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THE

CANADIAN

MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY REPOSITORY.

DUCIT AMOR PATRIÆ.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY N. MOWER.

1823.

PREFACE.

The first Volume of The Canadian Magazine having been completed, we deem it a fit opportunity for discharging a debt of gratitude which we owe to its readers, and offering them our hearty and unfeigned thanks for having—no less by their kind indulgence to tender and unripened abilities, than by their liberal patronage in behalf of a work whose merits, at this early period of its progress, it is impossible to estimate—enabled us to bring our labours to an extent alike satisfactory to our feelings, and to the confidence so unhesitatingly reposed in us by that portion of the public who have condescended to become our supporters. We sincerely trust, that, by continuing to perform our duty on the same principles of devotion to all that tends to improve the mind, and develope the moral and physical history of this vast colony, which has hitherto characterised our *object*, if not our labours, we shall be enabled, still farther, to secure the approving as well as supporting suffrages of our readers; and that time, if it do not altogether cancel our want of sufficient talent to conduct a work of such importance and magnitude as the present, will, at least, furnish us with ample experience for fulfilling, in a reputable manner, the duty which we owe to ourselves, and the obligation which such generous confidence on the part of the public, has imposed upon us.

Every reader of observation must be conscious, that such a work as this, if conducted on those principles of candour and neutrality which so peculiarly belong to History and polite Literature, must be attended with the best and most important consequences in promoting, no less the internal improvement, than the general interests of these Provinces—the only British continental Colony in the Western hemisphere, which has yet made any progress in settlement and cultivation. We trust, therefore, that such persons as claim a stake in the welfare of Society—in its education—morals—and general improvement—will feel the propriety, if not the absolute necessity, of a call upon their intellectual suffrages in support of the only publication in the country worthy of being characterised as an archieve for giving permanency to literary and scientific pursuits. In saying so much in behalf of the present undertaking, far be it from us to derogate, in the slightest degree, from the other periodical publications of the country, for many of which we entertain the highest respect, and from many of whose conductors we have experienced throughout

a series of generous treatment, far more honourable to the feelings whence it emanated than deservedly due to us,—and for which we beg to offer the sentiments of our most sincere and lasting gratitude: All we would wish to advance on the present occasion, is simply, that a Magazine, from its very nature, is better calculated, not only for giving stability and permanency, but spirit and enterprise to literary pursuits, than the ordinary political Journals of the day. In this opinion, so essential to the prosperity of our undertaking, we hope our friends, as well as others, will readily acquiesce.

Trusting more to the indulgence of our readers than to our own merit in the further prosecution of our labours, we again beg to return our thanks for the support which we have already experienced, and respectfully solicit the continuation of that countenance, without which our best exertions would be vain, and our utmost industry superfluous.

31st December, 1823.

Lacey del. et sc.

Frontispiece.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LITERARY REPOSITORY.

No. I. JULY, 1823. Vol. I.

INTRODUCTION.

If we take the trouble to consult the discoveries of ancient and modern navigators, and the domestic history, or tradition, of the most enlightened nations which have ever existed in the world, we shall be mortified to find them representing Man—as a *savage*, naked both in mind and body, and destitute of laws, of arts, of ideas, and of every other qualification which renders life desirable, and civilized society a scene of happiness fit for the enjoyment of the human species. But history has not left us in this abject and melancholy condition; and if we once more consult her pages, our pride will rise with our satisfaction at the discovery, that, at various stages in the progress of human affairs, man has gradually arisen from his primitive ignorance and barbarity, and soared to a height in knowledge and in wisdom at once astonishing to himself, and derogatory to the pretensions of every other living animal. He has placed the beasts of the field in subjection to his command as a subordinate ally in his labours—he has fertilized the earth that it might administer to his comforts—he has traversed the ocean to obtain the elegancies, as well as a better knowledge of the general habits of life—and he has measured the span of the Heavens to become more familiar with the incomprehensible superstructure of the Universe, and the still more inconceiveable power of its Almighty Architect. The progress of man in the improvement and exercise of his mental and corporeal faculties has been no less distinguished and splendid. He has traced the never-failing resources of the one and the intricate but substantial powers of the

other. He has explored the interminable regions of fancy; and, both in story and in song, has poured forth upon a wondering world the produce of his labours, and made them no less subservient to the amusement than to the real happiness of a grateful and enlightened society. He has penetrated the darkest and most intricate recesses of history, and laid open to our view the transactions of man in every age, from the earliest period of his existence to the present times—thus bringing him in contact with his own moral and physical character, and, by the experience of the past, presenting to his mind an accurate prospect of his future greatness or misfortunes. He has imitated nature in all that is sublime, beautiful and wonderful—he has spread her colours on canvass in all the glow and freshness of the morning—he has pencilled her rugged but picturesque wildness in the various hues and shades of the living model—and represented her virgin flowerets in all their feminine and aromatic beauty. He has painted and chisselled out his own form with the precision and accuracy of a being who had only been denied the power of implanting life in the workmanship of his hands, and traced the image of the living God in the cold and inanimate stone. He has conceived, invented, and attuned an artificial lyre with organs capable of expressing, in palpable and articulate sounds, all the emotions of the mind, and of cheering the heart, and alleviating its sufferings under all the circumstances of a precarious and ever-changing life. In the art of conveying his ideas he has made a progress, and arrived at a maturity which conveys no less honour upon himself than it reflects glory upon the source from which it sprung; and the deeper the mind searches into the faculties of man, the more truly great do the power and influence of oratory render him in the sight of his fellow-beings. He has reared superstructures that have, not only lasted for ages, but out-lived all memorials of himself, his power, and his inventions. By the aid of mechanism he has assumed a power over the very elements themselves; and, by circumscribing them within proper bounds, and placing them in operative contact, the one with the other, has rendered them no less subservient than useful to the comfort and happiness of the present existence. In a word, the progress of man in every species of improvement—whether with regard to his own moral faculties—to his discoveries in the arts—or his researches in the sciences—has been alike wonderful and gratifying to his best propensities; and is of such a character as may naturally be supposed to entail upon him the highest degree of favour and prosperity which the dictates of an enlightened mind can claim, or the fervour of a religious heart can solicit!

But, alas! the same history which presents us with this splendid and enviable picture of human greatness—of the talents, the acquirements, and inventions of man—has also the candour to inform us, that his march to this exalted condition in the region of moral and intellectual improvement has been irregular and various—infinitely slow in the beginning, and increasing by degrees with redoubled velocity. Ages of laborious ascent have been followed by a moment of rapid downfal; and the several climates of the globe have felt the vicissitudes of light and darkness. If they have basked in the meridian sun-shine of science and wisdom, they have also been doomed to grope their way in the dark storm of adversity and ignorance. EGYPT, though the fruitful mother of superstition, was also the original parent of learning and human jurisprudence. A mysterious mixture of gross and illusive pomp had, indeed, always ac-

companied the exercise and extension of the sciences in this ancient country; but if we may believe the wreck of her history, and the unvarnished but sublime detail of the Divine Law-giver, we shall hear that few countries could boast of the powers of the Magii of Egypt, or compete with them in mathematical precision or astronomical researches. Yet, like the Nile which inundates the country and sweeps away every obstacle which falls in its course, the scientific glories of Egypt were overwhelmed by the unrelenting and gigantic arm of ignorance, and transferred to a soil better adapted for their cultivation and improvement. Though GREECE became heir to the knowledge of Egypt, it was long before she arrived at that exalted station in the improvement of the mind for which, at one period of her existence, she was so distinguished and admired, and whose receding rays illumined the horizon of a dawning world. But having once arrived at a pitch of literary and artificial greatness which may justly call forth the astonishment of every age and people enlightened by the knowledge of Christianity, Greece—eloquent and philosophic Greece—was swept away by the vortex of luxurious prosperity, which had ripened the principle of decay; leaving nothing behind save the ruins of an Empire which gave law and philosophy to the world, and genius and eloquence to succeeding ages. The Greeks, after their country had been reduced into a province, imputed the triumph of ROME, not to the merit, but to the FORTUNE of the Republic. A wiser Greek, who has composed, with a philosophic spirit, the memorable history of his own times, deprived his countrymen of this vain and delusive comfort, by opening to their view the deep foundations of the greatness of Rome—the fidelity of her citizens to each other, and to the state—their education and prejudices of religion—their honour as well as virtue—their ambition—and the military ardour of the youth. From these wise institutions of peace and war, Polybius has deduced the spirit and success of a people, incapable of fear and impatient of repose, thereby raising themselves to the very summit of human greatness. Yet Rome—invincible Rome—also fell! The causes of destruction multiplied with the extent of conquest; and as soon as time or accident had removed the artificial supports, the stupendous fabric yielded to the pressure of its own weight. The splendid days of Augustus and Trajan were eclipsed by a cloud of ignorance, and the Barbarians subverted the laws and palaces of ROME!

Many are of opinion that monastic studies have tended, for the most part, to darken rather than to dispel, the cloud of ignorance and superstition which perpetually hangs over the world. But, without advancing any opinion of our own upon this subject, we are authorised by history to state, that the curiosity or zeal of some learned solitaries has cultivated the profane as well as the ecclesiastical sciences:—and posterity must gratefully acknowledge, that the monuments of Greek and Roman literature have been preserved and multiplied by their indefatigable pens. It is to these means that we owe all the knowledge of past ages which we possess. It is to them that we are indebted for the pleasure which we derive from the perusal of the unparalelled works of Homer, of Virgil, and of Cicero. And it is to them that the nations of Europe owe their attainment of almost the same level of politeness and cultivation. Ages may now be said to have rolled away since the darkness which overspread the world after the fall of the Roman Empire was succeeded by that beam of light and knowledge which has shone so refulgently in latter

times; and man may be said to have nearly attained the *summit of natural and moral improvement.* The laws of Jurisprudence are administered with impartiality and integrity. Literature, in all her departments, and art, in all her perfections, are now seen to flourish, in almost every country, to a most extraordinary degree. The abuses of tyranny are restrained by the mutual influence of fear and shame. Republics have acquired order and stability. Monarchies have imbibed the principles of freedom. And, some sense of honour and justice is introduced into the most defective constitution by the general manners of the times. The actual realization of this, with the experience of centuries, should enlarge our hopes and diminish our apprehensions. We cannot determine to what height the human species may aspire in their advances towards perfection: but it may safely be presumed, that no people, unless the face of nature is changed, will relapse into their *original* barbarism. Yet the experience of several thousand years has taught us the melancholy truth, that immutability forms no part of the system of human events; and, that, however exalted nations may now consider themselves in knowledge, genius, and invention, the time *may* come when the possessors shall share the fate of those who have gone before them, and afford another example of the precarious tenure by which the human species hold the enjoyment of all that can contribute to their improvement in the present life, and the happiness of a future world.

It is on this account, that we deem it the duty of every man who feels an interest in the welfare and improvement of the human race to advance by every lawful means in his power the cause of universal knowledge. No matter how feeble these means may be. However rustic and inartificial the plough, the tillage may produce a good crop; and enable the succeeding cultivator to live in the most luxurious comfort on the produce of a soil which had been at first no less poorly cultivated than scantily provided with the fruits of future improvement. It is not so much in the *manner* as in the intention of such a spirit that the merit lies. It is not in the *representation* of the reality, but in the reality itself, that its intrinsic value ought to be searched for. Nor is it so much in the *performance* as in the effort that its true character is to be found. It becomes the people of this new Continent of the world to follow the dictates of this precept in the most ardent and vigorous manner. The inhabitants of the Continent of Europe, and especially of our own distinguished and pre-eminent Empire, are at present revelling in the full enjoyment of all that tends to enlighten and console the mind. The philosopher is proud of his discoveries—the poet is delighted with his genius—and the artist is almost vain of his performances. But, as we know not the secrets of futurity, would it not be proper to invite a portion of all those triumphs of the mind to our own distant shores; and, by all the fostering attentions in our power, encourage them to become denizens of this *remote*, but not uninteresting Colony? Other countries have done the same. Nations, who now give jurisprudence and learning to all the habitable parts of the earth, were once Colonies of a more extended Empire. When the tide, and the buffetings of time shall have beat for a little longer upon the *more ancient nations of the world*, who knows but that the wild and unpeopled provinces of this modern Continent may become the refuge of the sciences and the mother of the arts? If he, for instance, who consults history, will be at the trouble of comparing the present most enviable

state of the British Isles—their commercial greatness at home and abroad—their laws—their civil and religious institutions—their progress and attainments in the sciences and arts—their power in war, and political influence in peace—their sway over distant and extended Colonies—and the whole economy of their civil and military system—with their abject and forlorn condition, when, in 409 of the Christian æra, they separated themselves from the body of the Roman Empire, he will at once conclude, that there is no country on the face of the globe, however remote and savage—however wild, barren and uncultivated, which may not, at some future period, arrive at a condition in the scale of nations alike honourable to itself and advantageous to the human race. To illustrate our position more forcibly, let us be permitted to take a cursory view of the situation of Britain some time after the period to which we have alluded. The dark cloud, which had been cleared by the Phœnician discoveries, and finally dispelled by the arms of Cesar, again settled on the shores of the Atlantic, and a Roman province was again lost among the fabulous Islands of the Ocean. One hundred and fifty years after the reign of Honorius, the gravest historian of the times, describes the wonders of a remote isle, * whose eastern and western parts are divided by an antique wall, the boundry of life and death, or, more properly, of truth and fiction. The east is a fair country, inhabited by a civilized people: the air is healthy, the waters are pure and plentiful, and the earth yields her regular and fruitful increase. In the west, beyond the wall, the air is infectious and mortal—the ground is covered with serpents—and this dreary solitude is the region of departed spirits, who are tansported from the opposite shores in substantial boats, and by living rowers. Some families of fishermen, the subjects of the Franks, are excused from tribute, in consideration of the mysterious office which is performed by those Charons of the ocean. Each in his turn is summoned, at the hour of midnight, to hear the voices, or even the names of the ghosts; he is sensible of their weight, and he feels himself impelled by an unknown, but irresistable, power. After this dream of fancy, we read with astonishment, that the name of this Island is *Brittia*; that it lies in the ocean, against the mouth of the Rhine, and less than thirty miles from the continent; that it is possessed by three nations, the Frisians, the Angles, and the Britons; and that some Angles had appeared at Constantinople, in the train of the French Ambassador! Who that has read the history of CANADA—the remote and dependent, though not invaluable, Colony of this "fabulous isle"—from the earliest irruptions of civilisation on her dark and unexplored shores, has ever met with any account so extremely vague and disheartening as this? Little did the Greek historian of the British Isles know that however uncertain their situation and boundaries might have been in his day—however sunk in superstition and barbarous in conduct the inhabitants might then have been—they were fated at some future period, to rise to a height and glory in the scale of nations, which was almost unparallelled in the history of the past ages of the world! Equally little does the historian of the present day know what may be the future destiny of Canada. Though the country which we inhabit still bears the impress of infancy on her brow, and the stamp of uncultivated wildness on her forehead—though her woods are interminable and her soil lying waste—though the

* See Procopius, L. IV. C. 20.

bear, the wolf and the buffaloe roam in all the untractability of their ferocious nature through all her regions—and though many of her *native* sons and daughters remain still unblest with the light of knowledge and Christianity—yet the time may come when her present condition will be remembered no more—when the wilderness shall give place to the calm serenity of cultivation—when the wild beasts of the fields shall fly at the voice of man, and give place to the busy hum of a cheerful and industrious population—when the sun of human intellect shall shine with refulgence on the darkest mind that ever traversed the woods—when the truth and glory of Christianity shall spread throughout the land the cheering and peaceful beams of their consolation—and when society shall resume the order, the elegancy, and the permanency of the most civilised countries on the face of the earth! It is not human vanity to anticipate all this; neither is it foolishness in man, experienced as he is in the revolutions of the world, to expect the highest consummation of his wishes in the improvement and happiness of the whole human race. Let *us*, then, be permitted to lend our feeble aid to the advancement of the one as well as the other. Let us be permitted to mark a period in the history of CANADA, and open a page in which her future historian may descry the feeble glimmer of the first rise of a great, prosperous, and independent nation!

In doing so, we must, in the first place assure that Public into whose services we are about voluntarily to enlist ourselves, that we entertain a far higher opinion of its education, information and general accomplishments than to approach it with the bronzed and unbending countenance of unabashed confidence. We have come forward, on the contrary, in our present conspicuous and critical character, in the humble diffidence of persons, who, though their motives may be good, their intentions honourable, and their industry persevering, may, nevertheless, find it necessary to claim in favour of tender and unripened abilities the suffrage of a humane and enlightened society. Without descending to the absolute renunciation of *every* qualification necessary in the conduct of this work, we shall, therefore, solicit that indulgence from our friends and our readers which has for its basis only the consciousness of one meritorious virtue—that of a sincere and honourable inclination to advance, by every means which the nature of our undertating has placed within our power, the progress of moral improvement in all its relations to the happiness of man, and the welfare of society.—But, before we proceed further, let the principles on which we intend to act be a little more clearly and distinctly understood.

Such of our readers as may have been in the habit of reflecting with some degree of seriousness on the human learning of the last two hundred years, in its polite as well as in its useful departments, cannot fail to have observed, that, in comparison with the literary productions of the present day, it is stamped with the insignia of a far loftier, moral, and substantial character. In the late ages, the genius of man kept pace with his moral necessities. If, at any time she was tempted to stray beyond the limits which reason and prudence had assigned to her, she called cautiou to her assistance, and never returned to the ordinary haunts of life without improving her own resources, and conferring the most valuable and lasting benefits upon mankind in general. The philosopher, the poet, the essayist, and the historian, though travelling on separate

and distinct roads, constantly held the same main object in view—the instruction of mankind in all that tended to their present improvement and future happiness; and none of these great stars in the hemisphere of science, ever shone more brilliantly than when they held forth their hand to society with the *realities* as well as the decorations and amusements of human knowledge. But though the fruits of the labour of those wise and indefatigable instructors must remain as living monuments of their genius while taste exists and the sciences are cultivated, we greatly fear, that, in many respects, to use the words of Cato, "the dawn is overcast." The men of genius of the present age are of quite a different stamp, and, if we may be permitted to venture an opinion, of a general character far inferior in value and importance. True, that we have men who prolong the current of history—who still traverse the regions of fancy, both in song and in prose—and who endeavour to instruct us in the lessons of morality and truth; but owing, either to an unaccountable vitiation in the taste of the age, or in the principles of our men of learning, a species of literature has gone abroad amongst us which is as different from the writings of the last age, as childhood is from venerable old age, or the gambol of the lambkin from the pawing of the lion. All the productions of the present day, whatever may be their merits in point of ingenuity and originality, have their foundation in such airy and unsubstantial fragments in the affairs of human life, and are so deeply tainted with party and political influence, as must render them truly ephemeral in comparison to those which preceded them. This remark will be found peculiarly applicable to some of our periodical publications; but all share alike in the justice of the conclusion, that the feelings and the labours of literary men are now ensanguined and regulated more by the voice of amusement than by the dictates of virtuous instruction—more by the tainted gale of fashion and corrupted taste than by the calm and unbiased opinions of morality and philosophy. Instead of tracing the beautiful and substantial meanders of the brook, they lie in indolent apathy upon the banks, gazing upon the bubbles which play upon its surface, and describing them with all the glow, feeling and imagery which belongs to real poetry. They build their habitations among the tender and gaudy flowrets of the field, and revel on their enervating fragrance, instead of laying their foundations on the rock of moral science, which will last for ages.

With such opinions, the judicious reader cannot be at any loss in the discovery of our sentiments, and in discerning the track which we have marked out for ourselves in the conduct of this work. He will see, that we prefer the substantial realities of a virtuous education, of prudent habits, and useful learning to the evanescent and fanciful colourings of *modern* polite literature—that we shall always respect the labours of the moralist, the historian, and the traveller before the superstructures of fancy or the brilliant meteors of wit. Agreeable to this plan, it shall form one of the most prominent parts of our labours to select and transfer into our pages, from the most estimable sources of our standard literature as well as from the most reputable periodical publications of the day, such articles as we may deem of importance, in promoting the diffusion of useful knowledge throughout this country—in keeping alive the heroic and energetic sentiments of our ancestors—their private virtues and public patriotism—and in forming, for the example of posterity, a moral,

an industrious, and a loyal population. If, however, on any occasion, the force of example shall so far involve us in the current of its stream as to impel us to the occupation of any portion of our work with reading of a more volatile or amusing description, the more serious part of our readers must not be over fastidious in censuring our deviation from the declared path of our system. If works of fancy have made such deep inroads upon the taste and feelings of our age, we cannot be expected to counteract their effects. We may indeed plant the oak amidst a wilderness of roses, but we cannot compel the traveller to admire its soundness and durability in preference. At all events, as we anticipate readers of various tastes and feelings, it may not be altogether improper to study their innocent propensities, in so far as they will be consistent with the main principle of our undertaking; and we trust, that, if in administering such gratification to one at the expence of another, we shall reluctantly be impelled from the strict path of our duty, the public will excuse both an unintentional misdemeanour on our part, and reconcile themselves to one another by that generosity of sentiment for which we shall always be proud to hold them up as supereminently exemplary.

Besides selected articles from other publications, we intend that this work shall also contain *original* matter of such a local and general character as shall render it at once useful and entertaining to all classes of society. Let commerce continue to ply her enriching and enterprizing oar—agriculture convert the barren wilderness into beauty and cultivation—education enlighten and ripen the tender mind into strength, maturity and wisdom—and *mechanism comfort and moralize an industrious* peasantry:—and, so far as the influence of our feeble efforts can extend, no pains shall be spared...no trouble grudged to encourage and strengthen what, in every age, have been considered so essentially useful in forwarding the designs of a beneficent Providence, and the general welfare and happiness of the human race. On all these important subjects, as well as topographical, botanical, and mineralogical details of the beauties and resources of this country, we shall always be most happy to receive communications from the judicious and enlightened—and we invite them to a free and hearty access to our acquaintance.

Poetry—the delight and study of the age—the soother of sorrows—and the never-failing source of amusement to the young in years and elastic in spirit—must not be discarded. A due proportion of our pages shall be allotted for the selection of published and unpublished verse; and we pledge ourselves to render this little, but interesting, department of our duty both amusing and instructing to our readers.

It will here be unnecessary to recapitulate the minor subjects which it is our intention to introduce to the monthly perusal of our readers. These will be found in their proper places in another part of the work; and will form the patern of all future numbers.

Let us, in conclusion, throw ourselves into the arms of a generous and feeling public—sincerely trusting, that, if *our* part shall be performed with candour and impartiality, no encouragement—no protection shall be withheld, on *their* part, from the interest and prosperity of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

MONTREAL.

NO. I.

WHATEVER may have been the labour and the pains which have attended the researches of historians into the dark recesses of human events, and whatever accuracy and precision they may have discovered in tracing to their source the various windings of the transactions of mankind, and in laying them in open review before our senses, there is one subject, in particular, which has resisted their scrutiny with greater obduracy than any other, if not altogether eluded their grasp. We allude to the *origin* of nations and cities. On the authority of the most enlightened and renowned travellers, we may state, that there is no part of the surface of the globe, capable of yielding in rotation, from season to season, the necessaries of life, which is not inhabited by some species of the human race, possessing all the desires and faculties incident to man. The people of every country of whose discovery history has preserved a record, have almost uniformly been found in a state of barbarity and uncivilization—roaming, without a home or domestic affections, in pursuit of the animals of the chase, for both food and raiment. It is, however, true, that, even in savage life, where the human race have appeared in the rudest form, several tribes have been known intuitively to have formed some vague and remote ideas of civilized life, and to settle themselves in detached and comparatively industrious societies. This was found to be the case when the Spaniards first visited Mexico and Peru: and the inhabitants of those extensive countries were no sooner collected into great bodies under their emperors than *stone-buildings* began to be erected. Though the art of Architecture was not carried to the same extent of refinement, the natives of our own more northern continent, in their first intercourse with Europeans, were also found, in many instances, the quiet and undisturbed possessors of large, though rude and irregular, villages. But it is one of the many misfortunes which attend a state of barbarous existence, that, if the people who are subject to its dark and ignominious sway, have in one instance the good fortune to approach the habits or improvements of their more civilized and enlightened brethren, they are obliged to remain in total ignorance of all those higher and more important consolations to man, by which he is not only enabled to attain a distinct knowledge of his rank in civilization, but to improve this knowledge still farther, and convey to posterity a just and accurate detail of its rise and progress. This is an observation which may be applied, with an equal degree of propriety, to the original inhabitants of the ancient nations of the world as well as to the aborigines of modern discoveries. The perfect state of destitution to which nature has subjected man, in his savage condition, must, indeed, have taught him both the utility and necessity of some protection from the elements, beyond the tender and fragile superstructure of his own body; but the powers of the mind, by which alone this defence could be improved, strengthened, and enlarged, could never be so sufficiently developed by personal necessities as at once to enable him to arrive at that philosophical and just sense of his condition, which was calculated to convey to future ages the outlines of his intellectual and mechanical attainments.

Man, in such a condition, has no record but that of living memory. When that fails, tradition assumes her fabulous and precarious history; but, from the unstable nature of her constitution, she too must give way, and ultimately become involved in that obscurity which first conceived her. Hence the deep mist which overshades the primary institution of nations and cities. We may indeed, by the aid of history, trace the foundation of the *Cecropia* of Athens or the *Capitol* of Rome; but, if we except the memorable origin of Constantinople, there is not a city of antiquity, the story of whose first outlines and formation can be told, with any degree of respect to the truth of real history. In modern times, especially in this new world, the case is, however, entirely different; and it will be a stigma which must attach itself to an enlightened age, if every historical vestige be not preserved, not only of every nation and city, but of every village that is reared up amongst us. In olden times the people were not sufficiently acquainted with the arts of life to enable them to do so. But in our day, there is scarcely a person who arrives at the years of discretion that is not capable of conveying to posterity some idea of the moral and artificial improvements which are going on around him. In the midst of such refined accomplishments let us not fall into the barbarous ignorance of the ancients. Let us neither deny ourselves the pleasure nor posterity the benefit of tracing, to the very first dawn of their existence, every province and institution regarding whose origin and progress we are in possession of any accurate information; and, if we cannot throw any thing new into the page of history, let us, at least, endeavour to preserve what has been already recorded, and multiply the sources of access to her no less amusing than instructive stores.

These observations have occurred to us as not an inapplicable introduction to the history of the city of MONTREAL—a city which may yet vie in commercial and political importance with any Metropolis in the whole continent of America.

Neither the English nor the French historians seem to be unanimous in their decision, relative to the time and manner in which CANADA was first discovered by European nations. Far less have they been hitherto capable of presenting us with any thing like an accurate detail of the progress which had been made in exploring the country immediately after the outlines of its geographical limits had been ascertained. But as an investigation into the failure of historians, or, the inaccuracies of navigators, can add little importance to our present historical sketch, we shall only so far trace the discovery of Canada as will be sufficient to preserve the line of connection between that interesting event and the first information which we can discover of the existence of such a place as Montreal. Canada seems, undoubtedly, to have been discovered by CABOT, the famous Italian adventurer, who sailed under a commission from Henry the VII. But though the English monarch did not think proper to make any use of this discovery, the French quickly attempted it; and we have an account of their fishing for cod on the Banks of Newfoundland, and along the sea coast of Canada, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. About the year 1506, one Denys, a Frenchman, drew a map of the Gulf, now better known by the name of St. Lawrence: and two years after, one Aubort, a ship-master of Dieppe, carried over to France some of the natives of Canada. As the new country, however, did not promise the same amazing quantities of gold and silver produced

by Mexico and Peru, the French, for some years, neglected the discovery. At last, in the year 1523, Francis I. a sensible and enterprising Prince, sent four ships, under the command of Verazani, a Florentine, to prosecute discoveries in this country. The particulars of this man's first expedition are not known. All we can learn is, that he returned to France, and next year undertook a second. As he approached the coast, he met with a violent storm; but he came so near as to perceive the natives on the shore, making friendly signs to him to land. This being found impracticable, by reason of the surf upon the coast, one of the sailors threw himself into the sea; but, in endeavouring to swim back to the ship, a surge threw him on the shore without signs of life. He was, however, treated by the natives with such care and humanity, that he recovered his strength, and was allowed to swim back to the ship, which immediately returned to France. This is all we know of Verazani's second expedition. He undertook a third, but was no more heard of, and it is thought, that he and all his company perished before he could form a colony, or that the savages whom he may have visited, massacred him and all his followers. In 1534, eleven years after, Jacques, or James Cartier, a skilful navigator of St. Maloes, resumed the projects of Verazani. The two nations who had first landed in America, exclaimed against the injustice of treading in their footsteps. "*What!*" said Francis I. pleasantly, "*shall the Kings of Spain and Portugal quietly divide all America between "them, without suffering me to take a share as their brother? I would fain "see the article of Adam's Will which bequeaths that vast inheritance to "them.*" Cartier had with him two small ships, besides the one in which he sailed. After having approached Newfoundland, sailed round it, and discovered that it was an Island, he steered southward towards the continent of Canada, and entered a very spacious Bay, which, in consequence of the heat of the weather at the time, he denominated the *Baie des Chaleurs.* Here he was delighted with the beauty of the country, and the peaceable behaviour of the Indians whom he met, and with whom he entered into some traffic. This bay is the same which we find in some old charts under the designation of *Baie des Espagnols.* An ancient tradition prevailed in Europe, that this part of the country had been visited long before the French discoveries, by a party of Castilians in search of mines; but finding nothing of the kind, they were often heard to exclaim the two words ACA NADA—meaning that there was nothing here. Since then the Indians had accustomed themselves to repeat those words to the French, who, from that circumstance, were naturally led to suppose that they meant and conveyed the name of the country. Hence it is conjectured, Etymologists have derived the name of Canada.* After having landed on several other places along the coast, and taken possession of the country in the name of the King of France, Cartier returned home to render an account of his successes and projects. These were approved of, and he was again sent out with a commission and a pretty considerable force. Though he sailed from St. Maloes in May 1535, it was not till the 10th of August that he arrived on the coast of Canada. That day being the festival of St. Lawrence, Cartier embraced the opportunity for

* Some have ventured to deduce the name from the Iroquois word *Kannata*, which is pronounced *Cannada*, and signifies a cluster of huts.

conferring some additional honours upon the memory of the Saint; and he accordingly bestowed his name on the gulf now so well known by that appellation—which, insensibly, became also that of the river which empties itself into the gulf, formerly designated "The Great River of Canada."

Cartier penetrated farther into the interior of Canada than any of his predecessors, and formed a more intimate footing with the natives as he proceeded along. From them he received the most favourable accounts of the remoter parts of the country; and the farther he ventured to advance, not only did these accounts become more flattering, but their realization became every day more gratifying. At last, they began to talk of a large and populous village, named HOCHELAGA, which was represented to be at a considerable distance in the interior. This village Cartier determined to see, and make it the ultimate object of his present voyage. In prosecution of his design he sailed from St. Croix, on the nineteenth of September, with one of his ships, leaving two of them safely moored in that river until his return. He experienced a pretty successful voyage, until about the 29th, when, in approaching Lake St. Peter, he was disappointed to find, either from the intricacy of the navigation or the shallowness of the stream, that he could make no further progress in so large a vessel. He had no alternative but to embark with his party in two armed shallops which he had along with him. On the 2d of October, after having experienced less difficulty and more pleasure than he had anticipated, Cartier descried, with feelings of no small satisfaction, the village of which he had heard so many favorable and interesting things. He immediately landed, and was most agreeably surprised to find both himself and his whole party welcomed and saluted with the greatest demonstrations of joy by the inhabitants, whose good opinion he found it his interest to cultivate by all the acts of kindness in his power; and especially by distributing amongst them such presents as could not fail to secure their most unreserved confidence. No words can convey an adequate idea of the astonishment which lay hold of the minds of these people as they first beheld the Europeans, whose fire-arms, trumpets, and other implements of war—and whose beards—for beards were very fashionable in the sixteenth century—and apparel, were, for some time, the sole subject of their admiration, conversation, and enquiry. But as neither party understood the language of the other, it may be supposed that little or no communication of importance could have passed betwixt them. After Cartier and his party had been abundantly regaled with the rude but cheerful demonstrations of the hospitable feelings of the natives, they were permitted to saunter abroad and view the settlement and neighbouring country at pleasure.

