to go on.

Arnold.—They are beautiful, and cannot sure be demons.

Stranger.—True,—the Devil's always ugly, and your Beauty
Is never diabolical.

Arnold. I'll call him
Who bears the golden horn, and wears such bright
And blooming aspect, *Huon*, for he looks,
Like to the lovely boy,—lost in the forest
And never found 'till now,—and for the other
And darker, and more thoughtful, who smiles not
But looks as serious tho' serene as night
He shall be, *Memnon*, from the Ethiop King
Whose statue turns a harper, once a day,
And you?

Stranger. I have ten thousand names, and twice
As many attributes, but as I wear
A human shape, will take a human name.

Arnold.—More human than the shape, (tho' it was mine once
I trust.)

Stranger. Then call me, Cæsar.—

Arnold. Why that name
Belongs to empires, and has been but borne
By the world's Lord's.—

Stranger. And therefore fittest for
The Devil in disguise, since so you deem me
Unless you call me, Pope, instead.—

Arnold. Well then
Cæsar thou shalt be,—for myself,—my name
Shall be plain Arnold, still—

Stranger. We'll add a title
"Count Arnold,"—it hath no ungracious sound
And will look well upon *a billet-doux*.

We should really have taken our noble author for some *petit maitre, or courtier*, rather than the first poet of the age, judging from the concluding line of this extract. Lord Byron has written so much, and so powerfully in many instances, that an expression of this sort, under the discrimination of an ordinary reader, may have passed unnoticed—yet to those who read a work with the intention of discovering something of superior merit and instruction, a carelessness, or a defiance of criticism, such as this,—and coming from such a source, deserves more censure, than from any other. Of a person, whose reputation is elevated so highly, much is expected, and ought to be, when the sonneteer, and *namby pamby* writer of lyrics would be passed over in contemptuous silence.—

They now arrive at the walls of Rome, which is beseiged at the time by the Constable Bourbon.—where Arnold, disgusted at the scenes of blood, and lust, taxes the spirit with having led him on too far, and cries out, to be, "at peace."

Cæsar,—And where is that which is so? From the star
To the winding worm, all life is motion,—and
In life commotion is the extremest point
Of life.—The planet wheels 'till it becomes
A comet, and destroying as it sweeps
The stars, goes out.—The poor worm winds it way
Living upon the death of other things
But still like them, must live, and die,—the subjects
Of something which has made it live, and die.
You must obey what all obey,—the rule
Of fixed necessity,—against her edict
Rebellion prospers not.—

With a good deal of depth of thought in all this passage,—the conclusion brings us to consider what is here meant by the rule of 'fixed necessity,'—we once glanced over a publication of the late Bysshe Shelley's, called, "Queen Mab," at which we were appalled, and amongst the rest of its Atheistical, and impious blasphemies, that of terming "the God Necessity," the only law of the universe, was one of the number. We must all necessarily die, but can we have so limited an idea of a Supreme Being, as to suppose, that this is the only power which actuates or invests him with the guidance of mankind? and that having once formed creation, his omnipotence has no further bounds of action than what necessity directs?—We long ago suspected our noble author of being inclined to *predestination*,—and we have here a further proof, evidently in support of this opinion—although, as he says himself, in his preface to "Cain."—as an anology that it would not be exactly correct to make Lucifer, speak as a clergyman.*—

* To such philosophers as Lord Byron and his disciples, we would beg leave to quote the words of an *ancient Heathen*, whom they may consult with advantage for that respect for God and his works which they seem so much to want.—"Quid est autem, says Seneca, cur non existimes in eo divini aliquid existere qui DEI PARS est? Totum hoc, quo continemur, et unum est, et DEUS; et socii ejus sumus et membra."

We are introduced in the 2*nd scene* to the Constable Bourbon, *cum suis*, whom *Count* Arnold, and Cæsar have joined. The Bourbon rallies the Hunchback, who replies most tauntingly and ironically, and when there is another allusion from his mouth evidently meant to make us believe we are in the presence of his satanic majesty in disguise. Preparations are now made for the assault of Rome at day break, and the 1st part of the drama closes with the following soliloquy from this supernatural personage ;—

Arnold has told him to wait in his tent.

Cæsar (*solus.*)— Within, thy tent!
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my presence?
Or that this crooked coffer, which contained
Thy principle of life, is ought to me
Except a mask?—And these are men, forsooth!
Heroes, and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!
This is the consequence of giving matter
The power of thought.—It is a stubborn substance,
And thinks chaotically, as it acts,
Ever relapsing into its first elements.—
Well, I must play with these poor puppets: 'tis
The spirit's pastime in his idler hours.—
When I grow weary of it, I have business
Amongst the stars, which those poor creatures deem
Were made for them to look at,—'Twere a jest
To bring one down amongst them, and set fire now,
Unto their ant-hill:—how the pismires then
Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing
From tearing down each other's nests pipe forth
One universal vision! Ha! Ha!—(Exit.)

We may reasonably here add, that if ill consequences have arisen from giving "matter the power of thought," and that it has been employed to unprofitable uses—our noble author might be cited, amongst the examples. We can only suppose such an expression to have emanated from the mouth of an evil and of a rebellious spirit, and moreover, when such use is made of that power of thought that the spirit must have infused itself in reality in a human form, who speaks not in such unequivocal scepticisms.

The second part commences with a chorus of Spirits, which to speak the best of, is as tiresome as it is lengthy, nor can we overlook such rhymes, as *shadows* and *meadows*, *hunger* and *stronger*, *anguish* and *vanquish*, which shew a carelessness, more particularly, when in reading the couplet, there is nothing so striking in it, as to repay for the unharmoniousness of the verse. They now assault Rome where the Bourbon is immediately killed, who requests in his dying words to conceal his fall from the soldiery, fearing any ill consequences from it: Cæsar and Arnold join in the assault, and in the second scene, we find them in the streets of Rome; Cæsar has been separated from his companion, and upon refinding him, exclaims:

"He comes,
Hand in hand, with the mild twins, gore and glory;
Hallo, hold, Count!

He might also well exclaim, "hallo, hold my lord;"—This, is the first time we ever saw gore converted into an allegorical image—but

more especially termed the twin of glory. The burlesque of allegory is finely exampled in Shakespeare's Midsummer's Night Dream, and we think, that to those noble personages, "Moonshine" and "Wall," we might associate "Gore."

The term of connexion, however, is still more remarkable ;the word "Gore" is evidently here substituted for war, and it was only for the sake of alliteration that the former was used. Now we never heard of war being mild before, although the finest type of glory, the world ever beheld was meekness itself. This classification therefore is most absurd ; but Lord Byron has ceased to write in this strain :

"Lo, where the giant on the mountain stands
"His blood red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
"With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands
"And eye that scorchest all it glares upon,
"Restlessly it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon,
"Flashing afar; and at his iron feet
"Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done,
"For on this morn three potent nations meet,
"To shed before his shrine, the blood he deems most sweet."
Childe Harold, Canto 1st, St. 39.

This is an image of war as it should be. This is true poetry, both in language and construction, forcible and brilliant, just in representation, and natural in idea, and allegory ; and we can only lament the more to see carelessness and perverted taste now usurp the place of unquestionable genius. One word more and we have done. The third scene takes us to St. Peters', the Pope is represented at the altar, and priests and people crowding round for refuge. After much sarcasm about his Holiness, where Cæsar as he has heretofore been throughout the conflict, seems to be an unmov'd, heartless, sneering spectator of all around, he exclaims upon the escape of the Pontiff.

Cæsar. Ha, right nobly battled
Now priest, now soldier, the two great professions
Together by the ears and hearts ; I have not
Seen a more comic pantomime, since Titus
Took Jewry.—But the Romans had the best then,
Now they must take their turn.
Soldier. He has escaped,
Follow.
Another Soldier.—They have barr'd the narrow passage up
And it is clogged with dead even to the door.
Cæsar.—I am glad he hath escap'd, he may thank me for't,
In part.—I would not have his Bulls abolish'd
'Twere worth one half our Empire—his indulgences
Demand some in return.—No, no, he must not
Fall, and besides, his now escape may furnish
A future miracle, in future proof
Of his infallibility.

We do not think so badly as our author of the Catholic Religion, as to suppose that the granting of indulgences, sends so many souls to purgatory,—altho' we are perfectly well convinced, that Leo the X. had no other views but the aggrandizement, and opulence of the Church of Rome, when his more cunning (call it stupendous mind) resorted to the establishment of that code of absolutions.—

Amongst the number who fly for refuge is a female named Olimpia.

who springs upon the altar, and as a soldier is in the act of seizing her she casts down the massy crucifix and crushes him :—Arnold who has been busy in another quarter, now enters, and flies to her succour, cuts down the foremost and offers himself as her champion, which she disdains.

Olimpia.—" I judge thee by thy mates;
It is for God to judge thee as thou art,—
I see thee purple with the blood of Rome
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shall have of me!
And here upon the marble of this temple
Where the Baptismal font baptised me, God's,
I offer him a bloodless holy
But not less pure, (pure as it left me then
A redeem'd infant,) than the holy water
The saints have sanctified."—

She now waves her hand, and dashes herself on the pavement, from the altar, Cæsar as usual sneers,—

" She has done it well
The leap was serious."—

He has humanity enough, however to go for some water, saying "I will try; a sprinkling of that same holy water may be useful."

Arnold.—'Tis mix'd with blood.—
Cæsar. There is no cleaner now
In Rome.—
Arnold.—How pale, how beautiful,—how lifeless,
Alive or dead,—thou essence of all Beauty
I love but thee!—

This we suppose to be, Love, at first sight,—they at length bear her away, which closes the 2d part of the drama.

We are here left in that mysterious way, which his lordship often practices, having only the chorus of a third part, where the scene is situated in a Castle on the Appenines, with Peasants singing before it, and Cæsar, entering, who also gives us a song ;—the first, is rather pleasing but too long for insertion, as an extract. What the authors intentions are hereafter, we know not, nor can surmise, but only trust it will be something more congenial to beauty, purity, sound sense, and honest sentiment, than what we have now endeavoured to criticise.

In extracting any passages,—which bear the stamp of Lord Byron's genius, and force they are so sparingly scattered throughout the work, that it is a difficult task to perform ;—the following, is expressed from the mouth of Arnold, speaking of his own deformity.

"I ask not
For Valour, since Deformity is daring.
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart, and soul, and make itself the equal
Aye,—the superior of the rest,—There is
A spur in its halt movements,—to become
All that the others cannot,—in such things
As still are free to both,—to compensate
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first,—
They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of fortune
And oft like Timour the lame Tartar, win them."—

* * * * * *

"I would have looked
On beauty in that sex, which is the type
Of all we know, or dream of beautiful
Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh
Not of love but despair,—nor sought to win
Though to a heart all love, what could not love me
In turn, because of this vile crooked clog
Which makes me loveless."—

Again in speaking of Rome :—

"The world's
Great capital perchance is our's to-morrow,
Through every change the seven hill'd City hath
Retained her sway o'er nations, and the Cæsars
But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics
Unto the Pontiffs.—Roman, Goth, or Priest
Still the world's masters! civilized, barbarian,
Or saintly, still the walls of Romulus
Have been the Circus of an Empire."

These are the few which strike us as bearing some stamp of his original style, and depth of language, but we must now take leave of his Lordship, not however, in the spirit of ill will, although we have been candid in speaking of his last work as we deemed it merited, not being of that class, who doom

"To the zealot's ready hell
"Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well."

as he himself has express'd it; but with a sincere regard for his gigantic talent, and admiration at the many beautiful pieces which he has written, we cannot but indulge in the hope that (in the choice of subjects for his masterly genius,) his future productions will show, better taste, sounder judgment, and purer principles.

HOW CALM, HOW SWEET THE PLAIN.

How calm, how sweet the plain
When spring walks forth—and gloomy days are gone
—Birds pour their mournful strain,
The winds expire, the streamlets linger on,
And from the flowery bed
Gay smiles awake, and odorous breaths are shed.

The elm tree and the pine
Shade from the dazzling of the noon-tide beam;
A golden amber line
Plays ever sparkling on the gentle stream
Which rolls across the mead—
Food for the mouth,—a pillow for the head.

But thou being absent, all,
Fair maiden! loses every beauty now;
For thy sweet footsteps fall
As fall the morn rays from the mountain brow.
And gladness and soft joy
Without thee are but sorrow and annoy.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE.

No. I.

——— Ingenuas, d'dicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores—nec sinit esse feros.

Historiarum lectio prudentes effecit; Poetarum ingeniosos.
LORD BACON

MANKIND, in general, at least the learned, and experienced part, must be fully sensible of the advantages arising from the progress of science and the state and improvement of literature especially in a country emerging from its infancy and aspiring to the name of a free and enlightened colony. Whatever prospects the beauty of nature, and fertility of soil, the seasonableness of climate and situation of commercial advantage may hold out to the farmer—the trader or negociant, though they tend, all, to increase the wealth of the individuals engaged in these various pursuits, each with the aim of his own immediate benefit and prosperity—yet it is fairly to be questioned if all this, alone, would tend to make a state internally happy, unless all orders of society and all branches of science were equally supported, and summoned to a proportionate share of interest, and consideration.

In the organization of a new formed country it must so happen that her conquerors, and subsequently, the emigrants to her soil must bring along with them, minds already modelled to the peculiarities and customs of their native clime and views of aggrandizment and opulence in proportion to their birth and situation in society—for being more the creatures of imitation than invention, (the latter gifted but to a few, the former natural to all) we carry along with us the bias of former customs—those which were instilled the earliest being the most liked and lasting. It is therefore to the government of a colony and to her settlers that she is to look for her amelioration, but unfortunately the views of the one are engrossed chiefly with her political relations and dispositions, and the interests of the other taken up by the absorbing speculations of the "auri sacra fames," for as gold is the magnet, by which the world is moved, and as such, being the object of primary importance, every nerve is strained to that point, and whilst the zest of gain on the part of the government, and its speculators is only looked to—the zest of learning on the part of the scholar, and his productions may lie unnoticed and unbefriended.

An attachment to a country (like that of the Roman to his household gods) can only be brought round by the process of time, and by each individual feeling that its hearths are his home, and that the prosperity of his offspring is so interwoven with its own, that his hopes must extend to a period beyond his own sphere of action, in endeavouring to promote the extension of knowledge and by so doing, rendering its youth learned, enlightened—a credit to the land which gave them birth, and afforded them the means of becoming competitors in science and literature with other countries on the surface of the globe.

In reviewing the histories of the various nations of the earth, we

shall find that their system of education. more than any other causes have tended to give them, each, their peculiar stamp and spirit. It is not that nature differs so much in the formation of the different inhabitants under the different influence of climates ; man, is nearly the same every where in point of animal instinct and physical power —take, the child of the city, or savage of the wild, and we shall observe their emulation of success, and their independence of restraint marked in nearly equal proportion—we shall find the generic qualities of the human passions and feelings equally alive in both—but if we turn to consider the social qualities arising from the knowledge of the right and wrong, and from the refinement of established laws, and liberal education—the former then leaves the latter more nearly allied to the brute species, and then alone commences to resemble the great Author of his being, who gave him Hope to soar, and Reason to obey.

If we consider also, the effect of science and literature on the minds of men, in drawing them nearer together in bonds ofunanimity and social order, and in the formation of laws to govern, and at the same time, a proper idea of Freedom to uphold their relative situation the one with the other ; we shall find that the most enlightened ages have been the most productive of happiness—independence and glory.

Let us commence with Greece—there, we shall see, that to the Laws of Lycurgus, and the emulation he introduced amongst its youth—Lacedœmon awed her glory and independence ;—that with Athens—her philosophers and the foundation of her schools, produced that inquiry into the faculties of the human mind, and the cause from which the power of reason sprung, which though in the midst of those dark, and heathenish times, made Plato write his work on the immortality of the soul—long before the sun of Christianity had dawned, to light mankind ; thus it is that the victories of Alexander, fade under the recollection of the learning of Aristotle*—and the eloquence of Pericles and history of Thucydides—eclipse the splendour of Athens, in the most renowned age of her military exploits.

When was Rome more renowned than during the Augustan age,—a period obscuring all the glories of the Scipios,—when eloquence in the breast of Cicero, and poesy in the soul of Virgil, stamped it, with the seal of immortality ; but, when that zest in the reign of the succeeding Cæsars, fell—when Luxury usurped the seat of Learning, and degenerated the organic powers of the mind, Rome waned from her glory, and became weakened and effeminate ;—nor was it until the overthrow of Constantinople, which scattered forth, the learned minds of that proud city to seek for shelter on its shores, that Italy resumed a shadow of her former splendour in learning and science under the genius, and patronage of the house of Medici.

It was then with the arts, that the glory of the republics of Italy sprung up,—Florence, Venice, Mantua, Ferrara, Genoa,—all with

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* Plutarch says that Alexander made his expedition against the Persians with better supplies from his master Aristotle; than from his father Philip ; and Cæsar—media inter prælia semper, Stellarum cœlique plagis superisque vacabat.

the light of science shining upon them, regenerated from the gloom of Gothic darkness, and oppression. "Nisi literis exculti sunt ii, qui velut in reipub : puppi sedentes, clavium tenent, multis eos, muneris sui, iisque præcipuis, partibus neassario, defuturos."—Thus it is, that with the exception, of a few of the Cœsars, more attention is drawn, in history to the age of the Medici, whose territorial dominion was but small, than to the emperors of Rome who were denominated the masters of the world.

We cannot instance, any exception, where the glory of a nation or state, has not been at its highest point of prosperity, when its ruler, has been the scholar, and patron of the arts as well as of arms. In the annals of Britain,—attention turns immediately to the reign of Alfred —(the great, the learned—the founder of her first university,) it is to him that she owes her jurisprudence, that ground work of her glorious constitution, it is to him, that she owes more, than, to all the victories of her Edwards and her Henries, who purchased Fame, with the sacrifices of War, and not glory with the offerings of Peace.—Who that delights not to dwell on the pages of Shakespeare and Spenser whilst the martial fame of Essex is passed over without observance ;—or, who rarely advocate the names of Marlborough and Blenheim, whilst those of Dryden, Addison and Pope, rise continually with interest in their remembrance. The great, and flourishing ages, however, of the arts and of Literature have been but four,—that of Pericles,—of Augustus,—of the Medici,—and of Louis the 14th.—The latter tho' not perhaps equalling any of the former, deserves to be proudly upheld, and the memory of Corneille, of Racine, and of Moliere, must live in their works,—when the fame of Turenne, of Condé, of Villars, &c. will long have been amassed with the herd of warriors who have overrun, and ensanguined the Earth.

It were needless to enumerate further instances of the glory which attaches itself to the cultivation and prosperity of the arts and literature, or to the lasting interest which is drawn forth by the existing and still unperishable works of the painter, sculptor—philosopher, and bard :—these memorials of Genius to Immortality outliving the frail powers of the mortal frame, when the head that conceived and the hand that delineated have long been consigned to the gloomy habitations of darkness and desolation.

Literature, considered in the general meaning of the word, implies the light of Education in all its branches, and in all its degrees of attainment ;—taken frequently however, in a more limited sense, applies itself only, to the higher perfections of the art, namely to the study and knowledge of the languages of Poetry, of History, and of Philosophy. If we consider therefore how few, there are whose situation, and means enable them them to devote their time to the prosecution of such pursuits,—whose necessities oblige them, to give almost all their occupation to the daily employment of providing for themselves and their dependants, we may rejoice at the continued improvements, and the new, and enlightened discoveries which we constantly observe in Literature, and the Sciences.

Whatever knowledge, the mind reaps from any particular study,

altho' it may not directly tend to the elucidation of the profession which it is destined to follow,—still, knowledge of whatever description expands the reasoning faculties, and as we may perceive, will have a remote sway in throwing light on some subject or hypothesis, which it has been led to consider.

1st. Without our knowledge of languages, we see merely as through a glass, in trusting entirely to the merit of translators for the beauties and sense of the original; and as the lens or focus, is managed to present the object more clearly to the eye—so, the lens of the mind, operates to convey to our ideas the meaning of the theory or subject which it has attempted to render perspicuous. Man however likes to let his imagination wander, adhering to Fancy more often than to reality, and thus it is that we seldom meet with translations which give the true text of the original—when, on the contrary our study of languages operates so strongly on the improvements of the mind, as to enable it to judge (as it were face to face,) of those works which have been written on the subject of any profession to which attention, and labours are directed.

2nd. Of Poetry, so much has been said and written, and prosposing to treat on the subject hereafter, separately, it is only necessary to remark that it may apply more properly to the ornamental than to the useful appropriation of talent. In particular professions, and avocations of the world, it is however highly deserving of some attention; a taste for Poetry, in the orator, the pleader and even in the divine, is (I may almost say) necessary, as it gives brilliancy to the imagination, pathos to the sentiment, and exuberance to language. The reason why poetry has been decried in some instances, as by Locke, is that it fastens so strongly on the imagination as to absorb all our ideas and moments to its occupations, and being more fictitious than real, is apt to unsettle and destroy the mind for graver and more useful employments. This, however attaches itself to the Poet, and not to the lover of poetry;—a knowledge of all the ancient poets, acquaints the mind more enticingly and clearly with the mythology of the heathen world, as also with its history, and makes the mind more brilliant and entertaining in the constant intercourses of conversation in social life.

3rd. History, is the germ from which all our ideas and efforts of emulation spring—it is the field, which Time hath reaped the harvest from, and hath spread its stores before us, that we may gather profit by the example it shews us in the lives, and acts of others, and displays the sound seed or rancorous weed, according to the means, and circumstances which enabled the historian and biographer to hand to posterity the immortal efforts or notorious deeds of the various and numberless actors on the the theatre of the world.

The most important views, and necessary considerations in education are to enlarge the mind to the reception of general knowledge, and history more than any other branch of literature will be found to perform the greatest share in so doing;—from the acquaintance it leads us to, of the characters of nations and of individuals, it enables us to contrast men and circumstances, and (as we judge by comparison alone,) to form our opinion of the advantages or disadvantages aris-

ing from such an adherence of conduct, or such a series of undertak ings.

Pliny says, that "Historia quoquomodo scripta delectat,"—and to those who have not given their minds up to the fictitious and marvellous, instead of adhering to the real and circumstantial, History will possess all the charms of imaginary writings, with this additional pleasure attached to it, when we know, that, what we have been expending our time and memory on, in storing up, has actually taken place on the grand stage of human events. Many young minds, in the ardour of youthful imagination, and romantic illusions have been led away from this course of literary employments, by the allurements of fictitious productions; the man of sound taste, alone, will ever adhere to the enjoyment of true learning, in adorning his talents with those substantial ornaments, which can never fail to be as brilliant and captivating as they are true and instructive.

4thly. Philosophy—since the doctrines of christianity have been made known to the world, has been much more compressed in idea, and consolidated in effect. With the ancient world, the study and knowledge of philosophy was an important part in the occupations of the community. Schools formed under the guidance and scepticism of one head, were established, to which pupils flocked, ranging themselves under the mental authority of one particular founder, either Academician, Stoic, Epicurean, Peripatetic &c. &c. The perusal of the works of the great masters of philosophy and their disciples in the different sects and systems of enquiry and action, satisfy us as to the wonderful and infinite powers of apprehension which the human mind is capable of exerting and organizing; and most of them as far as the moral performance of duties are enlarged on, inculcate the soundest principles of action.- They are however, unfortunately divested of the charm, which the light of revelation has since thrown upon all the researches and conclusions of our ideas and imagination; and present but a system of ethics and sophisms. In the modern world, under the heads of natural and moral philosophy, to the former Astronomy, Chemistry, Botany, Geology &c. &c. the laws of motion and force, of gravity and fluids and numberless other sciences attach themselves; by the latter Theology, Ethics, Jurisprudence, the rights of nations, systems of education, effects and advantages of science, &c. &c. are generally expressed; all these are included within the boundary of literature, and to the reasoning and philosophical mind display a thousand beauties and theories which cannot fail to charm as well as to instruct, and form a stupendous part of the arch which the fabric-work of literature combines.

There is in the occupations of literature an innocent, and at the same time an enthusiastic charm, which it were in vain to attempt to describe, and which is only known to those by whom its smiles have been appreciated, and who have sought to address and honour its claims on their consideration with the heartfelt enthusiasm of friendship and the fostering hand of kindred acknowledgment and assistance. This feeling however, the older we become, becomes doubly dear when associated with the recollections of our early years and gradual developement of improving faculties and acquaintance with mankind

and its literary productions. Nationality is the basis of social virtues. It gives a buoyancy to the heart, it gives a spirit of emulation to the soul, it links our ties of animated, and our endearments of inanimate nature, closely to the feelings, and when adversity hath oppressed or driven us from the home of our birth and the scene of our infantine days and pastimes, travels along with us to the extremity of the earth, and revives the dream of the past in alluring tenderness and inexhaustible contemplation; thus the pleasure of having been educated on the spot which beheld us ushered to the world, the hearth of friendship and the threshold of affection, the scene of juvenile sports and endearing associations is never to be eradicated, and should the spirit of genius have infused its spell into the mind and scattered its seed for an abundant harvest in literary fame, what can be more exhilarating or grateful than the approving tribute of countrymen ready to stretch forth the hand of patriotic love to hail, and the wreath of unperishable laurel to crown, the talented endowments of their friend and fellow-citizen. This perhaps is the most inspiring appeal to our sense, in the wish of promoting the extension of literature and of education. Self pride (which is inherent to a certain extent,) and praise worthy in all, here comes in aid of other considerations and pourtrays perhaps a child one day adorned with the talents to bestow light and knowledge to his fellow beings and crowned with the splendid chaplet of fame to exalt his name amongstthe wise, the great and the immortalized of his land. How eager have been the endeavours (where obscurity has overcast the earlier years of genius,) to claim the honour of its birth and education. In the wanderings of our life and pilgrimage to foreign shores how often do we find the fame of a spot uprear'd alone on the mighty name of some bard or sage. The traveller as he sojourns along—whether it be on the classic shores of Greece and Italy or on any other strand, unites the association of the being withthe place of his birth and education; not a spot or chamber, a tree or stream, which is not hallowed by the tributes of memory to the genius of the place. whether in the groves of Academe or the ruins of Rome, the cells of Ferrara, or by the tree of Avon, all are naturalized and united with the mighty name of their offspring, and are the beacons amidst the wreck of time to their greatness and immortality.

It was no doubt with these views and considerations that the intentions of one man * were founded, who, in his will bequeathed a considerable sum and princely gift for the purpose of erecting and endowing a Seminary of learning in Montreal for the education of its youth. It is impossible sufficiently to exalt the name of a being whose benefactions nurtured a design of rendering such service to the population of Canada; how then must it be regretted that delays and even doubts should have arisen whether such a work so useful and honourable to any country and city can be prosecuted.

A government is the guardian of the rights of any community,—it is to it, in matters of public importance, justice and utility, that the people are too look for support and protection, and whilst societies

* The late Mr. McGill.

are every where instituted under its sanction for the propagation of the word of God, is it to delay the fulfilment of a design which will increase the knowledge of the community the better to understand, and promote the glory of that word?—Incalculable are the advantages arising from a system of public education;—without emulation no person ever attained greatness, it is the magnet of the soul which vibrates within, whilst learning and the arts are the different points on the compass of knowledge, which designate the course it should steer. The youth, therefore who is placed amidst a number of others, where disposition, assiduity and talent display themselves in various casts and degrees, has each of these presented to his maturing judgment in a variety of lights and shades, to guide or to warn him in his course; it is thus by gradually becoming acquainted with the characters of mankind—familiarising himself to the contrasts of indolence and perseverance, and spurred on by the desire of being a competitor with those of his own age, and extent, hitherto, of knowledge, that the young mind is led on, to increase in virtuous conduct, and intellectual accomplishments; and amongst those, who have upheld such a system of education, it may be only necessary to mention the names of Bacon, Locke, Clarendon and Secker, to overpower any writer, who has ever attempted to extol private tuition above the advantages of a college or university education.

There are, as may be termed, two sorts of education, the one, which so far qualifies the mind for a particular sphere and is sufficiently extended for some profession or official situation; the other, which improves the mind for its own sake, and dives into all learning and research with a view of extending the knowledge of human nature, and exalting it to a higher state of refinement and literature; the common education which youth receives at a private school is generally sufficient for the views mentioned in the first, and which we may designate, a confined knowledge—the other enlarged—and ambitious for the sake of literary fame, requires a more extensive field for its pupils, and consequently in the number of its teachers, and varieties of its studies, has a particular tendency in promoting the improvement and love of letters; not a family that would not have one, and perhaps two or three of their kindred or connexions there engaged in qualifying themselves for their future appearance on the grand stage of life—parents, relations and guardians, all join an interest in the welfare and renown of its establishments, and delight in seeing their own offspring, who are thrown amongst the vast number, surpassing, perchance, the rest in learning and assiduity. Capable also from the large scale on which it is founded, of affording large salaries to its professors—(and these men of talented endowments,) the whole, becomes, a shining body, whose light cast its rays resplendently on every side.

Thus having within itself, a fountain, where all could resort, for the purifying of the mind,—a blessing and an ornament to the colony.—The parent desirous of the literary accomplishments of his offspring, might (without parting with them to procure their advancement in learning in a distant land) there find the *desideratum* of his wishes;—not only would literature arrive at a higher state of splendour and

perfection, but every science and every profession would derive inestimable benefit from such an establishment. Divinity, law, physic, the polite arts, and the enlightened state of politics, all would feel the genial glow, and improve under the inspiring ardour of its rays,—until, like the glorious orb of day, which vivifies all nature —it would cheer, cherish and invigorate every thing around it.

APRIL.

Of all the months that fill the year
Give April's month to me,
For earth and sky are then so filled
With sweet variety!

The apple blossoms' shower of pearl,
The pear-tree's rosier hue,
As beautiful as Woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

The purple light, that like a sigh
Comes from the violet bed,
As there the perfumes of the East
Had all their odours shed.

The wild-briar rose, a fragrant cup
To hold the morning's tear;
The bird's-eye, like a sapphire star
The primrose, pale like fear.

The balls that hang like drifted snow
Upon the guelderose,
The woodbine's fairy trumpets, where
The elf his war-note blows.

On every bough there is a bud,
In every bud a flower:
But scarcely bud or flower will last
Beyond the present hour.

Now comes a shower-cloud o'er the sky,
Then all again sunshine;
Then clouds again, but brightened with
The rainbow's coloured line.

Aye, this, this is the month for me!
I could not love a scene
Where the blue sky was always blue,
The green earth always green.

It is like love; oh love should be
An ever-changing thing,—
The love that I could worship must
Be ever on the wing.

The chain my mistress flings round me
Must be both brief and bright:
Or formed of opals, which will change
With every changing light.

To-morrow she must turn to sighs
The smiles she wore to day;
This moment's look of tenderness
The next one must be gay.

Sweet April! thou the emblem art
Of what my love must be;
One varying like the varying bloom
Is just the love for me.

AN ESSAY ON THE EDUCATION AND DUTIES OF A CANADIAN MERCHANT;

Containing various directions and rules of conduct, calculated to improve the mercantile character and extend the sphere of its utility in British America.

"Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the political world; "they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence "between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by "seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent." ADDISON.

"Il n'y a pas de membres plus utiles à la société que les commerçans; ils unis-"sent les hommes par un trafic mutuel; ils distribuent les dons de la nature; ils "occupent les pauvres, et remplissent les désirs des riches." RAYNAL.

Among the various arts of civilized life, those will attract the most particular attention which have been the means, not only of combining together many individuals in the same community, but also of forming bonds of connection between distant nations and rendering them reciprocally useful. Commerce, and navigation, its grand auxiliary, may be thus characterized; and the student of history has peculiar satisfaction, in tracing their origin and in contemplating their united and powerful influence at different stages of human society, during its progress from rudeness to refinement.

Such being the acknowledged importance of commerce, its theory is not foreign to the pursuits of the general scholar; but it is particularly expedient, in countries possessing abundance of materials and facilities for trade, that the road to instruction in the elements of commercial knowledge should be pointed out; and that the mercantile career should not be begun without some essential preparations, calculated to lead the youthful mind by degrees to just conceptions of the nature of trade and of the duties of a Merchant.

The principal object of the present Essay is therefore to solicit the early attention of parents to an approved course of instruction, as the only means of enabling their sons to act with propriety on the great theatre of Commerce, keeping always in view, not merely their private advancement, but likewise the good of their Country and of mankind in general.

The commercial history of every nation that has attained to eminence in trade, exhibits the principal virtues and talents comprised in the character of respectable merchants; but in no country do we find such striking examples as in the British Isles, whose geographical position and other circumstances favourable to commerce have facilitated the display of every mercantile virtue. In the progress of British Commerce, the energy and enterprise of merchants have so much contributed to improve the country and develope its resources, that they are now justly esteemed by politicians and statesmen as one of the most useful and influential classes in the community.

When raised to this high station in civilized society, Merchants are understood to have important duties to discharge; and they may be truly said to assume the responsibility of rendering all nations reciprocally useful, by procuring an interchange of the surplus products and peculiar advantages of every soil and of every climate. These

important services cannot be performed, nor mercantile influence be long preserved, in a free country, without a careful practice of the principal moral virtues, comprising the duties which the Merchant owes to himself and to others. Industry, perseverance and sobriety, justice, sincerity and fidelity to compacts are of primary necessity, and their absence cannot be compensated by any extent of capital or talent. On this broad basis of individual virtue a splendid fabric of public and private prosperity must always arise, under the protection of an enlightened administration, capable of combining for the general good, the important interests and energies of the country.

The proposed Essay on the Education and Duties of a Canadian Merchant, will be conveniently divided into three parts :

I. The first part will treat of his Education and apprenticeship, which are the means of preparing and enabling him to perform the duties of his profession.

II. The second part will have reference to the period of commencing business on his own account, and will contain a variety of directions and rules of conduct, calculated to improve the mercantile character, and to extend the sphere of its utility in British America.

III. The third part will be chiefly confined to the higher duties of the Merchant, when risen to eminence in his profession and enabled to take a share in the politics and improvement of his Country. In this last part will be more particularly considered the duty of every Merchant to support the dignity of the commercial character, by every effort of precept and example, as the best means in his power of promoting the general good.

PART 1st.

EDUCATION AND APPRENTICESHIP.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."——*Solomon.*

"CHOOSE THAT COURSE OF LIFE WHICH IS BEST, AND CUSTOM WILL RENDER IT AGREEABLE."

Much declamation has been employed in favor of the indulgence of youthful propensity or caprice in the choice of a profession; but we have reason to infer from the history of many celebrated characters, that the experience and judgment of a parent are the safest guides in that important affair. Taking for granted that the careful and anxious father has long destined his son for mercantile pursuits, he should hasten his initiation at an early age, into the first elements of useful knowledge. In choosing for that purpose, a Seminary and a Teacher, he should be very cautious:—the first discipline and example will deeply impress the youthful mind, and have a great influence in forming the future character. The Teacher should be exemplary in the practice of temperance, assiduity and fidelity; a lover of truth, prohibiting its violation by his scholars even in their childish sports;* and it is desirable that he should exhibit, in his conduct, gentleness of manners with firmness of mind, conciliating the affections and insuring the respect of the well disposed pupil.

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* The amiable and learned Dr. Beattie, speaking of his son, says, "the first "rules of morality I taught him were to speak truth and keep a secret; and I "never found that, in a single instance, he transgressed either."

English Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, and Book-keeping, or Merchants Accounts, claim precedence in the education of the Canadian Merchant; and those simple and indispensible acquirements, accompanied with a desire for general knowledge, have sometimes enabled an individual to rise to respectability in the commercial world. The needy adventurer, eager to accept the first offer of employment, will endeavor to provide for the exigencies of his situation, by obtaining at intervals private instruction; but such characters have seldom solid knowledge; for the bustle of affairs in the age of manhood disturbs reflection; and they never appear to advantage among well educated men, because they want a good foundation for any superstructure of knowledge.

To prevent such disadvantages, the mercantile pupil should be taught the elements of human knowledge on such an extensive plan, as would preclude the necessity of attempting a study entirely new, when established in trade, and engaged in the various responsibilities of a Merchant.

To the common acquisitions already mentioned, should therefore be added a course of Mathematics, including practical navigation, and an early study of an enlarged system of Geography, containing the most interesting details respecting the language and manners, the commerce and character of nations. Mathematics will strengthen his mind; Geography will render it liberal; the science of Numbers will regulate and promote self interest; Geography will cherish the social principle and give rise to benevolent views, familiarising the mind with the pleasing ideas of a general intercourse and reciprocal good offices, among all the families of the human race. No studies can tend more directly to enlarge the youthful understanding and improve the heart; and thus employed our pupil will be daily becoming more capable of performing his part in due time, both as an intelligent and liberal Merchant, and as a useful and agreeable member of society.

Mathematics and Geography should be accompanied with the study of the modern languages of the principal trading nations; and the French tongue being that of the majority of the inhabitants of the Canadas, and the text of the ancient laws of the lower Province, forms an indispensible part of the education of the Canadian Merchant.

An introduction to ancient and modern literature is likewise desirable, as a means of improving and embellishing the mercantile character; and, before leaving school, the pupil should apply a part of his time to attending lectures on History, Natural & Moral Philosophy and Chemistry. Having once acquired the elements of such knowledge, the Merchant will be enabled, in the intervals of leisure, to make farther progress, by conversation with learned men, and by reading scientific books. In all such acquisitions however his future destination and professional utility should not be forgotten; and the study of languages in particular is here recommended as being the best means of improving and extending the pupil's knowledge of mankind, and of the characteristic distinctions and peculiarities of the principal nations engaged in trade.

While at school, the commercial pupil should be early accustomed

to reflect on his destined pursuits ; and his attention should be drawn to the nature and effects of those acquisitions which are essentially necessary and useful in his profession. Thus the peculiar importance of the art of writing might be displayed by representing it as the means of communicating to all mankind our wants and our wishes, and of facilitating the performance of reciprocal good offices throughout the civilized world. Such striking views of the objects of instruction will enhance their value in the eyes of the scholar ; and he will soon embrace them with ardour. Associating with commerce and her attendant arts the different results of his own reading and observation, he will at length form some favorite systematic notions, the correctness of which he will be so eager to ascertain by practice in real business, that instead of requiring the spur, he may want the rein of parental authority, in the commencement of his career. Many of the commercial virtues may even be acquired and practised at school. Assiduity, correctness, honesty, method and punctuality may be daily displayed, in the common routine of every well regulated seminary ; and we can often anticipate the character of the future man, by observing the conduct of the schoolboy. A predilection for trade is often exhibited at school by the boy who bids fair to become a respectable merchant. Whatever belongs to him will be carefully arranged : he will eagerly enquire into the nature of surrounding objects, desiring to understand their use and origin :—in his hours of attendance, and in the execution of his tasks, he will be punctual, and rather impatient of delay than otherwise.

With such inclinations and favorable dispositions, cherished by an intelligent Teacher always ready to encourage every laudable impulse, the commercial pupil may be led smoothly along the path of youth, and be prepared for an easy transition from the School to the Counting House.*

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* We have been prompted to extend the acquirements of the commercial pupil in the pleasing hope that the laudable public spirit now abroad will free the inhabitants of Canada from the imputation of apathy with respect to the foundation and support of Institutions for the diffusion of general knowledge. It is a subject of regret that no school-book has yet been compiled, calculated to give to a boy some correct notions of his native land. The books put into his hands contain facts, names, characters, times and places belonging to countries which he may never behold ; and, considering the general destination of the natives of Canada, those particulars must to the greater number be matters of secondary importance. It seems therefore expedient and necessary that a history and description of Canada should be published, expressly composed for the use of Canadian schools; that Merchants Accounts should be exhibited to the scholars in forms, and exemplified by names drawn from real business in Canada ; and lastly that as much local knowledge as possible should be introduced into every treatise connected with the education of Canadian youth. By the use of a Geographical Class Book judiciously compiled, a boy might gradually become acquainted with the face of his Country, her climate, soil, productions and capabilities ; and be enabled to acquire correct principles, for ascertaining at some future period those commercial resources, which would justify extensive undertakings in trade or manufactures. Such a publication though defective at first, might eventually be improved ; and its first appearance under every disadvantage would assuredly be welcomed by all who have at heart the instruction of the rising generation, and the general good of these Provinces.

Our pupil being supposed in due time to have acquired the elements of useful knowledge; and by the prudent management of his parents, having long been impatient to enter the scenes of real business, should now be placed as an Apprentice with some experienced Merchant of unexceptionable character.*

It is highly desirable that the master should receive the apprentice as an inmate of his family, and that his conduct should exemplify the principal commercial and moral virtues already described. Under him, example may daily occur, exerting a powerful influence, while precept may be heard more rarely than at school. The business and habits of the active merchant will seldom give leisure for prescribing rules of conduct, or gratifying youthful curiosity; and the apprentice must therefore now chiefly depend on his own observation for collecting facts and on his own judgment for drawing inferences and making acquisitions of practical commercial knowledge. He should likewise now learn to divide his attention according to circumstances; and no important occurrence connected with trade should escape his notice. This habit of vigilance will be surely acquired, if he never forget the objects of his apprenticeship, and if he dutifully reflect that his parents having conducted him safely so far on the journey of life, he ought now to examine his personal resources and prepare to rely on his own exertions for success in the busy world.

In the hours of business therefore, the attention of the apprentice should be always awake, both to gain knowledge and to watch over the interests of his master. As he will be present at many agreements, bargains and other transactions, he ought to endeavour to understand them; for in case of any dispute between the parties, his evidence will be required; and by intelligent testimony, he may often promote or defend the interest of his master. With this view, and for his own improvement, he should keep a small journal of transactions in business, detailing some interesting circumstances, which would be of singular utility to himself and enable him to give evidence with correctness and confidence, when called into court. But though, where honour and conscience are concerned, the precaution abovementioned may be expedient, we are far from advising a general distrust of the memory and power of recollection. To acquire strength, they must be frequently exercised; and on their habitual employment, will chiefly depend that quick perception of advantage or disadvantage, and that ready application of past experience to present emergencies, which essentially contribute to success in commercial undertakings. To promote this necessary habit, and to furnish useful materials of thinking, we are of opinion that the apprentice should

* He should be particularly cautioned by his parents against viewing his Apprenticeship in the light of an unnecessary or degrading restraint. It is a service sanctioned by the practice of the most enlightened and polished nations, and its utility can be rendered apparent to every capacity. No art, profession, or mechanical trade has flourished and improved where a similar engagement has not prevailed. Under the authority of a master, a youth has the best opportunity of acquiring steady habits; and the salutary restraint to which such a situation inures him, will promote the forbearance and self controul, which are absolutely necessary in the management of mercantile affairs.

not rest satisfied with perusing or assisting to record the transactions of his own time; but that he should solicit permission to read the history of his master's business from the beginning. Such an exercise, renewed at intervals, will not prove irksome; and its advantages, direct and collateral, may be very great; as he may in this manner see the rise, progress and fate of many speculations; and the Commercial Letter Book will probably explain any obscurities in the journals of transactions, affording besides a variety of opinions and maxims, connected with the theory and practice of trade.

An apprentice in Canada will probably be first employed in copying invoices, and in assisting at arranging, showing, marking, selling and packing goods. Such mixed employment is the most healthful and proper for a youth, and furnishes occasions for acquiring indispensible knowledge. A habit of care and attention is of great importance in this department; for he will here be necessarily entrusted with his master's property, and negligence on his part might have ruinous consequences. He should thus early begin to examine the qualities of goods, their comparative values, and the approved modes of assorting and displaying them to advantage. He should carefully observe what articles suit the market, and study the dispositions of his master's customers. The results of such observations and enquiries made by himself, will prove the most lasting and useful parts of experience.* In this department he will have some good opportunities of improving his knowledge of mankind; for in the various scenes which real business affords, the movements of the human heart are completely exposed, and different passions disclosing the character will exert their force, while the presence of a boy tends to impose but little restraint on the temper and disposition of his elders around him.

When the Counting House becomes the chief scene of his exertions, Arithmetic and Book-keeping will appear in their greatest importance, being absolutely requisite on every occasion, to ascertain the situation and regulate the conduct of his master. He will now be convinced that a prudent Merchant will calculate the consequences of a contemplated undertaking, proportioning his views and expectations to his means of realising them, and attempting no speculation, the result of which could possibly involve him in ruin.

Ascribing such prudence to the master of our apprentice, we shall here introduce a familiar illustration of the deliberations to which the

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* While in this department, the apprentice should often refer to Mortimer's Commercial Dictionary, or to some other approved work, for the growth, origin, or manufacture of the foreign articles under his care, as well as for much useful information respecting the state and regulations of trade with which he may otherwise be left unacquainted. The Merchant is expected to be able to gratify the curiosity as well as to resolve the doubts of his friends and customers on various topics; and it has even been asserted by some writers on commerce, that a practical knowledge of the fabrication of the principal articles of his stock in trade is of primary utility to a Merchant. In referring to the Dictionary, it would be proper to keep in mind Dr. Johnson's division of Commercial Knowledge into three branches, namely, Materials of Trade; Places of Trade and Means of Trade; on which we shall hazard hereafter a few remarks with reference to the trade of these Provinces.

latter may be admitted, when advanced by merit and seniority to the confidential department of the Accounting House. When the Canadian Merchant deliberates upon sending a cargo of *produce* to a foreign market, he considers what part of his capital must be applied to its purchase and conveyance; the peculiar risks and expenses attending the proposed shipment; and the probability of its realising at the destined port the price which first suggested the adventure, making due allowance for the various accidents which affect the foreign market, both in the rate of exchange and in the value of Goods. To examine, foresee, and justly estimate the effect of such circumstances and casualties, will require the aid of numbers, experience, and extensive information. Similar deliberation should take place to ascertain the best means of investing for return the proceeds of the cargo; and the competing claims of cash, bills and merchandize, for that service should be duly heard and investigated. In this stage of the adventure, the science of numbers and other commercial aids must be put in requisition; the Merchant must now examine whether chartering his vessel might not be more advantageous than purchasing and loading a return cargo; the cost of such a cargo laid down in his stores; and above all whether his capital would enable him to wait a favorable market, or leave him under the necessity of submitting to an immediate sale. Such deliberations are of frequent occurrence in well managed affairs, and must prove highly useful to an intelligent apprentice, more particularly when eventually compared and combined with the experience and knowledge derivable from the results of the different speculations and adventures planned and conducted during the period of his engagement.

If the apprentice employ his hours of business as here directed, those of leisure will never be passed in frivolity. To blend pleasure with instruction will be a distinguishing characteristic of our well disposed pupil, whether enjoying exercise abroad, or reading and conversation at home. A frequent recurrence to the studies commenced at school should now take place in the hours of leisure; and his further progress in certain branches of science might become easy & pleasant by attending a course of public lectures on such subjects. He will likewise find in the English language in endless variety, approved works of the most laudable tendency, and well calculated to amuse and instruct an undepraved mind. But, towards the end of his apprenticeship, the laws and regulations of trade should become the particular objects of his study, and the leading principles of the criminal and civil codes of his native Country and of the British Isles, should receive attention before assuming the various responsibilities and duties involved in extensive commercial transactions on his own account. The passing events, both foreign & domestic of his own times now claim the regard of our apprentice; and the modes in which his master and others may take advantage of particular emergencies, for commercial speculations, should be the subject of his frequent & serious reflection. To promote his ulterior views, this extensive knowledge of facts and occurrences is highly requisite, and the opinions or even prejudices of the day must not be neglected if he wish to conciliate the favor of his contemporaries. In addition to the essential sources

of professional knowledge, a few well chosen books and the best public prints will be therefore required, for storing his mind with the necessary facts and opinions, increasing his knowledge of mankind and of the world, and preparing him for appearing to advantage on the great theatre of commerce in the character of a well informed and intelligent Canadian Merchant.

(*To be Continued.*)

SONG.

Yes, still truly thine! Ah, they never love knew
Who drew him with wings of the Iris hue;
Love is still the same, changeless 'mid smiles and 'mid tears,
The anchor for hope, and the shelter for fears.

Thy fate may be darkness—I ask but to share
The sting of each sorrow, the cloud of each care;
Thy brow may be sad, but the shade there will be
More dear than the smile of another to me.

They bid me fly from thee, and say that thy love
Is like the false fetters they throw round the dove;
But the chain thou hast link'd is more precious to me
Than liberty, if it divides me from thee.

Howe'er rough thy path, that path I can bear;
A dungeon were brightness if thou too wert there;
Like oil to the lamp is thy love to my heart,
'Tis life to be near thee, and death if we part!

TO JULIA.

I would not ask in my last hour
The plaudits of the admiring world,
Nor crave as fading life's bright dower,
To be on glory's lists enroll'd.

I would not ask for friends, to weep
Around the spot where I shall lie;—
Tho' love may watch my spirit's sleep,
With melting heart and tearful eye.

The woe by others felt or feign'd,
I ask not—it will fade away,
Gay joy will smile where sorrow reign'd
In hearts that heed not my decay.

But when my dying eyes unclose,
O, may they meet one heavenly smile,
Which oft upon my visions rose,
Long nights of absence to beguile.

That smile will tell me more than all
The grief of others could impart,
'Twill be like the last sun-beam's fall—
Ling'ring to cheer a bursting heart.

Softly beneath its melting ray,
My spirit from its chains would fly:
Such angel smiles to light my way
It could not cost a pang to die.

Yorick

Canada is, I believe, acknowledged by all strangers who have travelled over any considerable extent of this continent, to be, for its many and great lakes, its large and copious rivers, the grandeur and magnificence of its scenery, and above all, the intrinsic excellence of its soil, the most interesting part of North America. The traveller from the south, who enters this Province by Lake Champlain, finds a rich, level and healthful country, well cultivated, and covered with an affluent peasantry, remarkable for good humour and politeness. In the humblest cottage, he will be surprised to find the politeness and unaffected courtesy of the palace; and this he will also find throughout the Province, to be the prevailing characteristic of the Canadian population. But the face of the country here has none of the diversity which so peculiarly distinguishes the lower parts of the Province. Embarking at Montreal, in one of those large and commodious steam vessels, for the establishment of which, on those waters, we are indebted to the public spirit and patriotism of a wealthy citizen of that place, he descends the noblest stream of fresh water in the world, towards this, the Capital of British North America, superb from the recollection of times that are gone. Every mile of his way presents him a variety of landscape, which it would be in vain to delineate in language. The reality is *unique*, and defies description. In approaching Quebec, his expectation rises; nor can he but behold with emotion, that ground he has from infancy been taught to contemplate as hallowed by deeds of arms and of heroism, consecrated by history to the admiration of after ages. The first objects of military interest that meet his view, are two solitary towers, on the heights of Abraham, in advance of the city, which as yet the intervening land intercepts from his sight; and beyond them the fortress itself looking from the cape over the city and surrounding country, like a faithful old centinel from his post. Here the St. Lawrence contracting itself, glides through an immense gully or chasm, three leagues in length, between two highlands of frowning and rugged aspect. A momentary disappointment, at the unpromising appearance of the approaches to Quebec on this side prepares him the better for the magnificent prospect which rapidly unfolds itself, as he enters the broad and capacious basin at the foot of the promontory on which the city stands. The grand amphitheatre into which he is ushered, and the sudden developement, to a stranger arriving on this side, at Quebec, in propitious weather, has something of magic or enchantment, and accordingly, all sentimental tourists, who have favoured the world with itinerary notices relating to Lower-Canada, dwell upon this circumstance with much pleasure. The bold slope of land on the north of the basin, overspread with habitations, relieved upon the verdure by the whitewash with which they are coated, has the appearance of an immense garden or pleasure ground. The hills which rise behind it in the distance, crowned to their very summits with the native forest, have none of that bold and bleak appearance very often accompanying the mountain scenery in Europe. On the contrary, every thing in appearance excites comfortable sensations.

They cause no waste of room, being all over fit for the purposes of agriculture. To the present generation they afford fuel, an indispensable necessary of life in this rigorous climate; and future generations will, no doubt, convert them into corn fields; possibly into vineyards. To us they are of essential use, in one way, and to our posterity they will prove, in another way, an invaluable patrimony, which Dame Nature has reserved for them, and to whom we cannot be too thankful for the Providence with which she has laid it by.

But the philosophic traveller ought not to stop here. The further he descends the more he will have to admire; and his perseverance will be largely recompensed by the increasing grandeur of the prospect which developes itself on either hand for near a hundred leagues from Quebec, until at Point Demon, on the North Shore, the land diverges away so suddenly, as to be no longer visible, in pursuing the usual route along the South Shore to the Gulf. From the River Saguenay downwards, the bleak and barren mountains of the North are contrasted with the wood covered and promising hills of the South Shore, and which to the very gulf, where they abruptly terminate in frightful precipices are, with some exception to be sure, susceptible of cultivation.

