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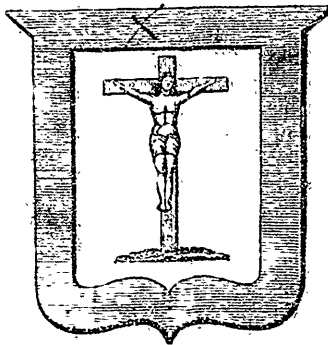
THE
Canadian Magazine.

No. IV.]

APRIL, 1833.

[VOL. I.]

"Magna est veritas, et pr.valebit."



RELIGION,
SCIENCE,
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MORALITY.
AGRICULTURE.
FICTION.

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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1.]

YORK, APRIL, 1833.

[No. 4.

THE EMIGRANT.—No. 4.

If we do meet again we'll smile ;
If not—why then this parting was well made.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Captain attended to the unloading of his ship, and seeing the small quantity of goods delivered to the Merchants, while my poor endeavours were not wanting in being useful. When that was accomplished, we wandered to, fro, and around the city of Montreal, built above the rapid, by orders from the highly gifted King of 'the Grand Nation'—looking at its stores, houses, &c. As formerly mentioned, every ship runs great risk on approaching the town,—even now when tugged up by steamers; which would have been avoided, if Montreal had been built two or three miles farther down. However, I have not time to stop, conjecture, and reason upon the strange vagaries of the human mind, which, when exercised by men in power, lead to expense, difficulty, and loss of life. It is probable that His Majesty would be informed of the rapid; but comparing it with the Seine as it sweeps past the village of Saint Denis*—near the marble tombs of His mighty Ancestors, and where he has since been laid—would never suppose that any serious difficulty could be encountered by vessels ascending to the favourite spot. Having no object in his own country, for enabling him to form a comparison with the rapid of St. Lawrence, his mind, like all other Europeans who have never ascended our noble river, could form no idea of the immensity and rush of water; but judging from the Lilliputian streams which watered the fertile valleys of France, ordered the city to be built opposite where the vessel struck.†

* Saint Dennis is situated four miles from Paris. It contains a Royal Palace, extensive Gardens, and is the burial place of the French Kings. Madame Josephine converted the Palace into a receptacle for the daughters of Officers who had died, or been killed in the service. It is the most elegant and best conducted establishment—perhaps in the world; and the public will be highly gratified by an accurate description of the economy practised, and beauty contained within its walls, in 1815. It is part of a Tale, just received from 'The Rover,' entitled—'The Rose of St. —, or the reminiscences of a Soldier'—which will appear hereafter.

† Vide the conclusion of 'The Emigrant, No. 3.'

Europeans may have some idea of the force with which the water descends, from the following fact:—Before steam-boats were employed in dragging up ships, all that arrived had to drop their anchors, and wait for a gale,—a breeze was of no avail, before it was possible to overcome the opposing torrent. A merchant vessel, belonging to Greenock, Scotland, cast anchor below the rapid, just as another, from the same Port, went flying down, with white wings spread to the favouring breeze; she rushed past for the Harbour which the last comer had left, while passengers and crew sung or shouted—‘home, sweet home, there’s no place like home’; and waving their hats, from anticipated rapture, when meeting ‘wife, children and friends,’ away wheeled the ship round the windings of the transparent river, until sound and sight became lost, as flying like an arrow from the bow, she rushed to the roaring Atlantic.

The vessel lay through sunshine, rain and tempest, but no favouring gale arose. There she lay as if bewitched, with the sailors sauntering backwards and forwards, looking to the sky, and blowing with the mouth, they prayed for wind. They looked at the clear water, and were amused with fish playing at the tiller; but the pleasure only lasted for a moment, as the thought arose, that their boys would be angling in the streams of Caledonia—and one would shout aloud with pride, as he, superior to his fellows, hauls the first struggling wretch to upper air. They looked at the land, at the green, green grass, which shone with a peculiar hue on Sabbath morn* ; but the glory of the scene only added to their sorrow, for the thought arose, that they might have been going arm in arm, up to the house of God, with the dear being for whose sake they dared the raging ocean, ‘loving,’ when homeward bound, ‘its roughness for the speed it gave.’ One bush of broom on Scotland’s braes, was dearer than all the world beside. As time passed, they stood grouped at the stern in silence, looking in the direction of home,—conversation ceased, friendship died, and hope deferred made their spirits sick; so they stood looking back, as Lot’s wife must have done, when leaving forever the happy home of her youth.

For months had the vessel lain upon the beautiful river. The sun rose high in air, throwing his bright beams on water and earth—descended to the horizon, and sunk to lighten other regions, when a universal chorus from the tree toads arose; myriads of fire-flies shone in the darkness of night, and lighted on the vessel, without fear,—for no sound was heard, save the deep drawn sigh, issuing from a despairing seaman.

One morning when they were stationed at the stern, as usual in silence, and with eyes directed to Scotland, a motion was felt in the ship, which, half dead as they were, excited their attention. On looking at the river, they distinctly perceived that it did not flow past

* This beautiful remark is, like the mind of the Emigrant, original. It is also a fact—which any person can perceive, by opening his eyes on a Sabbath morning.—EDITOR.

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upon them with particular dread; from the circumstance that one of the species had nearly got my body, such as it is, laid in *durance vile*." "The story is.—Being in Edinburgh during the first week of September, I had made an appointment with a gentleman—Don't smile so Captain, for by using your eyes, conviction must follow, that no woman would meet me. The place of meeting was outside the town; having begun to repent of former negligence, and blush at my own ignorance, I took a book for perusal, in the event of my acquaintance not appearing exactly at the hour. I sauntered backwards and forwards reading, what should have been upon my memory ten years before. Five minutes past, and he came not. At length I perceived him advancing, but so changed in dress and gesture, that it never should have entered my brain to suppose he and the distant figure could be the same—had it not been from the previous appointment and loneliness of the place. Up came the animal, but was not the man I waited for, nor any other; it was a Dandy.

I turned, and re-commenced to acquire what was so long neglected, and the want of which fills me now with such shame and sorrow. My back was towards the creature, and I walked slowly—scarcely moving to let it pass. The thing came close up, and went then equally slow. I halted, not chusing that my curious shape should be so minutely criticized, for an entertainment to ladies, when the fop should be seated at a tea board. But it did not pass. At length, glancing my eye back, I perceived it reading the book over my left shoulder!!! I had both hands at the volume, and dashing it back, shut it upon what was considered a great ornament—a long nose! It kicked, danced, and struggling, roared to get free—which, from my anxiety to get a hold, the book was shut too soon, and enclosed a part of the cheek, so that the creature got loose; when with blood and tears streaming down the once handsome countenance, it staggered off for a doctor, and to have me apprehended, for assault. I trudged away without waiting for the arrival of my friend—deeply lamenting that the knowledge contained in the book must remain forever hid, being rendered illegible by puppy blood, while, from catching a part of the cheek, the nose had been allowed to remain upon the face, which otherwise, I would have hung upon a nail, as hunters do with stag horns, for trophies of their having hunted a buck. However, a long time will elapse before the creature puts its brazen frontlet over another shoulder.'

My companion laughed heartily, saying—'Eh mercy! but I would like to have seen it.' 'Indeed Captain you would not. I am sometimes sorry at having hurt the poor thing; but, had his father chastised him properly when a boy, he would not have been so treated. I hate such caricatures on manhood.' This passed as we walked through that part of Montreal farthest from the river, which is more open, streets broader, houses more elegant, and where few stores spread their tempting ware to the eye. We had left business and bustle behind, so could chat in comfort without bawling, and admire the works of art, together with the surrounding scenery, which is level, except the mountain at a short distance. It has a grand effect, when

seen from the town, as both the shape and size have a very magnificent appearance, while the trees with which it is nearly covered, prevent any harshness, like Scotch or English mountains, being seen; but all is splendidly soft. We went to the summit, and looking around, were bewildered by the prospect. The country is level; and though there is some resemblance between this town and Quebec, from the Saint Lawrence meeting with his Heathen, or rather Indian brother, the Ottawa, and Montreal being placed upon an Island, yet every thing is richer, and more beautiful than at the Capitol of Canada. However, such as are anxious to see an accurate description of the particular villages, and circumambient country, can consult an American work, entitled "The Northern Traveller"—where will be seen descriptions of every town, village, farm, and stage, in that plain matter of fact style, for which these people are so remarkable; and which is far more useful than any thing I can say—therefore refer the reader to that work, and advise all, on reaching this land, to purchase a copy, which will not only amuse, but save the otherwise dreadful necessity of putting questions to rude ill-bred people. To return.

The Captain was delighted with every thing around; and after a short silence exclaimed—"Oh! if my wife was only here to see this, I am sure that she would never more wish to visit Scotland. I'll try to describe its beauty—though it is impossible for me to convey a proper idea, as every thing is so big and grand that any person who has not been actually here, can form no idea of the glory that this world contains. Look at the junction of waters, and the beautiful houses, and the green, green grass, and the great trees," and catching a grasshopper, 'the very grasshoppers are grand—mercy upon us! but it looks like a new Heavens and a new Earth—I'll tell her of all, and see if she'll leave Scotland—tho' I'm not thinking that she will, because it is impossible for her to fancy that any country can be so grand; and where we can have a fine farm for £70 Sterling of purchase maney, and other £70 will stock it. But if she agrees, for I could not vex the jewel, the brig that brought us over, shall be sold, and coming out here, we'll spend life in love to each other and to our God. Her sister I think will come, and'—'Captain, is her sister, who I have heard you say is unmarried, mild, good, and beautiful like your wife?' 'Some people say that she is far superior every way, but that's impossible. I'll try to persuade them, and we'll settle beside you—If you could only wheedle my sister-in-law to take you—but you are so dreadfully ugly, that, oh mercy! its impossible.'

We descended the mountain and returned to Montreal, but as the day was excessively hot, I became tired, and the big knees rubbed upon each other at every step, so that the Captain had to let me lean upon his arm for support; but after great labour and toil, reached the Inn where Mr. Mack, by his good cheer renovated our—at least my strength.

Were it not for one circumstance an Inn would be the most comfortable residence in the world, if the master knew his business, for,

the person who enters is no longer a stranger, but greater and more absolute than any man or monarch ever was, will, or can be in his own family. Reverence is paid that is enough to spoil a demigod. He wishes a newspaper—pulls the bell, and a servant—a human being like himself, enters, who bows in humble submission, and with eyes directed to the ground waits his Sovereign's pleasure. 'Waiter, get me the Montreal Gazette.' 'Sir, we expect the Printer's Devil with it every minute; but as I can't bear the idea of a gentleman, like your noble honour, waiting a moment, I'll go like lightning for one.' And bowing to the carpet, off starts the pliable hound. Again the bell is rung, but the waiter being out Boniface himself trips up stairs, and enters the chamber slower, giving a more dignified, but equally respectful bow, says, 'Please Sir, did you ring?' 'Why, yes, I want a pin to fasten my false collar, as I'm going to drink tea with Miss ——, so, as she's an heiress you know, by Jove, I want to look killing—ask your wife, or sister, or the chamber-maid, for a pin.' 'Oh! yes sir, I'll do it in a moment, for you are such a handsome young gentleman, that not a lady upon earth could withstand you a moment.'

The stranger marches through the house, and the cook simpers, 'boots' looks frightened—as if Jupiter was shaking his hyperian curls and winking to the scullion, stands aside to let the mighty pass; while Miss, with pearl-powder crisped locks and low gown, sits at the bar, as if none were there but silence and her—nor sees anything but the book, which the pretty dear holds in her left hand, but cannot read.—All look as if only living to please him; the cats pur, and dogs fawn upon this great being who elicits from every member of the household more submission than ever Dagon did from the Assyrians.

Such is the respect paid, and obedience of all to the orders of any man, so that every one, who can afford it, would live constantly in one or other of these receptacles for all who have money, to be attended and served with that humility which can only proceed from 'the slaves of a man, who himself is a slave'—were it not from one circumstance, namely, that there is no affection. That alone prevents the talented and high minded from living in, or frequenting such places, preferring their own fire-sides, where, tho' there may be a little awkwardness, there is a species of reverential friendship, more pleasing than all the flippancy of waiters, who with low bows, a smile of good humour on the face, and curses at the heart jump, run, and lie for a shilling.—This disgusts men of feeling and principle, who never enter an Inn but when travelling, or on urgent and indispensable business, which having finished, they return to a happy home, where affection and love are the mainsprings that give activity to the household.

Inns are only frequented by such neighbouring residents, as exercise tyranny or improper conduct in their families, causing the wife to shudder, children tremble, and servants hate the person whom they otherwise would study and be proud to please. He sees himself feared or hated, and, instead of altering the behaviour which produced it,

goes to a place where respect is purchased for a shilling! As most men are vain and silly, loving adulation, when incapable of eliciting friendship and regard, those who can feel pleasure or satisfaction in the purchased freedom, and apparent respect of an Inn are lost forever, as it decidedly shews, and incontestably proves that all the finer sensations of the soul, if such ever did exist, are fled; and becoming a drunken idiot from habit, loses even the very vanity and pride which first induced him to enter nightly this receptacle of good and evil—his health becomes injured, eye sight defective, judgement impaired, and staggering through the streets, with torn clothes, and coat whitened at the elbows, from coming in violent contact with houses and posts; his miserable children run shrieking into lanes, unable to look upon the being who—cursed them with existence.

Such were my thoughts upon Inn-dwellers or Inn-frequenters, which being uttered aloud, the Captain said—‘ My dear Sir, nothing ever excited my wonder and astonishment so much, as your judging with accuracy of feelings which never were experienced by you, so that I do not know how to account for it. I know that you have led a life of travel, toil, and hardship—never experienced woman’s love, or a domestic circle since childhood, and yet you understand correctly all the relative duties and endearments. What a pity it is that you have nobody to make happy; perhaps you may meet with some one, who, overlooking your appearance, will have sense enough to prefer a sound heart before external ornament. But you are looking worse, if possible, than usual, are you unwell?’ ‘ Yes, I feel sick and a great thirst has arisen—perhaps it proceeds from the fatigue of our excursion, but will go off with rest—so if you please to accompany me into the public room, where, in all probability, some information may be acquired of nature or art—perhaps we may wonder at a buck, sitting spending his father’s money, though he cannot earn a stiver to himself—do come, and I must have a glass of brandy with water, so you’ll take another to keep me company, for I cannot even quench this dreadful thirst by drinking alone.

We adjourned accordingly, and, having been supplied with what was pleasant to the palate, sat listening to the observations of others concerning the things of time—for few people think of eternity when in health.

After a deal of conversation the Captain and I retired to rest; whether he slept or not is immaterial—if he did, there cannot be a doubt that in his dreams, his wife appeared, with eyes beaming love, hope, and joy. But, we know not the way, or manner in which the restless, immaterial essence acts upon the flesh and nerves, when under the influence of ‘ death’s half brother’—therefore, must wait until the eternal morning shall clear away the fog which envelops mortality, and permits all to be known or understood, when veins, arteries, and muscles are annihilated, nothing but sensation remains, and every thing is soul and intelligence. So we should not be impatient, for nothing is more certain than that the time is rapidly approaching which will solve every doubt, and when our deeds will fix the eternal

portion of happiness or misery, according to their magnitude and aggravations: when all friendships, except those which have been properly placed, shall be cancelled, and only such as were formed on virtuous principles will last forever, reflecting the blaze of omnipotence.

I slept not, but thought of my past life, no part of which was altogether deserving of blame, for each folly and sin had something good or kindly mixed up with it, which 'balanced the account' in most cases, though in a few the blame, without any palliation, was all my own; and the only two I could meditate upon without the mental adjuration, 'I will never act so again'; were saving a hedge-hog from being drowned which one of my companions had tossed into the River Annan; and the other, some will say, was more praiseworthy—because an animal like themselves, or of the same shape, was relieved from the fear of death, for the moment. This last was a beggar, who marching forward, with the assistance of stilts, wished to perform his trade at a market that was held near a river side; he was late, more water run in the course than usual, but thinking, that in going round by the bridge, a mile distant, many pence would be lost, attempted the passage, and was swept off by the torrent. Nobody cared whether the man was drowned or not, for he had no estate for youngsters to hunt upon, no equipage for damsels to long for, no cash to supply prodigals with, and no wine for the old to tittle; consequently nobody offered to rescue the wretch, to whom providence, or his own improvidence, had denied the possession of land, that would soon become the property of others, and in which he could, after a few years of doubt and misery, mingled with faint gleams of enjoyment—'like sunshine on a winter's day'—obtain a place in the family vault. The beggar had no such place, and for that reason nobody cared whether he lived or died, was drowned or hanged—I sprung in and rescued him from the flood. The stilts, or crutches, were carried off in the hurry, but money, more than sufficient was instantly collected, which put a better pair in their stead; and with new crutches, a white head, wrinkled face, and lying tongue, did the wretch traverse the market place, to earn from pride, vanity, simplicity, or mistaken charity, the means of an evenings debauch.*

Upon the hedge-hog and beggar I meditated with satisfaction, not at having performed a merciful action in either of the cases, by allowing all the fears and pains of mortal existence, to exercise their full power and sway of torture for a short time before death. I was not glad at having relieved them, but reflected with pride at performing what none of the spectators durst attempt. So that the only acts of my life, upon which I could meditate with satisfaction, proceeded solely from vanity. I got feverish—wretched; my tongue and throat became dry, while a prickling sensation pervaded my crooked body, and soles of the great feet. I sprung up and drank, but not all the water of the St. Lawrence could quench my thirst.—I was like the Behemoth, who 'drinks a river and he thirsts again.' A surgeon was called who

* Vide Burns' "Jolly Beggars," whose midnight orgies are correctly depicted, and will bear a comparison with any club, who ever met to hear themselves speak, and destroy the power of speech.

felt my pulse, examined the tongue, put two or three questions, shook his head, and said—‘Sir, you have all the symptoms of Cholera—I will send you medicine which must instantly be taken, otherwise you cannot exist long; and something is vexing you which will add to the strength of your distemper. However, I will put you all to rights.’—He sent the medicine, which was instantly tossed from an open window, and swallowing a blue pill, a box full of which was in my portmanteau, sat down, with a jug containing water and a little brandy, as food for the internal fire, and commenced writing to my old father.

The Captain came to breakfast, but my illness had increased in a great degree; my mouth was parched, and a burning heat pervaded my body to the very extremities. Every moment the disease acquired strength, until I really thought that death might pay me a visit before I considered his ‘call’ deserving of welcome. Not that I was, or am afraid of death, but there is a curious sensation pervades the system of nerves throughout all their ramifications, at the idea of the body, which has been dressed with care, has felt pleasure and pain, hunger, cold, and likely satiety, lying down in the cold damp clay for worms and insects* to prey upon, and after satisfying their own voracious appetites, leave the remains to form soil, like what the proud body once trod over, in all the strength of manhood, and mind hungering for intelligence. Putting aside the hope and fear of the soul, for deeds committed, neglect of duty to God and man, with all the other sins of omission and commission, for which he has in justice to answer; putting, if possible, every consideration of eternity aside, the bare idea of returning to dust is truly dreadful. So much so, that were a full grown man, who knows nothing of death, never had heard, read, or imagined any thing of its nature and consequences, to witness the effects, it is highly probable that the loss of sense, or life itself would instantly follow such a shock as his mind must receive.

As this was uttered aloud, the Captain said—‘You cannot be afraid of death, for you have no hope of complete happiness, as you sigh for what cannot be obtained, owing to your singular formation, woman’s love. I wonder to hear a man with such a hopeless mind, and so ready to risk his own life in defending even a beggar, be so terrified at death.’ ‘Captain, I could not endure the idea of dying like a brute. My misshapen body will soon, whether by this disease or otherwise, return to dust; and if one duty was performed, it would be of scarcely any consequence in my eyes. Because, my pleasures are all mental, and when this frame ceases to breathe, they will, must be increased beyond all human calculation. So I shall be a gainer by the change through the merits of a Saviour, who, I humbly trust, will wash away all the sins committed by the frail creature of a day. I should have been terrified to die had this world been all; but when only the case or shell shall be thrown aside and disregarded, like a beggar’s pouch upon the highway, the mind springs into untrammelled activity and endless enjoyments—No man of sense and reflection will consider death as an

* There is an insect exactly resembling the wild bee, which lives in the earth, comes to the surface during night, and preys upon animal substances.

evil; it is like a person taking possession of an estate to which is only *one* disagreeable step—that over, all is comfort. But I am very unwell, and have a trust to execute for others, whose temporal welfare entirely depends upon my poor exertions in the Upper Province.—Should death pounce upon me by the way, the excuse will be sufficient, for death cancels marriage and all bonds; but in the meantime every endeavour must be used for executing the commission. By coach I cannot go, as the jolting over these awful roads would destroy me, and shall instantly proceed by one of the Durham boats, which will enable me to see all the glories of wood and water, that the St. Lawrence and his banks only exhibit.’

Various reasons were produced by the Captain for inducing me to remain until perfectly recovered; but considering that not an instant should be lost in setting out, and not being in the habit of altering a plan, or changing my mind, continued firm to the original determination, and next morning at seven, was leaning on his arm and walking towards the end of a canal, which extends from Montreal to LaChine, 9 miles distant. The thirst continuing with unabated fury, and all the feverish symptoms being greatly increased, we adjourned to an Inn, while the boat was getting ready, and contrary to all ‘medical jurisprudence,’ demanded some ‘water of life.’ When sipping the beverage, an elderly gentleman who was just finishing breakfast, enquired if I was going to York? On answering in the affirmative, he said, that being possessed of a great quantity of luggage, it was necessary for him to go by water, and having a family, was much distressed at their being compelled to proceed in a boat, with such a number of people whom he did not know, and over whom he had no control—that the passage would in all probability be uncomfortable, but if I would agree to share the expence, he would hire a boat entirely for ourselves. To which I agreed, and in two hours one of the best Durham* Boats was ready for our reception, and the members of the family having arrived, we went aboard.

The Captain and I had spent the time in conversation, my part of which was sustained wonderfully, considering the violence of my disorder; and he was pleased, which was every thing. He spoke of the home where I had run, played, and ‘wrought mischief’—had loved every thing but self; which was for the purpose of making me remain at Montreal, and return with his brig to Scotland. All was vain; I remained firm as a rock, for the only chord was untouched that could have chimed in with his wishes. Had my father’s name been mentioned, I would have thought of his silver locks, holy life, and heart breathing good will to all; but such was not referred to, and therefore my previous determination remained in full force. He shook me by the hand, saying—‘I did not think, when leaving the pier of Leith, that any feeling, but making the most of this voyage, would ever be elicited; I have been mistaken, and will tell my wife, if I live to get back, how

* So named from their having been constructed like those used at Durham, England.

wonderfully I was attached to the ugliest man my eyes ever beheld—
God bless you.'

What reply I made is 'neither here nor there'—the boat was dragged off by horses along the canal, and I must confess that tears filled my eyes at leaving the Captain. But away went the horses and we were drawn through meadow, farms, and forest; but I could pay no attention to any thing. I was sick at heart and tormented by the burning thirst, which nothing could quench; and from vexation at leaving the friend of my choice, began to repent at having come to this land of happiness and freedom. I could not pay the slightest attention to any member of the very fine family who accompanied me; but lay in a corner without comfort, and with hope fast 'ebbing' away.

On coming to the end of this Canal we entered the river, and advanced by it until the Cascades had caused a second to be cut past them. They have an appearance, as if a great many artificial mounds had been piled behind each other, when this earth was inhabited by giants, and which even the tremendous rush of water had been unable to remove. The river here is all one sheet of boiling froth, except where rushing over these Cascades, from its extreme purity, and glittering in the sun-beam, the effect is too much for the human eye. Each appeared solid mounds of silver, but so dazzling that tears filled the eye which attempted to rest upon them—while the sound produced a degree of wonder and stupidity that confounded the senses, rendering minute observation impossible. But the scene is worth coming from Britain to behold, and had some mammoths been wandering on the banks, it would have been complete.