The village of Hochelaga was built in a circular form, consisting of about fifty houses, or huts of a conic figure, erected, we presume, though we are not informed, of branches of trees, spreading them wide at the bottom, and joining them in a point at the top, after the manner of the other ancient as well as modern natives of this continent. It was defended on every side with three slight palisades, the first of which was surmounted by a kind of gallery, containing an abundant supply of stones and pebbles for the defence of the garrison. The village being situated at the foot of a lofty and picturesque mountain, and the adjacent country so completely covered with wood as to intercept the view, it naturally

occured to Cartier that the summit of this mountain was the only spot from whence he could obtain a prospect of the new world which lay around its base. Having ascended its eastern promontory, he immediately became transported with the various objects stretched forth on every side of him; and he at last became so enchanted with their magnitude, beauty and sublimity, that, on the spot, he gave the mountain which afforded him such pleasure the name of MOUNT ROYAL in honour of his master, the King of France. Hence, by corruption, the Island on which it is situated, and the modern city which was afterwards built on nearly the very site of the humble Hochelaga, have both obtained the more vague appellation of MONTREAL.

The stay of Cartier at Hochelaga was only prolonged for a few days; but from what he had seen in that short period of the adjacent country, and the humane and hospitable manners of the natives, he at once conceived the highest possible opinion of it as a future settlement for his countrymen, and determined to represent it to his Sovereign as one of the most eligible and centrical situations in Canada for commercial enterprize in the fur trade. But as Cartier, upon his return to France, could produce neither gold nor silver, all that he could say about the utility of the settlement was disregarded; and, in 1540, he was obliged to become pilot to one Roberval, who was by the French king appointed Viceroy of Canada. After building a fort at the gulf of Saint Lawrence, and leaving Cartier to command the garrison in it, this man returned to France; but having again embarked, in 1549, with a great number of adventurers, neither he nor any of his followers were heard of more. This fatal accident so greatly discouraged the Court of France, that, for fifty years, no measures were taken for supplying with necessaries the settlers that were left. At last, Henry IV. appointed the Marquis de la Roche lieutenant-general of Canada and the neighbouring countries; and, after this, expeditions continued to be fitted out almost every other year for the settlement of the country. The many specimens of profit thence procured of the Canadian fur trade induced the public to think more favourably of it. Another armament was equipped, and the command of it given to Pontgrave, with power to extend his discoveries up the Saint Lawrence. He sailed in 1603, having in his company Samuel Champlain, who had been a captain in the navy, and was a man of parts and spirit. In 1608 the colony may be said to have been fully established. This was accomplished by founding the city of Quebec, which soon became the capital of all the settlements in Canada. The colony, however, for many years continued in a low way, and was often in danger of being totally exterminated by the Indians. But, by degrees, the settlers began to scatter themselves along the banks of the Saint Lawrence, and to form settlements in various places of the country. Few fertile fields were then found but in the neighbourhood of the capital, and they improved as one approached Montreal. It was not, however, till 1640 that any settlement was made in this place; and it was more by chance than design, that a few rude huts thrown up here at this period were aftewards enlarged and improved to a regularly built town.

The little progress that had hitherto been made in settling Canada, was entirely owing to an exclusive company, whose chief designs were not so much intended to create a national power in the country, as to enrich themselves by the fur trade. This was lamentably visible from the

refusal given by the Company to an application presented to it by the first Missionaries, who arrived in the country, to be permitted to form a regular establishment at Montreal—the importance of which had been felt at first sight. It consequently fell to the lot of a few private individuals, more remarkable for their piety and religious zeal than their riches, to undertake and accomplish a design so advantageous to the improvement of Canada. The first resolution of these intrepid Christians was to erect on the island a French hamlet, so well fortified as to be enabled effectually to resist any attack that might be meditated by the natives. The poor were not to be disregarded, but were to be put in such a way as to be able to gain a livelihood from their own industry. It was also proposed to permit the whole island to be occupied by Indians of whatever tribe or nation, provided they should become professors of Christianity, or showed the least willingness to be instructed in the tenets of that religion. It was even designed to civilize these lords of the wood, and to bring them to a sense of the necessity of living by the industry of more peaceful and domestic habits than they had been accustomed to follow. The number of individuals who had formed themselves into this laudable association was thirty-five—a number, perhaps, too great to act with unanimity, for any length of time, in an affair intricate and difficult of attainment. But nothing is too difficult for the resolute in heart; and the first steps which were taken gave strong symptoms of future success. In virtue of the concession which was made by his Majesty of the Island of Montreal in favour of this association, formal possession was taken of it in 1640, at the conclusion of a grand mass which was celebrated on the occasion in a tent. During the following year, Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneüve, a native of Champagne and a member of the association, brought several families from France to Canada; among whom was an unmarried lady of condition named Manse, who was destined to have the care of the religious persons of her own sex at Montreal. The new emigrants were conducted to that place by the Chevalier de Montmagny, and the Superior General of the Jesuits; and on the 15th of October, M. de Maisonneüve was chosen Governor of the Island. On the 17th of May, 1642, the situation destined for the French settlement was consecrated by the same Superior, who celebrated the holy mysteries. He also dedicated to the "Mother of God" a small chapel that had been hastily erected, and deposited therein the "blessed sacrament." This ceremony had been preceded by another three months before. All the members of the association having assembled on a Thursday morning in the church of *Notre Dame de Paris*, such as were in orders celebrated the "holy sacrifice"—the others communicating at the altar of the Virgin Mary, and all then joining in supplications to the "Queen of Angels," entreating her to take the Island of Montreal under her especial protection. At length, on the 15th of August, the Assumption of the "Mother of God" was solemnized in the island by an immense concourse of both French and Indians. We are told that nothing was omitted on this occasion to draw down the blessings of Heaven upon so useful an establishment, and to give the savages as high an opinion as possible of the Christian Religion.* Thus was the foundation of Montreal laid amidst the prayers and

* See Charlevoix's History of Canada.

praises of holy and devout men, and the consent and approbation of the aborigines of the country.

On the evening of the same day M. De Maisonneuve visited the mountain which had conferred its name upon the Island. He was conducted thither by two old Indians, who, while on the top of the mountain, informed him, that they belonged to a nation which had formerly inhabited this country: "We were," said they, "a very numerous nation, and "all those hills that your perceive to the southward and to the eastward "were peopled. The Hurons have expelled from them our ancestors, "some of whom have been sheltered by the Abénaquis; others have re"tired to the Cantons of the Iroquois, and a few have remained with "their conquerors." The governor requested them to inform their brothers, that they might enter into their ancient possessions—that they should want for nothing—and that they would be in perfect safety from the incursions of their enemies. They promised to do so; but they were unable probably to reassemble the scattered remains of their nation, which might have been that of the *Iroquet*. This incident, in conjunction with the prospect before him, might well awaken feelings of no ordinary interest in the bosom of M. De Maisonneuve. The unbounded track that opened itself to his view, discovered only dark, thick, and deep forests, whose height alone was a proof of their antiquity. Numberless large rivers came down from a considerable distance to water these immense regions. The intervals between them were full of lakes. Four of these measured from two to five hundred leagues in circumference. These sort of inland seas communicated with each other; and their waters, after forming the great Saint Lawrence, considerably increased the bed of the Ocean. Every thing in this rude part of the new world appeared grand and sublime. Nature here displayed such luxuriancy and majesty as commanded veneration; and a thousand wild graces, far superior to the artificial beauties of European climates. Here the imagination of a painter or a poet would have been raised, animated, and filled with those ideas which leave a lasting impression on the mind. The inhabitants of this beautiful but solitary scene, were the Montagnez, who inhabited the lower parts of the Saint Lawrence; the Algonquins, who were settled upon its banks, from Quebec to Montreal; the Hurons who were dispersed about the lake that bears that name; and some less considerable nations, who wandered about in the intermediate spaces.

About the period that Champlain arrived in Canada a serious and destructive warfare had broke out betwixt the Algonquins and the Iroquois, a nation whose country was near eighty leagues in length, and more than forty in breadth; and bounded by lakes Erie, Ontario, the river Saint Lawrence, and the countries now known by the names of New-York and Pensylvania. Champlain, who ought to have availed himself of the superior knowledge of the Europeans to effect a reconciliation between the Americans, did not even attempt it. He warmly espoused the interests of his neighbours, and often accompanied them in pursuit of their enemy. This error in political sagacity had the fatal consequence of involving the whole French settlements in the disputes of the natives; and none more than the infant establishment of Montreal, which lay open on all sides to the ravages of the Iroquois, who were a bold, crafty, and revengeful race. It is somewhat surprising, that while exposed to the incursions of such enemies, Montreal daily improved in

commerce and magnitude, and that many years had elapsed from the time of its foundation before any serious thoughts had been entertained of fortifying it. Indeed, during the most part of this period, the feelings of the Canadians—as we may now call them—and the firm confidence with which they had accustomed themselves to place in their own bravery and military skill, had taken so deep a root, that it was almost impossible to convince them of the necessity of enclosing the town with a formidable and durable defence.* They were certainly brave; but as they were not rich, it may be reasonably supposed, that their courage could be brought more readily into action in defence of their families and property, than their gold could be levied to defray the expence of a regular fortification. If this trait in the character of the ancient Canadians be true—and we have not the smallest reason to doubt it—it is certainly a circumstance highly honourable to their memory, and worthy of being preserved by their posterity as a piece of Spartan heroism unexampled in the history of the new world. But perceiving the growing importance of the place with its total exposure, the natural jealousy of the Iroquois prompted them to a degree of hatred that rendered their incursions not only more frequent but a great deal more artful and alarming. No bravery can withstand the cold and bloody intrigues of an Indian; and the people of Montreal became at last persuaded of the necessity of guarding themselves against the often meditated surprises of their enemies. The town was therefore ordered to be inclosed by the Chevalier de Calliers, brother to the celebrated Plenipotentiary of Ryswick. At first, and nearly for forty years afterwards, this barrier only consisted of slight palisades, surmounted by a bastion, and a defective redoubt built on a little hill in the centre of the town, which served as a bulwark, and which was terminated by a small square; but so simple a defence not promising to the town and its inhabitants that security which was so essentially necessary to their prosperity and happiness, it was afterwards encompassed with the more powerful safeguard of a very slender wall of masonry, sufficient only to overawe or prevent a surprise from the numerous tribes of Indians whose jealous attention had been drawn towards it. This wall, however, was fifteen feet high, with battlements, having six or seven gates large and small. The city thus enclosed and defended, the inhabitants soon began to pursue their different avocations with a spirit, a confidence and alacrity, which conveyed sanguine expectations of the future prosperity of the settlement. These expectations were not disappointed. The fur trade was the first the Europeans carried on in Canada. It was begun at the French colony at Tadousac, a port situated thirty leagues below Quebec. In process of time all this trade centered in Montreal. The skins were brought thither in canoes in the month of June. The number of Indians who resorted to this city increased, as the fame of the French spread further. The account of the reception they had met with, the sight of the things they had received in exchange for their goods, all contributed to increase this traffic. Whenever they returned with a fresh supply of furs, they always brought a new nation along with them. Thus a kind of fair was opened, to which the several tribes of the continent resorted. The fair was held annually from

* Charlevoix.

the beginning of June till the latter end of August. Many solemnities were observed, at which the governor assisted, and guards were placed to observe good order among such a concourse of different savage nations, all of whom were extremely fond of spirituous liquors, and when drunk committed great excesses. The English soon grew jealous of these fairs, and the branch of wealth which they created; and the colony they had founded at New-York, soon found means to divert the stream of this great circulation. Time having extinguished, or rather suspended, the national hostilities between the Indians, the English spread themselves over the country, and the savages flocked to them from all quarters. This nation had infinite advantages to give them the preference to their rivals, the French. Their voyages were carried on with greater facility, and consequently they could afford to undersell them. They were the only manufacturers of the coarse cloths that were most suitable to the savages. The beaver trade was free among them; whereas among the French it was, and ever has been, subject to the tyranny of monopoly. It was by this freedom and these prejudices, that they engrossed most of the trade that rendered Montreal so famous. By these various means the people of this city began to be a little more independent in their circumstances, and saw the propriety of clearing and cultivating the neighbouring fields, as well as pursuing the fur trade with the Indians. All these fields soon afforded a sufficient supply for the wants of their respective owners. There were few of them that did not yield maize, barley, flax, hemp, tobacco, pulse, and pot-herbs in great plenty, and excellent in their kind. Most of the inhabitants had a score of sheep, whose wool was very valuable to them, ten or a dozen milch cows, and five or six oxen for the plough. The cattle were small, but their flesh was excellent, and these people lived much better than the country people did in Europe—a feature in their history which we may safely assert has descended to our own day. With this kind of affluence they could afford to keep a great number of horses, which were not fine but fit for drudgery, and able, as they are at this day, to perform journies of amazing length upon the snow and ice. Such was the situation, at this time, not only of the inhabitants of Montreal, but of 83,000 French, dispersed or collected on the banks of the river Saint Lawrence.

A series of years of commercial prosperity and domestic quiet tended to ripen the manners of the inhabitants into characteristic and permanent habits. A countryman of their own,* who was no less distinguished as an historian and philosopher than he was an ornament to literature, has drawn an interesting but impartial picture of the manners of the French colonists of the period just under our observation. These, he observes, were not always answerable to the climate they inhabited. Those who lived in the country spent their winter in idleness, pensively sitting by the fire side. When the return of spring called them out to the indispensable labours of the field, they ploughed the ground superficially without ever manuring it, sowed it carelessly, and then returned to their former indolent manner of life till harvest time. As the people were too proud or too lazy to work by the day, every family was obliged to gather in their own crops; and nothing was to be seen of that sprightly joy,

* Abbe Raynal.

which on a fine summer's day enlivens the reapers, while they are gathering in their rich harvest. That of the Canadians was confined to a small quantity of corn of each kind, a little hay and tobacco, a few cider-apples, cabbage and onions. This amazing negligence might be owing to several causes. The excessive cold in winter, which froze up the rivers, totally prevented them from exerting their abilities. A passion for war, which had been purposely encouraged among these bold and courageous men, made them averse to the labours of husbandry. Their minds were so entirely captivated with military glory, that they thought only of war, though they engaged in it without pay. The inhabitants of the CITIES of Quebec and Montreal, spent the winter as well as the summer, in a constant scene of pleasure. They were alike insensible to the beauties of nature, and to the pleasures of imagination. Their only passion was amusement, and persons of all ages were fond of dancing at assemblies. This manner of life considerably increased the influence of the women, who were possessed of every attraction. Idleness and levity would never have gained such an ascendant in Canada, had the government been careful to turn the attention of the people to lasting and useful objects. But all the colonists were required to pay an implicit obedience to a mere military authority. This dangerous authority subsisted till 1663, at which period a tribunal was erected in the capital for the definitive trial of all causes depending throughout the colony. The custom of Paris, modified in conformity to local circumstances, formed the code of their laws. The administration of the finances in Canada, only required a few fines of alienation; a trifling contribution from the inhabitants of Quebec and Montreal towards maintaining the fortifications; and some duties upon all goods imported and exported, which, indeed, were too high.

Such was the condition, not only of Montreal, but of the French settlements in Canada, in general, when a new era was about to burst upon the whole continent of North America; no less important in the consequences which ultimately sprung from it, than extraordinary for the many singular events by which it was characterized during its progress. But this, in so far as it is connected with the subject of our present enquiries, we are under the necessity of reserving for our next number.

Sir Walter Scott.

No country has more just cause to be proud of her heroes, her poets, her historians and philosophers than Scotland. In all ages, from the period that druidical superstition swayed its dark and mysterious tyranny over the Celtæ and the Britons, these have sprung up in various departments to amuse, enlighten or defend the land which gave them birth.—In times long gone by, a Fingal, an Ossian, a Wallace and a Bruce gave a strength and energy to the national character, at once luminous and imposing, who rendered it the envy and jealousy of surrounding kingdoms. In times nearer hand, though these bright luminaries in the page of Scotia's history have not been eclipsed or, perhaps, equalled by deeds of glory sufficiently splendid to throw the least shadow on the portraitures of such renowned ancestry; yet many individuals have crossed the stage of human existence whose acting has not been the less imposing because preceded by such unrivalled performers. On the contrary, we are inclined to think, that the men of a later age, either by imitating the example or recording the deeds of their national patriarchs, have embalmed with as much honour the memory of their fathers, as their fathers have advanced and maintained the honour of their country. At no period, however, has this opinion been more justly applicable than to the present time. The most remarkably literary characters which Scotland produced, last century, shewed merely the force of their intellect, as applied to matters of reasoning. The generation of Hume and Smith, left matters of feeling very much unexplored. Their disquisitions on Morals, were meant to be the vehicles of ingenious theories—not of convictions of sentiment. They employed, therefore, even in them, only the national intellect, and not the national modes of feeling. The Scottish literati of the present day have inherited the ideas of these men and acted upon them in a great measure—with scarcely more than the one splendid exception of Sir Walter Scott. While all the rest were contenting themselves with exercising and displaying their speculative acuteness, this man had the wisdom to grapple boldly with the feelings of his countrymen. His works are altogether the most remarkable phenomenon in the age of wonders—produced among a people whose taste had been well nigh weaned from all these ranges of feeling, on which their main inspiration and main power depend. They have, of themselves, been sufficient to create a more than passionate return of faith and homage to those deserted elements of greatness, in all the better part of his countrymen.

At a time when the literature of Scotland—and of England too—was becoming every day more and more destitute of command over every thing but the mere speculative understanding of men, this great genius seems to have been raised up to counteract, in the wisest and best of all ways, this unfortunate tendency of his age, by re-awakening the sympathies of his countrymen for the more energetic characters and passions of their forefathers. In so doing he employed, indeed, with the skill and power of a true master, and a true philosopher, what constitutes the only effectual means of neutralizing that barren spirit of lethargy into which the progress of civilization is in all countries so apt to lull the

feelings and imaginations of mankind. The period during which most of his works were produced, was one of mighty struggles and commotions throughout Europe, and the experience of that eventful period is sufficient to prove, that the greatest political anxieties, and the most important international struggles, can exert little awaking influence upon the character and genius of a people, if the private life of its citizens at home remains limited and monotonous, and confines their present experience and the range of their thoughts. The rational matter-of-fact way in which all great public concerns are now carried forward, is sufficient to throw a damp upon the most stirring imagination. Now, a poet like Sir Walter Scott, by enquiring into and representing the modes of life in earlier times, employs the imagination of his countrymen, as a means of making them go through the personal experience of their ancestry, and of making them acquainted with the various courses of thought and emotion, by which their forefathers had their genius and character drawn down. Other poets, such as Byron have attempted an analogous operation, by carrying us into foreign countries, where society is still comparatively young, but their method is by no means so happy or complete as Scott's, because the people among whom they seek to interest us, have national charaters totally different from the people of Scotland—whereas those whose minds he exhibits as a stimulus, are felt at once to be great kindred originals, of which our every-day experience shows us copies, faint indeed, but capable of being worked into stronger resemblance. If other poets should afterwards seek to collect their materials from the same field, they may perhaps be able to produce more finished compositions; but the honour of being the patriarch of the national poetry of Scotland must always remain in the possession of Sir Walter Scott.

This distinguished literary character was born at Edinburgh on the 15th August, 1761, and is the son of the late Walter Scott, Esq. writer to the Signet.—His mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott, was daughter to David Rutherford, Esq. also a writer to the Signet, from whom she received a considerable fortune. She was a very accomplished woman; and after her death, in 1788, some of her political productions were published.

Young Walter being lame, and of a very tender constitution, received the first rudiments of his education from his mother, to whom he was always much attached.—In his early youth, he displayed considerable taste in drawing landscapes from nature; but was neither remarkable for liveliness of disposition, nor aptitude for learning. From his mother's tuition, he was sent to the grammar school of Musselburg, where he made but little progress until his tenth year, when Dr. Paterson succeeded to the school, at which time the following circumstance is related to have taken place:—The late Dr. Hugh Blair, being on a visit to the school, examined several boys, but paid particular attention to young Scott, which Dr. Paterson perceiving, and thinking that it was the boy's stupidity that engaged the Doctor's notice, said—'Doctor, my predecessor told me, that that boy has the thickest skull in the school.' 'May be so,' replied Dr. Blair; "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of future greatness."

From Musselburg he was sent to the high school of Edinburgh, where he completed his classical studies, and then removed to the University

of Edinburgh. Having finished his education, he was articled to a writer of the Signet, and before he had attained his 21st year, was admitted an advocate of the Scottish bar. Here he most assiduously attended his professional duties; and in the year 1798 he married a Miss Carpenter, by whom he has several children. At the end of the next year, he was appointed sheriff-depute of the county of Selkirk, and in March, 1805, one of the principal Clerks of the Sessions for Scotland. A peculiar circumstance attended this appointment:—Mr. Scott's warrant, although drawn up, had not yet passed the seals, when the death of Mr. Pitt caused an entire change in the ministry; and his nomination having been procured through the friendship of the late Lord Melville, who was then under impeachment, it was naturaly considered void.—To the credit of the new cabinet, however, no objection arose to the appointment: which was thus, as was wittily remarked at the time, 'the last lay of the Ministry.'

Being now relieved from professional labours, by the enjoyment of two lucrative situations, which produced from £800 to £1000 per annum, and having about the same period come into possession of a valuable estate, through the death of his father and uncle, he was enabled to follow his literary pursuits at pleasure. His first productions were two German ballads, adapted to the English taste, entitled "The Chase," and "William and Helen." These pieces were merely written for amusement, and would not have been published but for the earnest solicitations of his friends. After a lapse of three years, Mr. Scott produced a translation of Goethe's tragedy of "Goetz of Berlinchingen." His next pieces were, "The eve of St. John," and "Glenfinlas," which appeared in Mr. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder."

In 1802, appeared his first work of any importance, "The Minstrels of the Scottish Border"; and in the following year he published "Sir Tristram" a metrical romance of the thirteenth century, by Thomas of Ercildown, edited from the Auchinleck manuscripts. In 1805 "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was produced, and at once established his fame upon the firmest basis. This poem will be long read and admired for the interest of the story, the ease and harmony of the language, the picturesque incidents and scenery, and for the delineation of the manners of the ancient borderers. In 1806 a collection of "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces" and in 1810 "Marmion, a Tale of Floddenfield," added considerably to his reputation. The latter poem the author has himself characterised as "containing the best and worst poetry that he has ever written." The rapidity of Mr. Scott's pen shone conspicuously this year; for, in addition to "Marmion," he published "Descriptions and illustrations of the Lay of the last Minstrel," and a complete edition of Dryden's Works, with notes, and a new life of the author. Very shortly after this, he undertook the editing of Lord Somer's collection of Historical Tracts, Sir Ralph Saddler's State Papers, and Anna Seward's Political Works. In the same year in which the last of these appeared, he produced "The Lady of the Lake," a poem abounding in interest and poetical beauty. In 1811, "The Vision of Don Roderick," published in aid of the subscription for the Portuguese. This was followed in 1813, by "Rokeby;" and in 1814, by "The Lord of the Isles," "The Border Antiquities of England," a new edition of the Works of Swift, with a life and annotations; and "The Field of Waterloo, a poem."

About the same time appeared a prose work, chiefly on the subject of Waterloo, called "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," which was generally attributed to the pen of our prolific author. Two other poems, "The Bridal of Triermain," and "Harold the Dauntless," which first appeared anonymously, have since been claimed by Sir Walter. In 1822, he published a dramatic poem, called "Halidon Hill," which was not so successful as some of his productions. This, we believe, completes the catalogue of his acknowledged writings; enough, most assuredly, to establish his fame—both for extraordinary genius and unwearied industry.

But report adds another very long addition to the list, by ascribing to Sir Walter Scott a series of novels and tales, which have been received by the public in a manner unprecedented in the annals of literature. The first of these, "Waverly," appeared in 1814; since which, the series has extended to 49 volumes; and it is confidently stated, that they have realized to the author upwards of £100,000.

That Sir Walter Scott is the author of these Novels and Tales we have no doubt whatever—no more, indeed, than that he is author of the *poems* he has published with his name. The whole will go down together, so long as any national character survives in Scotland—and they will prolong the existence of national character there more effectually, than any other stimulus its waning strength is ever likely to meet with. Sir Walter was the first Baronet created by his present Majesty: he has also the honor of being President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

In private life, Sir Walter Scott, is the delight of all who approach him. So simple and unassuming are his manners, that a stranger is quite surprised, after a few minutes have elapsed, to find himself already almost at home in the company of one, whose presence he must have approached with feelings so very different from those with which a man is accustomed to meet ordinary men. There is no kind of rank, which we should suppose is so difficult to bear with perfect ease, as the universally-honoured nobility of universally-honoured genius; but all this sits as lightly and naturally upon this great man, as ever a plumed casque did upon the head of one of his own graceful knights. Perhaps, after all, the very highest dignity may be more easily worn than some of the inferior degrees—as it has often been said of princes. When Sir Walter sees company either at home or abroad—which is not rare—it is not easy to describe the feelings of heartfelt joy that his presence spreads over a whole party. He is temperate in the extreme; but if he be master of ceremonies, he is accustomed to send round the bottle more speedily than some guests could wish. In his conversation, however, there is nothing like display or formal leading. On the contrary, every body seems to speak the more that he is there to hear—and his presence seems to be enough to make every one speak delightfully. His conversation, besides, is for the most part of such a kind, that all can take a lively part in it, although, indeed, none can equal himself. It does not appear as if he ever could be at a loss for a single moment for some new supply of that which constitutes its chief peculiarity, and its chief charm; the most keen perception, the most tenacious memory, and the most brilliant imagination, having been at work throughout the whole of his busy life, in filling his mind with a store of individual traits and anecdotes, serious and comic, individual and national, such as it is probable no man ever before possessed—and such, still more certainly, as no man of great original power ever

possessed in subservience to the purposes of inventive genius. A youth spent in wandering among the hills and valleys of his country, during which he became intensely familiar with all the lore of those grey-haired shepherds, among the traditions of warlike as well as of peaceful times find their securest dwelling place—or in more equal converse with the relics of that old school of Scottish Cavaliers, whose faith had nerved the arms of so many of his own race and kindred—such a boyhood and such a youth laid the foundation, and established the earliest and most lasting sympathies of a mind, which was destined, in after years, to erect upon this foundation, and improve upon these sympathies, in a way of which his young and thirsting spirit could have been contemplated but little. Through his manhood of active and honoured, and now for many years of glorious exertion, he has always lived in the world, and among the men of the world, partaking in all the pleasures and duties of society as fully as any of those who had nothing but such pleasures and such duties to attend to. Uniting, as never before were united, the habits of an indefatigable student with those of an indefatigable observer—and doing all this with the easy and careless grace of one who is doing so, not to task, but to gratify his inclination and his nature—is it to be wondered that the riches of his various acquisitions should furnish a never-failing source of admiration even to those who know him best?

It is said—but we know not with what truth, though from what we *do* know of his partiality to ancient national customs, and especially his critical knowledge in Celtic or Caledonian music, we are strongly inclined to believe it—that Sir Walter Scott maintains a Highland piper at his country-seat of Abbotsford in Selkirkshire, whose duty it is, when his master is there, to parade, during dinner time, to and fro upon the lawn in front of the house, and play some of his most warlike Lochaber pibrochs—the plumes of his bonnet—the folds of his plaid—and the streamers of his bagpipe, floating majestically about him in the light evening breeze. According to the customs of the ancient chieftains, the Highlander, when he has played some dozen of his tunes, is summed into the dinner apartment to receive the thanks of the company. He enters *more militari*, without taking off his bonnet, and receives a huge tass of *mountain dew*, or aquavitæ, from the hand of his master, after which he will withdraw again—the most perfect solemnity all the while being displayed in his weather-beaten, but handsome and warlike, celtic lineaments.

Never has any physiognomy been treated with more scanty justice by the portrait painters than that of Sir Walter Scott. It is not that there is deficiency of expression in any part of his face; but the expression which is most prominent, is not of the kind which one who knows his works, and had heard nothing about his appearance, would be inclined to expect. The common language of his features expresses all manner of discernment and acuteness of intellect, and the utmost nerve and decision of character. He smiles frequently, and we never saw any smile which tells so eloquently that union of broad good humour, with the keenest perception of the ridiculous—but all this would scarcely be enough to satisfy one in the physiognomy of Sir Walter Scott. And, indeed, in order to see much finer things in it, it is only necessary to have a little patience,

> ——— "And tarry for the hour,
> When the Wizard shows his power;
> The hour of might and mastery,
> Which none can show but only he."

In the general form of the head of Sir Walter, so very high and conical, and above all, in the manner in which the forehead goes into the top of the head, there is something which at once tells you that here is the lofty enthusiasm, and passionate veneration for greatness, which must enter into the composition of every illustrious poet. In these respects he bears some resemblance to the busts of Shakspeare. It is lower down, however, that the most peculiar parts of the organization are to be found. The head is not so long from stem to stern as Lord Byron's; but like Lord Byron's, however, the head is, in general, well brought out in every quarter, and there is a freedom in the air with which it sits upon his shoulders, which shows that nature is strong in all the different regions.

Sir Walter is very lame, and has been so from his infancy. With the assistance of a strong cane baton, however, which he always carries about with him, he can walk a considerable distance without being fatigued; and we have even seen him walk for upwards of half an hour in the great Hall of the Parliament House of Edinburgh, without any stick at all—having only his hand placed on his left knee, where, we believe, the grand defect lies. But his horsemanship is most surprising—for, in spite of his lameness, he manages his steed with the most complete mastery, and seems to be as much at home in the saddle, as any Jockey of Newmarket. He is, indeed, a very strong man in all the rest of his frame—the breadth and massiness of his iron muscles being cast in the largest mould.

In concluding this imperfect sketch of the greatest genius of the age, let us be permitted to express our sincere hopes, that he may long live to benefit his country, and adorn her literature in all its heroic, instructing, and amusing departments—for, while LAND endures, SCOTT will be a theme of admiration to all classes of people:—

> "Venerate the man whose heart is warm,
> Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
> Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
> That he is honest in the proper cause."