To return for a moment to Quebec, can there be any thing more beautiful than the range of hills, which, from almost every street in the city is to be seen extending from the North West to the North East of us; the waving outline of which, at all seasons, not excepting the severe months of winter, our pure and brilliant atmosphere shows to so great advantage? The beauties of that tract of country are, however, not merely visionary, but substantial, as any one may easily ascertain who will take the trouble of looking into the elaborate land-enquiry, which, for the last four years has, in consequence of the first speech of the Governor in Chief on meeting the Legislature of the Province, been indefatigably pursued by a committee of the Assembly, with a view to the general improvement of the country. A mass of facts and of information on this subject has there been embodied from various sources, which hereafter will be of use, and by means whereof any person desirous of ascertaining the state and capabilities of the country at large, or of any particular sections of it, may get pretty nearly at the truth

The whole inland and immense country to the north of us, which pour so many fine streams into the main chanel, from our inland seas to the ocean, has since the time of *Charlevoix* and the French missionaries who preceded him been little attended to, except by the *Traiteurs* who go in quest of the Indians on the sole purposes of traffic, and who, therefore, pay no great regard to matters not immediately the object of their pursuit. The British merchant cares nothing about the lands, nor is it to be expected that he should; his remittances and a good understanding with his correspondent at home being with him paramount to every other consideration. The Imperial Government which alone is the great Storekeeper and Trustee of this invaluable and exhaustless treasure, seems indifferent or unconscious of its real value, and slumbers over it with a John Bullish indifference truly lamentable. The received notion, that the rigour

of the climate throughout the country between the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay, precludes all hopes of ever being able to colonize it, is erroneous in the extreme. There are certainly many tracts or regions within that space where the winters are much milder though in much higher latitudes than Quebec, and the spring even earlier. The reason I neither can, nor will pretend to explain; but the fact being well attested by persons of character and observation, may be relied upon. A reference to Bouchette's geographical chart will shew the country alluded to, to be accessible on all sides by various large rivers intersecting it in various directions, and serving as so many doors of admission to rich and uncultivated lands in the interior.

The French, to their credit, be it said, were particularly attentive and indefatigable in exploring the country we occupy, in order to ascertain its capabilities and resources. They took a comprehensive and scientific view of it, for great purposes, which our countrymen seem to overlook or disregard. The old charts of the French, with respect to the lands north of us, are still the most accurate we possess, nor indeed has any thing at all been added to what geographical knowledge they left us, with respect to the country between the St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay. The military positions selected by their Engineers are universally acknowledged by competent judges to have been judiciously chosen, whether with reference to the period when originally occupied, and their relation with the savage nations surrounding them, or to the remote, yet certain prospect of the future greatness in population and in power of the territory they possessed in this hemisphere. The scale upon which the French goverument of that day proceeded, was large, and shews them to have been men of comprehensive and correct views: they contemplated a transatlantic Empire, and accordingly traced the outlines, and laid the foundations of it with a perception and on a basis which will do them honour while there is a mind large and liberal enough to comprehend and appreciate them. Their public buildings in the cities and towns throughout the Province, particularly in Quebec and Montreal where some of them will probably remain for ages; their old fortresses along the great rivers and the lakes, their literary and graphic works are so many testimonials of the genius and enterprise of that age and nation which no person can see without admiration and respect. The *Bureau des Colonies* at Paris, I dare to say contains more information tending to throw light upon the capabilities and resources of the interior of the Canadas, than is elsewhere to be found collected in a body, and it might possibly be of public use to this province, that some person of literary attainments should be allowed access to the archives in that office relating to New France or Canada, which, in the present happy understanding between the two nations might possibly be permitted at the instance of our government.

In the pursuit of situations, for new settlements, a rich and invaluable tract of Country at our very threshold is entirely overlooked. The Emigrant runs past the District of Gaspé, eager to reach Quebec or Montreal, from whence he pushes onwards in pursuit of imaginary Elysian fields, until his means are exhausted, and then he sits down in some part of the forest far inferier to places he has left be-

hind him some hundreds of miles, and upon which he might have settled with the advantage of a little in his purse. There is no part in the Canadas, where the poor emigrant can settle to such decided advantage as in that district; a country teeming with immediate resources of subsistance. rich in soil, and of a favourable climate, particularly in the Bay *des Chaleurs* where the seasons are as early, and every way equal to those of Montreal. It is well wooded, and watered by several fine rivers, along which are some lands of a very superior quality. Washed on one side by the Bay des Chaleurs, on the other by the river St. Lawrence, and in front (as I should perhaps improperly call it,) by the Gulf, it is equally adapted for the fisheries and for agriculture.

This tongue of Country is, comparatively speaking, but thinly settled along the coast; and it is indeed astonishing, that at this time of day it is so far backward. The last and present administrations have however, liberally patronised it, and the languishment which has so long prevailed in that District, is now changing into activity. The hopes of the people, consisting of two races, whose histories are equally interesting, the unfortunate Arcadians, and the exiled Loyalists from the revolted Colonies, are excited; and a continuance of that friendly disposition towards them, of which with reason they are not a little proud, will animate their labours, and rouse a spirit of improvement, which the slightest encouragement will keep alive and invigorate.

The Bay des Chaleurs throughout, is perfectly safe for navigation, and the anchorage every where in it good; nor is there I believe, a single instance since the memory of man, of a catastrophe by shipwreck, of any even of their small coasters or fishing smacks within that Bay. Fogs are experienced there as seldom as at Quebec, nor are they very frequent at Percé or in the Bay of Gaspé, and although more so at these places than in the Bay des Chaleurs, they are not considered as prejudicial to agriculture in those parts. The climate however, at Percé and the Bay of Gaspé is damper and more backward, than in the Bay des Chaleurs; and the difference between them is about the same as that between Quebec and Montreal.—This is probably owing to the behaviour (as the Canadians term it.) of the winds in the gulf and along the coast. The fogs which almost constantly in the summer months brood over the banks off Bay Chaleurs, seldom pass over a line that may be supposed drawn from Miscou Island to Cape Despair or thereabouts except in very strong easterly or north easterly winds, a continuance of which sometimes drives them up to the head of the Bay. Beyond this imaginary line, although the fogs may have for days, nay weeks prevailed, within it the whole coast on either side is enjoying the finest and clearest of weather; and the transition from heavy fogs to clear weather, is almost certain after passing it. Strong South-westers, South or South-easters sometimes sweep the fog banks along the mouth of the Bay Chaleurs, from Point Miscou down upon Percé and Cape Gaspé and the adjacent lands, and from thence up the St. Lawrence towards the Seven Islands, and the North Shore, where they discharge themselves on those desolate and dreary hills extending along the coast.

In settled weather, during the summer months, the Bay of Gaspé

enjoys a sea breeze which sets in, at about nine in the forenoon, and continues till near sun-set, after which a light land breeze draws down the Bay and off the Coast until near morning. In this Bay the sea breeze at twelve or one o'clock is generally at its height, and blows strong; from hence it sweeps along the coast up to the head of the Bay des Chaleurs, where it only arrives late in the afternoon. It evidently begins at Gaspé, for at Percé it is felt an hour or two later, at Paspebiac, twenty-two leagues from Percé, it hardly ever arrives before one in the afternoon; at Richmond and Carleton it is not expected till two or three o'clock, and, it is generally near evening before it reaches the Indian Village on the Ristigouche, taking from nine or ten in the forenoon until about five or six in the afternoon to travel a distance of fifty leagues; nor does it extend at any great distance from the land, it frequently happening that while blowing almost a gale within the Bay of Gaspé, vessels lying off or at its mouth, are in a dead calm. In this Bay the sea breeze never fails in settled weather, and is as certain as the breezes in the West India Islands; which is the more surprising, as this they there say, is the only place along the whole coast of British North America, where such a thing regularly prevails so as to be depended upon.

Among other things worthy of notice may be mentioned the singular *mirage* or reflection, which in the Bay of Gaspé is sometimes in calm and fine weather observable. The whole face of the Coast or side of the Bay, opposite to that upon which the spectator stands, is changed and broken up into the most fantastic appearances, which are continually varying by degrees, until at last the whole move away, and leave the prospect to its natural effect. On those occasions, the remarkable rock, contiguous to Cape Gaspé, called the *Old Woman*, which evidently is a fragment or appendage to the cape, the rock between them having either been worn away by the waves, or rent down by a convulsion, assumes to a person at Douglas Town, a distance of five leagues, the appearance of a ship just rounding the Cape under a heeling breeze; which is improved by a dark speck of vapour or *mirage* resting over the rock, which might be mistaken for her colours.

In this part of the District the admirers of the beautiful and sublime in nature, will have an ample field, nor is it altogether uninteresting to such as delight in romance; for among the descendants of the old French settlers, some very extraordinary stories are told which if fable in themselves, certainly are connected with matters of historic truth beyond all doubt; as I shall presently shew. The grim aspect of the whole coast of this District facing the Gulf, from Cape Despair* inclusively, carry convincing evidence, that it has in former times been a land of earthquake and volcanoes. The cliffs at Cape Gaspé, Percé and the singular rock of that name, as well

* The name of this Cape has been by a singular corruption of *D'Espoir* converted into *Deipair*. The old French Charts call it *Cap D'Espoir*, but it is at this day called *Cap Desespoir* in French. That it was originally called *Cap D'Espoir*, or Cape Hope, there can be no doubt; there being in this city an old Chart of 1666, designating the various names of places in Latin, wherein it is *Promontorium Fidei*.

as the Island of Bonaventure, shew, if there be any truth in appearances, that the work of devastation has been actively carried on at these places ; and that, a whole country detaching itself from the adjacent mountains, has at once fallen into the Abyss over which the waters have closed.

The appearance of the land behind Percé and its immediate neighbourhood on approaching it by water, from the north-east to south-west, is that of the stupendous ruins of some ancient fortress of superhuman structure. The awful height, flat summit, and stooping front of *Table Rouland* seem tottering over, as if ready to be launched upon and overwhelm the village beneath it with the promontory of Mount Jolly, and the adjacent rock Percé. This singular and isolated fragment, pierced (from whence the mane Percé) with two ports or arches, resembling at a distance the old portals of a ruined fortifications, looks like the remains of some stupendous wall that has stood the disaster by which the adjacent works have been demolished. The spectator may approach it from Mount Jolly on foot at low water without wetting himself. The distance between them may be one hundred and fifty paces more or less.—On coming up to it for the first time, its topheavy appearance fills him with awe and dread of its falling over upon him, from the apprehensions of which he does not easily dissuade himself. Its height is three hundred feet, or more, by I should suppose thirty paces wide at the broadest part ; the thickness of the rock over the arches is a mere scale, and apparently scarcely twenty feet through. Besides the two large arches with which the main rock is perforated, there is also, a lateral arch formed by an appendage to the rock on the north-east side, but which, in passing it by water is scarcely observable—High as is the rock or Split, (it is there so called), it is yet comparatively low when contrasted with the Capes adjacent to it, on the north west of Percé village, which tower over each other in pinnacles, as if mountain heaped upon mountain had been cloven down in the middle and one had been submerged, leaving the opposite part a naked and frightful chain or series of precipices of unequal heights. The Island of Bonaventure distant from the main something more than a mile, finishes this piece of the picturesque, which is not excelled in all America, according to the information of the best informed travellers who have had opportunities of comparing. The mountainous and precipitous nature of this place renders it peculiarly liable to squalls and violent gusts of wind hence some call it the *Land of storms*. It is, in fact, a wonderful spot, and which, if I were disposed to romance, I should choose above all others, as suited to give countenance to marvellous stories, of things supernatural, of visions, spirits, and wonder-working wizards.

The summit of this Split was until six or seven years ago deemed inaccessible, and the seagull and cormorant were the exclusive occupants of it, on which they bred and reared their young in perfect security. A young man of Percé, in frolick one day attempted its ascent over the lateral arch just now mentioned, but his heart failing, as well it might in the attempt, he descended, and resting for a minute or two, made a second trial, and to the astonishment of every one,

succeeded with apparent ease ; he afterwards planted a small flag staff on either extreme of the summit, and fixing ropes and ladders, it was visited by many others for the sake of the eggs as well as the grass growing upon it which made excellent hay.—The sea-birds being disturbed, abandoned it, and this was considered as a public loss ; the fishermen in returning from their fishing grounds in dark and foggy weather being always able to explore their way on nearing the rock by the clamour of the birds inhabiting it, an advantage of which they were by this event deprived, as well as the fresh meat which the young gulls in season afforded to the poor families at Percé. A rule of police by general consent of the inhabitants was in consequence adopted, by which any person ascending the rock during a certain period of the season should incur the displeasure of the community and be liable to a beating and imprisonment indefinite. This has been attended with the expected result ; the birds have returned to their old station to multiply under the protection of the law, an infringement whereof would most probably be deservingly visited by a sound and judicial cudgelling, under the special direction of the authorities of Percé.

There is hereabout a mixture of the rugged and soft appearances of nature, seldom found so closely contrasted. The face of the country, though uneven, and in many places rising into hills of great height, is well covered with wood, and so it is to the very verge of the dreary cliffs, is some places several hundreds of feet high, against the base whereof the sea beats with unceasing action.

The multitude of fishing barges which, during the fishing season, come at break of day from Percé and the neighbourhood, and cover the adjacent fishing grounds, give to the coast an air of business and industry that is cheering to every one who can take an interest in the rising prosperity of our Province, and in those valuable classes of our population engaged in the fisheries, which are there silently, but rapidly increasing. Besides the missions of ancient date, established for the benefit of the Roman Catholic inhabitants in the District of Gaspé, the venerable Chief of the established Church of England in this Province, has not been unmindful of the happiness of his flock in the same quarter, where two of his missionaries have been employed for the last four years. A neat Protestant Episcopal church has been recently erected at Percé ; and another is either built, or in progress, at Gaspé Bay : so that the affairs of the English Church in this section of the District, to the great comfort of the Protestant population, who had long been unavoidably left destitute in this respect, are now in a flourishing condition. In the Bay of Chaleurs, things do not go on so prosperously as could be wished, although at Paspebiac a handsome church is well advanced, and the Protestant inhabitants, having much at heart a respectable Church establishment, have already gone to considerable expence in procuring from the opposite side of the Bay a quantity of free stone for the erection of a comfortable if not elegant parsonage house, but which for the present is delayed, for what reason I shall not pretend to account.

On the Capes or headlands to which I have just alluded, there is cause to believe that many a disaster unheard of beyond the fisher-

man's hut, has occurred, and which if made public, might have afforded at least a melancholy relief to many an aching heart by removing the pangs of uncertainty and of doubt. We know there have been shipwrecks on Cape Gaspé, of which scarcely a plank has remained, and from which it was utterly impossible for a creature to escape with life. Others have occurred in times so remote and under circumstances so unaccountable, as to appear supernatural or fabulous, were not the remains of them so evident as to set the fact beyond question. Upon Cape Despair, a rock elevated perpendicularly at least forty feet over the highest tides of modern times, within the memory of any living man, and at a short distance in the woods, may be seen the remains of a vessel of considerable burden, according to some, much exceeding, and others, less than 100 tons. Her timbers are said to be considerably sunk in the earth, and that trees of a large size have grown up through them. When, or by what means this vessel came or was cast thither is a mystery to the oldest inhabitants in the country, and which probably no living person can solve. All they know about it is, that there it has been since their earliest recollection, and that their grandfathers told them they recollected seeing it there from their infancy, and who, they say, imagined it to have been thrown up into its present situation by some powerful storm, in which the sea had prodigiously exceeded its ordinary limits, and that tradition ever since has characterized it as a *naufrage anglois.*

The Cape itself is of a crumbling or sandy stone, which, being worn away and undermined by the beating of the water, frequently falls in huge junks or masses, that lie scattered along its foot until broken up by the working of the sea. The surface stratum, being either of a harder nature than those below it, or less liable to the action of the waves, juts out in many parts round the cape, over the perpendicular face of the rock beneath. This is covered with a thick coat of reddish earth, which furnishes a growth of stout hard wood, and when viewed from a distance, in clear weather, appears a very romantic spot, and would, no doubt, be a very agreeable one, but for the terrific associations connected with it in the mind of the spectator who has heard its story.

Many vague conjectures, as may be supposed, are entertained concerning this mysterious wreck; and as it is really a subject of interest, our reader will probably not be unwilling to indulge us in one of our own, leaving him to form a better if he please. It is to be observed that the Gulf, in the immediate neighbourhood of this Cape, is peculiarly infamous for the shortness and violence of its waves, and for certain agitated calms, extremely fatiguing to ships, and which mariners denominate *ground swells.* This they attribute to the uneven nature of the bottom, and to the numerous cross currents hereabouts, caused by the confluence of the St. Lawrence, the Miramichi, the Ristigouche, and other considerable streams falling into *Bay des Chaleurs.*

A tradition prevails amongst the oldest descendants of the first French settlers in the vicinity of Cape Despair, and amongst the Indians, who time out of mind have fished and hunted along that

coast that when their grandfathers were very little boys, it was visited by an awful storm, the like of which had never before, nor has since been known. Its effects were deplorably felt by the fisheries, which even then were carried on in the Gulf, by the *Armateurs*, or fishing vessels from the Ports in France, to an extent so considerable, as, were it not well attested, would be scarcely credited. Its approach was as sudden and unexpected as its results were disastrous, for taking them by surprise, it is said that scarce a single fishing boat or barge escaped destruction, and that for weeks after the calamity, the coast at Percé, *L'Ance à Beau-fils*, the Cape and its neighbourhood were strewed with wrecks, and that such were the numbers of the drowned cast ashore, that the living did not suffice to bury them. The sea is represented to have far exceeded its usual highest bounds. All the huts and fishing establishments along the beaches, were swept away and the wretched inhabitants were compelled to retire to the higher grounds and the woods for safety from the angry elements, whose joint action was spreading havock and desolation around them. This is the only event of which there is any certain tradition, whereby it is at all possible to account, how the hulk alluded to could have been thrown to the extraordinary height where it lies. The many eligible spots in the vicinity for the construction and launching of vessels, and the utter impossibility of ever launching any craft in safety from such a place and down such a precipice; (for in reality, I should from its appearance, rather think it eighty than forty feet,) absolutely precludes all rational conjectures of its having been constructed there. Yet nothing is more certain than its existence, and which any who doubt the fact, may very easily ascertain, by ocular demonstration if he prefer it, or by enquiry from persons living near who have seen it, or who if they have not really seen it, no more doubt nor have cause to doubt its existence, than any of my intelligent readers not having actually seen, would have cause to doubt the existence of the Egyptian Pyramids.

The oldest inhabitants as already mentioned, concur in relating that this terrible visitation took place when their grandfathers were yet very young; allowing then, the oldest of the present generation, to have been born about the period of the conquest, sixty-five years ago, fifty years will not be too much for the growth of the two preceding generations and this will take us to 1715, but they say it was earlier, and there are some who petend to fix the precise time at 1711. Be this as it may, the event forms an epoch in the traditionary annals of the old fishermen, the rude historians of the coast, who in the long autumnal evenings terrify the listening children and assembled rustics with their dismal stories. Not being able to trace the history of these remains beyond that period, they conclude that the wreck must have been left there by the same storm, which is known otherwise to have committed such havock.

There is also a prevalent notion among them that this is the wreck of an English vessel, and therefore it has, time out of mind, gone by the name of *Naufragé Anglais*, without being able to assign any other reason for it than tradition, which reports her to have been an enemy's ship, with reference of course to the time when she was wrecked and the existing relations between the two powers.

Now we know, to a certainty, that an expedition, consisting of a strong squadron of ships, commanded by Sir Hovenden Walker, sailed from Plymouth early in May 1711, with five thousand men, afterwards increased at Boston, by two regiments of provincials, under the command of Brigadier General Hill, against Canada; and that on the twenty-first day of August, meeting a tremendous gale of wind in the Gulf, it was so crippled as to be unable to persevere in the enterprize. Eight transports were driven upon the rocks at Egg Island, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, not far above the Seven Islands. The armament in consequence of this disaster, was broken up; and the shattered fleet having rendezvoused at Spanish River Bay, in the Island of Cape Breton, it was there determined at a council of war, that as the fleet and forces were provisioned for ten weeks only, and as a supply of provisions from New-England could not be depended upon, to relinquish the enterprise.

Accordingly, after the fatal occurrence, the carcases of eight large vessels, as we learn from *Charlevoix*, were found by persons sent from Quebec by Vaudreuil, the Governor, to reconnoitre; and the bodies of near three thousand persons, who perished in the shipwrecks, among whom were several in Scottish uniform, and in the dress of the Queen's Guards, of which it seems there were two companies, according to the same author. The knowledge that such an armament was fitting out, and its appearance in the Gulf, very naturally filled the inhabitants of this Colony with consternation and bustle. The warriors sprung to their arms to be ready for the impending attack, and the Ladies went fervently to prayers, and invoking, made a vow to some Saint of their own sex, the anniversary whereof, known as of *Notre Dame de Victoire*, is, I believe, observed to this very day in Quebec.—Whether owing to the intercession of the Ladies, to the mismanagement of the Admiral, or to accident alone, I shall not make it my business to enquire, it is quite certain that a number of our brave but unfortunate countrymen perished by shipwreck at the luckless place mentioned; and there is reason to believe that other ships of the same squadron, which must have been scattered over the Gulf by the same gale, may have met a similar fate at other points. Comparing all these circumstances of authentic facts and probable traditions, I am disposed to believe this to be really the wreck of some vessel of that unhappy fleet, which, separated from the squadron by accident in the Gulf may have been overtaken by the blast so fatal to the other ships; and which tumbling the Gulf to its very bottom, may have whirled the hulk to the place where it still remains. The coincidence of circumstances, and the tradition of its being a *Naufrage Anglais*, are the ground-work of my inference, of which the reader will judge for himself. It is, I willingly own, as likely to be wrong as right, but may not be deemed wholly absurd.

Having offered my own conjectures, the reader will forgive me, if I relate one of those supernatural stories, current among the fishermen on the coast, and which many of them consider as conclusive evidence that this was an English vessel, engaged in some warlike pursuit when cast away upon this place. In relating it I neither mean to work upon the credulity of the reader, much less attempt to account for those extraordinary appearances, which many men of superior un-

derstanding, have not disdained to credit upon the testimony even of ignorant persons. I vouch for nothing but the currency and credit of the tale, at the place from whence it comes.

The Cape, as already observed, from *Cap d'Espoir*, has taken the corrupt but in truth more appropriate English name, of Cape *Despair*. It is, indeed, a most desperate place, for judging by appearance, the stoutest ship going upon it in a gale of wind, would that instant go to pieces. Near it, on either side there are good coves and safe anchoring ground in moderate weather, but in gales of wind from sea, vessels at anchor must heave up, and away in time. From these places, and from the habitations on shore, there is a full view of the Cape, where, whether owing to the *mirage* already mentioned or to supernatural causes, or to the pure illusion of a disordered imagination of the beholder, the most wonderful sights are sometimes witnessed, and reported by different persons with an unvarying precision as to time and circumstance which certainly have the semblance of truth, and which to hear is enough to freeze the blood. They are said to occur in the fairest and finest of weather. The Gulph off the Cape suddenly assumes a terrific appearance; the sea rises into tremendous breaking waves, which roll forwards with prodigious force and velocity. A dense and dismal cloud sweeps the surface of the raging element, and drives along towards the Cape against which the collected and increasing mass of cloud and wave tumble with a furious precipitancy that threatens to annihilate it. The trees along the verge of the Cape, seem to bend like twigs, and the exhausted waves dash in among them. In the midst of this awful uproar, a bark half-buried and reeling over the mountain wave with tattered canvas, is seen at first indistinctly, driving broadside on towards the dreadful cliff, at one moment bare and the next overwhelmed with the surf; her shrouds and weather railing seem covered with the wretched victims devoted to inevitable destruction, who cling to them with gestures of distraction and despair. At the mizen peak a red cross is seen flying, and the people on board appear to be for the most part dressed in red. Onward she drives almost on her beam ends until on the point of dashing against the Cape, when the spectator raised to a dreadful pitch of anxiety for the horrible catastrophe which is that instant to ensue, is in the twinkling of an eye relieved by the instantaneous and total dispersion of the vision. The Cape again basks in sunshine, the sea seems almost asleep round its base, the horizon is clear, and not a trace of the apparent commotion is visible. This terrific scene is generally succeeded by one of a more agreeable and soothing nature. On some of the many juts formed by the surface stratum of the rock, as already mentioned, over-reaching the Cape, two men are distinctly seen, whose features some have approached them near enough to distinguish. At first they are usually seen seated, and seem engaged in earnest conversation. The one from description is evidently a British Tar. The other a Young Soldier. The tar is to appearance turned of thirty, a middle sized, broad set, brawny fellow, of an open manly countenance improved by dark eyes, dark curly hair made into a cue hanging down the whole length of his back, and a bushy pair of black whiskers. He is dressed in sheeting trowsers, a striped jersey

rock fitting close to his body, and a low crowned hat of tarry canvas. The other is represented as a tall and stately form, dressed in white small clothes, and black leggings or gaiters with pewter buttons, reaching his knees, a clean linen shirt with ruffles, a black kerchief or neck stock with a small blue foraging Cap on his head, but without coat or waistcoat, of a fair complexion, prominent light blue eyes and sandy whiskers, and to appearance twenty-five years of age or thereabout. In a word, a figure which one may suppose to have been some native of the British Isles, recently transferred from the plough to the ranks, and sent abroad to fight the battles of his country in the quality of a British Grenadier. After an apparent colloquy of some length in which the Tar and the Soldier seem deeply concerned, and at moments to be moved to tears, the latter, (both having risen up) draws from his bosom a flageolet, upon which, accompanied by the fine and full voice of his companion, he is heard for a spell to pour out a strain of melody improved by the song, which they who have heard it, represent as fit to touch the core of the very rock upon which they are standing. They sometimes disappear, and in a moment after, are seen upon some other jut of the Cape, at a distance from where they stood a moment before. They are also occasionally seen for a few minutes below the Cape. Accounts differ as to the subject of the song, which may not, however, always be the same. Some represent it as relating to war and conquest, others, to their beloved and remote country, and some, to shipwreck and their own disaster. The circumstances under which the spectator is placed generally seem to be such as to enable him to receive the full effect of the music, but not so as to collect the entire sense of the song, which, however, all represent to be in English. It is remarkable in the story of these visionary inhabitants of the Cape, that no mortal has ever succeeded in approaching them nearer than the distance there may be between the summit of the cliff and a few paces below it, the precipice being invariably interposed between them and the spectator. When the latter is below they are seen above and *vice versa*. When seen below, they are generally seated or standing on one of those massive fragments, detached from the Cape, which in rough weather serve to diminish the force with which the waves rush upon its face.—The personage figuring in the military garb, and therefore by the fishermen called the soldier, is said to vary his dress, as well as his music, and there are some who represent him as a fine highlander in kilt and tartan hose, and a highland bonnet, but always in his shirt sleeves without coat or waistcoat. On these occasions he is said to entertain his hearers with a bagpipe whose martial strains echo along the Capes and incumbent woods with fine effect, as if rallying the ghosts of departed warriors from their recesses, to some approaching phantom fight. From this circumstance he is called the piper of the Cape. The fishermen with a deduction not absurd, every thing considered; infer these ghostly companions to be the apparitions of *Englishmen*, and connecting them with the semblance of shipwreck which precedes their appearance, they suppose that the hulk remaining on the Cape must have been some English vessel, or to use their own words a *Naufrage Anglais*. Persons actually upon the Cape at

the time when these tumultuous visions have taken place, say they were unconscious of any thing extraordinary around them, except sultriness of atmosphere, so oppressive, as almost to overcome them.

The subject has given rise to song, and some not inelegant verses have been made upon it by the bards on those coasts, of which some specimens in my possession may hereafter find a place in the poet's corner, if upon reperusal at a leisure moment they are thought worth while.

Would it not be worthy of the curious and intelligent Canadian antiquarian to cause some researches to be made on this extraordinary matter, such as examining the position, the build, the irons, or the timbers of the carcase in question? Something peculiar about it might be found or remarked which might lead to some probable, if not certain conclusion. A scientific person on examination of the cape and adjacent lands, the thickness and nature of the soil, and the wood growing upon it, would be able to form a reasonable conjecture whether some terrible tempest accompanied by an extraordinary rise of the waters on the coast may have cast the wreck high and dry to where it lies, or whether the land itself may not have been hove up by an effort of nature, subsequent to the period when the wreck may have gone ashore. Of this latter possibility, there is however, neither record nor tradition, and we are well assured, that for the last two hundred years the appearance of that part of the coast has undergone no change by earthquakes or other causes. The former, is not altogether impropable nor irreconcileable with the traditionary accounts of the great storm and rising of the sea in that quarter. This for aught we know, may have been the result of some sub-marine commotion in the bed of the gulf, which imparting a sudden movement to the superjacent waters has impelled them to an extraordinary height against the surrounding shore, and being attended by a tempest, as in such cases is not unusual, may have left the wreck where we find it. That the cause must have been uncommon, is as certain as the fact itself, nor ought any one who can shed a ray of light upon the subject withhold it.—*Quebec Mercury.* *VIATOR.*

MOONLIGHT.

———O'er the mountains brown
The cold round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters; blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright:
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining;
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,
To mix with their eternal ray? SIEGE OF CORINTH.

Moonlight scenery has ever been a favorite theme with Poets and novelists; and though its frequent delineation by them, has, in a great measure, dissipated its descriptive novelty, yet the sympathetic effect which the contemplation of its reality produces on the feelings will never cease to charm, and to retain its fascination.

There is a softened tone of expression given to terrestrial objects by the mellow radiance emanating from a clear full moon, floating in the blue expanse of a cloudless sky, that is peculiarly pleasing; and which, I have often thought, resembles in a figurative sense, the holy light diffused by Religion over the Christian's worldly prospects; and whose chastened lustre, mildly gilding obstacles in the path of his pilgrimage, throws a palliative veil, over their offensive harshness which enables him to behold and encounter them with a pleasurable satisfaction.

When we ramble forth to enjoy the bewitching loveliness of a moonlight night, we do so generally with a pure and exalted mind. The baser passions of our nature are quelled and banished from the soul by the heavenly influence of the moment; and whilst we contemplate the tender repose of the landscape around, where all seems so still, so beautiful, and so happy, a prototype, as it were, of what we are taught to expect of heaven, we are constrained, even in despite of rebelling thought to feel at peace with the world and with ourselves. It is, too, in an hour like this, that the fond endearments of love, the soothing charms of friendship, warmly appeal to the heart; and as memory turns to some absent object of our soul's affection, some dear and much loved friend, with whom we have often gazed with kindred rapture at a scene like that before us, we are tempted in the extacy of a blissful retrospection, to exclaim in the beautiful and impassioned language of Moore,

Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if you were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moonlight scenery here!

I seldom gaze on the lovely orb of night, slowly pursuing its course in silent majesty along the arch of heaven, without being led back in thought to the occurrences of former ages, and as a consequent, the transiency of mortality and its specious vanities. I reflect that the bright planet above me, has shone with undiminished splendour from the hour of its creation; and has poured its calm refulgence on a world whose surface has been a continued shifting scene of person and event

Nations have sprung up, and have grown into opulence and power; Kingdoms have been established, and flourished for a time; and have alike declined and melted away,

> "And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Left not a wreck behind:"

Century has succeeded century, but to effect some mighty alteration in things and circumstances; generation has followed generation, but to improve on the systems of that which preceded it, and which is soon forgot in the darkness of oblivion—all has changed, and will still be changing, but that splendid monument of divine wisdom and skill, like the almighty hand which fashioned it, will ever be the same.

I once heard a gentleman who had travelled much, and whose disposition was of an ardently romantic cast, observe that the recollections of the days that were gone by never affected him so forcibly as on a distant moonlight view of the ruins of Athens. He thought of the times when the moonbeams which then glanced lightly over almost indefinable masses of broken columns and fallen porticoes, magnificent even in their decay, gilt with a silvery splendour, the costly domes and stately temples, where was concentrated, all that was illustrious in the earth for science and philosophy: and the instability of human grandeur was feelingly brought home to the heart, by the appearance of a few sickly fires, kindled by barbarians in the rudest state of savage ignorance, amid the mouldering remains and probably on the scite of some gorgeous edifice, beneath whose frowning shade, a Solon developed the researches of human wisdom, or a Socrates inculcated his divine precepts of morality and virtue.

I was once deeply impressed with the contrast presented in viewing the same moonlight scene, at two different times and seasons. Making one of a fishing party in the Upper Province, the theatre of our sport or rather operations, was a small river that poured its tributary mite into one of the great lakes, or inland seas, as they have not improperly been termed. After enjoying a day's amusement, we resolved, more through frolic than necessity, as it was a fine night in the earlier part of Spring, and the weather uncommonly mild, to form an Indian Camp.

Many of my readers, perhaps, are unacquainted with the system of this species of Canadian bivouac: I will briefly explain it for their information. It consists simply in making a large fire, near which with his feet towards it a person sleeps, wrapt up in a blanket; i. e. *if he has one.* In some instances, when rain is apprehended, temporary branch huts are erected, and a blanket or two thrown over the top. In the present case, we did the thing in style; for we set fire to a large Tamarack tree that had fallen from age, and which from its inflammability, blazed and crackled in so stupendous a manner, that it would have put an English bonfire, were it near to it, to the blush at its own insignificance. We seated ourselves at a respectful distance from this 'parlour fire of an American back wood's-man;' and as we had an ample sufficiency of that grand desideratum in sporting excursions, good cheer, the time flew swiftly and pleasantly by; not a little assisted, no doubt, by the exhilarating effects of a well filled bottle of superlative *magnum.* I had not indulged so freely

as the rest—but had taken sufficient to make me feel rather uncomfortable. I could not sleep; and throwing aside my blanket, I started up to try and walk my qualmishness off, if possible.

Our party had taken up their station on the green sward bank of the little river before mentioned; and from which it continued gently rising for some hundred yards in the back ground, until it abruptly swelled into an eminence of no inconsiderable height. To this I directed my steps; and with some difficulty scrambling to the summit, my exertion was amply repaid by the singular beauty of the prospect it afforded me, illuminated as it was with the light of a bright unclouded moon. The river at this spot, suddenly bent into a direction making nearly a right angle with its former course, and I stood fronting its strait progress from hence, as it gradually widened down to its disemboguement into the lake; which took place at little more than half a mile's distance from me. There was a straggling hamlet on its either bank as it approached the mouth, the neat white walled cottages of which glittered in the moonlight that extended its pale brilliancy over an extensive tract of cleared land, stretching away behind them, till, bounded by the forest, distinguishable by its dark outline; and where in the open space in its immediate vicinity, I fancied I could discern indistinct objects moving to and fro, and which I knew to be the gambollings of deer. These wild tenants of the woods it is well known, often seek open fields and places when the nights are light; where secure from interruption, they bound about and enjoy to the utmost, their short lived emancipation from the gloomy retreats of the forest, where they keep in the day time. The view down the river was like a long a silvery vista into the vast expanse of the lake, whose surface, illuminated by the moonbeams, presented the appearance of a sheet of molten silver; over which, as a relief to its pleasing monotony, a distant solitary schooner, with her white topsails glittering, as they shook in the passing night breeze, glided calmly on, and seemed suspended in the transparent element. The occasional faint tinkling of a solitary cow-bell in the distance, as its bearer, tempted to quit its grassy couch by the inviting freshness of the dew sprinkled herbage, strayed carlessly about; and the low shrill whistling of the night-beetle, seemed only to enhance the lovely repose of a scene, the effect of which was so congenial to my feelings, that my indisposition of person and intellect, were completely banished and forgot. I sat me down at the foot of a tree, with my back leaning against its trunk, and continued to contemplate the earthly paradise—as it appeared in my estimation—before me, until the setting of the moon, when wearied with watching, and the fatigue of the day's recreation, I sank into a sound sleep. I was roused from this in the morning by the shouts and hallowing of my wondering companions on the bank below, who missing me when they awoke, were at a loss to conceive whither I had gone, or the occasion of my disappearance.

Seven years after this, and too subsequent to the commencement of the late American War, I was accidentally obliged to pass near the place in the prosecution of some peculiar military duty. As the satisfaction I had once derived from a summer view of the adjacent country, was fresh in my remembrance, I wished to behold its win-

ter appearance. It was the middle of January, and the sky and moon had all the cold brilliancy of the arctic regions. On repairing to my former site of observation, the contrast between its present and former mein was strangely affecting. The merciless and ravaging hand of warfare had been busy in this remote and hitherto peaceful valley. A band of ruthless Indians had swept through it the preceding autumn, marking their course with devastation and violence. The white walled cottages that once looked so beautiful, were now heaps of blackened ruins, horribly relieved by the dazzling whiteness of the snowy waste around: The land the river and the lake—the two latter being covered with ice and snow—were blended into a universal sameness—a dreary waste without one object on which the eye could dwell for a moment with a feeling of satisfaction. The only animated coincidence with the place and season was a solitary wolf prowling among the ruined cottages. I marked him well, as emerging from the dark shade of a pile of half burnt fragments, into the moonlight glistening of the snow, that strongly set off his gaunt form, he proceeded slowly on to the next abode of desolation. The dismal yell of famishing despair which he sent forth at times, had an appalling influence on the deathlike stillness of the cheerless prospect around ; and the piercing rude gusts of the northern blast as it howled through the leafless trees, seemed as a mournful requiem for the departed happiness of this once lovely spot ; and, as I left it, I could not refrain from breathing a sigh to the sad demonstration it afforded of the uncertain basis on which worldly enjoyment is founded.

I will conclude this sketch with the relation of a little tale founded on fact, the substance of which is generally known in Canada at this day :—Being partially illustrative of the tenor of the foregoing remarks, will, I trust be a sufficient apology for its introduction here.—About five and twenty years ago, a young Priest, whom I shall designate by the name of St. Bernard left France—his native Country—the bearer of strong recommendatory documents to the highest ecclesiastical dignitary in Canada. St. Bernard was the second son of a nobleman, who, though his *hauteur* bore an inverse proportion to the scantiness of his financial possessions, yet, in the arrogance of that unbending pride which characterized the *noblesse* of the *ancien regime*, deemed the choice of a commercial profession for his sons, to supply the deficiency of pecuniary support which he could not afford them, as derogatory to their high birth and blazoned line of ancestry :—their only resource, therefore, was the Army or the Church ; and Villeroy St. Bernard was educated for the latter. He, from inclination would have preferred a military life, but his father was connected with persons, eminent in clerical dignity, and from whose powerful interest, he expected much would be done in his son's behalf. In due time he was consecrated and ordained in the duties of his sacred profession. He was highly and lavishly gifted by nature in mental and personal accomplishments. With an uncommonly handsome figure and prepossessing address, there was combined in him a natural flow of almost irresistible eloquence, that, prompted by a fervency of disposition, which amounted to enthusiasm, when its object excited either admiration or interest, peculiarly fitted him

for his vocation. He bid fair for the attainment of a dignified station in canonical preferment, when the dawning horrors of the Revolution arrested his advancement, and warned him to escape ere the storm burst forth in its utmost fury. Taking an affectionate leave of his family, who were retiring into Switzerland as a retreat from the violence of the approaching tempest, and to await its passing over, he, at the age of twenty seven, left his native for a foreign land, self exiled, and I may say an adventurer.—On arriving at Quebec, he presented his credentials; and they obtained for him the requisite attention and effect. As no immediate vacancy existed at the time, he was, as a preliminary to further favour, sent up the country to a Convent of Ursuline nuns, to officiate during the incapacity of their chaplain, who was lying dangerously ill and not expected to recover.

In this Convent there was a young lady undergoing her probationship as a lay sister, previous to her taking the veil. The choice of this fair devotee had excited no little interest and conjecture at the time. She was born of one of the first families in the province, and at an early age had been sent to France under the care of a relation to receive her education. After an absence of some years, she returned thence, one of the most accomplished and, I might add, the most beautiful of women. Many splendid alliances were offered her acceptance; but whether it was owing to a natural apathy, or that her heart was not interested, she declined them all; and on her Mother's death, which took place a short time after her return home, she declared her intention of bidding adieu to worldly vanity and temptation, and devoting the remainder of her life to the exercise of religion within the gloom of a convent cloister. This was a resolution which grieved her surviving parent, as much as it was unexpected by him. That his daughter in the enjoyment of that unbounded homage which rank and beauty ever command, should thus suddenly, from a mistaken motive, forego the pleasing advantages resulting from their possession, and blight the bud of his fondest prospects, afflicted him in no slight degree. Remonstrance and persuasion were essayed to subvert her resolution but without effect; Her determination was firm;—and at the age of twenty one, in the dawn of a brilliant zenith which it is the lot of comparatively few to enjoy, she entered the convent I have before alluded to; and was in her noviciate when St. Bernard was attached as temporary *aumonier* to the establishment.

Great effects, it is said, are sometimes produced from trifling causes. The correctness of this apothegm, as applicable to commonplace circumstances, I am far from disputing: Although it may seem a singularity, that the mere incident of a change of individual in the office of their Chaplain, should induce the inmates of a cloister to become most wonderfully exact in their devotions; certain it is whether influenced by the graces of his fine formed person, conspicuously attractive even though arrayed in the loose folds of a surplice; or fascinated by his commanding eloquence, the good sisters paid the most flattering attention whenever St. Bernard officiated. Indeed the elder *Religieuse*, and particularly the old abbess herself, could not in their minds, help calling in question the inconsiderate—as they thought—providence of *Monseigneur* at Quebec, in sending so young

and attractive a man to superintend the spiritual concerns of the flock under her charge ; the youthful part of whom might, from the circumstance, be tempted to cast a retrospective glance of regret to a world whose enjoyments and endearments they had alike resigned. But, be that as it may, St. Bernard worthily fulfilled his various duties as became their sanctity, undisturbed by the gaze of still sparkling eyes, which he often detected fixed on him, when the deep veil of some kneeling angelic figure, would be discomposed or blown aside—whether by accident or intention it befits me not to determine—and blushingly betrayed the truth.—That its possessor, not yet perfectly purified from human frailty, had been absorbed in contemplation of the creature more than the creator !

" We are not Stock or Stone" to use Corporal Trim's eloquence. St. Bernard was doomed not long to retain his apathetical indifference to the kindling charms of terrestrial loveliness, which daily met his view. Sister Louisa—the lady I have remarked as undergoing her noviciation—had not beheld the handsome and accomplished young *Aumonier* with a more unconcerned stoicism than many of her companions. The impressive expression of his flashing dark eye, combined with the persuasive fascination of his deep, yet mellow toned voice, elicited from her an unconscious admiration ; and which, imperceptibly, gave way to a train of feelings, that threw a spell over her soul, which she attempted to shake off in vain. She was possessed of strong and superior intellectual endowment, but she likewise possessed a forcible intensity of feeling which had hitherto remained dormant in her bosom ; but kindling now, despite of the imperative obligation she was violating, she felt for him all that a woman's soul can feel for the hallowed object of its fondest love.

She was also gifted with a person, that was moulded in all that we can conceive of the perfection of feminine beauty ; and which could not be gazed on by the torpid chill of age unwarmed or unmoved :—How much less then, by one whom nature and youth had endowed with an impassioned sensibility, which, more heightened than subdued by the restriction of a monastic life, would burst forth at times when highly excited, with a fervour as boundless as it was incontrollable ? He had seen her,—but it was only to add another to the many testimonials of human frailty. He felt himself drawn to the brink of a precipice which he vainly strove to avoid ; and in the phrenzied infatuation of the danger by which he was menaced, he determined by casting himself headlong to anticipate the fate that to him, seemed inevitable. Yet St. Bernard, although the child of passionate impulse, was not altogether so subject to its sway, as to blindly obey its dictates without a thought or presentiment. In this instance, the authoritative arguments of Religion, the voice of Reason, with her calculating severity, were alike brought forward to combat the vehemence of that which absorbed every faculty of his soul, but alas ! the erring nature of humanity predominated, and madly forgetful of the respect which was due to his own sacred character and profession, he was impelled by his passion to trample on every tie and consideration that interfered with its impetuosity.

The nature of the duties incidental to his sacerdotal office placed in his power the means of obtaining many interviews with the lovely

Louisa, whose heart, though it throbbed with a kindred impulse to his,—yet revolted at the first mention of the course he proposed.—But if his eloquence was seducing when employed on the common-place topics of life, it surely lost nothing of its fascination and effect when prompted by the tender and soul subduing theme of love—suffice it to say, it was more than successful ; and an elopement to the United-States was the consequence !

Seven years had rolled by, and were passed by this 'fond erring pair' in a delightful retreat on the banks of the calm flowing Delaware. The maddening rapture of their passion had subsided into a more serene, though not less fervent temperament ; and now when its wild impetuosity had given place to a more tranquil state of feeling, retrospection, tinged with a sensation approaching to remorse, would dwell in spite of their efforts to subdue or dispel it, on the enormity of their transgression, in having violated the awfully sacred bond which bound them both.—It was in the evening of a late autumnal day, during which both had been unusually agitated by reflections like these, that they strolled into their little garden, to lose, if possible, the painful intensity of their thoughts in contemplating the effect of the waning year on the decaying beauties of nature. There was a melancholy expression in the withering and blasted appearance of shrubs and flowers which, but a few short weeks before, were in the height of bloom and brilliancy, that, together with the slight rustling noise of the dry leaves, which the slightest breath of wind showered down in profusion, and which, to a troubled spirit would seem like the pensive sighs of departed happiness, that jarred with a boding knell, on the finer chords of souls, susceptible to an excess. Night came, and found them wandering there dejected and silent. It was one of those nights which when impressed on memory can never be forgot.—The moon shone with a softened brilliancy, and the faint blue sky illuminated by its mellow, seemed almost transparent from its clearness and purity, and strongly relieved a rugged line of dark grey mountains in the distant horizon, at the foot of which a lengthened gleam of silvery light, denoted that it slept upon the bosom of some lake or river. In the foreground, the waters of the lordly Delaware flowed silently on, the riplings of its surface gaily glittering in the dancing moonbeams ; and the emerging of a fishing boat into their silvery brightness from the dark shadow caused by the reflection in the pellucid element of the masses of trees that in some places crowded to the edge of the river, gave a delightful relief to its otherwise placid monotony. As the eye wandered over an extent of country, which lay enveloped in a peaceful repose, farm houses and cottages from the glistening of their white shingled roofs in the rays of the moon, were easily distinguishable; some situated in the midst of fertile and extensive fields, others peeping from out the gloomy grandeur of dark forests.

The plaintive note of the American night songster, the Whip-poor-Will, as its faint cadence died away in the distant echo, was the only break on the stillness of the scene ; and seemed congenial to the feelings its loveliness would naturally inspire. It was one of those moments of mournful delight, which in an indefinable language of sympathetic sensation, speak volumes to the heart. St. Bernard felt it such, and a long deep sigh which he drew was echoed by one fully

as expressive from her who was leaning on his arm. A kindred feeling actuated both, though they knew it not. After a lengthened pause, during which their faculties appeared concentrated in the prospect before them, St. Bernard broke silence. "Louisa, my love," said he, "in an hour like this, when under its hallowed inspiration, I gaze on the angelic serenity of the scene around, enwrapt as it is in the charming illumination of that lovely planet above, and which, indeed, makes it appear a terrestrial paradise, I am led to think how transcendantly beautiful must that Heaven be, which the same Almighty wisdom that framed this comparatively insignificant lower world, has destined for those who deviate not from the paths of piety and virtue; and bright and happy as that heaven is, yet, alas! I more than fear we have given cause for its portals to be forever closed against us. There was a time when my Maker, and the divine perfection displayed throughout his works, was a theme on which it was my delight to expatiate; I was then free from the corroding reflections of a guilty conscience; but now—Oh, how I feel my despicable state! how unfitted I am to think or speak of that God whom I have so glaringly offended!" There was a despairing agony in his tone and manner, as he uttered this, that impelled the conviction of its truth as applicable to herself, with the celerity of an electric flash to the heart of his companion in error. She was ever keenly alive to its impulsive impression, and from peculiar circumstances particularly so at this moment—it was too much for her to bear, and she fell senseless in his arms. Distractedly alarmed, he bore her into the house, and by the help of strong restoratives, succeeded with difficulty in recalling the spark of being, which, when it was restored, seemed in an unconscious agony to waver in its beauteous tenement. Her health and spirits, had been much preyed on by previous mental agitation; and the susceptibility of her nature being overcome by the shock it received, she was thrown into a delirious fever, from the lengthened sufferings of which she was in appearance slowly recovering, when one fine day, a short time after she was able to sit up, she sank into a lethargic reverie of some hours, her head reclining on his bosom. She at length suddenly roused herself from this, and in a manner, which evidently indicated the effort it cost her to assume, she addressed St. Bernard thus:—"St. Bernard," said she, "we have loved each other, with a vehemence of extatic passion, that impelled us to forego our every hope in earth and heaven,—we have loved, we do still love, and (laying the trembling hand which that was warmly clasped in hers upon her heart) we will ever love, but it will be with that purity of feeling which Saints are said to possess for those to whom they are drawn by ties of worldly passion.—But, we must part—nay, start not, nor think me harsh in proposing this our only means of reconciliation with heaven. I can well appreciate the painful sacrifice it will cost us both;—but there is an urgent—an imperious necessity for so doing, which admits neither of alleviation or appeal.—Although we have both peculiarly and deeply erred, atonement may not yet be too late; and for that, there is but one slight glimmering of hope left, arising from a sincere repentance.

In a few days, I think I will be sufficiently recovered and strong enough to bear the fatigue of a journey, and my resolution is firmly

fixed—it is this :—To return to that sacred abode, whose holy protection and happiness I have alike forsaken ; there to expiate, if possible, my flagitious defection. If, as I much fear, I am denied admission beneath its hallowed roof, there is a parent left me who will not deny a refuge to his sorrowing and penitent daughter, wherein to weep the remnant of her life away. And you, St. Bernard,"—but she could proceed no farther ; excess of mental exertion and emotion, brought on a fainting fit, in which I will pass over intermediate circumstances. St. Bernard accompanied her back to the Convent whence he had seduced her to elope with him, and her reception contradicted her fearful expectations. The good sisters imitating the benevolent mercy of him to whose service they had devoted themselves, welcomed the repentant sinner back again, with affectionate and forgiving kindness, to their community ; and the worthy old abbess shed mingled tears of joy and sorrow over the recovery of this her favorite lamb, which had strayed from the fold of her protection.

She became exemplary for her rigid piety and devotion ; but her course of earthly expiation was soon brought to its close. In less than one little year after her return, the same voices which hailed it with joy and gladness, chanted almost inarticulately the funeral anthem over her bier. She had mistaken her heart, when she thought it could calmly relinquish its dearest impulse ; and a lingering spark despite of her every effort to quench it, consumed her gradually, yet quickly away, like the lurking worm in the stem of some beauteous flower, which gnaws its way until its lovely victim blasted by its ravages, withering droops, decays away and dies.

She made it her particular and last request to be buried in a certain spot in the Convent garden, which she pointed out, and which request was attentively complied with. They little surmised the real reason of her dying wish, but attributed it to that strange caprice which influence some in the last moments of mortal existence. It was this—in this spot, she had the first of her many interviews with St. Bernard which ultimately ended in her ruin and elopement. How unaccountably strange are the fond workings of a woman's bosom, so devotedly true to the cherished object of its love until the latest pulse of life has throbbed itself away !

A simple slab of white marble, with a plain black cross on its either side, denotes the spot where reposes the remains of the beautiful and unfortunate Sister Louisa. It has often attracted the notice of strangers visiting the Convent, but a strict silence is observed regarding the frailty of her who sleeps beneath.

As to St. Bernard, after delivering Louisa up to her Convent, he repaired to Quebec, and throwing himself at the feet of his former patron, the Bishop, declared his willingness to submit to and endure the most rigorous punishment that could be awarded him; but the good prelate to whose mercy he committed himself, felt that he was much to blame in exposing the youth and appearance of the man before him to the tempations which had led him astray ; and further, his voluntary submission and sincere penitence predisposed him to pardon, on the condition that he devoted the remainder of his life, to the conversion and instruction of the Indians in a distant part of the country. A proposal which St. Bernard gladly acceded to. And his con-

duct to the latest period of his life (which he lost in zealously undertaking to extend the gospel into a distant tribe of Savages,) was such as could not but be acceptable in the sight of that Providence whose delight is in well doing. He was deeply regretted by the poor Indians among whom he sojourned, and indeed, proved a blessing; and to this day, they cherish a grateful remembrance of the good missionary (as they term him,) Father St. Bernard. *. H. *.

THE HARP.

Oh leave the Harp, in pity leave!
To none it yields its thrilling tone,
Since she who woke its note at eve,
Reposes 'neath the *dark grey stone.*

A seraph's voice was hers who hung
So fondly o'er the trembling string,
And mournful was the strain she sung,
And many a tear-drop would it bring.

For sad the story of her woes—
The child of sorrow from her birth—
Nor wonder at the song she chose—
A requiem to departed worth.