On went the boat, sometimes dragged by horses and then pushed by the men, who with long poles, wrought in a way that British seamen have no idea of, and which could only be performed by long practice. On arriving at the second, or Rapid of the Cedars, the river rushes along, whirling and boiling, so that horror fills the mind of man at the sight, and he becomes humble from his own insignificance. In Europe a man is large, noble, and in accordance with the scenery; but here he is only an atom, a pigmy, as all appears to have been formed for a different order of beings. The boat had to be pulled up by four bullocks and two horses, while one of the drivers carried a large knife, like a hedge-bill, to cut the rope in case of accident, thereby letting the boat loose to its good or evil destiny, and save the cattle from being pulled into the river and drowned. The difficulty was at length overcome, we got up without injury in any way, though no insurance broker, had he been looking on, would have risked a shilling upon our lives; it was more than 'doubly hazardous.' We went ashore to spend the night at the village, (of the Cedars,) and a pleasant old gentleman being in the tavern, with whom I entered into conversation, he related an event that had occurred some years before, nearly in the following words:—

'The Rapid of the Cedars is so exceedingly dangerous, that a chapel was erected here, for enabling the boatmen, when descending the river, to perform the most solemn rites of religion. Some years ago,

a boat under the charge of a regardless wretch, approached the rapid on her way to Montreal. One, a passenger, requested the Captain to land and procure a Pilot, as he had not much experience of the route. The other was obstinate, and replied—'Sir, if the Saviour of this world was in another boat, this one would be first through.' In a moment the boat was whirled round, the broadside encountered a pointed rock, which smashed her to pieces, and all perished except the passenger, who was taken up at LaChine, clinging to a bit of the wreck. But the ungodly crew were borne to the ocean, or lie in cliffs of the rock, from which they must arise and answer for their impious conduct.'

THE EMIGRANT.

TO SPRING.

I love thee dearly, gentle spring,
 I love thy flowers, and bloom ;
 I love the fan of thy downy wing,
 As evening sinks in gloom.

In good old Kent, that blessed clime,
 My baby cheek it fann'd :
 And here in manhood's hardy prime,
 You breathe of my Father—Land.

I dream of the home of my guileless youth,
 As I pace Ontario's shore,
 And the tear drops fall—I tell the truth,
 For I think of that home—the more.

For the clear blue of this spotless sky
 The green surge of this sea,
 The orchard's bloom and the crow's loud cry,
 Remind me, Kent of thee.

Mine eyes are dimmed with baby tears,
 As I dwell on the times gone by ;
 On my mother's hopes, on my mother's fears,
 When I left that home with a sigh,

With a sigh and a smile I left it then,
 To mingle in strife, with warrior men ;
 At her bursting heart and her swimming eye,
 Told that she thought that her boy might die.

Might die in the struggle for envied fame,
 For honour, and place, and wealth, and name ;
 But I smiled to think in the battle field,
 Were those guerdon's, which blows & blood might yield.

Vain these hopes, and vain that dream,
 Let me tune my verse to another theme,
 And seeking only to forget,
 Wander amid Toronto's bowers,
 Culling nature's choicest flowers.

Memory, thy hold is strong,
 In vain I try the force of song,
 Still on my father land it dwells,
 Still on Albion's cliffs and dells.

B.

ESSAY ON CONSCIENCE.

There is more in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than is to be met with in our philosophy.—SHAKESPEARE.

A satisfactory explanation of the word conscience, or any of the various expressions where it occurs—as, ‘His conscience smote him;’ ‘His conscience is seared as with a hot iron,’ &c. has never been given. It is in the mouth of every judge, lawyer, and juryman; in that of the literati, statesman, nobleman, gentleman, farmer, labourer, and mechanic: in the mouths of pick-pockets, robbers, and house-breakers—the provident and improvident, decent and indecent, irreligious and the Godly—all speak of or swear by their conscience.—It is named in all companies, in public assemblies of the people, or when only two or three have met, for the purpose of taking each other in. What is this invisible substance or essence which all believe in? And most, by their whole behaviour, set at nought and ridicule. What is this killymowless of the Scotch, ghost of the English, and banshee of the Irish? Who appears, from their constant references, to keep a strict look out for every misdemeanor, and which each man thinks his fellow believes in, as he tries to convince him of the truth, by asserting the circumstance—upon his conscience.

That a full and complete elucidation may be given of this unseen being who is universally believed in, and has terrified men since God first placed his frail image in the garden of Eden—it will be necessary to examine man in his animal nature alone. 2ndly, as an heir of immortality—or with flesh and spirit conjoined. 3dly, Explain the nature and operation of that ethereal essence, lodged in the breast of all—of eternal duration like the soul, but superior, because not liable to be sullied or debased by partaking in the sins of the flesh; and its antithesis, or the evil principle—likewise a constant inmate of man’s breast, with the power it has over human action; make such remarks as the subject requires, and conclude with an advice to all.

In the 1st place therefore, in order that a proper view may be taken of man as an animal, independent of the soul, it will be necessary that the formation and passions of animals be examined and explained, that the reader’s mind may have an object, of whose nature he can obtain a thorough knowledge, for assimilating with the subject discussed.—Brutes have only a desire for satisfying their natural propensities, as the cravings of hunger, &c. They have no sense or principle of right or wrong, until punishment has been inflicted—nor no idea of gratitude, unless caresses or crumming be continued, which from long habit may become something like that noble feeling of the mind.—They are fond of their progeny—because their own, or they think so; as is daily seen with a hen and young ducks; her reason being so weak and prejudice strong, that she cannot use her bodily organs in perceiving the broad bill and webbed toes. They are incapable of constancy as every season incontestably proves. Tales of poets and ancient writers concerning turtle doves and young pigeons, cooing forth their vows of love and truth, which were always kept pure and invio-

late admitting no second mate—are all founded in error, and are quoted only by people, who devoid of reflection, rake up, credit, and retail “all the rubbish of six thousand years.” Their young are protected from selfishness, and on no other account—habit produces an appearance of friendship, while the reality they are utterly incapacitated from experiencing.

Such is man as a mere animal, and incapable of love, constancy, reason without prejudice, gratitude, doing as he would be done by, and wishing to defend the poor or helpless from the pleasure produced to his own mind; loving God for his goodness, and being able to call up at will the past actors of this world's stage, to strut, shiver, bluster, whine, repent, or die hard and ‘thorough game,’ as each lived and died in days of yore—can travel from pole to pole, and hold communion, great and high, with Jehovah himself!—These things are impossible for man as an animal,—but man, as at present constituted, can do more than has been mentioned.

What gives man these tremendous, angelic, god-like powers, when made of earth? Is a worm of the dust, ‘whose breath goeth out and where is he’? What causes him to differ so much from the brute creation, whose vital principle is begun, retained, or extinguished by exactly similar means?—It is the soul.—That immortal essence which must exist in happiness or misery throughout eternity—which is incapable of destruction or annihilation, and, now, since its creation, coeternal with the God of love. Which being—sometimes unwillingly, ‘imprisoned in the body's cage,’ must, in justice, receive the reward or punishment of its coadjutor's good or evil acts. It is the origin and fountain of reason—but liable to sin; and as the body becomes hateful from some loathsome disease, so a spiritual leprosy can affect the soul, causing it, not only to be ugly or hateful, but—‘enmity against God.’ It is therefore certain that the soul is liable to, and does sin, by thought, word—as ‘from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh,’ and, in conjunction with the flesh, by deed. Consequently, cannot be an uninterested, infallible, and never ceasing persuader, admonisher, and restrainer of the corrupt flesh. But on the contrary, though more pure, and of course more difficult to soil, rust, or be debased, will in time become art and part guilty, glutting over sensualities, brutalities, and crimes committed by the mere creature of clay.

2ndly, It is necessary to examine the nature of man as an heir of immortality, compounded of Earth and Heaven, with body and soul. From the instant that the bodily faculties become distinct, and so strengthened as to allow of the mental properties developing themselves; whenever a child, male or female, is able to walk and do anything of its own will and accord, something is in attendance, which, whatever the infant is going to perform, whispers in its ear, either to do, or refrain—while immediately another invisible monitor persuades the direct contrary. The first is invariably correct and right, only advising to proper acts and good deeds—the second, with equal certainty, to what are improper and sinful: every thing is taken notice of, no

event, circumstance, or transaction, however insignificant, is neglected or passed over in silence, but for, and against each, and all are the contrary advices given. This takes place perhaps at birth, causing a gloom or sinner to appear on the countenance of the slumbering, and still innocent being, which becoming too powerful, forces the creature to wake with a shriek or a smile, before nature was satisfied with corporeal insensibility. But to demonstrate the truth or falsehood of that hypothesis is impracticable—because the infant is unable to relate or record the thoughts, dreams, and visions of its young spirit. Every successive thought and event make a deeper impression upon the virgin mind, heart, and senses, so that a dark shadow, or rather impenetrable gloom of oblivion, is thrown over the first imaginings, first wanderings, and first flights of the newly created soul, with either of its brethren, who have so lately left the joys of Heaven and tortures of Hell, to meet in one person; composed of weakness and power, hope and fear, mind and matter, death and life, mortality and immortality, and no trace of them remains in the memory of any individual, on growing to maturity, and each cannot tell “the matter” to his fellow, as “they journey by the way.” That point will remain undetermined; but every one, of sound intellect, must recollect—far as memory can carry him back, that these monitors to good and evil, commenced their admonitions along with the power to think, remember and act, of the mental and corporeal faculties. It takes place before the child has any, the slightest conception of there being sin in pilfering, cruelty, &c., or received the smallest advice, reproof, instruction, or correction from parents, friends, or guardians, before it can read, and neither from ocular nor auricular demonstration has a knowledge of God or man’s law. Both are equally gentle, steady, and attentive—persuading to good and evil. As the infant grows, committing more acts, they are kept incessantly on the alert. The first has scarcely any inducement to offer, but, ‘don’t do it, the thought will make you unhappy afterwards,’ &c., while the second has all the illicit pleasures of this world to offer, and persuades to instant gratification. All the chances are in favour of the second, who persuades absence from school for a bird-nesting excursion, robbing a garden, disobedience to parents. The multitude neglect the first, who has no sensual enticement, and whose influence or check becomes weaker at each repetition, ‘until its voice is never heard’—at least attended to, until by the fulfilment of some great sin, some horrible crime, the evil monitor becomes like a glutton or drunkard, insensible, having satiated his maw with pollution or blood. Then the still small voice is heard, saying—‘Oh! had you only acted otherwise, you would have been happy—Oh! repent, act differently, and all may yet be well.’ But the second from a constant habit of governing, has become of gigantic power, and rousing from the lethargy, the poor wretch is utterly incapable of altering his conduct. The first, finding that ‘he is joined to his idols, lets him alone,’ and he sinks into everlasting perdition.

The first is conscience—which must reside in or near the body, having a separate end, or continuance of existence—with powers of watchfulness but none of force, advice but not of restraint—admoni-

tion but none of coercion, incapable of sin or declension, yet allied to a creature subject to, and hourly guilty of both—Acting constantly at all times, seasons, situations and circumstances, the same steady, uncompromising, unflinching adviser—Such must conscience be, unconnected and untrammelled by body or soul, constantly acting the part of a faithful sentinel at his post, under the command of another.

When a solitary individual listens to, and acts as the first monitor advises, disregards the second until he has no power and 'his voice is never heard, acting as the first directs, the mind by practice feels only pleasure in the smiles of his species: that the seasons as they roll, cover the earth with her fruits, gladdening the hearts of all—he loves to hear birds singing, see fish playing, dancing of knats in the sun-beam—he is delighted with seeing their mirth and would not for worlds destroy it wantonly for a dinner to him.* With longer time, greater practice, and having become deeply intimate with the first, pure, adviser, he meditates upon plans for the good of mankind. As his sentiments are drawn from a heavenly source, he considers the shortness and uncertainty of life: that so many things are requisite—so many incongruities to be assimilated and smoothed—so much depending upon the temper, whim, humour, and caprice of wife, children, and friends—so much upon fortunate events, the seasons and state of the atmosphere; so much on stomach, head, and bowels being in proper tone and order; so much on easy shoes and absence of corns—that the machine upon which man's comfort depends is so complicated, and possessed of wheels so innumerable that some are perpetually wrong; and therefore the happiness of man—mere man—is a nonentity—real comfort uninterrupted by any grief, sickness, or pain, even where this world only is looked at or regarded, is what he can never enjoy, if a person of sense, discrimination, and reflection. But allowing for a moment, what is utterly impossible, that they were all to be as he himself should wish; wife kind, friends true, acquaintances polite and attentive, the mobility respectful, constitution good and sound, rich and great possessions, carpeted stately chambers, humble attendants, with nothing to ruffle or annoy—still he will not, cannot be happy. His immortal part requires food—is longing for what it will spend eternity in search of—knowledge. Thoughts, unutterable thoughts will arise which may convince him, that something is still wanting which neither Earth nor Sea can supply: there is a blank, a gap, a gulf in the heart and affections which nothing but Jehovah can fill up.

* The order of nature is—at least since the fall of man, that every fish, with most animals, and creeping things, prey upon others, prolonging existence by the destruction of vitality—while the very small or weak attach themselves to the body of a larger, stronger creature, from whose substance or grossness they suck that nourishment, which their imbecility prevents them from otherwise obtaining. As shell fish on the whale, crab (or spider with claws,) on the swallow, and little brown insect on the wild bee. So that by this arrangement, more creatures of every kind can exist, than by any other method which could have been adopted or invented—unless this world had been fashioned differently, in every particular, from the one which we inhabit.—EDITOR.

Knowing such to be the case, he will advise people to set their hearts upon things which will endure forever. If possessed of talents for composition, a divine or moralist is produced—perhaps a King who plans and executes schemes for the good of his people. If not qualified by nature for using the beauties of language, in persuading to thoughts and deeds, the effect of which can never die—but of wealth for bestowing comfort—Looking upon himself as a steward, he will bestow a due and just portion to those in distress; giving it in secret without shew, or ‘to be seen of men,’ along with a modest hint concerning food for the immortal soul. In short, with any man, whatever may be his talents or qualifications, it will be evident, from ten thousand nameless and undescribable little circumstances, which his conduct will shew, ‘like as a tree is known by its fruit,’ that the first adviser only has been listened to—‘has grown with his growth, strengthened with his strength,’ and is now the pleasing companion who has no cause to upbraid,—is now silent, only letting him know that it is still in attendance, by the pleasure experienced when doing good, and the internal satisfaction at having performed a merciful, brave, generous, and noble act. Greater and greater pleasure is felt at each; from practice it becomes an invincible habit, which nothing but a radical change of the whole nervous and mental systems, by aberration of intellect, can detach the affections from.

Most characters are passionless, and devoid of energy or talent—utterly incapacitated by corporeal and mental imbecility, for attempting or accomplishing any work where genius is requisite—are unable to strike out an original path for action or thought, but follow the multitude—or the fashion. As a dull Boy, without proper ambition, never tries to excel or surpass his master, but perfectly satisfied if able, at the end of his apprenticeship, to compete with his former teacher. He may earn a subsistence, but will never make a fortune. They in like manner may be harmless, but never can be good—which like its opposite evil, must have action to make it useful—and if not useful, does not exist. Dives was sent to ‘Hades,’ not for doing evil, but positively because he did no good. In the mouths of Bacchanals, when abusing God’s most precious and merciful gift, a common toast is, ‘may the wings of friendship never want a feather,’—which is well and properly expressed, because, if plucked or deprived of its Pinions it cannot fly, and becoming still, stationary, and inactive, is no longer friendship, but dead—as faith is ‘without works.’ Therefore it is evident that most ‘decent people,’ ‘halt betwixt two opinions,’ following neither first nor second adviser exclusively, but pass through life halting betwixt two opinions. Thus live, and thus die most of the decent people who shew their passionless faces on the stage of time, and then, disappear for ever.

Those more active but not possessed of genius or wealth, shew by their conversation, which breathes good will to all, that the first adviser has pre-eminent power. They cannot wipe a tear from the cheek of suffering humanity, but every spare moment being given to labours of love, abundantly testifies the influence under which the spirit works.—They give their all—good wishes, and little services;

which will be accepted like the widow's mite, because they had no more to bestow. Such people are happy here, and if the same obedience is paid to the future advices of that first, and Heavenly Monitor, will be happy hereafter. Their happiness is the strength and internal satisfaction of the Heaven-born, Earth-bound, guest, & abject weakness of the Infernal Agent: nothing can disturb, nothing annoy it—the world know it not, do not understand, nor cannot appreciate its nature or principle—with all outward worldly affairs it can have no interest or concern—but gives brightness to the Eye, a smile to the Lip, and smoothes the hardest Pillow, upon which he reclines, 'communing with his Heart, and silent talks.'—With whom?—of course, with his little heavenly comrade.

The generality of bad people are like good ones—having little genius, energy or talent, and disregarding, or too inactive for following the first adviser, gratify 'their inner men,' by obeying the second.—Skulking from School, deceit, lying, cheating, stealing marbles or dolls. As they advance in years, selfishness is sufficiently strong to withhold most from committing any very great violation of man's law, which would bring themselves into trouble or danger. So the males are learned a trade or profession, in practising which, it is soon perceptible that the second has all 'the sway.'

When an individual possessed of a sanguine temperament, and all that splendour of talent which raise him above mortality—listens to, and obeys the first monitor, great and shining will be his conduct.—By small degrees and with faint efforts will he do good—but as the mind expands every energy, every feeling, and each faculty of the soul will be constantly alive and devoted to the cause of truth,—making others wiser, better, and therefore happier.—Caring not for food or sleep but as they are indispensably necessary for renovating Body and Soul.—Dwelling upon, and calling to remembrance every good or praiseworthy action, performed by others, that they may be imitated and surpassed. While the bad are likewise thought of—to be shunned, hated and avoided. As age advances, his love of good, and hatred for evil are strengthened and increased, by the tremendous extent of memory which constant practice has perfected. And the creature who was once a poor helpless compound, is a being whose mind can compass all things, endure all things, and conquer most things. Who in solitude enjoys the sweet soothing thoughts—which were once delivered in distinct language—and with a pure open heart rejoicing in, and helping the good of his neighbour. By such actions and reflections he is enabled to hold conversation with his own thoughts—monitor or conscience; and, like the thoughtful man of antiquity, finds that 'he is never less alone, than when alone.' He is happy in the esteem and reverence of the good, who love him for his superior powers exerted in the cause of virtue—while the community, whom he pities, having followed the advices of the second adviser, look upon his conduct, sentiments, and opinions as incessant reproofs upon their own behaviour, which they cannot and will not change—but try to account for the circumstance, in degrading the object of their envy and hatred, by saying in the usual mode of an

ignorant animal, that the being possessed of almost omnipotent power, and in goodness nearly allied to the Angels of God, is a madman!!! But he is happy—supremely, superlatively happy, and dies calm in his bed by the course of nature—at the gallows, or on the rack for his faith and opinions with unflinching, unbending firmness—from which place—the ditch, way-side, hovel, palace, or gibbet, will the soul—now inseparably allied—hand in hand with the adviser of his infancy, companion of manhood, choicest comrade and bosom friend of age—fly rejoicing to the immediate presence of that great and mighty Being of whose nature, consistency, and essence they are detached sparks, to be swallowed up and lost for ever in His Glorious, eternal brightness.

Children possess of great talent and a poetical, or sanguine disposition, stand in greatest danger of being governed by the second monitor—for, although they are capable of, and may occasionally perform great, good, and noble deeds—yet the admiration and applause of their youthful associates fills them with vanity, and gives a preponderance to the scale, which all the faint efforts of the first cannot equal—much less master. The chance is, that they will become passive slaves to the second; and, as their disposition spurns at inactivity, every moment of time is occupied in committing evil, to the great satisfaction of the infernal Agent—who, being constantly on the watch, lets no opportunity escape, which is eagerly seized by the boy, who, with great talents, gave promise of growing up the pride of his kindred and district, has, from not being soundly whipt for the first fault by mistaken Parents, grown up a curse and disgrace to all those upon whom he could have, by other conduct, conferred honour and respectability. The parents think little of ‘boyish tricks,’ and no correction or strong reproof is bestowed; a first offence is committed, and though it may be the veriest, merest trifle—paves and smoothes the way for a second greater one; a second leads to a third; the voice of conscience, which was heard and thought of with a degree of fear and shame, has gradually become weaker at each step in the ladder of crime and iniquity. A father’s hand, perhaps, then applies the chastening rod, when too late; and his first adviser being completely silenced or disregarded, that face which blushed at the hand stealing a first pin, and blanched as the tongue uttered its first lie, can present a brazen frontlet at the same hand secreting from the pockets their all—or that tongue, calling upon the Almighty to witness, perjures himself in swearing away, for a paltry sum, the life of his friend, to die at the gallows, a short time before, ‘his sins finding him out,’ would bring the ruined, hopeless wretch to the same ignominious end.

From the the vast importance of this subject, too much cannot be said concerning the example, instruction and correction which every parent ought to perform; and no arguments sufficiently strong can be adduced, to set forth the subject in a true light. I shall not attempt any, but only relate, from memory, the following, which actually occurred in London, earnestly hoping that it may cause people to reflect seriously upon the awful responsibility which they have entailed upon themselves, in becoming parents, that they may be convinced,

their temporal and eternal happiness absolutely depend upon their performing what nature, reason, and the first monitor—or conscience, dictate:—

A boy had the misfortune to lose his father, at that period of life when improper passion is most apt to take the lead. Being 'the only one of his mother,' he could do no evil, in her opinion. Instead of attending a proper seminary, or learning some decent trade, he lived in idleness, and ere long associated with youngsters who nightly infested the streets, subsisting by plundering the innocent and unway. Possessed of great natural talents, and conscience completely silenced, he soon became more expert than any other member of the community. His mother was what is generally known by the term 'well disposed,' and, in short, was one of these people who have no secrets unless of a dangerous tendency. With her companions, over their evening tea, she lamented his waywardness, ending always with—'But I am sure that my darling will leave off, and not vex his own Mama,' &c. So the rod of correction was never applied.

At length his bosom comrades got envious of superior ability exhibited by the widow's son, and with that purity of friendship for which all rascals are so remarkable, conspired together, and delivered over their coadjutor to suffer the pains and penalties of law. The boy was tried, and as his youthful friends felt no remorse, condemned to death.

The day and hour arrived, when a mother's only hope and joy with pinioned arms was placed on the fatal platform. His mother followed with tearless eye, for the fountain was dried by the fire of her brain: standing with glazed eyes, unconsciously tearing the checked apron. A pin having fallen out, the black ribbon, a token of widowhood and desolation, hung by an end, instead of encircling her unhonoured grey head. Thus she stood as the guards with antique dresses surrounded the theatre of infamy and agony. The hang-man put a noose round the criminal's neck, making the rope fast to a projecting beam, taking special care that the knot should be under the left ear, and placing a white cap on his head, preparatory to its being pulled over the face, for concealing blood-shot eyes, black, swelled, and bloated lips; together with all the signs of strangulation.' Having performed thus far with great adroitness, the finisher of man's law bowed low to the assembled powers, who waited for the poor thing to speak—his last. He however had no wish to converse with, or address any one, except the wretch who had born this lump of clay, and death. She was assisted forward by the rough arms of creatures, who for gain wait upon and live by the last struggles—last throes of frail mortality. The boy stooped and biting off his mother's ear, spit the fragment in her face—exclaiming with fury—'You old Jezebel! had you whipped me soundly for my first theft, I would not now have been within an inch of ———.' On saying which, that Body, which a mother could not even slightly hurt for its eternal welfare—swung, shook, shivered, contracted, relaxed, heaved, and died the gaze of thousands, without pity for the flesh or hope for the soul.