QUENTIN DURWARD.*

Not to be astonished at the mental resources of that singular and unknown personage, whose wonderful genius has so long and so deeply engrossed the unqualified admiration of the whole literary world, we conceive to be morally impossible. His works have certainly proved their author to be the nearest kinsman the creative intellect of Shakespeare has ever met. Even in the wide and diversified range of Nature's creative powers, there is, in our opinion, only one phenomenon to which the sublime superstructure of the fancy of this man can be compared—and that is the Nile. It streams alike copiously, alike fervently upon all things—it overflows its banks, not to overwhelm or to desolate, but to fertilize, invigorate, and enrich all manner of soil that lies within the verge of its welcome but irresistible torrent. Its sources too, like that great river, though they have engaged the enquiries and speculative hypothesis of many an inquisitive traveller, are still unknown to public observation, in so far at least as personal acknowledgment is concerned; and we fear it will be long before that satisfaction shall have been afforded to us. No matter. Though the sable inhabitants of Africa know not wherefore, nor from what physical cause their country is periodically inundated, and their fields annually spread with golden harvests, yet they are not the less enriched with the necessaries of life, nor less grateful for the singular privileges which they enjoy. Should the lovers of literature, then, be less ardent in the expression of their gratitude to that mind whose majestic and never-failing sources of imaginative instruction, is, like the light of heaven, which "shineth upon the evil and the good," daily spreading our tables with means the most gratifying to both our instruction and amusement? Surely not. For though, perhaps, it cannot be said, without a breach of critical integrity, that the "*delightful Romance*" now before us, is equal, in power of conception and beauty of colouring, with many of its elder brethren, yet, the keenest connoisseur will readily discern the exquisite pencilling of the same masterly hand which drew the unparalelled and ever-living pictures of Flora Mclvor, the Bride of Lammermoor and the chaste Rebecca. On the present, as on all former occasions, when the author calls, the grave itself loses half its potency. His own imagination is one majestic sepulchre, where the wizard lamp burns in never-dying splendour, and the charmed blood glows for ever in the cheeks of the embalmed, and every long-sheathed sword is ready to leap from its scabbard, like the Tizona of the Cid in the vault of Cardena. The heroes of the old times spring from their graves in panoply, and "drink the red wine through the helmet barred," before us; or

> "Shred their foemen's limbs away,
> As lops the woodman's knife the spray"—

But, however pleasing to ourselves, our limits will not afford us room for indulging in further remarks as to the works of the "Great Unknown;" our only business at present being, to present to our readers, in as brief

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* A Romance, by the Author of Waverly, Ivanhoe, &c. &c. in three volumes.

a detail as possible, a general view of the story before us, and to select such extracts from it as will enable them to form an opinion of the merits and beauty of the work in general.

The Romance before us owes its name to that of its hero—QUENTIN DURWARD. He is represented as a young, handsome, and daring Scotch gentleman of family and respectability, who, in consequence of the "harrying" of Glen-houlakin, the hall of his fathers, by the Ogilvies—the murder of his father—his two uncles—his two elder brothers—seven of his kinsmen—"and the harper, and the tasker, and some six more or "his people"—and lastly, to sum up this catalogue of woes, the death of his mother—was reduced to the necessity of taking shelter, as a novice, in the Monastery of Aberbrothick, from the designs of his enemies upon his life, after he had been cruelly wounded in fighting in defence of his property and the honour of his family. But, after several months' languishing in the cloister, he communicated to his benefactor, the Sub-Prior of the Convent, his reluctance to take the vows; it was agreed between them, since his vocation lay not in the cloister, that he should be sent out into the world to seek his fortune, and that, to save the Sub-Prior from the anger of the Ogilvies, his departure should have the appearance of flight; and to colour it he brought off the Abbot's hawk with him. But he was regularly dismissed by a deed under the hand and seal of the Abbot himself. From an early period up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, it was customary with young men of condition and family, in Scotland, as well as in most other countries in Europe, to resort to some foreign court or army in pursuit of that fame and fortune which the state of the public affairs of their own country so frequently denied them. Quentin Durward boldly followed the example of his countrymen; and it was about the year 1468, when the feuds of France were at their highest, that we discover our hero making his first appearance in his character of "The Wanderer," in pursuit of employment as a soldier on the fertile fields of that beautiful and renowned country. He is thus beautifully introduced by the author:

It was upon a delicious summer morning, before the sun had assumed its scorching power, and while the dews yet cooled and perfumed the air, that a youth, coming from the north-eastward, approached the ford of a small river, or rather a large brook tributary to the Cher, near to the royal castle of Plessis, whose dark and multiplied battlements rose in the back ground over the extensive forest with which they were surrounded. These woodlands comprised a noble chase, or royal park, fenced by an enclosure, termed, in the Latin of the middle ages, *Plexitium*, which gives the name of Plessis to so many villages in France. The castle and village of which we particularly speak, was called Plessis-les-Tours, to distinguish it from others of the same name, and was built about two miles to the southward of the fair town of that name, the capital of ancient Touraine, whose rich plain has been termed the garden of France.

On the bank of the above-mentioned brook, opposite to that which the traveller was approaching, two men, who appeared in deep conversation, seemed, from time to time, to watch his motions; for, as their station was much more elevated, they could remark him at considerable distance.

The age of the young traveller might be about nineteen or betwixt that and twenty, and his face and person which were very prepossessing, did not, however, belong to the country in which he was now a sojourner. His short grey cloak and hose were rather of Flemish than of French fashion, while the smart blue bonnet, with a single sprig of holly and an eagle's feather, was already recognized as the Scottish headgear. His dress was very neat, and arranged with the precision of a youth conscious of possessing a fine person. He had at his back a satchel, which seemed to contain a few necessaries, a hawking gauntlet on his left-hand, though he carried no bird, and in his right a stout hunter's

pole. Over his left shoulder hung an embroidered scarf, which sustained a small pouch of scarlet velvet, such as was then used by fowlers of distinction to carry their hawks, food, and other matters belonging to that much admired sport. This was crossed by another shoulder-belt which sustained a hunting knife, or coteau de chasse. Instead of the boots of the period, he wore buskins of half dressed deer's skin.

Although his form had not yet attained its full strength, he was tall and active, and the lightness of the step with which he advanced showed that his pedestrian mode of travelling was pleasure rather than pain to him. His complexion was fair, in spite of a general shade of darker hue, with which the foreign sun or perhaps constant exposure to the atmosphere in his own country, had in some degree embrowned it.

His features, without being quite regular, were frank, open, and pleasing. A half smile, which seemed to arise from a happy exuberance of animal spirits, showed, now and then, that his teeth were well set, and as pure as ivory; whilst his bright blue eye with a corresponding gaiety, had an appropriate glance for every object which it encountered, expressing good humour, lightness of heart, and determined resolution.

He received and returned the salutation of a few travellers who frequented the road in these dangerous times, with the action which suited each. The strolling spear-man, half soldier half brigand, measured the youth with his eye, as if balancing the prospect of booty with the chance of desperate resistance; and read such a prospect of the latter in the fearless glance of the passenger, that he changed his ruffian purpose for a surly "good morrow, comrade," which the young Scot answered with as martial, though a less sullen tone. The wandering pilgrim, or the begging friar, answered his reverend greeting with a paternal benedicite; and the dark eyed peasant girl looked after him for many a step when they had passed each other, and interchanged a laughing good-morrow. In short, there was some attraction about his whole appearance not easily escaping attention, and which it derived from the combination of fearless frankness and good humour, with sprightly looks, and a handsome face and person.

It seemed, too, as if his whole appearance bespoke one who was entering on life with no apprehension of the evils with which it is beset, and not much means of struggling with its hardships, excepting a lively spirit and a courageous disposition; and it is with such tempers that youth most readily sympathizes, and for whom age and experience feel affectionate and pitying interest.

The youth whom we have described had been long visible to the two persons who loitered on the opposite side of the small river which divided him from the park and the castle; but as he descended the rugged bank to the water's edge, with the light step of a roe which visits the fountain, the younger of the two said to the other, "It is our man—it is the Bohemain! If he attempts to cross the ford, he is a lost man—the water is up, and the ford impassable."

"Let *him* make that discovery *himself, gossip*," said the elder personage; "it may, perchance, save a rope, and break a proverb."

"I judge him by the blue cap," said the other, "for I cannot see his face.—Hark, sir—he halloos to know whether the water be deep."

"Nothing like experience in this world," answered the other—"let him try."

The young man, in the meanwhile, receiving no hint to the contrary, and taking the silence of those to whom he applied as an encouragement to proceed, entered the stream without further hesitation than the delay necessary to take off his buskins. The elder person, at the same moment, hallooed to him to beware, adding, in a lower tone, to his companion, "*Mortdieu*—gossip—you have made another mistake—this is not the Bohemian chatterer."

But the intimation to the youth came too late. He either did not hear or could not profit by it, being already in the deep stream. To one less alert, and practised in the exercise of swimming, death had been certain, for the brook was both deep and strong.

"By Saint Anne! but he is a proper youth," said the elder man—"Run, gossip, and help your blunder by giving him aid, if thou canst. He belongs to thine own troop—if old saws speak truth, water will not drown him."

Indeed, the young traveller swam so stroggly, and buffeted the waves so well, that, notwithstanding the strength of the current, he was carried but a little way down from the ordinary landing place.

By this time the younger of the two strangers was hurrying down to the shore to render assistance, while the other followed him at a graver pace, saying to himself as he approached, "I knew water would never drown that young fellow.—By my halidome, he is ashore, and grasps his pole—If I make not the more haste, he will beat my gossip for the only charitable action which I ever saw him perform in his life."

There was some reason to augur such a conclusion of the adventure, for the bonny Scot had already accosted the younger Samaritan, who was hastening to his assistance, with these ireful words—"Discourteous dog! why did you not answer when I called to know if the passage was fit to be attempted? May the foul fiend catch me, but I will teach you the respect due to strangers on the next occasion."

This was accompanied with that significant flourish with his pole which is called *le moulinet*, because the artist, holding it in the middle, brandishes the two ends in every direction, like the sails of a wind-mill in motion. His opponent, seeing himself thus menaced, laid hand upon his sword, for he was one of those who, on all occasions, are more ready for an action than for speech; but his more considerate comrade, who came up, commanded him to forbear, and, turning to the young man, accused him in turn of precipitation in plunging into the swollen ford, and of intemperate violence in quarrelling with a man who was hastening to his assistance.

The young man, on hearing himself thus reproved by a man of advanced age and respectable appearance, immediately lowered his weapon, and said he would be sorry if he had done them injustice; but, in reality, it appeared to him as if they had suffered him to put his life in peril for want of a word of timely warning, which could be the part neither of honest men nor of good Christians, far less of respectable burgesses, such as they seemed to be.

"Fair son," said the elder person, "you seem from your accent and complexion, a stranger; and you should recollect your dialect is not so easily comprehended by us, as perhaps it may be uttered by you."

"Well, father," answered the youth, "I do not much care about the ducking I have had, and I will readily forgive your being partly the cause, providing you will direct me to some place where I can have my clothes dried; for it is my only suit, and I must keep it somewhat descent."

"For whom do you take us, fair son?" said the elder stranger, in answer to this question.

"For substantial burgesses, unquestionably," said the youth; "or, hold—you, master, may be a money broker, or a corn-merchant; and this man a butcher, or grazier."

"You have hit our capacities rarely," said the elder, smiling. "My business is indeed to deal in as much money as I can; and my gossip's dealings are somewhat of kin to the butcher's. As to your accommodation, we will try to serve you; but I must know who you are, and whither you are going; for in these times, the roads are filled with travellers on foot and horseback, who have any thing in their head but honesty and the fear of God."

After some little idle conversation, in which Durward reasonably thought he had better go to some place of refreshment and dry himself, the eldest of the strangers tacitly agreed to accompany him, speaking upon various subjects as they went along.

While Durward and his new acquaintance thus spoke, they came in sight of the whole front of the Castle of Plessis-les-Tours, which, even in those dangerous times, when the great found themselves obliged to reside within places of fortified strength, was distinguished for the extreme and jealous care with which it was watched and defended.

From the verge of the wood where young Durward halted with his companion, in order to take a view of this royal residence, extended, or rather arose, though by a very gentle elevation, an open esplanade, clear of trees and bushes of every description, excepting one gigantic and half-withered old oak. This space was left open, according to the rules of fortification in all ages, in order that an enemy might not approach the walls under cover, or unobserved from the battlements, and beyond it arose the Castle itself.

There were three external walls, battlemented and turreted from space to space, and at each angle, the second enclosure rising higher than the first, and being built so as to command it in case it was won by the enemy; and being again, in the same manner, commanded by the third and innermost barrier. Around the external wall, as the Frenchman informed his young companion, (for as they stood lower than the foundation of the wall, he could not see it) was sunk a ditch about twenty feet in depth, supplied with water by a dam-head on the river Cher, or rather on one of its tributary branches. In front of the second enclosure, he said there ran another fosse; and a third, both of the same unusual dimensions, was led between the second and the innermost enclosure. The verge, both of the outer and inner circuit of this triple moat, was strongly fenced

with palisades of iron, serving the purpose of what are called *chevaux de frise* in modern fortification, the top of each pale being divided into a cluster of sharp pikes, which seemed to render any attempt to climb over an act of self-destruction.

From within the innermost enclosure arose the castle itself, containing buildings of different periods, crowded around, and united with the ancient and grim-looking donjon-keep, which was older than any of them, and which rose, like a black Ethiopian giant, high into the air, while the absence of any windows larger than shot-holes, irregularly disposed for defence, gave the spectator the same unpleasant feeling which we experience on looking on a blind man. The other buildings seemed scarcely better adapted for the purposes of comfort, for what windows they had opened to an internal court-yard; so that the whole external front looked much more like that of a prison than of a palace. The reigning King had even increased this effect; for, desirous that the additions which he himself made to the fortifications should be of a character not easily distinguished from the original building, (*for*, like many jealous persons, he loved not that his suspicions *should be observed,*) *the darkest coloured brick and free-stone were employed*, and soot mingled with the lime, so as to give the whole Castle the same uniform tinge of extreme and rude antiquity.

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"And now tell me, young man," he continued, "did you ever see so strong a fortress, and do you think there are men bold enough to storm it?"

The young man looked long and fixedly on the place, the sight of which interested him so much, that he had forgotten, in the eagerness of youthful curiosity, the wetness of his dress. His eye glanced, and the colour mounted to his cheek like that of a daring man who meditates an honourable action, as he replied, "It is a strong castle, and strongly guarded; but there is no impossibility to brave men."

"Are there any in your country who could do such a feat?" said the elder, rather scornfully.

"I will not affirm that," answered the youth; "but there are thousands that, in a good cause, would attempt so bold a deed."

"Umph," said the senior, "perhaps you are yourself such a gallant?"

"I should sin if I were to boast where there is no danger," answered young Durward; "but my father has done as bold an act, and I trust I am no bastard."

"Well," said his companion, smiling, "you might meet your match, and your kindred withal in the attempt; for the Scottish Archers of King Louis's Life-guards stand sentinels on yonder walls—three hundred gentlemen of the best blood in your country."

"And were I King Louis," said the youth in reply, "I would trust myself to the three hundred Scottish Gentlemen, throw down my bounding walls to fill up the moat, call in my noble peers and paladins, and live as became me, amid breaking of lances in gallant tournaments, and feasting of days with nobles, and dancing of knights with ladies, and have no more fear of a foe than I have of a fly."

His companion again smiled, and turning his back on the castle, which, he observed, they had approached a little too near, he led the way again into the wood, by a more broad and beaten path than they had yet trodden. "This," he said, leads us to the village of Plessis, as it is called, where you, as a stranger, will find reasonable and honest accommodation. About two miles onward lies the fine city of Tours, which gives name to this rich and beautiful carldom. But the village Plessis, or Plessis of the Park, as it is sometimes called, from its vicinity to the royal residence, and the chace with which it is encircled, will yield you nearer, and as convenient hospitality."

"I thank you, kind master for your information," said the Scot; "but my stay will be so short here, that so I fail not in a morsel of meat, and a drink of something better than water, my necessities in Plessis, be it of the park or the pool, will be amply satisfied."

"Nay," answered his companion, "I thought you had some friend to see in this quarter."

"And so I have—my mother's own brother," answered Durward; "and as pretty a man, before he left the braes of Angus, as ever planted brogue or heather."

"What is his name?" said the senior; "we will inquire him out for you; for it is not safe for you to go up to the Castle, where you might be taken for a spy."

"Now, by my father's hand!" said the youth, "I taken for a spy!—By Heaven, he shall brook cold iron that brands me with such a charge!—But for my uncle's name, I care not who knows it—it is Leslie. Leslie—an honest and noble name."

In the meanwhile, they descended a narrow lane, overshadowed by tall elms, at the bottom of which a gate-way admitted them into the court-yard of an inn of unusual

magnitude, calculated for the accomodation of the nobles and suitors who had business at the neighbouring castle; where very seldom, and only when such hospitality was altogether unavoidable, did Louis XI. permit any of his court to have apartments. A scutcheon, bearing the *fleur-de-lys*, hung over the principal door of the large irregular building; but there was about the yard and the offices little or none of the bustle which in those days, when attendants were maintained both in public and private houses, marked that business was alive, and custom plenty. It seemed as if the stern and unsocial character of the royal mansion in the neighbourhood had communicated a portion of its solemn and terrific gloom even to a place designed for the temple of social indulgence, merry society, and good cheer.

Maitre Pierre, without calling any one, and even without approaching the principal entrance, lifted the latch of a side door, and led the way into a large room, where a fagot was blazing on the hearth, and arrangements made for a substantial breakfast.

"My gossip has been careful," said the Frenchman to the Scot—"You must be cold and I have commanded a fire; you must be hungry, and you shall have breakfast presently."

He whistled, and the landlord entered,—answered his *bon jour* with a reverence—but in no respect showed any part of the prating humour properly belonging to a French publican of all ages.

"I expected a gentleman," said Maitre Pierre, "to order breakfast—Hath he done so?"

In answer, the landlord only bowed; and while he continued to bring, and arrange upon the table the various articles of a comfortable meal, omitted to extol their merits by a single word.—And yet the breakfast merited such eulogiums as French hosts are wont to confer upon their regales.

Shortly afterwards the door opened, and a girl, rather above than under fifteen years old, entered with a platter, covered with damask, on which was placed a small saucer of the dried plums which have always added to the reputation of Tours, and a cup of the curiously chased plate which the goldsmiths of that city were anciently famous for executing, with a delicacy of workmanship that distinguished them from the other cities in France, and even exelled the skill of the metropolis. The form of the goblet was so elegant, that Durward thought not of observing closely whether the material was of silver, or, like what had been placed before himself, of a baser metal, but so well burnished as to resemble the richer ore.

But the sight of the young person by whom this service was executed, attracted Durward's attention far more than the petty particulars of the duty which she performed.

He speedily made the discovery, that a quantity of long black tresses, which, in the maiden fashion of his own country, were unadorned by any ornament, excepting a single chaplet lightly woven out of ivy leaves, formed a vail around a countenance, which, in its regular features, dark eyes, and pensive expression, resembled that of Melpomene, though there was a faint glow on the cheeck, and an intelligence on the lips and in the eye, which made it seem that gayety was not foreign to a countenance so expressive, although it might not be its most habitual expression. Quentin even thought he could discern that depressing circumstances were the cause why a countenance so young and so lovely was graver than belongs to early beauty; and as the romantic imagination of youth is rapid in drawing conclusions from slight premises, he was pleased to infer from what follows, that the fate of this beautiful vision was wrapped in silence and mystery.

"How now, Jacqueline!" said Maitre Pierre, when she entered the apartment—"Wherefore this? Did I not desire that Dame Perette should bring what I wanted?—*Pasques-dieu!*—Is she, or does she think herself, too good to serve me?"

"My mother is ill at ease," answered Jacqueline, in a hurried yet humble tone; "Ill at ease, and keeps her chamber."

"She keeps it *alone*, I hope?" replied Maitre Pierre, with some emphasis; I am *vieux routier*; and none of those upon whom feigned disorders pass for apologies."

Jacqueline turned pale, and even tottered at the answer of Maitre Pierre, for it must be owned, that his voice and looks, at all times harsh, caustic, and unpleasing, had, when he expressed anger or suspicion, an effect both sinister and alarming.

The mountain chivalry of Quentin Durward was instantly awakened, and he hastened to approach Jacqueline, and relieve her of the burthen she bore, and which she passively resigned to him, while, with a timid and anxious look, she watched the countenance of the angry burgess. It was not in nature to resist the piercing and pity-craving expressions of her looks, and Maitre Pierre proceeded, not merely with an air of diminished

displeasure, but with as much gentleness as he could assume in countenance and manner, "I blame not thee, Jacqueline, and thou art too young to be, what it is pity to think thou must be one day—a false and treacherous thing, like the rest of thy giddy sex. No man ever lived to man's estate, but he had the opportunity to know you all. Here is a Scottish cavalier will tell you the same."

Jacqueline looked for an instant on the young stranger, as if to obey Maitre Pierre, but the glance, momentary as it was, appeared to Durward a pathetic appeal to him for support and sympathy; and with the promptitude dictated by the feelings of youth, and the romantic veneration for the female sex inspired by his education, he answered hastily, "That he would throw down his gage to any antagonist, of equal rank and equal age, who should presume to say such a countenance, as that which he now looked upon, could be animated by other than the purest and the truest mind."

The young woman grew deadly pale, and cast an apprehensive glance upon Maitre Pierre, in whom the bravado of the young gallant seemed only to excite laughter, more scornful than applausive. Quentin, whose second thoughts generally corrected the first, though sometimes after they had found utterance, blushed deeply at having uttered what might be construed into an empty boast, in presence of an old man of a peaceful profession; and, as a sort of just and appropriate penance, resolved patiently to submit to the ridicule which he had incurred. He offered the cup and trencher to Maitre Pierre with a blush on his cheek, and an humiliation of countenance, which endeavoured to disguise itself under an embarrassed smile.

"You are a foolish young man," said Maitre Pierre, "and know as little of women as of princes,—whose hearts," he said, crossing himself devoutly, "God keeps in his right-hand."

After Quentin had breakfasted, and the stranger had retired,

The landlord presently ushered him up a turret stair-case, and from thence along a gallery, with many doors opening from it, like those of cells in a convent; a resemblance which our young hero, who recollected with much *ennui* an early specimen of a monastic life, was far from admiring. The host paused at the very end of the gallery, selected a key from the large bunch which he carried at his girdle, opened the door, and showed his guest the interior of a turret chamber, small, indeed, but which, being clean and solitary, and having the pallet bed, and the few articles of furniture, in unusually good order, seemed, on the whole, a little palace.

"I hope you will find your dwelling agreeable here, fair sir," said the landlord.—"I am bound to pleasure every friend of Maitre Pierre."

"O happy ducking!" exclaimed Quentin Durward, cutting a caper on the floor, so so soon as his host had retired: "Never came good luck in a better or a wetter form. I have been fairly deluged by my good fortune."

As he spoke thus, he stepped towards the little window which, as the turret projected considerably from the principal line of the building, not only commanded a very pretty garden of some extent belonging to the inn, but overlooked, beyond its boundary, a pleasant grove of those very mulberry-trees which Maitre Pierre was said so have planted for the support of the silk-worm. Besides, turning the eye from these more remote objects, and looking straight along the wall, the turret of Quentin was opposite to another turret, and the little window at which he stood commanded a similar little window, in a corresponding projection of the building. Now it would be difficult for a man twenty years older than Quentin, to say why this locality interested him more than either the pleasant garden or the grove of Mulberry-trees; for alas! eyes which have been used for forty years and upwards, look with indifference on little-windows, though the lattice be half open to admit the air, while the shutter is half closed to exclude the sun; or perhaps too curious eye—nay, even though there hang on the one side of the casement a lute, partly mantled by a light vail of sea-green silk.

But at Durward's happy age such *accidents*, as a painter would call them, form sufficient foundation for a hundred airy visions and mysterious conjectures, at recollection of which the full-grown man smiles while he sighs, and sighs while he smiles.

As it may be supposed that our friend Quentin wished to learn a little more of his fair neighbour, the owner of the lute and vail,—as it may be supposed he was at least interested to know whether she might not prove the same whom he had seen in humble attendance on Maitre Pierre, it must of course be understood, that he did not produce a broad, flat, staring visage and person in full front of his own casement. Durward knew better

the art of bird-catching; and it was to his keeping his person skilfully withdrawn on one side of his window, while he peeped through the lattice, that he owed the pleasure of seeing a white, round, beautiful arm take down the instrument, and that his ears had presently after their share in the reward of his dexterous management.

The maid of the little turret, of the vail, and of the lute, sung exactly such a little air as we are accustomed to suppose flowed from the lips of the high-born dames of chivalry, which knights and troubadours listened and languished. The words had neither so much sense, wit, or fancy, as to withdraw the attention from the music, nor the music so much art, as to drown all feeling of the words. The one seemed fitted to the other; and if the song had been recited without the notes, or the air played without the words, neither would have been worth noting. It is, therefore, scarce fair to put upon record lines intended not to be said or read, but only to be sung. But such scraps of old poetry have always had a sort of fascination for us; and as the tune is lost for ever—unless Bishop happens to find the notes, or some lark teaches Stephens to warble the air—we will risk our credit, and the taste of the lady of the lute, by preserving the verses, simple and even rude as they are.

"Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark his lay who thrilled all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower, they know the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?"

Whatever the reader may think of this simple ditty, it had a powerful effect on Quentin, when married to heavenly airs, and sung by a sweet and melting voice, the notes mingling with the gentle breezes which wafted perfumes from the garden, and the figure of the songstress being so partially and obscurely visible, as threw a vail of mysterious fascination over the whole.

At the close of the air, the listener could not help showing himself more boldly than he had yet done, in a rash attempt to see more than he had yet been able to discover. The music instantly ceased—the casement was closed, and a dark curtain, dropped on the inside, put a stop to all further observation on the part of the neighbor in the next turret.

Durward was mortified and surprised at the consequence of his precipitance, but comforted himself with the hope, that the lady of the lute could neither easily forego the practice of an instrument which seemed so familiar to her, nor cruelly resolve to renounce the pleasures of fresh air and an open window, for the churlish purpose of preserving for her own exclusive ear the sweet sounds which she created. There came, perhaps, a little feeling of personal vanity to mingle with these consolatory reflections. If, as he shrewdly suspected, there was a beautiful dark-tressed damsel inhabitant of the one turret, he could not but be conscious that a handsome, young, roving, bright-locked gallant, a cavalier of fortune, was the tenant of the other; and romances, those prudent instructors, had taught his youth, that if damsels were shy, they were yet neither void of interest nor of curiosity in their neighbours' affairs.

(To be continued in our next number.)

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.*

Ten years have elapsed since the burning of Moscow, and I am still handed down to history and posterity, as the author of an event, which, according to general opinion, was the principal cause of the annihilation of Buonaparte's Army—of his subsequent dethronement—of the salvation of the Russian Empire, and of the emancipation of Europe. I had reason, no doubt, to be proud of such titles; but, never having usurped the rights of any man, and being tired of hearing always the same stories, I have determined to make truth, which alone should dictate history, speak for herself.

When the fire had in three days consumed three-fourths of the houses in Moscow, Napoleon felt all the importance of such an event, and foresaw the effect it would have on the Russian nation, which was justified in attributing this disaster to him, on account of his presence, and that of 130,000 men under his command. He thought of a sure way of withdrawing in the eyes of Russia and of the whole of Europe, all the odium from his own person, and of making it fall on the head of the Russian government at Moscow. It was then that the Bulletins of Napoleon proclaimed me the incendiary. The newspapers and pamphlets of the day, one after another, repeated this accusation, and gave authority to all who have written since the campaign of 1812, to present as authentic a story entirely false.

I shall now recapitulate the principal grounds on which was founded the supposition of the burning of Moscow, being my work, I will reply to them by facts, well known to all Russians. It will, at least, be entitled to belief on this ground, that I give up my title to the finest character of that day, and overturn, myself, the edifice of my own celebrity.

1*st. Napoleon, in his 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th Bulletins, distinctly asserts, that the burning of Moscow had been planned and prepared by the Rostopschin Government.*

To plan and execute so horrible a project, as that of setting fire to the Capital of the Empire, required a stronger motive than the certainty of those evils which would befal the enemy. Although the three-fourths of the town were consumed, there still remained enough of buildings to lodge the whole of Napoleon's army. It was quite impossible that the fire should communicate on all sides; and, so long as the wind was not violent, the fire would have ceased for want of nourishment, on account of the gardens, the open spaces and the boulevards. Thus, the loss of the provisions stored in those houses which might have been consumed, would have been the only real evil done to the enemy, and the poor fruits of a measure as atrocious as senseless.

The provisions, however, remaining in the houses, amounted to very little, for Moscow is provisioned by land and water carriage from the Spring to the month of September, and afterwards by boats until the winter. War, however, having broken out in June, and the enemy being already masters of Smolensko, all sort of conveyance ceased in the beginning of August, and no care was taken to victual a town without de-

* This article is taken from an extremely curious pamphlet, which has lately appeared in Paris, written by the celebrated Russian Count ROSTOPSCHIN, who was Governor of Moscow when the memorable conflagration of that fine city took place.

fence, and threatened with occupation. Some time later, the greatest part of the flour which was in the warehouses of the government, as well as what the meal merchants had, was converted into bread and biscuit, so that during the thirteen days which preceded the entry of Napoleon into Moscow, 600 chariots laden with biscuit, oatmeal and oats, were dispatched every morning to the army. Even the motive for depriving the enemy of victuals could not therefore exist. A still more important consideration would have stayed the project of the burning (if even it had been decided on); namely, that of Napoleon on his leaving Moscow, forcing Prince Kutousow to a battle, the chances of which were in favor of the French army, which was double that of the Russian, already encumbered with their wounded, and with a part of the population which had quitted Moscow.

2dly. *The combustible matter prepared by one Schmidt, who was employed in preparing a Balloon.*

The burning lever having been organized, or prepared, the combustible matter of Schmidt ends in smoke. This man, who pretended to have found the means of giving a direction to balloons, was occupied in making one, and through mere *Charlatanism*, requested silence concerning his operations. Too much importance has been attached to this balloon, in order to throw ridicule on the Russians; but *poerisses* (nincompoops) are scarce among them, and an inhabitant of Moscow could never have been persuaded that this Schmidt could have destroyed the French army with a balloon similar to the one the French made use of at the battle of Fleurus.

Besides, where was the necessity of establishing a manufactory of combustible matter? Hay and straw would have been much more in the reach of the incendiaries than fire works, which require precautions, and which are as difficult to conceal as to be managed by inexperienced people.

3d. *The petards found in the stores of my hotel at Moscow.*

Why should I have placed petards in my hotel? In lighting the stores, they would have been discovered, and even in the event of an explosion, there would have been some victims, but no fire.

A French physician, who had been quartered in my house, told me that they had found some cartridges in one of the shores; if at the end of some time they grew to be petards, there is no reason why, at last, they should not become globes of compression *(globes de compression.)* For my part, I leave the invention of these petards to the Bulletin, or if really they did find some cartridges in the stores of my house, they may have been put there after my departure, very likely to furnish one little proof more of my having the design to set fire to Moscow, just as the fusees, which they pretend to have found on the incendiaries, might have been taken from the private warehouses, where they were in the habit of making fire-works for the fêtes in Moscow and the surrounding country.

4th.—*The confessions of those incendiaries who were taken, condemned, and executed.*

Here we have a proof given out as certain and convincing, being backed by a condemnation, the confessions of the criminals, and their execution. Napoleon announces in his 20th Bulletin, that some stove lighters (chauffeurs) had been taken, condemned, and executed; that all these wretches, loaded with combustibles, and setting fire to the town by my orders, had been taken in the fact.

The 20th Bulletin announces, that it was 300 malefactors who had set light to the town in five hundred places at once. This is materially impossible. Is it possible, besides, to suppose that I should have let these malefactors out of prison on the sole condition of firing the town, or that they would have executed my orders during my absence, and in the face of an entire host of enemies? But, I will now convince those who will credit demonstration, that these men were never employed.

In proportion as the army of Napoleon approached a capital town, the civil authorities emptied the prisons and forwarded the prisoners to Moscow, under an escort of military; whence it happened, that towards the end of August the prisons of Moscow contained the prisoners of the Governments of Witepsk, Mohilow, Minsk, and Smolensk. They amounted, including those of the Government of Moscow, to 810 individuals, who, under the charge of a garrison battalion, were sent to Nigeni-Novgorod, two days before the enemy's entry into Moscow. They arrived at their destination; and in the beginning of 1813 the Senate, to avoid the inconvenience that would attend the sending all of them back to their respective Governments, directed the Civil Tribunals of Nigeni-Novgorod to try them.