Yet from those lips no murmur came;
'Twas praise to that all-gracious Power,
Whose arm upheld her wasted frame,
And guarded in the adverse hour.

That voice is hush'd—yet in the glade,
When the soft night-wind passes by,
That harp, as if by spirits play'd,
Will breathe its sweetest melody.

As if the one to memory dear
Had left awhile the world of bliss,
And touch'd the magic chords to cheer
The hearts of those she knew in this.

Then let the harp in silence rest,
No hand can wake its thrilling tone,
Since she who knew its music best
Reposes 'neath the dark grey stone.

DRAMFED*

A DRAMATIC POEM,

Dramatis Personæ.

Dramfed	The Spirits of Hebe
A Watchman	Bacchus
The Priest of the Parish	Ganymedes'
Lavish	The Destinies
L. Newcomb	Spirits, &c. &c.

SCENE, IN AN ATTIC.

DRAMFED ALONE.

Dram.—The glass must be replenish'd, but even then
It will not last so long as I can drink.
I drink and yet my thirst I cannot quench,
'Tis a continuance of enduring thirst,
Which still I can resist not, in my vitals
There is a longing, and these lips but ope
To swallow vainly; yet I think and bear
The aspect and the thoughts of sober men.
'Tho' temperance is called wisdom, revelling is
The zenith of all joys, they know it most
Who contemplate upon the sparkling goblet.
The tree of prudence doth not bring forth grapes
For abstinence, and solitude, and all
The sophisms of a misconceited world
I have once tried, but in my mind, there's
Nothing like rosy Wine, it hath a power
(Like the philosopher's magnetic stone,)
Which if it cannot make us think, that we
Are rich and happy, makes us yet forget
That we are miserable; I have had
My days of woe, but they have been dispelled,
For when intoxication sets its power,
Man has no sorrow, feels no fear, no danger,
But all his hopes and wishes seem enshrin'd
To lap him in Elysium.
Delicious fruit,
Thou paragon of all Earth yields most rich
That twine your tendrils beautiful and hang
Purple and gushing from the very rocks,
of Alp and Appenine, the traveller's hope
And happiness amidst those wilder haunts,
I call upon thy spirits by a spell
Which gives thee power amongst mankind;
Appear!
Now by a power, which is more great than ye,
Who is supernal, hasten, and arise!
(*A pause.*)
Then ye defy? but ye shall not elude
All potent Bacchus, conqueror of Ind,
Osiris, of old Egypt's swarthy race,
Who hast thy triumphs, in the glorious gift
Bequeathed by thee unto a captive world,
By the stern spell which incantates my soul,
The thirst which is within me, unallay'd,
I call thee to compel the minor slaves
Who are subservient to thee, to appear!
A light is seen at the window,
and a voice is heard singing.

* It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, that this is a Parody upon Lord Byron's Celebrated Drama of "Manfred."

First Spirit.

Mortal, by the power of him
Who presides o'er goblets brim,
With the ruby redden'd potion,
Mirthful mortal's fond devotion;
Earth and Ocean travers'd o'er
From the Lusian's rugged shore,
Lo, I hasten at command
By the magic of that wand,
At whose incantation, we
Spell bound are—what would'st with me?
Teneriffe, is the vintner of mountains,

Second Spirit.

Which mortals long have found;
Its towering rocks are not its pride,
But its garland of vines around,
Oh, it is known, as the lovely zone
Which twines beneath its crest;
And their flowers must droop, 'ere it shall stoop
From its station amidst the rest,
The tendrils fair, with the balmy air
Spring lovelily day by day,
But I am the Spirit ruling these,
What would'st thou, child of clay,

Third Spirit.

Behold, where the Ocean
Begirts yon green Isle,
Where winter's no wizard
But Summer's beams smile,
Where Flora is crowning
Her tresses with flowers,
And lovely Pomona
Her fruits thickly showers;
From the fields of Azores
Summon'd, (swift I appear,)
By our first-master-spirit
Thy wishes to hear.

Fourth Spirit.

Where the groaning volcano
Sleeps smothered in smoke,
And the dark lavas spread
Forms the mountain, a cloak,
Whose crater, 'tis said
Is the gateway to hell,
Whilst its cap, in the clouds
Seems 'gainst heav'n to rebel;
If to question thy doom,—
Thou wouldst firmly rely,—
From its summits I come
To give thee, reply.

Fifth Spirit.

I am the effervescent juice,
To lighten forth the soul,—
Where e'er I am,—all hearts refuse
To own but my controul—
Lo, from the plain, of fair Champagne,
Fresh sparkling from the still,
In haste I fly,—its spirit, I;—
To bide unto thy will.—

Sixth Spirit.

My birth place is the valley of the Rhine,

How can thy lips quaff other wine than mine.

Seventh Spirit.

The liquid which o'ersways thy frame,
Was form'd when first this earth became
The cradle, and the grave of man.
Disposed by some most mighty plan—
Its source was limpid,—pure and free,
Not bitter as the briny sea,
Until thy first-formed parents' birth,
Polluted the pure springs of earth—
A muddy current,—and a stream
Ting'd often with the blood-stained beam
Of war and rancour I became
All for the "nothingness of name,"
Wrought by man's evil deeds of woe
Discolouring each streamlet's flow.
But now, I come here to befriend;
Bethink thee I would deign to blend
With the weaker spirits, who rehearse
With the strong poison and a curse?
Then, mortal, learn what thou should'st be;
Haste thee, and quickly ask of me.

The Spirits.

Spirits of Wine—Spirits of Water—all
Hover around thee, heritant of sin,
Would'st thou break bondage from the weighty thrall
Which is the tyrant of thy soul—begin,

Dramfed,—Perpetuity.

1*st Spir.*—Of what and wherefroe?

Dram.—Of quenchless thirst, without the weaker spell
Of wild intoxication—dare ye this?

Spirit.—'Tis not so vested in our hands to check
The powerful charm distill'd;—we will confer
The thirst you ask,—but of the fountain pure
The nobler element, whereof you shall
Drink, and still have the power to quaff,—demand
And you shall have this

Dramfed.— 'Tis not what I seek,
It is the power without th'infirmity
Of mortals so to quaff the vintage bright
Of the rich grape incessantly, and yet
Still, not get drunk.

Spirit.— We have it not to grant,
Drink—but thou must get drunk.

Dramfed.— Do ye not quaff
And still are sober?

Spirit.— Ours is essence drain'd
Whose spirit is electric, and o'er us
It has no power or spell;—art thou replied?

Dram.—I hear you laugh. but I will not be fool'd,
Slaves, I will drink with ye, as long or deep
As your etherial lips—(if such they are)
Can swallow, and not then yield up the palm
Altho' my frame is mortal form and flesh,
Speak, or expect the vengeance of my hand.

Spirit.—We have no more to say.

Dramfed.— Do ye deny?

Spirit.—Pride has conspir'd in thee to mock our power,
But, we have told thee, Drunkenness has nought
To do with us.—

Dramfed.— Curse then, upon ye, slaves
I must get drunk.—

Spirit.— Aye, son of day; but speak;
What wilt thou have, 'ere yet our steps depart?
Spirits, or Wine, and of what sort, declare.

Dram.—Curse them, I say—I've had too much already,
Divest me of intoxication's weakness,
And I will drink, if not, ye fools, begone.

Spirit.—Stop yet, and think, if we cannot assist thee,
Is there no gift which will make up for what
We cannot grant?

Dram.— None, none;—yet pause awhile,
I still would taste, what Spirit 'tis, ye proffer.
I heard the sound of "Champagne" from your lips
Limpid, as fountain streamlets—and behold
A cloud, the shape e'vn of a goblet, there;
Appear, yet not as Fancy would pourtray,
But in your forms, of bright reality.

Spirit.—The goblet or the vessel which receives
Our liquid bodies, frames us to its will;
In what then would'st thou, that we should be viewed?

Dram.—I have no choice, come in what shape ye will:
The taste's alike to me—let that which sway
The spirit of most men, appear.—

Seventh Spirit (appearing as a chrystal goblet.)
Look there.—

Dram.—By Jove——'tis water, mocking me, as if
I was already in intoxication.—
But I will drink thee, (*It vanishes.*)
Ha, my lips are parched. (*Dramfed falls.*)

(*Chorus of Spirits sing;*)

When the glass is on the board,
And the lamps are dazzling round,
And the rosy Wine ador'd,
And the brimming goblet crown'd,
When the sense is brightly glowing,
And the joy of soul o'erflowing,
And the lips move with emotion
Whilst they quaff the ruby potion,
Then the spirit of the hour
Shall imbibe our spell and power.
Though thy revels may be late,
Still shall pleasure elevate;
There are joys intense in drinking,
There are senses without thinking,
Whilst our powers to thee extend,
Thou shalt never want a friend,
Thou art mantled in a vision
Which shall glow with things Elysian,
And for ever shall abide
'Midst th'enchantments here allied.

Though deluded in my art,

Thou shalt own me in thy heart,
As a joy, and as a blessing
Once possess'd—still worth possessing;
And in that electric bound
When thy head is swimming round,
Thou shalt wonder at the things
Which from dreams, my spirit brings
For the magic of my spell
Is beyond what thou can'st tell.
And the purple grape and Wine
Hath baptized thee at its shrine,
And the essence of its charm
Link'd thee to a wily harm.
In its perfume there is savour
To bewilder each endeavour,
Tho' the midnight shall behold
Madness in thy mortal mould,
And the morning when it break
Often cause thy brain to ache.

From the bright vine, too I distil
Liquids, which have the power to kill;
From the wine-press, I make escape
The purple, bleeding, gushing grape;
From the strong spirit, I diffuse
Delicious essence in the juice
And from the perfume, give the whole
The taste, so luscious to the soul
Instilling every charm, and sweet
To make the luxury complete.

By thy free thoughts, and jovial laugh,
By thy all quenchless will to quaff,
By thy most sparkling, vivid gaze,
By thy warm heart's extatic maze,
By thy convivial wishes crown'd
Which the glass freely passes round,
And by the pleasure to attack us
And call us messengers of Bacchus,
I hail thee with a kindred claim
To be our minister of fame.

And on thy board, I place the cup
Brimful, from which thou lov'st to sup,
Not to satiate, nor to want
That for which thy feelings pant.
Though thy thirst seems nearly done,
Thou shalt have power to drink on,
Lo, the spirit is at work,
Haste thee then, and draw the cork,
To thy lips, the goblet fated,
'Tis drawn—now get intoxicated!—

Scene Second.

The roof of a house—Time,—Morning.

DRAMFED ALONE,—ON THE ROOF.

Dram.—I hail'd the Spirits, but they would not aid,
I tried the water, but it chill'd my nerves,
I drank the Wine and still it made me drunk.
I'll taste no more of the physician's drugs.
They only make me squeamish—for the future
When I get drunk, I'll strive and cure myself,

My spreading vine, with thy fresh flowing leaves
And clustering grapes,—alas, I can not drink!
Behold, the sun sucks dews from off the earth
With an eternal thirst,—that quenches not,—
Why cannot I, imbibe thee,—endlessly?
Ye slippery tiles, upon whose smoothe glaz'd top
I stand,—and look into the street below
Where iron railings, look like ten-pence nails
From terrifying height;—know ye, a slip
A shake, a stagger, nay, a gust would send
My pate upon its stoney bottom there
And end my cares;—what think ye of a jump?
I feel, as if, I could take such a spring
And see the danger,—but do not withdraw—
My head grows dizzy,—yet I am not drunk.
If it is sin, to like within myself
This drunkenness of spirit,—I am lost;—
I cannot argue on sobriety
If drinking is an evil,—where runnest thou,
Thou tabby and roof climbing quadruped.
A cat runs arross.
Whose pleasure lies, in purring on house tops
Well may'st thou run so swiftly;—thou art gone
Where my steps cannot follow thee,—whilst thou
Can'st climb below, above, around with claws
Which are all-penetrating. { *A Watchman's rattle is heard in the distance.*
Hark, the noise,
The accustom'd music of man's denizens,
For here alone the street the watchman wakes
His creaking rattle thro' convenient night
Join'd to the watch-dogs' deeply warring howl
Which racks my nerves to discord,—that I were
The sleepy essence of a slumbering sense
A torpid sentiment, or dull sensation
A visionary dream,—awoke, then sleeping
With the rich draughts which filled me.

(*Enter from below a Watchman.*)

Watch.— So, so,
This way the villain ran,—his knowing art
Has thus eluded me,—but who is here?
He looks more honest than that rogue, tho' perch'd
So high, that scarcely would a chimney sweep
Venture, save one accustom'd to his trade.
His dress is gentlemanly, and his looks
As sober as a friar's,—I will watch him.

Dram.—(*not seeing him.*)
To be made thus unsteady with one bottle,
Like puny youth,—(sprigs of a single revel
Beardless, and brainless,)—with a rotten liver,
And an all-cursing thirst, which but supplied
A sense for drunkenness, and to be thus
And everlastingly o'ercome by this
When I could once carouse all night, and be
Steady, which I outlive—Ye chimney tops,
Ye sootty tenements, which but a gust
Would bring down rattling on me, tremble now
I hear the wind within thee, and around thee
Groan with a constant murmur—do ye not
Often ignite, consuming what would last
In some long straggling suburb, or the stand
And three fold of industrious journeymen.

Watch.—The smoke begins to rise from out the chimney
I'll tell him to come down, or he perchance
May carelessly fall down, and break his neck.

Dram.—The smoke curls up from out the chimney, clouds
Come darkening round me, black and brimstone scented,
As if the Devil had just lit his pipe
And sent his breath, whose every puff contain'd
The damn-like sulphury perfume—my brain reels.

Watch.—I must take care how I go near him—when
A shout would frighten him, tho' he appears
Not much intoxicated.

Dramfed. Houses have fallen
Leaving a gap in the streets, and with their fall
Shaken down others—thus blockading up
The broad pav'd ways, with their vast stony fray:
Choaking up wells and pools, with gurgling plash,
Making the pumps quite useless—thus it was
In former times, so did Old Thames Street see,
Why was I not within it?

Watch.—Friend, do you hear?
Or do you wish to fall, hark ye—take heed.

(*Dram.—not seeing him.*)
Such would have been more pleasant than to fall
Just now, and quiet those strange fits of spleen,
What! shall I plunge—I have the greatest mind
Madman e'er had—I will—farewell;' but stop,
Shall I in actual seriousness of heart
Bid a farewell to all carousing friends?
By heavens, that cat looks sneeringly at me,
Off, off thou emblem of an imp of darkness.....

As Dramfed is in act of going after the cat, the Watchman seizes him.

Watch.—Stop, Sir, you do not mean to kill yourself,
Come, come with me—I'll leave you not alone.

Dram.—I am no fool at heart—nay do not fear,
I am quite sober, but a little giddy,
And my brain spins—but tell me, who art thou?

Watch.—I'll tell you presently—come now with me,
The smoke grows thicker every moment, come
Put your foot here, and take the stick, and lean
Now on that tile—now give me up your hand
And hold fast by the ladder—'tis well done.
We shall soon gain the attic window—come
And shall find something like a stair-case there,
'Tis bravely done, (*aside,*)—he should have been a chimney-sweep.

As they enter the attic window, the scene closes.

END OF FIRST ACT.

THE WARS OF CANADA,

From the first irruptions of the French, to the last Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the United States.

No. I.

The art of war is among the arts of necessity, which all people, the rudest equally with the most polished, must cultivate, or ruin will follow the neglect. There are some circumstances in the lot of mankind, that shew them to be destined to friendship and unity. Those are their mutual need of each other; their mutual compassion; their sense of mutual benefits; and the pleasures rising in company. There are other circumstances which prompt them to war and dissension; the admiration and the desire which they entertain for the same subjects; their opposite pretensions, and the provocations which they mutually offer in the course of their competitions. "Mankind," says a moral and immortal writer, "not only find in their condition the sources of variance and dissension; they appear to have in their minds the seeds of animosity, and to embrace the occasions of mutual opposition with alacrity and pleasure. In the most pacific situations there are few who have not their enemies as well as their friends; and who are not pleased with opposing the proceedings of one, as much as with favouring the designs of another. Small and simple tribes, who in their domestic society have the firmest union, are in their state of opposition as separate nations, frequently animated with the most implacable hatred. Among the citizens of Rome, in the early ages of that republic, the name of foreigner and that of an enemy were the same. Among the Greeks the name of barbarian under which that people comprehended every nation that was of a race, and spoke a language different from their own, became a term of indiscriminate contempt and aversion. Even where no particular claim to superiority is formed, the repugnance to union, the frequent wars, or rather the perpetual hostilities which take place among rude nations and separate clans, discover how much our species is disposed to opposition, as well as to concert. "These observations, continues the same author in one of the most sublime passages ever written, "seem to arraign our species, and to give an unfavourable picture of mankind; and yet the particulars we have mentioned are consistent with the most amiable qualities of our nature, and often furnish a scene for the exercise of the greatest abilities. They are sentiments of generosity and self denial that animate the warrior in defence of his Country; and they are dispositions most favourable to mankind, that become the principles of apparent hostility to men Every animal is made to delight in the exercise of his natural talents and forces. The lion and the tiger sport with the paw; the horse delights to commit his mane to the wind, and forgets his pasture to try his speed in the field; the bull even before his brow is armed, and the lamb while yet an emblem of innocence, have a disposition to strike with the forehead, and anticipate in play, the conflicts they are doomed to sustain. Man too is disposed to opposition, and to employ the forces of his nature against an equal antagonist; he loves to bring his reason, his eloquence, his courage, even his bodily strength to the proof. His sports are frequently an image of war;

sweat and blood are freely expended in play; and fractures or death are often made to terminate the pastimes of idleness and festivity. He was not made to live for ever, and even his love of amusement has opened a path that leads to the grave."

If such be the nature of animals in general, and of man in particular, it scarcely can ever be denominated an idle or unprofitable employment, to trace the various feuds by which the latter is characterized, especially those in which he was concerned during that interesting period in which it was discovered by the inhabitants of the ancient world, that they had brothers on whom the rays of refinement had never shone, inhabiting a wide field for the display of the future enterprize and glory of so great a proportion of the human race. In none of the struggles which took place in the western world betwixt barbarism and refinement, is there more interesting, or more highly romantic details to be found than in those bloody contests which were occasioned in Canada by the arrival, and subsequent impolicy of the French Colonists. Their treatment of the savages individually, no less than the manner in which they afterwards, from mercenary objects, embroiled them in hostilities with each other, served to kindle an universal brand of warfare in this Country which has not yet been wholly extinguished. If it do not exist in its more depraved and deadly features, it is still to be found in the common intercourse of men—in the scowl of the Indian upon his ruthless conqueror--in the haughty retort of the latter upon a being whom he is taught to consider only as an inferior—and sometimes in the various hues of a society whom chance and circumstances have thrown together from various situations of the world, with no other tie or affinity to blend them into one undistinguished mass than the natural necessities and claims of mankind upon each other, and the effects of time, which more than any other cause, tends to assimilate men, however different originally in habits and manners. We are therefore, of opinion, that at the present moment when so many laudable efforts are made to collect and record the various branches of history connected with this Country, it cannot altogether be looked upon either as an improper or unnecessary piece of labour, to trace to their source the Wars of Canada. In doing so, we do not expect to be able to throw much, or, indeed, additional light upon the subject to be treated of; but as it is not our intention to restrict ourselves to the mere details of sanguinary bloodshed, but to pursue them in conjunction with those collateral branches of civil history which serve to trace and elucidate them, we do not wholly despair of giving interest to our researches.

It is past dispute, that Cabot, the famous Italian adventurer, who sailed under a Commission from Henry the Seventh of England, discovered that vast extent of Country which now goes under the name of Canada; but the frugal maxims of that prince probably hindered his making any regular settlement there. This discovery, however, was soon generally made known, and we find that the French were fishing for Cod on the banks of Newfoundland, and along the sea-coast of Canada in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Nay, about

the year 1506 one Denys, a Frenchman, drew a map of the gulf of Saint Lawrence, and two years after one Aubert, a Shipmaster of Dieppe, carried over to France some of the natives of Canada. A few years after, the Spanish conquests of South America began to make a vast noise all over Europe ; but the discovery of this new Country not promising the same amazing mines of gold and silver that Peru and Mexico contained, the French, for some years, seem to have neglected the discovery. At last, in the year 1523, Francis I. sent four ships under the command of Verazani, a Florentine, to prosecute discoveries in this country. We are quite ignorant of the particulars of Verazani's first expedition. All we know is, that he returned to France, and next year undertook a second, in which he touched at the Island of Madeira, from whence he directed his course to the American coast. In approaching it he met with a violent storm; but come so near the coast, that he saw natives on the shore, and could discern them making friendly signs inviting him to land. This being found impracticable, by reason of the surf upon the coast. On a third expedition, Verazanie and all his company perished, for no tidings were ever heard of them.

Though Canada gave the French no assistance of gold, silver, or diamond mines, yet they knew enough of the country to be sensible of the vast importance to which it might one day arrive. Not discouraged therefore by Verazani's want of success, in April 1534, Jaques Cartier set sail under a Commission from the King of France; and on the 10th May thereafter, he arrived at Cape Bonavista in Newfoundland. He had with him two small ships, containing one hundred and twenty two men, and he cruized along the Coast of Newfoundland, on which he discerned several inhabitants. But though he found many commodious harbours, yet the land was so uninviting, and the climate so cold, that he set sail for the gulf and entered the bay of *Chaleurs* or *Heats*, as he called it, on account of the sultry weather he then met with. Leaving this bay, Cartier landed at several places along the coast of the gulf, and took possession of the Country in name of his most Christian majesty ; a cheap method of obtaining dominion. Returning to France that monarch, upon his report in 1538, gave him a Commission, and sent him out with a large force. After meeting with various storms and separations, the three ships he had with him rendezvoused in the gulf; but he was compelled by a fresh storm to take refuge in the port of Saint Nicholas. From thence he sailed on the 10th of August, and gave the gulf the name of Saint Lawrence from his entering it on the day of that festival ; and from whence the river now retains the same name. Passing by the isle of Anticosti, to which he gave the name of Assumption, he sailed up the river Saguenay, and anchored by a small island to which he gave the name of *Coudres* or Hazels, from the number of those trees growing upon it. Returning from thence and proceeding up the river Saint Lawrence, he came to an island so full of vines, that he called it the isle of Bacchus ; but now better known by the name of Orleans. He had, the last time he was in Canada, the precaution to carry two natives with him to France,

where they learned as much of the language as enabled them to serve as interpreters between him and their Countrymen. Sailing up a small river he had an interview with an Indian Chief called Donnacona, and he then heard of an Indian town, called Hochelaga, which was as it were the metropolis of the whole country, lying on an island in the Saint Lawrence. This town and island are those of Montreal. The town is represented to have been provided with some kind of palisadoes, and other works sufficient to defend it against the sudden attacks of an enemy. The inhabitants probably were the Hurons, who, at this time, were the most tractable of all the Indian nations, and who treated Cartier and his attendants with an equal degree of hospitality and astonishment at their persons, dress, and accoutrements. He had at this time with him only one ship, and two long boats, having left the rest at Saint Croix, to which he returned, and there spent the winter, which proved so severe, that he and his people must have perished of the scurvy, had they not, by the advice of the natives, made use of a decoction of the bark and tops of the white pine. Cartier was ungenerous enough to kidnap his Indian friend Donnacona, and to carry him in the spring to France. But not being able to procure gold and silver, all he said about the utility of the Settlement, and the fruitfulness of the country was despised by the public; so that in the year 1540 he was obliged to serve as pilot to Roberval, who was appointed by the French King viceroy of Canada, and who sailed from France with five vessels. But though trading posts had been established in various parts of the country, and the value of the country itself, and of the fur trade in particular, became every day better known in France, no permanent establishment was made until the arrival of Champlain, the celebrated founder of Quebec.

He arrived there on the third of July, 1608, and after building some barracks for lodgings for his people, he began to clear the ground where they sowed wheat and rye, which produced vast returns. Champlain then returned to France, but revisited his colony in 1610, and found them in a healthful prosperous condition. It was at this time that the Iroquois bade fair to exterminate the Algonquins, and the Hurons, in whose country Quebec was situated, and who, in hopes of the assistance of the French, were extremely complaisant to the new settlers. Champlain, on the other hand, did not fail to give them all the encouragement they could desire, and supplied them with provisions when the hunting season was over, and when they were reduced to the greatest distress. The Hurons in the spring of the year 1610, with their associates, prepared to take the field; and Champlain, the first European General who appeared in the field in Canada, ignorant of the great power and fierceness of their enemies, was persuaded to join the Hurons. This step was impolitic in Champlain, who did not foresee, that instead of humbling the Iroquois, and united all the Indians of this Continent with France he was forcing the Iroquois to throw themselves under the protection of the English and Dutch. He embarked on the river Sorel, then called the river of the Iroquois, with his allies but after advancing

up the river about fifteen leagues, he was stopped by the fall of Chambly, and forced to send back his Chaloup to Quebec. Though he had been assured, that this fall would intercept his Chaloup, he continued to march, attended only by two Frenchmen, who refused to leave him. Having carried their Canoes over the bearing places, they launched them again above the fall, and they pursued their voyage through a lake to which he gave his own name, which it still retains, and where the river Sorel, or Chambly, terminates. During this voyage Champlain received great pleasure from the promising appearance of the Country through which he had passed; but he was shocked at the superstition of his new allies, and the impositions of their spiritual jugglers, of which we shall take an opportunity to treat in another place.

Upon the borders of lake Sacrament stood the Iroquois in battle array, though the Hurons thought to have surprised them in their village. It being late, it was agreed on both sides, to defer the battle till next morning. Champlain, in the mean while, attended by a party of his savages, and his two Frenchmen, withdrew to a neighboring wood; so that the Iroquois, who were in number about two hundred, seeing but a handful of their enemies, made themselves sure of victory. They were commanded by three Chiefs, who were distinguished by larger plumes of feathers on their heads, than those worn by the others, and were pointed out by the Hurons to Champlain, who, as soon as the battle began, issued with his party out of his retreat, and with the first discharge of his firelock, killed two of their Chiefs, and dangerously wounded a third. The consternation and astonishment of the Iroquois at the appearance of Champlain with his two companions, and above all, the report and execution of his fire arms, was inexpressible; and while he was recharging his musket, his two companions having killed some more of the Iroquois with theirs, the enemy fell into a total rout, and fled as fast as they could before the victorious allies, who killed some and took others prisoners. The allies then, having none killed, and only fourteen or fifteen wounded, fell upon the spoils of the field, consisting of some maize, which they devoured, and it proved a very seasonable relief to them, their own provisions being now entirely exhausted.

Amongst those barbarians it was usual for the conquerors as well as the conquered, to make their retreat with all the dispatch they could; and the victor Hurons after travelling about eight leagues, stopt and intimated to one of their captives, that he must die by the same cruel torments that his nation had so often inflicted upon their breth ren, who had fallen into their hands. Champlain strongly remonstrated against this inhumanity, but all he could gain either by his authority, or his intreaties, was, that he should be master of the captive's fate, upon which he immediately shot him dead. The victors then opened the body, threw the bowels into the lake, cut off the head, the arms and the legs. but without touching the trunk, though before they generally had used to feed upon it. They, however preserved the scalp, and cut the heart in pieces, which they forced the prisoners to eat in small gobbets, but the brother of the

deceased, who was amongst the captives, spit out his part after it had been crammed into his mouth. The nations of the allies in this expedition, were the Algonquins, the Hurons, and the Montagnez. The first remained at Quebec, the second retreated to their own Country, and the last to Tadousac, where they were joined by Champlain. As they approached that village they tied the scalps to long poles, as the signals of triumph. Their women no sooner saw them, than they threw themselves into the river, swam to their canoes, and seizing upon the scalps, hung them round their necks by way of ornament. They offered one to Champlain, but he refused it, and they made him a present of some bows and arrows, which they had taken from the enemy, and which they begged him to present to the French King, he being now upon his return to France.

Champlain, not meeting with a ship at Tadousac, returned to Quebec, from whence he and Pontgravé once more embarked for France, leaving the command of their promising Colony to Peter Chauvin. They waited upon his most Christian Majesty at Fontainbleau; and then it was that Canada received the name of New France, by which the French afterwards affected to distingnish it. Two merchants, Le Gendre and Collier, Chiefs of the Trading Company of Canada, soon procured two new ships for Champlain and Pontgravé, and embarking on the 7th of March, 1610, they arrived on the 26th of April at Tadousac. There they put themselves at the head of the Montagnez, and proceeding up to Quebec, the allies again marched to the river Sorel, which was the place of rendezvous; but when Champlain arrived there, he was not joined by near so many Indians as he expected; and he was there obliged to abandon his chaloupe. No sooner was he landed than all his Indians dispersed, and he was left alone with four Frenchmen, the rest of the crew remaining to guard his chaloupe. He began now to be distressed by the swampishness of the ground over which he was obliged to march, and the continual bitings of the musquitoes and other vermin that infested the air, when one of the savages came running to tell him that his allies were engaged with their enemies. Upon this he quickened his pace, and found that his allies the Hurons and Algonquins having attacked their enemies in their entrenchments, had met with a repulse; but at the sight of Champlain and his French companions, they renewed the charge. The Iroquois however, made a gallant resistance; Champlain and another Frenchmen were wounded, but they plied their muskets so vigorously, that they killed many of the Iroquois, who at last took shelter against the shot. All the ammunition, that is, the arrows of the Hurons, was by this time exhausted, and they were preparing by Champlain's advice to storm the intrenchment, when they were reinforced by six or seven Frenchmen, who made so furious an attack, that almost all the Iroquois were killed or taken prisoners. The French stript the vanquished of their beaver-skin coats, and the Hurons began to devour their prisoners. The Hurons despised the French for their avarice; the French abhorred the Hurons for their inhumanity, and each people considered the other as barbarians. While the victors were exer-

cising their cruelties upon the vanquished, Champlain requested his allies to give him one of the Iroquois captives, which they did. He likewise prevailed upon them to receive a Frenchman into their society, that he might learn their language, and to send a young Huron to France to see that kingdom, "and the glory thereof," that he might make a favourable report of the same to his countrymen upon his return.

Henry IV. was dead by this time, and De Mont's interest being thereby entirely ruined, Champlain was obliged to abandon for a time, a settlement he had planned out at Montreal, and go to France, which he did in 1611. By De Mont's advice, Champlain applied to Charles of Bourbon, to be the father of New France, an honour which that Prince readily accepted of, and having got a proper commission from the Queen Regent, nominated Champlain to be his lieutenant with unlimited powers. The Prince dying soon after, the government of Canada devolved upon the Prince of Conde, who continued Champlain in his government. Some commercial differences that happened amongst the Company detained Champlain in France during the year 1612, but on the 6th of March 1613, he embarked on board a vessel commanded by Pontgravé for Quebec, before which place he landed on the 7th of May. They found the Quebec Colony in so thriving a state, that they immediately proceeded up to Montreal, and soon afterwards Champlain returned to France with Pontgravé. The reason of these frequent voyages to and from Old and New France seems to have been occasioned by disputes that still subsisted amongst the Company; but Champlain in 1615, formed new engagements with the merchants of France, which were confirmed by the Prince of Conde, who had now assumed the title of Viceroy of France.

Champlain, whose character seems to have been a mixture of valour, vanity, perseverance, enthusiasm and integrity; having thus established the temporal interests of his new Colony, began now to think upon its spiritual ones, and procured four Father Recollets who were fitted out at the charge of the Company to attend him to Canada; and they accordingly arrived at Tadousac in March 1615. It would perhaps be difficult to reconcile Champlain's making himself a party against the Iroquois, who never had offended him, and slaughtering them as he did, to the principles either of humanity, religion or policy. It were to be wished that the same observation did not occur upon the conduct of other European as well as American nations, which is so much the more unjust, as no people in the world, perhaps have so strong an affection for their native soil as the North American savages. Be this as it will, Champlain leaving the recollets at Quebec, went to Montreal, where he had another interview with his savage allies, and undertook to head them in a third expedition against the Iroquois. By this conduct he made himself cheap in the eyes of the savages; but so strong was his propensity to action, that he left Caron, one of the recollect fathers, who had attended him, with the Hurons, and took their promise, that they

would not set out on their expedition, till his return from Quebec whither he was called by some business.

This Caron was a thorough enthusiast, and aspired to the Crown of Martyrdom. The savages disregarded Champlain so much, that they set out from Montreal before he returned from Quebec, and carried Caron along with them and some other Frenchmen. Champlain dispatching his business at Quebec, returned to Montreal with the Frenchmen, and was there joined with the other Frenchmen, that had been brought by Caron from Quebec, but found no Hurons. Though the disregard shewn him by the savages might have excused Champlain from fulfilling his engagement, yet, pretending to be greatly concerned about Caron, he proceeded to the Huron Village, where he met with his allies. Champlain being now at the head of twelve Frenchmen, besides father Caron, thought himself invincible, and setting out at the head of his allies, found his enemies intrenched in a fort, of no mean construction for defence, with trees cut down to block up the passages to it. Champlain immediately led his party to the assault, but was repulsed with loss. He endeavoured to set fire to the fort; but the Iroquois foreseeing that, had provided plenty of water, which extinguished the flames. He then constructed a kind of wooden stage to overlook the building, so as that his musketeers being placed on it might fire down upon the enemy. Before this expedient had any effect, he was wounded in the leg and knee, which struck the savages with so much dejection, that they refused to follow him; and he was obliged to abandon the attack with loss and shame, without being pursued or losing a man in the retreat, which continued for five and twenty leagues, the savages carrying their wounded all that way upon hurdles.

After Champlain was cured of his wounds, he demanded the guides that had been promised him to reconduct him to Quebec; but they were denied him in the harshest manner, and he was therefore obliged to spend the winter among the savages. He made the best use of his time he could. He visited all the Huron villages, and penetrated into those of the Algonquins as far as the lake Nepissing; and as soon as the river became navigable, having engaged some Hurons to be faithful to him, he secretly embarked with them, and arrived at Quebec, with Caron, on the 11th of July, 1616. Both of them were there received as risen from the dead. Having staid at Quebec for a month, Champlain, along with the Superior of the mission, and Caron, took shipping for France, leaving only two of the recollects, d'Ollieau, and Duplessys, in Canada. During his absence, his Indian allies giving vent to the suspicions they entertained of the French intentions, formed the design of cutting the throats of all the French amongst them. Champlain had settled at Three Rivers a small French Colony, and two of them were murdered by the natives, who assembled to the number of eight hundred near that place, to carry their bloody intentions into execution. The French however had made some friends among the barbarians, and father Duplessis being secretly informed of their intention, not only diverted it, but found means to bring the barbarians to make advances for a reconciliation.

By this time Champlain had returned from France, and demanded to have the two murderers of the two Frenchmen delivered up to him. One of them was sent, and along with him a quantity of furs to cover the dead, which is an Indian expression for making satisfaction for murder; and Champlain was obliged to put up with that kind of atonement.

By this time the civil dissensions of France entirely employed the attention of the Prince of Conde, and the public concerns of Canada were neglected. The merchants who enjoyed the benefit of the patent, neither minded the civil nor religious interests of the new Colonists; all they attended to was their own profit, and Champlain in vain made several trips backwards and forwards between France and Canada to arouse a public spirit both in the government and the company. At last, in 1620, the prince of Conde sold the viceroyalty of New France to his brother in law, the marshal Montmorenci, who continued Champlain in his lieutenancy, but intrusted all the other affairs of Canada to Dolu. Champlain then carried his family to New France, where he arrived in the month of May: and so greatly was the company abused, that at Tadousac, he found traders from Rochelle, not only trafficking with the savages, but bargaining with them for fire-arms, the most pernicious commerce, with the exception of spirituous liquors, that ever was introduced into the Country.

In the year 1621, the Iroquois assembled in three bodies, being determined, if possible, to exterminate the French from amongst them; not so much from any resentment against them, as to gratify that vindictive spirit which they entertained against the Algonquins and the Hurons. One of those bodies attacked the pass at the fall of Saint Louis, but were repulsed; some of them were killed, and others fled, carrying with them Poulain, a French recollect. The French, in vain, endeavoured to rescue him; but they gave one of their captives liberty to repair to his countrymen, and to propose to exchange the recollect for one of the Iroquois Chiefs, who had been made prisoner. The captive arrived at the Iroquois village, just as the fire was prepared, for putting the recollet to a miserable death; but the terms he proposed were accepted of, and the exchange made. The second body of the Iroquois went down in thirty canoes to attack the Convent of the recollects near Quebec; but finding the enterprize too hazardous, they fell upon a body of the Hurons in the neighbourhood, and, making some prisoners, they burnt them.—We can trace no account of what became of the third body. Champlain attributed all those attacks to the attachment of the company to its own interest; and made such effectual representations on that head, that it was suppressed, its powers and privileges being vested in William and Emerie de Caen. Champlain, at the same time, received a letter from his most christian majesty, highly approving o his conduct, and confirming him in his command; while the Viceroy, by another letter, exhorted him to do all the service he could to the new patentees. Lest the reader should be misled in his ideas, we think it proper to inform him. that all the Colony at Quebec at

this time, did not exceed fifty persons, men, women and children, but an establishment had been formed at Three Rivers, and a brisk trade continued to be carried on at Tadousac. William de Caen, a calvinist, and one of the new patentees, visited Canada in person, and was well received by the new Colonists. But here we cannot help observing, that had it not been for the impolitic introduction of the ecclesiastics into the new Colony, they might, even at this period, have been in a flourishing condition.

The Hurons, at this time, notwithstanding all the services which Champlain had rendered them, began to suspect the views of the French upon their habitations, and to hate them even worse than the Iroquois, whom they invited to join them in an attempt to exterminate the French settlers in their common country. Champlain having undoubted intelligence of their design, dispatched father Caron and two other missionaries to keep the Hurons firm to their alliance with the French; but not trusting to this mission, he built the fort of Quebec all of stone, for the better protection of his Colony. No sooner was it finished, than his volatile humour, to the amazement of the colonists, led him back to France, to which at the same time he carried his family. He there found Montmorenci in treaty with *his nephew, the duke de Ventadour, who had taken holy orders,* for the viceroyalty of Canada; and the bargain between them was quickly concluded. The views which the duke had in this purchase were entirely religious, without the least mixture of secular considerations. He sighed for the conversion of the Indians to the gospel; *and having given up his conscience to the Jesuits, he resolved* to employ them for that purpose, instead of the recollects, who, in general, were glad to have fellow-labourers in the vintage of conversions. A mission of five jesuits was accordingly appointed, and the duke de Ventadour obliged William de Caen, who conducted them in person to Canada, to promise they should want for nothing. Charlevoix, who was himself a jesuit, pretends that he falsified his word, and that the jesuits were no sooner landed at Quebec, than he told them, that unless the fathers recollects would provide them in their house with lodgings, they must return to France. A few days after their arrival, as two of the most zealous of them were preparing to set out for the conversion of the Hurons, they heard of the death of Viel, and a young christian convert, who had been overset in a boat by the barbarians, seemingly with design, as they seized upon their baggage. The religious disputes which then prevailed in France, was probably the chief reason why, about the year 1626, Quebec began to assume the appearance of a city; but as it was under a Huguenot direction, the jesuits prevailed with the duke de Ventadour to write a sharp letter to Caen, whom they represented as being the author of all the difficulties they met with. This divided state of the Colony had almost ruined it. The natives massacred the French, wherever they could securely do so, and religious disputes in the colony came to such a height, that, in 1627, when Champlain returned to Quebec, he found no advances had been made either in building houses or in clearing the ground. The jesuits

some of whom were not only men of interest but quality, made strong complaints on this subject at the French Court, throwing all the blame upon Caen and his associates, who minded nothing but the fur trade. Richelieu was then first and sole minister of France, and his character cannot be unknown to our readers. He hated the French protestants, and resolved entirely to alter the Constitution of Quebec, by putting that Colony and its trade into the hands of a hundred partners, under regulations, wise and prudent indeed, but which it is foreign to our purpose to introduce into our narrative.

It happened, however, at this time, that Charles I. quarreled with France ; and that David Kertk, whom the English writers commonly call Sir David Kirk, a native of Dieppe, and a Calvinist, instigated probably by Caen, who was piqued at losing his exclusive privilege, received the command of three English ships, and came up the Saint Lawrence as far as Tadousac, where he set on shore some men, who destroyed all the houses, and took the cattle at Cape Torment. He then proceeded to Quebec, with orders to summon the governor to deliver up the fort. The infant colony at this time was in a miserable situation, being reduced to seven ounces of bread a day for each man, and they had but five pounds of powder in the garrison. Notwithstanding this, Champlain and Pontgravé who happened to be then at Quebec, after some consultation, returned for answer to the English officer, that they were determined to hold ont the fort to the last extremity. This bravado, perhaps, would have have been ineffectual, had not Kirk had intelligence from Caen of a squadron having entered the river under Roquemont. with provisions and all kinds of necessaries for the new colony. This Roquemont had been governor and lieutenant general of New France under his most christian majesty, and instead of avoiding Kirk, he sought and fought him, but was defeated and his squadron taken. This misfortune increased the distresses of the Colony, which now had nothing to depend on but the labours of some missionaries, who had returned to France to solicit their friends for relief. They were so successful as to procure a laden ship with provisions of all kinds ; but it was wrecked before it touched Quebec. This disaster reduced the colony to the utmost distress, which was aggravated by the divisions that prevailed amongst the Colonists themselves, and the growing disrespect of the savages for the French ; the cause of which Charlevoix attributes to the Huguenots introduced among them by Caen. In this extremity Champlain made war upon the savages out of mere necessity ; and the Colonists, who consisted but of one hundred people, were obliged to repair to the woods, and there to dig roots for their sustenance. Towards the end of July 1629, the English under Kirk again appeared off point Levi, and an officer was sent on shore at Quebec to summon it to surrender. Champlain, situated as he then was, looked upon this summons as his deliverance, and the capitulation was soon made between him and Kirk's two brothers, the one of whom was to command the squadron, and the other to be governor of Quebec. It imported, that the English were to furnish a vessel, at the expense of the garrison, to carry it, and all the ef-

fects of the Colonists, that they could transport to France, with other very favourable terms for the Colony, which were punctually and honourably fulfilled by the English ; even the Jesuits themselves, contrary to their usual custom, extolled the good faith, humanity and politeness of the English upon this occasion. In short, their behaviour had so good an effect, that most part of the Colony chose to remain with them rather than go to France.*

The capitulation being finished, Champlain went on board one of the English ships for Tadousac, and it was met, and almost taken, by a French ship under the command of Emery de Caen ; but his crew being composed of Calvinists, according to the French writers, did not chuse to exert themselves against the English. Charlevoix pretends that the peace between England and France was concluded before Kirk entered upon his expedition, and he attributes all his success to the intelligence given him by one Michel, a French Calvinist. Be that as it will, it is certain that Kirk was greatly disappointed when he took possession of Quebec, where he found nothing but want and misery. Upon Champlain's return to France, he perceived the public there divided with regard to Canada ; some thinking that it was not worth reclaiming, as it had already cost the government vast sums without bringing any return ; and that it only served to depopulate the mother Country. But these considerations were overbalanced by the vast advantages of the fishery, which proved a nursery for seamen. Champlain supported this plan so well, that he carried his point ; and not only Canada, but Acadia, and the Isle of Cape Breton, were restored to the French by the treaty of Saint Germain in 1632.

Perhaps had it not been for a dash of enthusiasm, which Champlain had in his composition, he never could have succeeded in supporting this unpromising Colony ; but no difficulties were insurmountable by his zeal : and in 1633, the Company of New France re-entered into all its rights in Canada, of which Champlain was made governor, and so indefatigably did he act, that in a short time he was at the head of a new armament, furnished with a fresh recruit of jesuits, inhabitants, and all kinds of necessaries for the welfare of the revived Colony. It is almost incredible that Champlain's principal view was neither to advance his own, nor his Country's temporal interests in this undertaking, but to convert the savages by means of the jesuits, who now engrossed the whole of the mission. In 1634, Champlain endeavored to settle a mission in the Huron Country, but not without many difficulties. An Algonquin had killed a Frenchman, and Champlain had committed the murderer to prison ; the missionaries were then ready to depart for the Country of the Hurons, but an Algonquin chief flatly refused to suffer them to embark in their Canoes unless his countryman was set at liberty. The reason he gave for his obstinacy in this point, was, that the parents and relations of the Criminal expected him, and that they durst carry no Frenchman into their Country without him. It was in vain for Champlain to reason with the Chief on this occa-

* Hennefin. Charlevoix.

sion; for though the Algonquin Chief seemed to be single in his opinion, yet it soon appeared, that all the others were in concert with him, and that he spoke their sense; so that Champlain persuaded the missionaries to drop their journey for that time. Thus did those savages outwit even the jesuits themselves. We shall only on this occasion remark, that the real name of the Huron nation was *Yendats*, and that Huron is a word of French origin, occasioned by the frightful appearance of their hair when first discovered. New France all this while, was gaining inhabitants, and the Colony was approaching to a degree of consistency. In 1635, René Rochault, eldest son of the marquis de Gamache, having entered into the society of Jesus, resumed the design he had before formed, but which had been interrupted by the conquest which the English had made of Quebec, of founding a College there. While this affair was in agitation, the indefatigable died in December 1635 at Quebec. Notwithstanding his death, the design of the College still went on, and was of infinite service to the Colony. Many of the French were now encouraged to embark themselves and their families for Canada, and they and the savages themselves began to lose their reluctance to associate with christians, as the good fathers, besides giving their children education, kept up good housekeeping in their College, which greatly reconciled the natives to their interest.

In the year 1636 Mons de Montmagny succeeded Champlain in the government of New France; and M. de L'Isle commanded at the new settlement of Three Rivers. About the year 1640, the war broke out anew between the Iroquois and the Hurons. The presence of the French, however, in Canada, overawed the five Iroquois Cantons, who nevertheless continued the irreconcilable enemies of the Hurons and the Algonquins; and the wars amongst them were still carried on with great fury, but somewhat in favor of the Hurons.—It appears, that notwithstanding their docility to be instructed in the Christian Religion, the missionaries never could prevail with them to abandon the practice of putting their prisoners to death. All they could do was to convert and baptise them before they suffered; and, like the antient Druids, they often rushed into the heat of the battle, between the arms of contending nations, where they baptised the wounded and the dying, or administered to their spiritual assistance. The Iroquois having received a smart defeat, were cunning enough to lay a plan for disuniting the French from their savage allies, by exciting in the latter a suspicion of their fidelity. With this view in all their excursions they treated the French who fell into their hands with great humanity, but the natives with their usual cruelties. A body of them gathered about Three Rivers, which, for sometime, they had in a manner besieged. Mons. Chamflours had lately succeeded De L'Isle in the government of that settlement, and when he least expected it, they sent one of the French captives to propose a peace with him, provided the Hurons and Algonqins were not comprehended in it. Chamflours was in no condition to carry on the war; but the prisoner cautioning him against the insincerity

of the Iroquois, he sent an account of what was passing to Montmagny at Quebec, who immediately came up to Three Rivers, & from thence sent two deputies to demand from the Iroquois, that their French prisoners should be set at liberty. The Deputies were received with civility, and in quality of mediators seated on a buckler. After this the French captives were brought forth slightly tied, and then one of the Iroquois Chiefs began a formal harangue, expressing the great desire he and his nation had to live in friendship with the French. In the midst of his speech he unbound the captives, and throwing the cords over the pallisades into the river, he wished that the stream might carry them away never to be heard of more He then presented the two Deputies with a belt of wampum as a pledge of their liberty, restored to the children of Ononthio, or the great mountain, for so they called Montmagny ; but when they spoke of the French King they called him the grand Ononthio. He then placed two bundles of beaver skins before the captives, to serve them as robes, it being as he said, unjust to send them away naked, and renewed the assurances he had already given them of peace, begging in the name of his nation, that Onanthio would conceal under his cloathes the hatchets of the Algonquins and Hurons, during the negotiation, protesting that they themselves would commit no hostility.

While the barbarian was yet speaking, two Algonquin canoes came in sight, and were immediately chased by the Iroquois. The Algonquins being overpowered, swam on shore, and their canoes were plundered in sight of the French General, who was preparing to punish their treachery, but they instantly vanished, and soon after plundered a number of Huron canoes going to Quebec, laden with furs. But in fact, notwithstanding the accusations brought by Charlevoix against the Iroquois on this occasion, it perhaps is no easy matter to fix upon them the charge of treachery for what happened, and as the treaty was not concluded, and it was natural for the Iroquois, upon the appearance of their professed enemies, to suspect the intention of the French. Be this as it will, the Iroquois changed their language after this accident ; but the affairs of the Colony continued still to be so much neglected by the Company, that it was on the point of being ruined, when a spirit for the conversion of the Indians again broke forth amongst the great in France, and thirty five persons of quality associated themselves together to settle Montreal. The first missionaries were sensible of the expediency of such a settlement ; but the Company had taken no care to have it executed. The new associates proceeded upon a rational plan ; they resolved to begin, by erecting upon that island, a French fortification, strong enough to resist all the assaults of the savages ; that the poor French inhabitants received into it, should be put in a way to earn their own bread, and that the rest of the Island should be settled by savages, without respect to their tribes, provided they were Christians, or willing to become such. To carry this plan into execution, the French King in 1640, vested the property of the Island in the thirty five associates, and next year one of them Maisonneuve, a gentleman of

Champaigne, carried thither several French families, together with a young lady named Manse, who was proposed to have the superintendency of the female Colonists ; Maisonneuve being declared Governor of the Island in October following. It was not before the 17th of May next year, that the French entered into possession of their new habitation and Chapel of this Island, which they did with a superabundance of religious exercises, which we shall forbear to transcribe.

Notwithstanding the precaution taken by the French settlement at Montreal, the Iroquois still continued to make dreadful irruptions into French Canada ; into which they generally penetrated, by a river called after their own name, but afterwards by those of Richelieu and Sorel. At the entrance of this river, Montmagny, who suspected that the Iroquois were instigated and supplied by the Dutch settled in New Holland and New York, began to erect a fort and completed it, though the workmen were interrupted by seven hundred of the Iroquois, who attacked them, but were repulsed with loss. This fort went by the name of Richelieu, and was furnished with a good garrison, and a remarkable spirit of conversion to christianity now generally prevailed among the Hurons. Amongst other converts, was Ahasistari, who was baptized by the name of Eustace. He was a Huron Chief of such distinguished power & authority, that his example brought an incredible number of his countrymen into the pale of christianity. Eustace on this occasion, served in the double capacity of missionary and champion, and persuaded his countrymen by his own example into a belief that baptism rendered them invulnerable. After his baptism he raised a great number of Indian warriors. By this time the Iroquois had entered into considerable commerce with the Dutch at New York, to whom they disposed of their peltry, and who furnished them with fire-arms, by which means they obtained a decisive superiority over the Hurons. On the first of August, 1642, as the jesuit fathers, Isaac Joques and Charles Raimbaut, were setting out from Quebec on a mission under a convoy of thirteen armed canoes, commanded by Eustace, they perceived the footsteps of the Iroquois, but were so secure in their imagined superiority, that they proceeded up the river without the least precaution, till they came to a pass where seventy Iroquois lay in ambush, and where they were saluted with a brisk regular fire, which wounded many of the christians and pierced their canoes. Some of them upon this fled ; but the bravest amongst them, encouraged by two or three Frenchmen who had accompanied father Joques, made a resistance till their canoes were full of water, and then, all of them but a very few, who escaped in the confusion were obliged to surrender themselves prisoners, and father Joques amongst the rest. We forbear to follow Charlevoix in his dreadful history of the miseries of this father among the Indians previous to his escape to New York, and from thence to France. The Iroquois, in the mean time, were carrying on war with the most unrelenting fury against the Hurons, whom they bade fair to exterminate, by cutting off and burning whole villages at once. At last Montmagny became so much alarmed for the safety of the

Colony; that he began to sue for peace; but while the Iroquois listened to him, they had no other design than to gain an opportunity of learning the situation of the Colony, which they found to be so weak, that they publicly vaunted they would soon oblige the French to re-pass the sea. In short, Montmagny was reduced to the most despicable shifts, and obliged, instead of humbling, to truckle to, the barbarians to regain a little respite to himself and his Colony. About this time, Chamflours, Governor of Three-Rivers, informed Montmagny that some Hurons had arrived at Three-Rivers, with three Iroquois prisoners, one of whom they had given to the Algonquins, who had been with a good deal of difficulty prevailed upon not to put him to death till he could hear from Montmagny. Upon this the latter immediately went up to Three-Rivers with some presents, and summoning together the heads of the Algonquins and Hurons, he displayed his presents before their eyes; and then informed them, that, in order to prevent any impositions from their common enemies the Iroquois, he only wanted liberty to send one of the prisoners to the Cantons of the Iroquois, to inform them, that if they meant to save the lives of the other two prisoners, they must immediately send Deputies, with full power to treat of an accommodation. His speech being finished, an Algonquin chief arose, and presenting his prisoner to Montmagny, he told him, that he could refuse nothing to his father; and that if his presents were accepted of, it was only to dry up the tears of a family where that captive was to replace one of its dead; but that though he wished for a peace, he was afraid it would be a very difficult matter to effect it. Montmagny then turned to the Hurons to know their sentiments, and one of them told him with a resolute air, that he was a warrior, and not a merchant; that he had not left his home to trade, but to fight; that if the governor had so great a desire for prisoners, he might take them; that he knew where to make more captives, or to die; in which last case he would have the consolation of dying as a man, but that his nation would say, that Ononthio was the cause of his death. Montmagny appeared a good deal disconcerted at this speech; when another Huron, who it seems was a christian, addressed him and gave him reasons why the elders of his nation, of whom none were then present, must take it highly amiss, if they, who were all of them young men should return with merchandizes instead of prisoners. He observed that the Algonquins, who were present, were elders, and had authority for the offer they had made; and that he did not doubt that Ononthio's proposal of peace would be accepted of by the Huron elders, as soon as they were acquainted with it; but that the Hurons present could not anticipate their elders in the pleasure of their giving their father Ononthio a proof of their submission to his will. The reasoning of the savage was unanswerable. Montmagny agreed to it, telling the assembly at the same time, that it was more their interest than that of the French to make peace. The Hurons then departed with their prisoner; and on their arrival a general council of the nation being called, they resolved, that the two prisoners should be

given up to Montmagny, who had by this time sent home the captive presented to him by the Algonquins. The Iroquois, to manifest their desire of peace at the same time, sent Couture, who had still remained a prisoner with them after he had been taken along with father Joques, and the captive who had been taken by the Hurons, and five deputies, with full power to the Hurons for concluding a treaty. As soon as those deputies arrived at Three-Rivers, Montmagny gave them audience in the "square of the Castle," as Charlevoix calls it, which was covered over with canvas; he himself being seated in an elbow chair, and attended by father Vimond, and the principal inhabitants of the Colony; while the Iroquois deputies, to show their respect for father Ononthio, were seated at his feet on a mat. The Algonquins and other nations of their language ranged themselves opposite to Montmagny, but the Hurons were mixed with the French. After a superabundancy of the customary harangues and exchange of presents at making a peace with the Indians, a Treaty was concluded; which, however, was not of long duration, as we shall find in the next chapter.