It is evident from the foregoing, that two Principles or Spirits, independent of the Soul, are lodged in the breast, or constantly near every Son and Daughter of Adam—that the first can only persuade to what is right and proper, which is called ‘Conscience’ and ‘the Holy Spirit’ alternately in Scripture; or ‘good genie’ by the Arabians—being a spark of the Creator, sent to persuade and teach the Creature how to please and serve its Maker by good, kind, and noble deeds. That the second also is implanted, or constantly accompanies each of the human family, for producing a contrary effect, and taking the frail, vain, silly, sinful compound to its infernal home. The first cannot sin or persuade to evil;—and the second is utterly incapable of advising to what is good. Why man was so constructed as to require the first, or be pestered, running the risk of being seduced and rendered for ever miserable, by the second? is what cannot be comprehended on this side eternity.—All that can be known is—that man has been so formed and constituted; and as nothing farther can be learned, it would appear the very height and summit of absurdity to sit with folded hands wondering and conjecturing the cause, origin, &c. &c. which—even if properly ascertained and understood, could never confer the smallest benefit upon mankind—because they have not power to alter the arrangement.

But all who wish to be happy hereafter, or even in this life, must do their utmost in strengthening the first, and weakening the second monitor, by abstaining from all meanness, lying, knavery, and abomination; but acting as, in short the Bible directs. which will eradicate all selfishness, and every improper propensity—the evil adviser will be humbled, silenced, and overthrown, while the first becoming stronger and more active, the man goeth out and in, lyeth down and taketh his rest happy and contented with his lot. All who are parents have a double labour to perform for themselves and offspring; as they must not only watch and conquer their own evil desires, but from the instant that a child can understand anything, must guard its every act, and not as most mother’s do, when the infant in attempting to walk hurts its head upon a chair, she, striking the senseless wood learns her darling revenge before it can speak; and thereby trains up a homicide from the cradle. Every attempt to gratify the second adviser should, must be checked, while all good and kindly feelings or propensities, should be encouraged.

One thing must be particularly guarded against, otherwise ‘the fruit of the Olive must fail.’ It is, that children, owing to their being composed of Body and Soul, good and evil advisers, must attend to religious matters. But particular care should be taken that where so many different sects are all thinking themselves right, and all others positiveiy in the wrong, it would be hard to determine, which a mere child should listen to.—This much may be safely advised, that none ought to be allowed entering a Church where the Clergyman separates Law and Gospel—because, a child trained up in such belief of the Turks, that faith is every thing, all-in-all; grace free as the wind which ‘bloweth where it listeth,’ and that good deeds are only filthy rags. A child told such things believes them—though impossible,

and therefore because rehearsed 'by a man of God.' he turns greedy and every shabby left-handed trick is practised and never thought wrong—for he sincerely believes. The certain consequence is—extinction or silencing of conscience, the first adviser, or Holy Spirit; and the poor wretch with texts of Scripture on his Tongue, darkness in his thoughts, a Cessio Bonorum in his pocket, and the property of friends banked in name of his wife, chuckles, laughs, eats, drinks, and is happy—for he believes, and leads a life which is well pleasing to the second monitor, who is now his bosom comrade; and the link being so close and strong—it is past all doubt that the friend of his youth will be his companion in eternity—Therefore, Oh! Parents be watchful what doctrine reaches the ears of your children, and what Pastor they listen to—for depend upon it, that though good advices, such as 'doing to others as we would that others should do to us,' and many others of similar tendency, may be neglected, despised or forgotten, the bad ones never will, but remain on the mind glutting the infernal Spirit lodged in the breast of all. Oh! beware of bad advice, for the torments of Hell must be fiercer and more terrible if, by your means, the fruit of your bodies are in the same place—yelling and shrieking in your ears, throughout eternity.—'Oh! you was my Father, what made you not instruct me?—you brought me here.' What will your torments be?

The most effectual humbler of the second adviser or infernal Agent, is prayer—family or private prayer, which is a glorious exercise—a God-like privilege, bringing the creature at once into the presence of its Maker. Even was it believed that prayer had not, nor could possibly have any effect, still it is a duty and ought to be performed—for like all others commanded by God, tends only to the benefit and advantage of the performer. Because the act of calming all the passions, the total exclusion of every selfish and worldly idea, the preparations necessary before addressing the great Being, the mind dwelling upon such exalted excellence and perfection—together with the language used—must strengthen conscience, weaken or crush the evil monitor, leaving the whole soul and even the mortal flesh holier and happier than before, or than any other exercise of mind or body could have caused. It prepares the mind to receive, appreciate, cherish, and apply properly the blessings asked—which indeed are showered equally upon every individual, but, in most cases, without the preparation of prayer, pass unheeded, unnoticed, and unattended to—which is daily perceptible in the conduct practised by the generality of mankind. Therefore, Oh! never neglect so sacred a duty, by which man will be better, and God well pleased.

EDITOR.

York, 25th March.

D

GINEVIA,

A TALE FROM SOUTHEY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF ITALY.

If ever you should come to Modena,
 Where among other relics you may see
 Tassoni's bucket—(but 'tis not the true one)
 Stop at a Palace, near the Reggio gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain you—but before you go,
 Enter the house—forget it not I pray you—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth
 The last of that illustrious family ;
 Done by Lampieri—but by whom I care not.
 He who observes it—ere he passes on
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again
 That he may call it up when far away.
 She sits inclining forward as to speak,
 Her lips half open, and her finger up
 As though she said 'Beware !' her vest of gold
 Brodered with flowers and clasped from head to foot.
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp ;
 And on her brow fairer than alabaster,
 A coronate of pearls.

But then her face
 So lovely yet so arch, so full of mirth,
 The overflowings of a guileless heart—
 It haunts me still, tho' many a year has fled,
 Like some wild melody !

Alone it hangs
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
 An oaken chest half eaten by the worm,
 But richly carved by Anthony of Trent
 With Scripture stories from the life of Christ ;
 A chest that came from Venice, and has held
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor—
 That by the wary—it may be true or false—
 But don't forget the picture ; and you will not
 When you've heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevia,
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father,
 And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son Francesco Doria,
 Her play-mate from her birth and her first love.
 Just as she looks there in her bridal dress
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
 Now frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
 The nurse that ancient lady, preached decorum :
 And in the lustre of her youth, she gave her hand
 With her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy, but at the nuptial feast,
 When all sate down, the bride herself was wanting.
 Nor was she to be found! her father cried
 ' 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!
 And filled his glass to all, but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory teeth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found,
 Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed
 But, that she was not!

 Weary of his life
 Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking,
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Donati lived—and long you might have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,
 Something he could not find—he knew not what;
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile
 Silent and tenantless, then went to strangers.
 Full fifty years were passed and all forgotten,
 When on an idle day a day of search,
 Mid the old lumber in the gallery
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
 By one as young as thoughtless as Ginevia,
 ' Why not remove it from its lurking place?'
 'Twas done as soon as said, but on the way
 It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
 All else had perished—save a wedding ring
 And a small seal her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both Ginevia.

 There she had found a grave!
 Within that chest she had concealed herself
 Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
 When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there
 Fastened her down forever!

A READER.

ON CRUELTY.

'Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn.'

BURNS.

It is, or should be, the business of every Magazine to make men wiser and better, by pointing out their duty to each other, and remind them that brute animals ought to be treated with humanity, which is sometimes forgotten or despised by many of our species—though possessed of reason sufficient for comprehending, that every act of cruelty must be punished hereafter. Even in this life, many well authenticated instances are recorded, which testify that the hand of God was

visible upon the wretch, who forgot or contemned all feelings but his own—seeking wealth, power, or, to satiate his grovelling desires by another's pain. The subject is dreadful from many circumstances, but principally, that being 'Lords of all,' men should live in unity with each other, and cherish the meaner animals. When one acts contrary thereto, he becomes hateful to God, and likewise in the eyes of his earth born brother, who, though sunk by original sin, strives to regain the high station in which he was originally placed—transgression degraded him from, and which he tries to recover, by performing works of charity and love; these, with hope in the merits of a Saviour, will make him happy here and in eternity.

The subject, from its importance, would require a long essay, for which we have not space in this number, but, at a future period, will strive to alarm the callous, who cause nature, shivering with torture, to wish that it had still continued an inanimate clod of the valley. In the meantime, we shall copy, from the 'Record of Genius,' a fact, trusting that the perusal will affect and soften the hard hearts of those who care for none but themselves.

THE SEAL.

A PATHETIC STORY.

About forty years ago, a young seal was taken in Clew Bay, Ireland, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea shore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family; its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the children, and came at its masters call, and, as the old man described him to me, was 'fond as a dog, and playful as a kitten.' Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants, frequently brought in a salmon or turbot to his master. His delight, in summer, was to bask in the sun, and in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, creep into the large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen. For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when, unfortunately, a disease, called in this country, the *chippawn*—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs, which generally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house; some died, others became infected; and the customary cure produced by changing them to drier pastures, failed. A wise woman was consulted: and the hag assured the credulous owner, that the mortality among his cows, was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless seal. It must be made way with directly, or the *chippawn* would continue, and her charms be unequal to avert the malady. The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat, carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep, to manage for itself as he best could. The boat returned, the family retired to rest; and next morning the servant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven.—The poor animal over night, came back to his beloved home, crept

through an open window, and took possession of his favorite resting place. Next morning, another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be finally removed; a Gallway fishing boat was leaving Westport, on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard, until he had gone leagues beyond Innis Boffin. It was done—a day and night passed; the second evening closed—the servant was raking the fire for the night, something scratched gently at the door, she opened it, and in came the seal! Wearing with his long and unusual voyage, he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself at home, then stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth, he fell into a deep sleep. The master of the house was immediately apprized of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency, the bel-dame was awakened and consulted; she avered that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried to sea. To this proposition the besotted wretch who owned the house, consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight, on that hearth for which he had resigned his native element; next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clare Island, and for the last time, committed to the waves. A week passed over, and things became worse instead of better; the cattle of the truculent wretch died fast, and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and cure. On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm, a wailing noise at times, was faintly heard at the door; the servants, who slept in the kitchen, concluded that the *banshee* came to forewarn them of an approaching death, and buried their heads in the bed covering. When morning broke, the door was opened; the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold.

The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it perished from hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to procure his customary food; was buried in a sand hill, and from that moment, misfortune followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The detestable hag, who had denounced the inoffensive seal, was, within a twelvemonth hanged for murder. Every thing about this devoted house melted away—sheep rotted, the

‘Cattle died, and blighted was the corn.’

Of several children, none reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived every thing he loved or cared for. He died blind and miserable. There is not one stone of that building standing upon another. The property has passed to a family of a different name; and the series of incessant calamities which pursued all concerned in this cruel deed, is as romantic as true.

TAXATION IN UPPER CANADA.

MR. EDITOR,

Those who are intending to Emigrate to Upper Canada, will doubtless be desirous of knowing what Imposts and Taxes they may be called upon to pay, on the possessions or property they may acquire in this land of their adoption. To those who have already reached our shores, and commenced that career of active exertion, which we all hope may soon secure to themselves and families, not only a present comfortable subsistence, but the prospect of enjoying in a few years comparative ease and independence, the subject will not be uninteresting: and to many, who though they may have resided among us for years—nay, some their whole lives, but who have not given it particular attention, it may not be altogether unacceptable.

The Inhabitants of Upper Canada are not called upon by way of *direct* Taxation, to provide means for the support of the Government, or the Administration of the Laws. The general Revenue for these purposes, is raised by a duty of two and a half per cent on all goods and merchandise imported by Sea, at the Port of Quebec—a specific duty being also laid on certain articles of luxury—such as Wines, Liquors, and some others. This duty is paid by the person importing, to the proper Officer at Quebec; Upper Canada receiving her proportion of the sum collected each year. This amount with a duty on certain imports from the neighbouring United States, which are also paid by the Importer, form the public resources of the Province, and is at the disposal of the Provincial Legislature, for the payment of Public Officers, and for such general purposes as may be deemed essential to the welfare of the people, and interest of the Province.

The local Taxes, or District rates as they are called, are collected from each individual, according to the quantity of Land and other property he possesses, agreeable to an assessed value fixed by Law; the rate of assessment in any District, being not more than one penny in the pound on such assessed value. The following exhibits the amount payable on the several descriptions of property enumerated, by this mode.

Cultivated Land,	Pays	One Penny per Acre,
Uncultivated do.	Do.	One-fifth of a Penny do.
House of Flatted Logs,	Do.	Two Shillings & Six Pence,
Framed House under two Stories,	} Do.	Two Shillings & eleven pence,
Frame, Brick, or Stone House, of two Stories,	} Do.	Five Shillings,
Flouring Mill, one run of Stones,	} Do.	Twelve Shillings & Six Pence,
Saw Mill,	Do.	Eight Shillings & Four Pence,
Merchant Shop,	Do.	Sixteen Shillings & eight pence
Merchant's Store Houses,	Do.	Sixteen Shillings & eight pence

Horses, 3 years old, and upwards,	}	Do.	Eight Pence,
Oxen, 4 years old, and upwards,			
Milch Cows,	}	Do.	Three Pence,
Young Cattle under four years,			
Curricles and Gigs,	Do.		One Shilling and Eight Pence,
Waggons kept for pleasure,	Do.		One Shilling and Three Pence,

These Assessments, when collected, are paid into the District Treasury, and are applicable to local purposes within the District for which they are levied.

The manner of collecting this local assessment is, by the appointment of officers for that purpose, who are chosen by the people in their Township meetings. In the month of January in each year, the inhabitants of every Township are assembled, at what is usually called a Town Meeting, and there select from among their neighbors, an Assessor, a Collector, a Town Clerk, and other Township Officers, to serve for the year; and at the same time make such regulations, or by-laws, for the guidance of the Township, on the subject of fences, cattle, &c. as they think necessary for the settlement. The Town Clerk keeps a minute of the proceedings, and transmits them to the Clerk of the Peace, who enters the names of the persons appointed on the public records of the District. Within a given period after his appointment, the Assessor is bound to call upon every inhabitant householder in the Township for which he is appointed, to procure a list or return of his rateable property. These he makes up into a general return, transmitting it to the Clerk of the Peace, who prepares from it the Assessment Roll, in which the valuation of each person's property is shewn, and the amount of taxes payable by each on that valuation. This roll when completed, is sent by the Clerk of the Peace to the Collector, who is required, on its receipt, to commence his tour of collection, and to receive from the several parties the amounts payable by them as stated in the roll; and when he has performed this duty, the monies are lodged by him, as already mentioned, with the District Treasurer.

From this general statement it will be seen, that the amount of taxes, and the mode of collecting them, cannot be considered as burthensome. As I am desirous however to place the subject in as clear a view as possible, and in such a shape that it may, I hope, be perfectly intelligible to any individual, I shall endeavor to illustrate it by a familiar example. For this purpose I shall suppose the case of a person owning the following property—shewing the assessed value of the several items, and the amount of tax to which each is liable—say a farm of 200 acres :—

60 Acres cultivated, at 20s.—valuation, £60—Tax, £0	5	0
140 do. uncultivated, “ 4s. “ 28	0	2 4
Framed House one Story, “ 35	0	2 11
2 Horses, (3 years), at £8 each, “ 16	0	1 4
4 Oxen, (4 years,) at 80s. “ 16	0	1 4
6 young Cattle, at 20s. “ 6	0	0 6
20 Sheep (not liable to tax)	0	0 0
1 Farm Waggon (do.)	0	0 0
A Pleasure Waggon, “ 15	0	1 3

Total, £ 185 £ 0 15 5

The annual taxes then, on such a property as is here enumerated would be 15s. 5d. Currency; and the example may very easily be applied to any particular case, by increasing or decreasing the quantity of property—I take it, supposing it to be a fair average one.

It may not be unnecessary to mention for the information of some persons, that the *assessed* value, of Lands particularly, is far below the *actual* value. The average of Wild Lands, may I think, be very fairly estimated at 10s. per acre, with the advantage of the rise in price, which takes place as settlement is made in the neighborhood; and which of late years, has been very extensive in almost every part of the country.—Moreover, the assessed value is not affected by these advantages, as the rates being permanently fixed by law, cannot be increased without the authority of parliament; and I have never yet heard any person suggest the necessity of any alteration in the law. With the increase of population, and consequent improvement, it is more than probable that the present plan will be found fully sufficient for every desirable purpose, and that no alteration or change will be made. In this case the increased amount of taxes which a person may have to pay, will be in proportion to the increased quantity of property he possesses, without any alteration as to the assessed value.

Having thus given a detailed account of taxation, with the amount and method of collection, it may not be uninteresting to present at one view, a statement, from the returns of the several Districts, with the population of each, and the amount of Taxes collected, taken from the official returns for 1831, the latest I have access to.

It is as follows:—

DISTRICTS.	POPULATION.	TAXES.
Eastern, - - -	21,168	£1675 13 6
Ottawa, - - -	4272	215 0 5
Bathurst, - - -	20,112	799 6 7
Johnstown, - - -	21,962	1085 2 8
Midland, - - -	36,322	2236 9 0
Newcastle, - - -	16,498	1050 12 9
Home, - - -	32,871	2052 11 2
Gore, - - -	23,552	1645 3 1
Niagara, - - -	21,974	1848 2 6
London, - - -	26,180	2180 17 3
Western, - - -	9,770	558 8 10
	234,681	£ 15,347 7 9

It is generally admitted, that the population returns are not taken so correctly as could be desired—the actual amount is estimated at 300,000. My purpose however will be effected by taking it in round numbers at 235,000, which on the above total sum of £15,347, 7, 9, would give about one shilling and three pence, as the amount paid for each person; or computing each family to consist of five individuals, the sum of six shillings and three pence would be the average amount which the head of each family had to pay.

On another occasion I may trouble you with some further observations on this subject, and on other matters of statistical information relating to Upper Canada, with a hope that they may be found useful to Emigrants and others.

From what has been stated, I think it will be admitted, that in so far as Taxation is concerned, the man who, having 'the world before him where to choose', decides on making Upper Canada his adopted home, may rest in the assurance, that he will find it less burdensome than in most other countries. In other respects, he will not be disappointed. The soil is in general excellent, and well adapted to reward the toils of the industrious husbandman—and none except these are desirable—The climate too is good—We are part and parcel of the British Empire, and enjoy, in common with all other portions of her widely extended dominions, the blessings of constitutional liberty. Improvement is making rapid strides on all sides, by the industry of the thousands and tens of thousands of our welcome countrymen, who have within a few years past come among us, to join their labours with those of our industrious native population, and to 'divide the Land' with them. We bid welcome to thousands and tens of thousands more of them, and with the right hand of fellowship, promising them succour and assistance, we tell them, that it is a 'fair land,' with many a 'glassy lake and purling stream,' where the forest, though it may now frown, awaits only their labours, and that as we journey through the wilderness, nothing more delights our ear, than the sound of the woodman's axe 'subduing' it; and preparing those fields, which ere long shall be seen 'waving with yellow corn,' and producing abundance, with contentment, for himself, and a happy, virtuous family.

SIMCOE.

York, 28th March, 1833.

MR. EDITOR,

In presenting the following translation of Klopstock's celebrated *Frühlings feier*, to the notice of your readers, I do it not from any fancied ability of my own—for I disclaim all title to the "Poeta nascitur" of Horace—but I do it from the beauty of the ideas in the original German. Professor Bernays, of King's College, London, to whose able instruction I am indebted for the deep feeling I have of the many poetical and intellectual beauties in the German Poets, has ably described Klopstock's style of writing, his copiousness of language, and sublimity of idea.

E

In his brief summary of the lives of the German Poets, with which he has prefaced his highly and justly appreciated work of the Poetical Anthology, Professor B., in speaking of Klopstock, says—that, celebrated in this country (England) as the author of the Messiah, he yet stands much higher as a writer of Odes, in which species of composition he is perhaps unsurpassed. There is in some of them an occasional straining after new ideas, but on the whole they display a depth, a power and sublimity, a mastery and abundance of language, of which only elevated minds like his are capable.

Klopstock was born at Quedlinburg, near the Hart, 1724, and died at the advanced age of 79. In the midst of the Literary feud that raged in Germany about 1730—40, between the Leipsic School and Haller, "himself a host," rose Klopstock. The Leipsic School, of which Gottsched was the head, followed implicitly, the French writers of their time, and nothing but their cold mediocrity, could please the palate of these literary epicures: while Haller, boldly scorning the trammels of the stiff rules of Aristotle, or their stiffer servile imitators, the French, sent forth in 1732 the first edition of his *Swiss Poems*, which though less polished and correct in style than that of the Leipsic School, infinitely surpassed it in the abundance of noble conceptions, elevated feelings, and powerful descriptions. Even Haller himself, however, was but the morning star to a brighter sun. 'Twas Klopstock's soul that burst through the dark clouds of prejudice and ignorance which hung over the arcadia of his native land—religion and patriotism became the theme,—

"The mighty theme this Poet sang."

It ran like an electric spark through the whole nation. The right chords were struck in the breasts of the German people, and from that time they have never entirely ceased vibrating. Klopstock, though animated by the spirit of Homer and of Milton, yet dared to be original. The death blow to the servile copyist was struck; the trammels of the French School were thrown off, never to be resumed; the disciples, the servile copyists of Gottsched, were silenced; and from that time forward, have but few base imitators of foreign forms ventured to covet applause.

OUTIS.

FRUHLINGS FEIER.

Not in the boundless track of space, where roar
The oceans of vast worlds, I'll dash—or soar
High, where the first created sons of light,
In songs of Heavenly Jubilee adore
Their God, and lose themselves in extacy.

But round the "drop in the bucket" will I stay;
Near this world only will I soar and pray
Hallelujah—Hallelujah!
For the 'drop in the bucket' came
With the vast waters—from the same
Omnipotence—Hallelujah!

When from th' Almighty's hand were hurled
 The Planet systems—each a world ;
 When the streams of light gushed
 From the starry host ;
 And the Pleiades rushed
 To their heavenly post—
 From that same Hand, thou small drop, ran,
 Soon as creation first began.

When the Sun from a stream of light first gushed ;
 When a foaming torrent downwards rushed ;
 As if with huge rocks, by dark clouds skirted,
 With sad Orion in its huge belt girted—
 Thou drop, then gently from the same
 Almighty hand, in mercy came.

What are the thousand times ten thousand ?
 What the numerous myriads all,
 Who once have stood, or who now stand
 Upon this drop—this earthly ball ?
 Or what am I ?
 Hallelujah ! to our Creator,
 Than all the bursting worlds far greater—
 Far than the Pleiades, that from one ray
 Of light together hastened into day.

But thou, thou little worm of spring,
 That sports thy gold and green to me,
 Thou livest—yet perhaps thou, poor thing,
 Art mortal, short thy race will be.

'Twas to adore I came out here,
 And I am weeping !—Thou Great, who art !
 Forgive the involuntary tear
 That bursts for what is mortal, from my heart.

Yet wilt thou not my every doubt unveil,
 When thou hast led me through the misty vale
 Of the grim king of terrors—I shall know
 Then, if that gold worm has a soul or no !

Art thou only painted dust,
 Son of May ?—when thou thy fill
 Of life hast had—turnest thou to dust,
 Or what else th' Eternal will.

Mine eye, come thou too, once more shed
 Tears, but of joy—for grief is fled.

And thou, my harp, come try,
 Thy powers, in praise of God on high !

With palms again, my harp I've bound,
 In praise of God I'll bid it sound.
 Here stand I—round me silence all,
 Mighty awful seems to fall.

With deeper awe anew,
 Creations form I view—
 Since Thou,
 Unnamed Thou,
 The plan Almighty drew.