But the trials of the incendiaries, which were printed (and of which I have a copy), affirm that thirty individuals were brought up, who are each named, of whom thirteen, being convicted of having set fire to the city by my orders, were condemned to death. Nevertheless, according to the twentieth and twenty-first Bulletins, one hundred were first shot, and then afterwards three hundred. On my return to Moscow, I found out and spoke to three out of the thirty unhappy men mentioned in the trial; one was a servant to Prince Sibirsky, and who had been suffered to remain in the house; second an old sweeper of the Kremlin; the third a warehouse keeper.

All three, on being questioned separately, told me the same two years after, as they did in 1812, namely that they were arrested all three in the beginning of September (old style), one at night in the street, the two others at the Kremlin during the day time. They remained some time in the guardhouse of the Kremlin; at last, one morning they were taken with ten other Russians, to the barracks of the quarter called the Young Ladies Field. Here they were joined by 17 others; and they were conducted under a strong guard to the front of a convent of Petrowsky, which is near the Boulevard. They waited there an hour, when a great many officers arrived on horseback and alighted. The thirty Russians were drawn up in a line, and thirteen being marched from the right of the column, were placed against the wall of the convent and shot.—Their bodies were hung up to the lamps, with a placard in Russian and French, declaring that they were incendiaries. The other seventeen went away and were no further molested.

The account of these people (if it be true), would lead one to suppose that there was no examination, and that the thirteen men were shot by orders from the commander.

5th. *The confessions of a man calling himself a Policeman, who was found in the vaults of the Kremlin, and was cut to pieces by Napoleon's Body Guards.*

This unfortunate police officer, or at least who pretended to be such, might have urged his being there by command of his superior; but who

was his superior, was it S.? A magistrate, an officer, a sergeant; what was he there to execute? This one, however, they did not honour with the slightest notice. He was cut to pieces by the Body Guards.

6th. *All the fire engines carried away.*

I had sent off two thousand one hundred firemen (*pompiers*), and ninety-six fire engines (there being three for each quarter of the town), the evening before the enemy entered Moscow. There was a body of officers attached to the service of these fire engines, and I did not think it proper to leave them in Napoleon's service, having already withdrawn all civil and military authorities.

It is very natural, however, that people should wish to know who did set fire to, and cause the burning of Moscow; therefore I give here all the details which I am able concerning this event, which Napoleon accuses me of, which the Russains attribute to him, and which I can exclusively attribute neither to the one nor to the other. The half of the Russian population which remained at Moscow was composed of people of the lowest order, and it is by no means unlikely that they contributed to spread the flames, the better to be able to plunder during the confusion. But even this would yet be no convincing proof of there being a preconcerted plan to burn the city, or that this plan and the execution were my doing.

The principal feature in the Russian character is disinterestedness, and a tendency to destroy rather than give up, always ending their disputes by these words, "Well, then, it shall be for nobody." In the numerous conversations which I have had with merchants, manufacturers, and the common people, I have often heard them say, when expressing with grief their fears least Moscow should fall into the hands of the enemy: "It would be much better to set fire to it."

During my stay at the head-quarters of Prince Kutousow, I saw many persons, who had escaped from Moscow after the fire, and who boasted of having set fire to their own houses. These are what details I could gather on my return; I give them just as I received them; I was not of course an eye witness of them, being absent at the time.

There is at Moscow a street entirely occupied by coach-wheel-makers and coach manufacturers. When the army of Napoleon arrived, many Generals and Officers visited this quarter, and having inspected the establishments, they chose carriages and wrote their names on the pannels. The owners not wishing to furnish the enemy with carriages, with one accord set fire to the warehouses.

One tradesman, who had retired to Saroslave, left his nephew to take care of the house. On the return of the civil authorities to Moscow, this nephew came and told them that there were seventeen bodies stifled in the celler; and this is the account which he gave of the business. The day after the entrance of the enemy, four soldiers came to the house, searched it, and finding nothing worth taking away, they went down into the cellar which was on the ground-floor, they found in it about one hundred bottles of wine; that, after having by signs directed the nephew to take care of them, they returned in the evening, with thirteen others and lighting candles went down into this cellar, and began drinking, singing, and finally snoring. The young Russian seeing them plunged in the sleep of drunkeness, conceived the idea of putting an end to them. He shut, therefore, the cellar door, heaped stones against it, and fled

into the street; at the end of an hour or two, having reflected that these 17 men might escape, and if they met him, put him to death, he determined to set fire to the house, which he did with some lighted straw.

The seventeen wretched men were most likely suffocated by the smoke.

Two men, one porter to Mr. Mauravieve, and the other a tradesman and housekeeper, were taken in the act of setting fire to their houses, and shot.

On the other hand, Moscow, being the goal and termination of Napoleon's expedition into Russia, the plunder of the town had been promised to the army. The soldiers, after having passed Smolensk, were in want of victuals, and were sometimes fed with rye and the flesh of horses. It is quite natural that these troops, on entering an immense city, abandoned by its inhabitants, should spread themselves into the houses to find something to eat or to pillage. Even on the first night of the occupation of Moscow, the large range of shops in front of the Kremlin, had been on fire; afterwards, and always incessantly, fires broke out in different quarters of the city, but on the fifth day a violent gale of wind carried the flames on all sides, and in three days they devoured 7632 houses. Very little precaution was to be expected from soldiers, who, in searching houses at night carried ends of candles, torches and lighted brands; many even lighted large fires in the court-yards, to keep themselves warm. The order in council which authorised each regiment bivouacked in the neighbourhood of the town, to send a certain number of men to plunder those houses *already burnt*, was, in some measure, an invitation or a permission to increase their number. But what most strengthens the Russians in the belief of Moscow being set on fire by the enemy, is the useless blowing up of the Kremlin.

This is what I have to say concerning the fire of Moscow, which appeared the more sublime from being without a precedent in history.

Napoleon quitted for three days the Kremlin, and returned to wait for peace in the midst of smoking ashes; but his destiny was fulfiling, and the hand of providence marked out Moscow as the beginning of his fall; St. Helena the end of his career.

I am now about to make some observations on a work lately published by M. M.—— with the title of "The Russian Expedition." I have found in it much truth and impartiality, with the exception of the historical part of the occupation of Moscow. I shall say nothing further concerning the fire; but I will expose some mistakes of M. M.—— relating to some facts which he mentions, by repeating the assertions of several writers who care little about truth. This has nothing to do with the military operations which the author witnessed, and which he describes like an experienced officer. His criticism is clever; he has not made a romance of history, and resembles in nothing those authors who delight in abusing, not only, individuals, but whole nations; as for instance, the author of *Les Fastes de la France*, who calls the Russian nation "cattle with the face of men"; the *Miroir*, which asserts that a Russian in Battle braves death through fear of the knout; the newspapers which delight in describing the Russian armies as savages and Cossacks; and other collections of stupid calumnies and series of lies, as, for instance, *de la Russie et de l'Esclavage; du Desastre de Moscow, &c.* For what regards myself, if I were to repeat all the absurdities related of me, I should never have done. I am, at one moment, sprung from nothing; in the next, of very low extraction, employed in the meanest situations at Court, buf-

soon to the Emperor Paul, destined to enter into orders, a pupil of Archbishop Platow, having studied in all the towns of Europe; I am both fat and thin, tall and short; a kind hearted man and a brute. Being by no means offended by the silly things which these historical quacks *(chiffonniers de l'histoire)* have said of me, I shall merely here give some statement of the time I have served: I was an officer in the Body Guard, and Gentleman of the Chamber in the Reign of the Empress Catherine II,; Chief Aid-de-Camp, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Director in Chief of Inland Communication (des Postes) in the reign of the Emperor Paul I.; High Chamberlain and General Commander-in-Chief of the Town and Government of Moscow, under the present Emperor. As to my origin, even at the hazard of offending all those gentlemen whose thoughts lay under a *bonnet rouge*; I will inform them that the head of our family is descended in a direct line from one of the sons of Gengis-Kan, and came to settle in Russia about three centuries ago.

In the work on which I am making these observations, M. M. characterizes me as a violent man; he who first said this at a venture (for others have repeated it since) would be much pushed to give any proofs of what he has asserted. Before a man gives his opinion concerning the actions and conduct of a man in office, I think he should in common justice, pay some attention to the time, the places and the circumstances, and become thoroughly acquainted with the motives acted upon. Take away, for instance, from the administration of 1812, the brand with which Napoleon, for his own sake, armed me, every one will see one continued system, from which I swerved not, and which I put into practice with calmness and patience. Another person, perhaps, in my place, would have been less active; but there were three motives which continually stimulated my zeal at that unfortunate period. The honor of my country, the importance of the post entrusted to me by my Sovereign, and gratitude for the benefits conferred upon me by the Emperor Paul I. At that time all were so occupied, that there was no time for being ill, otherwise I know not how I supported so much fatigue. Between the taking of Smolensk and my departure from Moscow, which was twenty-three days, I did not once lie down in bed. I slept merely on a couch with my clothes on, continually awakened by the arrival of despatches, which came from all quarters, and couriers whom I spoke with and despatched often immediately. I have acquired the conviction, that there is always a way of being useful to one's country, when she cries "Sacrifice thyself for my welfare." We then forget all danger; we overcome all difficulties; and are regardless of what may happen; but as soon as our thoughts rest upon ourselves, and that we begin to calculate chances, all we do will be of no use, and we shall become as one of the crowd.

I had two important objects in view, on which I had depended for the destruction of the French army, which were the maintaining the tranquility of Moscow, and making the inhabitants quit it. I succeeded even beyond my expectations. Every thing was quiet even to the very moment of the entrance of the enemy, and out of 240,000 inhabitants there remained but 10 or 12,000, who were either trades-people, foreigners, or of the lowest class, but not a single person of note, either of the nobility, clergy, or citizens. The senate, the tribunals, every person in office, had quitted the town some days before its occupation. I wished to hinder Napoleon from having the possibility of making acquaintances, from com-

municating with the interior, and from putting in practice that influence which the French had acquired in Europe, by means of her literature, her fashions, her cookery, and her language. By these means a reconciliation might have been brought about; some confidence might have been gained; and in fine some services exacted; but, amongst those who were found in Moscow, all seduction was as unavailable as in the midst of the deaf and dumb.

Had the public tranquillity of Moscow undergone any change, many sinister impressions might have been made on the minds of the Russians, whose eyes were fixed upon her, and who had taken her as a guide and model. Hence it was, that that ardent patriotism, that desire to sacrifice one-self, that warlike ardor, and that thirst of vengeance on an enemy who had dared to penetrate so far. In proportion as the news of the occupation of Moscow arrived in the provinces, the people became quite frantic, and, forsooth, an event of such a nature, was calculated, to appear extraordinary to a nation, whose soil had been untrod by an enemy for near a century, reckoning from the expedition of Charles XII. King of Sweden. Napoleon had no better luck; both of them lost their army, and both fled, the one to the Turk the other to the French.

The little paper which I published in 1807, was written, with the intention of warning the inhabitants of towns against the resident Frenchmen, who were desirous of familarizing their minds to the idea of being conquered by the armies of Napoleon. I own, that I did not treat them in it very civilly; but we were at war, and it was quite allowable for the Russians, not to like them at that time. But the war once over, the Russian has no grudge, but returns to that sympathy, which always exists between two brave nations. He does not retain that ill-will which Frenchmen, even now, shew towards foreigners, and, who cannot forgive the two-fold occupation of Paris, and their three years stay in France. I would merely ask besides, what country is there in the world, in which 3,650 Frenchmen, living in a capital about to be invested by their own country-men, could have been allowed to remain, not only in peace, but even attending to their commerce, and following their different trades.—No one was insulted, and the wine-shops, in the pretended confusion of Napoleon's entrance, never could have been pillaged, because by my directions, not a single drop of wine was left in them.

The young tradesman, who was torn to pieces by the people, but who was reported to have fallen a victim to his own imprudence, had composed, not translated a Proclamation for Napoleon; his wish was to accuse other people, but being found guilty by the senate, he was condemned. This man, was the only traitor in the whole city of Moscow; his ideas had been perverted by a German teacher, who was a member of a secret association. The father of the unfortunate being, was so indignant at his conduct, that he wished, even to put an end to himself.

The Director of the post, at Moscow, was never exiled into Siberia, but merely sent to Boronége, for far different motives than those concerning a German Newspaper.

The Proclamations which I published, had no motive but that of calming uneasiness; every one, however, knew what was going on; the news of the army came in quick succession from Smolensk to Moscow. The matter of my Bulletins, was made from communications which I received in the first instance from General Barklay, and in the next from Prince

Koutouzow. As to the expressions, they could not possibly be more offensive to the enemy than the French ones of 1814, in which they said, that the Russians were very fond of the flesh of young children.

There has never been any ill-will between the Prince Koutouzow and myself, at any rate that was not the time to think of it. We had no interest in deceiving one another, and certainly we could not combine the burning of Moscow, since no one ever thought of such a thing. In the interview, it is true, which I had with him at the Barriers, he assured me he thought of coming to a general engagement; and that, in the evening, after a council of war which was held in a hurry, he addressed a letter to me, in which he said that, in consequence of the movements of the enemy, he was obliged with regret to abandon Moscow, and that he was going to take a position on the high road to Razane.

After what I have said, it will be seen that M. M.—— has created a contradiction; for by establishing an enmity between Prince Koutouzow and myself, he destroys all possibility of any mutual confidence. If one became, necessarily, the enemy of all one finds fault with, M. M's work would create him a great number.

The incessant retreat of our armies having excited a general outcry, the people, as every where else, made up of, perhaps, ten criers and thousands of echos, expressed a wish to see the Prince Koutouzow at the head of the troops. The Emperor appointed him as such, but it was done to put an end to the differences which arose between General Barklay and Prince Bagration, each of whom commanded an army, and who were both encamped under the walls of Smolensk. This is all I had to do with the nomination of Prince Koutouzow, which M. M* * * attributes to me. Though I render every homage to the talents, the scars, and the age of Prince Koutouzow; and though I wish not to criticise his military operations, yet, I am as thoroughly convinced that he would never have reached the Borodino with 93,000 men, as I am that General Barklay would have attacked the enemy at Krasnoy, and would not have remained four days march behind at the moment of the enemy's passing the Beresina. Until the war of 1806, I had no more hatred for Napoleon that the meanest Russian; I spoke of him as little as I could help; for in my opinion, people wrote about him a great deal too soon, and a great deal too much. Europe will long remember the evils he caused her to suffer, and among enlightened people two generations will still be divided—enthusiasm for the conqueror, or hatred for the invader; for my part, I will here freely make my confession about him; Napoleon was after his campaigns of Italy and Egypt, a great General in my opinion; the benefactor of France when he stifled the Revolution at the time of his consulate; a despot, dangerous for the whole of Europe, when he became Emperor; an insatiable conqueror up to the year 1812; a man drunk with glory, and blinded by his fortune at the time he undertook the conquest of Russia; a mind entirely cast down at Fontainbleau, and after Waterloo; and at St. Helena a second Prophet Jeremiah.

In short, I think that he died of grief from being no longer able to disturb the world, and from seeing himself bound as it were to a rock, there to be devoured by the recollection of the past, and contemplation of the present, without one person to blame but himself, himself having been the cause both of his rise and of his fall.

I have often regretted that the General Tamara, who was commissioned in 1789 to organize a fleet in the Mediterranean during the war with

the Turks, had not accepted the proposal of Napoleon to enter into the Russian Service; but the rank of Major to which he reaspired, having been given to a Lieutenant Colonel of the Corsican National Guard, was refused him. I have often had his letter in my hand.

As to the French Revolutionists and their followers in other countries, I always detested their designs as soon as I saw the result. All that has past during the last thirty years in Europe, has served to give me a thorough idea of those whose purpose is to overthrow all Governments. No matter under what names these sort of people either pass or hide themselves, egotism guides them, interest blinds them.

Unfortunately in this age, in which so many events have accustomed two generations to neglect those principles which prescribe a due respect for the altar and the throne, a handful of factious or ambitious men succeed with ease in seducing a portion of the people, in feeding their imagination, according to circumstances, with happiness, riches, liberty, glory, conquest, and vengeance. By these means they revolt, are marched off and precipitated into an abyss of misery. Some men are come to such a pass as to regard revolutions as a thing necessary to the spirit of the age, and to increase the *Avalanche* of insurrection, they puff off in perspective the advantages of a constitution, without once troubling themselves to think, whether it will suit the country, the inhabitants, or their neighbours; this is the great malady of the age. It is a fever far more dangerous than any other, even the plague; for not only is it both epidemic and contagious, but is caught even by reading and conversing. The symptoms are strongly marked; it begins by a flow of high sounding words which appear to come from the mouth of a Legislator, from a friend to humanity, from a prophet or a powerful chieftain. After this comes a deluge of abuse against all authority, a thirst after power, an inordinate desire for wealth, a thirst for projects, and at last a disorder in the brain, during which the sick person wishes to climb as high as possible overturning every thing which he meets in his way. In spite of all the efforts of these disturbers, the people, though led astray for a short time, will always end, by returning to the ancient system of things, either through reflection, or through fatigue of a change, or even through the very excess itself; for it is easily conceived that every one cannot be rich, and that there is not room enough on the throne for a million of people who wish to be Sovereigns, and reign over those who do not at all care to be reigned over. History has already proved that all people who have revolted, have made their situation much worse, and pay very dear for their error, since if in the struggle the legitimate master should triumph, he will be very unlikely to grant them what they wish; and even in the other case, if the legitimate Sovereign should fall in defence of his rights against rebellious subjects, then these last will pass under the sceptre of a military despot, for in default of a Napoleon, they will find easily enough an Iturbide.

The Deputation of the Town of Moscow, of which M. M* * * speaks, was composed of a dozen people, badly dressed. He who, on this *solemn* occasion, represented the nobility, the clergy, the public authorities, and the body of merchants of the capital, was nothing more than a corrector of the press. Napoleon, seeing the absurdity of this farce, turned his back on him. The escort of dragoons, of which M. M* * * speaks,

was composed of ten men who were accompanying the carriage in which were the Government papers. As to myself, I was on horseback, and did not quit the city until the firing of the first cannon from the Kremlin.

* * * * * *

Napoleon had been blinded by his preceding success; he supposed that Russia would have been entirely subjugated as soon as he was in possession of the Capital, and that the Emperor Alexander would proffer terms of Peace.

But with all the genius which he possessed before 1812, he deceived himself doubly and thereby saw all his plans fail; he had no idea of the firmness of the Emperor of Russia, and had never known the character of the Russians, which upon this occasion shewed itself in all its force; all it stood in need of, was a great and imminent danger, in order to develope as great and steady a determination. Strangers, for want of a knowledge of the language, know little more of the Russian than his features and dress. Much ridicule has been cast upon their beards, and those that wore them were looked upon as savages. But, the Russian, however, has proved that he is superior to many nations, being alike inaccessible to fear, and incapable of treachery; he bears in his moral energy and in his physical force, the conviction of success. He knows no obstacle or danger. He exclaims: *Every thing is possible, why not? one cannot die twice*; and with these words in his mouth he undertakes every thing; falls or succeeds.

He becomes oftentimes a hero, without knowing, or having the least vanity on that account.

If he is praised for any action, he will answer, God assisted me, it is no wonderful affair, I am a man just like any one else. The Emperor Alexander, in the year 1812, having exclaimed, *war until death*, the Russians answered; *we are ready*. There is no occasion to stimulate them either by promises or rewards. There was no need to say more, than *come along*, and they followed you. *Give* and they brought all they possessed. The population of Moscow, was the first who was exasperated at hearing, even before the taking of Smolensk, that nothing was spared by the enemy, that houses were plundered, women were outraged, and that the churches were turned into stables. The inhabitants swore vengeance on the tombs of their fathers, and exterminated all they met with. In the neighbourhood of Moscow, the peasants possessed more than 10,000 stand of arms.

How many plunderers and unarmed men fell beneath their fire; they even set fire to their own houses, that the enemy who had shut themselves up in them might perish.

Upon my return to Moscow, I saw many peasants who had come 150 leagues, well mounted, armed with either a sabre or a lance, and who had fought along with the inhabitants of the government of Moscow. These men, on being questioned as to the motive of their journey, answered simply, *our comrades were in danger*. Every one knows the anecdote of a peasant of Smolensk, who was marked in the hand in order to be recognized, and who cut it off with his hatchet. An old woman, from a village in the vicinity of Moscow, brought me her two grandsons, that I might send them to the army, and placing her hands on both their heads, with her eyes fixed upon the Heavens, 'go,' said

she, 'my good friends, return not to me, until not an enemy shall remain on Russian ground, or my curse be upon you.'

An old soldier also, who had been lamed in Italy, and had retired to his village, caused himself to be tied on to his saddle, that he might lead the peasants to the field. Again a young man was sent for by his master, to Moscow, lost his appetite and rest, after the taking of Smolensk; he requested to be sent to the army; I did so, and he perished unfortunately at the battle of Borodino. The courage of a Russian soldier, is too well known to require praise; it is quite superfluous to stimulate him either by promotion or by pensions; he obeys and fights, without caring, whether the Bulletins, Biographers, Lithographists, or Poets, describe him in a battle as the thunder, or an *Avalanche*, or as a Medusa blasting, crushing, sweeping, or petrifying every thing the instant it approaches.

In short, in this brief but terrible struggle of Russia against the whole Continent of Europe, with Napoleon at its head, every Russian had a rival in point of zeal, devotion, and fidelity. The nobility of Moscow offered the Emperor one man out of every ten, with provisions for three months, which produces 32,000 men; the Governments of Toula, Kalouga, Wladimir, and Resane, each 15,000; and those of Twer and Faraslave, 12,000; which in all produced 116,000 Militia. The Emperor charged me with the organization of this army, and in six weeks each was embodied upon the frontiers of its own Government. The only sons of Gen. Apraxine, and of Count Shogonow, together with my own, the eldest of whom was hardly 17, served during the whole war. The son of Count Strogonow, a young man of great promise, was carried off by a ball at the battle of Craon. Those proprietors who lost most during the investment of Moscow, never presented a single petition to the indemnifying commission. It is a fact that, the two Counts Razoumovsky, General Apraxine, Count Boutourline and myself lost in town houses, country houses, and furniture, more than five millions of roubles. The library of Count Boutourline had been valued at a million, and not a single volume remained. The remembrance of the above will be the inheritance of his children.

Such was the year 1812. Russia lost much in point of men; but she acquired the certainty of never being subjugated, and of becoming the grave instead of the conquest of her enemies. Her inhabitants, too little civilized to be egotists, will know well how to defend their country without boasting of their valour. Napoleon, in this expedition, whose success might have made him the master of all Europe, sacrificed the very best of the Allied Armies, and of those very Frenchmen who, for twelve years, had fought for the ambition of him whom they placed on the throne, three hundred thousand men were mowed down by the sword, by long marches, and disease, and one hundred thousand perished of hunger, cold, and misery.

I have spoken truth, and nothing but the truth.

FEDOR, COUNT ROSTOPSCHIN.

Paris, March 5, 1823.

ARCTIC REGIONS.

THOUGH the interesting volume from which this article is extracted, has been for a long period in the hands of the public, who could not fail to have been deeply interested in its details, yet so much real importance has all along been attached to the discoveries of our countrymen in the Arctic Regions, and so much good expected to result to the Arts and the Sciences from their generous intrepidity, that, as faithful journalists of the passing events of our times, we find it impossible to resist the propriety of preserving, in all its genuine and most important features, the chain of Captain Parry's discoveries, and thus, in our first number, presenting them to our readers for both their instruction and amusement. If it should please Providence to spare the lives of Captain Parry and the brave men under his command, and once more enable them to approach the shores of Albion in spirits and in safety, we may then expect some further accounts of the unhospitable regions of the north, which will form a very interesting sequel to this article.

Before proceeding to details of this expedition, a short memoir of Captain Parry may not be uninteresting.

The name of Captain William Parry will be enrolled with those of Baffin, Hudson, Frobisher, and other great navigators. He is the son of Dr. Parry, of Bath, and was born in 1790. The rudiments of his education he received at the Grammar School of Bath, under the Revd. N. Morgan. At the age of twelve he was placed on board the Ville de Paris, and from 1803 to 1806 he continued on board the same ship, employed in blockading the French fleet in Brest. During this time he attended closely to Geometry, Navigation, French, and other useful branches of learning. That his behaviour was exemplary, we have the testimony of Admiral Cornwallis, who mentioned him to a friend in the following honourable terms: "He is so well disposed, with such good sense, that I do not think even a sea-port guardship could hurt *him*, who, at fifteen, has been the pattern of good conduct to all our young people. Indeed I am very anxious for his welfare."

From the Ville de Paris he removed, in May, to the Tribune frigate, which, during 1806, 1807, and 1808, was constantly blockading or cruizing, and encountered some of the heaviest gales which had been experienced by the oldest seamen. In January 1807, he was sent in a boat by his commander, to reconnoitre in Concarneau Bay, and he executed his commission with such courage as to approach close to the French line of battle ship, and such ability as to remain undiscovered by her. In April 1808, the Tribune was sent into the Baltic, to which sea she returned in the following year. This service was a fatiguing and perilous one, which, nevertheless, did not acquire for those who were engaged in it, all the credit that they deserved. The swarms of Danish gun-boats which issued from the Ports of Denmark, were, in reality, most formidable enemies; they being of a low construction, and having, in action, the power of attacking a Ship of War in whatever direction they chose, and with an overwhelming number of guns; while she could reply with only a few, and those, in some instances, not capable of

carrying a shot so far, by several hundred yards, as the long guns of the enemy—yet, in England, many could not conceive the possibility of the Gun-boats being an over-match for a Man-of-war.

At the age of nineteen, Mr. Parry passed his examination, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, through the interest of Lord Lowther. He joined the Alexandria frigate in 1810, and served that year in the Baltic, where he was several times engaged with Danish schooners and gun-boats. In 1811 and 1812 he was on the Leith station, employed in protecting the Greenland whale-fishery. During his leisure moments he was not inactive. He prepared charts of the Baltic navigation; he spent part of the night in studying the situation of the principal fixed stars in our hemisphere; and he made a survey of the Baltic Sound, and the Voe, in Shetland, an excellent harbour, which was little known. The description of his mode of observing the stars, in order to obtain the latitude and longitude at sea by night, he at first distributed, in manuscript, among the junior officers, and afterwards printed.

In 1813, under a promise of promotion, of which, however, circumstances prevented the performance, he sailed to Halifax, and was occupied on board the La Hogue, during that and the next year, in cruizing in pursuit of Commodore Rogers. It was not till June 1816, that he obtained a first Lieutenancy in the Niger, which ship was stationed off Halifax and the River St. Lawrence and Quebec. Early in 1817, he obtained leave to return to England, to visit his father, who was labouring under severe affliction.

When the first expedition of discovery towards the North Pole was fitted out, Lieutenant Parry was so strongly recommended to the Admiralty that he was appointed to the command of the Alexander, under the orders of Captain Ross, in the Isabella. It is well known that the sudden resolution of Captain Ross to return to England, adopted in consequence of supposing that he saw land at the bottom of Lancaster sound, excited very general dissatisfaction. The reasons for believing Captain Ross to have been mistaken were so strong, that a second expedition was resolved upon, the command of which was entrusted solely to Mr. Parry, who was allowed to select his own ship, and was consulted as to the appointment of his officers. The ships departed in May, 1819, and returned in November, 1820, after having penetrated into the Polar Sea, as far as the 110th degree of west longitude, and wintered in one of the newly discovered Islands.

On his return home he was deservedly promoted to the rank of Commander, and he is now on his third voyage to the Polar Regions. Whether he will be successful in opening a passage into the North Pacific may be doubted; but there can be no doubt that he will accomplish all that can be accomplished by a thorough knowledge, by untirable perseverence, and by mental resources.

The Hecla, Captain Parry, accompanied by the gun-brig Griper, commanded by Lieutenant Matthew Liddon, under the orders of Captain Parry, began her voyage on the 4th of May, 1819. The Griper appears from the first to have been remarked as a bad sailor, which was afterwards the source of much inconvenience to Captain Parry. It is needless to say, that these ships were fitted out with every aid which

human ingenuity could suggest, both for comfort and science; and, as the crews consisted chiefly of those whose good conduct on the former expedition had gained them the confidence of their superiors, the voyage commenced under the most favourable auspices.

On entering Davis's Strait, the adventurers began to encounter the usual difficulties and danger attendant on navigating the Arctic Seas; and being baffled in their attempt to penetrate the ice to the Western Coast, they proceeded up the Strait, and entering Baffin's Bay, made a resolute and successful effort to penetrate an immense barrier of ice, which occupied the middle of it, running eighty miles in a N. 63° W. direction; and arrived on the southern side of the entrance into Sir James Lancaster's Sound on the 30th of July. Here, Captain Parry remarks, they seemed to have got into the head-quarters of the whales, eighty-two being seen on that day: hence he concludes the Greenland fishermen's idea, that the presence of ice is necessary for the finding of whales, to be erroneous—there not being any ice in sight at the time when the whales were most numerous. Captain Parry reached the entrance of this Sound exactly a month earlier then Captain Ross had done in 1818, which he attributes to his feeling assured, from the experience he had gained in his former voyage, that he should find an open sea to the westward of the barrier of ice in the middle of Baffin's Bay: which confidence gave him the resolution to persist in forcing his passage through it, though it had never before been crossed in this latitude at the same season: such is the value of experience. Many of the party landed at Possession Bay, and recognised the objects they had remarked there on the former expedition; and Mr. Fisher, the assistant-surgeon, found the tracks of human feet upon the banks of a stream, which seem, at first, to have struck him with as much surprise as Robinson Crusoe felt at seeing the print of the savage's foot in the sand; but, on a more accurate examination, they were discovered to have been made by the shoes of some of the same party eleven months before.

It was not without considerable emotion that Captain Parry entered the great Sound, or inlet of Baffin's Bay, to which his attention was particularly to be directed, by the orders of the Admiralty, and on the exploration of which the success or failure of the whole expedition might be expected to turn. The contrariety of the wind, and the unequal sailing of the Griper, kept the whole party in a painful state of impatience, which they beguiled as well as they could, by continual soundings and lookings out, and counting the whales, which appeared in considerable numbers, several of them younger than had been seen before in Baffin's Bay; it being generally remarked, that they are not found there as in the seas of Spitzbergen. At length an easterly breeze springing up, on the 3d of August, the Hecla crowded all sail, and was carried rapidly on towards the westward.

"It is more easy to imagine than to describe," says Captain Parry, in his narrative, "the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance, while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the Sound. The mast-heads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the *crow's nest* were received; all however, hitherto favorable to our most sanguine hopes."

To the northward and westward of Cape Warrender, the land on the opposite shore had opened out into bold headlands, high mountains, and in some parts table-land. The different bays and promontories, one after another, received names from Captain Parry, as the several dictates of respect for public officers, and regard for private individuals. One, which in hastily sailing past it he thus distinguished by the appellation of CROKER'S BAY, he is of opinion may, not improbably, prove one day, to be a passage from Sir James Lancaster's Sound into the Northern Sea; as the speed with which he passed it did not allow him to determine the absolute continuity of land round the bottom of it. After being carried briskly on towards the westward for the space of two days, they began to flatter themselves, from the appearance of a cape, which Captain Sabine named CAPE FELLFOOT, and which seemed to form the termination of the western coast, from no land being discernible towards the south, from the colour of the water, the absence of ice, and a long swell that rolled in between southward and eastward, that they were actually in the Polar Sea; and some of the most sanguine among them began to calculate the distance and bearing of Icy Cape, as a matter of no very difficult or improbable accomplishment. Soon, however, these cheering anticipations were, for a time, put to flight. At 6 P. M. August 4th, there was a cry of land; and that sound, of all others the most joyful to a seaman's ears on ordinary occasions, on this was only the signal for disappointment and mortification. The land, however, proved to be an island. Hope again revived, then drooped, then revived; according to the nature of the reports from the crow's nest, whence the appearances between sea and land were so continually deceptious, that it is probable they were at last chiefly determined by the prevalence of hope or fear in the breast of the reporter.