SONG.

AIR—"ROUSSEAU'S DREAM".

1

When the heart in silence slumbers,
And the soul in dreams doth rove,
Waking tones of sweetest numbers,—
Thoughts of pleasure—hope,—and love,—
When bright stirring Fancy weaves us
Hopes, which cheat the heart, the while:
Yet, 'tis sweet, though it deceives us
Still to woo its golden smile.—

2

In this life of care and sorrow,
'Tis our brightest vision here,
From the smiles of hope to borrow
Rays to kindle something dear;—
For, alas, tho' pleasures greet us,
With their glittering from afar,
Soon they flee,—and ever cheat us,
Fading as a falling star!—

3

In this path of care then breathing
Let me still nurse fancy's beams;—
Let Hope's smile around me wreathing,
Still awaken golden dreams;—
Should we only have the blessing
Which the world doth choose to give,—
Scarce one would be worth possessing,
And whilst breathing cease to live.—

EUPHROSYNE,—*A Turkish Tale.*

INTRODUCTION.

ONE of the persons of whom the Ottoman Porte stood most in awe, previous to the breaking out of the Grecian Insurrection, was the noted Ali Pacha, the late Governor of Epirus and Thessaly. He was undetermined to whom of his three sons, Monctar, Veli and Salik, he should leave the sovereignty. Monctar Pacha the eldest, combined with the intrepidity of the father, a noble generosity of character. He was susceptible of the warmest feelings of love and friendship. A young Greek lady of the greatest beauty, named Euphrosyné, had captivated the heart of the young Monctar, and he was in the habit of passing his evenings in her company and that of her companions. In this society all the stiffness of Eastern etiquette was completely banished. Upon discovering this, Ali Pacha ordered that Euphrosyné and fifteen of her female friends should be drowned in the Lake Yanina, so celebrated afterwards for the catastrophe which befell this celebrated Warrior in the eighty-second year of his age. But as none would venture to lay hands on Euphrosyné, Ali executed the sentence himself on that unfortunate victim.

"*Ah, miseram Eurydicen anima fugiente vocabat,*
"*Eurydicen toto, referebant flumine ripæ!*"

Virgil 4th Georgics.

PART 1ST.

Where far Leucadia's coral caves
  Laved by the waters of the deep,
Echo, their murmurs to the waves,—
  And, airy wild notes round them sweep,—
As if some wandering spirit's strain
  Wafted the plaintive sound along,—
Diffusing o'er the azure main,
  The mournful cadence of its song;—
Hush!—'tis the chord of Sappho's lyre,—
  Breathing the incense of despair,—
(From those wild grottos,—to inspire,)
  Which floats along the balmy air;—
Borne by the genii of the deep,
  Her tender, love-impassion'd pray'r,—
Sighing around that airy steep—
  Sounds as it were embosom'd there!—
    * * * *
Lo, where yon snowy Pindus' peak
  Kisses the clouds that round it lie,—
And soaring thro' them, seems to seek
  A kindred glory with the sky;—
Far o'er its bounds, where once the face
  Of bright-eyed Liberty was seen,
Fair Thessaly, is this the place,
  Where Freedom rais'd its giant-mien?—
Mark,—is yon towering rock the strait
  Where Sparta's hundred heroes stood?—
And fell, for Freedom's glorious fate
  And stamp'd it with their blood?—
Where now the rude Albanian race,
  Warlike,—but warring to disgust,—
Led by their Chieftains' will,—debase
  Thy fields with tumult,—strife and lusts;
By him, whose thirst of pelf and power,
  With outrage darkens every hour.—
Land of the sun, whose classic page
  Instills the splendour of thy worth
When love and laurel crown'd thine age
  And hail'd thee, loveliest of the earth.

Clime of the east, whose breathing shore
Sends forth its balmy fragrance still,
Altho' debas'd and fetter'd o'er
By the vile grasp of Moslem will,
Alas, is this all we can see
Deca.yed state of liberty?—
Whose fallen piles with time clad crust
Now moulder piecemeal in the dust!
And yet tho' humbled to this fall,
How lovely art thou still, withal;—
Thy fields as bright,—thy sky as blue,—
Thy bowers of green as mellow too,—
And fair thy daughters as the rose
Which on their native mountain blows;—
Where all is fair, save Freedom's light,
Whose once unclouded costly ray,—
Is now o'erwhelmed in darkest night,
And all its splendour passed away.—

Beneath yon minaret's high tower
Where ward, & buttress sweep the ground:
Where the lone Centinel plods the hour,
And walks his solitary round,—
Within that ample, spacious fort,
Stern Ali holds his stately court; *
Dark and intrepid is the glance
Which marks the Pacha's countenance,—
Whose resolute and sullen brow,
His character doth well avow;—
Around his palace all is din
Of clanking arms,—patrole, and guard,
Whilst rich magnificence within
(Tho' from all stranger's sight debarr'd,)
The costly halls of state present
Glittering in princely ornament;—
And all of Eastern splendour rare,
And sumptuous is gather'd there.—
* * * *

But he, the eldest of his three,
Tho' as intrepid, as his sire,
Nature hath form'd more fond, and free;
And Mouctar's soul with all the fire
Which glows within the Pacha's breast,
With softer feelings is caress'd;—
And Friendship with no borrow'd light
Within young Mouctar's bosom glows,
But in as limpid current flows,
As springs—that unpoluted glide
When first the Earth receives their tide.—
And Love whose loose, unruly might
Inflames the soul in eastern clime

* "Ali Pacha was equally dissatisfied with the vices of Veli, his second son, as with the virtues of Mouctar, and was, therefore, disposed to leave his inheritance to his third son, Salik.—The chief palace of Ali Pacha like his personal character exhibited a combination of all that was great with all that was horrific,—Dark and narrow passages led the way into magnificent and spacious apartments. Beyond them were capacious magazines where the Pacha had collected, all sorts of curiosities, the fruits of his depredations and extortions,—being in fact no other than a Robber's Den on a grand scale; and in many of his palaces were subterraneous dungeons where numerous victims lingered out their wretched existence in chains."

And deems it no assent of crime
To glut the sensual appetite,—
Not such as this, in him bears sway
But 'twas a love as purely bright,
As the refulgent lamp of day
When not a vapour dims its ray.—
And thou Euphrosyné ! thou couldst tell
How much he lov'd,—how fond,—how well;—
That Love the nobler bosom knows,
Fraught with no force of Passion's throes
And aw'd into affection fond
When gazing on that form divine,
Where ev'n intrusion must have own'd
Respect, to any look like thine.

The dews of eve are lightly sprinkling
On many a flower that else would die,—
The scatter'd stars are brightly twinkling,
Bespangled o'er the azure sky ;—
And list,—from out of yonder bower
The sweet thrill'd tones of Music's sound,
Made sweeter by the silent hour,
Are mellow'd with the breeze around ;—
It is the lyre's soft breathing chord,
With fair Euphrosyné's voice, and strain
Who in the absence of her lord
Beguiles a momentary pain ;—
But now,—those sounds no more prevail,
And for awhile the air is still
Save warblings of the Nightingale
And echo. answer'd from the hill;—
'Till suddenly a sprightlier air
Tells that the dance is now begun,—
And Mouctar's form is present there ;
Why, then the eve's a jocund one,—
For never from Euphrosyné's eye
Came there a glance so witchingly,
As when his form was lingering nigh ;
And beauteous as the rose's streak
Came there a tint of richest hue
Now dyed upon her lovely cheek
When listening to his accents too ;—
Circassia's fairest gem t'extol,
Had not a charm more richly fraught
For in that eye there was a soul
Which told at once the living thought
And marr'd all envy in its look
One murmur o'er her form to breathe
For there soft Innocence bespoke,
What Fancy's visions ne'er can wreathe.—

More beautiful than aught invites,
Is the pure light of woman's eye,
When all of tenderness unites
To win the feelings instantly ;—
And other visions, 'ere so fair
Give way when womankind is there ;—
Faint is the rapture that to this
Can bring a moment of compare,
Or own the attributes of bliss,
To claim the heart's impassion'd prayer.
Star, of this wide dissonant sphere,

Whose paths were void, 'till thou didst smile,
But once enray'd in beauty here,—
(Tho' still beguiling to beguile,)
Let coldly beaten dictates chill
The hearts, to thee and Love, a stranger,—
For thee, the souls of feeling thrill,
And court the tempest and the danger;—
And Stoics, who, with steadfast brow,
Spurn sorrow's care, or joy's caress,
In inward guise, must fain allow,
The might, and light of loveliness;—
For Love, whose charm, beyond the art
Of mortals to arrest its power,
Steals softly to th'expanding heart,
And owns dominion ev'ry hour;—
Thro' every clime, its banner bright
To Beauty's votaries waves unfurl'd—
For their disaster or delight,—
The idol of a captive world.—

And Mouctar by Euphrosyne's side,—
Oh, who so happy, or so blest,
With the belov'd one to abide,—
In feelings true, alike possess'd.—
Is there a gift, that nature grants?—
Is there a hope for which he pants
More dear unto the lover's prayer
Than finding her,—his bosom's care
Devoted equally,—and kind
To each pure transport of his mind.—
And, see them gather'd in the hall
Her handmaids and companions fair;—
Yet midst that beauty'—she of all
Was lovelier than the loveliest there.—
A form, more grac'd than Parian mould
The matchless skill of those of old,—
Who of her native country's clime
To marble,—gave a sculptur'd charm,
In shape, in model so sublime,
As to surpass the living form;—
As radiant as the diamond's light,—
That eye so eloquently bright
All marvell'd much, if heaven, in guise,
Had not sought refuge in her eyes;—
Upon whose cheek the loveliest rose
Had nestled there in soft repose;—
Her glossy tresses floating down,—
Whose ringlets wanton'd o'er her breast,
On that abode of Beauty's throne,
Where all was innocence, and rest.—

* * * *

O'er the calm of water stealing,
When the moon is in the sky
And no stir around appealing,
Murmurs in the faintest sigh,
Oh, how sweet is Musie's note
Thro' that stillness sounds diffusing
Now as strains in rapture float,—
Or the ear, that swell now losing,
Numbers soft now rise and fall,
In their cadence thrilling all.
Hark—the maiden's lyre is strung.

Tones like these around it rise!
Incense soft from rapture spring
Joins the zephyr as it sighs;
He, the lover by her side,
Listens to the plaintive strain,
Which along the moonlight tide,
Echo catches 'ere it wane,—
In the still and midnight air,
Lost, in dying softness there!

"How doth the heart, responsive. say
"To every thought the bosom wakes,
"Oh, may my breath be flown away,
"When he who loves me now—forsakes;—
"Yes, may mine own, departed be,
"When looks like thine are false in thee
"And vows but stream
"As in the lightning gleam,
"A ruin both to love and me!

"See, how yon silvery ripples shine,
"And kiss the flowers now bath'd in dew;—
"Thus, flow these inward thoughts of mine,
"All borne along to Hope and you;
"The stars bespangled are more clear,
"The night wind's sigh is Music dear,—
"And every tone,
"To the owlet's moan,
"Is soften'd too, when thou art near!

"Tho' Nature will resume her scene,
"When coming Spring its life renews,
"The waves be bright—the sky serene,
"The rose tree blossom in its hues,—
"Yet in my heart, no pulse shall wave
"If faithless proves, the vow you gave,
"And sunshine's ray
"Tho' in smiles it play,
"Alas, will gleam upon my grave."

'Twas hush'd—and Mouctar gaz'd intent
On that face of heav'nly ornament;
He felt his heart within was true,
And knew not where the cause to rue
Which rais'd within the maiden's mind
A thought that he would prove unkind;
Yet her eye was thoughtful, fix'd, and dim,
As the cadence fell and she gaz'd on him;
But he press'd the lip which had lately spoken,
And gaz'd on that ring, Affection's token,
Whilst the words he utter'd were sweetly press'd
As the calm wind's sigh, for the Ocean's rest.
"Oh never shall Euphrosyne's art
"Know what it is to be deceiv'd;
"I scorn the spoiler's lurking heart,
("Who led to make false vows believ'd,)
"Will mantle feeling in disguise,
"In any shape to win his prize.
"But Love to me is as a ray,
"Pure from the Prophet's realms above
"Where Houris blest for ever play

" And breathe, eternity of love;
" And mine a spark by Alla given,
" And thine a form like those of Heaven,
" Sent on this lower sphere to bless
" And waft the soul to Happiness.

" Our sun of Orient clime is bright,
" And gilds the earths' and sky's expanse
" But, ah, it brings not the delight
" Which plays around thy countenance.
" The roses which thy maidens twine,
" Have not for me a hue divine.
" When gazing on that cheek, where print
" Young Love hath left of softest tint.—
" And tho' in boyhood's younger days
" My sight then loved to muse, and dwell
" On the dark eye of the gazelle,
" It hath no lustre to my gaze,
" Nor can I prize it half so well,
" Or think it of transparent hue
" Since thine were usher'd to my view.
" Then tell me not of sorrow's guile,
" Or cloud that cheek, born not for care,
" I only live within that smile
" The Prophet ev'n would not forswear
" Tho' looks like thine were such alone,
" That hover'd round his sacred throne.

" The bee which revels all the day,
" Extracting sweets from every flower
" For me, may wing his wanton way;
" And changing courtship every hour,
" Taste his inconstant joy,—and sip
" A moment's draught from every lip;
" But mine will be the bird unchanging,
" Tho' with the dawn, unfetter'd ranging
" At even to return to rest
" And still inhabit the same nest,
" Hallowing one spot itself had wove,
" To rear the offspring of its Love.

" Oh balm of sunshine, light of love,
" That from the heaven's celestial sphere
" Imparted to us from above,
" Was meant to soothe our pathway here,
" How is the tasteless, sensual will
" Which oft impassions man's excess,
" Thus courted for the softer thrill
" Of mild affection's pure caress;
" But thine Euphrosyné is so pure,
" It serves,—a star for guidance sure,
" So wildly soft—so softly dear,
" That should the heart be led to stray
" Thine, would retrieve its lost career,
" And lighten to that purer way!"

* * * *

" Oh no, I do not deem untrue
" Him who hath ever lov'd so dearly
" Alas, could Love bear to pursue
" One thought in doubting insincerely?
" See ye, yon flower which on its stem

" *Waves bright and beauteous to the view;*
" How sweet the virgin diadem
" Attracts in fragrance and in hue;
" And yet one cruel touch would sever
" Its loveliness of bloom for ever!
" Look to this one—at morning's sun
" You cull'd in smiles, and brought me hither,
" Now scarcely strews, the eve its dews,
" When all its leaves droop down and wither.
" 'Tis thus Affection's victim dies,
" When Faithlessness its vow belies;
" This little flower—this blighted leaf
" Are faithful symbols of the Grief,
" Of feeling's chill, and sorrow's fall
" When Fate denies one Hope's recall!—

" But thou hast ever faithful been
" To me, thro' many a vanish'd scene,
" Why should I doubt then of thy Love
" Which speaks as fair, as that above
" The Prophet dooms for hearts—whose meed
" Is to obey His holy creed.—
" Come, I will sing ere yet we part
" That strain of pleasure to your heart,
" For Cynthia's ray is in its flight
" And lingering hearts must lisp "good night."

" Oh, blessed are the hearts which rove,
" And taste an undivided love;—
" The rose and the olive together entwin'd
" Which weave a wreath for them
" And Virtue and Loveliness richly enshrin'd,
" The soul's most costly gem;
" For Love is the sun, whose kindly beams
" Gild all when undimm'd by a cloud,—
" Yet a cloud may come when brightest it seems,
" And enroll it at once in a shroud!

" Oh haste we then, the wreath to braid
" 'Ere Summer wanes and roses fade;
" The star of the righteous illumines above,
" And lights to yonder sphere,
" Where incense bright, is the spirit of Love
" Why stay then lingering here?
" For Love is the sun, whose kindly beams
" Gild all when undimm'd by a cloud,
" Yet a cloud may come when brightest it seems
" And enroll it at once in a shroud."

Thou, heavenly messenger of love
With downy breast and wing of dove,
Whom, mortals (when they once embark,)
Send as the wanderer from the ark
To seek glad tidings of their fate,
And bear the olive branch of peace,
Hope, on thy pinions, to elate,
Soaring where raptures never cease,
On thee, the heart distends its charm
In all beatitude of form;
To glowing dreams of quenchless light
The visions of the soul invite,

And all is happiness and bliss.
  Hope, in those airy realms of thine,
Where Love and Faith forever kiss,
  And never fading wreaths entwine;
Then keep Love in those fairy bowers
And let his chain be one of flowers;
And when at twilight he reposes,
His couch be strewn with fresh blown roses,
Where nought but balmy blossoms creep
And nought but fragrant dew drops weep
That he in slumberings sweet, may sleep;
For oh, disturbed within his bower,
  Too short, alas, is then his stay,
Borne from his resting place that hour,
  He wings his flight without delay,
  And wafts on pinions far away.

PART SECOND.

To turn to many a latent year
When Pleasure bright and Friendship dear,
The youthful heart hath fondly known
Renew'd by Memory's melting tone
Of retrospection sweetly wrought
With feeling and with tender thought;
And hopes decay'd, yet oft renew'd
In a sweet hour of solitude.
By Love's or Fancy's smiling dream,
When in its smooth and glassy stream
Bright is reflection from each ray
As nature on a summer's day!—
And all that tender passion sprung
On which the soul in rapture hung,
When time our charioteer, in dress
Wore a bright robe of happiness;
And hope first open'd to our view
Life, dazzling in each lovely hue,—
These are the golden dreams of youth,
Oh, it might almost mar that truth,
Which saith that pleasure's is a wily ray,
Which beams, then passeth like yon star away
Oh, Beauty in thy brightest hour
Of radiance, adorance, and power,
Seated upon thine Iris throne
Almost to hail each heart thine own,—
Or rear'd within some humbler bower
Screen'd as the modest lily flower,
Beneath some gaudy plant, whose stem
O'er-tops the virgin diadem,
In light,—in shade,—potent,—or poor,
In each alike thou'rt insecure
From crafty word or subtle wile,
To rob thee of thy maiden smile,—
Oh even when thy votary' s pray'r—
Still faithful—deems thee all his care,
And passion'd look and speaking eye
Assures thou art his Deity;—
Wilt say—that from all other harm—
Thou can'st rely, without alarm?

Wilt say,—if kindred lied to him
Doth not oft snatch the goblet,-brim
With sparkling joy,—and with a frown
Dash the o'erflowing chalice down?
Wilt say—that anger cannot crush
The fairest rose that decks the bush?
Or scorn, and malice once avow'd
O'erwhelm thee in its sable shroud?
The star will set,—the rose will fade,—
The loveliest landscape hath its shade:
Tho' lovely are the lights which play
(Like beams that smile the clouds away)
When hope emits its ray serene,
To add some softness to the scene,—
Yet hope will play amid the storm,
Tho' death be grasping at the form,
Which, even as it waves its plume
Is snatch'd that minute to the tomb,
And even when it smiles the most
Is—when perchance next hour 'tis lost:
As barks which glide with soft emotion
O'er the transparent placid ocean,
Are buried at one moment's sweep
In the unfathomable deep!

* * * * * *

It was not heard,—it was not spoken
But in the Pacha's breast 'twas known;—
That sullen look was the dark token
And told his bosom's jarring tone;—
That tender tie, must then be broken,—
The thought arose in him alone;—
Yes, it arose, and did not rest
'Till thus its harbouring's were express'd:—
"What he, successor of my power,
"Espouse and blast my hopes that hour,
"And I to live, and live to tell
"And bear the pang unquenchable?
"No, rather let my race be curst
"And Eblis* might around me burst
"The fury of his fiery flame
"Than link her to an Ali's name.—
"What puny, idle, lovesick boy
"To be a slave for female toy
"And waste thy energy of years
"In whispering to a woman's ears?
"No,—my heart's caution now shall be
"A bar for thy security.—
"Aye,—yonder rolls the Lake's deep tide,
"Its waters shall espouse thee,—bride;—
"And the pale moonbeam's ray shall shed,
"The light unto thy bridal bed.;—
"The outlet's screech shall be the voice
"To wed thee to thy partner's clasp;—
"And the rude night-wind shall rejoice,
"And hail thee to his fatal grasp;—
"There with the lilies of the water
"Earth may compare its wedded daughter,

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* "Eblis."—D'Herbelot prétend que ce mot est une corruption du grec *diabolos*. C'est une qualification conféré par les Arabes au premier des Anges Apostats.—Il est représenté comme exilé dans les régions infernales, pour avoir refusé à Adam l'hommage que Dieu lui-même avoit ordonné de lui rendre.

"And murmuring waves their requiem keep,
"To lull her to a lasting sleep!"
* * * *
Many a soul who lov'd to wage
And in the battle's heat engage;
Many a heart whose frame of steel
Had scarce pulsation prone to feel,
To whom the world alike was one,
No kindred glow beneath the sun
To link their feelings, or their life,
The helpmates of unguarded strife,
Awake to no pulsation dear
Or Pity's thrill or Sorrow tear;
But the harsh sons of careless fate,
To rudest joys impassionate,
And in each broil, foremost of all,
To rapine's gain or tyrant's fall,—
These, even these, his threats have spurn'd,
And 'gainst his will indignant turn'd;
In vain the bribe of power or pelf
Hath work'd up Nature 'gainst itself,
To lift a hand on one so fair
And blight the bloom of beauty there;
No, nor that voice of keenest force,
Persuasion, riches—all resource,
Could tempt the foulest of his band
To raise for this, a ruffian hand;
Tho' mingled there, some who had been
The tools of many a bloody scene,
'Twas man's 'gainst man's beleager'd might,
Then, had they brav'd the sternest fight,
Yet still these hands, shrunk to alight
And brand their hearts with direst slaughter
To cloud thy face—Achaia's daughter.

Oh, there are looks from which the arm
Of Vice ev'n shrinks, at doing harm,
That look which Virtue—loveliness
Hath rob'd in purest of its dress,
And seem as if an Angel's charm
Wafted on earth in woman's form,
And paradis'd in heavenly ray,
Had power to awe stern Passion's sway,
And strike a consciousness—to dart
Conviction to the oppressor's heart!
Such, oh, Euphrosyné—such thy look;
From earth tho' sprung—from Heav'n it took
The feature of diviner grace
Which stamp'd its image in thy face,
And rapine's slave—and passion's son
Who scar'd with many an outrage done,
Were meek before thee—loveliest one,
For where thou movd'st, there seem'd to shine
A star to guide to Mercy's shrine.

But from the huge Volcano's frame
Where dwells a lasting breast of flame,
Who, can impede the fiery glow
Which threatens all the plain below?
Who, can resist the lava's force
Or turn it from its boiling course?

Or who allay the billow's foam
Which tears its wanderer from his home?
The beast, which prowls along the wold
Will snatch the yearling from the fold,
Nor knows a feeling of respite
To stop his gory appetite;
Nor, to the vulture, doth the note
Which warbles in a linnet's throat,
Prove orison 'gain t hunger's sway
Or guard it from the bird of prey.—
To man—the foremost of Earth's tribes,
To him, fair Reason's ray ascribes
A spark of light, 'yond what possess
The creatures of instinctiveness,
Thro' Passion's troubled sea to guide
The helm and stem its hasty tide;
But Virtue's voice' and Reason's light
Are oft borne down by Passion's might,—
Where interest sways, and pride extends
Suffice for man to gain his ends,
By Pomp,—Ambition,—Vengeance driv'n,
Unmindful whether Hell, or Heaven.—

* * * *
* * * *

The evening sunbeam brightly falls
On Yanina's fair lake and halls
Whilst fainter rays of brightness dwell
Upon the height of Metzoukel;—
And not a ripple o'er the Lake
Does the soft whispering breeze awake,—
On which the Sun's declining tint
Allows the mountain to imprint
The features of its towering side
With shadows on the water's dyed;—
And Pindus' summits capt with snow
Now sparkle with a roseate glow,
Crowning the landscape to the sight
With a soft tinge of virgin light;—
Whilst o'er the slumbering tide is seen
Fair Yanina* the mistress queen
Encompass'd by her orange bowers
Her mingled minarets and towers;—
And tho' the sun's fast fading beam
Now glimmers feebly on the stream,
And twinkling stars but ill requite
The parting of that glorious light,—
Yet tis the hour of calm repose,
And all are bent to some retreat;
The nightingale now woos the rose,—
The lover at his maiden's feet
Pours forth his constancy of heart
With all that fervour can impart.—
But Mouctar by his sire's command
Is gone awhile to distant strand,
And left to mourn,—the fairest flower,
That ever bloom'd in Beauty's bower!—
And her's, the tenderness of heart
To feel the throe of sorrow's smart;—

* The most beautiful and interesting description of Yanina and the surrounding country is to be met with in Dr. Holland's tour through Albania, &c. &c.

Ah,—those are tremblings of distress
When the lips last embrace doth press
The parting, palpitating sigh
Of Love's lorn—breathing agony ;—
The flower of Hope too rudely clipt,
As rosebud by the wind-storm nipt,
Whose scatter'd leaves now sadly strew
A bier for Hope where gay it grew ;—
Yet all that hope, (whose treacherous trust
Decay'd, and left to tread its dust,)
And all, that Feeling ever wrung,
Or accents lisp'd from woman's tongue
Now to beguile,—and then deceive.—
First fram'd to charm, and last to grieve,
Have not the pang within the knell
Of that one word of thine "Farewell !"—
Of that one word,—which howso'er
Faintly it strikes upon the ear,
Carries a pressure to the soul
Sad,—sacred as the deathpeal's toll !—

* * * *

Calm was the ripple of that Lake,
And not a stir did the night breeze make,—
It was so still,—that ev'n the sound
Of a falling leaf might been heard around,
The stars shone forth their scatter'd light
Yet faintly their rays illum'd the night ;—
And in the air tho' there was nought
A sadness curdled on each thought
Which made each flitting gleam assume
A shape of more than fearful gloom ;—
As if the sleepers of the tomb
The hurried soul had deem'd to see
Roused from the grave's tranquility ?—
And ev'n at times, a mournful tone
A sudden gust,—(it might be none
Save Fancy's ;)—struck upon the ear
Which thrill'd the startle of some fear,
To strain the eye, if aught was near ?—
"But no—'tis void ;"—'twas Fancy fraught,
Whose mazes had embodied thought ;—
For strong Imagination's sway
Will chain the mind—a breathless prey
To the false visions which arise,
And work strange phantoms in our eyes,
Dissolving Reason 'till the soul
Is fetter'd to Fear's palsied goal
And harrowing with its ghastly hues
All nerve and faculty subdues !

But hear it now, as Echo sighs
Till slowly on the ear it dies !
Swiftly it came—a sudden plash
As when on waves, the oar ye dash,
Then pause—'till the gently circling spray
Now meets the shore and dies away
And all was still again and dark
Save the twinkling stars and fire-fly's spark,
It was mysterious !—not, the shock
When headlong cleaves the falling rock
Now loosen'd from the mountain's side
Which breaks the slumbering of the tide,

And whirling down the precipice,
Falls hissing in the wave's abyss;
But it was sudden, sharp, then gone!
Before, or after, not a tone
Save Echo lone which faintly fell,
And breath'd as 'twere, a dying knell,
And hush'd for ever.....

* * * *

No fatal word, or fated time
Hath proved the arbitor of crime,
For Power will silence every tongue
'Till Conscience soul itself is stung;
And tho' suspicion oft is just,
Yet who will to the oppressor trust
And madly his resentment brave,
When smiling o'er his victim's grave?
And thus she pass'd, ev'n as the flower
Which gave enchantment to the bower,
Yet when it wan'd, no murmur drew
To drop one sigh o'er where it grew,
Whose scatter'd leaves were all that gave
One sad memorial for its grave
And dewy fragrance where it fell
The last and only wept farewell!—
Thus Beauty dies—and soon forgot
Is what enchanted—charm'd the spot;
And what was once of loveliest bloom
Is hail'd but faintly in the tomb,
And earth but grants a feeble ray
To prize the charms of yesterday,
The present all that ever gave
A thought to Pride's or Pleasure's slave!

Life lingers still—but not for thee,
Maiden, thou sleep'st beneath the sea;
And he, the only one who shed
A tear of sorrow o'er thy bed,
In solitude is doom'd to mourn,
And weep yet vainly thy return;
For him, no more can Beauty swell.
That breast which lov'd, and lov'd him only,
And all that wakes his bosom's knell
Is that his soul is dark and lonely.—
For him no more that bright jet eye
Will speak its sensibility,
And lips whose sweetness might outvie
The rose's or carnation's dye,
For the rude water's wilder play
Have rifled all those charms away;
Yet art thou happier in thy sleep
Than he who lives, perchance to weep,
Albeit—that Time may still estrange,
The heart, who vow'd itcould not change,
And Memory no more point its finger
To thee, on whom eyes lov'd to linger,
But in the hour of beauty past,
Its ray of memory was thy last.

HISTORY OF THE ABORIGINES OF CANADA.

No. I.

In contemplating some historical account of the various tribes of the Aborigines of Canada in their present scattered condition throughout the country, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean, it struck us as rather inconsistent with our design, to enter upon it at once without referring to those original features in the character of the Indians of Canada, as they were discovered and handed down to us by the first historians of the country. In entering upon a task, which seems more necessary on account of the light which it will shed upon our future researches in this article, than for its own novelty or intrinsic value, it is not our intention, nor do we think it is our duty, to enter at large upon that great field of character and manners which have been treated of with such philosophy and learning by our modern historians. At present we hold it to be the extent of our duty only, to trace in as succinct and impartial a manner as we can, those more conspicuous and bolder outlines in the character of the Canadian Savages, when they were first discovered, which will enable us to preserve in one connected chain the first dawnings of the subject which we mean to treat of with those no less interesting particulars which bring us down to the present period. It is, perhaps, true, that in the delineation of the general character of the American Indians, there is a similarity, which, as we peruse the history of one particular tribe, pronounces at the same time, an universal account of the whole race. But while, to a certain extent, we are ready to sanction this conclusion, we must be permitted to observe, that, in preparing ourselves for the present undertaking, we have discovered some peculiarities in the character of the Canadian Savages, which, in our opinion, render them an object of greater curiosity to the historian and the philosopher than almost any other nation which has yet been discovered on the continent of America. No doubt, such an opinion must have had its due weight in impelling our present researches, and in making them somewhat a favourite study with us; but if we shall ever be enabled to bring the progress which we have already made, in this study, to a conclusion, we shall have no fear in claiming the suffrages of every candid reader in support of our averment. We shall therefore without further preface proceed with our history of the character, manners and habits, of the Aborigines of Canada; begging the indulgence of the reader for that lack of talent and genius which he must submit to as he proceeds.

With regard, then, to the various aboriginal nations of America, the most curious and probable accounts are to be found in a memoir laid before the French Academy by M. le Page du Pratz. This learned man was of opinion, that America in general was not peopled from any one single nation, but from sundry nations remote from each other. According to him, the Mexicans, and the inhabitants of the Western coast of South America, are originally Chinese or Japanese; and that those of Canada, came from the northeast parts of Asia. Mention is made of a Chinese book in the French King's library, asserting that America was peopled by the inhabit-

ants of Corea. The famous passage of Diodorus Siculus, which mentions a great western Island discovered by the Phœnicians, confirms the same opinion. Even the Canadians themselves seem to have a tradition that their ancestors came from the northeast parts of Asia: for when they are asked concerning their origin, they constantly point to the regions which lie between the north and west; and by what can be gathered from them, it seems that the country they mean, should lie in about fifty-five degrees north latitude. Besides this, many years ago, the skeletons of two large and two small elephants, were found in a morass on the banks of a river of the Oubaches. Now there are no elephants in America; they are not natives of the country, and consequently these four must have come there at the time when the continents of Asia and America were joined, and it is probably not many years ago since they were separated by an earthquake; as Sicily is supposed to have been from Italy, Asia Minor from Europe, and England from France. This opinion seems to be confirmed by the travels of Montcacht-ape, a civilived Indian of Canada, to the north west parts of America, which tend to shew that the north east part of Asia, and the north west part of America, are only separated by a narrow strait, or arm of the sea.—The account of these travels is so great an American curiosity, that we shall make no apology for giving it to our readers at full length.

Du Pratz, extremely desirous to inform himself of the origin of the American nations, was continually enquiring of the old Indians concerning it, and was at last so fortunate as to meet with an old man belonging to the nation of the Jazous, called Montcacht-ape, who was a man of sense and genius, and having been possessed with the same curiosity as himself, had spared no pains nor fatigue, to get information of the country from whence the North Americans came. With this view he travelled from nation to nation, expecting to discover the country from whence their fathers had come, or to approach so near it, as to get some surer intelligence and more particular traditions concerning their origin. In this expedition he spent eight years, and du Pratz having insinuated himself into his good graces, by all sorts of kindnesses, had from him the following account.

"Having lost my wife and children, I resolved to travel in order to discover our original country, notwithstanding all the persuasions of my parents and relations to the contrary. I took my way by the high grounds that are on the eastern bank of the river St. Louis, that I might only have the river Ouabache (Wabash) to cross, in order to join the Illinois, at the village of Tamazona, a considerable settlement of the Canadian French. As the grass was short I arrived there in a little time. I stayed there eight days to rest myself, and then continued my rout along the eastern bank of the river Saint Louis till I was a little above the place where the river Missouri falls into it. I then made a raft of canes or reeds, and crossed the river Saint Louis, and when I was near the opposite side, I suffered my raft to be carried down the stream, till I come to the conflux of the two rivers. Here I had the pleasure of seeing the rivers mix, and of observing how clear the water of the river Saint Louis are before they

receive the muddy streams of the Missouri. I landed here, and travelled along the north side of the Missouri, for a great many days, till at last I came to the nation of the Missouries, with whom I stayed a considerable time, not only to repose myself after my fatigue, but also to learn their language, which is spoken or understood by a great many nations. In this country, one scarce sees any thing but large meadows, above a days journey, and covered with wild cattle.* The Missouries seldom eat any thing but flesh; they only cultivate as much maize as may serve for a change and prevent their being cloyed with beef and game, with which their country abounds. During the winter, which I spent with them, the snow fell to the depth of six feet. As soon as the winter was over, I resumed my journey along the banks of the Missouri, and travelled till I came to the nation of the West. There I was told that it was a long journey to the country, from whence both they and we came, that I must yet travel during the space of a moon (a month) towards the source of the Missouri, that then I should turn to the right, and go directly north, and, at the end of a few days, I should meet with another river, which ran from east to west, quite contrary to the course of the Missouri; then I might fall down this river at my ease upon rafts, until I came to the nation of the Loutres, or Otters where I might rest, and receive more ample and particular instructions.

"In pursuance of these directions I travelled up the Missouri above a month, being afraid of turning off to the right too soon; when one night after I had lighted my fire, and was going to rest, I perceived some smoke at a distance, towards the place where the sun set; I immediately concluded, that this was a party of hunters, who proposed to pass the night there, and that probably they might be of the nation of the Loutres. I immediately made towards them, and found about thirty men and some women. They seemed to be surprised, but received me civilly enough. We could not understand each other by signs. After I had been with them three days, one of the women being near her delivery, she and her husband left the company, in order to return home by the easiest road, and took me along with them. We travelled yet up the Missouri seven easy days' journey, and then went directly north for five days, at the end of which time we came to a river of very fine clear water.—When we came to the place where the Hunters had left their Canoes, we all three embarked in one of them, and fell down the river till we came to their village. I was very well received by them, and soon found that this was indeed the nation of the Loutres which I was in quest of. I spent the winter with them, and employed myself in learning their language, which they told me was understood by all the nations which lay between them and the great water [the Sea.] The winter was scarce ended when I embarked in a Canoe with some provisions, a pot to cook them, and something to lie on, and descended the river. In a little time I came to a very small na-

* This has been proved by the concurring testimony of the latest travellers: and the description given of the inhabitants of the Mandan Villages, on the banks of the Missouri, is strictly true.

tion, whose chief happening to be on the banks, bluntly demanded, "who art thou? what business hast thou here with thy short hair?" I told him my name was Montcacht-ape, that I came from the nation of the Loutres, that though my hair was short, my heart was good, and then hinted the design of my journey. He replied, that though I might come from the nation of the Loutres, he saw plainly I was not one of that nation, and wondered at my speaking the language. I told him that I learned it of an old man, whose name was Salt-tear. He no sooner heard the name of Salt-tear, who was one of his friends, that he invited me to stay in his village as long as I would. Upon this I landed, and told him that Salt-tear had ordered me to see an old man whose name was the Great Roebuck. This happened to be the father of the chief: he ordered him to be called. and the old man received me as if I had been his own son, and led me to his cottage. The next day he informed me of every thing I wanted to know, and told me that I should be hospitally received by all the nations between them and the great water on telling them I was the friend of the Great Roebuck. I only staid two days longer; I then put on board my Canoe a stock of provision, prepared from certain small grains, less than French pease, which afford an excellent food, and immediately embarked, and continued to sail down the river, not staying above a day with each nation I met with on my way.

"The last of these nations is settled about a day's journey from the sea, and about the race of a man, (near a league) from the river. They live concealed in the woods for fear of the bearded men. I was received by them as if I had been one of their own countrymen. They are continually upon their guard, on account of the bearded men, who do all they can to carry off young people, without doubt, to make them slaves. They told me these bearded men were whites, that they had a long black beard, which fell down upon their breast, that their bodies were thick and short, that their heads were large, and covered with stuffs, that they were always clothed, even in the hottest season, and that their clothes reached to the middle of their legs, which, as well as their feet, were also covered with red or yellow stuffs; that their weapons made a great noise, and a great fire, and that when they saw the red men (the natives) were more numerous than themselves, they retired to a great Canoe (a Ship no doubt) which contained about thirty of them. They added, that these strangers came from the place where the sun sets, in quest of a soft yellow wood which yields a yellow liquor of a fine smell, and which dyes a fine yellow colour, and that observing they came every year as soon as winter was over to fetch this wood, they had, according to the advice of one of their old men, cut down and destroyed all the trees, since which time they had not been so often troubled with the visits of these bearded men: but that they still visited every year two adjacent nations, who could not imitate their policy, because the yellow wood was the only wood their country produced, and that all the neighbouring nations had

agreed to come and join together the approaching summer in order to destroy these bearded men, at their next coming, and rid the Country of them.

"As I had seen fire arms and was not afraid of them, and as the route they proposed to take was the way to the nation I was in quest of, they proposed my going along with them : I readily agreed, and as soon as summer came, I marched with the warriors of this nation to the general rendezvous. The bearded men came later than usual this year ; whilst we waited for them the natives shewed me where the bearded men laid their great canoe. It was agreed to lie in ambush for the bearded men, and that when they had landed, and were busy cutting the yellow wood, we should rise, surround them and cut them off. At the end of seventeen days two great canoes appeared ; they came to their usual place between the rocks ; the first thing they did after their arrival was to fill certain wooden vessels with water. At the end of the fourth day they armed and landed, and went to cut wood. They had no sooner began to cut than they were attacked on all sides, but notwithstanding our utmost efforts, we killed but eleven, and all the rest gained their little canoes and fled to their great ones, which soon launched into the great water and disappeared. After this affair I left the warriors with whom I come, to return home, and joined those nations who were settled upon the coast farther towards the west ; we followed the course of the coast, which is directly between the north and the west. When we came to their settlements, I observed that their days were a great deal longer than with us, and the nights very short. I asked them the reason of it, but they could give me none. Their old men told me, that it was in vain for me to proceed any farther ; they said that the coast extended itself yet a great way between the north and west ; that it afterwards turned short to the west, and having run for a considerable distance in that direction, it was cut by the sea directly from north to south. One of them added, that when he was young, he knew a very old man, who had seen this tract of land, before the sea broke through it, and that to this day, at low water, one might see rocks and shallows in the channel, which had formerly been dry land.— They all joined to dissuade me from travelling any further, assuring me, that the country was cold and desert, destitute of animals and inhabitants, and advised me to return to my own country. I accordingly took their advice and returned by the way that I come."

Such is the account which Montcacht-ape gave du Pratz of his travels, which are no less curious for the interest attached to themselves, than for being the first, and we believe, the only effort by an American native to trace out the origin of his race, and the country that first gave them being. Nor, when we read the voyages of recent navigators, and the hypotheses drawn by other writers upon this interesting subject, can we altogether withhold our sanction to the truth of the information and narrative of the enterprising Indian.— From the voyages of Cook and Clerke we learn, that the sea from the south of Behring's straits to the crescent of Isles between Asia and America, is very shallow. Between those Isles and the strait

is an increase from twelve to fifty-four fathoms. From the Volcanic disposition, it has been judged probable, not only that there was a separation of the continent at the straits of Behring, but that the whole space from the isles to that small opening had once been occupied by land, and that the fury of the watery element, actuated by fire, had, in most remote times, subverted and overwhelmed the tract, and left the islands monumented fragments. Without adopting the fancies of Buffon, there can be no doubt, that our planet has been subject to great vicissitudes, since the deluge. Ancient and modern histories confirm the truth which Ovid has sung in the name of Pythagoras:

Video ego quod fuerat quondam solidissima tellus,
Esse fretum; vidi factas ex æquore terras.

At present they plough those lands, over which ships formerly sailed, and now they sail over lands which were formerly cultivated; earthquakes have swallowed some lands, and subterraneous fires have thrown up others; the rivers have framed new soil with their mud; the sea retreating from the shores has lengthened the land in some places and advancing in others has diminished it; it has separated some territories which were formerly united, and formed, as in the case before us, new straits and gulphs. Whether that great event, the separation of the continents of Asia and America, took place before or after the population of the latter, is as impossible as it is of little moment for us to know; but we are indebted to the abovementioned navigators for the long dispute about the point from which it was effected. Their observations prove, that in one point the distance between continent and continent is only *thirty nine* miles. This narrow strait has also in the middle two Islands, which would greatly facilitate the migration of the Asiatics into the new world—supposing it took place in canoes after the convulsion which rent the two continents asunder. Besides, it may be added, that these straits are, even in the summer, often filled with ice; in winter often frozen. In either case mankind might find an easy passage; in the last, the way was extremely ready for quadrupeds to cross and stock the continent of America. But where, from the vast expanse of the north eastern world, to fix on the first tribes who contributed to people the new continent, now inhabited almost from end to end, is a matter that baffles human reason. The learned may make bold and ingenious conjectures, but plain good sense cannot always accede to them. As mankind increased in numbers, they naturally protruded one another forward. Wars might be another cause of migrations. There appears no reason why the Asiatic north might not be an *officina virorum*, as well as the European. The overteeming country, to the east of the Riphœan mountains* must find it necessary to discharge its inhabitants: the first great wave of people was forced forward by the next to it, more tumid and more powerful than

* The Riphœan mountains, are a chain of mountains in Russia, to the north east of the river Oby, where there are said to be the finest sables of the whole empire.

itself; successive and new impulses continually arriving, short rest was given to that which was spread over a more eastern tract; disturbed again and again it covered fresh regions; at length, reaching the farthest limits of the old world, found a new one, with ample space to occupy unmolested for ages; till Columbus cursed them by a discovery, which brought again new sins and new deaths to both worlds. But we cheerfully abandon the footsteps of travellers and philosophers in tracing the manner in which this continent became peopled, for the more defined and real track of the manner and habits of a portion of that people whose origin and migrations have so much puzzled men of letters.

It is generally understood, that, notwithstanding the bleakness of the Canadian climate at certain periods of the year, the natives if clad at all, were but thinly so, at the period of their first intercourse with Europeans. Their first efforts in dress consisted of no more than in wrapping themselves in a cloak of buffaloe or beaver skin, bound with a leathern girdle, and stockings made of a roe-buck skin. The additions they have since made gave great offence to their old men, who were ever lamenting the degeneracy of their manners. Few of the savages of Canada knew any thing of husbandry; they only cultivated maize in scattered patches, and that they left entirely to the management of their women, as being beneath the dignity of independent man. It was their bitterest imprecation against an enemy, that he might be reduced to till the ground. Sometimes they would condescend to go a fishing; but their chief delight, and the employment of their whole life, was hunting. For this purpose the whole natives went out as they did to war; every family marched in search of sustenance. They prepared for the expedition by severe fasting, and never stirred out till they had implored the assistance of their gods; they did not pray for strength to kill the beasts, but that they might be so fortunate as to meet with them. None staid behind except infirm and old men; all the rest sallied forth, the men to kill the game, and the women to dry, and bring it home. The winter was with them the finest season of year: the bear, the roe-buck, the stag and the elk could not then run with any degree of swiftness through snow that was four and five feet deep. The savages, who were stopt neither by the bushes, the torrents, the ponds, nor the rivers, were seldom unsuccessful in the chase. When they were without game, they lived upon acorns, as the ancient Grecians are reported to have done; and for want of these, fed upon the sap or inner skin that grows between the wood and the bark of the aspen-tree and the birch. In the interval between the hunting parties, they made or mended their bows and arrows, the rackets for running upon the snow, and the canoes for crossing to lakes and rivers. These travelling implements and a few earthen pots, were the only specimen of art among these wandering nations. Those, who were collected in villages, added to these the labours requisite for their sedentary way of life, for the fencing of their huts, and securing them from being attacked. The savages at that period gave themselves up to total inaction, in the most profound security. The people, content with their lot, and

satisfied with what nature afforded them, were unacquainted with that restlessness which arises from a sense of our own weakness, that loathing of ourselves and every thing about us, that necessity of flying from solitude, and easing ourselves of the burthen of life by throwing it upon others. Their stature in general was beautifully proportioned, but they had more agility than strength, and were more fit to bear the fatigues of the chace than hard labour. Their features were regular, and there was a kind of fierceness in their aspect which they contracted in war and hunting. Their complexion was of a copper-colour; and they derived it from nature, by which all men who are constantly exposed to the open air are tanned.

Whilst we are treating of this subject of colour, which has given birth to so many different opinions among the learned, it may not be amiss to observe that a very remarkable difference of colour may accidentally happen to individuals of the same species. In the isthmus of Darien, a singular race of men has been discovered. They are of low stature, of a feeble make, and incapable of enduring fatigue. Their colour is a dead milk-white; not resembling that of fair people among Europeans, but without any blush or sanguine complexion. Their skin is covered with a fine hairy down of a chalky white; the hair of their heads; their eyebrows and eyelashes are of the same colour. Their eyes are of a singular form, and so weak, that they can hardly bear the light of the sun; but they see clearly by moonlight, and are most active and gay in the night. Among the negroes of Africa, as well as the natives of the Indian Islands, a small number of these people are produced. They are called *Albinos* by the Portuguese, and *Kackerlakes* by the Dutch. This race of men is not indeed permanent; but it is sufficient to shew, that mere *colour* is by no means the characteristic of a certain species of mankind. The difference of colour in these individuals is undoubtedly owing to a natural cause. To constitute, then, a race of men of this colour, it would be necessary that this cause, which at present is merely accidental, should become permanent, and we cannot know but it may be so in some parts of the world.

The complexion of the natives of Canada was rendered still more disagreeable by the absurd custom that prevails among all savages, of painting their bodies and faces, either to distinguish each other at a distance, to render themselves more agreeable to their mistresses, or more formidable in war. Besides this varnish they rubbed themselves with the fat of quadrupeds, or the oil of fish, a custom common and necessary among them, in order to prevent the intolerable stings of gnats and insects, that swarm in uncultivated countries.—The ointments were prepared and mixed up with certain red juices, supposed to be a deadly poison to the moschettoes. To these several methods of anointing themselves, which penetrate and discolour the skin, may be added the fumigations they made in their huts against those insects, and the smoke of the fires they kept all winter to warm themselves, and to dry their meat. This was sufficient to make them appear frightful to Europeans, though beautiful without doubt, or at least not disagreeable to themselves. Their sight, smell

and hearing, and all their senses were remarkably quick, and gave them early notice of their dangers and wants. These were few, but their sicknesses were still fewer. They hardly knew of any but what were occasioned by too violent exercise, or eating too much after long abstinence. They were not a very numerous people; and possibly this might be an advantage to them. Polished nations, for reasons of ambition and war, may wish for an increase of population; but unconnected nations who are always wandering, and guarded by the deserts which divide them; who can fly when they are attacked; and whose poverty preserves them from committing or suffering any injustice; such savage nations do not feel the want of numbers. Perhaps nothing more was required, than to be able to resist the wild beasts; occasionally to drive away an insignificant enemy, and mutually to assist each other. If they had been more populous, they would the sooner have exhausted the Country they inhabited, and have been forced to remove in search of another; the only, or, at least, the greatest misfortune attending their precarious way of life.

Independent of these reflections, which, possibly, did not occur so strongly, if at all, to the savages of Canada, the nature of things was alone sufficient to check their increase. Though they lived in a Country abounding in game and fish, yet in some seasons, and sometimes for whole years, this resource failed them: and famine then occasioned a great destruction among people who were at too great a distance to assist each other. Their wars, of transient hostilities, the result of former animosities, were very destructive.—Men constantly accustomed to hunt for their subsistence, to tear in pieces the animal they had overtaken, to hear the cries of death, and see the shedding of blood, must have been still more cruel in war, if possible, than a civilized people. In a word, notwithstanding all that has been said in favour of inuring children to hardships, which misled Peter the Great to such a degree, that he ordered that none of his sailor's children should drink any thing but sea-water (an experiment which proved fatal to all who tried it;) it is certain that a great many young savages perished through hunger, thirst, cold, and fatigue. Even those whose constitution was strong enough to bear the usual exercises of those climates, to swim over the broadest rivers, to go two hundred leagues on a hunting party, to live many days without sleep, to subsist a considerable time without food; such men must have been exhausted, and totally unfit for the purposes of generation. The austerity of a Spartan education; the custom of inuring children to hard labour and coarse food, has been productive of dangerous mistakes. Philosophers, desirous of alleviating the miseries incident to mankind, have endeavoured to comfort the wretched who have been doomed to a life of hardships, by persuading them that it was the most wholesome and the best.—The rich have eagerly adopted a system, which served to render them insensible to the sufferings of the poor, and to relieve them from the duties of humanity and compassion. But it seems to be an error to imagine, that men who are employed in the more laborious

arts of society live as long as those who enjoy the fruit of their toil. Moderate labour strengthens the human frame; excessive labour impairs it. A peasant is an old man at sixty; while the inhabitants of towns, who live in affluence and with some degree of moderation, frequently attain to fourscore and upwards. Even men of letters, whose employments are by no means favorable to health, afford many instances of longevity. Let not then our modern writings propagate this false and cruel error, to seduce the rich to disregard the groans of the poor, and to transfer all their tenderness from their vassals to their dogs and horses.