Breezes, that round my open temples blow,
 And on my glowing face your coolness throw :
 Mysterious breezes—ye
 Are but the breath of God—Eternal He !

But ye are hushed, and now ye scarcely sigh ;
 'Tis sultry in the morning's sun,
 Big clouds are flying dark and dun—
 He comes! the Eternal One is nigh.

Again ye roar, ye winds—ye rush—and ye
 Bend low, dark woods. Thou streamlet boils't up now
 Clear, as to a mortal it can be.
 Immortal Being! is thy presence now.

Low bends the grove ; quick flies the stream away ;
 Shall I unveiled thy awful coming stay ?
 Lord! Lord! all merciful and kind.
 Convulsed nature, let me pity find!

And art thou angry with me, Lord,
 Since sable night has veiled thy brow ?
 Night is a blessing to the world ;—
 Father, thou art not angry now ?

Night comes to scatter peace around
 The shepherd's straw—cot on the ground
 At night—the grape's rich juices flow ;—
 Father, art thou angry ?—no.

All is still, when thou art nigh,
 Hushed in calm serenity.
 Mark ye that gold worm crawling by
 Soulless, mortal can he be ?

Oh! that I could praise thee, as I thirst
 To praise, thy Godhead then would burst
 In clearer Majesty—or deeper darkness grow
 Surcharged with blessing, over all below.

See ye how near the vivid lightnings flash ;
 Hear ye Jehovah's thunder in the sky ;
 Hear ye that awful, that terrific crash ?—
 'Tis the thunder bursting of the Lord on high.

Lord! Lord! God!—
 Ever all merciful, ever the same ;
 For ever praised and blessed be,
 My God, Thy holy name.

Mark ye the storm winds, too, that bear the thunder,
 How quick they rush. How loud the dark woods under
 As foaming billows dash,—and now are hushed ;—
 How move the dark clouds, gathering till they burst.

And see ye again the nearer lightning's flash ;
 Hear ye in the clouds Jehovah's thunder crash ;
 Jehovah! Jehovah! 'tis God that calls,—
 The shattered monarch of the forest falls!

But yet our little cot escapes the fire—
 Our Father bids to stay
 The minister of his ire,
 And turn his withering course away.

Ah soon, ah soon, the gladdening rain-cloud pours
 From heaven to earth, its bounteous kindly showers;
 The earth revives, relieved from its oppressing,
 And Heaven gives up its overflow of blessing.

Jehovah rides the roaring winds no more;
 The awful storm—Jehovah's wrath is o'er;
 He comes in kindness, smiling in the breeze,
 His throne—the rain-bow—mercy, o'er the trees.

OUTIS.

YORK, MARCH, 1838.

 RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CANADIAN CAMPAIGN.

No. 1.

On the 18th of June 1812, a declaration of war against Great Britain and her dependencies, was passed by the Congress of the United States of America; and proclaimed by the President on the following day. To those who had not been attentive to the measures of the American Government, the commencement of hostilities seemed at first incredible—as there appeared neither fleet nor army ready to strike a decisive blow. But a more correct examination of the proceedings of Congress, through the whole of the Session of 1812, and even some of those preceding, strongly pointed out the determination of the dominant party to declare war the moment that they were supported by public opinion; and the preparations were not so feeble as many have supposed. On the 11th of January 1812, the army of the United States consisted of 20,000 infantry, 4000 artillery, and 1000 cavalry; all of which were disposable, as the posts in the interior might be defended by the neighbouring militia.

During the same month an act was passed by Congress, authorizing the President to accept the services of 50,000 volunteers—large appropriations were vested, and an act passed on the 30th March, for raising an additional military force of 35,000 men. Some weeks after, measures were taken to place 100,000 militia at the disposal of the President of the United States; so that a military force, of not less than 200,000 men, was provided for previous to the war—and of these nearly half the number might be employed, in any enterprise beyond the Frontiers. It is indeed true, that little exertion had been used to put the laws in force, and to complete the number of troops voted by Congress. Not from want of zeal, but because the Executive power never determined absolutely the question of war, until the departure of Buonaparte to Russia.

During the period of preparation, large appropriations were made for the navy. All the ships of war were repaired, put in commission, and made ready for sea, before war was proclaimed.

The repeated threats of the majority, in Congress, to commence hostilities, coupled with their submission to the most outrageous insults of the French Emperor, and the stern opposition of the Federalists spread the belief, that they could not, to use their own words 'be kicked into war.' Even the strong measures which we have mentioned, were declared to be illusory, and intended by the President and his friends, to intimidate the British Government,—as they neither possessed the means, nor courage to venture upon hostilities. These declarations deluded the British Ministry into the belief, that all the threatenings of Mr. Madison's administration were smoke—and they were therefore induced to make no preparations for the protection of their American Colonies.

Of these it appeared evident, from the commencement of the war, that Upper Canada was the first conquest which the United States had in view. To them, it is the most important of all the British dominions on this side the Atlantic. It gives a complete command over the native Indians, and the power of cutting off all communication between them and the nations of Europe.

In attempting its subjugation, the President was very much encouraged, not only from its defenceless state, but owing to the persuasions of General Hull, Governor of the Michigan Territory, which borders upon the Western shore of Upper Canada. This gentleman had been at Washington early in the spring, where he made arrangements for conducting a military force to Detroit, that it might be in readiness for invasion. In his message to Congress Mr. Madison says—"It was deemed proper, as a measure of precaution, that a considerable force previous to the declaration of war, should be placed in the Michigan Territory, with a general view to its security; and, in the event of war, to such operations in the uppermost Canada, as would intercept the hostile influence of Great Britain over the savages, obtain a command of the Lake, on which that part of Canada borders, and maintain co-operating relations with such forces, as might be most conveniently employed against other parts."

Brigadier General Hull had induced his Government to believe, that, by entering the Province opposite Detroit, the conquest would be certain and easy. Accordingly in March 1812, three months before the declaration of war, the whole expedition was concerted. The General informed his superiors, that the Country which he was about to invade, was full of inhabitants, disaffected to the King of Great Britain, and before he reached the head of Lake Ontario, his army would be doubled by those settlers, whom the government of Upper Canada had admitted from the United States. That by advancing upon York, the capitol of the Province, he would be enabled to flank Niagara—where the few troops destined for the defence of Upper Canada were chiefly stationed; and that these being attacked in front, while he advanced upon their rear, they must fall an easy prey, and thus the greater part of this country, or rather so much of it as is truly valuable to the United States, would be completely conquered. These promises flattered Mr. Madison so much, that his natural irresolution

forsook him—eager to become a conqueror, he hurried General Hull from Washington, and granted him every thing deemed necessary, to insure the success of his expedition.

It was indeed announced by the public journals in April, that Governor Hull was to make a descent upon Canada with three thousand troops. In other publications, friendly to Mr. Madison's administration, it was said—that General Hull, an active and experienced officer, had embodied an army of four or five thousand effective men, completely armed and disciplined, who waited only for orders to march, and take possession of Upper Canada. Neither secrecy nor dispatch are found in mixed Governments, and had the British Minister at Washington been attentive to his duty, the certainty of approaching war might have been communicated, to the Governor in Chief of British North America, six weeks before it was publicly declared. Two causes induced the American Government to delay this declaration. It was desirable to know whether France and Russia were actually at war; and equally important that before intelligence could reach England of hostilities having commenced, the season would be so far advanced that assistance could not be sent to Canada. Both these objects were accomplished by protracting the debate in the Senate of the United States, from the 4th to the 18th of June.

In the mean time, General Hull collected an army of between two and three thousand men, at Urbano in the state of Ohio, from whence he began his march for Detroit, on the 11th of June. The difficulty of reducing his men to any sort of discipline, and the tardiness of the military departments in providing the necessary equipments, greatly impeded his progress. From Urbano to the Miami of the Lakes, a distance of 120 miles, the country was a perfect wilderness, of which the Indians were the inhabitants and proprietors. Through this, the army had to cut their way as they advanced; and it was by this road alone, that any supplies could be received.

In this country a number of tracts each six miles square, had been ceded to the United States by the Indians, at the treaty of Greenville, dictated by General Wayne, at the point of the bayonet, which form chains of posts joining the Lakes with the Ohio, by the course of navigable rivers, and the portages connecting them. By this treaty, a free passage, both by land and water, was to be allowed to the people of the United States. But of this article the Indians had always opposed the execution, considering it a plan to bring them in subjection. All of them therefore who belonged to this country, with a very few exceptions, were inclined to be hostile to General Hull's army, though they thought it more prudent to remain neutral on his first advance.

Perhaps no troops but American could, in so short a space of time, have overcome the difficulties of this march, through a thick and almost trackless forest, intersected with numerous brooks and rivulets. The weather was rainy, and the land generally low and swampy, so that the soldiers travelled ankle deep in the mud. The waggons were continually breaking down, sinking in the mire, by which the rear was often detained, and not only was the road to be cut open through the whole distance, but block houses built in order to keep up the communication.

On the 30th of June the army arrived at the rapids of the Miami, where a beautiful and romantic country suddenly opened to their view. This, says an eye witness, was a joyous day, every countenance was animated, and fresh energy with fortitude were experienced by those, who had surmounted with difficulty the fatigue of a march, at once gloomy and oppressive. After remaining here one day to refresh, the troops commenced their march to Detroit, a distance of 72 miles.—The General ordered a small schooner to proceed by water, with the hospital stores and officers baggage, as the roads were still bad, and the navigation from this to Detroit extremely easy. Before the army reached Detroit, news of this schooner being captured and the declaration of war, were publicly announced. On the fifth day of July General Hull encamped at Springwells, opposite to the British town of Sandwich, and within three miles of Detroit.

On taking command of the army, the General had received discretionary powers from the President, to act offensively in case of war; the invasion of Canada was therefore determined on. The arms of the troops were repaired, part of the ordnance found in the fort of Detroit was mounted, and every exertion was used by commanding officers, to impress on the minds of the soldiery the necessity of strict discipline and obedience to orders. The preparations were hastened by letters from the Secretary of War of the United States, to the General, urging him to take possession of Malden, and to extend his conquests as circumstances might justify.

In the meantime it was painful to behold the defenceless situation of Upper Canada; as little more than one regiment was allotted for its protection. At St. Joseph, the most distant post, there was a weak company of the veterans, under the command of Captain Roberts. At Amherstburgh or Malden a small detachment of the 41st, while Fort George and York were garrisoned by the remainder of that regiment. Two weak companies of the veterans, under Major McPherson, guarded Kingston—the key of the Province. The force stationed at each of these posts was not sufficient for their defence, so that, properly speaking, the Commander of the Forces in Upper Canada, had not a single man at his disposal.

Fortunately for Upper Canada, Major General Brock was President administering the government, and Commander of the Forces. He received notice of the war at York, the seat of Government, on the 26th of June, by a private communication; and notwithstanding the gloomy picture which the Province exhibited, he did not despair. He found resources in his own genius, and beheld in the smallness of his means, the germ of greater glory. Justly convinced that the safety of the Province intrusted to his care, entirely depended upon celerity and decision, he crossed the lake from York to Niagara in an open boat, a few hours after hearing of the war, taking with him from the garrison every effective man, determined to seize upon the American fort, at the mouth of the Niagara River—On arriving at Fort George, it was represented to him by some gentlemen less wise than cautious, as the event demonstrated, that an attack upon the enemy would be premature—as he had not received official intelligence of the war,

either from the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Prevost, or the British Minister at Washington. This extraordinary circumstance rendered it doubtful in their opinion, and at all events made it highly proper to wait for more correct information, before commencing hostilities. If General Brock had any failing, it was that of sometimes submitting to minds far inferior to his own. He waited, but no intelligence came from his superior for nearly five weeks—Nor was Sir George Prevost on this occasion to blame, for during all that time he received no official information of the war from Mr. Foster, the British Minister at Washington, and for some time entertained doubts of its truth.

After the certainty of the war had been fully ascertained, the order received by General Brock ill accorded with the vigour and decision of his own character; for instead of being encouraged to attack the enemy, he was commanded to remain cautiously defensive.

At the commencement of hostilities, it became a question of great importance, whether we should anticipate the designs of the enemy, or wait patiently at home for the moment of attack. As the latter course was adopted by the Commander-in-Chief, it is but fair to suppose, that in his mind it possessed advantages sufficient to justify its preference.

The causes alleged for hostilities either did not exist, or had been allowed to be insufficient on several occasions, by the American President and his friends. It was therefore evident, that they were not to be discovered in the public declarations of Congress, or in those of the administration, but in the general character of their measures, and the known opinions of those in power. From these it was evident that the gratification of an implacable hatred to Great Britain, the dissolution of her connexion with the Indians, and her expulsion from the continent of America, were the true objects of the war. The period chosen for its commencement seemed singularly propitious, for acquiring these important advantages—Russia was not supposed capable of resisting the French tyrant for any length of time, and then England, it was hoped, must fall—exhausted by the long continuance of the contest, and the great efforts she had made in Spain. Even should Russia be able to protect her own territories, Great Britain would be incapable of affording sufficient assistance to her American colonies. It very fortunately happened, that the President and his friends were disappointed in their expectations of Bonaparte's success, and notwithstanding their skill in selecting the most favourable moment for war, and the great extent of their preparations, such was the inexperience of their government, their ignorance of arrangements, and difficulty of coming at their resources, that a delay was produced, which might have been turned by the Commander of the Canadas to great and permanent advantage.

It was alleged by the friends of forbearance, that the long continuance of the war in Europe, rendered its farther extension deeply to be deplored—That the distresses of our manufacturers were infinitely

increased, by hostilities with the United States—that the smallness of the force stationed in the Canadas, made it foolish to think of offensive operations—that time was necessary to arm and discipline the militia, and that it would be well if we succeeded in defending ourselves when attacked—that many of the inhabitants were of a doubtful character, and required to be carefully watched—that the war, on the part of the enemy was unpopular, and vehemently opposed by a most respectable and increasing party, which would very soon, in all probability, acquire a majority in Congress, on which hostilities would cease—that by an offensive war, we should unite all parties against us, and have the mortification of being foiled, as we had no force able to resist them when united—that by remaining within our lines, the justice of our cause, already to most men so clear, must soon appear so to all, when the Americans were seen attacking a peaceable and unoffending colony, anxious to remain at peace, and to enjoy the fruits of its industry—that violent measures on our part, were exactly what Mr. Madison and his friends wished, for nothing would embarrass and disconcert them more, than our determination not to pass the lines—that this valuable advantage would be lost, the moment we determined to carry the war into their territories, and the President would call upon the people with effect, to defend their native soil against foreign invasion.

To this it was answered, by the friends of vigorous measures, that the general policy and extent of the war were no concern of ours—it was our duty to make the most energetic efforts against the enemy. That nothing could be more absurd than to think of defending the Province, after determining never to pass the Frontier; such preparations might be made immediately under our observation as would render, when brought into operation, all resistance vain—That if our force was not adequate for conquest, nor without good management for self defence, it became the more necessary to attend to its useful application—That with a force like ours it was a kind of suicide to suffer the foe to prepare himself on the further side of a river, or imaginary line, till he was able to over power us—That it was not offensive, but defensive war, to destroy the means collected for our subjugation—That by celerity we might make up in a great degree for the deficiency of force—That to look for any advantage from forbearance, was to mistake the American character; and must if acted upon end in the total ruin of the British colonies—That it dispirited the people, and reminded them of the torpid and treacherous policy pursued during the American rebellion—That a successful attack on the lines when the enemy was marshalling his forces, instead of irritating the peaceful party, if truly sincere, would produce the contrary effect, by furnishing them with additional proof of the gross incapacity of their present rulers—That an early attack would be exceedingly advantageous, since the forces of the enemy, consisting chiefly of volunteers, were raw, undisciplined, and little disposed to make a formidable resistance; an advantage that must soon be lost—as they were to be replaced in a very short time by regulars, accustomed to severe discipline—That success on our part would dispirit the democrats, and

overturn the whole plan of their operations—That even taking Fort Niagara, would be of incalculable advantage by giving us a safe harbour on the river, and putting us in possession of the line from lake to lake—That after clearing the coast so far as Lake Erie, it would be easy to scour it down to Ogdensburgh, seize every ship and boat upon the communication, and thus secure the command of the waters through the whole war—That this general attack along the whole line, which could not fail of being successful if soon made, must go far to convince the enemy, of the impossibility of conquering the Canadas; thus depriving them of the strongest motive for the war, and inspiring our own inhabitants with redoubled courage—That the consequences of not pursuing vigorous operations must be ruinous to the country, as forbearance was profitable to the enemy, but most pernicious to us, as they were continually increasing their forces, while we could receive no reinforcements for many months—That if we did not destroy the preparations of the enemy for a successful invasion, they would before the opening of the navigation, send such reinforcements and equip so many vessels, as should give them completely the command of the waters, especially when the general inexperience of the officers of the Provincial marine was taken into consideration—That in attacking we could concentrate our forces, but by waiting for the enemy, they must be scattered along a line of more than six hundred miles, as we could not know the point of invasion.—That Military history did not furnish a single example of a country, of the same extent of border, completely protected by defensive operations—That every day's forbearance endangered our communication with Lower Canada; while a successful attack would not only put the enemy back twelve months, but have a respectable force ready to harass him in the rear, should he be able to penetrate into the Lower Province,—for nothing but blows would bring our foes to moderate terms. They would call our forbearance cowardice, and as we conceded, they would rise in their demands. In fine, that we had no business to watch the movements of their parties: it was enough to know that we were at war, and our only object should be, to push to the utmost our means of defence. To suppose the Federalists our friends, was exceedingly fallacious; they would rejoice as much in conquering this country, and procuring all the objects of dispute as their opponents. They are indeed more to be feared than their adversaries, as they possess greater wealth, address, and abilities.

It is a maxim in Military affairs, that when no strong position can be prudently taken, the weaker army should become the assailants, or in other words, that the deficiency of force must be made up by skill and rapidity of movement. This was the practice and opinion of that great master in the art of war, Frederick of Prussia. Had even the inhabitants been encouraged and directed, they would have destroyed every vessel or boat belonging to the enemy. Major McPherson, Commandant of the Garrison at Kingston, and Colonel Cartwright, Commanding the Militia of the District, justly conceiving that as a war existed, every means of ruining the defences of the enemy was meritorious, dispatched, on the first of July, a detachment of the

Militia in boats, to destroy their vessels on the lake. Two were burnt, and the remainder might have been sunk or destroyed, had not such enterprises been checked by the frown of authority. The wisdom of this check may be very properly questioned, when in a few months these very ships, which might have been so easily destroyed, were seen well armed, as had been anticipated, and not only composing the greater part of the flotilla which commanded the lake, but actually employed in an attack on Kingston. General Brock was for the most vigorous measures, and looked for a communication from Lower Canada, as the signal of attack—but alas! it tied him expressly up from molesting the enemy, unless they invaded us. It was with grief mixed with indignation, that this gallant General was obliged to look at his foes, collecting the means of his destruction.

The American Government did not leave General Brock long inactive, for on the 12th of July, General Hull, with his army, crossed into Canada, and immediately dispersed an infamous proclamation, informing the Canadians, that if any of them were seen fighting by the side of Indians, no quarter would be given! inviting them to become traitors, and boasting that the force he commanded would break down all opposition.

The few Militia that were collected by Colonel Baby, to resist the landing of the enemy, finding them possessed of several pieces of artillery, thought it most prudent to retire. Having gained the shore, the American Army encamped without opposition, and their Commander established his head quarters in Colonel Baby's house, which he had the baseness to plunder. On the 14th, a detachment of Cavalry, or, according to American phraseology—"mounted men," under Colonel McArthur, was sent to collect provisions, and pillage the country. They penetrated to McGregor's Mills, on the River Thames, and returned on the 17th, bringing a large quantity of flour, and a great number of cattle, besides blankets and clothing, taken from the peaceable inhabitants. In this expedition, one Watson, who had been greatly favoured by the Provincial Government of Upper Canada, was their voluntary guide, having offered his services to General Hull, which were readily accepted. This part of Upper Canada is extremely fertile and beautiful; the fields of wheat and indian corn were remarkably fine, and great quantities of the former remained ungathered, as every male capable of bearing arms had been drafted for the defence of the Province. McArthur's predatory expedition, with the proclamation, and personal conduct of General Hull, were of more service to Upper Canada than a large reinforcement, as they convinced the Canadians that they had every thing to fear, and nothing to hope from such a foe. Instead therefore of returning to their homes when the first terrors of invasion had passed away, the greater number left the forest and swamps to which they had retired, and joined the troops at Amherstburgh. Almost every house was abandoned for many miles along the Canadian shore, and only a few settlers returned to their habitations, having been persuaded to confide in General Hull's special promise of protection, to their persons and property. On the 16th,

280 men of the American Army, under Colonel Cass, and Lieutenant Colonel Millar, were dispatched towards Fort Malden, situated at the entrance of Detroit River into Lake Erie, about sixteen miles from the American Camp. The road lies along the river, and crosses several brooks, among which is the small stream Aux Canard, about four miles from Malden. Colonel Cass found the advanced post of the British in possession of the bridge over this river, which is here very deep, and about twenty yards wide. Finding the position too strong to be attacked in front, he ordered a company of riflemen to engross the attention of the British, till the remainder of his force were seen on the opposite bank, with which he intended to attack them in the rear, by passing at a Ford five miles up the river. This manœuvre was discovered by a few indians who attended upon our detachment, and arrangements were made for a spirited resistance. Finding, however, the American force too strong, our troops retreated with the loss of two men, after sustaining the attack some time, and killing several of the enemy. Having kept possession of the bridge a few hours, Colonel Cass returned with his detachment to the camp, and Colonel St. George, the Commandant of Malden, ordered it to be re-occupied by a picket guard. The first scalp during the war was taken on this occasion by Captain McCulloch, an American rifleman, from one of the two British Soldiers killed in the skirmish. These two gallant fellows, being too far in advance to retreat with their companions, opposed the whole American detachment, and refusing to surrender, were shot at their posts. Several skirmishes took place at this bridge, which formed the principal obstruction between the American camp and Malden, or Amherstburgh, in all of which, the British forces had the advantage. In one instance, a detachment of fifteen Indians suddenly springing up from their concealment, and giving their war yell, so terrified the American detachment under Major Denny, consisting of 120 men, that they threw away their arms, and fled in the greatest consternation. The Indians pursued them several miles, and returned loaded with coats, haversacks, caps, and muskets.

The moment General Brock heard that the enemy had effected his passage across the Detroit River, and was threatening Amherstburgh, he ordered Major Chambers, of the 41st, with a small part of his Regiment, to proceed down the River Thames with the Oxford Militia, and act offensively, in conjunction with the force in Garrison, under Colonel St. George. The difficulties which Major Chambers encountered, and the lukewarmness of the Militia, who had been tampered with by some traitors, and who were to form the principal part of his force, rendered it imprudent for him, brave and zealous as he was, to proceed. But the necessity of the case admitted of no delay, and General Brock, on receiving this painful intelligence, directed Colonel Proctor to leave Niagara and to assume the command at Fort Amherstburgh. This Officer took with him 60 rank and file of the 41st, which was all the reinforcement that could be spared. To counterbalance these mortifying embarrassments, intelligence was received that Michillimackinac had been taken, on the 16th July.

Captain Roberts, commanding at St. Joseph's, on being notified of the war, prepared to attack Michillimackinac with all the force—Militia, Regulars, and Indians, that he could muster, when he received an express from General Brock to forbear till farther orders. In the mean time, Colonel Dickson arrived at St. Joseph's from the interior, with a small body of Western Indians, which, together with the Indians of the neighborhood, under Mr. Askin, the Inhabitants of the Island, and Traders, with their servants, under Mr. Crawford, formed a very respectable force. At length the wished for orders came, and in two hours the expedition sailed. On reaching Michillimackinac, they sent a message to the enemy, to give up the Fort; and in the mean time transported, with great difficulty, several guns to the height above it,—a measure which intimidated the enemy and produced an immediate surrender. This gallant enterprise was accomplished without shedding a drop of blood, nor was there a single act of violence committed by the Indians, so completely were they restrained by the Officers commanding them.