As we must confine ourselves in this article, to a concise outline of Captain Parry's Journal, we shall not enter into those minute details, which, though highly valuable to the nautical adventurer, would only try the patience of the general reader, who will be more anxious to come at the result of his valuable information, than to follow him step by step in the attainment of it. We, will, therefore, briefly state, that Captain Parry, finding his progress to the southward stopped by the ice, returned to the northward, keeping as near to the western shore as the ice would permit. After sundry delays from ice and fogs, the prospect began to brighten, and Captain Parry thus expresses himself concerning it.

"We soon perceived, as we proceeded, that the land, along which we were sailing, and which, with the exception of some small inlets, had appeared to be hitherto continuous from Baffin's Bay, began now to trend much to the northward, beyond Beechy Island, leaving a large open space between that coast and the distant land to the westward, which now appeared like an island, of which the extremes to the north and south were distinctly visible. The latter was a remarkable head-land, having at its extremity two small table hills, somewhat resembling boats turned bottom upwards, and was named CAPE HOTHAM, after Rear-Admiral the Honourable Sir Henry Hotham, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. At sunset we had a clear and extensive view to the northward, between Cape Hotham and the eastern land. On the latter several headlands were discovered and named; between the northernmost of these, called CAPE BOWDEN, and the island

to the westward, there was a channel of more than eight leagues in width, in which neither land nor ice could be seen from the mast-head. To this noble channel I gave the name of WELLINGTON, after his Grace, the Master General of the Ordnance. The arrival off this grand opening was an event for which we had long been looking with much anxiety and impatience; for, the continuity of land to the northward had always been a source of uneasiness to us, principally from the possibility that it might take a turn to the southward and unite with the coast of America. The appearance of this broad opening, free from ice, and of the land on each side of it, more especially that on the west, leaving scarcely a doubt on our minds of the latter being an island, relieved us from all anxiety on that score; and every one felt that we were now finally disentangled from the land which forms the western side of Baffin's Bay, and that, in fact, we had actually entered the Polar Sea. Fully impressed with this idea, I ventured to distinguish the magnificient opening through which our passage had been effected from Baffin's Bay to Wellington Channel, by the name of BARROW'S STRAIT, after my friend, Mr. Barrow, Secretary of the Admiralty; both as a private testimony of my esteem for that gentleman, and as a public acknowledgement due to him for his zeal and exertions in the promotion of Northern Discovery. To the land on which Cape Hotham is situated, and which is the easternmost of the group of islands (as we found them to be by subsequent discovery,) in the Polar Sea, I gave the name of CORNWALLIS ISLAND, after Admiral the Honourable Sir William Cornwallis, my first naval friend and patron; and an inlet, seven miles to the northward of Cape Hotham, was called BARLOW INLET, as a testimony of my respect for Sir Robert Barlow, one of the Commissioners of His Majesty's navy.

"Though two-thirds of the month of August had now elapsed, I had every reason to be satisfied with the progress which we had hitherto made. I calculated upon the sea being still navigable for six weeks to come, and probably more if the state of the ice would permit us to edge away to the southward in our progress westerly: our prospects, indeed, were truly exhilarating; the ships had suffered no injury; we had plenty of provisions; crews in high health and spirits, a sea, if not open, at least navigable; and a zealous and unanimous determination in both officers and men to accomplish, by all possible means, the grand object on which we had the happiness to be employed."

The favourable appearances of an open westerly passage continued to increase. Captain Parry made all sail for Cape Hotham, intending to seek the southward of it for a direct passage towards Behring's Strait. The quick and unobstructed run with which the vessels were favoured from Beechey Island across to Cape Hotham, so delightful at all times to the impatience of sailors, so seldom enjoyed in these seas, abounding as they are with obstacles, seemed encouragingly emblematic of the speed with which they might hope to reach the object of their wishes; but, as they proceeded westward, their obstacles again thickened upon them; fields of ice, the limits of which were not to be discerned, lay before their eyes; nor bird, nor any other living creature, made its appearance, though islands increased around them in every direction. Captain Parry gave to the numerous group the general name of NORTH GEORGIA, distinguishing them separately by the names of different individuals. Under

one of the largest of these, which he denominated MELVILLE ISLAND, the ships dropped anchor, for the first time since leaving the coast of Norfolk; "a circumstance," says Captain Parry, "which was rendered the more striking to us at the moment, as it appeared to mark, in a very decided manner, the completion of one stage of our voyage. The ensigns and pendants were hoisted as soon as we had anchored, and it created in us no ordinary feelings of pleasure to see the British flag waving, for the first time, in these regions, which had hitherto been considered beyond the limits of the habitable part of the world." It was in the morning of this day, Sunday, September 5th, that the ships had crossed the meridian of 110° west from Greenwich, in the latitude of 74° 44′ 2″, by which they became entitled to the sum of five thousand pounds; the reward offered by act of Parliament to such of His Majesty's subjects as should penetrate thus far to the westward, within the Arctic circle. The nearest headland was in consequence denominated BOUNTY CAPE, by the men to whom Captain Parry communicated this cheering intelligence after divine service; exhorting them at the same time to make the most strenuous exertions during the short remainder of the season before them, as he had little doubt of their accomplishing their enterprise before the close of the following one, if they could penetrate a few degrees farther to the westward, before the ships were laid up for the winter.

For several days after this auspicious event the ships were unable to proceed farther than a little coasting round the island, on account of contrary winds, and the rapid accumulation of ice, which exposed them to the greatest danger, and the crews to incessant fatigues. This was the more mortifying, as Captain Parry had always looked forward to the month of September as the period above all others favourable to the more rapid prosecution of the object of his voyage. To add to his anxiety, a party of men, who had been sent on shore in search of deer, lost their way, and during three days created the most distressing apprehensions for their fate; nor were they finally recovered without considerable danger to those who went in search of them, and who, had their recovery been delayed one night longer, must have perished with them, as the thermometer fell before midnight to 50°; a temperature which it would have been impossible for them to have survived exposure to, debilitated as they were by excessive fatigue. In gratitude to God for their preservation, the nearest headland was called CAPE PROVIDENCE.

The increasing dangers and difficulties attendant on continuing the navigation westward, by which they had already been placed in situations of the most imminent peril, the rapid formation of the ice, the shortness of the daylight, and the effects which the crew of the Griper, in particular, which had been forced on shore by the ice, began to feel from the efforts constantly necessary to work her, all compelled Captain Parry to turn his thoughts to the providing of winter quarters, for which he finally fixed on the eastern side of Melville Island. The labour of cutting a canal through the ice, in order to get the ships into a place of safety for the winter, may be imagined by our readers, when they are informed that the length of it was four thousand and eighty-two yards, and the average thickness of the ice seven inches. On Sunday, the 26th of September, the ships were securely harboured, and the joyful event was hailed by both their companies with three hearty cheers.

"Having now," says Captain Parry, "reached the station, where, in

all probability, we were destined to remain for at least eight or nine months, during three of which we were not to see the face of the sun, my attention was immediately, and imperiously, called to various important duties; many of them of a singular nature, such as had, for the first time, devolved on any officer in His Majesty's navy, and might indeed be considered of rare occurrence in the whole history of navigation. The security of the ships, and the preservation of the various stores, were objects of immediate concern. A regular system to be adopted for the maintenance of good order and cleanliness, as most conducive to the health of the crews during the long, dark, and dreary winter, equally demanded my attention.

"Not a moment was lost, therefore, in the commencement of our operations. The whole of the masts were dismantled except the lower ones, and the Hecla's main-top-mast, the latter being kept fidded for the purpose of occasionally hoisting up the electrometer-chain, to try the effect of atmospherical electricity. The lower yards were lashed fore and aft amidships, at a sufficient height to support the planks of the housing intended to be erected over the ships, the lower ends of which rested on the gunwhale; and the whole of this frame-work was afterwards roofed over with a cloth, composed of wadding-tilt, with which waggons are usually covered; and thus was formed a comfortable shelter from the snow and wind. The boats, spars, running rigging, and sails, were removed on shore, in order to give as much room as possible on our upper deck, to enable the people to take exercise on board, whenever the weather should be too inclement for walking on shore. It was absolutely necessary, also, for the preservation of our sails and ropes, all of which were hard frozen, that they should be kept in that state till the return of spring; for, as it was now impossible to get them dried, owing to the constantly low temperature of the atmosphere, they would, probably, have soon rotted had they been kept in any part of the ships, where the warmth would occasion them to thaw; they were, therefore, placed with the boats on shore, and a covering of canvas fixed over them. This covering, however, as we afterwards found, might better have been dispensed with; for as we had not the means of constructing a roof sufficiently tight to keep out the fine snow which fell during the winter, it only served, by the eddy wind which it created, to make the drift about it greater; and, I have now no doubt that, with stores in the state in which I have described our sails to be, it would be better simply to lay them on some spars to keep them off the ground, allowing the snow to cover them as it fell. For want of experience in these matters, we also took a great deal of unnecessary trouble in carrying the anchors over the ice to the beach, with an idea of securing the ships to the shore at the breaking up of the ice in the spring; a precaution for which there was not the smallest occasion, and by which the cables suffered unnecessary exposure during the winter.

"As soon as the ships were secured and housed over, my undivided attention was in the next place directed to the comfort of the officers and men, and to the preservation of that extraordinary degree of health which we had hitherto enjoyed in both ships."

Among Captain Parry's judicious regulations for the bodies of his crew, his precaution in allowing them a quantity of vinegar with their meat, and seeing them take every day a portion of lime-juice and sugar, must

be particularized as one great cause of their remaining almost entirely free from that dreadful disorder—the scurvy. His next care was for their minds, the health of which he wisely considered as having no small influence on that of the body.

"Under circumstances of leisure and inactivity," says he "such as we were now placed in, and with every prospect of its continuance for a very large portion of a year, I was desirous of finding some amusement for the men during this long and tedious interval. I proposed, therefore, to the officers to get up a play occasionally on board the Hecla, as the readiest means of preserving among our crews that cheerfulness and good-humour which had hitherto subsisted. In this proposal I was readily seconded by the officers of both ships; and Lieutenant Beechey having been duly elected as stage-manager, our first performance was fixed for the 5th of November, to the great delight of the ship's companies. In these amusements I gladly undertook a part myself, considering that an example of cheerfulness by giving a direct countenance to every thing that could contribute to it, was not the least essential part of my duty, under the peculiar circumstances in which we were placed.

"In order still further to promote good humour among ourselves, as well as to furnish amusing occupation, during the hours of constant darkness, we set on foot a weekly newspaper, which was to be called the *North Georgia Gazette, and Winter Chronicle*, and of which Captain Sabine undertook to be the editor, under the promise that it was to be supported by original contributions from the officers of the two ships: and, though some objection may, perhaps, be raised against a paper of this kind being generally resorted to in ships of war, I was too well acquainted with the discretion, as well as the excellent dispositions of my officers, to apprehend any unpleasant consequences from a measure of this kind; instead of which I can safely say, that the weekly contributions had the happy effect of employing the leisure hours of those who furnished them, and of diverting the mind from the gloomy prospect which would sometimes obtrude itself on the stoutest heart."

On the 4th of November the sun sunk below the horizon, not to appear again above it for the space of ninety-six days. On the 5th the theatre opened with "Miss in her Teens;" and Captain Parry found so much benefit accrue to his men from the amusement the spectacle afforded them, and the occupation of fitting up the theatre, and taking it down again, that their dramatic representations were punctually continued the whole of the winter, and performed and witnessed with equal pleasure, even when the thermometer was below zero on the stage.

It seemed that the sinking of the sun below the horizon for so long a period was a subject of painful feeling to the animals who might consider themselves the lawful possessors of the island, as well as to the human beings who had sought a temporary asylum on it; for from that time the wolves began to approach the ships, as if drawn thither by melancholy sympathy, and would howl most piteously for hours together, much to the annoyance of a beautiful little white fox, which had been caught in a trap, set under the bows of the Griper, and which, from the nervous irritability he betrayed at the sound of their voices, seemed as if he had been accustomed to consider them as signals of destruction to his tribe. The wolves seldom appeared in greater numbers than two or three together; and it was somewhat extraordinary, that although the whole crews

were constantly, for months together, intent on killing or catching some of them, they never could succeed, though the wolves were constant enough in their attendance to make acquaintance with all the dogs belonging to the vessels. Only one bear was seen during the winter; it was of the white kind, and tracked Captain Sabine's servant quite to the ships; but being there saluted by a volley of balls, it made a retrograde motion and escaped.

The weather now began to grow intensely severe; and during the latter part of November and the first half of December, Captain Parry's Journal presents little more than observations on it; and on the meteoric appearances, and fantastic illusions of light and colour, with which Nature seems to amuse herself in these dreary solitudes, as if, secure from the prying impertinence of man, she might descend to downright gambol with her powers. At one time the moon appeared curiously deformed by refraction, the lower edges of its disc seeming to be indented with deep notches, and afterwards to be cut off square at the bottom; whilst a single ray, or rather column of light, of the same diameter as the moon, was also observed to descend from it to the top of the hill, like a pillar supporting it; at another, light transparent clouds were seen to emit columns of light upwards, resembling the Aurora Borealis; towards the south-east, being exposed to a very light sky, they had a pale brown appearance. The Aurora Borealis itself seldom appears to have been witnessed in the splendour with which it occasionally illuminates the Shetland Isles, or other places in the Atlantic, about the same latitude as our adventurers were now in; still it was both frequent and vivid enough to give variety and beauty to the long long nights they had to endure. The shortest day, however, arrived, and actually surprised both the men and officers by the quickness with which it seemed to come upon them. So true it is, that an uniform life, provided it have sufficient occupation, always appears to pass more swiftly than that which is chequered by a variety of impressions; and that Captain Parry was sufficiently ingenious in providing his men with employment, is evident from a complaint accidently coming to his ears that they had not time to mend their clothes.

The New Year was ushered in with weather comparatively mild; but it soon regained its severity. The scurvy now began to appear in a few instances; but by the judicious treatment of Mr. Edwards and his assistants, it was prevented from making any dangerous progress. Among the remedies prescribed, in such a situation, our readers would scarcely expect to find fresh salading; it was, nevertheless, not only prescribed but procured, by means of boxes filled with mould, and placed along the pipe of the stove in the cabin. By this means they were enabled, even in that inclement clime and season, (and though the economy they were obliged to observe with respect to fuel did not allow of their keeping a fire in it at night,) to supply two or three scorbutic patients with nearly an ounce of fresh mustard and cresses daily; and when it is considered how very small a quantity of fresh vegetable matter is a perfect specific for this scourge of a seafaring life, it is to be hoped that this simple method of procuring it will be oftener resorted to. These vegetables were of good flavour, though perfectly colourless from the privation of light: but as this peculiarity may only add to their value in the eyes of those who are tired of seeing any thing as Nature intended it to

be, arctic salading may be introduced as an enviable rarity in future bills of fair at our fashionable tables; and perhaps, in process of time, become a regular branch of luxury with the Esquimaux ladies, should our accidental intercourse with them terminate, as attempts at civilization generally do, in inspiring them with a contempt for every thing within their reach, and a desire of any thing apparently beyond it.

Towards the end of January some of the ports were opened, in order to admit the carpenters and armourers to repair the maintopsail-yard; in order that, at least, a show of re-equipment for sea might be made. On the 3d of February the sun was seen from the main-top of the Hecla, for the first time since the 11th of November. By the 7th there was sufficient daylight, from eight o'clock till four, to enable the men to perform, with facility, any work on the outside of the ships; they began, therefore, that day to collect stones for ballast, to make up for the loss of weight by the expenditure of provisions and stores. By the 15th, Captain Parry was induced, by the increased length of the day, and the cheering presence of the sun for several hours above the horizon, to open the dead-lights of his stern windows, in order to admit the day-light, after a privation of it for four months in that part of the ship. The baize curtains which had been nailed close to the windows in the beginning of the winter, were so firmly frozen to them that they were obliged to be cut away, and twelve large buckets full of ice, or frozen vapours, to be taken from between the double sashes before they could be got clear. This premature uncovering of the windows, however, caused such a change in the temperature of the Hecla, that, for several weeks after, those on board were sensible of a more intense degree of cold than they had felt all the preceding part of the winter. On the 24th, the house on shore was discovered to be on fire: it was got out without much injury; but Captain Sabine's servant, in his eagerness to save the dipping needle, which was close to the stove, ran out with it, without waiting to put on his gloves, in consequence of which his hands were so benumbed, that when they were plunged into cold water, the surface of it was immediately frozen by the intense cold thus communicated, and the poor fellow was afterwards obliged to submit to the partial amputation of four fingers on one hand, and three on the other.

The months of March and April seem to have passed tediously on, in watching the state of the weather. The crew of the Griper became somewhat more sickly, in consequence of the extreme moisture, which it was found impossible to exclude from their bed-places; and Lieutenant Liddon, in particular, who had suffered much from illness at different times during the voyage, became so unwell, that Captain Parry entertained serious apprehensions for his recovery. In May, Captain Parry laid out a small garden, planting it with radishes, onions, mustard and cresses; but the experiment failed, though some common sliip peas, planted by two of the men, throve extremely well.

The state of the sick list becoming more favourable towards the latter end of May, Captain Parry and Captain Sabine, accompanied by ten others, officers and men, set off, on the first of June, to make the tour of the island; though a more unpromising subject for the excursion of a party of pleasure cannot well be imagined. They took tents and fuel with them, as well as provisions; and carried their luggage in a small light cart, to which the sailors occasionally appended their blankets, by

way of sails. They travelled by night, as well to have the benefit of any warmth the sun might give for their hours of rest, as to avoid the glare of its light upon the snow. The dwarf willow, sorrel, poppy, and saxifrage, were the vegetable productions which they met with: and, at a place they called BUSHNAN COVE, which appeared to be one of the pleasantest and most habitable spots they had seen in the Arctic circle, Captain Sabine found a ranunculus in full flower, literally wasting "its sweetness on the desert air." The animals they saw were mice, deer, a musk ox, a pair of swallows, ducks, geese, plover, and ptarmigans, with some of which they occasionally varied their fare. Along the beach on the westward, they found a point of land eighty feet above the sea, which they named POINT NIAS, after one of the officers of the party; and had the patience to raise on it, as a memorial of their exertions, a monument of ice, of a conical form, twelve feet broad at the base, and as many in height. They enclosed in it, in a tin cylinder, an account of the party who had erected it, with a few silver and copper English coins; and Mr. Fisher, the assistant surgeon, took care to construct it with a solidity which may make it last for years as a land-mark; as it can be seen at several miles distance, either by sea or land. On a point of land within a hundred yards of the sea, the remains of six Esquimaux huts were discovered; the owners of which might probably be in the habit of visiting the island in the months of July and August, when it should appear that they would meet with a plentiful supply of game.

After a fortnight's absence, the party returned to the ships. Summer now began to make itself visible. A great quantity of sorrel was daily gathered; hunting parties procured fresh animal food; and what had perhaps more effect on the health and spirits of the men than any thing else could have produced, on the 22d of June, the ice was observed to be in motion.

"On the 16th of July," says Captain Parry, "the streams of water in the ravines were once more passable with ease, and the snow had entirely disappeared, except on the sides of those ravines, and in other hollows where it had formed considerable drifts; so that the appearance of the land was much the same now as when we first made the islands in the latter part of August the preceding year. The walks which our people were enabled to take at this period, when the weather was really mild and pleasant, and to our feelings quite as warm as the summer of any other climate, together with the luxurious living afforded by our hunting parties, and by the abundant supply of sorrel which was always at command, were the means of completely eradicating any seeds of the scurvy which might have been lurking in the constitutions of the officers and men, who were now I believe, in as good health, and certainly in as good spirits, as when the expedition left England. Gratifying as this fact could not but be to me, it was impossible to contemplate, without pain, the probability, now too evident, that the shortness of the approaching season of operations would not admit of that degree of success in the prosecution of the main object of our enterprise, which might otherwise have been reasonably anticipated in setting out from our present advanced station with two ships in such perfect condition, and with crews so zealous in the cause in which we were engaged."

On the 1st of August, 1820, the vessels weighed, and ran out of Winter Harbour, in which they had been during ten whole months, and

a part of the other two, September and August. Could Captain Parry, or any of those with him, have foreseen, during their stay on Melville Island, that all their waiting would only enable them to get a few leagues further westward, on the very skirts of the island, where they had already been detained for such a dreary length of time, how insupportably tedious would the interval have appeared. Fortunately, they did not contract the faculty of *second sight* in these northern latitudes; however, occasionally, that of *long sight* might seem to be imparted to them; they, therefore, once more set off on their inquiries, cheered by hope, and supported by the most praiseworthy zeal, to acquit themselves to the utmost of the duty required of them.

They entered on their new discoveries on the anniversary of the day when they had commenced their former ones from the entrance of Sir James Lancaster's Sound; but the bad sailing of the Griper was a great obstacle to that speedy advancement, which the shortness of the navigating season in those seas made most particularly desirable; and indeed, there can be but little doubt, that the time Captain Parry lost in waiting for her at different periods, would have enabled him to attain the full object of his inquiry—if, in fact, it be attainable at all in the direction in which it has hitherto been sought. The sea to the westward at first presented a very flattering appearance, being more clear of ice than it had been a month later the preceding year, and presenting a fine navigable channel of two miles and a half in width, which appeared from the mast-head to continue as far as the eye could reach, along shore, to the westward. But on rounding the point of Cape Hearne, the wind blowing against them, and a strong current setting towards the eastward, warned them to arm themselves with patience for a repetition of all the delays and difficulties which they had already experienced;—to these, great danger was soon added, from the drifting and pressure of the ice, which threatened the Griper, in particular, with total destruction.

We have not room to detail these particulars, interesting as they are, but Captain Parry's account of them sufficiently shows how anxious he was not to abandon the final object of his expedition, whilst a hope of attaining it could be cherished. They had experienced, indeed, during the first half of the navigable season, such a continued series of vexations, disappointments, and delays, accompanied by such a constant state of danger to the ships, that he felt it would no longer be deemed justifiable in him to persevere in a fruitless attempt to get to the westward.

Accordingly, after having held a council respecting the eligibility of spending another winter in these dreary regions, and receiving an unanimous opinion as to the little chance, even at the expense of that sacrifice, and the risk of falling short of fuel and provisions, of being able to start from a more advanced station at a future season, Captain Parry determined to proceed to England without further delay; running back along the edge of the ice to the eastward, in order to look out for an opening that might lead towards the American continent, and taking with them the consolatory reflection that they had proceeded farther in the Polar Sea, to the northward of that continent, than any preceding navigators had done. The charts and surveys taken on the homeward course, sufficiently attest their unwearied zeal in the cause of maritime science. The western side of Baffin's Bay, in particular, was most carefully explored; and here in latitude 71° 02′ 42″ they met with the

vessels belonging to the whale fisheries, which had taken up their station on this coast, hitherto considered as inaccessible. Their next encounter with the "human face divine" was in the persons of a group of Esquimaux, in the inlet which was named the river CLYDE, in the expedition of 1818. We regret that we have not room to dwell on the amiable deportment of these unsophisticated children of nature, who appeared to possess a degree of delicacy and principle far beyond any thing that the same description of people can boast of in North Greenland; but all our remaining space must be devoted to Captain Parry's remarks on the probable existence and accomplishment of a Northwest Passage into the Pacific Ocean. Of the existence of the passage itself he entertains not a doubt; but from the difficulties presented by the increasing breadth and thickness of the ice towards the westward, after passing through Barrow's Strait, insomuch that it required five weeks to traverse from the entrance of Sir James Lancaster's Sound to the meridian of Winter Harbour, and only six days to sail back through the same distance, added to the shortness of the season, not exceeding seven weeks, in which the Polar Sea can be navigated in that part, he is inclined to think that an attempt to effect the Northwest Passage might be made with better chance of success from Behring's Strait than from this side of America. Still he acknowledges that there are circumstances which render this mode of proceeding altogether impracticable for British ships; foremost among which are the length of the voyage that must be performed at the point where the grand undertaking is to be commenced,—the impossibility of taking out provisions and fuel in sufficient quantity to ensure the confidence necessary for an enterprise, of which the nature must be so precarious and uncertain,—and the severe trial to which the health of the crews would be subjected by going at once from the heat of the torrid zone into the intense cold of a long winter, upon the northern shores of America. The middle course which he recommends between this choice of evils is, at once to attempt to penetrate from the eastern coast of America along its northern shore.

"The question," says he, "which naturally arises, in the next place, relates to the most likely means of getting to the coast of America, so as to sail along its shores. It would, in this respect, be desirable to find an outlet from the Atlantic into the Polar Sea, as nearly as possible in the parallel of latitude in which the northern coast of America may be supposed to lie; as, however, we do not know of any such outlet from Baffin's Bay, about the parallels of 69° to 70°, the attempt is, perhaps, to be made with better chance of success in a still lower latitude, especially as there is a considerable portion of coast that may reasonably be supposed to offer the desired communication, which yet remains unexplored. Cumberland Strait, the passage called Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, lying between Southampton Island and the coast of America, and Repulse Bay, appear to be the points most worthy of attention; and, considering the state of uncertainty in which the attempts of former navigators have left us, with regard to the extent and communications of these openings, one cannot but entertain a reasonable hope, that one, or perhaps each of them, may afford a practicable passage into the Polar Sea."

Captain Parry, with a natural and even laudable complacency, points out the services which have at least accrued in a commercial point of

view, from the discoveries already made in the course of the different expeditions with respect to the whale stations, by which it is probable that our fisheries will be considerably benefited. Certainly both Captain Parry, and the brave and able men who accompanied him, are well entitled to the respect and admiration of their country for the zeal with which they have endeavoured to the utmost to extend her maritime renown. It is pleasing to contemplate the order, unanimity, and general good conduct which seem to have prevailed during the voyage, equally creditable to the officers, and to those under their command. We must not close our observations without expressing our approbation of the illustrative plates, most of them conveying to the mind of the reader the full effect which the scene had produced on the eye of the artist, and particularly the plate which represents the ships laid up in Winter Harbour, in beholding which, the words of Aspatia, in the Maid's Tragedy,

"Paint me a desolation,"

involuntarily rose to our lips.

DR. LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

A fifth volume of Dr. Lingard's *History of England* has appeared. This national work, though strangely overlooked by our two most popular reviews, has received a more sure pledge of public approbation. A second edition, in octavo, is to appear in a short time.

It has long been anxiously wished, that England might possess a historian who should take nothing upon trust, preserve his narrative from the prejudices and partialities, from the mistakes and interestedness of others; and who, in short, should religiously confine his researches to the original and contemporary writers, on whom alone true history must depend. Every page of this history proves the advantages derived from consulting the original authorities, and we particularly recommend to its readers a comparison of this history with those which have preceded it, as they cannot otherwise be sensible of the errors which are corrected. Even in those instances where Dr. Lingard's narrative is substantially the same with that of others, there will be found, from his application to the original sources, the charm of novelty and native freshness. The number of authorities referred to, and quoted, will excite astonishment. In his fifth volume, page 44, he says, "The reader must excuse the length and frequency of these notes: they are necessary to support a narrative which might otherwise be attributed to the imagination or the partiality of the writer."

The author is a Roman Catholic Clergyman, and in that character has had access to the documents in the Vatican, to those in the depository of the archives of the Spanish monarchy of Simancas, and in the possession of private individuals, which probably never could have been got at by a Protestant historian. Yet such is the impartial tone of the writer, that none will be conscious of any leaning towards the Roman Catholics; whilst he invariably shows to the established religion, respect and attachment.

It will not be uninteresting to our readers to know that the author has been more than 20 years occupied upon this work; that his original plan was to search out and remedy the defects of preceding historians, and that he found the irksomeness and ungraciousness of the task such as to induce him to compose an entirely new history. When we observed the originality which characterized the first portion (three volumes), we naturally concluded, that from the obscurity in which the early part of our annals had been involved, and the little labour which had been bestowed upon it by his predecessors, a much greater degree of novelty would attach to those volumes than to what would succeed: but we were surprised on reading his last two volumes (of the House of Tudor) to find them fuller of incident and originality than any historical work of equal extent which has hitherto fallen under our inspection. Our limited means of noticing so large a work enable us to give few extracts. Those who are desirous of seeing new light thrown upon our annals, must consult the work itself. We will, however, present our readers with two specimens of the author's liberal mode of thinking on religion and politics, and of his style of writing:—

"The persecution continued till the death of Mary. Sometimes milder councils seemed to prevail; and on one occasion all the prisoners were discharged on the easy condition of taking an oath to be true to God and the Queen. But these intervals were short; and after some suspense, the spirit of intolerance was sure to resume the ascendancy. Then new commissions were issued by the Crown. The magistrates were careful to fulfil their instructions; and the Council urged the Bishops 'to re-claim the prisoners, or to deal with them according to law.' The reformed writers have described, in glowing colours, the sufferings, and sought to multiply the number of the victims; while the Catholics have maintained that the reader should distrust the exaggerations of men heated with enthusiasm, and exasperated by oppression; and that from the catalogue of the martyrs should be expunged the names of all who were condemned as felons or traitors, or who died peaceably in their beds, or who survived the publication of their martyrdom, or who would for their heterodoxy have been sent to the stake by the reformed prelates themselves, had they been in possession of the power. Yet these deductions will take but little from the infamy of the measure. After every allowance, it will be found that, in the space of four years, almost 200 persons perished in the flames for religious opinion—a number at the contemplation of which the mind is struck with horror, and learns to bless the legislation of a more tolerant age, in which dissent from the established forms, though in some countries still punished with civil disabilities, is nowhere liable to the penalties of death."—Vol. 5. p. 100-1.

"It is evident that neither Elizabeth nor her Ministers understood the benefits of civil and religious liberty; the prerogatives which she so highly prized have long since withered away: the bloody code which she enacted against the rights of conscience has ceased to stain the pages of the statute-book; and the result has proved that the abolition of despotism and intolerance adds no less to the stability of the throne, than to the happiness of the people."—Vol. 5, page 625.

The new and interesting matter contained in the fifth volume, which has just been published, requires more peculiar attention. By comparing the printed dispatches of Noailles, the French Ambassador, to the

accession of Mary, with the manuscript dispatches of Renard, the Imperial Ambassador at the same period, the writer has been enabled to lay before his readers a correct account of the intrigues which led to the marriage of the Queen with Philip of Spain, and of the origin, the objects, and the progress of the insurrection under Wyat. It appears from this account, that Gardiner, instead of being the advocate, was the opponent of the Spanish match; that Courtenay, instead of deserting Mary for Elizabeth, was rejected by the former on account of his folly and immorality; that the object of the conspirators was to raise Courtenay and Elizabeth to the throne; that the former betrayed his friends; that the latter assented to the project; and that if she escaped the punishment of a traitor, it was through the intervention of Gardiner, who maintained that her offence did not come within the operation of the statute, because she had not committed any overt act of treason. Nearly the whole of this part of the volume may be pronounced new to English readers.

The author has treated the persecution of the reformers under Mary, and of the Puritans and the Cathólics under Elizabeth, with an impartiality, which, though it may displease the bigots of different communions, will be rewarded with the approbation of those readers who are aware of that intolerant spirit which prevailed among all religious parties in the 16th century, and who lament that traces of it are still suffered to disgrace the statute-book after the lapse of more than 200 years.