THREE original languages were spoken in Canada—the ALGONQUIN, the SIOUX, and the HURON. They were considered as primitive languages, because each of them contained many of those imitative words, which convey an idea of things by the sound. The dialects derived from them, were nearly as numerous as their villages. No abstract terms were found in these languages, because the infant mind of the savages seldom extends its view beyond the present object and the present time; and as they have but few ideas, they seldom want to represent several under one and the same sign. Besides, the language of these people almost always animated by a quick, simple. and strong sensation, excited by the great scenes of nature, contracted a lively and poetical cast from their strong and active imagination. The astonishment and admiration which proceed from their ignorance, gave them a strong propensity to exaggeration. They expressed what they saw; their language painted, as it were, natural objects in strong colouring; and their discourses were quite picturesque. For want of terms agreed upon to denote certain compound or complex ideas, they made use of figurative expressions. What was still wanting in speech, they supplied by their gestures, their attitudes, their bodily motions, and the modulations of the voice. The boldest metaphors were more familiar to them in common conversation, than they are even in epic poetry in the European languages. Their speeches in public Assemblies, particularly, were full of images, energy, and pathos. No Greek or Roman Orator ever spoke, perhaps, with more strength and sublimity than one of their chiefs. It was thought necessary to persuade them to remove at a distance from their native soil. "We were born," said he, "on this spot, our fathers lie buried in it.—Shall we say to the bones of our fathers—Arise and come with us into a foreign land?" It may easily be imagined that such nations could not be so gentle nor so weak as those of South America.—They shewed that they had that degree of activity and strength which the people of the northern nations always possess. They had but just attained to that degree of knowledge and civilization, to which instinct alone may lead men in the space of a few years; and it is among such people that a philosopher may study man in his natural state.

They were divided into several small nations, whose form of government was nearly similar. Some had hereditary chiefs; others elected them; the greater part were only directed by their old men

They were mere associations, formed by chance, and always free; though united they were bound by no tie. The will of individuals was not even overruled by the general one. All decisions were only considered as matter of advice, which was not binding, or enforced by any penalty. If, in one of these singular republics, as we may term them, a man was condemned to death, it was rather a kind of war against a common enemy, than an act of justice exercised against a subject. Instead of coercive power, good manners, example, and education, a respect for old men, and parental affection, maintained peace in these societies, where there was neither law nor property. Reason, which had not been misled by prejudice, or corrupted by passion, served them instead of moral precepts and regulations of police. Harmony and security were maintained without the interposition of government. Authority never encroached upon that powerful instinct of nature, the love of independence; which, enlightened by reason, produces in men the love of equality. Hence arose that regard which the savages of Canada are said originally to have entertained for each other. They lavished their expressions of esteem, and expected the same in return. They were obliging but reserved; they weighed their words, and listened with great attention. Their gravity, which appeared like a kind of melancholy, was particularly observable in their national assemblies. Every one spoke in his turn, according to his age, experience, and services. No one was ever interrupted, either by indecent reflections, or ill-timed applause. Their public affairs were managed with such disinterestedness, as is unknown in most civilized governments. It was no uncommon thing to hear one of these savage Orators, when his speech had met with universal applause, telling those who agreed to his opinion, that another man was more deserving of their confidence. This mutual respect among the inhabitants of the same place, prevailed between the several nations, when they were not in actual war. The deputies were received and treated with that friendship which is due to men who come to treat of peace and alliance. All their politics consisted in forming leagues against an enemy who was too numerous or too strong, and in suspending hostilities that became too destructive. When they had agreed upon a truce or league of amity, it was ratified by mutually exchanging a belt, or string of beads, which were a kind of snail-shells. The white ones, as we believe they are at this day, were very common; but the purple ones, which were rare, and the black, which were still more so, were much esteemed. They wrought them into a cylindrical form, bored them, and then made them up into necklaces. The branches were about a foot long, and the beads were strung upon them one after another in a straight line. The necklaces were broad belts, on which the beads were placed in rows, and neatly tacked down with little slips of leather. The size, weight, and colour of these shells, were adapted to the importance of the business. They served as jewels, as records, and as annals. They were the bond of union between nations and individuals. They were the sacred and inviolable pledge which was a

confirmation of words, promises, and treaties. The chiefs of towns were the keepers of those records. They knew their meaning; they interpreted them; and by means of these signs, they transmitted the history of the country to the succeeding generation.

As these savages possessed no riches, they were of a benevolent turn. A striking instance of this appeared in the care they took of their orphans, widows, and infirm people. They liberally shared their scanty provision with those whose crops had failed, or who had been unsuccessful in hunting or fishing. Their tables and their huts were open night and day to strangers and travellers. This generous hospitality, which makes the advantages of a private man a public blessing, was chiefly conspicuous in their entertainments. A Canadian claimed respect, not so much for what he possessed, as from what he gave away. The whole stock of provision collected during a chace that might last six months, was frequently expended in one day; and he who gave the entertainment enjoyed more pleasure than his guests.

Few or none of the writers who have described the manners of these savages, have reckoned benevolence among their virtues. But this may have been owing to prejudice. These people neither loved nor esteemed the Europeans, nor were they very kind to them, except in their first intercourse with them, when they were strangers to the ambition which led them to their coasts. The inequality of conditions, which we think so necessary for the well-being of society, was, in their opinion, the greatest folly. They were shocked to see, that among Europeans, one man had more property than several others collectively, and that this first injustice, if we may call it so, was productive of a second, which was, that the man who had most riches was on that account most respected. Whoever knew how to guide a canoe, to beat an enemy, to build a hut, to live upon little, to go a hundred leagues in the woods, with no other guide than the wind and sun, or any provision but a bow and arrows; he acted the part of a man; and what more could be expected of him? That restless disposition which prompted Europeans to cross the seas in quest of fugitive advantages, appeared to them rather the effect of poverty than of industry, because they were unacquainted with the field which the arts and the sciences had opened up for the extension of civilization. They laughed at these arts, and all those customs which inspired Europeans with a greater degree of vanity, in proportion as they removed them further from the state of nature. Their frankness and honesty was roused to indignation by the tricks and cunning which had been practised in the dealings of Europeans with them. A multitude of other motives, some, indeed, founded on prejudice, but frequently on reason, rendered the Europeans on many occasions odious to the Canadian Indians. They often made reprisals and became harsh and cruel in their intercourse with Europeans. The aversion and contempt they conceived for our manners, made them avoid our society. They could never be reconciled to our indulgent manner of living; whereas Europeans had forgone all the conveniences of civil life, retired into the forests, and taken up the

bow and the club of the savage. An innate spirit of benevolence however, sometimes brought the savages back to European society. At the beginning of the winter a French vessel was wrecked upon the rocks of Anticosti. The sailors who had escaped the rigour of the season and the dangers of famine in this desart and savage island, built a bark out of the remains of their ship, which, in the following spring conveyed them to the Continent. They were observed in a languid and expiring state, from a hut filled with savages. "Brethren," said the Chief of this lonely family, addressing himself affectionately to them, "the wretched are entitled to our pity and our assistance. We are men, and the misfortunes incident to any of the human race, affect us in the same manner, as if they were our own." Those humane expressions were accompanied with every token of friendship these generous savages had in their power to show.

LETTER FROM COWPER, TO MRS. NEWTON.

"September 16, 1781.

A noble theme demands a noble verse,
In such I thank you for your fine oysters.
The barrel was magnificently large,
But being sent to Olney at free charge,
Was not inserted in the driver's list,
And therefore overlook'd, forgot or miss'd;
For when the messenger whom we dispatch'd
Enquir'd for oysters, Had his noddle scratch'd;
Denying that his waggon or his wain
Did any such commodity contain.
In consequence of which, your welcome boon
Did not arrive till yesterday at noon;
In consequence of which some chanced to die,
And some, though very sweet, were very dry.
Now Madam says (and what she says must still
Deserve attention, say she what she will,)
That which we call the Diligence, be-cause
It goes to London with a swifter pace,
Would better suit the carriage of your gift,
Returning downwards with a pace as swift;
And therefore recommends it with this aim—
To save at least three days,—the price the same;
For though it will not carry or convey
For less than twelve pence, send whate'er you may,
For oysters bred upon the salt sea shore,
Pack'd in a barrel, they will charge no more.

News have I none that I can deign to write,
Save that it rain'd prodigiously last night;
And that ourselves were, at the seventh hour,
Caught in the first beginning of the show'r;
But walking, running, and with much ado,
Got home—just time enough to be wet through.
Yet both are well, and, wond'rous to be told;
Soused as we were, we yet have caught no cold;
And wishing just the same good hap to you,
We say, good Madam, and good Sir, Adieu!"

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FUR TRADE TO THE NORTHWEST COUNTRY, CARRIED ON FROM LOWER CANADA, AND OF THE VARIOUS AGREEMENTS AND ARRANGEMENTS UNDER WHICH IT WAS CONDUCTED.*

On the termination of the Indian war by Pontiac, the English traders found their way to lake Superior, and some crossed the Grand Portage into the interior country. In the course of a few years they reached the Sascatchawine River, the greatest distance to which the French had penetrated prior to the conquest. They afterwards got as far as the Mississippi, (the Churchhill River) which they called the English River. So limited was the capital which these traders could command, that when overtaken by misfortune or baulked by disappointment, they were obliged to abandon the adventure. Previous to the year 1784, the north west trade from Montreal was prosecuted wholly on individual account. The traders in competition with each other, procured to themselves the evils consequent on such a system; every year failures occurred, and some of the parties retired.

To guard if possible against these disasters, the persons interested attempted in 1779, to organize the trade, by forming a general copartnership for three years; but so little did each individual consult the common interest, such a want of co-operation prevailed in managing the business of the interior, that at the end of the first year the capitalists at Montreal saw fit to dissolve the company; and affairs resumed their former footing. This body of traders was called at the time the *fifteen share concern.*

The evils of competition being again felt, an attempt was made in 1781 to unite the various opposing interests of the country; and the traders having classed themselves into three distinct parties, formed a general association which went by the name of the *Three share concern.* This concern, whose plan of operations seems not to have embraced the English River or Mississippi, was but for one year.—Though during its short existence there was but little of combined energy, or of good understanding, among the partners, yet the trial served to convince all, that nothing but a union of interests could enable them to prosecute the trade to advantage. Accordingly a general copartnership was formed in October 1783 for five years, in which each of the late contending parties got an interest proportionate to the scale of his trade previously: the stock consisted in fifteen shares, nine and three fourths of which were held by non-residents of the country. The different mercantile houses made their own arrangements with their respective connections in the interior, and so slender were at this time the hopes of gain, that one of the old traders being offered either the profits on one share in the concern, or an allowance of four thousand livres (£166 13 4 currency) in lieu of them, chose the latter. He however remained long enough in the country to witness a clear gain from these shares of more than two thousand pounds sterling per annum.

This association assumed the name of the North West Company,

*This is only intended as some *introductory* observations relative to the Fur Trade, a more *particular* account of which we shall afterwards publish.

and began its operations in 1784. In 1785 it was strangely opposed by a new association of traders. These however ultimately failed in their object, and were glad to consent to a union with the senior Company; which event occurred in 1787, when four shares were added to the abovementioned sixteen, and the term of copartnership was prolonged from five to seven years; but the original agreement remained unaltered.

In 1790 the company renewed their articles of association for seven years, to be computed from 1792, and continued the division of twenty shares, of which eight were held by the capitalists who managed the business at Montreal—now *the Agents of the North West Company*—the other twelve by partners wintering. By this agreement a rotation* was for the first time allowed to the wintering partner; but he who availed himself of the privilege had to provide a substitute for the year at the expense of £200. Partners retiring from the country relinquished one half of their interest on certain conditions, but retained the other half to the end of the concern.

In 1792, several respectable Houses in Montreal, supported by London commissions, jealous of the growing prosperity of the Company, determined to compete for the trade. This was prevented by a compromise; and three shares (which were added to the former twenty shares of stock,) were given them as an equivalent for their expectations. The former articles of agreement, save in respect to the three shares, and the whole number which was doubled and increased to forty six, remained unchanged. This agreement ended with the outfit of 1798.

Two discontented Clerks, supported by a Mercantile House in Montreal not previously known in the Fur Trade, with two other sets of traders from Michilimackinac, commenced an opposition trade in 1793, which, having continued it till the following year, they were then obliged to abandon. All the traders joined the Company as Clerks, or retired, and one was admitted as a partner for a forty sixth share.

In 1794 the North West Company undertook the trade of Fond du Lac on the south and west sides of Lake Superior. The petty traders who had frequented these countries and who had got their supplies from Michilimackinac, became Clerks to the Company.—Before this period the Company had not engaged in the trade of Lake Superior.

In 1796 the posts and property of Temiscamingue were purchased by the Company, also the Inventories and trading posts of Nipigon. The trade to these places had been prosecuted by different Mercantile Houses in Montreal; but proving unprofitable, the Stockholders were glad to realize their property by a sale to the North West Company. The same year a new agreement was entered into at the Grand Portage for the continuance of the partnership of the North West Company during seven years subsequent to 1799. By this arrangement one third of the interest was assigned to the Agents at Montreal, the remaining two thirds to the wintering partners. The

*A furlough or leave of absence for one year.

latter's right of rotation was fixed without, as formerly, being obliged to pay a Clerk to act in their absence: they had, too, the liberty of retiring on certain conditions, as in the former agreement. The shares were in forty-sixths.

It was proposed to continue to the Houses that had forced themselves into the trade in 1792 the shares they had held since that period; but, declining the offer, they, in 1799, announced a formidable opposition under the name of Sir Alexander McKenzie and Company. This opposition continued till 1804 when the two companies united.

In 1802 the partners of the North West Company assembled at the Grand Portage, entered into arrangements for forming a new association to continue 20 years from the year 1803. The articles of this agreement differed but little from those of the preceding one, save that the shares were extended to ninety two, instead of being limited to forty six, and that the holders of one forty sixths share under the former deed now held two ninety seconds. The spirit of various resolves or bye-laws which had from time to time been made for checking irregularities and abuses, and for improving the business generally, was introduced into this agreement. These regulations were the fruit of an experience of eighteen years which had elapsed since the first formation of the North West Company, and were consequently more perfect and more applicable to the circumstances of the trade, than the stipulations of any of the proceeding agreements.

The arrangements at the coalition altered none of those regulations, but changed the principle on which former associations had been formed in respect to shares, by permitting a greater proportion to be held by non-residents of the interior Country.

By the coalition agreement, the number of shares was increased to one hundred, forty nine of which were held of the Agents and Capitalists. The North West Company, thus constituted, continued the trade till 1821, when they formed a junction with the Hudson's Bay Company.

In 1802 the Company became possessed of the lease of the King's Domain, on the north side of the St. Lawrence, for a rent of £1050 *per annum*. The adjoining Seigniories of Mingan and Mille Vaches, extending to near the entrance of the Streights of Belle Isle, were also leased. About this time too, the passes of the Rocky Mountains were explored for the purposes of trade. In 1807 canoes were sent across by the head of the Saskatchawin river till they reached the head branches of the Columbia River, where the people wintered. Posts were subsequently advanced on this river from year to year till, being pushed so far down the stream towards the Ocean, it became impracticable to supply goods from so great a distance by inland communication. A vessel for this purpose was therefore dispatched from England in 1812. and reached the mouth of the Columbia River in the spring following. Thus was a chain of posts completed from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean.

In 1803 the Company finding their place of rendezvous at the

Grand Portage inconvenient, abandoned it, and established themselves at the mouth of the river Kaministigua, in Thunder Bay, about fifty miles to the eastward of their old station. Commodious stores and houses were built, the whole at the expense of about ten thousand pounds currency. This general depôt has been called *Fort William.* The expenses incurred in forming this establishment has been amply repaid by the facilities it afforded for transporting the property by the new route to its junction with the old road, within about one hundred miles of Lac Lapluie.

The coalition of 1807 terminated an extensive competition which had occasioned a heavy sacrifice of capital to the parties engaged in it. The contest however, had one good effect. It convinced the Merchants of Montreal, that no further attempt to interfere with the trade conducted by the North West Company was likely to prove successful; consequently all further competition from that quarter ceased. But the North West Company was not fated to remain in quietness: opposition, and that of a very formidable and ruinous description, presented itself fom another quarter.

The Hudson's Bay Company had, under a new system, upon which they seemed to have acted from 1812, changed all their former economical plans of trade, and introduced a system of extravagance and waste into the Interior Country, unparalleled in any former competition for the Fur Trade. The North West Company, in order to keep their ground, were compelled to be equally lavish of their means, and the contest seemed to be for some time which party could squander the most. Idleness and disorganization among the servants of each party were the inevitable consequences; and the Indians neglecting the hunt, diminished the usual returns more than one half.

To put an end to their disorders, the two Companies, after a long negotiation, joined stock in 1821, on a basis of equality as to interest; in consideration of the benefits desirable from a trade carried on under the original charter, now confirmed by act of Parliament and Royal grant, the North West Company gave up its name, the whole trade to be conducted in the name of the Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay.

Thus, the remaining Fur Trade of Canada, the ancient staple of the Colony, has been made to take a new direction. The change will be a matter of regret to many descriptions of people; to some, who derive their chief means of subsistence from it here; to others, who may think the loss of an active circulation of seventy or eighty thousand pounds a consideration of some moment. On the other hand, the loss of this trade cannot but be satisfactory to those—and such there are—who have always considered it the bane of the agricultural prosperity of the Province, and who, on more than one occasion, have attempted to make it a subject of legislative inquiry.

MAN,

ADRESSED TO LORD BYRON

Translated from the French of Monsieur Lamartine.

Thou,—whom the world cannot yet comprehend,
Mysterious mortal—angel—sprite—or fiend,
Whate'er thou art, Byron, or right, or wrong,
I love thy wild ton'd harmony of song,
As when the thunder and the wind conform,
And the loud torrent mingles with the storm.—
Night's thy abode—Horror is thy domain;
The eagle, lord of deserts, shuns the plain
And seeks like thee, but the high pointed rock,
By winter blasted and the thunder shock,
Or shores, where shipwreck hath its relics strewed
Or fields, by carnage blackened and imbued,
And whilst the bird, which sings, the plaintive hours,
By the pure water weaves its nest, 'midst flowers,
He, upon Athos looking o'er the abyss,
Where his wings poise upon its precipice,
There—there alone, surrounded by the slain,
Where rocks are dripping with th' ensanguin'd rain
Revels,—delighting in his victims cry,—
Cradled by tempests,—slumbers in his joy.—
Oh Byron, like, this tyrant of the air
Thy sweetest tones are accents of despair;—
Evil's thy aim,—thy victim too, is, man,
Thine eye, th' abyss,—like Satan's, dares to scan,
And rushing far from Heav'n and light,—thy soul
Hath bade, farewell, to Hope's eternal Goal,—
And groveling now like him, where darkness reigns
Thy master—genius shines in funeral strains,
He leads triumphant, whilst thy lips proclaim
The hymn of glory to his praise, and name,

But wherefore wrestle against life's estate?
What can bewilder'd reason do 'gainst fate?
Like to the eye it has a bound confin'd,
Nor carry farther, neither sight nor mind;
Beyond, that is incomprehension's space,
Heaven, in this circle here, hath mark'd the place.
But how? for why? who knows? God's mighty hands
Let fall the world, and mortals—a son lands
His power, the dust hath scatter'd, and hath spread,
Or thro' the skies, both light and darkness shed,
He knows, let that suffice, the world's his own;
And ours the blessings of to-day, alone!
To be but mortal and aspire's our crime,—
Be humble, and obey, our law sublime;—
Byron, the word is harsh;—I doubted long,
But why recede where Truth appears so strong?
To be God's work's thy title at his shrine,—
To feel, and to adore, thy rule divine;—
Weak atom, at th' Omnipotence benign,—
Whose free given will should cling to its design,—
Conceiv'd in its infinity of mind
To glorify, thro' all thy life combined,
This, is thy law.—Oh, rather than forsake
Bow,—bow the yoke more low, which thou wouldst br
From whence, audacious thought had rise,—descend
The good,—the great o'er all, proportionate blend,—
It cost as much to him, who light unfurl'd
To frame an insect, as to make a world.—

But wilt thou say, Justice 'gainst this revolts,
And to the eye, but shews capricious faults?—
A snare where reason stumbles at each spot?
Believe it, Byron, and yet judge it not;—
Like thee, my reason is in darkness hurl'd,
'Tis not for me, to demonstrate the world.
Let Him, who made the universe,—explain,—
The more I tread the abyss,—the more—'tis vain,—
For here, one sorrow links, on sorrows chain
The day succeeds to day, and pain to pain;—
Finite in nature,—infinite in thought,—
Man is a fallen God from heaven,—who brought,
Some faint idea, of what he was taught,—
Albeit, of former glory dispossess'd,—
Or of lost lot.—by memory distress'd,—
Or what his aspirations most intense
Foreboders, of future greatness to the sense,—
Lost, or imperfect,—Man's the mystery great
With mind imprison'd to this earths estate;—
A slave—yet calling liberty to arms,—
And tho' unhappy, grasping pleasures charms
His eyes would strive to pierce the world.—they fail,—
He would love ever,—what he loves is frail,—
And like that mortal,—exil'd Eden's bowers
Whom God had banish'd from that land of flowers,
With lingering looks,—surveys the fatal bound,
And at its doors, sits weeping on the ground,
He hears afar within the blessed grove
The sighs harmonious of eternal love,
The tones of happiness,—the heavenly lays
Of Angels, in God's presence, singing praise,
And in his anguish,—darting from the spot
His eye, beams horror, o'er his hapless lot.—
Ah, woe to him,—who exil'd in this life, [rife,—
Heard sounds,—which own'd a world with pleasure
Ideal nectar, clinging to the taste,
Nature repining at the real, displaced,—
Her dreams, on what is possible, are cast.
The real is small,—the possible is vast,
The soul with its desires,—thus builds a bower
Where it exhausts both love's and wisdom's power,
Where in th' expanse of beauty and of light,
Man, ever restless,—restless still, takes flight,—
And with his dreams, enraptures so, the brain
That waking he scarce knows himself again.

Such was thy lot, alas,—and such, my soul,
Like thee my lips have quaff'd the poison'd bowl,—
My eyes, then open'd without sight,—like thine,—
In vain, I scanned the universe divine,—
I ask'd all nature whence its cause could spring,
I ask'd its end, of every living thing,—
In endless depths, my glances I let fall,
And from the sun, to atoms, questioned all,
Div'd in the future,—clim'd back through each age,
And travers'd seas, to listen to the sage;—
But to the proud, this world's th' unopened book;
And now, inanimation's world,—I took,—
Nestling my soul, on nature's lovely breast,—
To find a sense, there silently express'd;—
Studying the laws how heavenly bodies roll,—
Thro' the bright deserts, Newton led my soul,—

O'er fallen empires,—mus'd upon their doom,
Descended in the sepulchres of Rome,
Started from cold repose some holy shade,
And in my hands a hero's ashes weigh'd,—
To redemand of their vain dust, the wreath
Of Immortality,—man's hope in death;—
What do I say?—around the dying's bed,—
O'er his last glance, my searching looks were spread;
On summits high with cloud-capt darken'd form,—
On waves, deep furrowed with eternal storms,
I call'd, I brav'd, the elements at arms
Like to the sybil in her wild alarms;—
I thought that nature, in such awful shape,
Might let some warning oracle escape,
And lov'd to plunge where horror rear'd its form,
But vainly still,—in calmness, or in storm,
Seeking an awful secret,—to no end,—
I saw God ever, nor could comprehend,—
I saw, both good, and evil, without zest
Or vain, escape by hazard from his breast.—
Evil I saw,—where goodness might have beam'd
And all, misunderstanding,—all blasphem'd,—
Whilst my voice, lost in yon vast azure sky,
Could not exasperate Fate, to bid me, die,—

But one day, plung'd in sorrow's deepest throes
And importuning, wearying Heaven with woes,—
A light from high, descended in my breast,
And what my heart denied long, it caress'd,—
And yielding calmly to what, did inspire.—
The hym of reason,—thus came from my lyre.—

" Glory to thee,—thro' everlasting time,—
" Reason eternal,—heavenly will sublime,—
" Thou,—whose great presence vast creation, owns,
" Thou,—whose existence, morning's light enthrones.
" Thy breath,—Creator, mercifully glows,—
" He who was not, before thee,—humbly bows,—
" Reknows thy voice ere to himself is known
" And to creation's doors hath quickly flown,—
" The being,—here,—salutes thee, at his birth,
" I'm here,—but what?—a reasoning grain of earth;
" Who,—between us, can measure the extreme?—
" I, who respire in thee, life's short-liv'd dream,
" Without my knowledge, at thy long-form'd will
" What dost thou owe me,—Lord,—an unborn still?
" Nothing before, or after;—glorious cause;
" That owes self all—that all things from self draws,
" Enjoy the work, great Maker, of thy hands,
" My life is to accomplish thy commands,—
" Dispose,—desire,—an act;—thro' time,—thro' space,
" To glorify thee,—mark my days,—and place,—
" My being, without plaint, or word,—will bide
" Of its own will, in silence by thy side,—
" As yon gold orbs, thro' those vast fields above,
" Following thy shade, which guides them there, thro'
" Drown'd in lights labyrinth, or lost in nights
" I go, like them, wher'er thy hand invites,—
" Albeit,—form'd by thee to light the world
" The rays reflecting in which I'm impearl'd,
" Surrounded there by satellites,—I dart
" And thro' the heavens, my power at once impart:

" Albeit, banish'd far,—far from thy doors;
" Thou mak'st me, unknown mortal,—on the shores
" Of nothingness, an atom 'mongst mankind,
" Or grain of dust, tost by each passing wind;
" Since 'tis thy work,—then glorious in my lot
" My soul shall render homage in each spot,
" With equal love accomplishing thy will
" To end eternal, glorify thee, still,—

" Neither so high, nor low,—weak child of clay
" My fate is doubt's, and end is mystery's way.
" Lord I resemble night's illumin'd spheres
" Which thro' yon paths unknown, where thy hand steers,
" Reflects on one side Heaven's eternal light
" And on the other, the dark shades of night,—
" Man, is the fix'd point, where the two extremes
" By power omniscient reunite their schemes,
" Form'd otherwise—perhaps, with less woe fraught
" I might have been.....but am, that which I ought;
" Adorning the great power, tho' far from sight
" Glory to thee who made,—"whatever is, is right."—

" And yet borne down beneath Fate's chain,—a slave
" From my birth, sorrow drags me to the grave,
" I walk in darkness, in this path below,
" Uncertain whence I came, or where I go,—
" And my past youth, but sad remembrance brings
" As the pure water troubled where it springs,
" Glory to thee,—Grief woo'd me at my birth,
" And as thy sport, thy right here claims, my earth,
" In tears, my mouth hath eaten misery's bread
" And o'er me, thou, thy angry waters shed,
" I sang thy glory,—thou did'st not reply,
" On earth I cast my tear-bewilder'd eye,
" I gaz'd on heaven to seek thy judgment sent
" It came, oh Lord, and for my punishment,
" Glory to thee,—even innocence is crime
" Within thy sight;—I had one friend,—and time
" Its thread around our days so did entwine,
" His life became my life, and his soul mine
" But as the fruit, still green, from its stem, torn
" My heart hath seen him, thus untimely born
" And Fate to strike me, with a ruder blow
" Beheld him, day by day, expiring slow,
" And as I read my lot, in his last breath
" I saw, close struggling there, both life and death,
" I saw, too in his looks, life's torch, which shone,
" But 'neath Fate's hand, almost extinguished grown,
" Once more rekindle at love's stirring power,
" And said each day,—oh, sun,—still one more hour,
" (Like to the guilty, plunged where darkness dwells.
" And living,—borne to solitary cells,—
" Near to the lamp's last glimmer,—drawing nigher
" Leans o'er the flame,—and sees its light expire;)
" The fleeting soul still wishing to retain
" In his last glance,—I sought it,—but in vain;
" That sigh, oh God,—was in thy bosom shed,
" My hopes, alas, from this world with him, fled;
" Pardon one impious word, my feelings sent,—
" I dar'd,—but glorious maker,—I repent;—
" Who made the waters run,—the wind to blow,—
" The stars to burn,—and man, to suffer woe.—

" How well my soul accomplishes its end,—
" Nature obeys,—nor yet can comprehend ;—
" Discovering thee in Fate's necessities
" My own self will, with love, I sacrifice
" Thus, with intelligence my soul obeys,
" Whilst my obedience does my pleasure raise ;
" To keep at all times, and in each abode,—
" The laws of nature, and the rules of God,—
" Adoring in my lot, thy mighty skill
" And in my sufferings, loving e'en, thy will,
" Glory to thee,—strike, and annihilate
" Still, but thy glory, shall my soul create !—

Thus to thy vault celestial, my voice rose,
I glorified,—and Heaven did all dispose,—
But hush, my lyre ;—and thou, before whose hands,
The throbbing heart of sensitiveness stands,
Byron,—come thou, and sing harmonious lays,—
'Twas to speak truths, that Heav'n did Genius raise,
Oh minstrel of the shades,—implore the skies,
Ev'n Heaven might envy Hell, thy melodies,—
Within thy muse,—perchance, some lambent ray
Descending in thy soul, may light its way,
Perchance, thy heart, by sacred transports mov'd
May of itself,—be, by itself reprov'd,—
Whilst heav'nly light piercing thy soul profound
The rays, which light thee, thou wilt scatter round.—

Oh, if thy lyre, once soften'd by thy tears
Beneath thy touch, thy hymn of sorrow hears,—
Or from th' eternal depths of darken'd things,
Like angel, fallen, thou stretch'st forth, thy wings,
And towards day, aspiringly would'st soar
To sit amidst the sacred choirs, once more :—
Never, the echo from the vaults of heav'n,—
Never, those golden harps, the Godhead given,
Never, the seraphim's melodious cries
Of tones divinest, had entranc'd the skies.—
Courage, fall'n offspring of a race divine
Of noblest birth,—thy features are the shrine,—
For man,—in seeing thee, must recognize
A ray eclips'd from the resplendent skies,—
Lord, of immortal strains,—thyself reknow,—
Leave doubt and impiousness to those below,
Disdain the incense foul from such a spot,—
Glory can never be, where virtue's not ;—
Come, and thy rank of noblest stamp reclaim,
Amidst the purer sons of light and fame,—
Whom,—in a chosen breath,—God, form'd above,
And made to sing,—believe in him, and love.

HISTORY OF SARAH TH———.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

For the Canadian Review.

It was now above five years since I had finished my travels and after perusing my studies for a long time in the different parts of Europe, in great Cities, at Courts, and in those situations of life which are most envied, from all these researches, I was persuaded that none of those countries, nor even my own, were the retreats of happiness and reason. The family from which I was descended wanted to obtrude a marriage upon me. My father flattered himself that he could find me a wife who might obliterate in my mind the image of a relation whom I had loved at an early period, and whom a premature death had ravished from my fondness ; and during that interval, he wished to divert my attention, by employing it in superintending that estate of which I was to become proprietor at the time of my marriage. He sent me to the north of Scotland, where he possessed an estate in the neighbourhood of A———. I began my journey about the end of the Spring, and in the most beautiful season of the year. The sun was almost set, when I found myself at the distance of eight miles from F——, which was the name of that estate. I knew that the mansion was a bad building, and as indifferently finished ; so that there I could not hope for the most agreeable accommodation, either with respect to lodging or entertainment. My strength was exhausted with hunger, and my frame fatigued with travelling. I determined to pass the night at a farm, which, by its situation, and by a certain air of rural conveniency, neatness and plenty, had attracted my attention. This farm was placed on the declivity of a hill, which protected it from the west wind, that blows with so much violence in that country. It was a hundred yards distant from a small river, which runs through a beautiful vale. Meadows, cultivated with art, orchards full of apple-trees for cyder, and fields covered with such herbs as are used for domestic purposes, surrounded the house. At a little distance from this rural abode was a small wood of beech; horses, sheep, and cattle fed upon the eminence and in the valley ; four little children, of the most pleasing forms, amused themselves in an area replenished with all kinds of poultry. At the gate of this area, I saw a woman, whose age might be from twenty five to thirty. Her hair was fair, her complexion fresh and blooming, though a little sun-burnt. She had large black eyes, and a bosom white as snow, which she displayed entire to the sight as she suckled an infant of five or six months old. It appeared to me that the features of this enchanting rural beauty were not unknown. I asked her to whom this farm belonged, and whether my people and I could pass the night there. I assured her, that our entertainers should be amply rewarded. She answered me, that the farm was possessed by her husband, and that they received no money for hospitalities from any person ; but that they gave the best reception in their power to strangers of all ranks. She therefore, immediately invited me to alight, and conducted me, without ceremony, to the room which she intended for me. This apartment was very agreeable ; its furniture was neat and

simple. From the window, the prospect was extended along the vale, and for a considerable way, traced the mazes of the river.—*Sarah Philips*, for such was the name of my charming rural hostess, told me she was going to prepare supper for me; that, till it was ready, I might choose whether to repose myself in my chamber, or in the garden, on a bank of velvet turf beneath some trees, near a small fountain. The evening was delightful; the air had been sultry through the day; I chose to go into the garden. You are in the right, said my entertainer, and you will enjoy two of our most intense pleasures, the coolness of the evening breezes after the scorching heat of the day and profound repose after severe fatigue. If, however, you should incline to read till the time of supper, here are a few books. At these words she shewed me a closet, into which I entered. I was curious to see a farmer's library. I expected to find some old romances, and books of devotion. I immediately cast my eyes upon Tull's Husbandry, and almost every thing else which has been sensibly written on agriculture. There I was surprized to find the Memoires of the Academy of Rennes, an excellent book, but written in a language which could scarcely be expected to be understood by people in the sphere of whose hospitalities I partook. Presently, however, I was no longer in doubt that they understood French, when I saw upon a shelf the *Essays of Montaigne*, *the discourse on the Inequality of Ranks*, *and the Emilius* of the celebrated Rousseau. I saw likewise a French translation of *Prædium Rusticum*, a poem by the Jesuite Vanieres. What remained of the library was in our own language. Here were the characteristics of Shaftesbury, Hutchison's Moral Philosophy &c. How, said I, books of philosophers among Farmers! the noblest productions of French and English wisdom at a farm near F———. The authors must surely have been surprised to see their works there! What use can these people make of such Books! They certainly belong to some gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, charmed with this retreat, or rather with its landlady, comes here to pass the vernal season. I finished then the review of the library: I saw nothing else but some books on mechanism, and the practice of Physic; the Novels of Richardson, and the Idylia of Theocritus translated, the Eclognes and Georgics of Virgil; the Elegies of Tibullus, of Gesner, and of Haller. I saw none of the works of our native poets, but the Pastorals of Philips, the Delights of a Country Life by Cowley, some detached passages of Spencer, the story of Baucis and Philemon by Dryden, and Thomson's Poem on the Seasons. I took Haller's Poem on the Alps, and I was going to read it, reclining on the flowery turf. Scarce had I seated myself there, when I heard loud cries around the House. The children who had followed me into the garden, and contemplated me with much curiosity, ran to the door. I saw likewise the hostess running. They flew towards an empty carriage, which was entering into the Court. This waggon was conducted by the farmer who returned from A——, where he had gone to dispose of some grain. I easily knew the master of the house by the manner in which he was received. His wife embraced him with tenderness, he held at the same time by

the hand, two of his other children, who waited in eager expectation to be kissed in their turn. The farmer was a man of thirty, extremely genteel in his person. His face was beautiful enough to attract attention; and his look was at once majestic and agreeable. He thanked me for the preference which I had given to his house, as a lodging for that night. They afterwards left me; and I saw him enter into an apartment which looked into the garden, and of which the window was open. They then walked towards a cradle, where their fifth child was asleep. Both of them reclined over the cradle, and alternately looked upon the infant with cordial tenderness, then turned their eyes upon each other, whilst their hands were joined, and their countenances irradiated with smiles, expressive of unutterable fondness. I was transported with this moving spectacle of conjugal and paternal affection.

Supper being ready, we went to place ourselves at table. The superiors of the family asked my permission to admit their domestics, and even my own, to sit with us. I agreed. The table was served with propriety. It was replenished with puddings, vegetables, and a piece of roast beef. All the victuals had the neatest appearance in the world. The seats were convenient; but there was only one easy chair, destined for an old man whom they introduced to me. He was the farmer's father. He gave me a very civil reception; and we seated ourselves. I was opposite to my hostess. I remarked that she sent one of her maids, a young girl, to take a seat near a shepherd, who was likewise in the bloom of youth. I inquired whether these had been newly married. They are not as yet married, said she, but they entertain a reciprocal fondness. They have not seen each other through the whole day; and it will give them pleasure to be seated one by the other. I observed that she sent one of her servants a plate of victuals which he very much loved, and which had been prepared for him alone. She regaled those with cyder whose toils had been most severe: For every particular kind of meat which was served, she discovered some proper and rational motive. She told us why certain vegetables were not upon the table at that time; why others had been preferred; why she had seasoned them in a particular manner.

All these punctilios she had observed, to give her little entertainment all the charms of variety, and heighten the pleasure of the repast. This woman through her whole manner to me, appeared singular. The farmer shewed the same attention, and the same care, to render the meal as agreeable as possible. It was simple, it was excellent. The guests enjoyed it with the highest sensibility, whilst they used it with the most scrupulous moderation. In this house, all formal and unnecessary distinctions were neglected. The servants were familiar with their masters. They did not flatter them with appearances of respect which was not felt; but the strength of their attachment, the sincerity and warmth of their zeal, were conspicuous. When the importunities of hunger were repressed, they indulged in conversation. The former put questions to me concerning the prospect of the country through which I had passed. He

extolled those landscapes which were in the neighborhood of his farm and solicited me to stay with him the day following, that I might survey them. His wife and himself were engaged in entertaining me, without their being forgetful of their servants. Some of those were praised for their cheerfulness with which they exercised their labour, others were thanked for some extraordinary service which they had done. They talked to them concerning the severity of the weather; concerning the music of the groves, the beauty and fragrance of the flowers, the agreeable anticipation of a plentiful harvest, their softer passions, and the objects by which they were inspired. The servants conversed among themselves upon the delightful sensations, and every one seemed to feel them. But, above all, the old father engaged our observation. I never saw an old man more cheerful, nor more affable. This I told my hostess. Sir, replied she, it is only such old men as are neglected who became peevish, and capricious. Whenever they observe themselves to be thought of importance, they are gentle, and grateful for the deference with which they are treated. I observed, that they invited the good man to drink. This a little surprised me. Sir, said the mistress of the family to me, 'tis my opinion, through the whole course of life, we should endeavour to retard the approaches of age; but when it comes, our next care is to suspend or soften the sensations and presages of declining life. These returns surprised me. I did not doubt but that the library was for the use of my entertainers, and I spoke to them of books. Their answers were intelligent and spirited. I could not but expostulate with my own prejudices, when I observed the clearness, vivacity, and extent of their understandings, particularly that of Sarah. How, cried I, a young woman in the country! Oh! replied the old man, who began to kindle a little, you are not as yet acquainted with Sarah. The exquisite sensibility, the godlike disposition of her heart, are still unknown to you. Did you but comprehend the sacrifice which she has made to us! when I recollect these circumstances, I could almost kiss the ground impressed with her steps. Sarah appeared to me to be afraid of her father-in-law's vivacity; she was disconcerted; she blushed. Philips (for so was her husband called) immediately solicited the old man not to reveal a secret which he had promised to keep. I will not say a word, replied the good man, not a word. A girl so charming! who had a fortune so immense! such a treasure of knowledge! she, even she, will stoop to erect a fallen sheaf.—At present, when she often conducts a cart, does she then think with regret upon the times when she commanded a coach and a magnificent equipage?—Our hostess rose, caused the dishes to be removed, and fruits to be brought. They were strawberries highly flavoured, gooseberries, cherries, and excellent cream. In the mean while, some of the maids, who were young and neat, strewed flowers around the table, and garnished the dishes with the same.

This sight delighted the good old man; and whether it wholly engaged his attention, or whether he was afraid of disobliging his daughter-in-law, he suppressed the effusion of his heart in silence.

did not cause flowers to be brought with the first course, said Sarah to me, because when appetite is keen, the smell of victuals is very agreeable; but, when our inclination for eating becomes more languid, the sensation becomes proportionably less agreable; and it is then that we are pleased with the fragrance of flowers. I was charmed with Sarah's taste, and with her art of rendering sensations, agreeable in themselves, still more agreable by their variety and arrangement, and with the number of pleasures which she could find, without departing from the strict simplicity of nature.

Philips and Sarah appeared to me so tenderly interested one for the other, so fondly attentive, so sincerely happy, that I never had seen an union so delightful; because it rarely happens that souls are wedded by the same number and intimacy of relations which subsisted between *them*. They had the same degrees of sensibility, the same tasks, the same opinions. A little while after supper, my entertainers conducted me to my chamber. Philips made me observe the beauty of the night, the golden splendour of the trees, the profound silence of those moments when nature enjoys repose. Sarah did not fail to visit her children. Philips prescribed the servants their tasks, saw the horses properly served; and the happy couple retired to a neat and comfortable apartment. It was not without some difficulty that I could persuade myself to sleep; all that I had just seen appeared a pleasing dream, a dream which I could have wished continued through my whole life.

I waked early in the morning; but felt no strong temptation to depart. I was in rapture with my entertainers. Their dwelling, their manner of living, the agreement of the servants, the cheerfulness and serenity which reigns through the whole house, every thing enchanted my soul. If any one has a selfish heart, and a sound understanding, he finds himself so happy in the presence of virtue, when conscious of her own felicity, the view of those pleasures which she enjoys is so charming, that it is impossible to behold them without participation. I arose, however, but filled with regret at the thoughts of quitting a villa so delightful. As soon as I was dressed, I descended into the court, where I found Philips and Sarah. The sun was just arisen, and the sky still preserved a gentle tincture of that shining yellow which succeeds to the whiteness of its appearance in the early dawn, and is prior to that dark azure which it assumes through the day. The atmosphere was impregnated with perfumes from herbs and flowers; we were fanned with the freshness of the breeze which follows the rising sun; the country smiled, and animated nature resumed its activity. The flocks forsook their folds, the doves issued from the pigeon-cot, and the poultry were spread over the court; the servants prepared themselves for labour. I confess, that, for the first time in my life, I felt the pleasure of seeing day begin, and I am persuaded, that Philips and Sarah, notwithstanding the cares which then engrossed them, were by no means insensible to these pleasures.

I remarked, that, in the distribution of their tasks, they always shewed an inclination to place several labourers together, and even

desired the shepherds to conduct the flocks to particular places, contiguous to those where the other servants were at work. This attention appeared to me singular, I told Sarah my opinion ; and this was her answer : I have always been persuaded, that what renders rural toils so agreeable, is, that they are not solitary. Men easily soothe the fatigues of such tasks as are social ; the cheerfulness of individuals communicates itself to the whole. If one shepherd plays upon his pipe, another sings. Several labourers who conduct the plough in a neighbouring field, partakers of the same toil, render it a more tolerable one to the other—They talk to one another of their hopes ; they are more united by the sympathies which result from the equality of their station. Sure you must have observed these rural labours which are common to a considerable number of men assembled, as in mowing, hay-making, or reaping. It is in these scenes, that, notwithstanding the ardour of the sun,—the violence of thirst, the excess of sweat, and the severity of labour, you perceive the smile of pleasure in every countenance, and the impulse of joy in every voice. Your artificers in the City, perpetually confined to their shops or work-houses—and thus cut off from all social communication, almost continually pursue their tasks with reluctance and depression of heart. Sarah was silent : Philips resumed the conversation. I am likewise of opinion, sir, said he, that there are various pleasures which cannot be felt in their most intense degree, without being enjoyed by several at the same time. I have heard Sarah say, that in proportion as the theatres were filled with spectators, the emotions inspired by the spectacle were stronger, and more pleasing. This, replied Sarah, is true ; and this is the case with all the pleasures which we derive from admiration. Now, what is there that one can more intensely or frequently admire than the earth, these heavens, these rivers, these woods, these meadows, all the inimitable beauties and exhaustless riches which nature exhibits in the Country ? I believe interrupted Philips, that the blessings which nature bestows on all in common, are exactly the same which rise in value when enjoyed at the same time by a great number. We love to participate the pleasure of a fine day, of an agreeable prospect, of an odoriferous garden ; because these delights do not lose anything by communication. Yes, replied Sarah, and, if participation does not diminish, it is sure to augment, our pleasures. The poets have too highly exaggerated the enjoyments of solitude, whilst they describe the charms of rural life. Should we listen to them, we might imagine that these pleasures could neither be felt nor relished but in a situation remote from men ; but it was of such men as frequent the city that they meant to speak ; that is to say, of such men whose souls, enervated by debauch, frivolous by education, or engrossed by political cares and occupations, are insensible to the charms of nature. One certain evidence that the poets maintain the necessity of communicating pleasure to augment it, is their inclination to paint, in the liveliest colours, the beauties which they admire, and to transmit, even to the latest posterity, those pleasing impressions which they have received.

This conversation, which I enjoyed with such delight, was interrupted by the haymakers, now issuing in crowds from the house to pursue their business. They were attended with the eldest of Sarah's children, who carried his rake ; and never was a King more enamoured of his Sceptre than this child of his rural instrument. You see said the mother, those pleasures which we share from the beginning of our conscious utility, and the noviciate of agriculture. All that I behold, heavenly creature, replied I, and all that I hear, inspires me with the most sensible admiration and profound respect for your husband and for yourself. Your neighbourhood renders precious to to me a piece of ground upon which I formerly bestowed very little regard. I shall often revisit it, to enjoy your conversation, and to feast my soul with those views of real virtue and genuine pleasure which seem to have selected your house as their favourite asylum. How ardently should I wish to pass the rest of my life in pleasing intercourse with you and to merit the friendship of a couple who seemed formed to bless and to be blessed. Perhaps you, Sarah, might in progress of time, indulge me with further discoveries of your perfections. You might perhaps disclose to me that important secret which your father-in-law felt so much inclination to reveal. I saw, by the tender emotions of that venerable old man, and by the uncommon aspect which he wished to shew him, that, were I better acquainted with what you are, and with the circumstances which have placed you in your present situation, these would only furnish me with new reason for increasing and justifying the esteem I entertain for your person and character. I believe it, replied, Sarah ; the manner in which you judge of us, and of the way in which we live, persuades me that you are above many prejudices which would prevail among the great vulgar, and that by your great liberality of sentiment, you deserve my confidence. I thanked her, with so much emotion, that she was a little disconcerted : she turned towards her husband, and said to him, my dearest friend, I propose to amuse this gentleman with the history of the passion which we entertain one for the other. The husband tenderly embraced her, and departed from us, to follow the hay-makers. He earnestly desired Sarah to detain me till his return, and appeared to leave us with regret, though his absence was only to be of short duration. Sarah told me, that it was now necessary for her to bestow some attention upon her children and her domestic economy ; she begged me to wait for her in the garden, which I did for a considerable time. At last she came, seated herself with me upon the verdant turf and thus began her story.—I was born in the most southern part of England, of an opulent and illustrious family, which derived no less importance from its public utility, than from its titles. I shall suppress the names of my natal scene and of my ancestors. It is believed that I am dead ; nor am I sorry that people should be ignorant of my existence : This is necessary to render my life happy. At six years of age I lost my mother. My father who was passionately fond of letters and philosophy, and who idolized me, would not enter into a second marriage, but took upon himself the care of my Education. He found that I had natural ta-

lents, and was enamoured of study. He wished me to participate his knowledge, and seemed to be pleased with my progress. My father, one of the most enlightened persons of his age, was perhaps, both by nature and cultivation, equal to those philosophers whose characters have been most distinguished; such, at least, was the judgment that I formed of him, by comparing the instructions which he gave with those which I imbibed from books. His courage in action and in literary pursuits was invincible; nor could it ever be terrified by any consequences from the system which he had adopted, or from the course of action which he had chosen. From him I derived the same force of mind; nor has it been debilitated by the lessons which he gave me. His soul was equally sensible to the beauties of nature and art.—He had a vivacity of imagination, a dignity and tenderness of soul, which are seldom united; that philosophy which renders the mind vapid or frozen, was, therefore, by no means the object of his choice. He found it necessary to pursue a system more favourable to enthusiasm, and the pleasures of imagination. I had not yet arrived at my eighteenth year, when my father observed that I was adding new discoveries to the instructions which he had communicated. I likewise possessed the same taste for learning. He was amused with my conversation, and I became the chief source of his happiness. He was not hasty in forming any matrimonial plan for me; satisfied with my condition, I felt no temptation to change it.

Whilst Sarah spoke in this manner to me, I was strongly agitated. I thought I knew her, still however, I was in some uncertainty; and I waited with impatience till my doubts should be cleared. We passed continued she, a small portion of the winter in London. We arrived there, when a young Scotsman presented himself as a servant to my father. He had the most agreeable form. He had impressed in his countenance such indications of sensibility and honor, that it was difficult to behold him without being moved. The peasants as you know, are more intelligent in Scotland than in other parts of Europe; and this young man had received the best education which was given to people in that sphere in his country. He did not distinguish himself at first, from the other servants, but by an extreme attachment to his duty. We presently saw that he gained the love of all his companions, and that he inspired them with his own zeal for our interest. My father found himself better attended, and his people appeared more cheerful and happy. The scotsman had always some book in his hand in those moments of leisure which his duty allowed him. My father perceived that this young man had a good understanding; he wished to instruct him. My Lord Dorset, said he, took Mr. Prior from a tavern, and cultivated his genius in such a manner, that he became one of the best poets in England. I shall perhaps form this young man to be an enlightened member of society, and do honour to his nation. We set out for the country, whither the young man followed us. My father had frequent conversations with him. In one of these conversations he learned, that the desire of rendering his father easy and comfortable in his old age, by the little sums which he could earn as wages, had determined him to become a servant

A sentiment so virtuous moved my father to such a degree, that he could not mention it to me without tears. He immediately offered him a considerable sum, with a design that the young man should send it to his friends. But how great was my father's astonishment, when he refused the present which he intended to make him! Sir, said that young man to him, I owe the productions of my labour to my father, and the wages which I receive for it are sufficient for us both. If he were in absolute penury, I would accept your beneficence, but, as he only wants a little assistance, it is my duty and mine only, to afford it. The wages of my toil are his as much as mine, let him enjoy them; but neither he nor I can stoop to become abject dependants for bread. My father did not attempt to change this young man's manner of thinking; yet he no longer kept him in livery, but gave him the care of his library. He likewise appointed him to superintend, in some measure, his tenants. In these two offices, Phillips without descending from the dignity of his sentiments, could receive that increase of wages which my father intended to pay.

The library was the apartment which I most frequented, and there I had often occasion to see Phillips. I began to be sorry that I did not always find him there. He never saw me enter without feeling emotions, too strong to be concealed from me. From this my heart caught the tender infection; from this it entertained those sentiments which at present constitute its greatest felicity, and from which I derive all that renders life delightful or estimable. I had too much understanding not to perceive the consequences of my passion; but presently all the use which I made of my intellectual powers was rather to nourish than to extinguish my attachment. I respected, I venerated the opinions of men; but these opinions, said I, have not connected shame with internal prepossessions: let me, therefore, indulge my own. My father might, perhaps have been more severe; but it was my care to keep him ignorant of my passion; even from him by whom it was inspired I was industrious to conceal it; nor did he discover what he felt for me, but left me, from its involuntary expressions, to guess it by conjecture.