N. N.

DEAR SIR:

The following verses were written several years ago, and though you may wonder at the author's partiality and vanity in preserving them so long, he will trespass still more on your good nature, by requesting a place for the first production of his muse, in the Magazine.

Your friend,

CINNA.

THE WINTER'S EVENING.

DEDICATION TO A LADY.

Lady, I send my simple lay to thee,
 It is in sooth a melancholy strain;
 Not fit for smiling eyes like thine to see,
 Nor tuned, for one of pleasure's sportive train.
 Yet thou hast ask'd it—well may I be vain:
 For tho' sad thoughts may in my bosom throng,
 I can feel pleasures throb, as well as pain,—
 Had smiles like thine but shone my path along,
 More bright had been my way, more joyous too my song.

I

The smiling Spring in flow'ry robe array'd—
 Her zephyrs soft, her wild birds thrilling strain;
 The Summers blushing rose, and verdant shade;
 And Autumn's mellow hues, and golden grain—
 Have pass'd alternate from the wither'd plain.
 The bleak north west hath o'er the waters pass'd,
 And bound each dancing wave in icy chain;
 The naked forest yawns amid the blast,—
 And mourns the leafy veil so rudely from her cast.

2

Yet there is beauty in yon clear blue sky.
 Yet there is beauty in yon sinking sun ;
 And in the ruddy tint he throws on high—
 To greet the shadowy evening coming on.
 And in that star, of all the loveliest one,
 Which first amid the evening shade is bright,
 In the thin crescent of the new born moon—
 In the pale flushing of the northern light—
 And fast appearing orbs, that crown the wintry night.

3

Sometimes the mind grows weary mid the crowd,
 And sullen shuns, where social joys invite :
 And apathy will spread his chilling shroud
 Around the heart, and oft when spirits light
 And gayest hopes the happiest thoughts invite,
 And all seems lovely, some collision rude
 With malice, pride, or interest, a blight
 Flings withering o'er the soul, and in a mood—
 Of weariness and gloom, we fly to solitude.

4

My path is lonely—on the silent strand,
 And here I see my ice boat's flapping sail—
 She seems impatient for a guiding hand
 To touch her helm ; but now the moon beam pale
 Falls on her canvas, swelling in the gale.
 Before me lies the glassy, waveless bay,
 Whose desolate calm to break, the wild winds fail.
 She bears me o'er its icy breast away,
 Swift as the eagle's flight, when pouncing on his prey.

5

No more the crowded roofs inform my eye,
 Nor rising smoke, that busy man is near.
 But the blue concave of the illumin'd sky—
 Glowing sublime, with many a shining sphere,
 Shews on its verge, an outline dark and clear.
 Where the far highland, rears his woody crown :
 While here and there some scattered lights appear—
 Where midnight wassailers, their senses drown,—
 Or moaning sickness keeps her vigils in the town.

6

Before my mind pass fiery visions wild,
 Which fancy ever raises busily ;
 The glimmering hopes, with which my boyhood smil'd,
 Mingle with darker shades of memory.
 For who are they, whose forms most gloriously
 Fill up the fore-ground of the pictur'd scene ?
 Where are they now ? alas ! all peacefully
 They sleep, beneath the turf, 'twere well I ween,
 For one who mourns above, if with them he had been.

7

But to their lov'd remembrance, let the tide
 Of warm affection flow, the earthy mound
 That hid them from my sight, could not divide
 The ties of love. I feel them slit around,
 And mingle with my spirit, as the sound
 Of music vibrates in the unruffled air ;
 While holy fervors in my bosom bound—
 They come! to join my heart's unutter'd prayer,
 And with its grateful throb, a voiceless hymn to share.

8

For tho' 'tis darkest night without a beam,
 When first we bend in sorrow o'er the bier ;
 'Tis not all sadness, when a long lov'd name
 Receives, from memory's eye, the dewy tear ;
 Hope's starry ray falls on it, glistning clear,
 Love's genial warmth revives its wither'd bloom,
 And then religions dawning morn is near—
 Hopes brightning ray leaves not a speck of gloom,
 'Till sorrow almost smiles, when gazing on the tomb.

9

Methinks, I hold communion with each star.
 That beams around me, in the beauteous night ;
 I watch their answers, coming from afar
 In every silv'ry beam, that greets my sight—
 To solemn worship, do they all invite ;
 And then, blest offering to the pow'r divine
 Is nature's first born, pure, and lovely light :
 The tribute of a thankful heart be mine,
 As humbly I approach the great creator's shrine.

10

Oh! wondrous works of an Almighty hand :
 Oh! wondrous creature, thou the human mind ;
 When for their flight thy wings of thought expand.
 What are the limits to the course assign'd ?
 Can cords of clay thy soaring pinions bind ?
 When 'midst these countless worlds in grand array,
 Not ev'n by their immensity confin'd—
 Thou canst into their furthest limits stray ;
 And seek for myriads more, above yon milky way.

11

Canst thou on vain and fleeting pleasures think ?
 Canst thou by cares as vain still vexed be ?
 All, all thou seest is on destruction's brink,
 Ready to crumble when compar'd with thee,
 Who hast thy being for eternity.
 Then grateful bow before thy God, my soul—
 Thou favor'd heir of immortality.
 Thou shalt exist, when planets cease to roll,
 And yon vast firmament shrinks like a parched scroll,

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF A HERMIT, WHO LIVED UPWARDS OF 200 YEARS.

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A knowledge of human nature under every appearance, is not only pleasing, but in many respects useful and necessary. The following account, as it is a discovery made within the limits of our own country, and confirmed by them who were eye witnesses, may with great propriety deserve our notice.

Two gentlemen of undoubted veracity, viz: Capt James Buckland, and Mr. John Fielding, living in the State of Virginia, agreed to travel into the Western parts of this vast country, to explore the regions which belong to these United States, which are yet unknown to us.

On the nineteenth of June, 1785, they took their departure. Each of them was armed with two pistols and a large sharp dagger. They were attended by two strong and hearty slaves, armed with muskets. Both the gentlemen very well understood the rules of trigonometry, on which are founded the principles of sailing and surveying; and carrying with them a compass, they were able to keep their course directly, and well able to determine the distance they travelled. The slaves carried as much provision as they could conveniently, with a considerable quantity of salt, for the sake of cooking venison and other food, which they might kill on their way. They passed with much difficulty the lofty Allegany Mountains. On these mountains they made several important discoveries of gold and silver mines, an account of which will be soon published. After leaving these grand and lofty mountains, they travelled 75 days without seeing the least appearance, or even track of any human being. The country was diversified with hills, mountains, and vallies, and beautiful rivers, with trees of all kinds and sizes. The large trees grew very tall, and the ground was often covered with amazing thickets of small pine, hemlocks, and ivies. This diversity rendered the country agreeable beyond description. They saw wild animals of almost every kind, many of which they killed, some for food and some for curiosity, being such as they never saw nor ever heard of before. At length, having travelled several miles on rising ground, they came to the summit of a high mountain. Here they stopped, and it was the most beautiful prospect imaginable: on every side, far as they could possibly see, they beheld the green groves waving by the gentle gales of the wind. Here they spent several hours in refreshing themselves, and viewing the extensive country on every side. They took notice that the ground appeared to be trodden, and frequented as they supposed by wild beasts. As they were setting out to go forward, they discovered a small foot path to lead down the mountain between two high ridges of rocks. They were surprized at this, and doubted whether it could be made by wild animals; but as there were no marks of feet, they were at a loss about

it. They were fearful about entering, although it was directly in their way, lest they should fall among some dens of wild beasts, which might be too strong for them. After some deliberation, they considered that a spirit of cowardice did not become adventurers. They reviewed their arms and ammunition, and resumed so much courage as they thought sufficient to encounter the most terrible beasts of the wilderness, and then proceeded down the mountain in the following manner, viz: one slave first, then the two gentlemen, and the other slave behind. After they had proceeded about half a mile the path grew brighter; but as the ground was hard and dry, no appearance of feet could be discovered. The desert was truly venerable and august. On each side were the two ridges of rocks at the distance of four or five rods: each of them was covered with high trees, likewise small pines and ivies hung bending over the narrow valley in which the path was; each side was covered incredibly thick with small shrubs; the taller trees covered with leaves, and thick branches bent over the valley, so that they shut out the rays of the sun. In this situation the travellers not only admired the grandeur in which they were enclosed; but they were filled with anxieties concerning the path which still increased. In this condition they proceeded in a gradual descent, about two miles and a half in a western direction, though in several places the grandeur of the valley was increased by small turnings and circular windings. Then they were surprized with an opening; the ridge of rocks on the right hand continued, but that on the left did not.

A large extended level country was opened to their view, and the sun being in the western hemisphere, a new day seemed to usher in upon them, which struck them with an agreeable surprise. In this condition they stood gazing for a moment, then re-entered the path, which had by this time become much beaten. About four rods from them they saw the path turn to the right hand, towards the ridge of rocks, which was almost perpendicular: they then discovered a hole in the rock several feet square; they stood still for some time viewing it, as they supposed it was a den for wild beasts, when they were surprized with a shape coming out of the rock: it appeared like a grave old man; his head was bald, his beard was long and white, which covered his breast—his body was covered with fur and skins of beasts,—He seemed surprized as much to see them, as they did to see him—at length, with a grave and solemn voice he spoke:—‘Friends! human forms! from whence, or who are you? Are you angels or men?’ One answered we are men; he then waved his hand in token of friendship, and pleasure seemed to sit on his countenance. ‘With joy’ (said he) ‘I once more behold human shapes.’ The travellers stood almost speechless for sometime, but when he moved towards them turned for fear, and made off from him; at which the old man called with tears in his eyes—whether do you flee?—Leave me not I am an innocent hermit, I cannot hurt you, I live in this cave whose mouth you see. They then stood till he came and shook hands with them, and expressed such emotions of joy as are difficult to describe. The hermit then conducted them to his cave: they were somewhat reluctant at first about entering it, but they however were prevailed upon,

so that they followed him into the cave, the mouth of which was ornamented on the outside with trees and thick ivies, which shaded it; before it was the wide level country before mentioned, covered with beautiful trees; the inside contained several nice apartments, all which seemed to be dug out of a solid marble rock; the walls on the inside were adorned with many curious figures of sculpture; the upper part of the cave was an arch, which gave a small light, like a sort of wood we call light wood, or fox fire, which added a lustre to the cave.

The hermit seemed overjoyed with his new guests, and their curiosity was much satisfied with him. He seated them on several smooth stones at the side of the cave; he then presented them with some bark, roots, acorns, and several kinds of fruit, unknown to them.—They partook of his bounty, and were highly pleased with his simplicity, both in manners and diet. They offered the hermit some of their venison, and desired him to partake thereof; but he told them very mildly that he cared not to eat any flesh, that his diet consisted only of such simple food as he had set before them. After they had eaten, the hermit said, it is night, you must not leave me—they said they would tarry that night, but must return early in the morning. Having now become somewhat acquainted, they asked him his place of nativity, and how he came there. The hermit very freely began, and related as follows:—

“My story,” says he, “is mournful; but it may be worth your hearing. I was born in London (as I have been very exact to keep my age,) 227 years ago. My father was a mechanic, who placed his affections greatly on me; he put me under the care of a private gentleman to be educated, where he kept me till about 19 years of age, about which time I formed a close connection with a nobleman’s daughter. We made the most solemn protestations to each other of mutual friendship: when her parents became acquainted with it, they confined her, and refused our seeing each other:—not long after, the lady died, at whose remembrance I cannot refrain from tears.

“I, like a disconsolate person as I was, roved through different parts of the kingdom; at length I went on board of a vessel bound to Italy. Soon after our departure, the master and all the crew, except two, were lost in a storm. We being unable to manage the vessel, let her drive. After several days we came to land, but whither we knew not. The country was uninhabited, which pleased me the more, as solitude was what I sought. I left my companions and betook myself to the wilderness. I took from on board the vessel a gun and all the ammunition I could find, which I found to be of great importance to me, as I had the good fortune to procure skins of animals which served to clothe me tolerably well. At last, heaven brought me to this place, where you found me. Here I have lived alone in contemplation of the works of nature, adoring Him who preserves me. The reason of my long life and good constitution I cannot account for, only by the blessing of Heaven, and living on such simple food as I set before you. Oft I ascend this winding vale, through which I thought you came, to

the summit of the mountain. The beasts of the forest all play before me. Nothing offers violence to me, all the animals are friendly to me, and none durst enter my cave."

Thus the hermit ended, after which Captain Buckland informed him of the present state of the nation; how some of them had left their native country and come to this, which is now called America. All which account the hermit was not a little surprised at. The evening being spent, the hermit could not go to rest without paying divine service to his Creator and preserver; he gave thanks that he once more had an interview with human beings, asked for protection and blessings.

The next day they did not depart as they had proposed, but being so much pleased they tarried several days. At their departure they used their utmost endeavours to persuade the hermit to come off with them; but he refused, and said he had been exceedingly happy in their company, and could have entertained them longer; as for leaving his cave he could not. He thought Heaven had provided that place for his dwelling, in which he expected to reside while he lived in this world. Notwithstanding his reluctance to leave his cave, he was exceedingly affected with their leaving him; he wept like a child, and taking Captain Buckland by the hand he embraced him, wishing him prosperity, after which they departed.

Captain Buckland gives particular directions for any one to go and find the hermit, and satisfy his own curiosity.

30th July, 1788.

PARTING.

We oft have parted, oft have met

E * * * a, dear in days gone past;
Then tell me why thine eyes are wet?
This meeting shall not be our last.

Why fear thy eyes will lose their jet,
Thy soft warm hand its lily hue—
Or rather that I will forget
Them both, when I am far from you.

Yes, thou wilt from my memory fly,
Like dreams in some far foreign land,
When I meet there a brighter eye;
When I clasp there a whiter hand.

But thou wilt soon return again,
And never more from thought depart,
Until I meet a nobler mein,
A sweeter face, and better heart.

And where may I that Phœnix find
Throughout all beauty's wide domain?
Thy melting look and angel mind
I'll seek on every shore in vain.

For I might live Methusalah's days,
 And wander all Circassia through,
 Yet still my eyes would never gaze
 On one, to charm my heart like you.

Low I could bend the pious knee,
 And fondly worship at thy shrine :
 What's all this fair wide world to me
 Without that sweet, proud look of thine ?

GUY WALTON.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

By a strange fatality, one of the ministers of the dethroned Charles X. was driven to Vienna for shelter, where he arrived in good time to gather up the remains of the *ancien Roi de Rome*: one of the late ministers of the banished restoration, occupied his exile with the latest souvenirs of the abdicated Empire. But a Frenchman is always a Frenchman, and no matter to what party he belongs, or by what party he has suffered—in foreign countries, *la patrie* and *la gloire*, invariably attaching to it, are always ideas which with him sanctify every thing connected with him. Who could have expected to find an ultra-royalist minister of the restoration occupying his leisure—or rather his time, for it is all ~~taken~~ with him—with the recollections of the last of the Imperial dynasty? and yet ~~it is~~ that with pious hands and reverent feelings, M. de Montbel has taken ~~himself~~ the task of recovering of the life and character of the son of the most ill he could dis- ders. Let his politics or policy be what they may, we ~~give~~ grateful thanks for having undertaken the duty, and are happy ~~in~~ piety that the manner in which it is executed is highly creditable both ~~to~~ his feelings as a man, and his abilities as an author. It redounds to the praise of M. de Montbel, that he has been so well able to divest himself of the narrow prejudices of party, and at once, as regards the interesting subject of his biography, place himself in a position of perfect impartiality, and in a most favourable point of view, for recording all that must necessarily interest the world and posterity in the history of this extraordinary graft on the ancient stock of Austrian legitimacy.

The Life, as given by M. de Montbel from the best sources, and frequently in the very words of the only persons qualified to speak, will long be a favourite text both of moralists and politicians. The influence of hereditary disposition, the effect of education generally, and the peculiar character of this youth's education, are fruitful sources of reflection and instruction; while his anomalous position, the chances of his future life, and the probable effect it might have had on France and Europe at large, are not less likely to stimulate the disquisitive faculties of historical writers. M. de Montbel's book has also the recommendation of complete novelty. The life of the son of Napoleon, since he fell into Austrian hands when an infant, has been a perfect

mystery ; the people were scarcely kept in more complete ignorance of the daily life of the man with the Iron Mask ; his death was almost the first certain news of his continued existence. Now that there is no motive for farther concealment, we are let into all the details of his short career, down even to the utmost trivial actions of hourly existence not without some reservation certainly, produced by a perpetual consciousness of the position of the writer—a dependant on the Court of Vienna—but still with a sufficient abundance of particulars, flowing from the mouths of his friends, tutors, and household, to satisfy us altogether as to the character and disposition of a most remarkable and most interesting personage.

Many unworthy suspicions have been entertained of the Court of Austria respecting the treatment of this young man : these suspicions will at once vanish before the perusal of this book, while the truth of the intentions of the Emperor, or at least of his minister, will appear with tolerable plainness. It was resolved first, that the young King of Rome should be made a German Prince ;—next, that as every man who has passions and talents must have a pursuit, it was deemed safest, and perhaps most beneficial, that he should be indulged in his enthusiasm for the military profession. The example of Prince Eugene was set before him as the one they would most desire him to follow. Prince Eugene was neither imperial nor alien, and yet one of their most valuable Generals, and in no way a dangerous subject, while he gained glory enough to satisfy the most ambitious of men. These calculations would probably have answered, had not ~~the~~ ^{it} ~~been~~ ^{natural} been a more complex machine than the political Metternich. The youth was in a moral prison, and ~~had~~ ^{was} all communication with the agitators and adventurers be cut off. To effect this object, he was kept in utter solitude ; surrounded ~~by~~ ^{by} certainly by attendants and instructors, but still in a social ~~solitude~~ ^{solitude}, buried in utter solitude. His orders were obeyed, his every wish anticipated ; he had his books, his horses, and his equipages for promenade or the chase ; but for all that the soul or the heart holds dear, he was, with slight exceptions, a solitary prisoner. This might be practicable to some extent in an Austrian Archduke ; but with a child in whose veins the quick blood of the Corsican Conqueror flowed, it was a species of lingering moral torture. To outward appearance, he was like Rasselas in the Happy Valley ; but, like him, he was wearying for all that was beyond the range of the mountains that separated him from his fellow-men ; in the one case, these mountains were physical obstacles ; in the other, moral ones. The spirit chafed against the prison bars : the victim bruised and care-worn, refused its food, lost its substance, grew emaciated, and died. The mind all the while was developed, and grew apace, while the body became debilitated, nay, aged : the truth being, that intellectual food may always be found in prison, but moral and social isolation prey upon the physical state ; the creature grows up a sapless weed, with the suspicions and distrust of long experience, and the reflections and calm profundity of thought, peculiar to unclouded age. After his death, young Napoleon presented

in his body the same anomaly he had done in his lifetime : his frame had all the slenderness and fragility of infancy stretched into unnatural length, while his vital organs bore the schirrous and flaccid appearance of extreme old age ; there was no part healthy or natural but the brain, which was wonderfully fine, with the exception, that it was more compact, and of firmer substance than is usually found. So it was in life. This boy had all the enthusiasm and passion of youth in extreme force, alternating with a distrust, a caution, and a rapidity in fathoming the character and appreciating the talents of the persons with whom he was necessarily brought into contact, which are the usual qualities of the age. His intellect chiefly exhibited itself in mastering the history of his father in all its voluminousness, in the soundness and acuteness of his criticism on the several authors he had read, and in the facility with which he acquired the theory of war, and all the studies which conduce to it. He seems to have known almost by instinct, that it was only through war that he could ever rise to more than a mere eunuch of the palace, and from the earliest age he took the deepest interest in every thing that partook of military movement. It was not, however, thought safe to intrust him abroad till he was nearly grown up ; he felt that his entrance into a regiment was his first step to emancipation, as he called it, and he devoted himself to the practical duties of a soldier and a chief officer with an ardour which quickly devoured the pigmy body that had been frittered away and shaken by the silent struggles of solitude. The word pigmy must, however, be taken in the sense of feeble : in its sense of diminutive, it is wholly inapplicable : for the young Napoleon, in that respect, taking rather after the Austrian than the Corsican race, had shot up in his sunless nursery to the height of the tallest man. No story was ever replete with more painful interest than the account of the obstinate struggle which this unhappy youth kept up against physical decay ; he never complained, never even would admit that he was ill ; finding his voice fail him in manœuvring his corps, he would, after the exertion of a review, go and hide his weakness, fainting and sinking upon some secret sofa. He was terrified, poor fellow ! lest he should be, on the very threshold of the world, driven back into his solitary splendour. At length, however, on the representation of a physician, whom he never would consult, he was sent to Schönbrunn, where he died. He had, however, nearly rallied, and if the disease had not advanced to the extent of producing severe organic change, would perhaps have recovered by a proposed tour to Naples, and other parts of Italy. The effect on the mind of the moral prisoner was electric, and to his dying hour, this journey was his chief hope and prospect in the world.

Before little Napoleon came into Austrian hands, of course no regular attempt had been made to educate him ; but it is not to be supposed that nearly five years of such a pregnant existence as his, were left without numerous and deep impressions. He was far from a communicative disposition, and consequently, he did not, like some children, talk himself out of his recollections. They sank in the mind of the foriorn, and if ever they were permitted to see the light, it was in some little moment of excitement. One day, when he was playing

with the imperial family, one of the archdukes shewed him a little medal of silver, of which numbers had been struck in honour of his birth, and were distributed to the people after the ceremony of his baptism: his bust was upon it. He was asked, who this represents? "C'est moi," answered he, without hesitation, "quand j'étais Roi de Rome." Ideas of his own former consequence, and the greatness of his father, says his early tutor, M. Foresti, were constantly present to his mind. Other impressions were not less deep; he had a love of truth which made him utterly intolerant even of fable, and probably contributed to his subsequent distaste for poetry. The word *vrai* he used to pronounce, when a perfect child, with a solemnity and a movement of the hand, which showed that it had to him all the sacred character of an asseveration. And yet, child as he was, he had that force of character, or rather that sensitiveness mixed with vigour, that, on being ridiculed unintentionally for its use, he never again repeated the word. On occasion of his mother's birth-day, some of the little court, soon after the dethronement, made these verses, in order to be repeated to Maria-Louisa by her child:—

Autant que moi, pe sonne, ô ma chère Maman,
Ne doit tenir ce jour prospère;
Vrai, ne lui dois-je pas le bonheur si touchant,
Et si doux à mon cœur, de vous nommer ma mère?

He soon learned the stanza, and was afterwards told why the word *vrai* was introduced; he said nothing: when admitted to his mother, he showed a great deal of affection and amiability, but never pronounced the quatrain, and never more used the word.

The first instruction attempted to be communicated to him was a knowledge of the German language. To this he opposed a determined resistance: not one word of German would he pronounce, and even resisted the endeavours to teach him as an insult and an injury; for his age he kept up this resolution a long time; when it was conquered by the mildness and persuasion of his teachers, he learned the language with a prodigious facility, and soon spoke it in the imperial family like one of themselves. Not only the rapidity with which he acquired this difficult tongue, but even his mistakes and misconceptions indicated a superior logical faculty, for they were generally founded on fancied analogies, and little etymological observations. M. Foresti, whose duty it was to teach him to read, found the difficulty insurmountable, until he introduced a rival and a fellow-pupil. The son of one of the valets de chambre of the Empress was procured, and in company with him the young Napoleon quickly devoured his task. Such was the being destined to be brought up in nearly a perfect state of isolation.