On the history of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, much that is new cannot be expected. We should reckon Dr. Lingard among the most moderate of her advocates. He thinks her innocent, but has impartially stated the evidence against her, and in her favour, and has left his readers to draw their own conclusion. We have seldom been more affected by any historical passage, than we were when we read the narrative of her death, and compared her conduct with the affected ignorance and hypocritical tears of Elizabeth. In this part occurs an account of a most singular artifice, employed to neutralize the interference of the King of France, by the charge of a pretended conspiracy to take the Queen's life, brought against his ambassador, L'Aubespine, and then abandoned as soon as Mary was executed.

The writer has taken great pains to extract what was requisite for his purpose from the numerous collections of state papers, and of confidential letters, which were written during the reign of Elizabeth, and which are yet preserved. To these he has joined much important information from the archives of Simancas, in Spain, where Philip II. deposited all the despatches which he received from his ambassadors in the different Courts of Christendom. From these sources he has derived much information respecting the secret history of the English Cabinet, the habitual irresolution of the Queen, her private character, her vanity, and her amours—information which, in a great measure, has hitherto been withheld from the knowledge of the Englisli reader of history; and indeed, notwithstanding its undoubted authenticity, must, considering the quarter from which it comes, be received with great caution.

In treating of the different conspiracies against Elizabeth, Dr. Lingard displays much research and impartiality. In many cases the guilt of the accused was very problematical; and here he appears to have detailed whatever can be discovered to prove either the existence or non-existence

of the supposed plot. At the same time he produces much new information respecting the objects and the intrigues of the exiles in France, Spain, and the Netherlands, both to depose the Queen and to procure a Catholic successor to her throne. We can promise our readers, that on these subjects they will find much both to interest and to instruct, in the present volume.

We observe in the notes at the end of the volume, much interesting matter: we particularly allude to the French massacre of St. Bartholomew, the account of the modes of torturing employed in the Tower, and "The admonition of Cardinal Allen," printed preparatory to the intended invasion in 1588—a tract of the most libellous and inflammatory tendency, and which, from the care afterwards taken to destroy it, became exceedingly scarce.

Those readers who seek to form a correct notion of the history of this period, should compare the statements contained in this volume with the works of former historians.

THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD.

(From Letters on a Tour in Switzerland.)

Our mules appeared to erect their ears at the pleasing prospect; and selecting, with their unerring discretion, a safe path over the snow and rocks, and up a rude sort of flight of steps hewn in the mountain, safely landed us at the great door of the convent, where the sub-prior and another brother received us with hospitable welcome.

Nothing could be more prepossessing than the amiable manners and zealous attentions of these religious hosts. The superior did not appear till supper, at six o'clock. In the mean time we were conducted into the refectory, a spacious sombre saloon, with dark oak wainscoting, and hung round with old pictures of the superiors and other ecclesiastics. A fire was then lighted for us in another large saloon, possessing a chimney-place; where several of the monks joined us, and interested us by their lively and intelligent conversation. Some bread and wine were brought us, and the Paris newspapers which they received regularly, and which were scarcely a week old; and our hosts, who never appear to slumber in body or mind, eagerly entered into discussion on the contest between the Greeks and the Turks; the proceedings against the late Queen; and various other topics of political interest. On these subjects some of them conversed with a degree of knowledge and of interest on passing events which could hardly be exceeded by the active quidnuncs of St. James's street or the Royal Exchange. Their life is, in fact, passed in a spiritual and temporal activity; and the common reproaches of monkish ease and indulgence would be very ill indeed applied to the little community of St. Bernard. This is no place where "slumber abbots purple as their vines." The climate is so severe that none but young men can support its rigour: of the thirty or thirty-five monks of the establishment we found about fifteen resident: scarcely three of these were above the age of thirty. The Superior, who is a venerable and dignified old man, was only there by accident: a general Chapter having been held the day be-

fore. He ordinarily resides at Martigny in the valley. Even the young men are frequently afflicted with cramps, rheumatisms, and other disorders. The superintendence of the temporal affairs and duties of the establishment finds ample employment for a large number. Their rents (now dreadfully diminished) are to be received—provisions laid in—wood fetched from the forests, in the valley: twenty or thirty horses are generally employed in these labours. Strangers are to be lodged and provided for according to their rank and appearance,—seven or eight thousand persons are computed to pass the St. Bernard in a year, the greater part of whom spend the night at the convent; and above all, during seven or eight months in the year, several of the monks and servants of the establishment are employed in the humane and perilous office of exploring the most dangerous and difficult passages among the glaciers and snows in quest of distressed travellers. The celebrated dogs, which they use on these expeditions, are indeed noble animals. We saw two or three stalking about the convent in temporary repose. They are large, strong, and muscular; short-haired, and of a dull sandy colour, with black muzzles and thick heads, resembling both a Newfoundland dog and an English mastiff, with a character of great strength and sagacity. They carry in their perambulations a basket furnished with provisions and woollen clothes, which seasonable comforts have often been the means of saving the lives of half-frozen and famished sufferers. They have a quick scent, and are easily attracted to the spot where a human being lies. Their natural sagacity is improved by training; and they either lead their masters to the place, or, where its situation has been quite inaccessible to the monks themselves, they have frequently dragged frozen persons over the snows to their masters, by whose timely care they have been restored to life. A magnificent dog, from the St. Bernard, is preserved stuffed in the Museum at Berne, who is said to have been the means of saving the lives of twenty-eight individuals. Unhappily, these noble creatures suffer, like their masters, from the severity of their life and labours. They are short-lived, and old age soon comes upon them. A dog of seven or eight years old, the Superior informed us, is generally infirm and disabled. At the hour of supper we met all the monks in the refectory, and were presented to the Superior, an interesting man, thin in person, somewhat bowed with years, wearing the collar and cross of his dignity over the ordinary garb of the convent, and whose manners and conversation had a grace and refinement which rendered his good sense and intelligent remarks peculiarly pleasing. A long Latin grace was said before we sat down to table; the Superior leading, and the monks joining in general responses. As our visit happened unluckily on a Friday, we were not able to form a fair estimate of the convent kitchen. Soup, omelettes, and other dishes of eggs and vegetables, formed the bill of fair, which, to say truth, was not of the most satisfactory kind to travellers who had rode ten long leagues on mules, and found themselves, at the end of their journey, in a climate of a most animating rarity. An agreeable wine from the vineyards of the convent in the Vallais, called the St. Bernard wine, was a pleasant accompaniment of our lenten fare; and the conversation of the Superior and his brethren agreeably enlivened our potations. About nine o'clock the Superior withdrew, and we presently retired to our chambers, situated in a vast gloomy corridor, running the whole length of the building, divided in the middle by a heavy iron *grille*, and

adorned with old dusty pictures of a long line of superiors, priors, protecting popes, and princely benefactors of the house. My bed-room was a spacious lofty chamber, with double casements, a wainscot hung closely with fresh pictures of mitred, crosiered, and cassocked churchmen, frowning in all the stiff outlines of the sixteenth century: and a lofty bed of nearly the same date, with heavy red maroon hangings and vallances, whose old-fashioned solidity I found extremely serviceable in fencing out the cold of the apartment. A few old Latin volumes of theology were ranged on a shelf, and a fine modern telescope of Dollond's stood on a stand, which appeared from the inscription to have been presented by an English general-officer to the convent. No chamber in the Castle of Otranto could possibly have been, in all respects, a more fitting scene for an encounter with a bleeding nun, or the shade of a deposed prior. As I lay down, and drew the maroon curtains very close round the bed, I could not help thinking—"If ever I am to be gratified with a spiritual visit, for which so many have sighed, this is certainly the time and place—Seven thousand feet nearer heaven than my friends in England—many leagues from the abode of man—under a roof which has weathered the Alpine blast and the avalanche for three centuries—grey friars and pale nuns in effigy all around me, and perhaps the troubled spirits of the poor beings who bleach on the rocks without sepulcure, flitting about in the winds which moan against the casement. If I see no ghost here, I am certainly ghost-proof." That I did see none, that I slept soundly, undisturbed even by any ominous rattling of the casement, or rustling of the old pictures (which must infallibly have occurred to a German student, or a young lady well-read in Mrs. Radcliffe,) I can only ascribe in part to bodily fatigue, and in part to that provoking scepticism which has hitherto marred all my efforts to see a ghost.

The next morning the Sommelier of the convent awoke me early, and I went to mass in the chapel situated at one end of the long corridor. It is a neat handsome little building, with a decent organ—one of the monks performed mass, and several others attended. Three Valaisanne girls, dressed in the singular costume of the canton, attended the service, having come up to the convent for a day to see a relation among the monks, and to gratify their curiosity as to this wonder of the neighbourhood. On one side of the chapel is placed a simple and elegant marble monument to the memory of General Dessaix—a singular place of repose for the ashes of a French republican General and bosom-friend of Napoleon.—Dessaix fell at Marengo, at the head of the victorious army which he and Napoleon had just conducted over the St. Bernard. The army consisted of 50,000 men, with fifty-eight pieces of cannon. On commencing the ascent, every soldier was provided with a supply of biscuit for three days, and each man received a draught of wine in passing the convent. At St. Pierre the cannon were dismounted and drawn on sledges: it being impossible to use horses, forty-four men were employed in dragging each piece to the summit of the passage. Napoleon and his staff passed one night at the convent. The monks described their sufferings during the constant passage of the armies as beyond all conception. For one year, a garrison of one hundred and eighty men was constantly stationed in the convent; and sometimes not less than eight hundred men were crammed into the cells and chambers for several days together.

The passage of the St. Bernard, though well known, does not appear

to have been early known to the Romans. Much labour and learning have been expended, to show that the St. Bernard was the passage by which Hannibal entered Italy. But the preponderance of evidence is quite against the hypothesis, and seems to ascertain that his passage was either over the *Petit St. Bernard* or the Cottian Alps, either by Mont Cenis or some of the neighbouring passes. This is the direct and obvious passage from Spain into Italy; whereas it would have been a most circuitous and intricate route to have traversed Savoy or crossed the Jura, and then ascended the Lake of Geneva and the Rhone into the Vallais, to find out a passage above one thousand feet higher, and in all respects of greater difficulty. The circumstance of bronze plates with *ex voto* inscriptions, some bearing the words "*Jovi poenino, Jovi poeno,*" &c. having been found on the site of the ancient temple on the St. Bernard, has been much relied on as proving that the Carthaginians had passed the St. Bernard. Some of these are preserved in the cabinet of the convent, with Roman medals and other antiquities found on the mountain—a greater number are transported to Turin. The inscription, however, has been satisfactorily explained, as being a Roman corruption of "*Jupiter Penninus,*" the name of the deity to whom the people of the Vallais had erected the temple—a name derived from the Celtic word *penn* or *pinn,* signifying a *summit*—and from which this branch of the Alpine chain has been always called the Pennine Alps. The Romans, not understanding the Celtic title *Penninus,* which they found subscribed to the statue of Jupiter, probably converted it into Poeninus, and conceived that the temple was of Carthaginian origin. After the time of Augustus, and his foundation of the Colony at the Citê d'Aoste, beneath the St. Bernard, the mountain formed the ordinary passage of the Roman troops into Helvetia; and since 1798, when the French occupied Switzerland, it was for several years the scene of military passages, and frequent skirmishes and engagements.

The revenues of the convent are now lamentably reduced, which is much to be regretted, as ecclesiastical revenues have seldom been applied to more pure or benevolent purposes. In the fifteenth century, the Superior informed us, the convent had possessed estates in Sicily, Naples, the Low Countries, and in England. Of these it has from time to time been despoiled. The King of Sardinia was the last to strip the establishment of all its funds in his dominions; and some small property in the Vallais and the Pays de Vaud is all that now remains to support its benevolent objects and its general hospitality. Under these circumstances, it is not much to be wondered at, that the monks should have cut down the celebrated *Bosquet de Julie,* situated on their property at Clarens, to convert it into a profitable vineyard. This puts Lord Byron into a great passion, and he calls the poor monks "the miserable drones of an execrable superstition;" but it is rather too much to expect of these poor priests, who were in danger of starving amongst their rocks and snows, to forego a fair means of enhancing their revenues, in order to preserve to the worshippers of Rousseau the sentimental luxury of walking in a grove where an imaginary mistress takes a walk with her fictitious lover.—The monks are frequently now reduced to the necessity of making *quêtes* for the convent in the different parts of Italy and Switzerland; and their name and character are such powerful recommendations, that, the Superior informed us, they are frequently fraudulently made use of by impostors to extort alms from charitable Catholics.

ITALY.

ITALY, the most renowned country in the world, has been the receptacle of every thing magnificent in the whole Universe: in herself stupendous, she has also afforded new wonders; and has disseminated every masterpiece of every different art through the four quarters of the globe. Her monuments have outlived many centuries; nations have been swept away before them: their race extinct, their silent grandeur yet witnesses their stupendous majesty, and will speak it to ages yet unborn.

Time has swallowed up those generations which excited our wonder: the strong minds, the masculine virtue, that belonged to ancient Rome, and its barbarous grandeur, all have passed away; memory alone silently ponders over those scenes, sometimes recalling the names of those famous persons, sometimes invoking the ashes of the guilty, while it designates in idea those gigantic scenes where victory and death were mingled together, festivals and sufferings, power and slavery—those scenes where Rome gave laws, reigned over the Universe, and perished even amongst her own victories.

There the traveller loves to dwell on the ruins of the world; but, weary of interrogating the dust of the conquerors, over which he fancies he yet beholds the weight of many calamities, he seeks contemplation in the tranquil groves of Italy; or near some monument reared by the hand of religion, he reflects on the remains of those men who, in the age of De Medicis, gave new splendour to Italy, and spoke to their brethren in simple and heavenly language. We fancy we behold them consecrating the arts, to elevate the soul, and to make it attain the most pure felicity, and endeavouring, with trembling timidity, to disseminate the beauties of that holiness with which they are inspired.

Painting, poetry, and music, joined like the Graces hand in hand, alighted again on the earth to charm mankind; but not as fable teaches us, to be associated with absurdity. These modest and lovely sisters were now endowed with celestial features, and while they diffused their smiles on the earth, their regards were fixed on heaven; and the arts became devoted to a pure, austere, but consoling religion, which taught men those virtues that could alone ensure them happiness.

Here flourished Dante and Michael Angelo, like prophets, announcing all the splendour of the Catholic religion. The first sang those lofty and mystic virtues that filled us with awe: the other, with a wild and savage kind of grace, unshackled by rule, but only with what was self-created, conceived those bold and stupendous forms, which were clothed with the severity of beauty. He penetrated into the secrets of religion, exhausted all that was terrific, made time fly before him, and left the astonished art of painting his miracle of The last Judgment.

But how peculiarly admirable is genius, when it deposes itself in that sublime conception, in that temple, whose vast immensity raises thought after thought, and that a whole century can construct but slowly! Rocks have been torn from nature's bosom, whole quarries have been devastated, innumerable hands have laboured to bring those stones together, which are now as cold as they; but where is he who had the thought to conceive such a structure? Who taught those magnificent pillars to rise? Whose lofty ideas gave law to that enormous cupola, and made it

to obey its bold conception? Who thus realized this incredible dream by pious art, and the assistance of those pontiffs who wore the triple crown? Alas! the author of these wonders has long passed away; and like him, the pontiffs have slowly left their sacred thrones; they have laid down the tiara; they have descended among thy vaults, O monument sublime, majestic Saint Peter! Thou, the work of man, hast seen many generations of man effaced, and thou wilt witness for many succeeding ages other generations kneeling devoutly under thy lofty dome.

Behold ancient Rome, that queen of cities, where now sleep the ashes of the ambitious Cæsars. Behold, under the triumphal arch, the spider now silently weaving her web. From the banks of the river may be seen Caprea, where the monster Tiberius, through the justice of Providence, forged his own torments in contriving those of others, and wrote to the senate informing them that he was the most wretched of human beings.

But as the eye turns from contemplating the page which records the crimes of the Romans, it regards, with delight, those verdant isles, adorned with eternal spring, and beholds Vesuvius rising tremendous over that same gulf which flows peacefully toward Pausilippus. Further on that mythological land, near the cave whence the Sybil uttered her prophecies, is now to be seen a convent, from whence issued a poor monk who goes about preaching of virtue, and promising to it its reward.

ITALY.

O ITALY, how beautiful thou art!
Yet I could weep—for thou art lying, alas,
Low in the dust; and they who come, admire thee
As we admire the beautiful in death.
Thine was a dangerous gift, the gift of beauty.
Would thou hadst less, or wert as once thou wast.
Inspiring awe in those who now enslave thee!
—But why despair? Twice hast thou lived already;
Twice shown among the nations of the world,
As the sun shines among the lesser lights
Of heaven; and shalt again. The hour shall come,
When they who think to bind the ethereal spirit,
Who, like the eagle cowering o'er his prey,
Watch with quick eye, and strike and strike again
If but a sinew vibrate, shall confess
Their wisdom folly. Even now the flame
Bursts forth where once it burnt so gloriously,
And, dying, left a splendour like the day,
That like the day diffused itself, and still
Blesses the earth—the light of genius, virtue,
Greatness in thought and act, contempt of death,
God-like example. Echoes that have slept
Since ATHENS, LACEDÆMON, were themselves,
Since men invoked 'By Those in MARATHON!'
Awake along the ÆGEAN; and the dead,
They of that sacred shore, have heard the call
And thro' the ranks, from wing to wing, are seen
Moving as once they were—instead of rage
Breathing deliberate valour.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN VALE.*

Who has not heard of the celebrated recluses of Llangollen Vale, their mansion and their bowers? Although, says Miss Seward, they have not once forsaken their vale for thirty hours successively since they first retired to it in the bloom of youth, yet neither the long summer's night, nor weeks of imprisoning snows, ever inspired one weary sensation, one wish of returning to the world. What a picture of contented enjoyment! "You remember," says the same writer, in one of her letters, "Mr. Hayley's poetical compliment to the sweet miniature painter, Miers.

> "His magic pencil in its narrow space,
> Pours the full portion of uninjured grace."

"So may it be said of the talents and exertions which converted a cottage, in two acres and a half of turnip ground, to a fairy palace, amid the bowers of Calypso.

"It consists of four small apartments; the exquisite cleanliness of the kitchen, its utensils, and its auxiliary offices, vieing with the finished elegance of the gay, the lightsome little dining room, as that contrasts the gloomy, yet superior grace of the library, into which it opens.

"This room is fitted up in the gothic style, the door and large sash windows being of that form, and the latter of painted glass, shedding a dim religious light. Candles are seldom admitted into this department. The ingenious friends have invented a kind of prismatic lantern, which occupies the whole elliptic arch of the gothic door. This lantern is of cut glass, variously coloured, and containing two lamps with their reflectors. The light it imparts resembles that of a volcano, sanguine and solemn. It is assisted by two glow-worm lamps, that, in little marble reservoirs, stand on the opposite chimney piece; and these supply the place of the here always chastized day light, when the dusk of evening sables, or when night wholly involves the thrice lovely solitude. A large Eolian harp is fixed in one of the windows, and when the weather permits them to be opened, it breathes its deep tones to the gale, swelling and softening as that rises or falls.

> Ah me! what hands can touch the strings so fine?
> Who up the lofty diapason roll,
> Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
> And let them down again into the soul?

"This saloon of Minerva contains the finest editions, superbly bound, of the best authors, in prose and verse, which the English, Italian, and French languages boast, contained in neat wire cases; over them, the portraits, in miniature, and some in large ovals, of the favoured friends of the celebrated votaries to that sentiment which exalted the characters of Theseus and Perithous, of David and Jonathan. Between the picture of Lady Bradford, and the chimney piece, hangs a beautiful entablature, presented to the ladies of Llangollen Vale, by Madame Sillery, late Madame Genlis. It has convex miniatures of herself and of her pupil, Pamela; between them is pyramidally placed, a garland of flowers, copied

* Situated in Denbigh-shire in Wales.

from a nosegay gathered by Lady Eleanor, in her bowers, and presented to Madame Sillery.

"The kitchen garden is neatness itself; neither there, nor in the whole precincts, can a single weed be discovered. The fruit trees are of the rarest and finest sort, and luxuriant in their produce; the garden house and its implements are arranged in the exactest order.

"Nor is the dairy house for one cow, the least curiously elegant object of this magic domain. A short steep declivity shadowed over with tall shrubs, conducts us to the cool and clean repository. The white and shining utensils that contain the milk, the cream, the butter, are pure "as snows thrice bolted in the northern blast." In the midst, a little machine, answering the purpose of a churn, enables the ladies to manufacture half a pound of butter for their own breakfast, with an apparatus which finishes the whole process without manual operation.

"The wavy and shaded gravel-walk which encircles this Elysium, is enriched with various shrubs and flowers. It is nothing in extent, and every thing in grace and beauty, and in variety of foliage; its gravel smooth as marble. In one part of it we turn upon a small knoll, which overhangs a deep hollow glen. In its tangled bottom, a frothing brook leaps and clamours over the rough stones in its channel. A large spreading beech canopies the knoll; and a semi-lunar seat, beneath its boughs, admits four persons. A board, nailed to the elm, has this inscription:

'O cara Selva! e Fiumicello amato!'

"It has a fine effect to enter the little gothic library, as I first entered it, at the dusk hour. The prismatic lantern diffused a light gloomily glaring. It was assisted by the paler flames of the small lamps on the chimney piece; while through the opened windows, we had a darkling view of the lawn on which they look, the concave shrubbery of tall cypress, yews, laurels, and lilacs; of the woody amphitheatre on the opposite hill, that seems to rise immediately behind the shrubbery; and of the grey barren mountain which, then just visible, forms the back ground. The evening-star had risen above the mountain; the airy harp loudly rung to the breeze, and completed the magic of the scene.

"You will expect that I say something of the enchantresses themselves, beneath whose plastic wand these peculiar graces arose. Lady Eleanor is of middle height, and somewhat beyond the *embonpoint* as to plumpness; her face round and fair, with the glow of luxuriant health. She has not fine features, but they are agreeable; enthusiasm in her eye, hilarity and benevolence in her smile. Exhaustless is her fund of historic and traditionary knowledge, and of every thing passing in the present eventful period. She has uncommon strength and fidelity of memory; and her taste for works of imagination, particularly for poetry, is very awakened, and she expresses all she feels with an ingenious ardour, at which the cold-spirited beings stare. I am informed that both these ladies read and speak most of the modern languages. Of the Italian poets, especially of Dante, they are warm admirers.

"Miss Ponsonby, somewhat taller than her friend, is neither slender nor otherwise, but very graceful. Easy and elegant, yet pensive, is her address and manner:

"Her voice, like lovers watch'd, is kind and low."

"A face rather long than round; a complexion clear, but without bloom, with a countenance which, from its soft melancholy, has peculiar interest. If her features are not beautiful, they are very sweet and feminine. Though the pensive spirit within permits not her lovely dimples to give mirth to her smile, they increase its sweetness, and, consequently, her power of engaging the affections. We see through their vale of shading reserve, that all the talents and accomplishments which enrich the mind of Lady Eleanor, exist with equal powers in this, her charming friend."

A later writer, Miss Hutton, who visited Llangollen in 1816, gives the following additional particulars of these fair recluses; "All that I have heard of the ladies of Llangollen Vale is, that they were two young Irish women of noble families, who entered into a solemn renunciation of the male part of their species, vowed an eternal friendship for each other, eloped from their friends, and after roving about some time in search of a situation to their mind, settled in the vicinity of Llangollen. The cottage they found built to their hands, and they rent it at £20 a year, but they have expended a great deal of money in improvements. The neatness of the inside is such as exceeds belief, and every part of it is ornamented in a manner which could only be contrived and executed by women of the most elegant taste, who had no other employment.

"No man is ever admitted to speak to the ladies, but their relations, and their gardener, who is a married man, and does not live in the house. They frequently receive visits from female friends, and Miss Seward has been of the number, but they never lodge any body. Their domestics are two women servants, and one they brought with them, who is their housekeeper, and on whom the ladies bestow such a portion of their esteem, that to affront her is to offend them. They are fond of their garden, and an idea of their neatness may be formed from its being confidently asserted, though it is not true, that *their walks are swept with a hair broom.* I was told by a gentleman who went over the house some years ago, that a curious box, covered with white satin and embroidery, was seen in the dining-room, and, on undrawing the curtain, an old, fat, lame, lap dog, appeared as the inhabitant; and I am now informed that Fidèle has paid the debt of nature, and his tomb is shown to strangers in the garden. Persons who have families, and live in the world, may laugh at this; to me it is very natural. Women must do something with their affections; and what they had to spare from each other, and their maid, could not, in their situation, be better bestowed, than on an animal that was sensible of their caresses, and returned their attachment.

THE TAVERN.

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Whate'er its changes may have been,
May sigh to think that he has found
His warmest welcome at an inn." GAY.

"Blest as the mortal Gods is he," the youth, who, without the effort of using his own limbs, protected from the earth beneath and the skies above, is rapidly whirled in a close carriage to the ever open and hospitable door of a good tavern. Before the footman or coachman can descend, for the jaunty swing of the private chariot or the rattling jolt of a hackney-coach are welcomed with equal deference, half a dozen waiters rush from the house, the steps are lowered with all the celerity that is consistent with the prevention of noise, elbows are respectfully tendered to the descending visitant; a bowing procession ushers him into the spacious illuminated refectory, and the lady at the bar bows to him as he passes with a smile, that, while it preserves the dignity due to her presiding station, seems to say,—"Thrice welcome to all that my house contains—the longer you stay the more you revel, the greater your waste and devastation the more acceptable will be your august presence."—Her's are not the complimentary hyperboles of the Persian, who goes to the outskirts of the city and exclaims to every traveller—"Deign to accept of Shiraz and all its dependencies"—No; her heart does not belie her looks; where she in Madame de Genlis's Palace of Truth, she would not alter a phrase, nor unbend a single smile. Amid a world of deceit, her benign looks are bent upon her new inmate with an absolute integrity of sincerity; nor are her numerous servants less cordial, emulous, and reverent. Is it winter, the guest's great coat and hat are taken from him and cautiously suspended; one excites the fire into a cheerful and blazing recognition of his presence, while another spreads a skreen before the door that "the airs of heaven may not visit him too roughly." Is it summer, the blinds are pulled down that he may be sheltered from the sun, and the window thrown open that he may be fanned by the cooling breezes, while a paper is placed before him containing the very latest news from each extremity of the earth, to prepare which for his morning's perusal, many fellow-creatures of great technical skill, and some of intellectual eminence, have been sleepless all night. By the side of this record, submitting the events of the wide world to his perusal, is placed the bill of fare, tendering the productions of the universe to his palate. The four elements, the four seasons, the four quarters of the earth are ransacked and laid under contribution for his instant gratification. The wishes of Cinderella, however wild and extravagant, were not more promptly realized; the cap of Fortunatus and the wand of Harlequin are less magical than his enchanted finger. He points, and the depths of the sea yield him up their tenants; the air surrenders its feathered rarities; earth pours out its cornucopia at his feet; and fire, like a ministering spirit, waits to receive his orders for their concoction. Mankind seems to be at his disposal not less than the animal and vegetable world. How many weary months have the crew of an East Indiaman been shut out from the sight of land, how many storms have they encountered, to bring home that pickle of which he swallows a mouthful

not to gratify but promote hunger, that he may devour some production, imported at equal cost from another hemisphere. Lives more valuable, perhaps than his own, may have been sacrificed to pamper his appetite. Some fishermen's boats may have perished in the night storm before that turbot was torn from the raging billows; the poacher may now lie mangled or dead, who stole that pheasant from the preserve; and the glass he is lifting to his lips may be blushing with the blood of the smuggler. Those who do not die for him seem to live for him; from the snow covered hunter of the North to the sun burnt vintager of the South, all offer up to him the sacrifice of their toils and dangers.

Nor is it only in this remote worship that he is undergoing a living apotheosis. The waiters bow down before him:—a present Deity the walls resound, and even the subterranean cooks, scullions, and kitchen-maids, though they do not chaunt hymns with their lips, enact them with their hands; they talk with their fingers and digitate quotations from Shakspeare—"Laud we the gods, and let our crooked smoke climb to their nostrils."

How delightful the contrast of all this heartfelt homage,—this perfect and spotless candour of hospitality, with the hollow, sordid, and treacherous professions of the world, the lip-love of rivals, the warm words and cold looks of pretended friends; the Judas-like salutations of those who contract their hearts while they extend their arms; the falsehood of relations, who, while they wish us many happy new years, are secretly pining for our death; the duplicity of acquaintance, who are delighted to see us, and wish us at the devil; the forbidding looks of the wife if we go uninvited to dinner; the broad hints of the husband if we protract our visit beyond the stipulated day; the scowl of the servants whresoever and whensoever we are doomed to accept of their bad offices.—Enthroned in a tavern chair, we seem to have dominion over mind as well as matter; to command the hearts as well as the hands of our species: thus uniting the charities and affections that delight the soul, with all the luxuries and gratifications that can recreate the sense.

And who is the happy individual whose presence commands this species of instant adoration from all things animate and inanimate? Is it the prodigal son, for whose unexpected return hecatombs of fatted calves are to be slain? Is it some benefactor of his race, some patriot or hero, some grandee or sovereign of the country? Far from it. Any obscure, or absolutely unknown individual may enjoy this temporary deification if he have but a few circular pieces of metal in his pocket. I question whether the advantages of the social system are ever concentrated into a more striking point of illustration; or the supremacy, the omnipotence of gold ever more undeniably manifested; than in this accumulation of power, by which the whole range of nature, with all its varieties and enjoyments, is converged into the narrow space of one room and one hour, and placed at the absolute disposal of the humblest individual in society.

So much homage and luxury, alike flattering to the spirit and the sense, form a dangerous possession to those who are now habituated to their enjoyment. A gentleman, in the enlarged sense of that word, will have comprehension enough of intellect to distinguish between substance and the accidents of human nature; he will know to what fortuitous circumstances his own elevation is attributable; and will never for a moment forget that a general urbanity and courteousness are the distinctive

attributes of his character. There is an autocratical gentleman of a very different discription, whose patent is in his pocket, and who, as if conscious of his total want of all other claims to respect, seems determined to evince that he possesses all the wealth that can be typified by arrogance and coarseness. As he swaggers into the room, making the floor resound with his iron heels, he stares at the company with an air that seems to be shaking his purse in their faces. The brass in his own is Corinthian; it is a mixture of other metals in which gold seems to predominate, and the precious compound actually appears to exude from every pore of his body. Swelling with self-importance, he gives the bell a violent pull; summons attention with a loud authoritative voice; puffs out the breath from his inflated cheeks, and might almost burst with the tumour of consequence, had he not the waiter on whom to vent the superflux of his humours. As to the system of equivalents, reducing the relation between himself and the landlord to one of simple barter or exchange, he understands it not. He is lavishing his money of his own free will and bounty, and has surely a right to take out the full value in insolence. Nothing is so genteel as fastidiousness; he abuses every thing, pretends to be poisoned with the viands, turns up his nose at the wines, wonders where the devil such trash was brewed, and thinks to obtain credit for a familiarity with more exalted modes of life by undervaluing the miserable luxuries of a tavern, although an inference diametrically opposite would be much nearer to the truth. In addressing the waiter his tone varies from downright brutality to a mock and supercilious civility; though he is generally most delighted when he turns him into ridicule, and converts him into a butt for the exercises of his clumsy wit.