I had a soul conscious of its dignity, elevated, and sensible. These dispositions though unequal to the conflict, when engaged in opposition to a confirmed attachment, yet they cannot prevent its excursions, and resist its weaknesses. Philips, besides, was wholly resigned to his passion; but the excess of his tenderness more effectually secured his respect than the difference of our stations. I passed two happy years in the pleasure of indulging and inspiring a reciprocal passion, less mortified by my propensity for one of inferior rank, than exulting in the triumph of its moderation. I was happy; but I lost my father; and I knew not whether I should have been able to survive him, had it not been for those tender sentiments which console every misfortune, and with which my bosom was replete. Here Sarah melted into tears, and remained for some time silent. It is she, said I to myself, it is she! I can no longer doubt of her identity. I was dissolved to ineffable tenderness; I was ready to discover my-

self to Sarah; but I was restrained by the fear of lessening her confidence in me, and thus of losing a part of her history; when her tears ceased to flow, she thus resumed:—

I saw the regret of Phillips equal to my own; nor did he only feel the anguish of his own private affliction, but largely participated mine. His sympathetic eye was moistened when he saw me shed tears; I saw the most tender concern in his minutest actions. In the services which he rendered me, in his conversation, in his whole demeanour, even in his air, in the tone of his voice, I discovered the force of that passion which claimed equal returns from a grateful heart, without any appearances which might alarm my virtue, or violate the respect due to my rank. You will easily imagine that I made many reflections on the decorums which that rank exacted, upon the real duties which it implied, and upon the submission which one owes to the manners, laws, and customs of his country. My father's philosophy had emancipated my mind from prejudices; but that philosophy, sublime as his own heart, had not taught me to despise them. My conversations with Phillips often turned upon these subjects, important in themselves, and in which our present situation now so deeply interested us. Sometimes I insinuated doubts with respect to the justice of some of those tacit compacts which prevail in civil life; and, of consequence, with respect to the influence which they ought to have upon such minds as were informed and cultivated. Phillips then opposed me with energy, and produced a number of arguments, which I had difficulty in refuting. I could observe, that, when he had the advantage in these disputes, he was more dejected than ordinary. I was no stranger to the motives which induced him to embrace an opportunity by no means favourable to himself. I saw, that my dear Phillips, though wholly devoted to me, forgot himself, and had nothing in view but my particular advantage, happiness and honour; yet could he not without much pain, make a sacrifice which was to cost him so dearly. I was fond of speaking to Philips concerning his relations, their virtues, and what kind of happiness they enjoyed in their poverty. I put questions to him with respect to the place where they dwelt, their neighbourhood, and their employment. Philips appeared to me to regard the life of farmers, and the cares of agriculture, with cordial veneration and respect. Consider said he, what would be the internal condition of any state which, by its want of industry, or even by extrinsic commerce, felt itself insufficient for its own exigencies. Must it not be under a necessity of importing, from its neighbouring kingdom, even the essential necessaries and comforts of life? Must it not then be subjected to the interested views of its neighbours, to the caprice of elements, and to a thousand other contingencies, no less fatal in their nature, than difficult to be enumerated? But, supposing the state to be commercial, where can a more real and permanent source of inexhaustible wealth be found, than in the improvement of its soil, and in the culture of its native productions? These advantages do not derive their importance from taste, from fashion, or from other temporary and occasional circumstances, but are founded on the constant and uni-

versal demands of life. A state where agriculture is encouraged, is populous and hardy for war, secure and opulent in peace. Its manufacturers cheaply provided with the necessaries of life, can furnish its luxuries and elegances at a lower rate than other kingdoms; because the price of labour will, in most cases, bear a strict proportion to the rate of such commodities as are indispensibly necessary for the comfort and subsistence of society.

He always spoke to me of my family, and reiterated to me, how much regard and attachment that family to which I was dear, and which was so illustrious in England, deserved from me. It is true that I experienced from my relatives a procedure agreeable to the strictest humanity and honour, whilst it was expressive of the highest deference for my understanding. With respect to me, they had shortened the time during which, according to our laws, young ladies are supposed to continue in their minority, and incapable to dispose either of themselves or their fortunes. I found myself entirely mistress of my person and effects; my relations felt no uneasiness to leave me in full liberty, and with ample powers to direct my own conduct alone. My inclination for letters and philosophy was known; they found that I was intelligent in affairs, and imagined, that when in the country, I was wholly engrossed by the care of my effects and my studies. It was now near a year since my father's death; and I had not as yet departed from the scene where I was a melancholy witness of his fate. I have an uncle, a man of merit, distinguished in the house of commons for the force of his eloquence and the disinterestedness of his character. He sometimes came to see me; one day after having dined with me, he proposed a walk in the park; and then he put me in mind of the friendship which had always subsisted between himself and my father, and the real attachment which both had entertained for me. I have a son said he, who has distinguished himself in his studies; and for some years that he has been absent from England, all the letters which I receive from the countries where he has travelled, confirm the good opinion which I had of him. He is of your own age, and prepared to return home. It is my inclination to have him married. If he should prove agreeable to you, I will have the pleasure of seeing the fortune still continued in the family, and of loving you as my daughter, after having long loved you as the child of my brother. This proposal filled my heart with the most poignant bitterness: I blushed, turned pale, and answered my uncle with a frigidity which ought to have offended him. I told him I had no inclination for matrimony; that, till then, I had found sufficient resources for happiness in my taste for letters, and other occupations; that, if ever I joined with a husband, I could not resolve on such an union, without having previously formed a long and intimate acquaintance; and that my choice would be determined by personal congruities, rather than by connections of any other kind; but that, at no period of my life, would I forget what I owed to my family. My uncle asked my permission to introduce his son to me, whom I had never seen since he was just rising from an infant to a boy, whose form was then agreeable, by what they told

me, he was full of tenderness for me. I replied to this new overture in a mannner so cold, that my heart reproached me for it. A crowd of ideas presented themselves to my mind in rapid succession.

When my uncle departed, I plunged myself into the depth of an umbrageous wood, where I long walked in violent agitation, accelerating my steps as the tumult of my mind increased, and stopping from time to time in those moments when I found some difficulty in removing certain obstacles, or in answering certain objections. At last I fell, rather than seated myself upon a green turf, where I remained absorbed in the most profound revery ; there I saw Philips arrive, who had sought me for a long time ; on no former occasion had I felt so sensibly the pleasure of seeing him, and the absolute necessity of never parting with him. I communicated to him my uncle's design, and the sincere regret which I felt from the prospect of disobliging my family, in rejecting proposals which, without doubt, were unreasonable. I expatiated with too much feeling upon this regret. I shall all my life reproach myself for having excruciated the heart of Philips with a torment so cruel : I saw him grow pale ; a tremour seized his whole frame ; the motion of his eyes was wild ; it was inexpressible ; he could only utter a few broken words ; he could not pronounce a syllable without sensible difficulty. It is, cried he,—yes, it is inevitable—a man of youth and virtue—your relations—your rank—it cannot—alas ! it cannot be avoided. I saw the lustre of his eyes extinguished whilst he gazed upon me : He fell upon his knees, supporting himself with one hand. I was no longer mistress of myself ; I sprung to support my beloved Philips ; I pressed him in my arms, crying out, my dear husband ? To this tender exclamation, this energetic address, Philips answered nothing : He gently rose with his look fixed upon me ; his eyes were bathed in tears ; I sprinkled him with mine, continually repeating, my dear husband ! As soon as Philips found strength enough to speak, he endeavoured to oppose my resolution ; I stopped him and conjured him by all our reciprocal tenderness to hear me with tranquility : He seated himself near me, holding me by the hand. This moment which determined the happiness of my life, is still so present in my imagination, that I have not forgoten the minutest circumstance. This, then, was what I said to Philips : I know all you can urge ; I have anticipated your objections, and thus I answer them: It is not a blind passion that I entertain for you ; I know you well, and you are the person selected for me by nature and destiny.— These have placed the happiness of marriage in the suitableness of persons and characters one to another ; for these the folly of man has, by agreement, substituted suitableness of station. Both you and I know with what sincere respect a real sage will treat human conventions ; they maintain order in society. We must not debase the rank in which we are born by alliances which opinion condemns ; it is a crime punished with the contempt of men, and that contempt, even though unjust, I cannot support.

Must we then subject the laws of nature to social compact ; This may sometimes be necessary ; but our circumstances demand not

such a sacrifice ; let us at once obey the impulse of our hearts, and shew a proper degree of respect for salutary prejudices. My relations have left me possessed of an estate yielding £2,100 per ann : besides £3,150 in ready money. It is this last sum which, of all my fortune, I wish to reserve, that I may live with you and your relations. Here Phillips endeavored to interrupt me. He proposed that we should not marry. I stopped him, and said to him, we shall at once violate the laws of nature, and the claims of society, which demanded from us proper returns for our existence ; and why should we not marry to preserve my fortune ; it does not make me rich in my present situation ; I shall, however, be opulent in your station with the sum which I bring you. Had I married my cousin, we should have been in that rank of gentry which holds a mediocrity ; by the change now proposed, we shall become wealthy farmers. I shall immediately make my will, and transfer my whole fortune to my cousin ; I will then set out for London, diffuse the report of my death, and we will repair to Scotland, where it is probable that our marriage may obtain the sanction of your father's consent.

Philips threw himself at my feet, conjured me to act with deliberation, to explore my own heart, to resolve the change of life which I had proposed and all its consequences, and to tremble, lest I should afterwards regret the sacrifice which I had made. No, replied I, every thing has been maturely weighed. And what have I to regret? What pleasure can I derive from my wealth, which nature can neither relish nor enjoy, but in rendering your condition more easy? The view of a smiling and fertile landscape is more pleasing to the sight than a wall covered with pictures ; the diamonds which at present sparkle on my head are less ornamental than flowers ; I shall be as conveniently and decently dressed in linen or cotton as in silk ; I shall part with my coach, but my limbs will acquire new vigour by exercise. We shall possess, my Philips, every comfort or necessary which nature demands, and nothing superfluous to amuse idleness or gratify luxury. With respect to my connections and acquaintances, can I regret my absence from them, when I become the daughter of your father, and the mother of your children?— Philips loved me too tenderly ; he esteemed me too much ; he was too just to himself to be longer afraid lest I should be unhappy in the new situation into which I was determined to enter. I will not attempt to describe his joy, his gratitude, or my own happiness, when our union was determined. Never did any one form a contract with greater joy, than I felt in writing my will ; never did any one acquire, all of a sudden, with so much pleasure, a great fortune, as I felt in resigning mine. After having settled my affairs, we departed from London. There I caused the report of my death to be spread ; and I rendered it probable by management and address, of which it is unnecessary to fatigue you with a detail. We arrived at length in Scotland. It is seven years since, for the first time, I entered into this dear farm ; and since for the first time, I embraced that excellent old man whom you behold seated on that stone, basking in the morning ray, and regaling his age with the

fragrance of the spring. You see your daughter, said I to him; she enters into your house to render your old age happy; to devote her whole life to the pleasure and satisfaction of your son.—My heart which is so tenderly interested for you, will always suggest such a course of action as must be agreeable to both. You, my husband, you will instruct me in the details of economy. I flatter myself that I shall discharge those duties with vigilance, and that those who may depend upon me, and those upon whom I have the pleasure of depending, will be equally satisfied with my behaviour. The old man was in a transport of joy: The serene satisfaction which he feels has no doubt protracted his days. He has acquired, as his own property, that farm, in which he was formerly no more than a tenant; the measures of our procedure as a family, were conducted; and, since that time, when I have assumed the name and station of the man whom I love, not an hour has passed in which I have not felicitated myself in my destiny; we are, at present, happy, and have reason to flatter ourselves that we shall continue so as long as nature will permit. Philips and I make no other use of our acquaintance with my father's philosophy, and of our taste for letters, than as they heighten and confirm our felicity. We are attentive in exploring all the pleasures with which our situation indulges us, and we learn to relish them. One of the most common sources from whence vexation and bitterness flows through human life, is, that men pursue pleasures which are by no means suitable to them, nor intended for them; and that they are incapable of reconciling their principles, their tasks, their occupations, with their system and character.

This is an error into which we have not fallen. We will not lose our time in vain researches, in useless desires, nor forget the enjoyment of present in the pursuit of absent good. What is it that renders Philips and myself happy? the approbation of our conscience, the enjoyment of our love, and the benificence of nature. We have fixed principles, beyond which we cannot be drawn either by irregular passions, or tempting circumstances, and which we continue to strengthen and improve by philosophy. We only imbibe the wisdom of such philosophers as maintain the reality of virtue, and render our souls enamoured of her; nay, even though they should be deceived, our hearts are grateful to them for assisting us to entertain a delusion which elevates and purifies our minds. We wish to think well of men, that we may have the pleasure of loving them. We cultivate esteem for our species, that we may have one additional motive to render ourselves estimable. We do not embrace a philosophy which debases our nature, and extinguishes the enthusiasm of virtue and humanity in the heart. We wish likewise to serve, in all their vigour, and in all their charms, the sentiments of love and friendship. It is not to be doubted, that, into these sentiments, when carried to excess, a small degree of deception must enter. There are illusions, in the course of time, which cease to exist; but it is not these which we wish to preserve; we know how to substitute others in their places. Philips and I do not imagine one

another perfect; but the tendency of our souls, the end of our efforts, is to become so. We have already made some advances in virtue and goodness, and we still hope to accelerate our progress; and whilst we enjoy the degrees that we have already attained, we likewise enjoy the hopes of nobler acquisitions, to which we aspire; the present satisfies, the future transports us. This design of improving in perfection by each other's aid, whilst it endears our connection, renders us necessary one to the other. By dignifying our sentiments, it renders them more delightful when perceived, and more worthy to be cultivated: It adds even to the personal respect which we pay ourselves. It preserves the affection of our hearrs in full energy, and animates the delightful enthusiasm of love. It is to cherish in our bosoms an unextinguishable fondness for virtue, and to teach us how it may be properly exerted, that we frequently read the romances of Richardson. How often have we performed good actions by impulses and ideas derived from that benevolent author, and which perhaps we should not have done without the light and information he dispenses! We are also very fond of reading the poets; but we prefer those who describe the scenes in which we are conversant, and paint, in all her beauty, that nature of which we are enamoured. The perusal of rural poetry is peculiarly delightful to those who have the objects of its description within their view. Poetry animates every thing that it describes, The enthusiasm of the poet always, in some measure, inflames and stimulates that of the spectator; it even preserves those propensities in life and motion by habit. Poetry inspires us with love and respect for agriculture, which is equally venerable for its antiquity and utility, for the employments which we pursue, and the scenes which we inhabit. We sometimes say one to another, Homer and Virgil would have been happy here; Tibulus might here indulge his passion for Delia; he would sing her praise; nor would these brechen shades, nor this beautiful vale, be suppressed in his song. It was in the Country that Haller and Gesner composed their delightful poems; and what state of life have these great men preferred ours? what manners have they preferred to those which are exhibited in the country? The poets preserve in our minds those agreeable sensations which we originally imbibe from nature; they even teach us to enjoy a great number of those sensations which might have made bnt feeble impressions on our organs, and escaped the notice of imagination itself. All those men who have spoken or written with warmth and elevation of thought, and whose works are replete with sentiment and imagery, induce the soul to be enamoured of herself, and all around her, till the perception of existence and delight become the same; in a word, we have regulated our plan of happiness by reason, and, of consequence, we deduce it from the most simple, real, and permanent sources. We have made it our whole study to cultivate in our breasts those sentiments which humanize, imbellish, and dignifiy our nature, and to enjoy them in the same manner as other agreeable sensations. This appears to us the best use we can make of the best philosophy. In these times, it has degenerated into false subtleties;

it has often disgraced that nature which it ought to have adorned and consoled; it has been more occupied in degrading than in conducting the human being; it ought rather to have shewn us what advantages or enjoyments are attainable and accomodated to every state of life, and what are the peculiar duties of every rank. This was the plan of my father, and he would have expected it, if he had survived. He likewise thought that men had been taught to be too negligent of their external senses, and to dispise such pleasures as may approach the soul through those avenues, though simple in their enjoyment, easy in their acquisition, accessible almost in every moment of our existence. We conduct ourselves according to the lessons of my father, and we bring up our children upon the same principles; in the mean time, they enjoy all that gayety and cheerfulness which is natural to childhood, and we make their happiness our own, by delighting in the view of their enjoyments. Several times I had wished to interrupt Sarah, and discover myself: but she spoke with so much rapidity, that not an instant was left me to address her. As soon as she had finished her narrative, I threw myself at her feet: O Sarah Th——! The moment I pronounced her name, she rose with precipitation, and exclaimed I am undone. No, said I, you are not undone. You see before your eyes that relation who has loved you from his infancy, and who, with tears of bitter anguish, has deplored your supposed fate. Blush no more in declaring your passions for a man of virtue, You have left me your fortune; but with all my soul, I am ready to restore it: Receive it I entreat you; but whatever course you take, depend upon inviolable secrecy. I had much difficulty in calming the perturbations which Sarah felt upon this discovery; she highly disapproved her own conduct for having indulged any man with her confidence without necessity. In refusing my overture to restore her wealth, she was inflexible; and Philips, who entered a moment after I had made myself known, agreed with her. Cast your eyes, said he to me, upon our farm, survey it with attention, and you will find it abundantly productive of every thing necessary or comfortable to life: Visit our gardens, our fields, our meadom, our flocks, and pronounce, if you think any thing can be wanting to us. Examine our furniture. is it not neat and convenient? does not our table appear to be wholesome and plentiful? Were we richer than we are at present, we should no longer perform, with equal concern the same rural tasks which we now execute with ardour; our inclination for labour would stimulate us with less force; a fastidious and disagreeable langour would then usurp those moments which are now delightfully occupied in rural toils; without their weariness which enhances the pleasure of repose, without that feeling of expediency or necessity which render duty the object of inclination, without these causes of exertion by which we are at present actuated, perpetually engaged in amusement, we should presently be disgusted with those very recreations which can only be agreeable as the alternatives of serious business. Could we live without the production of our harvests and our flocks, how insipid would the prospect of plentiful crops and fine wool appear to us? These pleasing hopes,

these sweet anticipations would no longer warm our souls; our fields almost useless, or at least useful in producing superfluities alone, would be less precious in our eyes; we should survey the Country with indifference; and, who knows but every other enthusiasm might be extinguished with that which nature inspires! Should our souls lose in any degre their activity, which is the inevitable result of a life spent in indolence, perhaps the tenderness which we feel for each other might be debilitated. All our present feelings are only various modifications or improvements of happiness; they are suited to our station, they are connected with another, our felicity depends upon a system whose parts naturally cohere, and in which nothing can be changed without destroying the whole.

I made new attempts to induce them to resume their property, but with the same success as before; nor could I obtain from my disinterested relations the pleasure of restoring them those advantages which they had resigned to me; but I obtained from them a concession dearer to my soul than all that fortune can bestow; it was their esteem, their tenderness, their intercourse, and their invitation to pass every year a few days in their delightful retreat.

Whilst we were engaged in this conversation, which was warm and interesting, the father of Philips, though at some distance, observed us uncommonly engaged. He made a signal to Sarah, that he might learn from her, whether his approach would be seasonable. She made him such returns as were natural to her benignity, and he advanced. How is this, cried he? I have for some time observed all of you warmly engaged and variously agitated. Sarah then informed him, that she had discovered herself to me, and that I was the relation whose alliance had been proposed by her uncle, and which was the cause of the tender expostulation between her and Philips, that preceded their marriage. Since then replied the old man, discoveries are in fashion, allow me to have some share in them. I may perhaps communicate something which will be equally, though not disagreeably surprising to all the company. Learn then that, in the person of Farmer Philips, you behold Sir David Sil——, the representative of a family distinguished by its descent, and by its misfortunes. My ancestors were inviolably attached to the house of Stuart, they pursued its destiny, and were involved in its ruin. I was the person on whom that calamity fell, with all its weight. Divested of my title and estate, attainted for high treason, I fled the Country. I had powerful recommendations to foreign Courts; but their entertainment was cold and formal. A Knight of Scotland had a soul too sublime to brook such abject dependence. I returned to my native land in the disguise of a labourer, nor was I unknown to the tenants on my estate, and the people in the neighbourhood. But, so dear had my family been to all the circumjacent Country, that no reward could induce the meanest peasant, or even the poorest beggar, to betray me. For a considerable succession of years the leases of my tenants had not been raised; and they still retained their farms from the new Government on much the same conditions as they had held them from me. Whether this advantage accrued to

them from the influence of neighbouring Gentlemen with the factors, or from ministerial inattention, I cannot at present determine; but their circumstances were so easy, that by contributions from themselves, their connexions, and their neighbours, they offered to collect an annuity which might still maintain me in the rank of an idle gentleman. This favour, however, I obstinately refused. But the same advantageous prepossessions assisted me in obtaining credit for a small farm, with a stock proportioned to its extent, suitable to my quality. In the mean time my son, who, though formed upon principles of humanity and honour, was entirely unacquainted with his origin, went into England, and entered into the service of this lady's father. From thence he annually transmitted to me as much of his wages as he could possibly spare. By these assistances, I was gradually enabled to enlarge the extent of my tenement, and increase the value of my flock. In this situation, Sarah found me, and from her we derive all the external advantages, and all the domestic blessings which at present we possess.

During this relation every one in the happy society seemed to feel all the functions of life suspended. We were scarcely able to breathe, but remained like so many statues in fixed astonishment. I offer'd to exert my whole interest, and that of my friends, for restoring the old gentleman to his former situation, that he might resume his name and honours. No, replied he, Farmer Philips would not alter his present condition for the most brilliant crown, or extensive dominion beneath the canopy of heaven. Here I enjoy all the happiness of which my being is susceptible. In any other sphere, I have every thing to lose, and not any thing to gain.

I departed not without shedding tears for this family, so wise, so amiable, so happy.

I left them with full conviction, that wisdom and felicity may be found amongst men. May this conviction stimulate and enlighten my progress in the attainment of both! Whatever be the event of this, the habitation which I possess in the neighbourhood of my relations is become dear to me. I flatter myself that my returns thither shall be frequent; perhaps I may one day return, never to leave it. I am now engaged in the task of rebuilding it. The fortune which descended to me from Sarah shall never be dissipated by me; I will divide its rents among the poorest of our relations, and the Capital, with all the improvement which it can receive from my industry, shall return to the children of Philips and Sarah.

ODE TO SPAIN.

Oh, Land of Hesperia, who burst
  The chain of Oppression of yore,
When Liberty gloriously nurs'd,
  Drove the infidel Moor from thy shore;
When noble Pelagio, awoke
  All hearts to the glowing appeal,
And the sun of thy Valour resplendently broke
  On the plains of thy native Castille.
Oh, where is the fire of thy ancestor fled?
Is thy offspring less brave, or thy Liberty dead?

Let Fancy enrapture with dreams,
  Let Honour inspire thee anew,
Like the flow of thy own brilliant streams,
  Clear, bright, swift and strong to the view,
The Genius of Freedom displays
  A chaplet of Fame for thy brow,
Shall the clime of Pizarro ingloriously raze
  Her altars of Liberty now?
And the blood which has flowed, and the deeds it can claim
Of Glory be tarnished with weakness and shame.

Arise—let the glow of thy sires
  A light of its splendour impart,
'Ere the call to thy Valour expires,
  And powerful appeal to thy heart;
Tho' Tyranny still should oppress,
  And Fate throw a shade o'er thy name,
The Valour that strove to redeem its distress
  Has a claim to the tributes of fame,
But the hand that could crouch amidst Freedom's appeal
Deserves all the woes of the dungeon, and steel.

Remember thy trials of yore
  Reflect on thy pages, enshrin'd
With deeds which have hallow'd thy shore
  On the memory bright of mankind,
Rekindle the pride which of late
  Receiv'd all the praises of earth,
When the despot of Gaul strove to sully thy state
  With the seal of Oppression and dearth,
And the sons of Castille proved their spirit so brave,
That their fortunes were sworn to their freedom or grave.

Shall they, who the eagle have foil'd
  When borne on the same hurried blast,
At length by the raven despoil'd,
  Be food for its glutton repast?
Oh, sooner than fetters should gall
  The arm which the faulchion could wield,
Let sullen Oblivion, stretch forth its dark pall,
  And dash down its wand on the field,
Where man could forget that his honour alone
Was the guide to the greatness his deeds could enthrone.

Tho' he of thy sceptre could stoop
  To Gaul in the struggle of power,
And be the degenerate dupe
  When energy dar'd to the hour,
Tho' the heraldic sons of thy clime

Defil'd the proud blood in their veins,
And the first who should lead on to Freedom sublime,
Were the first to submit to their chains,
Thy peasant was daring, still loving to roam
O'er scenes, the pride of his strength and his home.

When daring Ambition arose,
And led on its myriads to fight,
And earth was one war-field of foes
To combat for freedom or might,
Oh, what were the shouts they return'd?
Gerona stood firm to her shield,
And proud Saragossa indignantly spurn'd
The mandate which summon'd to yield,
And Spain, then triumphant look'd forward with joy,
To her own strength, and Albion's, her foe to destroy.

Oh, bright is the tribute of glory,
And sweet is the guerdon of toil,
Where deeds live immortal in story
To hallow the sons and the soil,
The laurel for them ever blooming,
The brow of each warrior entwines,
And the torch light of Liberty brightly illuming,
Reflects their proud trophies and shrines,
Oh, think ye, that Sparta or Rome until now
Had immortaliz'd been, but for Freedom's avow?

Awake then, Oh Spain from thy slumbers,
Bid the Bourbon of Gallia depart,
Oh, think of the chain which encumbers
The dastard, who nerves not his heart.—
Oh, think of thy mountains and vallies,
Thy shrines, and the maid of thy love,
And the home of thy sires, around which feeling rallies
Every thought which is vile to reprove.—
There are spirits which charm, but the soul of the brave
Is a spell, o'er which honours eternally wave.

Hark, hark! to the trumpet blast sounding,
'Tis Liberty summons the call,
There must be a spirit rebounding
Which lives to its freedom or fall.—
Behold, Earth awaits to extol thee,
The day star of Glory is high,
And the Genius of History stands to enroll thee
Amongst those who conquer or die,
On, on to the field, as the tide of the wind,
And Hesperia shall live in the hearts of mankind.

THE CHARIVARI, OR CANNADIAN POETICS:

A Tale after the manner of Beppo. Montreal, 1824.

We would willingly draw a distinction between the history of verse and the history of prose. If permitted to do so, we should have no difficulty in concluding, that in a literary, if not in a moral, point of view, we are as much indebted to the one as to the other. We should also find, that if we do not receive equal instruction from the contemplation of those historical events which are handed down to us by the *poetry of tradition*, if we may so express ourselves, as from the study of genuine history, we, at least, derive more sympathetic satisfaction, and entertainment more gratifying to our feelings and propensities, as intellectual and rational beings. In proof of this it is only necessary to refer to the first dawnings of literature among the ancients, from which we learn, that if poetry, contrary to the general opinion of mankind, was not a gift of nature, it was at all events the first medium discovered by men for preserving the first rudiments of the knowledge which they might have acquired, and for propogating all those sentiments in morals, religion, patriotism, and friendship, which were deemed necessary to their worldly honour and prosperity, as well as to their future welfare. Reason herself suggests, that before the invention of letters, all the people of the earth had no other method of transmitting to their descendants the principles of their worship, their religious ceremonies, their laws, and the renowned actions of their sages and heroes, than by poetry; which included all these objects in a kind of hymn that fathers sung to their children, in order to engrave them with indelible strokes in their hearts. Not only Moses and Miriam, the first authors that are known to mankind, sung on the borders of the Red Sea, a song of divine praise, to celebrate the deliverance which the Almighty had vouchsafed to the people of Israel, by opening a passage to them through the waters; but the song itself is also transmitted to us, which is at once the most ancient monument and a masterpiece of poetic composition. The Greeks, a people the most ingenious, the most animated, and in every sense the most accomplished, that the world ever produced—strove to ravish from the Hebrews the precious gift of poetry, which was vouchsafed to them by the Supreme Author of all nature, that they might ascribe it to their false deities. According to their ingenious faction, Aphollo became the god of poetry, and dwelt on the hills of Phocis, Parnassus, and Helicon, whose feet were washed by the waters of Hippocrene, of which each mortal that ever drank was seized with a sacred delirium. The immortal swans floated on its waters. Appollo was accompanied by the Muses—those nine learned sisters—the daughters of memory: and he was constantly attended by the Graces. Pegasus, his winged courser, transported him with a rapid flight into all the regions of the universe. The literary annals of all nations afford vestiges of poetry from the remotest ages. They are found among the most savage of the ancient barbarians. Tacitus mentions the verses and the hyms of the Germans, at the same time when that rough people

yet inhabited the woods, and while their manners were still savage. The first inhabitants of Russia, Austria and other nations of Europe, had their poetry, as well as the aucient people of Asia, and of the the known borders of Africa.

And is there no benefit to be derived from this universal field of poetry, besides the value which we commonly, and in many instances, so blindly, attach to those productions acknowledged under the designation of the more legitimate history of human events? We have no hesitation to say, that it is by means of poetry alone we are enabled to trace the domestic virtues, local attachments, social manners, as well as the most renovated and heroic actions of the ancients.—What notions could we possibly entertain of the most splendid events in Grecian history, of the first heroes, and warefare of that celebrated country, were it not for the poems of Homer, who sung as no man ever sung before. Nor are the works of the prince of poets, as they too generally have been, to be esteemed merely as entertaining poems, or as the monuments of a sublime and varied genius. He was in general so accurate with respect to costume, that he seldom mentioned persons or things that we may not conclude to have been known during the times of which he writes; and it was popes opinion, that is account of people, princes. and countries, was purely historical, founded on the real translations of those times, and by far the most valuable piece of history and geography left us concerning the state of Greece in that early period. His Geographical divisions of that country were thought so exact, that we are told of many controversies concerning the boundaries of Grecian cities which have been decided upon the authority of his poems. We are equally indebted to Virgil. The subject of the Æneid, is extremely happy for the light which it throws upon the origin, whether fabulous or real, habits and manners of the Romans. Nothing could be more interesting to that people than to look back to their origin from so famous a hero as Æneas. While the object was splendid itself, the traditionary history of his country opened interesting fields to the poet; and he could glance at the future great exploits of the Romans, in its ancient and fabulous state. But to none are we more beholden than to Ossian for the information which his sublime muse has conveyed to us relative to a period far beyond the reach, and a people far beyond the ken of prose history. Few works have conferred such honour and immortality upon their country as the poems of Ossian; and Dr. Blair has gone so far as to assert, that even the *manner* of Ossians age was favourable to a poetical genius. Covetousness and effeminancy, says that eloquent man, were unknown. The cares of men were few. The great object pursued by heroic spirit, was to, "to receive their fame," that is to become worty of being celebrated in the songs of bards; and "to have their names on the four gray stones." Besides, these compositions exhibit so lively a picture of customs which have disappeared for ages, as could be drawn only from nature and real life. The features are so distinct, that few portraits of the life continually passing before us are found to be drawn with so much likeness. There the first heroes prepare their own

repasts, and indiscriminately condescend, to the most menial services. Their quarrels, like those of the ancient Grecians, arose from causes generally slight, but in such a period extremely natural. A rivalship in love, an omission at a feast, or an affront at a tournament, are often the foundation of a quarrel among single heroes.—And the wars in which whole tribes are engaged, are carried on with a view, not to enlarge their territory, but to revenge perhaps the killing of a few deer on their mountains, or the taking forcibly away one of their women. Their occupation was war and hunting; and their chief ambition was to have their fame in the songs of the bards." Is there no moral or instruction in all this, independent of that which we gather from our ordinary books of prose history?

To illucidate this interesting point more clearly, and to prove in the most satisfactory manner to the mind of any one who reads, that the origin of the moral and intellectual world, as well as the most splendid monuments which mankind have reared to commemorate their own power and greatness, have depended more upon poetry than upon prose, we shall only adduce one noted instance; and we are assured, that whosoever peruses it will say with us, that nothing can afford civilized beings more genuine pleasure, or soothe their wayward wanderings in this life more, than by contrasting their present exalted situation with that abject condition in which the aborigines of their race have been represented by the first poets. The Gothic yet learned and elegant muse of SPENSER, prefering the real to the imaginary picture, has thus described the ancient state of BRITAIN.

The land which warlike Britons now possess
And therein have their mighty empire raised,
In antigue times was salvage* wilderness.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have;
Till that the venturous mariner that way,
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the southern sea coast lay,
Threatening unheedy wreck and rash decay,
For safety sake that some his seamark made,
And named it Albion. But later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fisher's trade
Gan more the same freqent, and further to invade.

But far inland a salvage nation dwelt,
Of hideous giants and half beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt;
But, like wild beasts, lurking in loathsome den,
All naked, without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling lived then;
Of statute huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sons of men amazed their sternness to behold.

They held this land ———
Until that Brutus, anciently derived
From royal stock of old Assarac's line,
Driven by fatal error, here arrived,
And them of their unjust possession deprived.

Faery Queen. L. 2. Canto 10. St. 5 to 9.

* Savage.

And thus we again meet with the proposition with which we set out—that the wider we draw the destinction between the historical accounts handed down to us by prose and poetry, the more will we be pleased and gratified with the tidings of the latter. and the brighter will the imagination glow at the perusal of the various interesting pictures presented to our view. It is on such grounds that we would wish to encourage and foster traditionary poetry, or rather that species of poetry which assumes for its subject a delineation of those more obscure, though not less interesting features of civilized society, that are left in the shade by the majority of our great prose historians, and which, though they display less of a nations glory and enterprize, shew far more conspicuously the rise and progress of a people in all those attainments which render mankind distinguished above the rest of created beings. It is for these reasons that we hail the work before us as one of the most interesting productions which has ever appeared in Canada. It is *built*,* to use a phrase of *Miltons*, upon the domestic habits and social pastimes of a virtuous people, who had rather been the victims of treachery, than the heroes of riot and insubordination; and has engrafted itself upon the noblest feature in the human character—the innocent enjoyments of a lively and facetious people. The most popular, because it was the most noisy and public, of those amusements, and that upon which the poem before is founded, cannot be better described than in the words of the author in a note at the end of the work.' "The CHARIVARI" says he, "is an ancient custom "which as far as can at this remote period of time be learned, had its commencement in the provinces of Old France ; and from thence spread over the whole kingdom ; *from thence it was transplanted into* Canada with the earliest settlers from that country, and has been kept up ever since. Like every other practice which excites to hilarity and mirth, it became a favourite amusement. It began from a respectful feeling, among the friends of any couple who entered a second time on the state of matrimony ; and who took this method of testifying their regard for the parties, by assembling with horns, pots, pans, and other kitchen utensils, and serenading the new married pair, with the discordant noise produced by the collision of these instruments ; thereby intending to represent the jingling and confusion attendant on the assembling of the furniture of the widow and widower. At first it was applied only to persons in the higher ranks of life, commonly by their vassals and dependents, who, assembling in this manner, formed a procession, and respectfully accompanied the parties from the Church to their residence. It deviated from this original plan in the lapse of time, and from the lower classes being captivated with the amusement attendant on the practice, it was employed, whenever they had an opportunity ; so that whenever one of the parties had been married before, it was resorted to, and still is so—With the encreasing desire to render their amusements subservient for useful purposes, it has been employed to obtain money for *chari-*

* "Who would not sing for Lycidas! he knew
Himself to sing, and *build the lofty rhyme.*"

table appropriations; and to those whose feelings did not beat responsive to this virtue, the Charivari has been obnoxious. The chief features in it are the ludricrousness of the masks and dresses which are assumed, whose diversity afford ample scope for the indulgence of whim, and the display of humour." We readily grant that, at first sight, a subject possessing so little influence over the feelings and passions, appears but little adapted, and contains but sorry materials, for the composition of a poem of any much utility or interest; but when we reflect that it is a deep feature in the character of the first settlers in Canada—that it formed part of their enjoyments—and that it administered to the maintenance of those domestic virtues for which they were so long distinguished—it is impossible not to approve of the effort which has thus been made to rescue so curious a *trait* from the ravages of time and the superstitious oracles of oral tradition. But it may here be asked, what has rendered the names of Shakespeare, Ramsay, Collins, Burns, and of Scott so justly and truly great, as the frequency of their imaginary visits to the lowest haunts of men and their most familiar recreations, and the elegant minuteness with which they have described them to an admiring world? May not others, then, though of less rank in the scale of intellectual capacity, endeavour to follow in their track, and be the means of handing down to posterity the peculiarities of their ancestry? In this view of matters, we would deem that Canada is much indebted to the author of the work before us. He has, as it were, constructed a mirror in which the generations of the future may behold a glowing feature in the manners of the past; and done it at the very moment in which it ought to be done—when strangers and foreigners, originally unaccustomed to such recreations, mingled in the pastimes of the natives—snatched from them the implements of their most innocent pleasures—and terminated in riot and crime what had been begun under feelings of the most virtuous, if not religious, endearments!

With regard to the *execution* of the task which the unknown author of this little work has imposed upon himself, we have little to say that is not as gratifying to our own feelings as it is honourable to the genius and talents of the author, to whom, we have no hesitation to say, poetry, in all its departments, seems as familiar as common prose to ordinary men. No doubt, objections might have been urged to the style of the model which the author has assumed for his guide; but as, from the very nature of the subject to be treated of, it was absolutely necessary to deviate from the ordinary course of poetic effusion, and adopt somewhat of that style of the Burlesque which excites merriment, we know not why the style adopted is not as good as any other, if we except that of Hudibras. And here let it be remarked, that Burlesque, though a great engine of ridicule, is not confined to that subject; for it is clearly distinguishable into burlesque that excites laughter merely, and burlesque that provokes derision or ridicule—which as far as we can see is not attempted to be done in the present poem.—But let us permit our readers to judge for themselves, by selecting such passages as will complete the subject of the poem in

one connected detail, and afterwards point out such incidental verses as may appear to us worthy of more peculiar attention.

* * * * * *

In Canada's cold clime—no matter where,
(For it might put a fetter on my lay,
To tell you it was such a spot, and there
Phœbus arose in splendour every day,)
Liv'd an old Bachelor and Widow fair,
Nor yet quite fair—for she I needs must say
Was rather a brunette—and yet with woman,
We call them fair, *en masse*, the phrase is common.

* * * * * *

I said, Baptisto, was a goodly soul,
And got thro' years, as other folks must do,
His temper was phlegmatic, whose countroul
Barely allows the reason e'er to rue
Such sad effects as when fierce passions roll,
Angry as billows, when the fates imbue
The skies with wrath; his mind had no such evil,
Which makes us oft compare man to the devil.

He had his foibles too, if we can deem,
Sometimes a slight excess in punch or wine,
An act of sinning—but not in the extreme;
His heart 'tis said too softly did incline,
In admiration of the sparkling beam
Of a fair woman's eye—Love's loveliest shrine;
And tho' a bachelor, did not disparage
The silken chain, which binds two hearts in marriage.

Yet had he heard of some connubial blisses,
Ending like Summer's heat in rain and thunder,
After the protestations sweet of vows and kisses,
For there in seeking happiness we blunder
As often as succeed, and men and misses
Who tie the knot which Death alone can sunder,
Rob'd in the dress of Hymen's masquerade,
Do all but shew of what the spirit's made.

* * * * * *

And thus Baptisto single had remain'd,
For with a wife he deem'd his cares would double,
Besides the bore he thought of being chain'd
Without the means of getting rid of trouble,
If such should prove the bargain he had gain'd,
For like the rest of joys, he knew a bubble
Was the same happiness below, call'd marriage,
Which ended frequently in a miscarriage.

After the many years of judgment pass'd,
It seems quite strange, a different resolution,
Should all at once, upon his sense have cast
A change, so visible in its conclusion,
But so it was, his nearest friends at last,
Latest impress'd, that Love's all strong infusion
Had work'd its subtle poison in his frame,
Began to join the table-talk's acclaim.

Besides his clothes had fashion'd been of late,
To the most novel cut,—the dandiest Schneider's

Was now consulted, and the very fate
  Of having his small cloathes, more tight or wider
Than taste prescrib'd, engross'd his pride innate,
  And at a rout, whene'er he sat beside her,
The laughable queer habit he forsook
Of twitching constantly his prim perruque.

Sit beside who, you ask?—Did I not mention,
  Some twenty stanzas back a widows name,
Have Annett's charms not caught then your attention?
  If so, 'tis I, not she, that is to blame;
Deuce take my mind's poetical invention,
  Which never will attain a niche of fame;
What was she like, oh Muse?—Come don't be stupid
At similes; the mother of boy-Cupid?

Pshaw; that is flattery; a lilly—rose,
  A gem—a star—the moon, for sweet variety,
In her first quarter, when she softly glows,
  Who rules the tides to regular sobriety;
(And if comparison, I may not close
  Nor overstep the bounds of verse-propriety,)
Like her chaste smile, who sways the tides,
So sways men's hearts, wher'er her dark eye glides,
  * * * * * *

But Annette was a person of that ilk
  Called widows,—and Love's little chrams had known
Not one, who laid out snares, young men to bilk,
  And left them, then, to look, and die alone—
(Her evening dresses, by the by, were silk,
  And gingham in the morning was her gown;)
But, oh, her pastry, 'twas said to surpass
That of the queen of pie-crusts, Mrs. Glass,

Now, good Baptisto, was an Epicure,
  And lik'd good living, such as soups, and sauces,
Ragouts, and curries,—but could not endure
  Your meats plain boil'd and roasted;—his applauses
Ran on made dishes, and no sinecure
  Did his cook have, amidst the doubts and pauses
Of how to please the taste of one, who never
Knew, how to suit, the cravings of the liver.
  * * * * * *

But what have I to do with this already,
  When the first heats of love have scarce begun.
Come, Pagasus, now curb thee, and be steady,
  We have as yet an awkward course to run,
Besides, who ever heard of taxing, "Lady"
  With what might be, until the thing is done.
I hate those folks, who ever are suspicious,
'Tis love of scandal, makes mankind so vicious.

Now, Annette, had no frolic or vagary
  Beyond the usual joys of mirth and revel—
Pure as a rose and playful as a fairy
  She scorn'd those feelings which will ever cavil,
But was as meak,—even as the Virgin Mary,
  And had no one inheritance of evil,
Save that which all must have—born to receive
Their genealogy from mother Eve.

I've told you, Annette was as sweet a creature
As ever, man, could wish to call his own,—
Graceful in form, and charming in each feature,
Meekness in mind, and melody in tone,
She seem'd so fram'd, to model human nature
So thought her first spouse—(and what's said is known
To be quite true ;)—poor man, he went beyond
His bounds,—and killed himself from being too fond.

Like other frys,—Love may be over-done,
And not exactly to the stomach suited;—
Like other races,—may be over-run
'Till out of breath, unless by time recruited;
Eggs,—by the by, 'tis said, improve the tone
And strength of voice—and truly if reputed,
(Tho' I don't understand the reason why)
Improve Love's powers, as well as voice or fry.

* * * * * *

What thought Baptiste? and what thought Annette?
Their minds were now absorb'd in other measures,
For Love will keep its followers on the fret
Alloying frequently their choicest pleasures,
And as the heart gets deeper into debt
With its own feelings,—oft exhausts the treasures
Of Hope, and fancied Happiness ;—so real
A connoisseur is Love of the "*ideal.*"

Not that bright Hope,—was, at all clouded there
But beam'd a meteor,—beautuous as the light
Of Annette's eye,—which, 'neath her raven hair
Flash'd forth like Dian's under veil of night
Chasten'd, and crystaliz'd, and was the lair,
Of tender looks,—which animation bright
Hallow'd with loveliness,—and sweeter things
Which woman's glance bears on its dove-like wings.—

You've heard, Baptisto, was a bachelor
With fortune, term'd in easy circumstances,
He had no curse of being leagued in war
With poverty,—no straiten'd sour finances
As to have duns, each morning at his door
To mar his breakfast-meal with stern advances :—
That partnership of Poverty, and Co—
Is one, unpleasant in th'extreme to know.—

At least I've found it so,—tho' you perhaps
May have been favour'd by that fickle jade,
Who, some times showers profusely in our laps,
And makes her heights, an easy escalade ;—
Curse her inconstancy,—if like poor Nap's
Career,—she ends the labour of our trade
Whether it be, for empire,—Love, or money,
To give us gall, when we expected honey.—

Baptisto's share was honey now,—secur'd
As far as Hope, can make us deem we are,
In any thing below, not quite insur'd
Perpetually to shine, as doth the star,—
And after half a century endur'd
Of martyrdom in solitude's dull bar,

Or single blessedness,—which e'er you please,
Found Hymen come to tickle with its sneeze.
* * * * * *
But to my tale;—behold, the vow was pass'd
Which made Baptisto happy,—at the least
Made him suppose, that all his hopes, amass'd
In one sole object, where his eyes could feast
Intensely,—was his happiness at last;—
It only wanted now, the ring, and priest,
To fix his fate,—the dame was all consent:—
I hope, like some folks, they would not repent.—

For they had wooed as do most other lovers,
And many a raillery on their wooing pass'd,—
And then the tell-tale blush which most discovers
Some feeling, holds the heart of woman fast,
Suffus'd, and glowing as when sunset hovers
And a rich hue o'er Nature's cheek is cast:—
But the world talk'd,—setting its tongue at work
On what,—touch'd it, no more, than the Grand Turk.—

The day arriv'd,—the clock had now struck "Seven,"—
A clear cold night,—the moon was in the sky
And seem'd to shine, more beautiful, that even
Than she was wont,—the stars were spread on high,
Bespangling o'er the azure arch of Heaven:
A glorious, golden fretted canopy;—
It was th'appointed hour,—to seal the fate
Of Annette's, and Baptisto's single state.—

The wedding party met, and there were seated
Annette's papa, and ma',—her sister,—brother,—
The first was bred a surgeon,—but he treated
Cases of physic too,—or any other
Which added to his practice,—and had cheated
(As it was said,)—Death of some later pother
In being before-hand with him,—and ending
His patient's pains,—which is one way of mending,—

Altho' not the most pleasant,—then his son,
His father's counterpart, was smiling Billy
Who, also, in the practice had begun
And look'd a very Bolus,—rather silly
But quite good-natur'd, and more fond of fun
Than physic,—whilst, the sister like a lily
All white appear'd,—and Ma,' whose orange gown
For twenty years, at least,—had grac'd the town.—

Then came Baptisto's friend,—an honest chap
To act his father upon this occasion,—
Which in reality, (as by mishap
Report made known,) his kind consideration,
Had done to others;—Nature's is a lap
The softest, and the sweetest in creation,
And Love, without a chain, has charms, they say,
Beyond the zest, of law's more fetter'd sway.—

And there was Dib's, the merchant and his spouse,
And daughter too, a schoolmate of the bride,
His trade was wholesale, and the wealthiest house

Upon this side, the vast Atlantic's tide,—
And then a great North-Wester, Sammy Grouse
Alias, term'd "Buffalo,"—who terrified
His hearers, with the wonderful relations
Of all, he'd seen, amongst the Indian Nations.

He'd talk to you, of beaver, and of bear,
'Till your hair bristled as upon their backs,
And how, he liv'd for days upon such fare
As bark, stew'd down, 'till you believ'd the acts
And of grass soup;—next,—he would make you stare
Of wrestling with a buffalo,—and facts
I scarcely dare, in seriousness here mention,
For fear you'd think they were my own invention.

Then of the savage tribes,—and of the squaws,
Lord, how he'd prate with intellectual chatter,
The Crees,—the Castors,—and the Chicasaws,
And hundred other one's,—but of the latter
(The squaws, I mean,) where Love, has no curs'd laws
To make a jurisprudence of the matter
His praises grew exstatic, in their service,—
Nor wonder, when, you know, Sam, was no Dervise.—

"For in those cold, clad regions, where the weather
"Runs down to fifty below zero's point."
Why, Sam would say, "to keep the soul together
"With frame,—and rheumatism from each joint
"Requir'd some substance like a bed of feather
"To cause the radical heat, so to anoint
"The body over with its perspiration,—
"To keep its vigour, in due preservation."—

Then of the party too, came lawyer Shark—
Who lik'd no law, so well as a good dinner,—
And laugh'd at *Sam*, who spoke of eating bark,
Saying, "indeed?—you must have got much thinner:"—
And yet the lawyer could make trite remark
And had prevented many a flagrant sinner,
(By quibble, quirk, and eloquential hum)
Making his "exit," like a pendulum.—

But before all arriv'd—now he, and Sam,
Got into argument on those sad matters
Which, in the North, occurr'd—this said, "I am
"Most positive, that Selkirk, sham'd "the Ratters,"
At which odd sound,—Sam answer'd with "a damn"
And said aside,—"Lord, how the jackdaw chatters;"—
Whilst Shark talk'd on, saying "I can assure ye
"You were all wrong, *de facto et de jure*."

At length, a loud rap, whilst they held this farce on,
Caus'd a slight silence in this wordy two,—
When with his book and register, the parson
Enter'd, and made their oratory clue
All canvass up,—for Sam's mind, soon to arson
Had been enflam'd, so high his feelings grew
Whilst Shark an insult courted,—on the itch
For a law-suit,—knowing that Sam was rich.—

They were all met now,—but I fain must mention
Beau Beamish, and two sisters, but the elder
Said a bad cold prevented her intention
Of being there,—the fact is, what withheld her
Was the dislike of finding her declension
Into the list of old maids, when age quell'd her
Bright dreams of Hope, and therefore direly hated
To go, where she saw others elevated,

Beyond her rank of Miss;—for at the age
Of forty, and beyond, when younger Misses
Who were not born, when she first trod the stage
Of life, at dances, dinners, routs, (for this is
The *entree* of a belle's first pilgrimage
To Love's young shrine,) had long receiv'd the blisses
Which marriage showers.—no wonder, that the blush
Arose, to jaundice o'er *her* looks, and smile.

Then, there was aunty Margaret—lac'd and capp'd
With a rich satin, which had been in vogue
About the time, when first, the Fronde, enwrapt
All France in it,—from Lyons to La Hogue;—
Not to forget, gay Captain Casey,—strapp'd
From head to heel in gold,—who spoke the brogue
In all its elegance,—and as to cousins
And their connexions,—they came by the dozens.

You know what sort of thing a wedding is,—
Therefore I need not occupy your leisure
In recapitulating every kiss
Relations gave each other,—when the pleasure
Of seeing two united in one bliss
Was consumnated by the priest, (a measure
Which must be done,) and the affair was over,
And wife and husband transform'd from the lover.

They feasted, frolick'd now;—all sorts of funning
Went on with spirit,—dancing for the young—
Cards for the old, (who had giv'n over running)
Were the convivial sports,—whilst raillery's tongue
Jok'd the new pair,—and Casey, fond of punning
When he could get a listener, among
Those who surrounded,—set his wits to fret,
And said Baptisto had got in *a net*.

But Annette took all frolic in good part,
Even the Captain's pun, altho' so bad,—
For she was all good nature to the heart,
And rarely knew, what *ill* was to be sad;—
All had throughout been merry, save the tart
Words, between Sam and Shark,—but they had had
So many onsets with such like offences,
That both knew how to parry consequences.

The clock struck twelve;—it was the hour for rest,
Particularly for a new-match'd pair,—
The doves of Venus, lay upon her breast
Nestled in tenderness,—all softly there,—
It was the time for those who being blest
With Love's return, seek its enchanting lair,
And court sweet Nature's languishing desire,
To woo soft sleep, and to its couch retire.

The happiest friends must part, so off they went,
Some to a sound, and some to restless sleep,—
The old, had no wild visions to prevent
Their aged souls from rest,—no dreams to sweep
In rich luxuriance,—as if Queen Mab sent
Her charioteer across their nose to creep;—
But in the young,—'tis difficult to say
How far her magic influence held its sway.

As Shakespeare tells—the fairy queen presides,
And as the heart in slumbering reposes,
Now o'er the balmy lips of maiden rides,
Whose breath is as the perfume o. sweet roses,
Who, dreams of kisses, and of aught besides
Which the voluptuous little elfin chooses
To charm the brain with, and o'er every range
Of years, or purport, acts with varied change.

Now for the Muses' sake,—be it suppos'd
Tha' at the least, two hours had flitted on,
And all the wedding party slept or doz'd,
Saving the bridal couple,—tho' upon
Their joyous footsteps, let the veil be clos'd,—
Perhaps kind Morpheus had usurp'd the throne
Of Cupid by this time,—for even Love
Must have its rest, as nightingale, or dove.

And if it had,—it was a grievous thing
To have it waken'd up by rude alarm.
To scare sweet slumber on its downy wi.
When it repos'd in soft enchantment's arms,
And that so soon, after it droop'd,—to bring
Fresh hours of rapture with the morning's charms;
But all at once, as if the house 'twould shatter,
There rose a tintinabulary clatter.

A noise of drum, and kettle, whistle, horn,
As if King Oberon had arm'd the fairies
To ride the air, on errands borne,
And play a thousand fanciful vagaries?
Or rather, as if Æolus had torn
The winds, at once from their cloud-circled airies.
To blow and bellow with a certain force
Of sound,—in moan and tone, both shrill and hoarse.

But know,—'tis not at all a way romantic
To have a poem, or a tale, without
Some sad disaster, or some being frantic
With sentiments of love, or fear or doubt,
Hope; grief, despair, and every other antic
Which poets can invent or fancy rout
From out the kalendar of thought and time
To give its cast, a seasoning of sublime.

Annette woke first, and hearing such a medley
Of mingled sounds, and at a time of night
When every thing around looks grim and deadly,
By the lamp's pale and dimly glimmering light,
Gave her lov'd lord a shake, who, as his head lay
Close by her side, snor'd forth in concert quite
To the odd sounds, which in the street she heard
But who, at the first summons had not stirr'd.

The sound increas'd; 'till thundering at the door
Palsied her delicate limbs,—her voice forsook
Its musical domain,—whilst her lord's snore
Still groan'd aloud,—again,—again, she shook
(For her tongue fail'd,) more sharply than before,
When with a sudden, startled bound, which took
All her remaining power away, with fright,—
Baptisto jump'd, and rais'd himself upright.