"From the very first," says his tutor, M. Foresti, and he was with him full sixteen years, nearly the entire of the poor youth's Austrian life, "he exhibited the marked characteristics of his disposition. He was good-natured to his inferiors, friendly to his tutor, without any lively expressions of his feelings; he only obeyed on conviction, and always began with resistance. He loved to produce an effect, and

generally it was evident that he thought a great deal more than he said: the difficulty then was to prevent this habit from growing into dissimulation."

Begging the excellent M. Foresti's pardon, such a character as he describes was by no means likely to be guilty of the mean vice of dissimulation, which is the result of a base fear, and is the last fault to taint the character of a child, the first movement of whose mind is to resist, and who only yields on good reasons being shown. Other traits are equally inconsistent with this apprehension.

"He always received our reprimands with firmness, and however annoyed he might have been by them, he never retained any rancorous feeling: he ended always by allowing the justice of the representations that had been made to him. When any mutual coldness had taken place in the course of the day, owing to some severe lecture, in the evening, on taking leave of us, he was always the first to hold out a friendly hand, at the same time requesting that we would pardon his faults, and overlook the wrong he had done."

"He gave me," says M. Foresti, "many proofs of the command he had over himself. Amongst others, this:—up to the time of Maria Louisa's departure for her state of Parma, there was about him a person who had treated him with the greatest possible affection and attention. This was Mmc. Marchand, the mother of the first valet de chambre of the Emperor: she remained with him all night, and every morning was the object of his warm infantine caresses. She was always present at his rising, and had the care of dressing him. On the departure of Maria Louisa, Mmc. Marchand returned to France at the same time with M. de Busset, who had also great affection for the Prince. Henceforward I slept in his room at night. The first night I dreaded, lest in the morning he would give way to grief on finding that his affectionate nurse was no longer there. On waking, however, he spoke to me without hesitation, and, with a calmness astonishing for his age, said, 'M. Foresti, I wish to rise.'"

One of the youth's governors was a M. Collin, a poet and dramatist of Vienna of some celebrity. This gentleman could not help feeling that the young Napoleon's abhorrence of fiction was a sort of censure on his profession, and it is not to be wondered at that he endeavoured to dress up fiction in the garb likely to be most agreeable to the taste of the imperial pupil. In resorting to Robinson Crusoe for aid, may be perceived a tacit compliment to the youth's acuteness, for, assuredly, no other fiction was ever more like truth.

"The poetical genius of Collin," says M. Foresti, "appeared to triumph somewhat over this obstinate resolution to reject every thing which did not appear to be true in all the exactitude of truth. On the heights which overlook Schonbrunn, on the right of the elegant arcades of La Gloriette, and at the bottom of a dark avenue of trees, may be found a spot, altogether shut out from a view of Vienna, by deep thickets, and an impervious mass of wood; a spot, from which

nothing can be viewed save the cheerful but solitary aspect of mountains, smiling valleys, and rugged peaks, that go on ascending and ascending until they reach the lofty elevation of the summits of the Schneeburg. Here there is a hut constructed after the fashion of Switzerland, or rather of the Tyrolese mountains, whence it is called the Tyrol's House. In this rustic abode and its neighbourhood, there is nothing to remind the spectator of the vicinity of the capitol. To this wild and quiet spot Collin would often bring the young Duke.—He there told him the story of Robinson Crusoe. The imagination of the child warmed to the tale. Solitude and silence completed the illusion: he fancied himself in a desert, and Collin suggested that he should set himself to fabricate the utensils that would be necessary to him, were he under the necessity of providing for his own subsistence in a similar spot. He acquitted himself of the task with much handiness. A collection has been made of these things: they are placed in the pavilion, which still goes by the name of the House of the Duke de Reichstadt. The governor and his pupil, by uniting their efforts and their industry, succeeded in scooping out a cavern resembling that described as the abode of Crusoe on his desert island.”

Such is the immortality of genius. The creation of Defoe, the persecuted and unhappy, imagined in some garret, whether in Bristol or Whitechapel, becomes the factitious stimulus of a Prince's education; and that Prince the son of a banished ruler of France, far greater than the Grand Monarque, who in Defoe's day, seemed to have reached the *ne plus ultra* of earth's grandeur.

During the first period of the young Napoleon's instruction at Schonbrunn, his tutors were sadly perplexed by his extreme curiosity respecting his father, as to what had become of him, the cause of his fall, &c. : evasive answers did not satisfy him :—

“It was,” says M. Foresti, “for us a species of torture. Happily the Emperor came at length; we hastened to inform him of the perpetual questions that were put to us, and to request his instructions on this point. The Emperor answered :—‘Truth should be the basis of the education of the Prince; answer all his questions freely; it is the best, indeed the only mode of calming his imagination, and of inspiring him with confidence, which will be necessary for you, who have to guide him.’”

“At first he overwhelmed us with questions, and exhibited an affluence of ideas perfectly surprising. Finding that we were authorized, we answered him with perfect candour. That which the Emperor had foreseen came to pass. After a few days, he seemed satiated with this conversation, and thenceforward became more calm, more reserved on the subject. It may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that at no time, under any circumstances, was he ever heard to utter one word of regret in connection with it. Later in life, we saw that he was fully aware of the faults his father had committed, but it was a subject to which he never on any occasion alluded.

“The news of his father’s death was brought to Vienna by one of the couriers of M. de Rothschild. At this moment the Comte de Dietrichstein (the superior governor) was absent from Vienna, and the Emperor charged me to communicate to the young Prince the melancholy intelligence. He was then just turned ten years of age. It was the 22d July, at Schonbrunn : in the same place, on the same day, on which he himself, eleven years after, was doomed to die, that I announced to him the death of his father. He wept bitterly, and his sadness endured for several days. ‘M. de Foresti, said he to me, one day, ‘my father little thought that when he died you would be the person from whom I should receive such kindness and affection.’”

The youth alluded to an anecdote which the tutor had told him of his own career. M. Foresti had been taken prisoner by the French, and on being sent to head-quarters, treated with some harshness by the Emperor.

Every pains were taken with the Duke’s education. The dead languages he was taught by M. Collin, and afterwards, when Collin died, by M. Obenaus, who had been classical preceptor to half the imperial family. To those instructions, however, he inclined but an indifferent ear, and, of all his Latin books, took heartily only to Cæsar’s Commentaries. His military studies took the alternate days with his classical ones, and to them he gave himself up with all possible ardour. By way of a check upon the apathy of private instructions, the Emperor directed that from time to time a Commission should proceed to inquire into the Prince’s progress. These investigations were sedulously made, and greatly contributed to excite his attention and stimulate his ambition. Before these Commissions the boy showed an extraordinary aptitude for learning, more particularly such learning as chiefly turned upon military pursuits.

“Being myself acquainted with geographical studies, and the arts connected with design,” says M. Foresti, “I was able to form an opinion of his performances. I consider them as lively proofs of the talents that have just been extinguished ; so much so, indeed, that I have thought it my duty to recommend that they should be collected and placed to the imperial archives, as memorials of his remarkable genius.”

Among the voluminous papers written in Italian by the Prince, M. Foresti showed M. de Montbel a sketch of the life of Prince Schwartzberg, in which there was various passages respecting Napoleon : they were written in a calm and candid tone. From the time that he attained his fifteenth year he had access to every book, without exception, relative to the history of his father and the French Revolution. He read them with avidity, and is said to have been a more perfect master of every thing that has been written on these subjects than any of the persons about him. His collections in French on history, chronology, and travels, are said to be immense. His military enthusiasm showed itself in the ardour with which he pursued every thing which had any connection with the accomplishments necessary to the soldier.

"I wish him to have the education of a superior officer," said the emperor; but this was only seconding the taste he had demonstrated from his earliest years. At the age of seven, he was indulged with the uniform of a private;—after a time, in reward for the exactness with which he performed his exercise, he received the marks of the grade of sergeant, and his delight knew no bounds. He afterwards went through every other rank, and learned the duties of each in its minutest details. In his rank of private soldier, he used to stand sentinel at the door of the apartments of the Emperor. Whenever a member of the Court passed—if a man—he used to present arms with the utmost gravity; but never if a woman. Some one rallied him on the subject; his answer was much more French than German:—"I am ready," he answered, with much liveliness, to present to the ladies—every thing but my arms." His respect for every thing military was remarkable. One day when admitted to dine in company with the Emperor on a public day, he retreated from the place he usually occupied next to the Archdukes, and attempted to sit at the lower end of the table: when asked the reason, "I see generals here," said he; "they ought to precede me." The Empress one day at a *fete* wished him to sit among the ladies. He declined, saying, with the utmost gravity, "my place is among men." It was remarked by the people about him that he never was a child: he had scarcely ever associated with children, and had adopted the reflective manners of those about him. Without being any thing extraordinary as a child, his intelligence was from the first precocious. His answers were as quick as judicious; he expressed himself with precision and exactness, and with great elegance of phrase. He was a perfect master of the theory of the French and German languages, and wrote them with remarkable purity.

Up to a certain age, the young Prince had been permitted to store his memory with facts, and to interpret them according to his own judgment. At length, however, it was deemed right that the Austrian version of the European story should be made known to the young Prince. No fitter person could be found for the due execution of this task than the prince of Metternich, who, under the name of lectures on history, gave him at length, and in a series of interviews, the whole theory of imperial politics. The leading views are given by M. de Montael: they are very ingenious. Under the pretence of a sketch of his father's history, he points out to the young man the danger of rising above the station in which he is placed, and proves, in fact, that the very qualities which enable an individual to *risé* are precisely those which must afterwards ensure his fall. These lectures are described as having had the happiest results. The young Napoleon or Francois, as he had been re-christened, eagerly accepted Metternich's instructions, and, in cases of any difficulty or doubt, always resorted to him for their solution. Both the Emperor and his minister, in short, seem to have succeeded in thoroughly winning the entire confidence of the youth: the practical result of which was, that no communication was ever made to him that he did not feel it a point of duty instantly to communicate. This was very convenient; and, if any proof were wanting, would prove the skill and true jesuitical dexterity of the Aus-

trian ministr. The youth is reported to have said to the Emperor and Metternich:—"The essential object of my life ought to be to make myself not unworthy of the glory of my father. I shall hope to reach this point of my ambition, if I can appropriate to myself any of his high qualities, taking care to avoid the rocks on which he split. I should be lost to a proper sense of his memory, if I became the plaything of faction, and the instrument of intrigue. Never ought the son of Napoleon to condescend to play the miserable part of an adventurer." This was of course the point desired. It is said the young Prince was surrounded with intrigues, and the the utmost vigilance, which he knew and approved of, was necessary to protect him from attempts to draw him into them.

One of the very few friends whom the Duke of Reichstadt made for himself (it was probably, however, arranged by the Metternich policy,) was a very deserving young officer, M. Prokesch, who had distinguished himself by his travels in the east, and several military publications. From him M. de Montbel gained much interesting information. The manner in which the acquaintance was formed is thus described by M. Prokesch:—

"After my long travels and my numerous missions, I had gone to visit my family at Gratz. The Emperor, who at that time was traversing Styria, stopped at this town. Pleased with my conduct, and the documents I had been able to lay before him, His Majesty testified his satisfaction by inviting me to his table. I found myself placed next the Duke of Reichstadt, whom I had often regarded with the interest generally inspired by him; but up to that moment I had never spoken to him, or heard him speak.

"'I have known you long,' said he to me; 'I have been taken up a great deal by you.'

"'How, Monseigneur,' said I, 'have I acquired this distinction?'

"'I have read, I have studied your work on the battle of Waterloo, and I have been so pleased with it, that I have translated it into both French and Italian.'

This was the commencement of an intimacy which appears to have afforded the young Prince a vast source of consolation in his peculiar circumstances. To have a friend, not of his suite, appeared as if he were putting one foot at least in the world. In the first interview the Prince seemed deeply interested about the East. He multiplied questions on the actual state of those countries, the character of the inhabitants, and particularly of the men who were likely to influence their future condition. This subject led to his father's Egyptian campaigns; to the causes which stopped his progress before St. Jean d'Acre; he grew warm and enthusiastic in speaking of the possibilities which would have followed the capture of that important place, and on the immense results which the large and active mind of his father would have drawn from it. He evidently took a grand and extensive view of the subject.

“While we were both animated with all the fire of this subject, M. de N***, was announced; the visit greatly annoyed him; I got up to leave him. Stay, said he, the general will prove but a transient evil. In fact he very soon departed, and we re-commenced our conversation with fresh vigour. The manner and voice of the duke indicated the deep and lively interest he took in the subject; his tone was that of a lively attachment, a passionate admiration of the memory of his parent; he grew animated in talking of his achievements, which he knew in their minutest details, as well as in their general effect, and in thanking me for the justice I had done him in my work on Waterloo, he testified a strong desire to re-read it with me, and enjoined me to visit him often during his sojourn at Gratz, where he had some days still to remain. I very gratefully accepted this favour, and took care not to break my promise. From that time I have taken a very exact note in my journal of all the circumstances that struck me during my habits of intimacy with this young prince.”

The epoch of the revolution of July may be supposed to have produced a startling effect on the mind of a young prince, so deeply interested in the fortunes of his father, and so devoured himself with military ambition. All that we are told on the subject, and, perhaps, all that he expressed, is of a description that comes upon us, at least, with some surprise. “I wish that the Emperor would permit me to march with his troops to the succour of Charles X.” Poor boy! he seems to have proved an apt pupil of the political pope—Metternich. Nevertheless, one who knew him well, the author of the “Lettre sur le Duc de Reichstadt,” (who is said to be M. Prokesch himself,) tells us that his hope and aim was the throne of France, on which he expected to be placed, not by a party in France, but by the general demand of the country, backed by the consent of the monarchs of Europe. To this secret idea, working in the recesses of his heart, must be attributed his restless labours, his continued studies, his fatiguing exercises, his rage for riding, and his passion for military information. He dreaded to be taken unprepared; he as it were slept in his arms. He read all the journals and the pamphlets attentively, watched the play of parties, and shrewdly predicted their duration. We are not told how much he was indebted to M. de Metternich for lights on these intricate subjects. It was about this time that he was agitated by an attempt on the part of the Countess Camerata, a daughter of Eliza Bacciocchi, and consequently his cousin, married to a wealthy Italian Noble, to involve him in a correspondence. A letter of her’s is given, written in a style of considerable exaltation, with a view of exciting his ambition, and probably urging him to some movement respecting France. The letter was laid on his table by some secret agency. One evening, in disguise, she laid wait for him on entering the Imperial Palace, seized his hand, and kissed it with an expression of the utmost tenderness. Obenaus, the Duke’s tutor, who was alone with him, and had been struck with surprise as well as the Duke, stepped forward and asked her what she meant. “Who,” cried she, in a tone of enthusiasm, “will refuse me the boon of kissing the hand of the son of my Sovereign?” At the time, the Duke was

ignorant who it was that had tendered him this sort of equivocal homage, but her subsequent letters enlightened him on the subject. Napoleone Camerata is a lady whose personal and mental traits are said more nearly to resemble Napoleon than any other member of her family. She is remarkable for her resolution, her energy, and, say the reports, the incredible activity of her imagination: her tastes for horsemanship and the use of arms are points that might be more useful to her, had nature kindly bestowed on her the sex, as well as the character of her uncle.

The French revolution, and the prospect of war which it opened upon the different armies of Europe, added fresh excitement to the Duke's military studies. He took M. Prokesch for his fellow student and friendly instructor. "We read, at this epoch, with much application, Vaudoucourt, Ségur, Norvins, the aphorisms of Montécuculli, the memoirs of Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the voluminous works of Jomini; all these works were in succession compared, discussed; they are covered with the Prince's marks and marginal notes." About this time, also, he put into M. Prokesch's hands a manuscript of singular interest.

"It was a course of conduct traced by himself, in which he laid down the line prescribed to him by his duty. In this composition, interspersed with shrewd general views, he considered his position in relation to France and Austria, he pointed out the rocks which surrounded him, the means of avoiding these dangers, the influences to which his mind was subject, and by which it could be regulated, how his defects might be supplied, his ambition moderated, its movements governed, and in what way useful results may be extracted from tendencies which, if left to themselves, might be mischievous—to, in short, prepare for an honourable life, such as accorded with the rank in which he had been placed by providence. Particular circumstances, which gave to this memoir a remarkable character, induced the Prince to destroy it in a few days after he had shown it to me. I now deeply regret it: it would have been a document of lasting interest. He had formed a judgment of himself of extreme sagacity; it was a portrait of an exact moral likeness, in which he had forgot neither his faults nor his good qualities."

This intense self occupation is not healthy: it is, however, frequently the morbidness of genius. The young Napoleon was, however, in a false position: there was no natural vent by which such diseased action might be carried off. This was the moral poison which made his countenance

"————— éclatant de pâleur :
On dirait que la vie à la mort s'y mélange."

The first appearance of the young man in society was on the 25th of January, 1831, at a grand party at the house of the British Ambassador, Lord Cowley. He was exceedingly struck with the strange mixture of remarkable persons, the representatives of the various changes that have lately taken place in Europe.

"How painful and wearisome," he said to a friend the next morning, "are parties of this sort to me. What striking contrasts were assembled in the same apartment! I saw about me (himself by the way, a monument of political change) two Princes of the House of Bourbon, Baron de Kemptzinger, the representative of Charles X., *Maréchal Maison*, the Ambassador of Louis Philip, the Prince Gustavus Vassa, the natural heir of the throne of Sweden, and Count Lowenheilm, minister of Charles John. For the first time, I spoke with *Maréchal Marmont*; my father quoted him as a man of talent, and I found his conversation correspond with his character. I am to receive him to-day. I am glad to find myself in communication with Frenchmen. I do not wish to remain absolutely unknown in France, or that so many erroneous ideas respecting my situation should continue to be entertained there."

This interview with Marmont, the only survivor of his father's early aide-de-camps, had for some time been passionately desired by him. Metternich's permission was obtained: the Marshal and his ancient master's son were mutually pleased. The young Napoleon had a thousand questions to ask, a thousand points to clear up. Marmont is a man of education, agreeable conversation, and quite capable of giving all the advantage of language and expression to his experience. It ended in Marmont being engaged to give the Duke a whole course of military lectures; the text being Napoleons campaigns. They were continued until the subject was exhausted, or until, as is not improbable, their frequency had begun to give umbrage. Marmont retired, promising, at least, to see his pupil every fortnight.

The 15th June, 1831, the Prince was named Lieutenant-Colonel, and took the command of a battalion of Hungarian Infantry, then in garrison at Vienna. His exertions in the discharge of his new duties, in addition to his previous occupations, appear to have made the progress of his malady, which had till now proceeded secretly, visible both in his appearance and in his inability to bear fatigue. His voice became hoarse, he was subject to coughs and attacks of fever; he had shot up to a prodigious height, and his appearance bore many marks of the germs of the terrible phthisis, now breaking out into activity.

"Frequently," says his physician, Dr. Malfatti, "I have surprised him in the barracks, in a state of dreadful lassitude. One day, amongst others, I found him stretched on a sofa, exhausted, powerless, and almost fainting. Not being able to conceal the wretched state in which I found him, he said, 'I abominate this wretched body that sinks under my will in this manner.' 'It is indeed provoking,' I answered, 'that your Highness cannot change your person, as you do your horses when they are tired; but permit me, Monseigneur, I conjure you, to remember, that you have set a will of iron in a body of glass, and that the indulgence of your will cannot prove otherwise than fatal.'

"His life was, in fact, at that time undergoing a process of combustion; he slept scarcely four hours, though, by nature, he required a

great quantity of sleep; he scarcely ate at all. His soul was entirely concentrated in the routine of the manege and the different kinds of military exercises; he was, in fact, never at rest; he continued to increase in height, grew wretchedly thin, and his complexion gradually became thoroughly livid. To all my questions he answered, 'I am perfectly well.'

Malfatti at length considered it necessary to present a representation to the Emperor on the state of the Duke's health. Both the patient and the physician were summoned to the imperial presence. Malfatti repeated his statement. The Emperor then turned to the young prince, and said, "You have heard Dr. Malfatti; you will repair immediately to Schonbrunn." The Duke bowed respectfully, and, as he was raising his head, he gave Malfatti a glance of excessive indignation. "It is you, then, that have put me under arrest," he said to him in an angry tone, and hurried away. He was placable, however, and soon forgave his amiable physician. The air and quiet of Schonbrunn were extremely beneficial; he began again to sleep and to eat; the first return of vigour was the signal for exertion. He commenced hunting, as the next best thing to war, in all weathers, and with a recklessness that, joined to similar exposure in visiting neighbouring military stations, soon re-established the malady. Phthisis assumed all its horrible power; he gradually sank, and, after dreadful suffering, and all the rallying and resistance which a strong will can sometimes effect against disease, he fell a victim to it on the 22d July, 1832, at Schonbrunn, on the same bed, in the same apartment that his father had occupied as the conqueror of Vienna.

His mother was present during his latter days, and seems to have suffered all a mother's pains. The Emperor, whom all agree in describing as an excellent and amiable old man, was greatly affected; a very strong affection subsisted between them; and, on the part of the Duke, it was evident, that the honest, straight-forward character of the Emperor, joined with his paternal kindness and evidently honest intentions, had made a profound impression on the mind and heart of his grandson. On the opening of the body, the opinions of the Duke's physicians were fully confirmed; one lobe of the lungs was nearly gone; and, while the sternum was that of a mere child, the intestines presented all the appearance of decrepid age.

As he laid on his bier, his resemblance to his father, that resemblance so striking in the cradle, became once more remarkable. It might have been detected in life; but the flowing *blond* hair of his Austrian mother, and his tall form, would naturally mask the resemblance. His manner was graceful and elegant—the expression of his countenance somewhat sad; he was reserved till he fancied he had found a friend, when he became confidential, communicative, and even enthusiastic. He appears to have been universally beloved; no one can recollect an offence—much less an injury; he was full of kindness and consideration for every one about him. But one passion appears to have been developed—that of military ambition. The pres-

ent with him was but a preparation ; in fact, he lived in a future, which for him was never to arrive.

Looking at the interests of Europe, it is impossible to regret his death : looking at himself, it is impossible not to feel a great interest in his life ; had, in truth, his various qualities and dispositions been more generally known during his youth, it is very probable, that the popular feeling of France would have more deeply sympathized in his fate. He was never regarded otherwise than as *LE FILS DE L'HOMME*, and as such let him rest—a last victim to the turbulent ambition of his own father.

Lines written with a pencil, at sunset, in the spring of 1833, and pasted over the hall door of the ruins of Craignethan, or Draffan Castle, a splendid baronial ruin, situated on a promontary on the banks of the Nethan, Lanarkshire, North Britain. This celebrated mansion, the Tillitudulum of Sir Walter Scott, was built by the fierce, but afterwards unfortunate Sir James Hamilton, who forfeited his life to the caprice of his Sovereign.

“ ’Twas at twilight’s contemplative hour,
 I mus’d in a sorrowful mood,
 On the wind-shaken-weeds that embosom’d the bower,
 Where the home of my farefathers stood.
 All ruin’d, and wild is their roofless abode,
 And lonely the dark raven’s sheltering tree ;
 And travell’d by few is the grass-cover’d road,
 Where the hunter of deer, and the warrior trod.”

Who e’er thou art, that here shall wonder,
 Round this wreck of hoary grandeur,
 Listening to the creaking sound
 Of trees, and night winds raving sound,
 Broken by the owlet’s hoo’,
 And the shoals that growl below ;
 Turn, and while the jack-daws fly
 O’er thee with their desert cry ;
 On these ruins look again,
 But call not human grandeur vain.
 These battlements grown old and grey,
 Posthumous works of years away,
 Speak to the heart—each falling stone
 That echoes with a plaintive tone,
 Tells us !—“ to this we come at last,
 Wanderer, thy time is wasting fast.