The object of his horse play, and rude raillery, is himself, not unworthy of observation. As the butcher generally becomes fat and florid by inhaling the odours of raw flesh in the open air, the waiter commonly exhibits a stunted growth and sodden complexion from battening on the steam of dressed victuals in a close coffee room. Not unfrequently his shin bone assumes a projecting curve, his sallow face expresses shrewdness, selfishness, and a fawning imperturbable submission to every indignity.—Aware of the necessity for some indisputable distinction between himself and such gentlemen as we have been describing, the rogue, with a sly satire, scrupulously condemns his legs to white cotton stockings, and is conscientious not to appear without a napkin beneath his arm. The difference is merely external; his is indeed the "meanness that soars and pride that licks the dust," but it has the same source as the haughty vulgarity of his insulter. He looks to the final shilling or half crown, although it will be cast to him with an air that converts generosity itself into an offence. That is *his* pride of purse; and I know not which is the most revolting, the arrogant or the abject manifestation of the same feeling.

"They order these things better in France," and the interior economy and regulation of our taverns might, in many respects, be bettered by an imitation of our Gallic neighbours. No Parisian enters their public dining-rooms without taking off his hat, and bowing to the presiding deity of the bar. Taking his place in silence, and perusing the closely printed folio *Carte* with a penetration proportioned to its bewildering diversity, he finally makes his selection, writes down the articles of his

choice, and the quantity of each, so as to prevent all mistakes; upon slips of paper deposited upon every table for that purpose, hands the record to an attendant, and betakes himself patiently to a newspaper until his orders appear before him in all their smoking and edible reality. There is rarely any calling of the waiter, and there are no bells to ring, the number and activity of the attendants generally rendering both processes unnecessary. If occasionally absent, the edge of a knife tapped against a wine glass forms a fairy bell quite sufficient to summon them to their posts, although I could never divine by what auricular sympathy they recognize the chime of every table. Shortly after dinner the guests call for coffee, and betake themselves, with a valedictory bow, to their own avocations or the theatres in winter, to a promenade, or a chair in some of the public gardens if it be summer. Ladies of the first respectability are habitual diners at the restaurateurs, contributing, as might be expected, to the perfect decorum of the assemblage, and even (as might *not* be expected) to its silence. Surely some of these coffee house amenities might be beneficially imported, especially the temperance, in a country where wine, instead of six or eight shillings, costs exactly that number of pence per bottle. I recommend to my countrymen that this "be in their flowing cups remembered."

"I tell thee Launcelot when thou art in love thou shalt write Sonnets, they are Cupid's Messengers."
OLD PLAY.

To C.—M.—

'Twere false to say my heart e'er felt
For any what it feels for thee,
Though often at Love's shrine I've knelt,
None ever were so dear to me.

Though love's wild fire play'd round my brow,
In youth and passion's earlier day,
It never reached my heart 'till thou
Beloved girl came o'er my way.

Though oft mine eyes on beauty fell
And sparkled with a seeming flame,
Their roving glances ne'er could tell,
The feelings which to THEE they name.

No! 'tis the fix'd and steadfast gaze
Those lingering looks which fall from me,
'Tis then my soul in secret strays
And offers up its vows to thee.

THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

GEORGE III.

CROYDON VOLUNTEERS.

As the volunteer corps of the metropolis and its neighbourhood were once passing in review before the King on Wimbledon Common, the officer who carried the colours of the Croydon corps was so taken up with gazing on his majesty, that he forgot to pay the usual compliment of lowering the colours. Some time after his majesty happened to be passing through a town in Kent, where a corps of volunteers was on permanent duty; and the captain's guard having turned out, in honor of his majesty, "What corps—what corps?" asked his majesty. The officer answered, "The Croydon Volunteers, may it please your majesty." "Ah! ah! replied his majesty, smiling, "the Croydon Volunteers: I remember them well at Wimbledon. You came off with FLYING COLOURS that day."

VISIT TO THE NORE.

After the famous victory at Camperdown, his majesty went down to the Nore to see the captured Dutch men of war. On this occasion one of the Lords of the Admiralty, who attended the King, suffered sadly from the "billowy motion." His majesty could not help being greatly diverted with the circumstance. "What! what!" said he; "a lord of the NAVY board SEA sick! strange, very strange!"

THE KING'S MUNIFICENCE.

During his majesty's illness in 1789, a committee was appointed to examine the state of the privy purse; when out of an income of £60,000 per annum, it was found that his majesty never gave away less than £14,000 a year in *charity!*

THE BAR.

HARDSHIP OF ARREST.

In an action of debt, tried before Lord Mansfield at sittings at Guildhall, the defendant, a merchant of London, complained with great warmth to his lordship of the indignity which had been put upon him by the plaintiff, in causing him to be arrested, not only in the face of day, but in the Royal Exchange, in the face of the whole assembled credit of the metropolis. The Chief Justice stopped him with great composure, saying, "Friend, you forget yourself; YOU were the defaulter in refusing to pay a just debt; and let me give you a piece of advice worth more to you than the debt and costs. Be careful in future not to put it in any man's power to arrest you for a just debt in public or in private."

A LAST INTERVIEW.

Mr. Wallace, and Dunning, (Lord Ashburton,) both very eminent lawyers, were by accident in the same inn at Bagshot, a short time before Ashburton's decease. The one was on his way to Devonshire and the other returning to London. Both of them were conscious that their recovery from the disorders under which they laboured was desperate; they expressed a mutual wish to enjoy a last interview with each other. For that purpose they were carried into the same apartment, laid down on two sofas nearly opposite, and remained together for a long time in conversation. They then parted, as men who could not hope to meet again in this world, and died within a few months of each other.

SENATE.

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

Few events ever created so great a schism in the British Parliament, as the French Revolution; it was then that a band of orators, patriots, and statesmen, who seemed inseparable, became dissevered, and that those who had so long opposed, now joined, the administration of the day.—It was not, however, till the debate on the King's Proclamation against seditious publications, in May, 1792, that the whig Lords, in the House of Peers, exhibited some symptoms of political approximation with the Ministers of the Crown.

On this occasion, His present Majesty, then Prince of Wales, who had been considered as adverse to the administration, declared, that "he considered the present Proclamation as an interference of government, highly necessary to the preservation of order, and the security of our most admired constitution. Educated," continued his royal highness, "as I have been in its principles; conceiving it, as I do, to be the most sacred bequest from our ancestors; I hold it a duty incumbent upon myself, and every noble lord, to come forward and support the proper measures for its defence. The matter at issue is, in fact, whether the constitution is, or is not, to be maintained; whether the wild ideas of *theory* are to conquer the wholesome maxims of established practice; and whether those laws, under which we have flourished for such a series of years, are to be subverted by a reform unsanctioned by the people."—The Prince concluded an able and eloquent speech, which made a great impression on the House, by the following memorable declaration.—"I exist by the love, the friendship, and the benevolence of the people, and their cause I will never forsake as long as I live."

BEING IN THE SECRET.

When Lord North announced his resignation, and that of his colleagues, in the House of Commons, the members expecting a very long debate, had ordered their carriages to return for them at two, three, or four o'clock in the morning; but his Lordship's declaration rendering any discussion unnecessary the House immediately broke up in an evening unusually wet and tempestuous. Lord North's coach was waiting at

the door; and as that good-humoured nobleman passed through the lobby, he found those who had turned him out of office, huddled in crowds, both in the lobby and passage looking in vain for servants to call vehicles to take them home; they immediately made a lane for the retiring premier, who bowed pleasantly to the right and left, and mounting the steps of his carriage, said, "Adieu, gentlemen, you see it is an excellent thing to be in the secret."

LORD SHEFFIELD.

During the short but eventful reign of fanaticism in London, in 1780, Lord George Gordon, whose conduct at this period can only be conceived by those who are aware what bigotry can atchieve, used to leave his seat in the House of Commons, and go out to the people assembled in the lobby, in order to tell them partially, who were speaking, and what was at that moment doing in the House.

On one occasion in which Lord George was thus indulging himself and his bigoted followers, Colonel Holroyd, afterwards Lord Sheffield, fearing least such inflammatory conduct might lead to the most dangerous excesses, seized hold of his lordship, and said, hitherto, my lord, I have imputed this behaviour to madness only; but now I am fully convinced that it arises rather from malicious disposition. One thing, however, let me observe, that if by your conduct the safety of any member of the House is endangered, or that one of them receives a single insult, I shall consider your Lordship as the cause, and (at the same time laying his hand on his sword) shall take care that you answer it with your life." This threat had the desired effect: Lord George returned to his seat in the House, and gave no further encouragement to his partizans to follow him to the House of Commons.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

Richard Cromwell, when nearly eighty years of age was brought to London as a witness in a civil suit, tried at Westminister Hall. After the trial was over, he had the curiosity to go into the House of Lords, which was then sitting. While he stood at the bar, it was whispered about that the once supreme head of the state was present; on which, Lord Bathurst went to the bar and conversed freely with the ex-protector of the commonwealth, for some time. Among other things, he asked Mr. Cromwell how long it was since he had been in that House?—"Never, my lord," answered Richard, "since I sat in that chair," pointing to the throne.

It is said that when Mr. Cromwell was in Court on the trial above alluded to, the counsel for the opposite party reviled the good and inoffensive old man, with the crimes of his father; but was reproved by the Judge who, mindful of his former greatness, ordered a chair to be brought for him, and caused him to sit covered.

To the honour of Queen Ann, she, on hearing of the circumstance commended the Judge for his conduct.

BEING ASTONISHED.

Immediately after a division of the House of Commons, on a motion of Mr. Fox, Sir George Young, who had been absent the whole day,

came down to the House very full of the grape. Whether it was to make amends for having played the truant, or whatever other motive, is doubtful; but nothing could prevent him from attempting to speak on the honourable member's second motion; beginning with "I am astonished," he could proceed no farther. The House, however, did not discover the Baronet until he had repeated the word astonished, seven times at least; to which, adding three or four more repetitions, the House was in a roar of laughter. The Baronet appealed to the Speaker who pleasantly asked what he would have him do? The honourable member grew warm at this, and declared he would not give up the word, "for," says he, "I am really astonished, Mr. Speaker;" and was proceeding, until finding the laughther of the House too strong for his obstinacy, he was induced, by the advice of his friends, after having mentioned the word *astonished*, a dozen times, to change it for *surprised*; by which time, having entirely forgotten what he intended to say, he sat down.

FINE ARTS.

PROVOKING EXPOSURE.

It was an usual custom with the English painters at Rome, to meet in the evenings for conversation, and frequently to make little excursions together in the country. On one of those occasions, on a summer's afternoon, when the season was particularly hot, the whole company threw off their coats, as being an incumbrance to them, except poor Astley (a fellow pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds with Hudson,) who alone showed great reluctance to take off his; this seemed unaccountable to his companions, when some jokes made on his singularity, at last obliged him to take off his coat also. The mystery was then explained, for it appeared that the back of his waistcoat was made, by way of economy, out of one of his own pictures, and thus displayed a tremendous waterfall on his back, to the great diversion of all present.

DAVID.

It is related of the French painter, David, that he attended the execution of his friends, Danton and Camille Desmoulins, as a spectacle connected with his improvement in the art of painting; and that at the time of the massacre of the prisoners at La Force, in September, 1792, he was composedly making sketches from the dying and the dead. Reboul asked him what he was doing? He cooly replied, "I am catching the last convulsions of nature in these scoundrels."

INVETERATE HABITS.

Chatelaine, a man of considerable taste and talent, was employed by Mr. Toms, and etched and engraved for him at one shilling an hour; but he was so idle and dissipated, that at the expiration of the first half hour he frequently demanded his sixpence, and retired to a neighbouring alehouse to spend it.

POETRY.

THE MINIATURE.

Afar from native plain and grove,
To smoothe my unforgetful brow,
Fair lineaments of her I love!
Ye are my only solace now!

I cast mine eyes around, and feel
That far my steps are doomed to range;
But when a glance to thee I steal,
I know my heart can never change.

As Eastern Pilgrim, from the streams
Of childhood distant many a mile,
Toils through the desart, while his dreams
Repose on Mecca all the while;

So I, amid the tempest's jar
Revert to thee a longing eye,
The loveliest and the brightest star
In Retrospection's glowing sky.

In sorrow I have wandered long,
And sown in hope to reap in grief,
And found, amid the busy throng,
That care is much and pleasure brief.

To look upon thy shade again,
On thee, in all the pride of yore,
Awakens visions worse than vain,
And dreams that long are past and o'er!

It stirs the thoughts of happy years,
With silver pace in silence flown,
Beyond the reach of prayer and tears,
For ever perished, past, and gone;

Before, with sacrilegious strife,
The world had ruined simple joy,
And all the loveliness of life,
Had left the man that ruled the boy.

The world is changed—our hearts are changed,
Since long ago we met and loved;
And hopes are sunk, and joys estranged,
That then in ardent glory moved.

The brightest meed that earth bestows,
Though yielded now, were nought to me;
For proffered worlds, I would not lose
A single thought that turns to thee!

To see thee once again—to hear
The accents of thine angel tongue—
The sight—the sounds to memory dear,
When hope was warm, and life was young—

To sit with thee, as I have sate—
To con to thee some touching tale,
And mark how lovers' luckless fate
Could o'er thy tender heart prevail—

To roam with thee the flowery glade,
What time the Evening Star on high
Gleamed o'er the twilight forest's shade,
And caught thy rapture-beaming eye—

It may not be—it may not be;
Yet shall it sooth this cheerless scene,
Beloved shade! to dote on thee,
And all the pleasures that have been! A.

THE SLAVE.

From Western India's fertile soil
Before the eternal throne,
Sigh'd out by thousands as they toil,
Ascends the Negroes' groan.

Beyond the Andes' snowy bound,
In rich Potosi's mines,
Immur'd beneath the cavern'd ground,
The wretched bondsman pines.

And where the dark Levantine wave
Assails the Lybian shore,
In bitter toil the galley slave
Still labours at the oar.

From every clime beneath the skies,
Profaned by Slavery's chain;
The prayers of captive millions rise,
And shall they plead in vain?

Shall man, of little power possess'd,
His fellow worm enthral?
And rudely from his brother wrest
A blessing given to all?

Yes, thus it is, yet not unpaid
His tyranny prevails:
And all his barbarous deeds are weigh'd
In heaven's unerring scales.

And when the dark and silent grave,
Its gloomy jaws shall close;
And the stern master, and his slave,
Alike in dust repose;

Each bursting sigh, each bitter tear,
Each bosom's tortur'd beat,
Shall then, in black array, appear
Before the judgement seat.

Then tremble, tyrant of the day,
And shudder at thy doom,
For know, vain man, thy little sway
Is ended in the tomb.

That home the wretched Slave implores,
A tenement of rest;
That leads him to those smiling shores,
The Islands of the blest!

THE BARD'S SONG TO HIS DAUGHTER.

O Daughter dear, my darling child,
Prop of my mortal pilgrimage,
Thou who hast care and pain beguiled,
And wreathed with Spring my wintry age,—
Through thee a second prospect opes
Of life, when but to live is glee,
And jocund joys, and youthful hopes,
Come thronging to my heart through thee.

Backward thou lead'st me to the bowers
Where love and youth their transports gave;
While forward still thou strewest flowers,
And bidst me live beyond the grave;
For still my blood in thee shall flow,
Perhaps to warm a distant line,
Thy face, my lineaments shall show,
And e'en my thoughts survive in thine.

Yes, Daughter, when this tongue is mute,
This heart is dust—these eyes are closed,
And thou art singing to thy lute
Some stanza by thy Sire composed;
To friends around thou may'st impart
A thought of him who wrote the lays,
And from the grave my form shall start,
Embodied forth to fancy's gaze.

Then to their memories will throng
Scenes shared with him who lies in earth,
The cheerful page, the lively song,
The woodland walk, or festive mirth;
Then may they heave the pensive sigh
That friendship seeks not to control,
And from the fix'd and thoughtful eye
The half unconscious tears may roll:—

Such now bedew my cheek—but mine
Are drops of gratitude and love,
That mingle human with divine,
The gift below, its source above.—
How exquisitely dear thou art
Can only be by tears exprest,
And the fond thrillings of my heart,
While thus I clasp thee to my breast.

H.

(New Monthly Magazine.)

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

During the last month, a very promising attempt has been made to restore the ballet to its ancient glories and popularity. A new grand ballet has been composed and produced by M. St. Aumer, entitled 'Alfred the Great." It was first played in three acts, but has since been most judiciously curtailed to two.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Mrs. Ogilvie appeared on the 10th, for the first time, in the character of lady Constance, in the tragedy of King John. There is not, perhaps, a part in the whole range of the drama, which requires more powerful energies and more marked discrimination.

Mrs. Ogilvie is unquestionably an actress of considerable talent, and gave most of the principal passages with great feeling and judgment.—To say that she is the best Constance on the stage, is to hazard little; for since the 'dimming of our shining star,'—since the retirement of that perfection of the art, Mrs. Siddons, from the scene—the character had been destitute of a representative. Mrs. Ogilvie's figure is striking, and her countenance sufficiently matronly and expressive; but her voice, though pleasing, wants the extension and pathos necessary to enforce the lofty sentiments of the poet;—

> 'To me, and to the state of my great grief,
> Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
> That no supporter but the huge firm earth
> Can hold it up; here I and sorrow sit;
> Here is my throne—bid kings come bow to me.'

This passage demands a grandeur of deportment, a dignity of aspect, and a power of declamatory passion, which Mrs. Ogilvie does not possess. Her general performance was, however, deservedly applauded, and she must be considered as a valuable acquisition to the theatre.

Mr. Macready.—This eminent tragedian has been performing, during the last week, at the Bath theatre, where he appeared in his favourite and powerful character of *Virginius*. The following remarks upon his performance are from a Bath Paper:—"Any critical dissertation on the admired and acknowledged excellence of this first of tragedians would, from the few moments we have between his performance on Saturday evening and the printing of our paper, be impossible; yet circumstanced as we are, we cannot avoid declaring that he sustained the character of *Virginius* with an intensity of feeling and a force of conception that surpassed, highly surpassed our expectations. His touches of affection are at once simple and inimitable: he is quiet, yet energetic—bursting, yet tearful; in short, he is the very man our imagination would form, that our most enthusiastic feelings would depict—he is Mr. Macready, and his reputation is deserved—his popularity thoroughly merited."

VARIETIES.

HIS MAJESTY'S CORONATION.

An account of the money expended at his Majesty's Coronation, stating the amount, under the several heads, expended, and from what sources the money was supplied:—

Lord Steward, Expenses attending the Banquet,	£25,184	9	8
Lord Chamberlain, for the Furniture and Decorations of Westminster Abbey, and Westminster Hall; for providing the Regalia; for Dresses, &c. of the persons attending and performing various duties,	111,172	9	10
Master of the Horse, for the Charger for the Champion,	118	18	6
Master of the Robes, for his Majesty's Robes, &c.	24,704	8	10
Surveyor General of Works, for fitting up Westminster Abbey, and Westminster Hall, Platforms, &c.	50,367	9	1
W. D. Fellowes, Esq. Secretary to his Majesty's Great Chamberlain, for expenses incurred,	2,500	0	0
Hire of the Theatres,	3,504	15	0
Master of the Mint, for Medals,	4,770	5	4
Sir Geo. Naylor, for Expenses in the Earl Marshal's Department,	2,500	0	0
Sir Geo. Naylor, towards the Publication of the Account of the Ceremony,	3,000	0	0
Deputy Earl Marshal, usual Fee,	800	0	0
Sir R. Baker, Expense of Police,	981	18	10
Sir T. Tyrwhitt, for Messengers and Door-keepers House of Lords,	173	2	6
Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, for Snuff Boxes for Foreign Ministers,	8,205	15	0
Earl of Kinnoul, on account of Pursuivants and Heralds in Scotland,	254	7	7
	£238,238	0	2

Note—A few Claims are still unsettled, the amount probably not exceeding	£1,000	0	0
Paid out of the Sum voted by Parliament, in the Session 1820,	£100,000	0	0
Paid out of Money received from France on Account of pecuniary Indemnity, under Treaty, Anno 1815,	138,238	0	2
	£238,238	0	2

Whitehall Treasury Chambers,
May 27, 1823.

J. C. HERRIES.

Mr. Green's Ascent.

Mr. Green has published a narrative, of which the following is an extract:

"At a quarter before eight o'clock I again entered the car amidst the doubts and fears of a most respectable and numerous assemblage, but they were instantly dispelled by my gradual ascent in an eastward direction, amidst the acclamations of assembled thousands. I was afraid of coming in contact with the tower in Hackney churchyard, which I passed within a very few yards, but avoided it by throwing out a quantity of ballast. Several persons on the top of the tower were so very near to me as to put out their hands to shake hands with me. I could not possibly refrain from laughing at the circumstance, and they cheered me loudly as I passed. After I had thrown out the ballast, I ascended rapidly, and reached an elevation of at least two miles and a half, where I found it so intensely cold, that my fingers were paralyzed. I passed over the left of Hackney Wick, the lead-mills in the marshes, Laytonstone, Barking Side, part of Epping-forest, and to the left of Rumford; and I descended in a clover-field belonging to Mr. Staines, at Nore-hill, four miles northward of Rumford. My fall was so very easy, having checked the accelerated velocity of the descent by the continued discharge of ballast, that I came to the ground without receiving the least shock or concussion. The appearances that I witnessed during my voyage (it having been made at a different time of the day from any other of my aerial excursions) vary greatly from those I had previously observed. The sun was setting at the time I entered the clouds, and the reflection of its rays variegated them, and gave to some of them the similitude of red vapour. The appearance of the River Thames, which on my former ascent resembled a sheet of polished metal, now was obscured from my view by a mass of clouds or vapour rolling over it; the land on each side of it at the same time appearing very distinct. Epping Forest, as I passed over one part of it, appeared of a triangular form, and resembled a coppice covering two acres of land, the trees of which did not appear to my visual organs to be higher than gooseberry-bushes. I mention this to explain a statement made by Captain Sowden, who passed over the same forest with a balloon, in company with M. Garnerin, "That although Epping Forest did not appear larger than a gooseberry-bush, he could distinctly see the ruts and furrows in the fields. I have no doubt but that gentleman mistook cross-roads and lanes for ruts and furrows, which any person on a first ascent would be likely to do; and I conceive that his observation as to the gooseberry-bush referred merely to the height of the trees." The beauties of the various scenes—the diversified appearances of the earth, occasioned by the setting of the sun—and the immense horizon which my sight compassed, surpassed every thing I had previously witnessed on my former ascents at an earlier period of the day; and I certainly should have gratified myself by remaining up much longer, had I not pledged myself to return, if possible, to Hackney, the same night; but which I was prevented from effecting, by being detained by Mr. Staines, who, very illiberally as I conceived, forcibly seized my balloon, because some trifling injury had been done to his clover by persons who ran into the field to witness my descent, and whose natural curiosity induced them to witness a close inspection of the aeronautical machine.

"Goswell-street, June 4. "CHARLES GREEN."

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

Europe.

Great Britain and Ireland.—In so far as regards the present unnatural war between France and Spain, His Majesty's Government seem resolved, beyond the smallest expectation to the contrary, to maintain that strict and undeviating neutrality which was first promulgated in His Majesty's speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament in the beginning of March last, and subsequently declared from time to time by Ministry in their respective places in the Senate—which has been homologated by various votes of the Majority of both houses on questions brought forward by the opposition relative to the propriety of this neutrality, considering the *principle* upon which France has interfered with the internal affairs of Spain. Whether the sentiments of Ministers, on this point, have been generally approved of throughout the country, we are not prepared decidedly to say; but from the agricultural distresses which have lately been experienced by all classes of farmers—which must on all occasions render the taxes burdensome, if not oppressive—we are inclined to think, that, whatever may be the individual opinion prevailing in the Provinces relative to what has been termed "the French Aggression," the conduct of government, in abstaining from a state of precarious and expensive warfare, has upon the whole the sanction of the majority of the people. While the measures of a Ministry are thus approved of, it is impossible that they can be either injurious, far less dangerous to the country. Indeed, it never could be said to form the smallest hope on the part of the Constitutional Government of Spain, that Great Britain would take an active share in the struggles of that country; and the amount of her expectations never exceeded the wish, that the policy of the former country might, consistently with her national honour and her connection with other foreign states, render *neutrality* the basis of her conduct. These expectations Great Britain has not hitherto disappointed; and we believe she is at this moment on as good a footing with all the Powers of the Continent of Europe, as she could possibly have been before the commencement of the war.

Ireland still continues in the most dreadful state of anarchy and outrage. It is to be feared, that the result of the late investigation in the House of Commons relative to the trials for the conspiracy in the Dublin Theatre against the life of the Lord Lieutenant, has only tended still further to aggravate the political animosities of the various parties which continually annoy the peace and happiness of this unfortunate country. On the 12th June, a violent affray took place at the fair of Maghera, in the county of Derry, between a numerous body of Orangemen and their opponents, which continued for more than two hours, the latter being driven out of the town, leaving behind them eight shot dead, and upwards of twenty wounded.

In the House of Commons, on the 21st of May, Sir James Mackintosh, after a most splendid and eloquent speech, made a motion for the improvement of the Criminal Code of England, and concluded by moving

"That it is expedient to take away the punishment of death from larceny "from houses, shops, and navigable rivers." The motion, however, was negatived by a considerable majority. Upon this subject Mr. Cranstoun, of the Scotch Bar, has said more in a few lines than any man of the age has been able to embrace in a hundred :—"The original admi- "nistration of Justice in England is, in many respects, admirable. The "Judges are pure, upright, and independent; they act with the inter- "vention of Juries ; they are subjected to the check of public opinion, "and are under the habitual control of a free press. Still it has many "imperfections of modern growth, with many relics of a barbarous age. "Many secondary offences, and some acts of petty delinquency are "erected into Capital Crimes, and the same vengeance is denounced "against the man who destroys a twig as against the assassin and un- "natural parricide. These laws, savage in their conception, are unequal "in their execution, and if the blow which is aimed at many, falls on one, "the sufferer seems the victim rather of misfortune than of punishment."

Spain.—Notwithstanding the expectations which were so sanguinely entertained by the adherents of each belligerent power at the commencement of the present war, that the contention would be but of short duration, either by the complete subjugation of the Constitutionalists of Spain, or the total annihilation of the French immediately upon their entrance into Spain, the external features of affairs are still far from evincing a speedy termination to the war. The French army entered Madrid on the 23d of May, without experiencing the smallest resistance on the part of the inhabitants—the Spanish Commander in Chief DE L'ABISBAL, having evacuated the city the preceding night, with his little army, and retired upon the Tagus to avoid falling in with the enemy. This man has been accused of disaffection to the Constitutional government, because, in a correspondence with Count Montijo, a fellow-general, he ventured to propose,—1st, That the Constitution should be amended ; 2d, That the King should be set at liberty; 3d, That the present Cortes should be dissolved and a new one assembled; 4th, That he protested against foreign interference. But it does not appear that these propositions have been attended with many material consequences in adjusting the affairs of Spain either amicably or by the sword. Nor does the circumstance of their having been communicated to the other Constitutional generals show the smallest tendency on their part to swerve from the cause which they have embraced as that alone which will lead to the independence of their country. The first act of the French generalissimo, after his entry into Madrid, was the establishment of a Regency, with power to enact all manner of laws in name of the King, and to nominate and acredit Ministers at foreign Courts. The reception of the Minister despatched to Britain, it is said, will decide the fate of Spain, and is looked forward to as a matter of no small moment. A division of the French army having been sent from Madrid to Seville, where the King and the Cortes resided since the invasion of the country, and being found to approach that city in rather a rapid manner, it was deemed advisable by a great majority of the national Legislature, that the King, the Court and themselves, should forewith remove to Cadiz as a place of greater security. This resolution was communicated to the King by a Committee of the Cortes in these terms :—"Sir, the Cortes being in "permanent sitting, and having received information of the approach of

"the enemy, entreat your *Majesty to remove* with the Cortes to the Is-"land of Cadiz for the security of your sacred person and the national "representatives." His Majesty replied, that neither his conscience nor the love of eleven millions of his subjects allowed him to leave Seville. The president of the Committee rejoined, that the political conscience of his majesty was not responsible. The King only added, "*I have spoken*," and retired. After the appointment of a *Regency* by the Cortes, and some further scruples on the part of the King, His Majesty, at last, consented to proceed to Cadiz, where he and his suite arrived at half past six in the afternoon of the 16th of June. The municipal authorities of Cadiz received the King at the entrance, where the governor of the fortress delivered to him the keys of the city with the usual formalities, and he was congratulated on his arrival in the name of the inhabitants. The operations of the armies in Spain, further than we have already mentioned, are of no importance whatever.

France.—After the detail which we have given of Spanish affairs, it is impossible to find any thing in the internal state of France which can engage our attention. It is true, however, that since the "*last return*" of the Bourbons no circumstance has more forcibly tended to disorganize the public mind than the invasion of Spain. It is also true, that a great proportion of the people have hitherto gone hand in hand with the government in repelling the flood of revolutionary principles which was dreaded to descend, like a torrent, from the Pyrences upon the peaceful vineyards of France; but, from the accounts which we daily receive from this country, it is evident, that, if there still exist a spark of that dreadful conflagration which, for years, had overspread Europe with anarchy and dismay, it is now entirely smothered, never to rise, under the pressure of a better order of things—more just and equitable political privileges—more personal liberty—and far greater national prosperity in every thing that tends to improve the mind and advance the happiness of society.

Austria, Russia and Prussia.—We are assured, but we know not upon what authority, that there is no foundation for the report, that Austria was assembling an army, and that we may confidently add, that Austria, Russia and Prussia, have determined to adopt the same neutral policy, in regard to the affairs of Spain, which has regulated the conduct of British Ministers. An article from Saint Petersburg states, as certain, that the war between France and Spain will not cause any change in the harmony existing between Great Britain and Russia, and that the latter, "following the example of the Cabinet at St. James's, is resolved, "*under all circumstances*, to maintain the *strictest neutrality*." It has been reported, that some tendency to insurrection has been lately discovered in the latter country. We do not altogether believe either the extent or the danger of these internal commotions; but, if true, we must look upon them as the first feeble glimmer of a comet, which, if it ever touch the hemisphere of European politics, must be as wide in the range of its orbit, as destructive in its progress.

Greece.—The cimeter which the Greeks have shivered and almost driven out of the hand of the Mussulmen, has not yet been repaired, notwithstanding the exaggerated stories with which we are daily furnished relative to the levying of so many Mahometan armies for the purpose of overwhelming the Grecian Provinces.

PROVINCIAL JOURNAL.

The Lachine Canal.

A Canal from Montreal to Lachine had been long considered a commercial desideratum, and a foundation for improvements and facilities in internal navigation and intercourse, which were the more important and desirable, as no countries possess more natural capabilities in those respects than the Provinces of Canada.

A bill for making such a canal was proposed by one of the Members for Montreal, in the first Provincial Parliament under the present constitution. The undertaking, however, was then considered beyond the pecuniary means of the Province, and the bill did not pass, but was useful in leading people to think on the subject. Long afterwards a French engineer, from the United States, was employed by some individuals, at their own expense, to view the ground, take levels, and sketch an estimate of the expense, which were done very superficially and incorrectly. During the late war with the United States, the importance of a canal to Lachine became most striking; and it may be safely affirmed, that the extra expense of the conveyance of the government stores alone, during that war, would have sufficed for making and completing it. Sir William Robinson, the then Commissary-General, was so convinced of this, that he brought the subject under the consideration of Sir George Prevost, the governor-in-chief at that time, who sent a message to the Assembly, stating, that his Majesty's government had in contemplation the opening a canal from the neighbourhood of Montreal to Lachine, and recommending them to grant a supply to assist in carrying into execution so important an object; accordingly, the sum of £25,000 currency was voted to assist in the execution thereof, and an act of the Legislature was passed in March 1815, to give effect to that vote.