Unconscious of the noise;—he star'd around
(For Reason had not yet reta'en its sway)
And hurried forth these words of queerest sound,
"Holo,—my wife's not dead,"—away, away."
"Annette, Annette," then with his arms he wound
Here lovely form,—all speechless as she lay,—
"Why, what's the matter,"—whilst returning sense
Reliev'd him, as he heard the blows intense.

The noise was strange,—but stranger still his figure,
Who, in his night-cap, and his shirt up, jump'd,
And seizing an old pistol,—held the trigger
Ready for bloodshed,—whilst his nerves now pump'd
All his heart's courage, which swell'd somewhat bigger
As the shouts bellow'd louder, and hands thump'd,
And opening forth, the shutter there beheld
A sight, as if the city had rebell'd

Against his marriage;—there were men, and boys,
And, God knows who, all; some with blacken'd faces
And some with masks,—those hypocritic toys
Which libel Nature into odd grimaces;
With every sort of implement for noise,
Join'd to the yell of fools, and bray of asses,—
But above all,—one group, equipp'd and dress'd
Deserves to be describ'd, beyond the rest.

Within the centre, on some quadruped,
For whether horse, or poney, mule, or ass,
Would be most difficult to say,—as spread
Over its hide were things of every class
Which Folly could procure, or Fancy's head
In ridicule or satire so amass,—
But on this animal of some queer genus
There sat a youth,—though not the boy of Venus.

But one whose raiment mimic'd all the dyes
Of the bright Iris, with its varied hue,
Bepatch'd, and harlequin'd,—with paunch, whose size
Surpass'd Sir Hudibras', or Falstaff's too;—
And [illegible]ge cas'd within a mask's disguise,
To [illegible]hich vile Caliban, in every view
(Not yet comparison, more closely follow)
Had seem'd Antinous, or Apollo.

But of the strangest part of this strange wight,
There rose majestically high, array'd
A pair of horns, which in their towering height
Surpass'd most antlers, which were e'er display'd
By stag, or goat, and seem'd a pattern quite
Or I may say, a sign of some odd trade,

But wherefore deem'd, when so profusely crown'd
I leave for sager reasoners to expound.

And by this figure, there stood one, no doubt,
With meaning, to personify, old Time,
Whose flaxen locks, which fell in curls about
His shoulders, certainly look'd most sublime;
His scythe, was most tremendous,---but without
His wings, which he forgot, (as I my rhyme
Too oft when in a hurry;)---all in all
He look'd antique, and awful,---gaunt, and tall.

The crowd around were of a motley sort,
All shout, and bustle,—wantonness,—vulgarity,—
Some vicious, as the hirelings of a court
(Nor speak of these things, with a mark'd disparity,)—
And some in frolic, made it a resort,
For such a crowd in Canada's a rarity,
Not as in England,—where your mobs', a measure
For people to declare their "Freedom's" pleasure.

* * *

But I forgot, that I had left my hero,
Standing, poor fellow, only in his shirt,
And that, with the thermometer at zero,
Most probably, would do him, monstrous hurt,
But he was, a most valiant Cavaliero,
And stood, with nerve, and limb, on the alert
Whilst Annette, now recover'd from her swoons,
Cried out, "pray, love,—put on your pantaloons;"—

Oh, sad, disastrous night,—oh, lightning, thunder,—
Oh, feuds of nations, or domestic quarrels,
What hands, and hearts do ye oft tear asunder
Spoiling all mirth, and fun,—or spoiling morals.
Particularly those, who must knock under
With bleeding nose, and face, or tarnish'd laurels,
For, none, whatever be their rank, or station,
Whose Pride's not sore, at getting molestation,—

And, why this hurly-burly now,—yclept
Charivari,—whence was the term deriv'd?
I'll leave some literati more adept
At telling you,—why Custom had contriv'd
To make it customary,—it had crept
Into repute,—when'er a widow wiv'd
With bachelor;—or widower with spinster
And set the wags of sporting humour, in stir.—

But my opinion, if not deem'd romantic
Supposes 'twas imported here about
The time Jacques Cartier, came across th' Atlantic
And put the tribes of savages to rout
Where heretofore,—Nature was wild and antic,
And men, and women roam'd the woods, without
More cloaths, than Adam, or than Eve, invented
With leaves, to hide the sexes, being idented;—

And certainly, about the time, Apollo,—
(That is the sun) showers down beams perpendicular,

(Instance July, or August,)—then to follow
A mode of dress in some way made, reticular—
Is pleasanter assuredly than wallow
In woollens,—which ('twixt you and I, auricular
Id est, in secret,) is the nastiest fashion
Of keeping up, a violent perspiration.—

However, as the atmosphere now stood
Some cloaths, at least, had not been deem'd unpleasant,
But yet, Baptisto,—(whether Fear imbued
A certain glow, when Nature effervescent
Is thrown out in a warm perturbed mood
From hurry or from danger,)—still at present
Stood, a uncover'd, as the gods of old
Nor even, once, had shiver'd with the cold ;—

At length some servants bursting in the room
Brought back his startled faculties to reason—
One pale with fright, one sobbing at her doom,
And some half naked, tho' in that cold season,—
And all exclaiming. "Do pray, master, come,"—
Whilst, Betty, with his drawers,—said, "Sir, put these on."
And John, tho' frighten'd as the maids, nought saying,
And the two Catholics,—crossing themselves, and praying,

And there was Annette bursting into tears
And calling to her spouse,—love, do you venture
"Without the doors,—those vile Chari-variers,
"Will seize you then,—or in the house will enter ;"—
But to all this, Baptisto,—(tho' his fears
Had made upon his feelings an indenture)
Nought said,—but putting on his dressing gown
And inexpressibles, and cap, went boldly down.

All was still uproar without side the walls
As it was fear within,—the shrieks,—the cheering
With the incessant, undiminish'd calls
For poor Baptisto,—who, at length appearing
Brought forth a clap, like that when thunder palls,
And startles every sense, and deadens hearing,—
And made the street, so echo with the strain
You would have thought, Chaos had come again.—

* * * *

Now, to my tale again,—Baptisto stood
As you may well suppose,—betwixt the feeling
Of Pride, and Fear ;—as any person would
Who saw a hundred looks,—before them dealing
Their jibes and ridicule in waggish mood
And many other different modes, appealing
To the splentic organs, which arouse
The bile, in every cause, which we espouse.—

He tried addressing them,—but at each trial
The horn, and whistle rose in treble shakes,
With the harsh scraping of an old crack'd viol
And an odd sound such as the cuckoo makes
In spring-time ;—each attempt had a denial
Sufficient to arouse all nervous aches ;—
Then follow'd murmurs, with an oath or two,
At which the laughter more exeessive grew.

At length, a minute's silence having reign'd,—
He said,—"Pray, gentlemen, you will make known,
"Or at least, the meaning you have deign'd
"To mark in this incomprehensive tone,—
"The compliments, your voices have maintain'd
"No doubt, most flattering adulations own,
"How'er, you've not been understood, in these,
"More than the cackling of so many geese."

Here came a roar,—"It may be fun, no doubt
"For all of you,—I can't say the transaction
"Of being brought at dead of night from out
"A comfortable bed, much satisfaction;—
"But being of small use, to fume, and pout—
"Knowing particularly each protraction
"Would only bring my doors down, and my dishes—
"Pray, have the goodness to explain your wishes?"

* * * *

"Joy to Baptisto, and his wife; some cried
Who were the most offenceless of the crowd,—
"Let's drink a health to the elected bride,"—
The more impetuous call'd with voices loud,
"Crown him with horns then, if it is denied
"Come, come, no wavering;" others there avow'd,
Whilst some most forward in this resolution
Stepp'd forth to put the threat in execution.—

They took the ill-starr'd bridegroom, and without
Much preface to the matter's agitation,
His forehead with the antlers round about
Encircled soon, like any coronation,
Tho' not with so much fuss, and useless rout
And dire expence to put folks to taxation,—
This difference also.—that it cost Baptiste
Full thirty gallons of old rum, at least.—

They plac'd him on the quadruped, and hail'd him,
With wishes bountiful of every sort,
And with much ridicule, and jeer assail'd him—
But all in Humour's laughter loving sport,
And he took all in patience which avail'd him
More than inflam'd resistance, or retort,—
And at each salutation frankly bow'd
To the obsequious wishes of the crowd.—

And after some short time's inauguration
They led him to his door, with cheers; not hisses,
"Prince of good fellows,"—was their exclamation,
Whilst some relented, they had marr'd the blisses,
Of one short half hour's space,—by the creation
Of this same frolic, not so sweet as kisses,
But as there's Time for all things,—we may say
The future hours repaid, the past's delay.—

And having got Baptisto to his bed
Once more—in safety to his heart's delight
And all the crowd dispers'd who had been led
To join in sports, which Custom form'd, not spite,
And which, I trust, will ever still be said;—
Tir'd of my idle rhymes,—I wish, Good night.

To all, who may or have not been amus'd
With thoughts, in harmless humour here diffus'd.

* * * * *

After so long a quotation, we find that we have scarcely left ourselves room for any more; but there are several passages scattered throughout the work so pretty and extremely humorous, that we cannot avoid transcribing a few of them. The following address to love is the very essence of the *facetious burlesque*, if we may by allowed the expression, at the same time that it exhibits a mind full of that variety of feeling and expression which gives life to this species of poetry; though, once for all, we must acknowledge that it does not seem to be a style peculiarly fitted to the genius of the author, however well he may have acquitted himself on the present occasion. — We should rather see his able pen for the future employed in describing the grandeur and sublimity of nature, for which, we hesitate not to say, it appears by far better calculated,—in remembering us of the whirl and force of human passion—or, in the words of Horace,—

Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres,
Sublimi feriam sidera vertici.

Oh Love, infusing draught of sweet, and acid,
Oh! Cupid, king of hearts! say princely minion,
How many that would otherwise have passed
Life without cares—when borne upon thy pinion,
Have been depriv'd of all their moments placid,
Snar'd in the nets, thou spread'st in thy dominion,
How many lur'd with promises of frolic,
Then left to groan beneath the spleen and cholic.

Princess or peers—the purse-proud, poor or peasant
All fall in turn a victim to thy dart,
Just as men shoot, at woodcock, snipe or pheasant,
When practis'd in that sanguiferos art,
In fact, all sorts, and some not over pleasant,
Hoaxes, thou play'st upon the human heart,
Not to recount the many sins for certain
Caus'd by thy wiles, behind Love's bed room curtain.

Was it not thee, who stirr'd great Alexander
With Thais by his side, to fire the porch,
Of fam'd Persepolis—and young Leander,
Whose love the waters quench'd, tho' Herod's torch
Shone bright to guide—myriads to whom a pander,
Any aid hath been, besides—to kill or scorch;
Not to omit poor Petrach in his cowl,
Thou mad'st to rove like any midnight owl.

Or shall I hail thee, love, as minstrels sing,
Whose Muse inspir'd by rapture's glowing powers,
Paint all thy blessings with the Iris wing
Of Fancy—blooming as th' immortal bowers,
Where Venus' self recliu'd—fresh as the Spring,
And balmy as the breeze that breathes o'er flowers,
Fair as the lily when at morn bedew'd
And fragrant as the couch with violets strew'd

Sweet as the tones which flow from music's numbers,
Which o'er the waters mellows all its sound,
Calm as the zephyr when all nature slumbers,
Chaste as Diana's orb in azure bound,
Pure as the vestal, whom no guilt encumbers,
Bright as the vision of fairy ground,
Soft as the sunny radiance of the skies
And as the essence sweet that never dies.

We shall only recite another quotation for the purpose of verifying in more accurate language than we can possibly express it, the above every other passage in the poem, the poetic powers of the author; as well as the opinion which we have formed of the production before us. It is contained in an Apostrophe to Woman; and with regard to this figure in poetry, however much it may have been cast in the shade by some writers, we are for our own part of opinion, that it is here, and here alone that the most feeling, natural, and touching passages are to be found throughout the wide Empire of poetry. In proof of this we could quote many of the sublimest passages in ancient and modern verse; but we shall content ourselves with two short and simple ones which have just occurred to us:

Hinc Daprani me portus et illætabilis ora
Accipit. Hic, palagi tot tempestatibus actus,
Heu! genitorem, omnis curæ casusque levamen,
Amitto Anchisen: *hic me pater optime, fessum*
Deseris, heu! tantis nequidquam erepte periclis,
Nec vates Helenus, quum multa horrenda moneret,
Hos mihi prædixit luctus; non dira Celæno.

ÆNEID III. 707.

Strike the harp in praise of Bragela, whom I left in the isle of mist the spouse of my love. Dost thou raise thy fair face from the rock to find the sails of Cuchullin? The sea is rolling far distant, and its white foam shall deceive thee for my sails. Retire for it is night, my love, and the dark winds sigh in thy hair.—Retire to the hall of feasts, and think of the times that are past; for I will not return till the storm of war is gone. O Connal, speak of wars and arms, and send her from my mind, for lovely with her raven hair is the white bosomed daughter of Sorglan.

FINGAL, B. 1.

Oh, woman thou wert form'd for love,—and love
Nurtur'd for thee;—thy very looks enthrone
A symbol, and a charm of those above
Whose attributes of being, are thine own;
The air, that stirs around, where thou dost move
Is fraught with incense,—as the heav'nly zone
Which our first parents witnessd at their birth
For thou hast here, imparadis'd the Earth.—

Thou art the fountain of our purest pleasure
As the fair alter of our warmest praise,
Thy tender love, the heart's exhaustless treasure,
From which man draws, the sunshine of his days,—
Thy glowing charms, surpassing far, the measure
Of word, or thought, to paint,—tho' Fancy's rays
Soar'd to the heavens,—where it alone could find
A charm of grace,—eclipsing womankind.—

And, where the heart should stray, that once has seen
  Earth's various climes, where, woman, in the pride
Of Beauty, most enamours by her mien
  And wins the soul, to thoughts beatified;—
Vain, vain,—indeed, to muse on every scene
  And every form, which memory on her tide—
Brings to the fond remembrance of the breast,
By Beauty hallowed and by love impress'd.—

Shall Albion's daughters first inspire my lay—
  The maids of Scotia, and the emerald Isle?—
Or thine, oh France,—all innocently gay,
  Italia's glowing with their look and smile,—
Or fair Castille's,—where Love its warmest ray
  Hath beam'd, angelically, to beguile,—
Or sailing on, hail those of Grecia's shore
Where Sappho sung, and Helen charm'd of yore—

Let these, be number'd in some future song
  With thee, oh Hochelaga,—noted city,
The present tributes of the muse belong:
  Beauteous, and meek, the pious, and the pretty
All, all, commingled in the worship'd throng
  Aspiring to be charming or be witty;—
But, hush,—I hear the muse, will not admit
There can be charms, seen in a female wit.—

Man, strikes the heart with powers which are his own;—
  The forcible and grand,—the firm, and brave,
To rouse the multitude with deed, or tone,
  To succour, and defend,—to seek, and save;—
But, woman, should be tenderness alone,
  Hers, is the sweetness of the summer wave,
Which heaves its panting breast, and as it flows
  Wins with the loveliness with which it glows.

Compare her cheek to the soft blooming rose,
  Contrast her eye-beam to the sapphire's blaze,
Her parted lips, to fruit, on which there glows
  Crimson's rich tints—and her sweet smiles which plays
To fair Aurora's beauty, when she throws
  Her opening blushes on the face of day,—
Her bosom,—to the consecrated shrine
Of Love,—encircled with a charm divine;—

We have only to add, that it will afford us much pleasure, how soon we may have another opportunity of paying our respects to the same author, and he will do well to appreciate his talents at a higher rate than to shun for a moment the opinion of a public whom he has so much gratified.

COLONIAL JOURNAL.

COLONIAL JOURNAL.

LOWER CANADA.

QUEBEC LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At a Meeting of the Society, held at the Castle of St. Lewis, on Monday, the fifteenth of March, the following were finally agreed to, as the Laws and Bye-laws of the Society, viz. :—

I.—The Society shall be denominated "THE QUEBEC LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY," until His Majesty's pleasure be known, and the number of Members shall be without limit.

II.—The Society shall consist of Members resident in the Province, and of honorary Members. No person resident in the Province can be an honorary Member, nor are honorary Members expected to subscribe, or contribute to its funds.

BYE LAWS. 1.—Ordinary Members residing near Quebec, are expected to attend *regularly* the Monthly Meetings.

2.—All members are invited to present original and written papers, or printed documents connected with the general objects of the Society, as set forth in the following Address, to be read at each Monthly Meeting.

3.—No paper or communication shall be read at the Monthly Meeting, which has not been submitted to the Committee, at least ten days previous to such Monthly Meeting; and it shall be the duty of the Committee, to class and arrange all such papers and communications.

4.—Honorary Members have a right to attend all Meetings of the Society, to take part in the proceedings, but not to vote upon questions.

III.—A Committee of fifteen Members shall be annually chosen, to regulate and conduct the affairs of the Society, to be summoned at the will and request of the president, or, in his absence, of either of the Vice-Presidents.

BYE LAWS. 1.—Five Members of the Committee shall be a *quorum* for the transaction of business.

2.—The Committee of management shall be chosen at the Anniversary Meeting by plurality of votes of the Members present.

IV.—The Officers of the Society, to be elected annually, shall be :—

A President,
A First Vice-President,
A Second Vice-President,
A Treasurer,
A Recording Secretary.
A Corresponding Secretary,
A Librarian.

BYE LAWS. 1.—The Officers shall be chosen by ballot from the newly chosen Committee, on each Anniversary Meeting.

2.—As it is not in immediate contemplation to form a library, the Offices of Librarian, Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary, shall be united in one.

3.—It shall be the duty of the President, or in his absence, of either of the Vice-Presidents, or in their absence, of any Member of the Committee present, who may be elected to the Chair, to preside at all Meetings of the Society, to regulate the debates, and to preserve

order and decorum. In case an equal number of votes shall be given on the affirmative or negative of any question, the presiding Officer or Chairman shall have a casting vote.

4—The *Recording Secretary* shall have the custody of the laws, bye-laws, records and papers of the Society.—He shall, under the direction of the President or Vice-Presidents, give due notice of the time and place of all Meetings of the Society, and attend the same. As soon as the President, or other presiding officer shall have taken the chair, he shall read the minutes of the preceding Meeting, and shall keep fair and accurate records of all the orders and proceedings of the Society. He shall also cause to be entered, if convenient, the names and residence of all the Members of the Society, in their own hands writing, respectively.

5.—The *Corresponding Secretary* shall have the custody of all letters and communications of the Society; he shall attend all Meetings, and read such letters and communications as he may have received; he shall prepare all letters to be written in the name of the Society, and to be signed by the President; but the Society may, if it should be thought proper, appoint a special Committee to draw up any particular letter or communication from the Society. He shall keep true copies of all letters written in the name of the Society, and preserve the original of all letters received.

6.—The *Treasurer* shall receive and keep all sums of money due and payable, and all donations and bequests of money or other property made to the Society. He shall pay all such sums as the Committee shall direct, to the order of the President, or presiding officer of the Society. He shall keep a true and faithful account of all monies received and paid by him; and at the Anniversary Meeting he shall render a particular statement of the same to the Society, which shall appoint a special Committee of three members to examine and audit his accounts.

V.—The regular Meetings of the Society at large shall be holden on the first Monday of every month, except June, July and August; and the Anniversary shall be, the second Monday of January in each year.

BYE LAWS. 1,—The Committee shall have the power of assembling extraordinary meetings of the Society, by notice inserted in the Quebec Gazette.

2—The President of the Society, or the officer presiding at the Anniversary Meeting, shall make an exposé of the proceedings and progress of the Society during the past year.

VI.—Members of the Society resident in the Province shall pay on admission, the sum of Five Pounds, and the annual Subscription shall be Three Pounds, payable during their residence in the Province.

BYE LAWS. 1.—The Annual Subscription shall commence on the Anniversary Meeting after admission.

2.—The Annual Subscription shall be paid in advance upon the Anniversary.

3.—Any Member by a donation of Twenty pounds shall become a Member for life, and be exempted from future Annual Subscriptions.

4.—A Seal of the Society shall be engraved, under which all acts and diplomas of the Society shall be confirmed.

5.—No diploma of admission to the Society can be delivered without payment of the entrance fee of Five Pounds in aid of the Funds.

6.—A suitable VIGNETTE, shall decorate the diploma, which shall be signed by the President, and countersigned by the Treasurer of the Society.

7.—Until the name of the Society shall be finally determined by His Majesty, His Excellency the Patron and Founder of the Society, has kindly offered the use of his official Seal; and such seal shall confirm all acts and diplomas of the Society.

VII.—All donations of Books, Pamphlets, Manuscripts; and articles of curiosity made to the Society shall be received with thanks, and entered on the Books by the Recording Secretary, with the names of the donors, a report thereof to be made at the next meeting.

VIII.—The admission of Members of the Society shall be by ballot; the nomination to be made at the previous monthly meeting, and to be seconded.

BYE LAW.—Fifteen Members shall

be necessary to constitute a Ballot, and one third black balls of those balloting shall exclude the Candidate.

IX.—The laws and bye laws of this Society may be altered or amended at a regular meeting, previous notice having been given at a former meeting, of such intention in writing, signed at least by nine ordinary Members.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

In calling the attention of the Public to the *Literary and Historical Society of Quebec*, we are relieved from the task of exordium on the general utility of such institutions. That is so universally established, that every civilised State, with which we are acquainted, has hastened to plant the Tree of Knowledge in its own soil, and has invited the enlightened portion of its people to co-operate in fostering its growth to maturity.

Endeavouring to give to Literature in this Province a corporate character and representation, by the formation of a literary and Historical Society at the seat of Government, it behoves us shortly to place before the Public the objects we seek to attain, the certainties which serve to encourage our perseverance, and the advantages which we ardently anticipate from the prosperity of this Institution.

The *Literary and Historical Society of Quebec* owes its origin to the patriotic feeling, and anxiety for the honor, welfare and interest of the Province, which characterise the present GOVERNOR IN CHIEF. The Committee, animated by a similar spirit, and anxious to accomplish the same patriotic views, have already proposed for the approbation of the Public at large, such means and regulations as appeared to them best calculated to carry into effect the purposes of the Society, and to guard the intentions of its Founder and Patron from misapprehension and abuse.

Although it is intended that this Society shall hereafter embrace every object of Literary interest and inquiry—it has been considered expedient at present and during its infancy, to confine our researches to the investigation of points of History, immediately connected with the CANADAS. To procure and furnish the complete annals of the country may never be in our power; but we are persuaded it will soon be found within our reach, to illustrate the most remarkable epochs of our history, and to place in strong relief their most interesting and singular details. It is conceived that the early History of Canada abounds in materials, full of striking descriptions and romantic situations.—The very circumstance of a civilization transplanted from the old world, superseding the indigenous barbarism of the natives, and yet remaining long enough in contact with it to acquire even some degree of respect for the rude Tribes it subdued or converted, seems to present a strange and remarkable contrast, capable of exciting the utmost curiosity and interest.

The first and particular objects, therefore, of this Society will naturally be---To discover, and rescue from the unsparing hand of time the records which yet remain of the earlsest History of CANADA---To preserve while in our power such documents as may be found amid the dust of yet unexplored depositories; and which may prove important to general history, and to the particular history of this Province---documents valuable as regards the present and the future, and perhaps, still *more* interesting to our Inhabitants, as respects the decaying Indian Tribes, than any other object of inquiry.

The next and more general objects of this Society will be--To promote every means of discovering collecting and procuring whatever information may throw light on the early Natural, Civil and Literary History of the BRITISH PROVINCES in NORTH AMERICA. To further, by assistance from our funds when practicable, the translation, and in some cases the publication of valuable Manuscripts, or scarce books, relating thereto, which may be discovered in any private or public collection: and, to encourage and reward such discoveries by every means in our power.

The objects which remain to be stated, are—To read at the general meetings of the Society such papers on the subjects above mentioned, as shall have been communicated by Members, and previously approved by the Committee of management:—and to make from these papers such a selection, as it may hereafter become expedient to print in, "The Transactions of the Society."

We are greatly encouraged in our

undertaking by the belief, nay, almost by the certainty, that there does yet exist a mass of manuscript and printed documents, scattered through the country, in possession of various Religious bodies and of private persons, or thrown aside, utterly useless and uncared for, in the chests of Public Offices. We cannot entertain a doubt, but such Religious bodies and individuals will cheerfully contribute their assistance towards promoting the objects of this Society, by affording such documents for examination, and if necessary, for transcript.

We are also encouraged by the benefits to be derived from the innumerable Institutions of a similar nature in other countries, which have gone before us. We have the advantage of many Institutions of Learning already existing among us, of many men in the number of our citizens who are entitled to be called Learned; and above all, we have the powerful, and irresistable stimulus of an ardent and patriotic desire to imitate in this Colony the glorious example of the Mother country.

The beneficial effects to be rationally anticipated from the prosperity of such a Society require no exaggerated description. It must strike every one that our objects are most desirable in themselves, inasmuch as they combine the propogation of knowledge with the gratification of laudable curiosity; and the AUGUSTAN POET who has so well extolled the union of *the useful* with *the agreeable*, could not have contemplated any pursuit in which these qualities are more essentially combined than in LITERATURE and HISTORY.

Whether we regard the prosperity of this Institution in a NATIONAL or in a LITERARY point of view, its advantages are equally apparent, and must come home to every bosom. It will raise us in the moral and intellectual scale of nations. It will cherish our noblest feelings of honor and patriotism, by shewing that the more men become acquainted with the history of their country, the more they prize and respect both their country and themselves. In a LITERARY point of view, it is fair to expect that the formation of this Society will introduce a lasting bond of union and correspondence between men, eminent for rank, erudition, and genius, from one extremity of the British Provinces to the other.

With these views, then, we invite men of Learning and taste to join us, and conclude by soliciting the assistance and co-operation of a liberal and enlightened Public, in the prosecution of a cause which may, in so many ways, conduce the advancement of Historical knowledge, and consequently, to the honor and ornament of this Province.

1824.

OFFICERS

Of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec for the current year.

FOUNDER AND PATRON,
His Excellency the Right Honorable GEORGE, EARL OF DALHOUSIE, G. C. B. &c. &c. &c.

President.
His Excellency the Honorable Sir FRANCIS NATHANIEL BURTON, K. C. G.

Vice-Presidents.
The Honble. the CHIEF JUSTICE, VALLIERES DE ST. REAL, Esqr.

Recording Secretary.
WILLIAM GREEN, Esqr.

Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary.
JOHN CHARLTON FISHER, Esq. L. L. D.

QUEBEC,
13*th May.*

The Court of King's Bench gave a decision on the last day of April term in the case of *Charles Adolphus Holt*, against *William Smith Sewell*. This was an action brought against the latter Gentleman, the Sheriff of this district, to recover damages for an escape on *mesne process*. On the sixteenth of June last, Mr. Holt sued out a writ of *Capias ad Respondendum* which was delivered to the Sheriff to be executed. The Sheriff, as he usually does, employed one of his deputies, who succeeded in arresting the individual against whom the Writ was directed, and had him in actual custody for a few minutes, but he contrived to escape and was not afterwards retaken. Mr. Holt in consequence brought his action against the Sheriff to recover, in the shape of damages, about three hundred pounds, such being nearly the amount of the note upon which the *Capias* was issued, together with charges of protest, interest and the costs incur-

red upon the first action. This cause was tried by a special jury in February last, when after a patient hearing the Jury gave a unanimous verdict for two hundred and ninety-two pounds in favor of the Plaintiff. This was an important case for the Sheriff and he had the advice and assistance of four of our most able advocates Messrs. Stuart and Black, Vallières de St. Real and Thompson, by whom the defence was managed with consumate address; both at the trial and on the motions in arrêst of judgment and for a new trial which were made in behalf of the defendant, his counsel urged to exhaustion every point which made for him on all branches of the question of the liberality of the Sheriff under our Provincial system of jurisprudence, without allowing the minutest clerical error to escape them. The Court, however rejected both of these applications and on the motion of Mr. Gugy, the Plaintiff's Counsel, pronounced judgment in conformity with the finding of the Jury; during the delivery of which the Court expressed their surprise and regret, that since the creation of the Sheriffs in this country the Legislature should have omitted to regulate and define by express enactments the duties and responsabilities of those officers.

27th May.

GRAND FAREWELL BALL TO THE COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE.

This long expected and much talked of Fête took place last night at the Union Hotel. Intended as a farewell compliment to the COUNTESS of DALHOUSIE, it may be supposed to have derived its greatest attraction, in the estimation of all who were acquainted with her amiable condescension and affability, from that circumstance. We feel justified in asserting that the decorations and arrangement were equally worthy of the hosts, of their noble guests, and of the subject. Our limits will not permit us to give an elaborate description. The company began to assemble in considerable numbers about nine o'clock, and by ten, we should imagine not less than four hundred persons were assembled in the ball room, with whom the admirable taste displayed in the *tout ensemble* of the apartment was an unceasing theme of delighted expression. On entering the room, the first agreeable sensation, undoubtedly, was the splendid *coup d'œil*, which embraced drapery of the most pleasing involution, brilliant transparencies, appropriate medallions and rested finally on the fragrant accumulation of the choicest green-house plants, which occupied the space under the principal chandelier, and diffused a lasting aroma through the room. On closer examination, it was soon perceived that every decoration that vegetable and artificial beauty could bestow had been successfully applied by the taste which directed the whole. The walls had been newly coloured, a beautiful pink hue—white muslin curtains, festooned with pink, surmounted by pink hangings, and bordered by roses, extended along the whole *interior* facade, and occupied the upper spaces of the arches at the end of the Ball Room.—Opposite the Orchestra, were seen two very appropriate transparencies representing *figurantes*, from the models, we presume of Lady Hamilton by Romney; and in the niches formed by the other windows stood female figures of plaister of Paris, in the midst of beautiful roses and geraniums, fresh from the garden and hothouse, over which was suspended this delicate caution;—"*La "beaute et le parfum sont tout ce que noas pouvons affrir.*" This was read in English in other parts of the room.—We have mentioned that in the centre, on the floor, was a charming collection of flowers and plants, contained in a very handsome railed fence. At the head of the room on three steps, was raised a crimson state sofa, to which the COUNTESS of DALHOUSIE was led on her entrace by HIS EXCELLENCY SIR FRANCIS BURTON in full court dress. Above this a magnificent canopy of white and pink muslin was erected, crowned with the coronet of the Earldom, & surmounted by a transparency of the family arms on two shields united, with the Dalhousie supporters. On either side of state sofa was a transparency, presenting each a different view of Dalhousie Castle, a beautiful gothic structure of great antiquity standing in the midst of beautiful grounds, and embelished by gardens in the highest state of cultivation, as her Ladyship will no doubt find them on her return. There was no part of the decoration which gave us more pleasure than this, as it shewed a taste and feeling in the selection of ornaments which did honor to the projectors; and we are sure there was nothing which was more justly ap-

preciated than this mark of attention. To the walls were appended medallions with the initials C. B. D. encircled by a wreath, and crowned with the coronet. The front of the orchestra displayed a very apt illustration.—Three notes of music, C. B. D. were written on a medallion of the same description, and though to us it was a language worse than Greek, it spoke strongly to the fair adepts in the science. Whe have only to mention the alcove, and we shave closed our hasty sketch. Here we beheld with the pride of an Englishman, beautiful transparencies of the Admiralty, St. Pauls, Chelsea Hospital, with a charming landscape view.

The supper which in the first instance was laid for 190 persons displayed the unwearied exertions of Mr. and Mrs. MALHIOT, who had been occupied in this branch of service for the last three weeks. The "gorgeous palaces raised by their industry and skill fell victims, however, to the devouring hand of the spoiler, which left scarcely "a rack behind," so inefficient was *art* in this instance in comparison with *taste*. The wine flowed in copious streams to the health of the Countess, which was proposed in a very neat and elegant speech by Sir FRANCIS BURTON, who breathed a wish for the health and happiness of her Ladyship, until she should visit us again. After the "Earl of Dalhonsie" had also been given from the chair. His Lordship rose to return thanks for the Countess and himself, which he did in his usual appropriate and happy style. We regret we could not, amid the joyous bustle, obtain the precise words of these addresses, the effect of which was most strikingly apparent in the company.—We had the pleasure of seeing Sir PERIGRINE MAITLAND and his staff, Capt. Commissioner BARRIE, and many other strangers amid the fashionable throng. Dancing was kept up until a late hour, and upon the whole the fête at the Union Hotel on this occasion will be long remembered in Quebec, as highly honourable to the taste and liberality of the gentlemen concerned, and as a just tribute to a LADY who adorns the station she occupies by her solid, yet unassuming virtues, charity, simplicity and condescension.

5th June.

The following is the address presented to his Excellency the Governor in Chief by the inhabitants of Quebec.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE EARL OF DALHOUSIE, Knight, Grand Cross of the most Hon. Military Order of the Bath, Capt. General and Governor in Chief in and over the Provinces of Lower Canada, and Upper Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and their several dependencies, &c. &c. &c.

May it please your Excellency,

We, the inhabitants of the City of Quebec, and its vicinity, beg leave to approach your Excellency, to express with unfeigned sincerity the regret we feel at your Lordship's intended departure, and temporary absence from this Province.

Deeply impressed with a lively sense of the earnest endeavours which your Excellency has upon all occasions shewn during your administration of the Government of this important part of His Majesty's dominions, to promote the general welfare of the inhabitants of this Colony, we unite in sentiments of respect for your Lordship's public and private character, and entertain a firm conviction of the upright views with which your Excellency has been guided, to maintain the honor of Majesty's Government, and the happiness of the people committed to your care.

We beg to offer our thanks to your Excellency for the ready access, the openess of deportment and the complacency of manners which have been united in your Excellency with so much ease & dignity, & which we shall ever remember with gratitude; and if circumstances have occurred so as to impede the full success of your Excellency's benevolent intentions, in promoting the objects which appeared to you most conducive to the welfare of the Country. We are nevertheless conscious, of the stimulus you have given to industry, by a liberal encouragement to the general improvement of this colony; and the munificence with which you have aided all institutions of public utility, claims our warmest acknowledgements.

We look forward with sanguine and confident expectations to the many benefits to be derived to this Country, by Your Excellency's presence in England, where the opportunity will be offered your Lordship of more immediately advocating (and we trust successfully) the just rights and interests of the Canadas, and their in-

habitants, whose loyalty to their King and attachment to their country, cannot be exceeded by his subjects, in any other part of his Majesty's dominions.

We should be wanting in the candor we profess if we were not upon this occasion to express also, the sense we entertain of the eminent virtues and aimable qualities, which characterise the Countess of Dalhousie, and which have had their due weight in this Society; —the example of benevolence shewn by her Ladyship, will leave a lasting impression on our minds.

We sincerely wish your Lordship and the Countess of of Dalhousie a safe and speedy passage, and for the present respectfully take our leave.

Quebec, May, 1824.

To which His Excellency was pleased to make the following answer:

GENTLEMEN,—I receive with the greatest pleasure this address of the Magistrates and Inhabitants of Quebec and its vicinity,—It is in the highest degree gratifying to me to learn, that in your opinion I nave neither neglected the honor of His Majesty's Government nor the happiness of the people committed to my care. It has been the constant object of my ambition, so to perform the duties of my station, as to shew myself not altogether unworthy of the confidence which my Sovereign has placed in me; and as this address bears unequivocal testimony of approbation from the City of Quebec, from those amongst whom I have lived, over whom I have exercised the powers of Government and who are best qualified to judge of every act of my public life here, I may well be proud to carry with me such a mark of their regard.

I do feel, and I will candidly and publickly say it, that I have not succeeded to the extent of my hopes in promoting the welfare of this country, but neither have I much cause to complain; I am as yet content with what all acknowledge to be true, that the Province has improved greatly within the last few years, notwithstanding the untoward circumstances which have occurred—my hopes are not cast down —my earnest endeavours shall not relax—the general welfare of the people shall still be the grand object of my constant attention and determined perseverance; and I trust that while in England, as here amongst you, I shall not disappoiut your expectations.

For your expression of good wishes towards Lady Dalhousie, I join with her in requesting you to accept our grateful thanks; we have passed four happy years amongst you—we have experienced unceasing and invariable attention, and hope you will do us the justice to believe that we shall think of them with the most pleasing recollection.

(Signed) DALHOUSIE.

Castle of St. Louis,
5th June, 1824.

10th June.

Last Saturday morning, the Countess of Dalhousie received the adieus of the Ladies of Quebec, The Castle was crowded with a succession of visitors during the morning anxious to testify the sense they entertained of her Ladyship's affability and courteous attentions.

On Sunday His Excellency the Governor in Chief with the Countess Dalhousie, family, and suite, embarked on board H. M. S. Athol for Scotland, His Lordship dispensed with a Guard of Honor and Military compliments, excepting the salute from the Citadel, which was fired when the Ship got under weigh:—the hour of embarkation was fixed for three o'clock, P. M. but the Earl of Dalhouse left the castle of St. Louis at half past two, by which many Gentlemen and Military Officers, who wished to have attended him to the place of embarkation, were disappointed of paying this mark of respect to His Excellency. Amongst the highly respectable party which assembled on this occasion, we observed their Excellencies Sir P. Maitland and Sir Francis Burton, and their respective suits; the Chief Justice, the Judges, many of the members of the councils, the Honorable Speaker of the House of Assembly, the Officers of the staff, and regiments, and a number of respectable citizens. Upon arriving at the stairs of the King's Wharf, the Governor took leave of this friendly escort, shaking hands most cordially with most of those who had been honored with his acquaintance:— when the boat pulled off from the wharf, his Lordship was cheered by the assembled spectators. On His reaching the deck of the Frigate a salute was fired from her broadside, and shortly after she got under weigh when the Citadel fired a Royal salute which was returned from the ship. The Countess Dalhousie was escorted on

board by the Deputy Quarter Master General Col. Cockburn, and His Lordship was attended by Col. Harvey, D. A. G. Mr. Maule, A. D. C. and A. W. Cochran, Esq. civil secretary to his Lordship who also proceed in the Athol.

The administration of the Civil Government of this Province, devolves to His Excellency Lieut. Governor Sir F. N. Burton, who yesterday took the oaths which was announced by a salute from the Citadel. His Excellency has issued the usual proclamation. The command of the troops in the Canadas is vested in General Sir P. Maitland, who returns to Upper Canada this evening.

12th June.

In the afternoon of Wednesday last, between two and three o'clock, a thunder storm passed over this City, which although not of long continuance, was attended with more melancholy consequences than any which has happened of late years in this part of Canada.—The cloud from which the lightning issued, appeared to be almost directly over the Upper Town market place; the fluid was discharged in different directions: it was seen to play upon the Conductors of the Seminary and the Parish Church, and the whole extensive quadrangle of the Jesuit Barrack felt its effects. A corporal of the 68th Light Infantry, named Natrass, who was standing near one of the windows of the upper story of the west front, was with his son, a child about two years old, in his arms, struck dead, and a bugler in the room beneath was also killed at the same moment, in the north side of the building, a chimney was struck, a large beam was splintered, the floors torn up, the ceiling injured and much damage done in the rooms, which had fortunately been vacated by the first division of the 37th Regt. had they been occupied many lives must have inevitably been lost. The lightning passed out through the Commissariat spirit store on the ground floor, but the fluid penetrated other parts of the building; but the most serious injury was sustained on the side occupied by the 68th Regiment, in which besides the persons killed, three persons were affected with paralysis of one side, four with apopletic symptoms, and several others with general spasmodic affections, the total number injured is seventeen the Regimental guard room was filled with Sulphureous vapour which obliged those within to open the windows and doors to escape suffocation.

The fluid also struck or passed thro' several honses in Fabrique street, but without doing any material injury; the lightning proved fatal in the Officers Barracks in St. Lewis street, to a very fine young man, Ensign G. D. Cogan, 68th Light Infantry, who, after the storm was over, was found by his servant, stretched on the floor, a lifeless corpse; it is supposed that he had been standing near the window, when the lightning struck the right side of his head, and entering his body near the collar bone, passed out at the left ancle and heel; the leg of his pantaloons and his shoe were torc, the marks of the fluid were visible on the limbs, but it was remarked on stripping the body, that the drawers were not injured; the side of the building, in which Mr. Cogan's room was situated, was struck in several parts, bolts were forced off the windows and other damage done, and a wooden building adjoining greatly shattered.

It is worthy of remark, that the two buildings in which the fatal accidents occurred, are covered with sheet Iron, and have much heavy iron work about the windows, yet are unprovided with conductors; to which cheap and simple contrivance, the safety of the Catholic Church and the Seminary, is on this occasion, perhaps mainly attributable.

We have heard that a barn belonging to a Mr. Mercier, merchant at St. Thomas, was fired by lightning on that day, and toially consumed. No other well authenticated account has reached us of further damage having been sustained in the country.

The sufferers were interred on Thursday morning with military honours, all the officers of the staff and garrison, the men of the 37th and 60th Regiments off duty, and a vast concourse of civilians attended on this melancholy occasion.

Mr. Cogan was generally esteemed for his gentlemanly manners; what renders his death more deplorable is, that he is the only son of a widow mother, residing in Scotland and who will most probably receive from a highly distinguished character, the flattering accounts of her son's health when he left the command, but a few days after, she will hear of the awful dispensation which has deprived her of this blessing.

The Bugler and Corporal were both

men of good character; we find a subscription has been set on foot for the relief of the widow of the latter.

1st July.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer on His Excellency the Honorable Sir Francis Nathaniel Burton, Knight Commander of the Royal Guelphic Order of Hanover, Lieutenant-Governor of Lower-Canada, the Grand Cross of that Order.

MONTREAL.

12th May.

On Monday, the Deputation of Gentlemen appointed to present the Address of the Inhabitants of the City and vicinity of Montreal, to His Excellency the Governor in Chief, waited upon His Lordship with the Address. The Deputation were received with that urbanity so peculiar to his Lordship, and after the Address had been read and presented, the answer which will be found to succeed it, was returned, and is, in every respect, worthy of his Lordship's general character and conduct.

To His Excellency the Right Honorable George Earl of Dalhousie, Knight Grand Cross of the most Honorable Military order of the Bath—Captain General and Governor in Chief, in and over the Province of Lower-Canada, &c. &c. &c.

May it please your Excellency.

We His Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, Inhabitants of the City and vicinity of Montreal, respectfully approach Your Excellency, to express our regret at the prospect of your leaving the Province, at this important crisis.

We have seen with the highest gratification, the exertions of Your Lordship, in promoting the interests of this Province; and it becomes our duty on the present occasion, to congratulate Your Lordship upon the great improvements which have taken place, under your administration, more particularly in Agriculture, in which little progress had been previously made; and to express our acknowledgements, that through the influence and encouragement of Your Lordship, a spirit of industry and enterprise has been excited, which must be productive of lasting benefit to the Colony.

We lament that a Nobleman of Your Lordship's high rank and character, who came to this Government with the intention of promoting the best interests of His Majesty's subjects, and whose general conduct has tended to conciliate their affections, and to impress them with a due sense of the invaluable blessings which they enjoy, under the protection and fostering care of the Mother Country, should by any means have been counteracted in advancing those interests; but more particularly by the extraordinary refusal of those constitutional supplies, which are essentially requisite for the encouragement of all improvement, as well as for the maintenance of social order and good government.

Under such privations and difficulties, no Government can long exist; and we humbly trust, that the same feeling and sympathetic regard, which Your Lordship has hitherto evinced for the welfare of this Province, will be farther manifested, by your successful endeavors to obtain such an effectual remedy, as may prevent the recurrence of circumstances fraught with extreme injury and danger, not only to this Province, but also to Upper-Canada, whose interests are nearly connected with our own—and we are fully convinced, that if the means possessed by these Provinces, were combined and judiciously applied, the Canadas would rapidly advance in improvement and wealth, and rise to importance as valuable appendages of the British Crown.

We cherish the hope that through the influence of Your Lordship, His Majesty's Government will take an additional interest in our favor at the present crisis of affairs; and that such a change may be speedily effected in the political relations of the Provinces of Canada, as may develope and encrease their joint resources. We shall anxiously look forward to the return of Your Lordship, under the happy auspices of so important an event, that we may again experience the benefits of your paternal care and protection.

It is at the same time a subject of great consolation that during the absence of Your Lordship, the administration of the Government will be vested in a person of such rank and character, in whom we have the greatest confidence.

We devoutly pray, that Your Lordship and Lady Dalhousie, may have a favourable passage to Great Britain, and a happy meeting with the rest of your family; and that Your Lordship

may experience such a gracious reception from our beloved sovereign, as the arduous and faithful administration of the Government committed to your charge, so justly merits.

Montreal, 1st May, 1824.

His Excellency the Governor in Chief's Answer to the foregoing Address.

GENTLEMEN,

An Address expressing so strongly the sentiments of the respectable inhabitants of the City of Montreal, cannot but be highly gratifying to me.—At this moment, when about to present myself to my Sovereign, a testimony so honourable, in regard to my administration of this Government, would have relieved my mind from all anxiety, had there been any such feeling upon it. I thank God there is no such anxiety upon my mind; for although I cannot take to myself all the merit which you give me in this address, I feel conscious that I have devoted my utmost abilities to promote the public good, in all points which came within the powers vested in me.

I do sincerely lament with you, that an unreasonable and violent party spirit should have been carried so far as to counteract and check almost every measure of the Government; but I do not despair of yet seeing the day when more liberal sentiments, and more just views of the public interests, shall take place of that cavilling ill temper which has done so much mischief of late years. Nor do I abandon my hope, that the loyalty and good sense which mark the character of the people in Lower-Canada, will, before long, regret those false impressions which have been so industriously circulated in the country, and thus render justice to the principles and intentions in which I have hitherto acted.

I have obtained His Majesty's permission to return to Europe, for a short time. My family affairs are my chief object in so doing, but you may be well assured, that amidst these I shall not neglect the public interests of these Provinces.

My return does not wholly depend upon me, but this I will say, that so long as His Majesty shall be graciously pleased to honour me with the Government of this part of the British dominions, provided I can see a ray of hope to do good by perseverance, I shall return to my duties with the utmost pleasure and good will, equally appreciating the importance of the trust committed to me, the honour of the high station in which I am placed, and the abundant reward which every man derives from a faithful discharge of his duty.

(Signed) DALHOUSIE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER, DATED

London, May 22.

A notice has appeared in the London Gazette making known the determination of his Majesty's Ministers to allow a draw-back of the whole duty upon all foreign Pot and Pearl Ashes and Barella to be used in bleaching Linen in Great Britain, in the same manner as when imported into Irelaud, and used for the same purpose, agreeably to the Act 54 Geo. III. Cap. 129. By this new regulation Pot and Pearl Ashes imported into Britain from the United State, will enter into competition with Canadian Ashes for home consumption, and this circumstance, combined with the probability that some alkaline substances will be manufactured from Salt when the remainder of the duty on that article expires, has had the effect of exciting no small degree of alarm among the Merchants connected with Canada, who had no opportunity for remonstrance and were not even apprised of the agitation of the measure, receiving the first intimation of it only when the success of the negociation between the Board of Trade and the Linen Manufacturers appeared in the Gazette Notice above mentioned.

12th June.

At a Public Meeting of the Merchants and others Subscribers to the Montreal COMMITTEE of TRADE, held yesterday, the following Gentlemen were elected to serve as a Committee of Management for the year ending the 1st June, 1825.

James Leslie	John Fleming
John Forsyth,	Daniel Fisher,
George Auldjo,	George Moffatt,
F. A. Larocque,	James Millar,
Peter M'Gill,	David Handyside,
Robert Froste,	Benjamin Hart,
Thos. Blackwood,	

ESQUIRES.

JOHN FORSYTH,
Chairman of the Meeting of Subscribers.

19th.

The reduction of THREE-PENCE in the pound, in the import duty of Canadian Tobacco, is a step in the encouragement of a more general cultivation of that article in this country, which must be very gratifying, no less to the growers and manufacturers of tobacco than to the commercial and agricultural interests of those Provinces at large. As it must certainly open up a more ready market to our Tobacco, and secure to us a species of monopoly in the British market, it ought to encourage a more general attention to the cultivation of an article so universally in demand, and encourage the growers of Tobacco in Upper-Canada, in particular, to persevere with increased energy in the further prosecution of the labour in which, with such credit to themselves, they have already made so promising a beginning.

July 17.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that in a Committee of the House of Commons on the Wheat Warehousing Bill, a clause was introduced, and carried by a majority of 45 to 19 allowing CANADIAN WHEAT, which was then in Warehouses in England to be brought into market *free of duty*. This is one of the many cases which have lately transpired to shew the sentiments that are entertained in the British Cabinet no less relative to a free intercourse of trade, than to that kindly and liberal line of policy which ought to be pursued in raising our colonies to prosperity and wealth. We cannot, in this country, where we entertain such feelings of exclusive affection and attachment to our mother country, enter into those views of policy which would force us, in any instance, to pay for bringing the produce of the Country to a British market; nor can we entertain much respect for the justice of that law which imposes so heavy a penalty upon our industry; but it is now obvious that our sentiments are sympathized with, and that the Imperial Government, if not the Imperial Parliament, have not only become sensible of the injustice which we suffer from ...at law which places our produce under ...e same restrictions with *foreigners*, but are also disposed to foster our industry with as liberal and parental a hand as may be consistent with the native interests of the Empire. Let us look with sentiments of gratitude to such interference in behalf of our welfare, and soon anticipate the day, when our own importance as a branch of the British Empire, will render our situation not less enviable than any other portion of His Majesty's dominions.—The next news we expect to hear, is, that Canadian Wheat may be imported into Great Britain *free* of *all* duties.

WILLIAM HENRY,

13th May.

Address to his Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie.

The Inhabitants of William-Henry having been precluded, the opportunity of waiting by deputation upon his Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, on his return from Montreal, Dr. Von Iffland transmitted the following address to Captain Maule, Aid-de-Camp, as conveying the genuine heartfelt expressions of their sincere unaffected regard, and as a tribute of a *just appreciation* of his Lordship's many public and private virtues. The address was signed by every respectable inhabitant of the Borough and Sorel, and is as follows:—

To His Excellency George Earl of Dalhousie, Knight Grand Cross of the most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over the Province of Lower Canada, Vice Admiral of the same, &c. &c. &c.

The humble Address of the Inhabitants of the Town and Borough of William Henry.

May it please your Excellency,

We, the Inhabitants of the Town and Borough of William Henry, his Majesty's most loyal and dutiful subjects, would feel themselves deficient in gratitude and justice, were they to omit most humbly to approach your Excellency to express their sentiments of regret and concern on the notification of your intentions of retiring from the important public employments of this Colony, but, the consolation which is offered to us for the loss we are about to sustain, will, we sincerely hope, be realized by your Excellency's happy return at no distant period.

Your Excellency's vigilant concern and utmost endeavours to secure the happiness and prosperity of his Majesty's subjects in this Colony, must ever call forth those sentiments of gratitude which cannot be in the power of any language to express. But we entreat

your Excellency to believe, that it will afford us the greatest consolation, when we observe the happy consequences of that energy and wisdom which have ever characterized the administration under your Excellency's government, and which cannot but demonstrate to the inhabitants of this Province at large, the permanent advantages which must be derived from such an administration.

Your Excellency's attention in promoting our Agricultural interests and your extension of benevolence to charity Schools, and other Institutions for promoting the general diffusion of knowledge, which have, ever since your Excellency's administration been kindly fostered by every possible means, must make the deepest impression upon our minds, and we cannot but repeat with the most unfeigned sentiments, the satisfaction we feel when we behold the resources of this Province so highly improved by your Excellency's unremitting and constant solicitude for the advancement of its prosperity and paternal regard for promoting its welfare.

Your Excellency will therefore ever possess our warmest affections and most anxious regard, and may these, the true sentiments of sensibility and attachment accompany your Excellency's intended visit to the bosom of your Country; and while we participate with the Inhabitants of the Province in general for the personal happiness of your Excellency, your beloved consort, and the Members of your illustrious family, we shall feel the most lively joy when your Excellency can again be spared to this Province, to witness that fertility secured to us by your Excellency's most auspicious administration.

William Henry, 8th May, 1824.

His Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie's Answer,

GENTLEMEN,

I have received the address of the Inhabitants of Sorel, transmitted to me by you as a deputation, and request you to express to them my thanks for their expressions of regard, partial indeed I feel them, and arising from more intimate acquaintaenc by my residence among them.

My temporary absence cannot in any degree diminish my anxious desire to promote the welfare of the Province, nor that which particularly relates to the neighbourhood of Sorel and Borough of William Henry.

(Signed) DALHOUSIE.

To Robert Jones, Esqr. and the Gentlemen of h Deputation.

UPPER CANADA.

YORK,

1st May.