“ The past and future wisely scan,
 There is no present state for man,
 Therefore, watch the coming hour,
 That is partly in thy power,

"But the past, go where it may,
 Here thy slave it will not stay ;
 Nor whatever ills befall,
 Will it come back at a call.
 Time's long tide in constant flow,
 Ebbs not with us here below ;
 Every moment changing fast,
 The future still becomes the past—
 When youth is come, then age is near,
 Employ youth well, while it is here.

Art thou starting life's career,
 Full of hope, and void of fear ;
 Ever treading fairy ground,
 Where love, and novelties abound ;
 Planning in thy buoyant thought,
 Prospects, that will come to nought ?
 Or art thou sage and sullen grown,
 Have thy hopes, and prospects frown ;
 Hast thou seen and tasted all,
 Then found that human joys are small ?
 Or broken hearted in the strife,
 Thou fear'st the coming length of life ?
 Cheer thy brow, and cease thy mourning,
 The lane is long that has no turning.
 Or should thy sorrows still pursue,
 Soon thou wilt bid them all adieu.

Art thou ever on thy knees,
 With satire tale the great to please ;
 Like their shadow still attend,
 And to make them more thy friend—
 Kiss the dust before superiors,
 Kick or trample on inferiors ;
 Like the mole that shuns the day,
 Darkly worm thy craven way ;
 Raising thy supported head,
 Like an eel twin'd round a reed ?
 Thus to fame and fortune scale,
 Prostrate talents seldom fail.
 Or wert thou born a braver one,
 Who never fear'd the scowl of man ;
 Reckless of his praise or blame,
 Independence all thy aim ;
 Proud of what thy maker gave,
 Scorn to be thy equal's slave,
 Like the eagle soar alone—
 A monarch o'er his mountain throne ?

Art thou weak of head or heart,
 Rul'd by custom, taught by art,
 Led by others, blindly still,
 As chance directs, to good or ill ?
 Go, and act as others teach—
 That is all thy mind can reach.
 Or does thy soul with genius grand,
 Far beyond mankind expand ;

“Doest thou then see, with judgement clear,
 What to them is dark and drear?
 Prize that light, the gift of heaven,
 To superior mortals given;
 And pity in thy downward gaze
 Mankind, and their childish ways.
 Few like thee have brightly shone,
 In this wide world thou lookest on.

When like me thy day is o'er,—
 When thy locks grow thin and hoar,—
 When old age thy forehead bare,
 Has groov'd, with shaded lines of care,
 When thy youthful friends are gone,
 When like me, thou stand'st alone.
 Not one left to mark thy woe,
 Or the world's cold pity show;
 A stranger amongst younger men,
 Come and visit me again,
 Wander round my ruin'd walls,—
 Wander through my empty halls;
 Then whatever thy lot may be,
 Thou wilt find thyself like me—
 A monument, of what thou wert,
 A shadow, that will soon depart—
 A cloud, that's broken by the blast,
 A meteor flash, that soon is past,
 A lonely wave, upon the shore—
 That bursts, and then is seen no more, —
 Another rises in its place
 Then bursts—so pass the human race
 Like leaves on trees, like dust in showers—
 Like dew on grass, like tints on flowers;
 All hasten to that long dark bourne,
 From whence no travellers return.

Who thou art, and where thou'lt go?
 Wanderer I can never know.
 But know thyself—be virtue's friend
 For that will soothe thee at thy end.”

GUY WALTON.

A TRUE STORY.

BY CINNA.

It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.

SHAKESPEARE.

In a wild glen in the south of Ireland, not far from the shores of the Atlantic, a little stream runs at the base of some barron hills, which on all sides encompass the spot where the road crosses it.—There is a roariness—and loneliness in this valley not usual in its

vicinity, and the contrast between its sombre appearance, and the lovely prospect of a richly cultivated, and thickly inhabited country, seen by the traveller before he descends the hill, makes the gloom of the valley still more striking; and the effect is heightened by one solitary hut, situated beside the road near the bottom of the glen, exhibiting all the extreme of squalled poverty, of which much is to be seen even in parts of the country, where the wealth scattered by the liberal hand of nature seems to forbid its appearance. The brook is crossed by a very high and narrow bridge,—that spans the chasm, where the limped rill trickles amongst huge stones, which a wintry torrent had brought from the neighbouring hills. The ivy climbs up the broken walls of the bridge, and this with a brake of furze bushes and a few fox gloves, with wild roses form the principal vegetation that the place possesses.

In this hut, now deserted and ruinous, about thirty-five years ago, there lived an old widow, who subsisted partly on the charity of the passing traveller, and partly by cultivating a little flax, in the few patches of ground capable of affording it nourishment, and by making that flax into thread; which she sold at the neighbouring market town. She lived in perfect loneliness, and her forlorn appearance, as she tottered along the road, with her bundle of flax, or sat at the spinning wheel in her cabin doorway, seemed just what one might expect to meet in such a place; and added to the depression of spirits which the passer by inevitably felt, on going through the valley.

It happened one Sunday, in the summer of —, that a traveller, in the costume of a Clergyman, passed along the road leading to the bridge, he was the rector of a neighbouring parish, had been visiting his church that day, and was returning after service to town; he seemed anxious to pass a spot in which no one would linger from pleasure, and pushed his handsome, spirited horse briskly down the rocky and broken path; however, as he turned an angle of the road, which the brake of furze hid from the widow's cabin, and which indeed seemed hidden from the view, on every other point, three men rushed out from amongst the bushes, one of them threw the noose of a rope round the rider's neck, and pulled him from the horse,—when he was immediately barbarously murdered and rifled of a large sum of money, which he had received from the title proctor, and which it was known he had in his possession.

The arrival of the horse without his rider at the Clergyman's house, caused an immediate search, and the body was found brutally mangled on the road where the murder was committed. An investigation of course took place, but not all the activity of the police, nor the large rewards that were offered, had the effect of throwing any light on the transaction. The murderers, it was evident, had no confidants or accomplices, and it seemed as if Providence would allow them to enjoy their illgotten wealth in absolute security. Years passed over, superstition added its gloom to the horrors of the glen, and the traveller shuddered as he passed the spot, where the blood of the murdered cried

for vengeance in vain; and where it was not impossible the successful ruffians might be lying in wait for some new prey.

But however the wicked and crafty man may hide his guilt, and triumph in the prudence and foresight which baffles human ingenuity, thousands of instances prove that there is one from whom nothing is hidden, and means are in the hands of him, without whose permission a sparrow does not fall to the ground, for the discovery of crime, which set at nought the cautions of villiany, and confound the councils of those who abandon themselves to the wickedness of their own hearts. The fool says in his heart, "there is no God," and almost as foolish is he who believes there is a God, and yet hopes for impunity, when he sets his Creator at defiance.

About six years afterwards, an old woman, whose extreme weakness and infirmity marked her as one for whom the grave was ready; and to whom it seemed as if such assylum would be welcome, was brought before a Magistrate, who resided not far from the scene of the murder. She was the widow who resided at the cottage in the glen; who, old and infirm as she seemed, was destined to survive the young and vigorous, and to prove that the Being who rules all things, had a mission for her, without the accomplishment of which, she was not allowed to leave the world. The story she told was a simple one. That Sunday on which the murder was perpetrated, she had some flax in its progress of manufacture into thread, and it was necessary to steep it in water. She took it to the brook, and being fearful lest some chance passenger might see her, at her work on Sunday, she went under the arch of the bridge; while there, occupied in steeping her flax, she heard voices, and then imprecations, mingled with shrieks for mercy; and on changing her situation a little, she saw, through an opening in the thicket of furze, the whole transaction. She was in fact very close to the actors in it, and recognized them perfectly. She saw the murderers depart after finishing their bloody work, and rifling the body; and then tottered to her own home, terrified almost to death.

Fear of the vengeance from the relations of the murderers, and a superstitious objection which most ignorant people have, to bearing testimony in cases of life and death, prevented her from making a discovery. She did not, even for the space of six years, go to confession; an extraordinary omission, in a country where the people are particularly strict in their religious duties. At last, the Parish Priest passing the place, took shelter from a shower of rain in the cottage; as a matter of course, he inquired of the old woman as to her attention to religious matters, and on reprimanding her for not appearing at the confessional, she told him the horrid story. He immediately advised her to go before a Magistrate, and procured the means of doing so. In consequence of her disclosure, two of the murderers were arrested. They were persons on whom a shade of suspicion could never otherwise have fallen, and she was scarcely believed when their names were mentioned. It was not till after repeated questioning, and the consistency of her story convincing the Magistrate, that however imbecile she might be in other respects, the bloody scene had made too deep an

impression on her memory to allow of mistake, that the warrants were issued.

The murderers on being interrogated apart from each other, hesitated and equivocated, but at length fully confessed their crime. They were shortly afterwards tried, and died upon the gallows.

One of the three however had escaped—he had fled the country and gone to America; and it seemed that however Providence might visit him with the reward of crime in a foreign land, he was free from the danger of punishment, at the hands of human justice for this offence. The revived interest of the public, consequent upon the trial and execution of the arrested murderers, soon died away; and it was almost forgotten that another, than those who suffered, was concerned in the murder, and as years rolled on, the name of the wretch who had escaped, was buried in oblivion.

It was nearly ten years after the trial and execution of these men, that some peasants, passing by the fatal spot, were much terrified at hearing groans coming from the thicket of furze bushes. After some deliberation, they summoned resolution to enter the brake, and on doing so they found a man extended on the ground, in the convulsions of a fit of epilepsy. But what to them seemed most extraordinary was, that the noose of an old, and almost rotten rope, was twisted round his leg. On recovering his senses, the stranger stared wildly around him, and uttered among broken sentences—“My God, it was not I that killed him!” “I am an innocent man!” “Who says it was I!” “Nobody saw me!”—The country people who found him, not having in their own knowledge any elucidation of the mystery, which seemed to hang upon the circumstance, took him before the same Magistrate already mentioned. After inquiring into the circumstances, that gentleman recollected the confession of the men who were executed: and it struck him that this man might possibly be the murderer who escaped. Although, what could have brought him to the fatal spot, which one would suppose he would above all other places have avoided? what could have occasioned his falling into a fit in the midst of the brake? and above all, how did it happen that the old rope was twisted round his leg? were questions which all were ready to ask, but which no one but the stranger could answer.

The man was dressed, not in the fashion of the Irish peasantry, as blue freize coats are almost universally worn by the country people; instead of short breeches, he wore trowsers, and his brown surtout, boots and fur cap, evidently shewed him to have been a stranger in these parts, at least for some time past; his health seemed much shaken, the marks of a life of mental suffering were on his face, and though not apparently more than forty years of age, his hair was perfectly white.

On being charged with the crime, and hearing his name mentioned by the Magistrate, he fell into another fit. And after recovering, he prayed to be left alone, which was allowed. In the mean time, exertions were made to find persons who could recognize him; but though he was shewn to many, through the window of the room where he was

confined, all who saw him declared, that he was not in the least like the man who had fled at the time of the murder. People were beginning to think the Magistrate was mistaken in his suspicions, and he was about to discharge him, as there was no proof sufficient even to authorise a committal for trial. However, after the stranger had been some hours in confinement, he was observed to kneel down, apparently in prayer, and after remaining in that posture for some time, he rose and in a resolute voice asked to be taken before the Magistrate.

When he appeared this time, his voice and demeanor were perfectly calm. He said, that he had made up his mind to relieve himself from a burthen by which he had long been oppressed, and which made his life intolerable. He then told the story of his wanderings, haunted by the worm of an evil conscience, down to his discovery by the peasants, in the furze brake of the glen.

He had left the country immediately after the murder, and sailed for New York. Strange, to say, that affairs seemed to prosper with him. The share he got of this booty had increased in his hands.—He had nothing to make him unhappy but the recollection of the murder. This however haunted him night and day; it disturbed his sleep, destroyed his health, and finally produced a morbid and longing desire to revisit his native country, which in time became insistible. The ship he returned in was cast away on the Irish coast, and he was landed four miles from the fatal valley—his road to the nearest town lay through it, and he could not resist a desire to see the place again, which he thought he might do in safety, after an absence of fifteen years.

On coming to the spot, where so long before he had dragged the clergyman from his horse, every thing seemed as he had left it; he almost looked for the bloody and mangled corpse, with the stain of blood on the ground; he became violently agitated, and hearing the voices of persons coming along the road, he rushed into the thicket of furze. Here his progress was arrested by something which tripped him; he fell, and on looking to discover what had occasioned it, he recognized the very rope, which, so many years before, he had cast over the head of his victim, and with which he had pulled him from his horse. That rope, which, when the bloody deed was accomplished, he had cast into the thicket, had there remained undiscovered, untouched by a human being, until the murderer came, when it occasioned his discovery.

From that moment he lost all recollection, until he found himself in the hands of the country people, and in the surprise of the moment, thought he was recognized and taken. That this caused the expressions he had made use of in his confusion, and which led to his arrest.

He declared—that he was glad of his detection. That even in a foreign country, the thought often came across his mind, that the only hope of peace he had, was the delivering himself up to justice.—That since, he resolved to confess his crime, he had felt the only mo-

ments of relief from misery that he had experienced since its commission.

He was afterwards tried, persisted in his plea of guilty, and died on the gallows comparatively happy; thus repeating to the world the lesson so often taught, that remorse has a sting sharper than death.—That blood is the price of blood, and the grave, the only house of refuge for the murderer.

LINES

Addressed to "Brandon Hill" near Bristol, England.

Brandon! how oft in boyhood's day,
Have I wander'd o'er thy brow,
When I was happy, blithe, and gay,
Alas! how different now.

Then, all the day was full o' joy,
And nought of care I knew,
Now, even pleasures seems to cloy,
For I am far from you.

The western deep have I pass'd o'er,
To the red man's land I've come,
I'm landed on a stranger's shore,
Far from my native home.

And now my days in mis'ry glide,
For I am far from thee;
Brandon! once more on thy side,
Then shou'd I happy be.

W. S. M.

The Atheist, the Freethinkers object to the Christians, and Christians are but men. The different opinions they have formed of the meaning of some disputed texts. They object to that variety of opinion which constitutes the chief feature in the character of man—uncertainty and doubt—what is beauty? I would ask. The sceptic, can he define it? And yet no one doubts of its reality, either in the physical or moral world, ask the Hottentot, what he considers beauty? And would not an European turn away in scorn from his answer?—What is the real idea among the Chinese? Ask an European fair one, and would she not shudder at the very thought? But, let us leave the beauty of nature, and examine into that of art. There, one would look for something definite; one would expect some universally acknowledged standard of excellence. Ask the Parisian Belle, what constitutes the beauty of dress? Then go, tell it to the dark eyed habitante of the Turkish Genana, and she will show you, that the pretty pouting lip, and its scornful curve, are not peculiar to an European face. Look back a hundred—two hundred years, and fancy our good old grand-dame—stiff and starched as her own ruffles, erect and

trim as the weight and rotundty of hoops could make her; what would she say now, do you think? Could she see one of her great grand-daughters with her large sleeves, flapping like a pheasant's wounded wing, and bonnets, and waists as large and small, as nature and art could decently allow—would she consider it beauty?

Go ask of lovers next, where beauty lies,
Must they be black, or blue—the favorite eyes?

A French author makes love, himself, answer—

Dans les noirs j'ai mis mou delire,
Daus les bleus la tendre longueur;
L'esprit dous les yeux noirs respire.
Dans les yeux bleus c'est la douceur.

Can you then expect unanimity of opinion, in matters of mere opinion and judgment; and such, almost without exception, are the subjects of discussion and controversy, among the different sects and denominations of christians. Matters which, from their being left unstrictly defined by the Apostolic writers, we may reasonably conclude, to have been of little or no moment. Do mathematicians dispute, about the possibility of a quadratine to a circle? and shall we from that imperiously decide, upon the whole system of mathematics being unsupported? Shall we imprison Gallilee afresh, and declare Newton himself a mad man and a fool? Pshah! The idea reminds me of many a self taught Cynic. Men, to whom Pope's admirable couplet was perfectly applicable.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,—
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring."

—Who are just able perhaps to write their own language with decency, and possessing a smattering of the classics, and a little skimming of the mathamatics. I have heard some of these gentry prefacing, perhaps by way of elucidation, with the old story of the Irishman dropping his hat over London Bridge, into the Thames, assert that the boasted chain of Euclid—the key-stone of the proud arch, on which a Newton has raised his noblest structure—must inevitably give way; and why? As first links,—As first principles were unfirm, its axioms were false.—“A point had neither length, breadth, nor thickness.”—It could not be—t'was absurd, unnatural, ridiculous, and “a line”—t'was worse and worse. “Had length but as breadth or thickness” and in a review—observe my readers! in a *review*, of a mathematical work, by a friend of mine who, if he had ever got over the pons asinorum, must have been so disheartened that he got back again as soon as he could. I have seen such arguments as these, in disproof of the solid immoveable basis of the mathematics,—seriously—yes *seriously*. I can scarcely write it without laughing—and dispassionately brought forward by many—too many, have they been considered unanswerable. The mathematician may not believe me—but every one is not a mathematician—To an unreasoning mind perhaps, they would not appear so incredible. The peasant perhaps, however he has not ever sipped of the Pierian spring—but the labourer, who has not drank too deeply—and the mechanic, who gains his livelihood from the applica-

tion of principles, dependent on these very disputed axioms, look only to the evidence of their senses, and to them these arguments however ridiculous to a reasoning mind, appear unanswerable. They have never been taught to reason abstractedly, and they cannot picture to themselves; they cannot embody any thing without length, breadth, and thickness; and yet many of them—incapable of reasoning on the subject as they are, and as at times they must feel themselves to be, will stoutly maintain their opinions, with an obstinacy equal to their ignorance. So it is with the subject of dispute among the christians; many of them are not of the slightest importance; and many of the arguments advanced in their favour or disfavour at the time, have been since forgotten; and those that have not, are now defended, as tho' they were a patrimony handed down from time immemorial—from father to son, and which would be a sacrilege to give up. They interfere not with those fundamental principles, which have been defined so clearly and distinctly, that it is impossible to err; and what ought, I think, to show sufficiently, to a candid mind, the folly of discussing those points which there is no reason should not have been as strictly defined, were they equally necessary, as the others have been. Again, there is exactly the same difference of opinion with regard to the sciences in general—in physic and natural philosophy. How many theories have been advanced, for the explanation of the various phenomena of nature? Shall one man vindicate to himself the preference of his theory, when that of another, bears the same results—each equally true? Are there not persons, even in the present day, persons of information and talents, even of science, in every sense of the word, who take different sides on the question, whether the preference should be given to the theory of the existence of the two electricities—positive and negative, or to that of but one—the positive only? And does not each theory equally furnish us with the same results, or if there are some results, which one theory will not so clearly furnish, are there not some too, equally objectionable to the other? Is it not the same in physic? Are not different systems of treatment adopted by medical men, of equal experience and skill? Nay—call a consultation of physicians; will there not be almost as many opinions expressed, as there are heads to think, and tongues to express them?—This difference of opinion, touching things of no consideration, and of doubtful meaning—and not affecting the validity of the main doctrines of christianity, “the atonement of Christ, his death, and resurrection”—those bulworks of our faith—tend, on the other hand, in a great measure, to confirm and strengthen them. The certainty, the validity of these doctrines are established; an unanswerable testimony is advanced to the truth of that religion by the very controversy, which its enemies allege as a strong, an insurmountable objection against it—Raised and excited, as the angry passions of mankind always have been, and were to a high degree in these cases, by constant disputes, and furious arguments—ending as all warm disputes, all strong contested arguments generally do, in actual reproaches and alienation of friendship, they still preserved, during the most violent altercation, an unanimity of feeling, on all the clear, evident, and important in-

junctions of our Saviour and his Apostles. Passion never led the disputants to deny those things, which our Lord himself had commanded; and which even most of those, who are unwilling to regulate their lives and conduct by them, still deny not. Were a man to deny them, says Grobius, he should be put on a par with those philosophers, who deny that snow is white, who refuse to trust to the evidence of their senses, when, what that evidence tells them is the very thing required, and these too do, as it were in matters of sense, deny the evidence of their senses, when they disbelieve those things, which the bitterest enemies have allowed; and for which, men, giving up worldly reputation, worldly honour, and worldly advancement, have dared to meet a cruel and ignominious death.* Do they doubt that these men have so died? Do they not believe in their martyrdom? Let them examine the writings of sceptics like themselves, the cotemporaries, some of them, of the martyrs, and the most implacable enemies of them and their doctrines, will they not be found to give their testimony to the religious fortitude, the obstinacy—as their persecutors termed it, with which these martyrs bore the most exquisite agonies. Tacitus, Lib. 15, speaking of the punishment of the Christians (*Christianorum*) says—“*Auctor nominis ejus Christus, que, Tiberio imperante, per Procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat;*”—again, Pliny the elder, calls the Jews, “*gens contumelia numinum insignis,*” and Pliny, the younger, writing to his master, Trajan, respecting the Christians, says of them—“*ubi vides Christianos, &c.*”—“where you behold the Christians accustomed to sing Psalms to Christ as to God, and bound in close union, one with another, not to any wickedness, but neither to commit theft nor robbery; not to break any promise given, nor to refuse, when called, for the restoration of any pledge, in their hands.”

A little further, he blames their intolerable obstinacy, because they were unwilling to sacrifice to the gods, or to curse Christ, to which no

* It is perfectly certain that many men, in every country, have obtained the epithet of martyr, who, from obstinacy, pride, fame, or perhaps, though rarely, fanaticism, have, in wilful error, died at the stake, or the gibbet, or suffered themselves to be impaled with unflinching firmness, who never possessed the smallest regard for any religion. Why then did they throw away their lives? For the same reason that Alexander passed the Granicus, and Buonaparte went to Russia—to obtain a name.

Had Mahomet been unfortunate, and put to such a test, there can be no doubt, but, for the same reason, he would have died bravely—pretending to believe in the efficacy and truth of a religion formed by himself. Though poor fellow, he was under the necessity of applying to the blessed Bible for assistance—whose pure, beautiful system he twisted, altered, and corrupted to form the Alkoran. He would have gone out of the world bravely, leaving his disciples in the firm belief, that their master was a martyr!

It is no certain criterion that a man must be right, and a martyr, because he dies firmly at the stake,—for mostly all men expire bravely, when in presence of a crowd. When had one of them been in a solitary chamber, he would have, with streaming eyes and bended knees, been supplicating the Almighty for pardon and mercy. There have been few martyrs, but the world are deceived by appearance.

torments could compel them,—and what could lead these men to bear these torments?—was it to leave their names a by-word, a reproach among nations? for such would have been the case, and such, if these doctrines were false, they must reasonably have expected? was it to hasten their approach to the presence of that Judge, who would be conscious of the hypocrisy, and would sentence them to the punishment they deserved? Did they, I say, in short, give up kindred, friends, home, contented, humble happiness in this life, to leave their name an ignominy behind them, and to rush into their own eternal condemnation, for no other reason, than because they hated happiness—they liked disgrace and infamy here, in this world, and longed for immortal tortures in the next. Could they but carry others there in one fell swoop, along with themselves? Oh, 'twere a demon's act. It would be absolutely absurd to ask such a question. Did not the conduct of many lead one to imagine they could not answer, or had never been questioned. Of hypocrisy and deception, there is no one, unprejudiced, but will acquit the martyrs. They were not the dupers. Could they have been the dupes? Could they *all* have been so? Would a man give up his all in this world, and meet joyfully an ignominious and excruciating death, without a clear, a positive proof of the truth of those doctrines, which entailed such misery and torture on their advocates? And as we trust Plato and Xenophon, with the other disciples of Socrates, for the genuineness of the dogmas of Socrates, as well as the School of the Stoics, for those which Zeno taught, shall we not trust the evidence of those men, in matters of doctrine, of which, that they sealed their testimony with their blood, is acknowledged by their very enemies; and the truth of which is also undeniably established by the sacredness with which they have been looked up to, and respected—in the midst of the deepest rancour and animosity, engendered by those disputes, which the enemies of Christianity have laid hold of, as a proof—a strong proof of their invalidity.