Peace with the United States having soon after followed, the immediate urgency as to government ceased, and (excepting the taking of levels by a military engineer) nothing was done under that act which remained in abeyance unrepealed; and the grant therein forms part of the fund now applying towards the execution of the present canal.

Early in 1819, the subject of the canal became a matter of so much individual anxiety as to produce a petition to the Legislature from Montreal, stating, that many of the citizens were desirous, at their own expense and charges, to make and maintain the said intended canal, and praying for the aid and authority of the Legislature for effecting the same. At this time a difference of opinion, or rather of interest, prevailed, as to the line of the canal; whether it should go to the foot of the current of Saint Mary, or only near to the present port; which was decided by adopting both. The Legislature accordingly passed an act in April, 1819, authorizing subscriptions to be made to the extent of £150,000 currency, at the rate of fifty pounds a share, and erecting the subscribers into a joint stock company for the purpose. The Governor was authorized to subscribe thereto, on behalf of the Province, not exceeding 200 shares; and the Commander of the Forces, on behalf of his Majesty, not exceed-

ing 600. The subscriptions were accordingly commenced and extended to about 1800 shares in all, including those for his Majesty and for the Province. A president and committee of management were elected, the canal company organized, and measures considered preparatory to commencing operations. So much depended, however, upon the proper execution of the work, that the committee, after full deliberation thereon, determined to procure a civil engineer from Great Britain, and to suspend all proceedings until his arrival.

A gentleman who had been long a resident in Lower Canada, and then resided in London, was employed for that purpose, with instructions to consult some of the eminent engineers thereon. Mr. Telford, then the second, and since the death of Mr. Rennie, the first in the profession in Great Britain, recommended Mr. Thomas Burnett, who was in consequence engaged and sent out as Engineer for the Canal. Those precautionary and preliminary measures consumed time, and therefore Mr. Burnett, although not long delayed after the agreement with him was made, only got here on the 19th of April, 1820. On his arrival, Mr. John Adams, a scientific sworn land surveyor, was appointed to make the survey required by the act, accompanied by the engineer, to take the levels, and determine on the lines for the canal and branch. After exploring the ground in different directions, and sounding the Saint Lawrence along the shore at Lachine, the line by the beach of that river down to opposite the turnpike road, and from thence by the Côte Saint Paul, was determined on as the main one, to continue to a point between the Saint Joseph's and Saint Antoine Suburbs, where it was to diverge—the former to cross the low ground by an embankment, and proceed through the Saint Lawrence Suburbs, and behind that of Quebec, to a point immediately below the King's Naval Store at the foot of the current Saint Mary, where it would enter the Saint Lawrence—and the branch to run from the diverging point, to join the Saint Lawrence above the present port.

Before the close of the season of 1820, it was ascertained that the subscriptions to the canal would be greatly inadequate for its completion; but had it been otherwise, as the three years allowed for that purpose by the act of 1819, would expire in April 1822, it would have been hazardous to proceed further without additional time. A petition to the Legislature was therefore presented, stating the necessity of, and praying for a prolongation of the time so limited; as also praying for some necessary amendments to the act, and for a larger subscription on behalf of the Province. In March 1821, an act was passed providing, that in case the canal should not be completed within the time limited by the act of 1819, or that the company of proprietors should relinquish their right thereto, then the £25,000 granted by the act of 1815, and the £10,000 granted in 1819, (being the amount of the 200 shares subscribed on behalf of the Province) should be applied to making the canal. In the said act of 1821, some of the amendments prayed for were adopted, but the canal was restricted to that part of the original design, comprehended in the branch near the port of Montreal: and the main line to the foot of the Current, through the Saint Lawrence Suburbs for the present abandoned, because of the apprehensions entertained, of the heavy expence, which the purchase of grounds in that line would occasion.—That act also contained a clause, authorising the passage through the

canal, of Stores and effects belonging to His Majesty, toll free, if the Commander of the Forces on the part of His Majesty's Government, should contribute £10,000 towards the undertaking. This contribution to the canal has been made.

A meeting of the proprietors having been convened by the Committee of Management, to take the act of 1821 into consideration, they unanimously resolved to relinquish their right to making the canal, upon condition of being reimbursed the parts of the subscriptions respectively paid, and also of their engagements entered into for the execution of the work being assumed; which conditions being acceded to, their said right was relinquished accordingly, and the undertaking became the property of the Province.

The functions of the Committee of Management, under the act of 1819, having thus ceased, commissioners for executing the canal were appointed by his Excellency the Governor in Chief under the act of 1821, and proceeded to fulfil their trust. Preparatory measures being in this stage of advancement, contracts for excavation were advertised for, and finally concluded upon and entered into, with securities for the performance.—Ground was formally broken, or the first spade put into it, on the 17th day of July, 1821, (near the river St. Lawrence, at Lachine, where the regulating lock is built,) by the chairman of the commissioners in their presence, and of a large concourse of people from town and the neighbourhood of Lachine, attended by a military band of music; after which ceremony, the commissioners entertained the work people intended to be employed, and others, with a repast of substantial food, prepared from an ox dressed in various ways, and with plenty of beer. The commissioners and contractors afterwards repaired to a tavern at Lachine, where a dinner had been provided for them, and others who chose to join in it.

The work went on during the Autumn of 1821 with interruptions from wet weather, and it became a question, whether it could be continued during the winter—The severity of a Canadian one, rendered that more than doubtful, but as experience is the best of all guides, the contractors resolved on making the attempt, as if successful, it would expedite the work, and more especially provide for the subsistence of a number of hands during the rigorous season, who would otherwise be destitute, and either be obliged to disperse, or become a burthen to the inhabitants of Montreal. The experiment succeeded beyond their expectations—a good deal of work was done in a rough manner, and the plan has been continued since—One fact is extraordinary, that the frozen earth removed in winter, and deposited along the banks where the ground is low, has been found more compact and less pervious to water, than the earth removed in summer and placed in a like situation.

It became a matter of serious consideration where stone fit for the Locks could be best procured. The grey stone near the mountain was judged to be excellent for the purpose, but the expense of carriage to the Lock Pits would have been excessive—The bank of the Saint Lawrence above the Lachine rapids, was explored and stone of the most durable quality fortunately discovered near the Indian Village at Caughnawaga. A contract was accordingly made for that stone, whereby a very considerable saving in the expence of carriage will accrue, by reason that the conveyance thereof can be made by water to Lachine, and thence progressively along the canal, as the Locks in succession are finished.

In the year 1822 considerable progress was made, although impeded in the spring by high water, and in summer by heavy rains inundating the excavations, as also other obstacles incident to a new undertaking of magnitude; but it became evident, that the monies granted, would not suffice to complete the work—In consequence, a petition was presented to the Legislature, representing the same, and praying for further pecuniary aid. To those unacquainted with the Ottawa River which surrounds the Island of Montreal, it may be proper to explain, that the principal cause of delay in the prosecution of the excavation, has been, from the circumstance of that River (which forms the drain of that great extent of Northern Country on this side of the height of land which divides the waters falling into Hudson's Bay from those falling into the Saint Lawrence) periodically beginning to rise early in May and continuing to do so, until near the middle of June—The height of its rise has in some places for two years past been above twenty feet perpendicular, and does not fall back to its ordinary state until September, which makes the season for efficient excavation at Lachine very short.

In March 1823, an act was passed granting £12,000, in addition to the former appropriations for the canal, as being thought sufficient for this year, and leaving to a future session what further might be requisite for its completion—The Commissioners are by that act directed to take measures for ascertaining the value of the ground through which the canal would pass, if the same were continued to the Current Saint Mary, and to report the same to the three branches of the Legislature at the next session.

The quantity of rock excavation has been unexpectedly extensive, and only requires being viewed to excite surprise at the great quantity of human labour expended in so small a compass; but this part of the canal can never need repair—Other causes have also encreased the general expence, and what has been and is doing, is calculated for durability, as a most essential quality in a great public work. At the close of this year, (1823) it is expected that the canal from its entrance into the River Saint Lawrence at Lachine, will be completed down to the Locks at the North East end of the Côte Saint Paul, with these Locks in such a state of advancement, as to admit of the masonry thereof being proceeded with early next spring. The tunnel through which the little River or River Saint Pierre is to pass under the canal, is also expected to be finished this season, and when the Locks at Côte Saint Paul shall be passable, the whole line of canal will be practicable for boats, as far as the neighbourhood of the Saint Joseph Suburbs, and leave the residue to be proceeded upon thereafter—In that residue there will be four Locks.

The canal is 28 feet wide at the bottom, and 48 at the water line, having a slope on each side of two to one, with 5 feet depth of water throughout, and 18 inches from the water line to the level of the towing path—There are to be 6 Locks, each of 100 feet in length and 20 feet opening, with a fall of about 42 feet in the whole, and a regulating Lock of same size without any fall, adjoining a basin immediately above it of greater breadth—over this Lock is a handsome stone bridge with an iron railing and elliptical arch, curved at each side, to admit of an easy approach thereto at each end—all are of masonry of a superior and most substantial description and the Lock gates are and will be of the strongest

construction—There will be three bridges of stone, two whereof over Locks, and all the others of wood, light and neat in appearance, but substantial in fact. The bridges will have an elevation of 9 feet above the surface of the water, to admit of loaded boats to pass under them, without accident or interruption from their ladings being above the gunwale.

The size of this canal as to width, depth of water, and length and breadth of Locks is greater than that of any canal in Great Britain, the Caledonian and Forth and Clyde canals excepted.

Montreal, 12th August, 1823. A. B.

Proposed Canal between Lakes Erie and Ontario.—It gives us no less pleasure than encouragement to find, that almost at the same moment in which we have commenced our own labours, in a track as new as we hope it will be useful in this part of the world, other undertakings, of the greatest importance and utility to these Provinces, have been proposed and immediately carried into execution. Among these there is scarcely one in which we feel more sincere interest than the communication which is proposed to be opened, by means of a navigable canal, between the lakes Erie and Ontario. As the promoting of commerce is the principal intention of making canals, it is natural to expect that their frequency in any country should bear some proportion to the trade carried on in it, providing the situation of the country will admit of them. The present state of the Canadas confirms this observation; and it has been the good fortune of the respectable inhabitants of the district of Niagara, to be among the first who have estimated, with a wise and patriotic feeling, the intimacy of that connection which subsists between the daily-increasing commercial importance of these Provinces, and their natural facilities for the improvement of internal navigation.

Excursion of the Governor in Chief.—On the evening of the 23d of June, his Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, accompanied by Captain Hay and Lieutenant Maule, aides-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Durnford, commanding the Royal Engineers, and Captain Parker, of the Quarter-Master General's Department, embarked on board of the Government brig Chebucto, to proceed on a visit of a few weeks, to other parts of the command. On the 3d of July, his Excellency and suite landed at HALIFAX, after a pleasant voyage of ten days. At one o'clock next day, the Members of his Majesty's Council, the High Sheriff, Magistrates, and other principal inhabitants of the town, waited upon his Excellency at the Government House, when the High Sheriff, J. I. Chipman, Esquire, had the honour of presenting a dutiful address, congratulating his Lordship upon his arrival in Nova Scotia, and assuring him that they were exceedingly gratified with that opportunity of renewing to his Lordship the sentiments of their sincere regard and attachment. The address concluded by the expression of much regret that her Ladyship, the Countess of Dalhousie, did not accompany his Lordship in the visit; and assuring him that the town of Halifax would long cherish the pleasing recollection of her Ladyship's kindness, affability and benevo-

lence. His Excellency returned a suitable and most gracious answer, and accounted for Lady Dalhousie's absence by the unfortunate illness of one of her family. Immediately after, Mr. Chipman stated, that the inhabitants were still further anxious to testify their obligations to his Lordship for the honour of his visit, and that he was requested to beg his Excellency would condescend to favour them with his company to dinner, which he most politely did. After taking a tour through the Province, his Excellency and suite returned in health and safety to Quebec, on the 12th of August.

*** *We are under the necessity of postponing a number of the articles under our Provincial head, to admit the valuable paper of A. B. upon the Lachine Canal.*

Army List.

Promotions, Appointments, &c. during the Month of May, 1823.

Brevet	Bt. Lt. Col. Fearon, from 31 F. Lt. Col. of Inf. Unattached, vice Lt. Gen. W. Dole, ret.	24 Apr. 1822
	Capt. Campbell, 1 R. Vet. Bn. Major in the Army	19 July, 1821
	—— Molesworth, Cape Corps, do	do.
2 DrGds.	R. G. Craufurd, Cor. by purch. vice C. Craufurd, ret.	17 Apr. 1823
4	Bt. Lt. Col. Ross, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Sherlock, ret.	15 May
	Capt. Hutton, Maj. by purch.	do.
	Lt. Beamish, Capt. by purch.	do.
	Cor. Fane, Lt. by purch.	do.
	Ens. Ogle, from 22 F. Cor. by purch.	do.
2 Dr.	J. Carnegie, Cor. by purch. vice Lindsey, 57 F.	17 Apr. 1823
4 Dr.	Lt. Burrows, Capt. vice Jarmy, dead	27 Sept. 1822
	Ens. Doyle, from 87 F. Lt.	do.
8	Cor. *Hon.* C. Westenra, Lt. by purch. vice Ferguson, ret.	18 Dec.
10	Cor. Brandling, Lt. by purch. vice *Earl of* Yarmouth, Cape Corps	25 Mar. 1823
	G. L. L. Kaye, Cor. by purch.	do.
13	Cor. Ellis, Lt. vice Brown, dead	5 Oct. 1822
	—— Hislop, Lt. by purch. vice Cockburn, 17 Dr.	26 Dec.
Coldst. G.	Bt. Maj. Wedderburn, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Sowerby, ret.	17 Apr. 1823
	Ens. and Lt. Short, Lt. and Capt. by purch.	do.
	Lt. and Capt. Beaufoy, Adjut. vice Wedderburn	do.
	Ens. Codrington, from 43 F. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Short	24 do.
	Ens. and Lt. Serjeantson, Lt. and Capt. by purch. vice Bligh, ret.	15 May
6 F.	Lt. Bonamy, Capt. by purch. vice Sandys, ret.	24 Jan.
	Ens. Yelverton, Lt. by purch.	17 Apr.
	W. Evre, Ens.	do.
14	Lt. Ainsworth, Capt. by purch. vice Raynsford, ret.	25 Dec. 1822
	Ens. Watson, Lt. by purch.	do.
	H. S. La Roche, Ens. vice O'Neil dead	14 Nov.
	A. Donald, do. by purch. vice Watson	25 Dec.
17	Lt. Clunie, Adj. vice Evans, ret. Adj. only	18 do.
18	—— Senior, Capt. by purch. vice Montgomery, ret.	24 Apr. 1823

23	Maj. Gen. *Sir* J. W. Gordon, *Bt. K. C. B.* from 85 F. Col. vice Gen. Grenville, dead	23 Apr.
25	R. W. Mansergh, Ens. by purch. vice Halcott, 67 F.	10 do.
30	Lt. Sullivan, Capt. vice Machell, dead	18 Nov. 1822
	Ens. Deane, Lt.	do.
	C. W. Barrow, Ens.	do.
32	F. D. Hodges, Ens. by purch. vice Power, 38 F.	17 Apr, 1823
38	Ens. Power, from 32 F. Lt. by purch. vice Monckton, 45 F.	do.
39	Lt. Smyth, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, ret.	do.
	Ens. Sturt, Lt. by purch.	do.
	J. D. Forbes, Ens. by purch.	do.
42	Ens. Clarke, Lt. vice Strange, dead	15 May
	C. K. Macdonald, Ens.	do.
43	*Hon.* G. Upton, Ens. by purch. vice Codrington, Coldst. Gds.	24 Apr.
44	Ens. Sargent, Lt. vice Twinberrow, dead	17 Nov. 1823
47	Ens. Smith, Lt. by purch. vice *Lord* Loughborough, Cape C.	17 Apr. 1823
	E. T. Smith, Ens. by purch.	do.
48	*Lord* C. J. F. Russell, Ens. by purch. vice Tucker, cancelled	8 May
57	Cor. Lindsay, from 2 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Ferrier, ret.	10 Apr.
59	Lt. Peake, from 24 F. Lt. vice Barlow, 30 F.	25 Oct. 1822
65	Maj. Dumas, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Milnes, ret.	1 May, 1823
	Capt. Clutterbuck, Maj. by purch. do.	do.
	Lt. Warren, Capt. by purch.	do.
	Ens. Widdrington, Lt. by purch.	do.
	C. Dixon, Ens. by purch.	do.
	G. Knox, Ens. by purch. vice Dixon, cancelled	15 do.
67	Ens. Halcott, from 25 F. Lt. by purch. vice Cassidy, prom.	10 Apr.
	Lt. Cassidy, Capt. vice Hall, dead	13 Nov. 1822
	—— *Adair, do.* by purch. vice Hore, prom.	23 Mar. 1823
	Ens. Brannan, Lt. vice Cassidy	13 Nov. 1822
	W. Child, Ens.	do.
	Serj. Maj. Johnston, Quar. Mast. vice Gormley, dead	8 May, 1823
	Lt. Blair, from h. p. Paym. vice Pilfold, dead	15 do.
68	Serj. Maj. Duff, Adj. and Ens. vice Hinds, dead	do.
81	Bt. Maj. Wardrop, Maj. vice Waterhouse, dead	do.
	Lt. Jenkins, Capt.	do.
85	Maj. Gen. *Sir* Herbert Taylor, *K. C. B.* Col. vice *Sir* J. W. Gordon, 23 F.	23 Apr.
91	Ens. T. G. M'Intyre, Lt. vice Smith, dead	15 Feb.
	R. W. Foskey, Ens. vice Grant, dead	23 Apr.
	D. Williamson, do. vice M'Intyre	24 do.
	Lt. Cahill, Adj. vice Buchan, res. Adj. only	do.
2 W. I. R.	Capt. Sparks, from h. p. R. African Corps, Capt.	25 Apr. 1822
Cap. C.	Major Fraser, Lt. Col.	15 May, 1823
Cav.	Lt. *Earl of* Yarmouth, from 10 Dr. Capt. by purch.	March
	Gent. Cadet E. Armstrong, from R. Mill. Coll. Cor by purch.	do.
	Cor. St. John, from 13 Dr. Lt. by purch.	8 May
	W. C. Sheppard, Cor. by purch.	do.
Inf.	Bt. Maj. *Lord* G. Lennox, from 9 Dr. Maj. by purch. vice Fraser	15 do.
R. Af. Col.	C. M. O'Meara, Ens. vice Edwards, dead	do.

ROYAL ARTILLERY.

	1st Lt. Mee, from h. p. 1st Lt. vice Willis, h. p.	3 Apr. 1823
	——Desbrisay, from h. p. 1st. Lt. vice Doyle, h. p.	1 May

HOSPITAL STAFF.

	T. R. Picton, Hosp. As. to the Forces	10 Oct. 1821
	Hosp. As. Simoens, from h. p. do. vice Cannon, h. p.	25 Apr. 1823
	Hawkins, from h. p. do vice Muir prom.	do.

GARRISON.

	Capt. Weeks, h. p. Glengary Fenc. Town Maj. of Montreal, vice Hughes, ret. full pay	11 Feb. 1825

Shipping List.

ARRIVALS AT QUEBEC—JULY 1822.

July 2. Brig Norval, Leslie, Liverpool.
Brig Briton, Reid, Hull.
Brig London, Joison, Newcastle.
July 3. Brig Albury, Cunningham, do.
Brig Invulnerable, Phelan, Newfoundland.
Brig Tyley, Byass, Liverpool.
Brig Lady Hood McKenzie, Mckenzie, Liverpool.
Brig Quebec Packet, Ditchburn, Liverpool.
Brig Countryman, Steel, Harrington.
Brig Ajax, Armstrong, Plymouth.
Brig Helena, Curry, London.
Bark Gen. Elliot, Frank, Cork.
Brig Eggerton Castle, Pettman, Newfoundland.
Brig Alexander, Sewel, Limerick.
Brig Blucher, Thomson, London.
Ship Ebro, Benechean, Hull.
Ship James, Dighton, London.
Schooner Good Intent, Chevefils,
July 4. Ship Hanah, Graham, Liverpool.
Brig Commerce, Burns, St. Vincents.
Brig Rover, Harvey, Bermuda.
July 5. Brig John Twizil, Pace, Topsham.
Bark Hamilton, Williams, Belfast.
Ship Comet, Colville, Liverpool.
Brig Earl Dalhousie, Freeman, Halifax.
July 6. Sloop Nelson, Shannon, Jamaica.
7. Brig Nimrod, Black, London.
Bark Lord Wellington, Madgin, London.
Bark Mary, Clark, Belfast.
Schr. Lively, Cunningham, Grenada.
Schr. Lady Margaret, Painchaud, Halifax.
Schr. Catharine, White, Halifax.
Schr. Susan, Melvin, H. de Grace.
Bark Maria, Williams, London.
Brig Carboncar, Taggart, Carboniere.
July 9. Brig David, Barkman, Newcastle.
Ship John Rickard, Ward, London.
Brig Mary, Watson, St. Vincents.
Brig Friends, Souter, Peterhead.
Schr. Lord McDonald, St. Johns, Newfoundland.
July 10. Brig Henry, Penris, Newry.
Brig Culloden, Leyden, St. Ubes.
Bark Thames, Richardson, London.
July 10. Brig Ld. Kinsale, Norton, Newfoundland.
11. Brig Neva, Christie, London.
13. Brig Wellington, Coates, do.
Brig Robert, Errington, Bayonne.
Brig Rocius, M'Laren, Greenock.
Schr. Chatham, Meredith, Miramichi,
Schr. Providence, Cire, Halifax.
Ship Essex, Appleton, London.
July 14. Brig Patty, Campbell, Liverpool.
Brig Norval, Pemberton, Saint Johns.
Brig Joseph and Jane, Gibson, Shields.
Schooner Margaret, Cann, Sydney.
Bark Proselyte, Smith, London.
Brig Syren, Stormont, Shields.
Brig Henry, Chasten, London.
Brig St. Helena, Elliot, do.
Brig Hazard, Howard, St. Johns.
Schr. Bonne Citoyenne, Bernier, Halifax.
July 15. Schr. Lively, Petty, Sydney.
Brig Ann, Richardson, London.
Brig Dwina, Thompson, Peterhead.
July 16. Ship Sir G. Prevost, Morrison, London.
Ship Asia, Trindal, London.
Brig Patience, Jones, Bermuda.
Brig Caspian, Durward, Newcastle.
Ship Victory, Braithwaite, London.
Ship Aurora, Pearson, Whitby.
Brig Sir J. Kempt, Coulson, Halifax.
Ship Alfred, Fithye, London.
Ship Harrison, Wales, do.
Ship Generous Planter, Wodward, London.
Brig Isabella, Booth, Sunderland.
Bark William, Spence, Portsmouth.
Bark Mint, Batten, London.
Brig Mary-Ann, Kendal, Limerick.
Brig Lord Exmouth, Barret, Plymouth.
Ship Fanny, Blair, Belfast.

Agricultural Report.

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.

JULY.

The first part of the month was occupied in dressing the potatoe fields; and since the operation has been gone through, much improvement has taken place in the general appearance of the root, where it was not destroyed by early rains. The hay harvest commenced about the 12th, since which time there have been frequent and heavy rains which have done much injury to the hay already cut, but have done much good to both the growing crops and pasture. The hay harvest has been conducted with much less expense than on former occasions, 1s 8d to 2s per arpent, being the common price for mowing. The hay of this year is not only greatly inferior to last year's crop, but much of it is not worth cutting.

Wheat, on good soil, well prepared, presents a very fine appearance; but on poor and ill prepared land, *it looks miserable.*" Nine-tenths of the lands of Lower Canada are in the latter state; and many of the Canadian farmers sow wheat in soil not fit for the reception of oats. Barley presents a superior appearance to any crop on the ground. Considerable patches have been already cut and it is colouring very fast in general, into harvest. *Oats look fresh, but short.* Straw of all kinds will be one-third less in quantity this year than last.

The horrid state of our roads demands the attention of every public spirited man; and the duties of the road officers, are, in general, performed with a sluggishness which merits the severest reprehension. Our roads are the greatest disgrace of the country; and unless some radical change is effected in regard to them, agricultural spirit and improvement must soon wholly cease.

Horticulture.

The Society have awarded the following premiums since the Tulip Show, viz:—To Mr. F. Fresne, for producing, on the 9th June, the Second Early Melon, and Early Cauliflowers. To Mr. John King, Gardener, for the first Early Pease, to Mr. P. O'Connor, for the second Early Pease, and early Potatoes, on the 20th June, and to Mr. John Donnellan, for producing the third Early Pease, 27th June.

The Pink Show was held on the 8th July, when Mr. James Kippen, Gardener to Wm. Lunn, Esq. produced the first Pink Flower, named Sherbrooke Seedling, the second named Flora, and the third, Pomona; with the third early Melon. At the same Show, the Society's premium for early Turnips was awarded to Mr. John King.

The Carnation, Ranunculus, and Anemonie show, was held on the 18th July, when the finest Carnation, named Clydesdale, was produced by Mr. J. Kippen; who also produced the second finest, named Duchess of New-Castle: the third finest, named St. Ann's, was produced by H. Corse, Esq.—The finest Ranunculus, named. Tom Tuff, was produced by Mr. R. Cleghorn, who also produced the second finest, named Elezann. The third, named Flower of Dumblane, was produced by Mr. Kippen. The finest Anemonies were also produced by Mr. Kippen, the first named Bessy Bell, the second, Mary Gray, and the third, Lord Duncan.

Montreal Price Current.

JULY 1823.

Produce of the Country.			*Imported Goods, &c.*		
Pot Ashes, 1st sort	per cwt.	32 0d a 32 6d	Rum Jamaica,	per gallon,	3s 3d a 3s 6d.
Pearl Ashes,	per ,,	33 0 a 34 0	Rum Leewards,	do.	2s 6d a 2s 8d.
Fine Flour,	per bbl.	32 6 a 35 0	Brandy Cognac,	do.	6s 0d a 7s 0d.
S. fine do.	per ,,	36 S a 37 6	Brandy Spanish,	do.	none.
Pork, (mess)	per ,,	75 0 a 80 0	Geneva Holland,	do.	4s 9d a 5s 0d.
Pork, (prime)	per ,,	55 0 a 57 6	Geneva British,	do.	none.
Beef, (mess)	per ,,	50 0 a 55 0	Port Wine,	per pipe,	£45 a £55.
Beef, (prime)	per ,,	27 6 a 30 0	do. inferior,	do.	35 a 40.
Wheat,	per minot	5 6 0 0	Madeira O. L. P.	do.	60 a 65.
Barley,	per ,,	1 8 a 1 10	Teneriffe L. P.	do.	32 10 00.
Oats,	per ,,	1 3 0 0	do. Cargo,	do.	22 a 23.
Pease,	per ,,	2 0 0 0	Sugar Muscovado,	per cwt.	40s 0d a 45s 0d.
Oak Timber,	per cube ft	0 9 a 0 10	Sugar Loaf,	per lb.	0 9 a 0 9½.
White Pine,	per ,,	0 3 0 0	Coffee,	do.	1 5 a 1 6
Red Pine,	per ,,	none.	Tea Hyson,	do.	7 0 a 7 6
Elm,	per ,,	0 3½ 0 0	Tea Twankay,	do.	5 3 a 5 4.
Ash,	per ,,	0 4 a 0 5	Soap,	do.	0 4½ a 0 6
Staves, Standard,	per 1200	£27 10s 0d.	Candles,	do.	0 7½ a 0 9
West India do.	per 1200,	none.			
Whiskey, Country Manufac.		1s 3d a 2s 9d.			

By the quarterly average prices, published in the LONDON GAZETTE, the ports are now open to the admission of barley and oats from the British Colonies in North America, at the high duties; and if there be any oats from thence under bond, warehoused previous to the 13th of May, 1822, the same are admissable duty free.

RETURN OF THE POPULATION OF LOWER CANADA FOR 1822.

(From the Quebec Gazette, 3d July, 1823.)

District of Quebec,	114,546
District of Three Rivers,	44,184
District of Montreal,	201,372
Gaspé, as estimated from the returns of 1820,	4,494
Grand total of the population of the Province of Lower Canada, for the year 1822,	364,546

In Quebec there are 2695 families.
7804 males.
7576 females.

In Montreal there are 3818 families.
10,982 males.
10,913 females.

State of the Thermometer from 1st to 31st July, 1823.

Max.	Med.	Min.
90	79	68

Married.

On Monday last, by the Rev. Mr. Le Saulnier, Mr. Ambroise Laberge, Merchant, to the amiable Miss Rose Franchere, youngest daughter of Gabriel Franchere, Esq. both of this city.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. J. Bethune, Mr. William Metcalf, to Miss Agnes Kyle, both of this city.

On Saturday, July 5th, by the Rev. Edward Black, Mr. Robert Morris, to Miss Harriet Chapman.

On Monday, July 7th, by the Rev. Edward Black, the Rev., Henry-Esson, A. M. of the Scotch Kirk, to Miss Maria, third daughter of Campbell Sweeny, Esq.

On Monday, 7th ult. by the Rev. John Bethune, Alexander Skakel, A. M. Master of the Royal Grammar School, to Miss Dalrymple, both of this city.

In the Township of Leeds, (U. C.) by the Rev. Arch Deacon Stuart, Mr. William Alexander Grant, of Pittsburgh, to Miss Phœbe Lloyd, of the former place.

At Bermuda, on the 12th ult. Rear-Admiral Fahie, C. B., K. S. F. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels on the North American station, to Mary-Esther, daughter of the Hon. Augustus William Harvey, M. D. one of the Members of his Majesty's Privy Council of that Island.

Died.

On the 22d of May last, at the seat of Sir John Throckmorton, Coughton, England, the Rev. Thos. Burr, aged 85 years; sixty years the worthy pastor of the Catholic congregation of that place.

In this city, on Monday last, aged 62 years, after a long illness, Antoine Malard Desiorier, Esq. Seignior of Bouchard.

On the 11th inst. after a short illness, Mr. James Douglas, of this city, Merchant, aged 42 years.

At Three Rivers, on the 5th inst. after a painful illness, Miss Marie Anne Panet, daughter of the Hon. Pierre Panet, formerly one of the Judges of the King's Bench, district of Montreal.

On Tuesday morning, 15th July, at 9 o'clock, aged 74, Robert Parker, Esq. Comptroller of the Customs for this Port, and for many years Ordnance Storekeeper in this Province. His remains were interred on Tuesday at two o'clock.—St John, N. B.

On Sunday, 27th July, Roderick James, son of Henry M'Kenzie, Esq. aged two months and fourteen days.

On Wednesday, 6th inst. Elizabeth Ann, daughter of the late Neil Robertson, Esq. aged 14 years.

On the 4th inst. Christie, infant son of Christie Tunstall, Esq.

On the 5th inst. Caroline, infant daughter of Mr. John Hettrick.

At St. Rose, Isle Jesus, on the 1st inst. aged 26 years, Ann Blake Hall, wife of Lieut. Ker, of the 37th regiment, after a long and painful illness, borne with fortitude and Christian resignation—a quarter of an hour previous to her demise, she desired her husband and friends about her to go to prayer, being the last words she could speak distinctly; the last she did say, being with a broken voice, "Lord receive my pirit."

At York, (U. C.) on the 11th inst. much regretted by his friends and acquaintances, of an Erisipelas, Mr. Thomas Helliwell, a native of Yorkshire, England.

At Charlottenburgh, (U. C.) on the 22d ult. in the 80th year of her age, Mrs. Ann McKenzie, relict of the late Mr. John McKay, who died on the 14th of March, 1820, aged 85 years. They were natives of Durness, Sutherlandshire, North Britain, to which place they bade a final adieu in the autumn of 1773.