On Saturday the 24th instant his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, attended by his Staff, was met by the Honorable the Members of the Executive Council, the Judges of the Court of King's Bench, and the Gentlemen of the Bar, with the Magistrates, and principal Inhabitants of York, in procession for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of the new Gaol and Court House about to be erected in this Town.—A Sovereign and half Sovereign of gold and several coins of silver and copper, of the present Reign, together with some newspapers and other memorials of the present day, were deposited in a cavity of the stone, over which, a plate of copper, bearing an appropriate inscription, was placed; and after his Excellency had given the first blow, with a hammer handed to him for the purpose, the ceremony concluded with several hearty cheers from all who were present. If the question were of any real importance, we might have the curiosity to inquire why the deposit was made in the *S. East* rather than in the *N. East* corner of the building?

1st June.

As there are very few natural, and no artificial harbours, on the northern coast of Lake Ontario;—It must be interesting to others, as well as to the inhabitants of the District of Newcastle, to be made acquainted with the following extracts from the first report of a very able Engineer whom we requested to examine the outlet of *Smith's Creek*, at PORT HOPE, for the purpose of ascertaining how far it might be practicable to construct a Dock for shipping, at that place.—A more enlarged and detailed account will be given hereafter.—In the mean time the general sketch, here presented to our readers, must, we think, prove highly satisfactory.

"I have, according to your request, explored the mouth and waters of *Smith's Creek*, and am of opinion, that the situation is truly desirable for the construction of a Commercial Dock, with *a throat* (or short Canal) discharging its feeder through a Lock, carried in a strait line into a ten feet depth of water upon the Lake—and at all times when the Lock gates are shut, and no vessels are coming in, or going out, the supply can be conducted by means of race ways over as much Machinery as

the eternal springs and freshess of the season will admit of—so that little or no water will be lost or wasted at any time."

"These rail ways, I propose to communicate from the East, and from the West sides of the Dock, by means of sluice gates, to open and shut at pleasure; and through which the water may pass, or be directed, over any machinery that may be erected on lands towards the south and contiguous to the Lake shore—which cannot fail to advance the value of the swamp, and all the adjoining lands, for commercial purposes, wharves, &c. &c."

"The work may be carried on chiefly by a principle of piling and embarkment—except at the entrance of the Lock, from the Lake, which must be of stone;—but I will give you the *practice* in my next—with an estimate of the expence. I may here add however, that I propose the Canal or Throat to begin from the centre of the southern wall of the Dock."

There is at present no safe or commodious harbour, worthy of the name, between York and Presqu'Ile; and, as Port Hope is nearly central between the two, there is scarcely any of the projected improvements in this Province more pregnant with advantage to the commercial interests, connected with the navigation of Lake Ontario, than the one now alludod to, and which we hope will be shortly carried into effect. PORT HOPE is the natural outlet of the deepest and richest tract of land in Canada:—by the word *deepest* we mean, that, a line running north, or a few points either east or west of north from that place, (which in fact might be run to Hudson's Bay without intersecting any considerable obstacle) traverses the most extensive region, adapted for agricultural purposes, any where to be found in the British Possessions of North America. In every point of view, therefore, this work is of vast importance; and we shall hereafter take the liberty of proposing a plan, at once novel and effective, by which the necessary funds for completing the work may be raised.

14th June.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE WELLAND CANAL COMPANY.

Gentlemen,

In submitting this Report to your consideration, it may be advisable to accompany it with a few observations and remarks to guide you in the prosecution of the work, and to state some reasons for estimating and proportioning our Canal for eight feet Locks.

The greatest obstacle to overcome, and the only one worthy of consideration on this route, is the dividing ridge between Chippewa and the head waters of the 12 Mile Creek—this we propose to tunnel which will save far more than one half the money necessary to expend in cutting it open, and every foot in width would add proportionably to the expense by giving it an extra foot more than the Locks: Boats will never meet with any obstruction in loading, and room will be left for the surplus quantity of water for your hydraulic concerns, and for all purposes of Boat Navigation. A Canal of this size is considered the most profitable, and will pass all the produce that may be necessary for a century to come. The Grand Canal in Great Britain is only of those dimensions.

In recommending wooden Locks, I am guided by the following consideration, a stone Lock would cost at least £1000; from the low price of wooden materials in this, a wooden Lock can be built for £220, the foundation of those Locks, and that part under water, will last a century, the upper timbers at least ten years, when the whole expense of repairing or rebuilding each of those entire will not exceed £100; this can bc done in the winter season, and not interrupt the navigation one single hour.—Now the difference in the original cost is £780, the interest on which, is £46 16 currency per annum, consequently an entire new Lock may be built including the foundation every five years for the difference in interest of the money.

In regard to the Harbour, we beg to observe, that there is a natural Bason, capable of holding 500 sail of vessels drawing 7 feet water, and that they can proceed 3 miles up without incurring one shilling additional expense to the four feet Canal.

Respecting the prosecution of this work to advantage, and with expedition, you must open the two tunsul mouths as soon as possible, which will draw off the water from each end of the tunsul, then a tunnel may be drove through in six months, which will not cause an expenditure of more than £162 per month, after which it will take fifteen months to complete the tunsul at an outlay of 500 per month, it is not ne-

cessary to lay out money the present year on any other part of the route, as ample time will be left you to finish the ensuing, and years after at your leisure; the tunnel cannot be drove faster than mentioned which shews the necessity of its speedy commencement.

We must further observe, that this estimate is founded on mature deliberation, and from the experience of the practical part of Canal operations for a series of years, and that we will undertake to complete the whole of it according to the above estimate, and require from you no advance, when we finish each mile we will expect payment and not until then.

We have the honour to be,
Gentlemen,
Your Obediant Servants,
(Signed) SAMUEL CLOWES,
JAMES CLOWES,
Civil Engineers.

St. Catherine's, June 14th, 1824.

QUEENSTON,
1st June.

Monument on Queenston Heights to General Brock's memory.—The foundation stone of this monument was laid by brother James Lapraik, from Scotland, on Tuesday the 1st inst. The memory of Burns, Burns's Farewell to Tarbolton Lodge, and Wolfe's Lament were sung on the spot by James M'Queen, in fine style; Coins of the reigns of James 2d, Queen Anne, George 3d, and of the American Republic, the Dutch United Provinces and Portugal, were deposited in the stone, as was also an Upper Canada Gazette, and No. I. of our Loyal and Patriotic "Advocate." A meeting of Free-masons took place at brother J. B. Coles' Queenston Hotel: a new lodge was formed and thereafter the night was spent in great harmony and much conviviality.

30th June.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UPPER CANADA GAZETTE.

Sir,

From what is stated in Numbers Three and Four of a Paper lately published in Queenston, styled "The Colonial Advocate," it might be inferred that the Commissioners appointed to superintend the erection of the Monument to the memory of the late Major General Sir Isaac Brock, had been remiss in their duty, and that they had employed William Lyon Mackenzie to superintend in their stead—but such is not the case; it is thus:

Shortly after the death of one of the Commissioners (Colonel Nichol) I consulted with the remaining Commissioner, Mr. Thomas Dickson, and with other Gentlemen of the District, as to the propriety of having a procession of ceremony at laying the foundation—when it was agreed—from the recent death of Colonel Nichol, and from the short time there was to invite over from York, the gentlemen from thence, to form the necessary Masonic procession; that the ceremony should be deferred until the Monument was finished, and when the remains of the late Major General would be deposited in the vault of the Monument.

The Contractors informed Mr. Hall, Engineer, superintending the erection of the Monument and myself, that they would be ready to commence the Foundation in the first week in June; they were directed to proceed when ready, as there would be no ceremony at the laying of it. On the first day of June I had appointed to be at Burlington Beach as a Canal Commissioner, as you will see by Public Notice in your Gazette of May last, where I accordingly went, accompanied by Mr. Hall, the Engineer. On that day, the coast being clear, (the only remaining Commissioner, Mr. Thomas Dickson from indisposition not being able to leave his room,) Mr. Lyon Mackenzie, took upon himself, unknown to the Commissioners, to perform his impertinent and officious ceremonies at the laying the foundation of the Monument.

For the information of the public I have to state that, William Lyon Mackenzie's wide mouthed bottle, and his wider mouthed scurrilous paper, are now removed from under the Monument, and am, Sir,

Your very obediant servant,
THOMAS CLARK,
Commissioner for erecting a Monument to the memory of the late Major General Sir Isaac Brock.

KINGSTON,
May 17.

On the 17th Instant, the Foundation Stone of the Midland District Court House and Gaol was laid by a Grand Procession of Lodges.

Upon arriving at the foundation of the building, the Procession halted and faced in-wards, the Grand Lodge proceeded to a platform erected for their accommodation, and an impressive

Prayer was offered up by the Grand Chaplain. After the deposit of a Bottle, hermetically sealed, containing various coins, papers, &c. and the subjoined inscription printed on parchment, the Corner Stone was laid in Form by the R. W. A. D. P. Grand Master.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor being present, the Mallet was presented to him by the A. D. P. Grand Master, with which His Excellency gave three blows, which were immediately followed by three hearty cheers.

BY THE FAVOR OF
ALMIGHTY GOD,
On the Seventeenth day of May, A. D. 1824,
Of the Æra of Masonry 5824,
And in the Fifth Year of our
Sovereign Lord
GEORGE THE FOURTH.
The Corner Stone of this Court House and Gaol, Erected by the Midland District, was laid by
MR. JOHN BUTTERWORTH,
Acting Pro. Deputy Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Upper-Canada,
Assisted by the Brethren of St. John's Lodge
No. 6,—and
Lodge No. 13,
(Registry of England,)
And Leinster Lodge No. 233,
(Registry of Ireland,)
According to the Ancient Usages of Masonry;
By Dispensation from the Right Worshipful
JAMES FITZGIBBON, Esq.
Provincial Deputy Grand Master for the Province of Upper-Canada.

The Right Worshipful
SIMON McGILLIVRAY, Esq.
Provincial Grand Master of Upper-Canada.

Major General
SIR PEREGRINE MAITLAND,
Knight Commander of the Most Honorable Military Order of the Bath, Lieutenant Governor of Upper-Canada.

On Thursday last the Corner Stone of a Masonic Hall was laid in the Village of Bath, by the Pro. Grand Lodge of Upper-Canada, assisted by St. John's Lodge No. 6, Addington Lodge No. 13, Prince Edward's Lodge No. 17, and Leinster Lodge No. 233.

BROCKVILLE,
June 24.

A dispensation having been received for installing the Lodge in this place, under a Warrant from His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, the Most Worshipful Grand Master of England, the Grand Lodge assembled in this place agreeably to notice, on the 24th instant, and was by Peter Schofield, Esq. Deputy Provincial Grand Master, opened pro tem. A Grand Lodge Procession was then formed, accompanied by the St. Lawrence Lodge and Grand Chapter, attended by a Band of Music.—The Lodges and Chapter appeared in their Clothing and Robes. The whole made a most brilliant and splendid appearance.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Annual Report delivered before the Provincial Agricultural Society of Nova Scotia.

After any machine whatever is set up, and promises to answer the end of its erection, he must be a daring speculator who would recommend to break it down on account of any defect or irregularity in its motions. The skilful artist would try symply—to lessen the friction of the wheels,—to rectify what he perceived to be wrong—to introduce a greater harmony into the disposition of the parts—and even when he met with faults, that were irreparable, patiently to submit, rather than adventure on any rash and hazardous experiment which would endanger its safety. If this be true in mechanics, it is more so in any of those institutions which, for useful and special purposes, have been founded and established in society. Hence conreetion and reform in such is a better and wiser remedy than innovation; for in the latter, violence is done to the feelings and habits of mankind, while the former operates a change slowly, imperceptibly and without giving any rude shocks to existing prepossessions and modes of thinking.

Our agricultural institutions may now be considered as pieces of machinery essentially connected with our internal policy, and which are pretty generally contemplated as the means by which our independence in bread corn is ultimately to be wrought out. To this one object as of pre-eminent importance they have hitherto been directed, and without any material or

marked departure from it. The different schemes of encouragement have been amended, or enlarged, or more or less modified every successive year, but still the first great original outline has been preserved inviolate and untouched. The culture of grain has been promoted in all the different societies; and green crops have been regarded, not as being very important themselves, but as subservient to the success of the other. When Lime and Summer-fallow were admitted among the objects of competition, it was by reason of their subserviency to the great main end; and in accordance with the same view, composting and draining are proposed to be added in that scheme which has been submitted by the director to the Legislature. No suggestions, from what quarter soever they came, have been rejected, which offered to extend or improve the cultivation of white crops: and this steady and unbending perseverance in the prosecution of one object has been crowned with the most unexampled good fortune. In confirmation of this there is no need of appealing to any doubtful authority, as you all are in possession of the official letters which were written by the local societies in December and January last, in answer to a Circular despatched by order of the Board for the very purpose of drawing out and bringing together this information. If we suffer onrselves to be inflicted by this cloud of witnesses, and surely no evidence can be more unbiassed, more particular, or less suspicious, our path of duty is clear and beset with no sort of difficulty. We have nothing more to do than uphold the present system of raising bread corn throughout the different associations; and that on one recognised general plan, which will always command obedience while sanctioned by the Provincial Government. For the four last years this this has been the uniform and undeviating policy pursued, and the success attending it has gone beyond the most ardent anticipations. The goal is now within sight, to which our wishes, our desires, our exertions have been pointed; and it is only necessary, in order to carry the prize, to avoid starting from the course, or lagging behind through careless or blamable indifference.— These letters from the societies which have just been printed and circulated among all members, whether honorary or ordinary, contain a body of evidence which must force conviction on every unprejudiced mind, and show that by supporting them a little longer, the independence of this country will be no longer matter of theory or pure speculation.

Here I might stop in my argument, and take for granted the soundness the conclusion, but luckily we can call in other and less exceptionable testimony to the same effect, The Custom House return for 1823, of the Exports and Imports of agricultural produce into Halifax add their attestation to that of the societies. They exhibit a progressive diminution of foreign flour needed for consumption; and without further preface I shall hasten into the midst of things, and lay them before you in detail.

PORT OF HALIFAX, NOVA-SCOTIA.

Imports and Exports of Agricultural Produce.

1823.	Flour.		Bread.				Wheat.			Oats, barley.		Indian meal.			Indian Corn.			
	barrels	barrels	half barrels	barrels	bags	cwts.	punchs	bush'ls	bags	bush'ls	bags	punchs	barrels	bags	punchs	barrels	bags	bush'ls	punchs
Imported from United States,	17609	360	365	100				3841					4408	510	105		23836		
Do. . . Canada,	14046	32		139				4004	322				50						
Do. . . Great Britain,	100		22	1300				272	1716		350								
Do. . . Bremen,								1824											
Exported.	31755	392	387	1839				9941	2038		350		4458	510	105		2052	23830	
	3634	37	195	748	219					3915			2618			56	13	288	

A comparative view of the Imports and Exports for four years as illustrative of the progress of the Provincial Husbandry.

1820.																			
Balance of Imports above Exports, ...	59232	1500	1608	304			1996		2566	262		3126		108	1446		50910		116
Do. Expts above Imports . .																			
1821.																			
Bal. Imports above Expts. . .	44568	662	204	570			2834		2083			581			45		65822		
Do. Exports above Impts. . .														596					
1822.																			
Bal. Imports above Expts. . .	24296	533					2495	25		88			42		305	483	28236		
Do. Exports above Impts. . .			641	274					1092		28	431		107					
1823.																			
Bal. Imports above Expts. . .	18121	355	192	1131			9941	2038		350		1810	510	105		2039	33548		
Do. Exports above Impts. . .					219				3915						56				

But the balance of flour, bread, Indian corn and meal which is still against us, would have been considerably more lessened this year, had not a new vent been opened for our surplus produce. Most of you already know that our farmers have been transporting across the Bay of Fundy very large supplies for the sister Province. Beef, mutton and pork, flour, meal, turnips, and poultry have been carried in whole cargoes to St. Johns; and from an inspection made of the Custom House returns here, it appears that from the harbours of the Bay lying westward of a line drawn from Parrsborough to Windsor, not less than 100,000 bushels of potatoes have been exported. To This must be added what has gone from Londonderry, Onslow, Truro, and Shubenacadie; for the farmers about the Bason of Minas have been as busy in supplying the New Brunswick market as their neighbours. Frequent and even considerable shipments of farm produce to Maramichi have been making all this year also from Ariseg and Antigonish, and principally from Pictou.

That these facts might be corroborated by the best evidence I applied to the Custom House here, but no returns had been made. I then had recourse to the honourable the Members of Assembly from these places, and their information is annexed.

William A. Chipman, Esq. writes, that the particulars he communicates are not derived from any minu e, and therefore he has underrated the articles in order to keep within the bounds of truth. But to his knowledge there have not been less than ten vessels employed during the last season carrying cattle, sheep and produce from Cornwallis to St. John, N. B. and other ports. These he says have not taken less than

10,000 bushels of Potatoes,
1,000 do. Oats,
500 do. Turnips,
Several hundred bushels Wheat & Rye,
Do. thousand do. Apples,
Do. do. tons of Pork and Mutton in carcases.
Several tons of Turkies, Geese and Fowls, besides fat Cattle and Sheep.

William Dickson, Esq. again attests for Colchester, that a large quanquantity of pork and beef has been salted down, and much wheat, oatmeal and flour been laid in by the persons who are under contract to build 12 vessels for St John, each being upwards of 300 tons—that in addition to this demand, there are three merchants with goods from that city, now at Onslow, Londonderry and Truro, who are buying and curing an immense number of pigs for New Brunswick, to be sent thither next summer.

On consulting with his brother, who acts as collector, he further states, the exports for Colchester to St. John this last season cannot be less than

8000 bushels of Potatoes,
1000 do. Oats,
40 cwt. Oatmeal,
1000 bushels Turnips,
20 fat Cattle, besides,
3 new brigs of 250 tons each
3 do. schooners of 90 tons do.

The workmen employed in building so many tons of shipping are fed from the agriculture of the distsict, and the price, which the hulls would fetch, may be considered, the most of it, as representing the value of the produce which is thus consumed, and as that price is payable by the Merchants of New Brunswick, the food is the same as if exported.

George Smith, Esq. could not furnish any statement of the farm produce shipped at Picton—but as he had written for a correct account, he promised a copy, which if received in time, will be published along with this Report.

This supplying of New Brunswick is a new feature of our agriculture which has come out during the course of this last season and is of a highly gratifying nature as giving us a foretaste of that wealth, and an assurance of that export, which will more and more grow out of our increasing efforts in cultivation.—We have already arrived at a point to which we scarcely durst have extended our eye at the commencement of our progress; and had any one foretold it from the heat of his own imagination, the prediction would have for the extreme of folly. But this change, so auspicious and so pleasing, sets in a strong light what the industry of a people can execute, when it is guided by the intelligence and animated by the encouragement of a paternal government.

But perhaps the advantages which have arisen from the founding and spreading of societies may be better illustrated by a reference to figures which are usually recurred to in all es-

timates of pecuniary gain, than from any general exposition which can possibly be conveyed by the most careful and correct language. To enter convincingly on this calculation, it will be requisite, on the one hand, to state the amount of public money which, in the several Grants, has been voted for this service; and secondly, to reckon up, since the organization of the Central Society, and savings of every successive year in the diminution of our agricultural imports.

Up to this date five agricultural grants have been obtained, and they have passed in the following order:—

In 1819	£1500	
1820	1000	
1821	1250	
1822	800	
1823	1000	£5550
Of the grant of £800 there remains an unclaimed balance of	73	
Of the grant of £1000 there is still undrawn from the Treasury, -	650	
and there will fall due on the 11th April, the value of the four Stallions sold at auction, ...	137	£860
Leaving a balance of	£4690 0 0	

which has been expended in the encouranement of our agriculture.

We shalll now turn to the other side of the account, and calculate only to the two greatest articles, Flour and Indian Corn. By looking into the Custom House books here, it will be found, that of the five years preceding the incorporation of the Board of Agiculture —that is from 1814 to 1819—the balance of our imports above our exports, or in other words the quantity reserved for consumption in Halifax, fluctuated in flour from sixty six to sixty thousand barrels, and in Indian corn from seventy to sixty six thousand bushels. The average then of foreign flour for these five years may be taken at sixty three thousand, and of Indian corn at sixty eight thousand: but in order to shun every thing like exaggeration in the statement. I shall set down each at the minimum, flour at 60,000 barrels, and Indian corn at 66,000 bushels, and I shall value the first only at 6 dollars per barrel, and the last at 2s. 6d. per bushel. The saving then arising from the diminution of imports below the general average needed for consumption, as proved by the compative Table, was

	FLOUR.	INDIAN CORN.
In the 1st year only	768 barrels.	15,090 bushels.
2d. 15,432	"	178 "
3d. 25,704	"	37,764 "
4th 31,879	"	42,452 "
in all 73,783		95,484

Value of the above barat 6 dollars, . .	£110,674 10 0	
" " bushels at 2. 6d.	11,935 10 0	
	£122,610 00 0	cy.

I am well aware, from the imperfection of the date on which we must proceed in calculations of this kind, that the above result in figures is merely an approximation to truth; and I do not mean that the same reliance should be put on it, as if it were a correct answer to an arithmetical question. For the same reason it would not be proper to push the conclusion too far. and therefore I have abstained from adding to the amount of the savings the progressive diminution on the half barrels of flour, or the bread, on the oats and barley, and on the Indian meal. Neither have I taken into account the decrease of imports in all our bays during these four years, which is a just and constituent element in the calculation.

Further there is collateral advantage which ought not to be overlooked in the stating of this argument. In order to produce the additional quantity of bread corn which has done away with the necessity of our former large importations, much land has been cleared up and brought under the plough. In the whole compass of political science, there is no position more capable of a clear demonstration, than every acre of ground, improved for the growth of grain, is in itself an accession to the national wealth; and that in proportion as the territory of any country becomes arable, it will abound, as a natural consequence, with a more numerous population, with a greater multitude of buildings, with a better fed and more valuable stock of cattle, and with all the means of a profitable and growing commerce. If the additional value, therefore, which has been given to the landed interest, he summed up along with the prodigious savings in foreign imports throughout all the harbours and bays of Nova Scotia, we shal,

then be able to make a nearer estimate of the actual good, which has accrued from the expenditure of the £4690 distributed among the societies.

That such effects should have spring from so trivial a cause looks so strange and problematical, as to have formed a a very plausible excuse with some men, to seek for other hypothesis, by which to account for the appearance. It is not my province in this annual Report, and standing in this place, to argue with such as are disposed to take this view of the subject. Allowing to them every possible concession which they may please to demand—from the necessity of the times—from the poverty of the people which urges them to greater exertion and to a cheaper and plainer food, still there is a curious problem, connected with their theory, which is not easy of solution. It is this why: have not the same poverty and the same necessity produced like effects in his Majesty's other possessions in North America? Whence comes it, for instance, that New Brunswick still needs such large and regular supplies; or that Nova Scotia is now able to spare them? Why has not the agriculture of Upper and Lower Canada made so great a start forward as our own, and what has kept the flame, which has been here kindled and has burned so intensely, from spreading all around? Those other colonies have been placed exactly in our circumstances—their trade has equally suffered—their property declined in value—their circulating medium drained to the United States—and yet we see not among them the excitement by which our husbandry has been distinguished. It will turn out in ballancing on both sides the probalities of the question, that our progress must be traced to the peculiar causes here operating, and which are,—the fostering care of our Legislature—the regular system of encouragement for raising bread-corn—and the existence and spread of the agricultural society. At all events, we know that these Institutions and the commencement of our progress were the concomitant events; and if the one were not the cause of the other, they were so closely connected in point of time, and are by to many now believed to be connected in point of efficiency, that it would be extremely hazardous to disunite them.

The state of the fact then, as regards our agriculture, is simply this. There is still needed for our internal consumption an annual supply in Halifax of 28, 121 barrels of flour and of 23,548 bushels of Indian corn, besides several other articles as particularly specified in the Custom House return. The leading object, that ought to engross the care of this society, should be the consideration of the further measures which may reduce to nothing this heavy balance still subsisting against us; and which may accelerate our final and total emancipation from all need of foreign grain. These measures may be comprehended in the four following particulars, and in illustrating them, I shall take occasion to bring under review all such facts and circumstances as any way affect, or bear upon the present stage of our progress.

1st. The establishment of societies should still be encouraged in those populous parts of the province where none now exist.

This recommendation proceeds on the faith of their utility in generating and diffusing a spirit of enterprize—in begetting an emulation to excel in the operations of husbandry—in cherishing careful and industrious habits in the management of the farm—and in enlarging and correcting the views of cultivators, as to the value of manures, the benefits of improved machinery, and advantages of drilling, fallowing, draining and composting. Some of the official letters in answer to the Circular of the Board speak largely on these heads. They tell us, that these consequences are visible within the range of their influence and that too on the very lands of the men who refuse to join the societies, and are even a little noisy in vilifying and abusing them.—So strange are the caprices of the human heart, that such a statement ought not to be discredited, and should reconcile us to that contradiction at which all are too apt to be peevish. Let us give free indulgence to those who take pleasure in running down the usefulness of their local society, provided the copy the example of its more active and intelligent cultivators. Every association in the Province, which is animated with a suitable spirit, becomes a nucleus of improvement; and from it radiate those gleams of light which are illuminating the practices of the more ignorant. Its benefits are not confined to its own members; for if they carry into the fields the more

approved methods of culture, the captious and the incredulous cannot look on without instruction, and so great is the superiority of truth, that it will eventually gain either a willing or reluctant obedience.

These were the views which prevailed on the Directors last summer to admit two new Societies to a participation of the funds.—One of them had sprung up the year before, in Dalhousie Settlement, but had then received no encouragement from the Board.—It made a second application, and the sum of £10 was granted for its local prizes. The second started up at Port Hood in Cape Breton, and as the number of members, who associated themselves together at the first, was considerable, and as its situation was in a remote part of the Island, the Directors acknowledged its existence and assigned it another £10. A third Society gave notice of its formation at Judique, which is but a little distance from Port Hood, and claimed the protection of the Board; but it was thought prudent to discourage this last attempt, and a request was issued that a junction should be effected with that of Port Hood.

2d. Our independence may be much accelerated by a general erection of oat mills.

Wheat, I believe, in every country under Heaven which lies within the northern temperate zone, either in the old or in the new world, and where this grain has always constituted the staple article of bread, finds the readiest sale of all other agricultural produce. It is the prince of the *cereal gramina*, and forms, when ground, a loaf that is eminently nutritious, very invigorating, and palatable to all tastes. The cultivators of the soil in the different European Kingdoms, as in France, Germany, Prussia, Poland, as well as Great Britain, lay their account with the disposing of this grain, either to pay rent or to purchase necessary supplies for their families. It is considered as the ready money of the farmer, and with it he goes to market.—It is obvious that before he can avail himself of this universal demand for wheat, he must provide some other substitutes for his own domestic consumption. These vary in different countries, and are regulated by the capabilities of the climate. The Swede mixes a particular kind of ground bark with his coarse meal—the Frenchman lives on soups formed, partly of bread, but with a liberal allowance of vegetables—the Italian subsists on fruits and millet, joined to his macaroni—the German eats a large proportion of rye bread—the Irish farmer deals much in milk and potatoes—the English has recourse, as helps, to barley and oatmeal—the Scotch uses pease, barley and oats—and the American throws his chief consumption on Indian corn. The Agricultural classes in all these places satisfy the common demands of nature with something else than wheat, and save this latter for the home or foreign market. Such examples are not unworthy of our imitation. It would be among the last thoughts of my heart, and among the last words I would utter, either to desire or say that every farmer in Nova Scotia should not have a wheaten loaf for his use whenever inclination prompted; but I do not hesitate to render a more general substitution of coarser food. Barley, pease and oats are found to be both excellent and wholesome; and when the taste is once formed on them, our pleasantry, by adopting these, would be equally happy, equally vigorous, and unquestionably as highly relished; but it soon becomes agreeable and is acknowledged to be favourable to muscular strength, health and longevity. It has been falsely supposed to be the exclusive and national food of Scotland, but so far is this from being true, that it is extensively used through many counties of Ireland, and through all the north of England.—It is common in France, not only on the coast opposite to Britain, but it was met with between Toulouse and the Pyrenees by Arthur Young,* who was so much struck with the universality of this food, that he quotes on the occasion a passage of Sir James Stuart's to the following effect:—"Oatmeal, says he, is found in Catalonia, Auvergne, and Swabia, as well as in Lochaber." The strange prejudices, therefore, which appeared on its first introduction here about four years ago, were without any just foundation; and it is not surprising that they should have so quickly evanished in all those parts, which have since had the advan-

* Vide Arthur Young's travels in France, vol. 1st, p. 22.

tage of experience. Many who disliked it at first, have become warm in its praise, and are assisting, with a laudable zeal, in spreading its character and usefulness among the farmers. Oat mills have risen for the first time into objects of desire at Windsor, Parrsborough, Dalhousie Settlement and Digby, as is proved by the official letters from those places.—The astonishing increase of these mills within so brief a space is without example, as it was beyond hope. In the eastern half of the Province, considering the course of the Shubenacadie to be the dividing line, I can number 43, and am satisfied that the enumeration is not complete. Towards the west there should be 2 in Rawdon, 1 at Gasperaux River in Horton, another at Chester, and 2 more in the county of Shelburne, viz. on the Clyde and at Yarmouth.—These six scattered at such distances, and four of them very defective in the construction, are quite inadequate to the western division of the Province; and every countenance should be given by the Society to the increase of their numbers. What though some men calumniate, unjustly and ignorantly calumniate Oat mills, what though many farmers pretend to nauseate the product of their manufacture, let the erections go on, and these prejudices will be triumphantly subdued! But even admit that the taste of the western population is irreconcileable to this food, these mills, notwithstanding, ought to be built among them on the score of profit. Five bushels of heavy, and six of inferior oats, go to make the cwt. which in Halifax market would now command 15s. while the oats would scarcely fetch 10s. The common price of this grain throughout King's and Annapolis Counties may now be quoted from 1s. to 1s. 3d.; but if oat mills were accessible to all the farmers, it would to them become worth 2s. 6d. per bushel; so great would be the pecuniary advantage resulting from these machines. I have subjoined a table by which can be estimated the exact quantity of meal which the bushel of oats yields according to its weight.

TABLE

showing the exact quantity of meal which a bushel of Oats will yield according to weight.

Oats.	Meal.	Law of Increase.
lbs.	lbs. oz.	10 oz.
29	15 6	
30	16	
31	16 10	
32	17 5	11 "
33	18	
34	18 11	
35	19 7	12 "
36	20 3	
37	20 15	
38	21 12	
39	22 9	13 "
40	23 6	
41	24 4	
42	25 2	14 "
43	26	
44	26 15	
45	27 14	15 "
46	28 13	
47	29 13	
48	30 13	16 "
49	31 13	

Farmer's Magazine, Vol. 17, 423 4.

3d. Every encouragement should be given to the growth of wheat, and the utmost attention be paid to the improvement of flour mills.

The county and general prizes for the culture of wheat, which were first offered last year, have been productive of good effects, and they ought still to be continued, in order to propogate that spirit which they seem to have awakened. In the official letter from Maubou a very important notice is given, which is strongly indicative of the excitement diffusing itself throughout the country. A member of that Society, stationed in an obscure part of Cape Breton, is making preparation to have next season no less than from 20 to 25 acres under wheat; and it distinctly

states, that the motive for this uncommon effort is to obtain one of the county prizes. The returns too already made of the last crop, display a compass and boldness of design in raising wheat, which could hardly have been anticipated from any thing yet tried in that line. From King's County claims have been given in, setting forth that

One farmer has grown 950 bushels weighing— 62 lbs.
A second " 740 60 "
A third " 495 60 "
A fourth " 405 60 "

and from several counties the certificates very commonly attest from four to five hundred bushels. These are quantities to which we have not been accustomed, and which demonstrate with infallible certainty the good resulting from past system.

Our flour mills generally speaking are in a lamentable state, and call loud for amendment, as well in the machinery as in the bolting cloths. A noble spirit has gone forth, and in some new mills is displaying itself in an evident change to the better. Indeed the extended culture of wheat and the manufacture of it for market must have an effect, independently of any other encouragement, but it would be well to quicken the progress of this taste, by a few judicious bounties, if not in this present scheme, at least in that of next year. The mill at Truro, owned by two honourable members of the Assembly, exhibits a very happy combination of the mechanic powers, and the wheels are so aptly poised and adjusted, as to move with little friction and almost no noise. The new one building on the West River of Pictou by Mr. Cameron and the Reverend Mr. Ross is also of excellent workmanship, as far as it is completed, The establishment of the Messrs. Archibalds, on the Middle River is admirably calculated for the wants of that county. The flour made at it is fine—the oatmeal of a proper granulation—and the pot barley well manufactured. Their carding engines are useful appendages, and offer great facilities for fostering thrift and industry among the female part of the population.

But all these exertions in the country must yield precedence to what has been lately executed on the North West Arm. *There* has been put up a substantial building of stone and lime, on the very brink of the salt water, 76 feet in length by 41 feet in breadth, of four complete stories, and the thickness of the walls vary from 3 feet at the bottom, to 2 feet 3 inches at the top. The water wheel, 18 feet in diameter, and 6 feet in width, is a piece of as perfect mechanism as can be seen in the old country, and of such mighty power, from being an overshot, as to be equal to any requisite effect. It is constructed to drive 4 pair of stones, and a barley mill, besides all the other needful apparatus of so extensive a concern, as fans, and a wheat cleaning machine which has a nest of four riddles, through which the grain passes in succession, before it falls into the wind. This is by far the largest undertaking of the kind in the province; and neither labour nor money have been spared to finish every thing in the very first style.

We have now three flour mills in the vicinity of the capital, which must tend to open a very extensive market, with all the benefit of competition, for whatever wheat may be brought hither for sale. In a few years there is reason to hope from present appearances; that our farmers will be relived of trouble of manufacturing their own produce—that more capital will come to be vested in such establishments—that all sorts of grain will be purchased by corn dealers and factors and afterwards ground at their expense, according to the demands either of the home or the foreign market. Nothing can facilitate this so much as the erection of improved mills, in all quarters of the province.

Lastly, our independence will be hastened by the dissemination of industrious habits.

The life of a farmer has a direct tendency to gender close and careful attention to minute objects. The abundance and safety of his crop depend upon so many circumstances over which he has a command, and to the operation of which he must ever be alive, that his mind his kept in a state of perpetual excitement; not that morbid kind of it which is caused by the turbulence and wreck of the passions—but that which is connected with a healthy and cheerful mood of mind, and connected too with the exercise of patience, discretion and industry. The cleanliness and comfort of his cattle—the condition of his implements—the correctness of his ploughing—the choice of his seed grain—the time of semination—the course and changes of the weather—are con-

constantly stimulating him to activity, and are incompatible with all languor and indifference. An arable farm is one of the best schools for plodding laborious diligence; and no man can manage it to advantage, who ever suffers his attention to relax, or to be dissipated in avocations. The loss of a day may affect the issue of a whole year's labour, negligence in small matters is often followed with great mischevious consequences. The observations, however, are more applicable to a cultivator than to a grazier. The general introduction of the plough into a country never fails to probagate those industrious habits which are the certain harbingers of national wealth. Such habits merit the highest encouragement on their own account, and therefore the universal cry that has been raised in behalf of flax mills should be listened to with a gracious ear. The industry which is called forth in the fields, should not be permitted to evaporate during winter in idleness and inaction. These mills should be erected, that the male part of the population may find profitable employment in carrying their flax thither —in breaking and scutching it, and afterwards in bringing it home for heckling, at which point their labours should stop, and the spinning should be taken up by the females. All these preparatory processes, which have been now enumerated, require much more skill than we at present possess, and are divided in the old country into distinct trades & professions. That of the heckler, for instance, is one of the nicest and most difficult of manual operations, and perfectness in it is known and measured by the greatness of the quantity of dressed flax which is taken out of a given weight of the rough. From a stone of lint in Scotland, which weighs 22 lbs. English, usually come from 12 to 14 lbs. of dressed flax fit for domestic linen, 1 lb. of shorts called vulgarly *brairds*, and from 6 to 8 lbs. of tow, separated naturally by the heckles into two qualities. Our women here perform this labour to much disadvantage from the want both of operative dexterity, and more perfect instruments.— The skill which they do require, however, deserve the highest praise; and that napkin of diaper, now lying on the table, which was spun, woven, bleached and finished by the hands of Miss Sarah Archibald, Musquodoboit, bears testimony of what can be accomplished

But it is not yet time for this society to turn much of its attention to domestic manufactures. We must first be independent in bread-corn; and on this single and undivided object must concentrate our whole force and energy. There is a certain order in the progress of national prosperity, which can never be violated, or even disturbed, with impunity. Food, as of primary importance, must first of all be provided to answer the internal consumption, and then the spinning jenny and the loom may be profitably introduced. But reverse this order—expend if you please, in premiums, twice the amount of the £4690 which have been given to agriculture, and manufactures would still languish, and refuse to thrive at your bidding. It is not their nature to take root in a barren and uncultivated soil; and for this simple cause, that provisions must always be proportionably dear in a country which stands much in need of imports. Whenever the necessaries of life are in plenty for the wants of the people, it is the time to foster those acts which minister to necessity or convenience. In our present condition, then, flax mills should be erected, not so much on their own account and with no view to direct the industry of the country greatly into that channel, but because they are favourable to the continuance and increase of the industrious habits which have otherwise been generated; for there is not a more certain nor more pleasing symptom of our agricultural improvement than this universal outcry after flax mills.

Permit me to conclude by stating, that this meeting, in my humble opinion, should recommend to the Legislature the grant of a liberal sum this Session—because the objects of competition as well as the number of local Societies are now increased,—because the erection of oat and flax mills is an object of prime necessity—and because it would be desirable, since we are now within two years of the end of our charter, that the Central Board should be able to announce with that event, the complete independence of the Province in bread-corn. The Provincial Society was founded for that express object—it has gone a great way already towards its accomplishment—and it would be matter of exultation to us all, if, before it expires, it should realize the expectations and promises of its friends.

JOHN YOUNG, Secretary.

PRICES CURRENT, MONTREAL, JULY 31.

Articles Imported.	s. d.	s. d.
Coffee, per lb.	1 2	1 6
Molasses, per gal.		
Sugar, per cwt.		
Muscovado,	43 0	50 0
Loaf, per lb.	0 8	0 9
Rum, per gal.		
Jamaica, 16. 0. P.	3 6	3 8
Leeward, Nils,	2 9	2 10
Brandy, per gal.		
Coguac,	4 0	6 7
Spanish,	4 9	5 0
Gin, per gal.		
Holland,	4 9	5 0
English,	4 0	4 6
Wine, per Pipe,		
Madeira,	£30	£75
Teneriffe,	£20	£22
Port,	£30	£55
Spanish,	£18	£20
Tea, per lb.		
Hyson,	7 0	0 0
Twankay,	5 9	6 8
Pimento, per lb.	1 0	1 1
Candles Mould per lb.	0 8	0 0
Cheese, per lb.		
Cheshire,	0 10	1 0
American,	0 4	0 5
Glass, per box,		
Window, 7½ x 8½,	47 6	50 0
Gunpowder, per 100 lbs.	65 0	90 0
Indigo, per lb.	9 0	12 6
Pepper, black, per lb.	0 10½	0 11
Shot, patent, per cwt.	42 6	47 6
Potash Kettles per cwt.	32 6	34 0

Country Produce.	s. d.	s. d.
Ashes, per cwt.		
Pots,	32 0	32 6
Pearls,	34 0	35 0
Flour, per barrel,		
Superfine,	32 6	33 9
Fine,	30 0	00 0
Beef, per barrel,		
Prime,	37 6	40 0
Mess,	57 6	60 0
Pork,		
Cargo,	40 0	41 9
Prime,	60 0	65 0
Mess,	75 0	80 0
Hams, per lb.	0 5	0 7
Hogs Lard, per lb.	0 6	0 7

Butchers Meat, &c.	s. d.	s. d.
Beef, per lb.	0 4	0 6
Mutton, per qr.	2 0	4 2
Veal, per qr,	1 8	7 6
Lamb, per qr.	0 10	2 1
Geese, per couple,	2 6	3 9
Turkies, per couple,	3 0	4 0
Fowls, per couple,	1 0	1 10
Butter per lb. Fresh,	0 7	0 9
Salt, ditto,	0 5½	0 6
Maple Sugar, per lb.	0 5½	0 5
Flour, com. per cwt.	12 11	13 9
Potatoes, per bag, (1½ bushels.)	3 4	4 0
Hay, per 100 bundlel, 1500 lbs.	27 6	30 0
Oats, per bushel,	1 8	1 11
Firewood per Cord,		
Maple,	14 2	15 0
Mixed Hardwood,	11 1	13 9
Dried Codfish, per cwt.	15 0	17 6

EXCHANGE AT MONTREAL ON LONDON.

GOVERNMENT BILLS,
BANK OF MONTREAL, Ditto, 10 Per Cent, Premium.
PRIVATE, Ditto, 8 a 9 Ditto, Ditto.

BIRTHS.

MAY.

On the 2d May, Mrs. F. Montreuil, of two sons.

On the 5th of May, Mrs. Radenhurst, of a daughter.

On the 8th of May Mrs. A. L, Macnider, of a daughter.

On the 10th of May. Mrs. T. Molson, of a son.

On Wednesday the 19th May the Lady of Toussaint Pothier Esq. of a daughter.

On the 26th May, the lady of D. Mondelet, Esq. of a daughter.

At Kingston U. C. on the 22d May the lady of Major Corbett, of a son.

JUNE.

On the 11th inst. Mr. Charles J. Andrews, of a son.

On the 11th inst. Mrs. J. L. Henshaw, of a son.

In this city on Saturday last, Mrs. Geo. Monro, of York, U. C. of a daughter.

At the Seignory House—Beauharnois, on the 17th inst. Mrs. Brown, of a son.

At the Government House Montreal, the Lady of Lieutenant Col. Mc-

Gregor, 70th Regiment, of a daughter.

JULY.

On Tuesday the 13th inst. Mrs. Benjamin Hart, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

APRIL.

At Oak Bank, near Glasgow, on the 13th April, at the residence of William Gilkison, Esq. by the Rev. Dr. Knox, Larbert, Arthur J. Robertson, Esq. of Inches, to Maricanne Pattinson, eldest daughter of Richard Pattinson, Esq. late of Upper Canada.

On Saturday the 22d inst. at Newmarket, by theRev'd. Wm. Macauley, James Boulton, Esq. of Perth Barrister at Law to Miss Beeman, daughter of the late E. Beeman, Esq. of the former place.

At Bath, U. C. Doctor George Baker to Miss Elizabeth Mackay.

At Kingston, U. C. by the Zev. John Barclay, Mr. William Davis, to Miss Sarah Macdonald, both residing on Wolfe Island.

Lately, at Oldavington, near Bridgewater, England, after a courtship of sixty years! William Bagg, aged 85, to Sarah Hillier, Aged 86.

At Quebec, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Archdeacon Mountain, Mr. Thos. Hayes, Merchant, to Miss Hannah Brown, both of that City.

At St. Denis on the 18th, by Messire Girouard, Emanuel Couillard Despress, surveyor, to Miss Louisa Esther Bourdages, eldest daughter of Louis Bourdages.

MAY.

At Sherbrook, on the 20th by the Revd. Clement Le Fevre, James Hollowell, Esq. advocate, to Miss Margaret McKay, all of that place.

Quebec, on the 11th instant, by the Revd. Mr. Archbold, Mr. George Sharp, to Miss Mary Ann Woods.

At same place, on the 22d. inst. by the Revd. Doct. Harkness, Peter Theophilus Ferdinand, third son of the late P. F. Bailliarge', Esq. to Charlotte Janvrin, youngest daughter of Lieutenant Horseley, Royal Navy.

On the 22d inst. by the Revd. John Leeds, Mr. Rossington Elms, to Miss Matilda R. second daughter of Mr. Wm. Hayes, Jr. Merchant all of Brockville.

JUNE.

At Bath, on the 21 inst. Mr. Elmore, to Miss Jemima Brown, both of Hallowell.

On the 3d instant, Mr. John Chamberlain, to Miss Ann Maria Detlor, both of Fredericksburgh.

At Kingston, on the 4th instant, Mr. William Scott, to Miss Mary Taylor.

At Halifax 13th ult. by the Rev. W. C. King, Lieut. Colonel the Honorable Charles Gore, brother to the Earl of Arran, to Rachael, eldest daughter of the late Honourable James Fraser, of Nova Scotia.

In this City, on Monday the 21st inst. by the Rev. John Bethune, Charles Mondelet Esq. Advocate of Three Rivers, to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of George Carter Esq. Physician, also of Three Rivers.

At Bath, U. C. on the 8th, by the Reverend John Stoughton, Mr. John Holcomb, Junior, to Miss Elinor Rose, both of Richmond.

On the 10th, Mr. Nathaniel Hicks, to Miss Dorcas Burley, both of Earnest Town.

At St. Andrews, on the 7th, by the Reverend Mr. Abbott, Mr. P. F. C. Delesdernier, to Miss Amelia Rice, daughter of Doctor Rice, of the same place.

At St. Ours, River Chambly, on the 30th, by the Reverend Mr. Hebert. James Dorion Esqr. Surgeon and Physician, to Miss Catherine Louisa Lovell, neice of the Honorable C. de St. Ours, Seigneur of St. Ours, &c.

At Belville, on the 28th, Doctor A. J. Williamson, to Miss Augusta Ann M'Nabb, daughter of the late Simon M'Nabb, Esq.

JULY.

At Quebec, on the 10th, the Reverend J. Harkness, D. D. Minister of the Scotch Church in that City, to Phœbe, second daughter of David Ross, Esqr. Merchant of that City.

In Elizabethtown, on the 14th, by the Reverend Wm. Smart, Mr. Mark Wright, to Miss Mary Ann, eldest daughter of John M'Nish Esqr. all of the same place.

DEATHS.

MAY.

On the 4th May, Mrs. Margaret Pelton, wife of Mr. Joshua Pelton, and daughter of Thomas Busby, Esq. of Montreal.

On the same day, aged fifteen months Henry Fitch, Infant Son of Mr. Wm. G. Fitch of this City.

Ut flos Cecidit.

At Berthier, on Friday the 7th May,

Agnes, eldest Child of the Hon. James Cuthburt, aged 8 years and 7 months. Her inconsolable Parents do not weep alone. Whilst they drop the tear of grief, they have the Sympathy of all who had ever seen their departed child; to whom she had endeared herself by her angelic beauty, the sweetness of her disposition and mildness of her manners.—Her remains were deposited on the 10th instant, in the Family Vault, in the Parish Church, attended by an immense concourse of People, all eager to pay their tributo of respect to the memory of her dawning worth.—The solemnity of the ceremony and the impressive discourse delivered on the occasion by the Rev'd. Mr. Lamotte, Curate of the Parish, will long remain engraven on the minds of all present.

At three Rivers, on the same day Uriah Judah Esquire, one of the oldest British Settlers in this Province, aged 64 years.

At Beauharnois, on the 7th instant Thomas Harvey, Esqr.

In this City, on Saturday the 18th instant, snddenly in a fit of Apoplexy, Mr. John Infield, aged 70 years, being a resident in this country nearly 40 years.

In this City, on Friday last, Amelia, wife of Mr. George Cosser, after a long and painfull iluess, which she bore with christian fortitude and perfect resignation.

At Kingston, Mr. Benjamin Andrews, of that place aged 65.

At Quebec, on the 20th instant, after a lingering illness, Gilbert Ainslie, Esq. Clerk of the Crown.

At Kingston, U. C. on the 10th inst. Mr. Benj. Andrews, late of Elizabethtown, aged 55 years.

On the 29th ult. at the Naval Establishment, Mouth of Grand River, Mr. Wm. Mellanby, aged 34 years, a native of England.

At his Chambers, in the Albany London, on the 17th of Feb. ltst, Wm. Osgoode, Esq. formerly Chief Justice of Canada, aged 70.—by the death of this Gentleman his pension of £800 Sterling per annum, paid by this Province, now ceases.

At. St. Sohns, (Lower Canada,) on the 9th instant, Mrs. Mary M'Vey, aged 77 years. The deceased was Mother to Thomas M'Vey, Esq. Isle-aux-Noix. Her remains was accompanied to the place of Interment on the afternoon of the 11th, by a number of the most respectable Inhabitants of the place, and by several of the gentlemen belonging to the garison of Isle-aux-Noix.

At Berthier on the 14th inst. Amelia, Infant Daughter of the Honbl. Jas. Cuthbert.

At York, U. C. on the 5th Mrs. Playter, relict of the late Mr. G. Playter, aged 75 years.

At William Henry, on the 26th, Mrs. Mary Consitt wife of Thomas Consitt, Esq. R. N.

JUNE.

At Quebec, on the 5th inst. aged 16 years, Eliza, second daughter of Mr. David Smillie, of that city.

On the evening of the same day, aged 17 years, Hugo, youngest son of Mr. John Grout, of that City.

At Quebec, on Tuesday Se'nnight Mr. John Pozer, of that City, Grocer.

At Cornwail, (U. C.) on the 2d. inst. Mrs. Anderson, wife of Samuel Anderson, Esq. in the 82d year of her age; much and deeply regreted by her numerous relatives and friends.

In this city, on the 12th inst. Mr. James Falconer, aged 33 years—a native of Aberdeen, Scotland.

On Sunday last, Ann Amelia Walker, consort of Capt. Romilly, Royal Engineers.

At La Chine, on the 14th inst. James Clarke, son of John Finlay, Esq. aged 11 years.

At Quebeo on the 11th instant, Jacob Oldham, Esq. aged 56, Member of the Provincial Parliament for the County of Elfingham. For many years Mr. Oldham had been engaged in Commercial pursuits. chiefly in the district of Montreal, and was highly esteemed for his uniform uprightness and integrity. His political career was marked by a punctual attendance in the House of assembly, a strict adherence to Constitutional principles, and by a loyal attachment to his King and Government.

At Laprairie, on Sunday the 6th inst. aged 25 years Mrs. Sophia wife of Mr. Robert McNabb, of that place, after a short but painful illness.

On the 9th Inst. Edward, Infant son of Edward Whitemore of this place.

At Shelburne N. S. on the 3d inst. in the 54th year of his age, James Dore, Esq. for many years a respectable Merchant there.

On the 15th inst. at Three-Rivers,

aged 62, Mr. J. B. Rieutord, physician of that town.

On Tuesday the 22d Inst. Mr. Robert Nesbitt, of the House of Porteous and Nesbitt, aged 25 years and two months.

In this City, on Thursday last, Joseph Voyer. Esquire, late Captain of Militia.

At St, Rock, on the 17th June, Mr. Pierre Jacques Archambault, aged 80 years, a respectable citizen of that place. He has left 6 children, 64 grand children, and 66 great grandchildren to deplore his loss.

At Richmond, U. C. on the 5th inst. after a short but painful illness, Major Andrew Lett, of the 3d Carleton Regt. of Militia, and Captain on the H. P of the 26th Regt.

At Chambly, on the 16th instant, Mr. Samuel Jacob, Seigneur of that place, aged 61 years.—He was followed to the grave by 114 Caleshes, and a very great number of people on foot.

At St. Hyacinthe d'Yamaska, on the 5th inst. Mr. Charles Lagorce, N. P. aged 36 years.

At Sorel, on the 16th inst. Walter, son of Thomas Consitt, Esq. [R. N.] aged 15 years.

ERRATA.

Art. III. Page 4, last line of the Page, for "*escapes*," read *excesses*.—Page 45, line 7, for "*owu*," read *own*.

Art. V. Page 56, line 8, for "*found*," read *formed*. Ditto, Ditto, line 22, for "*pathos*," read *paths*.

Art. VI. Page 70, line 16, for "*un*perishable," read *im*perishable.

Art. X. Page 104, line 8, for "*L. Newcomb.*" read *Lukewarm*. Ditto, Ditto, Page 107, line 7, for "*day*," read *clay*. Page 108, line 20, for "*too*." read *'tis*. Page 109, line 11, for "*stoney*," read *stony*—line 21, for "*arros.*' read *across*—line 30, for "*alone*," read *along*.—line 32, for "*warring*," read *warning*—line 51, for "*supplied*," read *supplies*. Page 110, line 15, for "*fray*," read *fragments*.

Art. XII. Page 132, line 17, for "*As in the lightning gleam*," read, *As the lightning's gleam*.

Art. XV. Page 158, line 41, for "*a son*," read *as on*—line 58, for "*rise*," read *ris'n*, Page 159, line 17, for "*Foreboders*," read *forebodes*.—Page 166, line 30, for "*hym*," read *hymn*. Page 161, line 19, for "*adorning*," read *adoring*.

Art. XVIII. Page 184, line 11, for "*renovated*," read *renowned*—line 20, for "*popes*," read *Pope's*—line 31, for "*is*," read *his*—Page 200, line 22, for "*Daprani*," read *Drepani*—line 23, for "*palagi*," read *pelagi*—line 46, for "*alter*," read *altar*.