OUTIS.

ON A LADY SINGING—"THE SOLDIER'S TEAR."

'Twas not thy fairy form, as light
 As summer clouds or midway air,
 For I long—long before that night,
 Had gaz'd on forms perchance as fair;
 But when thy pretty lips releas'd,
 The melody that murmur'd forth—
 Methought some Peri of the East,
 Had lost its way, and reach'd the North.

An angel's song of welcoming—
 Can make no more of young delight,
 Than doth the song, which thou canst sing,
 And sang so sweetly on that night,
 That never more on earth again,
 My list'ning ears will music please,
 Unless by thee, be sang the strain,
 Like music in the moonlight breeze

YORK, MARCH, 1833.

SIR,

Considering myself highly favoured by the kindly reception which all the Tales, hitherto transmitted, have experienced; I now send a little *bit* of my adventures, which is strictly true, as a key or introduction to a Tale that actually occurred in East Fothian—told by my Landlord, who still occupies the same house in Berwickshire, and Kingdom of Scotland. Therefore, that all may understand, what kind of a being it was that knew so many Stories, three of which have appeared—and they amount altogether to 76. I now send an account of my first entrance into that receptacle for the wayfaring, when on a fishing excursion; to remain until the Lamp of day should arise, and “shine upon the just and the unjust.” When I would be enabled to commence the work of slaughter, and boast of the numerous victims, which my superior art should force from their native element, and cause them to expire with gasping pangs—from vanity.

I shall now copy, what was intended to form part of a work for my own behoof—but, from your adventerous spirit, in having come so far, for the purpose of instructing your fellow men, my admiration is excited to such a degree, that you are heartily welcome to whatever I may have, or shall be able afterwards to record.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your sincere friend and admirer,

To the Editor,

THE ROVER.

Of the Canadian Magazine.

 THE LANDLORD'S TALE.—(No. 4.)

 SIR WILLIAM HARLEY, AND THE WITCH OF JIGGON HILL.

Unerring truths, Oh Man, my lips relate;
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.

ODYSSEY.

Oh life thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I. BURNS.

I HAD hitherto walked through a populous part of the country—all arable, and beautiful to the eye of an agriculturist; but wanting wood and water, without which, no place can be truly delightful. A stunted tree was seen growing at intervals in the hedges, and the bark com-

pletely covered with moss. They look as if each had cried to the other for assistance, until all had gone into a consumption. At length I reached the District of Lammermuir, a pastoral region—the hills covered with heath, possessed of no beauty or any thing to relieve the eye—not a tree or even shrub was to be seen.

“No forest appeared, neither brushwood nor gorse,
Nor furze that could shelter a hare.”

At length, having got through this region of mist and wind, I entered a small but very neat public house, just as night was beginning to spread her mantle over that portion of the globe. Being quick in all my movements, I was in the centre before my eye perceived, that the family was kneeling in the act of prayer, to the Supreme Governor and Creator of the universe. So intent were they, that my entrance—loud and rapid as it was, did not discompose them in the smallest degree. In a moment my cap was on the floor, and I, with the bag, two baskets, and all the other accoutrements still attached, was on my marrowbones at an empty chair.

The master prayed—I am not a judge of either sermons or prayers, but certainly was greatly affected by his. The language was like my writing—perhaps not purely grammatical, but he was in earnest, and as it came from the heart—we “must take the will for the deed.” He showed a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and every expression seemed to issue from his heart. There was one sentence which I cannot help quoting, viz: “Oh! Lord, may our children walk at all times steadfastly before thee—striving constantly to keep the commandments of thy law blameless; and never behave in such a manner as will bring down our grey hairs with sorrow to the grave; and keep us, Oh! God, from ever disgracing our offspring.”

I was particularly struck with the above,—because it was the only instance, that had ever reached my ear, in Caledonia, where any man had made the slightest allusion to the fallibility of parents. It is always the poor children that are stubborn, unnatural, and irreligious. But fathers and mothers are immaculate!!!

My supper was cooked and put upon the table by a beautiful girl;—and what is more, she was sensible and well-bred. Every thing was clean and wonderfully neat. She waited at table with such a grace, and I was so very happy, that—though extremely ugly, diminutive, and crooked like a Z, I could almost have fancied myself Jupiter, and that she was the Goddess of Youth—my cup-bearer. She was quite a Hebe; but unlike the Goddess in this,—that she did not fall.

After I had supped, the Landlord—so named in Scotland, favoured me with his company, upon my express invitation, and because I cannot drink “by myself,” and Hebe commenced making bread upon another table in the same apartment. The ingredients were peas flour, or meal and cold water;—which, having mixed, she knedded into circular cakes, upon a square board, with a thin piece of wood, three inches deep, round all the sides, except in front, where it was one inch

lower, having two handles. In short it was quite a wooden tray, but named a bawbric.

I sat watching her with extreme delight, and thought the bread would have a taste that no food ever had before. The arms free from all redness, pure alabaster, and beautifully rounded; the bust not too full; the tapering waist, not caused by stays; the glow of exercise on her healthy dimpled cheek—and her auburn hair, shading the laughing, large blue eyes. I thought that a more beautiful being never existed—except one—the Lily of Strathearn.*

After the cakes were prepared, she wrapped them in paper, swept the hearth stone, and laid them down above each other—surrounded with the hot peat ashes, which were carefully drawn all over them, until they were completely covered. On expressing surprise, I was informed that they were allowed to remain for two hours, when the ashes were taken away, and the bread removed—each cake of which is named a Fadge.

All this time the Landlord and I had sat—whether drinking or not, is nobody's business, and I am not compelled to tell; but "great is the truth," and so let it prevail—we were fuddling, but without speaking—for, being so wrapt in admiration of Hebe, I could not, and he had sufficient tact to perceive that I did not wish to be disturbed. Therefore, as all the punch would be payed for by me, he was anxious to please, and never opened his lips, except to sip "the mountain dew." When Hebe had finished, and her other avocations had made it necessary that she should leave the apartment, I could then listen; and after a little chat, he told a Story—which, nearly as it is possible for me to recollect, was delivered in the following words:

Nearly three Centuries have passed away since the Barony of Drem, in Scotland, was possessed by Sir William Harley, the handsomest man of his time. He had early shewn a wish for literature, which his father gratified by sending him to a Seminary in England, for the double purpose of acquiring a thorough knowledge of that language, and, being an only son, he stood in great danger of being spoiled by over indulgence. The Lady Mother lamented his absence deeply for some time, but being herself a native of that country, at length became reconciled to the absence of her darling and pride of the house—more especially, as troubles had begun to break out, on account of a number of people dissenting from what had so long been the acknowledged religion of Europe; and thinking that the lad would be safer in her native country, than in one occupied by unruly and disorderly Barons, who acted whatever their evil thoughts were most inclined for, despising the King, and contemning the laws. She therefore consented that her son should reside at an English Seminary, where his mind would be improved, and life safer than in Scotland.

In those days superstition was great; and various instances are on record, attested by respectable witnesses, of people being not only

* This was written before I arrived at York Upper Canada.—ROVER.

frightened by the malediction of some old Hag, like the Witch Endor, who pretended to be possessed of, and whom people believed to have, a familiar spirit—nay, it often occurred, that the strong belief acting upon a weak constitution, produced madness, or death. The Lady was melancholy for the loss of her son, but lived in hope that he would return, the pride of her heart, and glory of his country. She wandered through the tapestried chambers of Drem Castle, looked at the likeness of her son, hanging in everlasting silence on the wall, and going to a window, imagination painted the vessel lying in Aberlady Bay, when her darling departed for the shores of merry England. A tear would come to her eye—but fondling his dog, that had been left, tried to be happy by thinking of his joyful return. Thus she felt, until one day, when sauntering about with her four footed favourite, she perceived an old man at the castle gate, shaking his head, and moving the hands as if in great sorrow. The lady approached and taking him into the castle, kindly enquired the cause of his misery? He ceased muttering to himself, and said—“My Lady, I was brought up on this land, under the baron’s grandfather, who educated me with his own son. We grew together, learning to read, hunt, and ride the war horse. He grew up a brave youth, and proud, proud was I to see him ride so gallantly through the ranks of the foe, behaving like those of his brave house. Wherever he rode I was at the left side to succour and assist, our swords echoing each other on the coats of mail that covered our enemies—But I was not needed to guard his heart, for his arm was strong, and no steel corselet could resist the blow of his sword, whose every stroke—was death.

We went to France, for he could not rest after his lady died; and joining in their wars, were at many a battle and skirmish. Great was the glory he gained, for not a man of their army could ride at the hunt, and in the battle, like the Scottish knight,—his banner was always in the van, and I, that now am so weakly, was forever at his side.

One day when hunting in the forest of Compeigne—with the Duke of Guise, his sworn brother,* and many other French noblemen, he saw an old woman, who called him by name; and going aside, she told him the fate of his family—whether he believed it or not, I cannot say. However, from what has already occurred, I have no doubt but that all will happen as she predicted.”

“What is it?” enquired the lady dreadfully agitated. What is the fate of our—House? Oh! tell for any thing is better than suspense.” “I spoke unwittingly,” replied the old man—“I am very weak, for I was captured by the Turks, who ill used me for these last twenty years; and I am only now returned, to lay down this weary body in the church-yard of Gulane, beside my father. Relatives, friends, all are departed, and he whom I valued more than all is away; and I would not wish to remain. There is a loneliness and grief at my

* For an explanation of this term, the reader is referred to a book entitled “The Knights of the Swan.”

heart, that nothing but his company can cure. I am old, and ill, so must soon meet the friend of my youth, and my heart."

"But," said the lady, "Oh! tell, what is the fate of our house? Is any evil to come over my son?"

"I know not what will chance, for the book of fate is sealed to me; but the old woman informed my friend and master, in the forest of Compeigne, that he would be killed in battle, and his grandson would be the last of his race—if he, before marriage, ever left the castle on *Hallow-even*. But if he remained at home yearly, upon that night, until entered into the bonds of matrimony, a long and happy life would be his portion. My friend and master died as she had said, and it remains for you to prevent the other, by causing your son to remain in the castle, always when that night comes round. Now my mission is executed, and I can sleep in peace." The old man went to bed, and after some hours had elapsed, one went into the chamber and found that his sleep was quiet and peaceful, dreamless and deep, for—he was dead.

The body was borne from *Drem Castle* with every mark of respect; the priests of *Haddington* and *North Berwick* attended, chaunting requiems for the soul of the departed—followed by the friends and retainers of the noble family. In this manner the funeral procession advanced, and on arriving at *Gulane*, the good priest* met the multitude, and laying the war worn traveller in earth, they placed a crucifix at the head, to shew that the poor body, left to moulder below, had died in expectation of a happy resurrection, through that expiation made upon the Cross, for the sins of all.

The lady was only slightly superstitious, in comparison with the people of that period, so was not rendered miserable by what the old man had said. She certainly felt anxious, and was repeatedly on the point of telling her husband; but as often thought, that such information would only distress the being whom she tenderly loved, and never mentioned the subject. As time passed her anxiety became daily less, and before long the subject seldom came across her mind. For time will obliterate almost any impression, of love or hate—as "water drops have worn the stones of *Troy*."

That part of Scotland was inhabited by many noble and powerful families, whose estates were afterwards seized, upon various pretences, by the Lords of the Scottish Parliament—exposed for sale, at the door of the court house, by the crier—who after repeating the notice three times over, returned into court, when the estate was knocked down to the highest bidder—unless one of the Lords wished to be in possession—when not one durst open his lips, and my lord got it at his first price,—which was invariably a mere trifle, and paid, if at all, out of the rents to be afterwards collected. The lady knew not that such things would be, but with her husband visited "the *Douglass's*," at

* Only one clergyman resided at that place.

Tantallon, the Humes of Drileleton, and Strachans of Ravensdale * never thinking that these families would be driven from their castles and land by fellows, who would rise to power by the disturbances of the times. She foresaw not that such unjust acts would ever be committed, but paid and received visits, going out on her palfrey to view the lords of the Earth "hunting the roe buck, and chasing the deer," from the woods of Luffness, or the dells and forest clad Hills of Ravensdale. When "the Douglass," Strachans, Hepburns, and Humes rode to the death of the stag, amid the shouts of retainers, buying of hounds and music of the bugle horn. The lady enjoyed all the amusements of that period proper for her sex, and happy in the society of her husband and friends, forgot the words of the old man, or the doom of her house.

Years had passed away, and though at times anxiety was experienced, on account of the troubles in Church and State, which afterwards hurled a queen from the Throne, and made the country swim in blood, and pulled to the ground edifices which would, even now, have been the pride and glory of Britain. They knew not that ever such would be perpetrated, and enjoyed the society of each other without looking much to futurity. At length an impetus was given to their enjoyments by the arrival of the young heir to the barony of Drem.

Great was the mother's joy and father's pride, for he was possessed of natural abilities, which had enabled him to profit by the instruction bestowed at the English Seminary—so, that being the handsomest man of his country, was admired by all—and what did not, at least, detract from it, was—being sole heir to a fine castle and large estate. But it is a fact, that when travelling where he was utterly unknown, no person, male or female, chance^d to meet him, without stopping to take a second look at the finest formed human being they had seen.

The fashion of that period was, to have the hair hanging in ringlets upon the shoulders, and great attention was paid to dressing this natural ornament. † But no person could be strictly handsome—such was the general opinion then about beauty—unless the hair was yellow ‡

* The estate of Tantallon, belonging to "the Black Douglass," was exposed for sale in the Court House at Edinburgh, by order of the President, and purchased by him for £5,000. One day, after the President had taken possession of, and was riding upon this estate, he met a man carrying a hare.—With great wrath he demanded "How came you by that hare, you scoundrel?" "Just the same way that your Lordship did this fine estate." "And how was that, you villian?" "I got it by the Law." A high hill in the neighbourhood—The President rode off in silence.

† Even down to thirty years ago, many gentlemen had their hair put up in papers before going to bed.

‡ That such opinion existed until lately, ancient and modern paintings testify. Jupiter had auburn curls; so had Minerva, Hebe, Appollo, and all the rest of that tribe—Alexander the Great and the youngest daughter of Agamemnon, had golden hair—yet Achilles preferred Beseis, for she, in addition to the hair being of the favourite colour, had black eyes. (Vida

Harley's was of that hue, and so beautiful in their eyes that, "hair like Laird Harley's" became a proverb, as a thing impossible to be matched; and is still used by every peasant of that district. The golden hair hung in natural curls, over his well spread shoulders. But it was not only to the eye that the young heir was pleasing, for he was the most sensible and learned Gent. in the kingdom. When any dispute, or misunderstanding arose, among his companions, or peasantry of the District—though sometimes each person was double his age, it was generally referred to him; and the decision, pronounced by that youth adhered to; which was invariably strict and just, without ever being swayed by rank or riches; his reasons and arguments were so clear and conclusive, that even the loser was satisfied.

Hardly did a week pass without a Ball at one or other of the Inns, throughout the country; and the proprietor did not consider it beneath his dignity, but on the contrary, his bounden duty, to attend with all the friends they could muster, for the purpose of benefitting the Tenant, and innocent pleasure to themselves. Sometimes they might have other intensions,—but their thoughts are all by this time accounted for, while their bodies have returned to dust. To proceed. Not one could compete with the young Laird of Drem, nor dance "sae graceful, sae tightly;" and the quick joyous glance of the intelligent eye, shewed that care was a stranger to his breast. He was also, "though only turned of twenty," the most active and athletic man in the country—always winning the prizes by conquering every competitor, at the various wrestling matches, and trials of muscular strength, which were then held at stated periods, in the different Districts—something like our border games, but on a smaller scale, and wherever he attended, the prize was Harley's.

It is natural to suppose that a man so amiable, handsome, and accomplished should be an object of attention to the females;—and that they would often be upon the point of pulling caps about this Adonis, who had a greater attraction for them, than either soul or body could produce—it was the Barony of Drem. Without that appendage his person would have been "so, so,—tolerably well;—face, becoming enough; eyes, sharp, and really intelligent at times; hair, pretty.—But then all is spoiled by his conceit. He seems to think himself somebody, and to address one as if he knew himself to be a favourite—such impertinence! you know," &c. Having the Estate however—or, at least being Heir at Law, the case was entirely different, and his company universally courted.

The Mother of Harley was in great anxiety, lest some of these butterflies should engage his affection; and not a single invitation did she refuse, but accompanied her son to all parties, which were to be attended by ladies; and sitting with the other matrons, who were all anxiety

Homer's Iliad.) The paintings of James the 1st of Scotland and his Queen, represent them both with yellow hair. Also, the song entitled the yellow haired laddie, and numberless other productions shew that such colour was the rage.

to see, what kind of gudgeons their daughters were able to catch—she, like them, was all smiles, and with a large fan in her hand, looked from behind the ornament with eyes all watchfulness, though the tongue uttered the news of the day—which then, as now, was all about reform. She replied to all the pretty little nothings which were meant to express love, and a wish to be more nearly allied. These were answered in the way such things should be, by more civility; and as they merely came from the lips of one, made no impression on the heart of the other—who knew—though it did not appear, that not one of the fine speeches would have been uttered, had her son not a large Estate in sure prospect. But smiling, she watched the damsels playing off all the attractions, spreading their traps and nets; but greatly was she delighted at seeing, that not one was regarded, and all the meshes were over large to retain the golden fish.

The proprietor of Ravensdale resided in his Castle only three miles distant. He was related to the Black Douglass of Tantalton—the noblest and most powerful family in the kingdom; and who always joined with them in defence of the country. The family was ancient, brave, and noble. Always prevented the poor from being oppressed by the rich, which was too often the case in those days, when law had no arms, but injustice and murder walked hand in hand over the unhappy land; bribery filled the courts—improperly styled, of Justice. All being overlooked, not governed by a besotted animal who was called a King, but not regarded by the good, nor feared by the workers of the evil. When such was the case, and every event of Scottish history, prove the truth of the foregoing, a few Barons like these were of incalculable value—granting that protection to the peasantry and the poor, which neither the law, nor the monarch, who was famous for nothing but imbecility, could give.

Walter Strachan, Baron of Ravensdale,* was the person described above. He had an only child—a daughter, to whom Lady Harley wished her son united—both for the young woman's prudence, and that the Estate of Drem should be enlarged by the addition of Ravensdale. But the Heiress—Julia Strachan was absent, attending her Grandmother in a distant county; who was suffering from a lingering complaint. Week after week passed away, and month followed month into eternity, and still the young Lady came not—for her relative neither recovered nor died—greatly to the grief of Harley's Mama. Who, though anxious that her son should love the beautiful Heiress of Ravensdale, took special care never to hint such a wish, but tried to excite his imagination, by a wise remark, which had a spice of tenderness in it; and would add—"As my dear, young friend Julia Strachan says. I weary so much for her society—she is so good and kind."

Julia at length returned, and fathers wished to catch her for a second, or even eldest son, as Harley was to be clutched by a daughter, a Ball was made, directions were given to the bucks concerning a modesty of

* Now called Garleton, since possessed by a Lord of the Parliament, when the Strachans retired to Aberdeenshire.

look and carriage, also by all means to speak sense, and when an observation was made, which was not understood—to shake the head, tap the table with the fingers, and look very wise, &c. All was arranged with great decorum. But there was a sister in the house who wanted the Barony of Drem—and they in an evil hour invited Harley, who had just received the honour of Knighthood, and all their plans were spoiled by over ambition.

The party met, and all eyes were charmed by the Heiress of Ravensdale. Her hair, black as jet, formed such a contrast with the alabaster skin; the nose was slightly aquiline—and lips a little full, which when parted, shewed the pearls within—the bright dark blue eyes glanced modestly round the room, reflecting the blaze of light from above—while the symmetry and lovely complexion, may be dreamed of in the bowers of Cachmere—and she had just entered her eighteenth year. She was allotted to Harley for a partner. The company were delighted with their execution, and appearance, for a human being so perfect as either, was no where else to be seen. The old ladies, who perceived that their own daughters had no chance for the Estate, whispered and smiled, at the Landlord having lost the chance of a son and a daughter-in-law. After partaking of dance, song, and supper, the company retired to their respective homes; and the young Knight did not leave Julia until she, with her Father, who was in great spirits, arrived at their Castle Gate.

On reaching Drem he went to bed, but sleep had fled, and he lay thinking of his partner. The feeling was entirely new, and he could not understand why he should think only of her—but after tossing for some hours, arose and met his parents. The Lady put several questions; all of which he answered readily, but spoke not of Julia; whom his mother knew was at the Ball, and she—seeing that he made not the slightest allusion to Julia; who she knew was there—nay, he even blushed, but made no reply, when asked “who was the finest woman of the party?” She was no longer afraid, but quite satisfied that her son had placed his affections upon Julia; who could never refuse the elegant Sir William Harley.

After breakfast the young Knight mounted his hunter, and allowing the horse full liberty, the animal took the road to Ravensdale. On approaching the Castle, Harley felt awkward, he could not tell why. But the old Gentleman had been telling, his partner in this world's cares, what he had seen at the Ball; and they both concluded, that as he was a good young man, and possessed of great abilities, with a large Estate, his attachment to their only child should be encouraged. Accordingly a hearty welcome was given, and so delighted was Harley, that he never thought of departing, being charmed with her beauty, manners and dulcet voice, until the night was far advanced. But his Mother was no way anxious—in fact she was delighted, for she had ascended a turret, and seen him enter the Castle Gate.

On the following morning, Harley again made his appearance; and her Mother saw at once, that the young Knight was in love with her

daughter,—for Ladies have lynx eyes in these matters, and like a good prudent Mama, when convinced of the “boy’s circumstances,” gave him a most kindly welcome; and many were the inquiries after his parents, relatives, and friends. Not only so, but the Lady putting on a shawl, desired her daughter to walk and assist in pointing out the surrounding beauties to Sir William, from the top of a very high hill, immediately adjoining the Castle Garden. He had the pleasure of walking with, and supporting Julia, when ascending the hill. When they having rested, and he had listened to her remarks—delivered in melodious accents, upon the surrounding scenery, they returned to Ravensdale. And again it was late, before Harley thought of returning to his home.

Every day he was at the Castle, and each succeeding one found him more enamoured than before; forgetting the world and things therein, he sat listening to the music of her voice, in the woods of Ravensdale. Julia returned the affection of Harley, but he knew it not—though every one else did, by her blushing when his name was mentioned, and various other little symptoms, common to the passion of love. But Harley—with the true feelings of a lover, felt conscious that he never deserved to be united with such a being, and that she would prefer any man rather than him.

Such was the state of affairs when a number of the neighbouring gentry met at Ravensdale—

“To burn their nits, and pou their stocks,
 “And haud their Halloween,
 “Fu’ blythe that night.”

As Burns has described the superstitious rites practised on that night in such glowing language, it would be ridiculous in me to attempt any description—suffice it to say that the whole were performed in due order by the party, who were all in high spirits except Harley, whose mother had not told him to beware of Halloweven. He was extremely anxious to know if Julia would be his wife; therefore got some hempseed and slipped out, when unobserved, a few minutes before twelve to sow it, knowing, at least thinking, that the image, or representation of his future help-mate would follow, harrowing with her fingers the seed. For with all his sense Harley firmly believed in the rite, and that the woman ordained by Providence to be his wife would appear. In fact it is not to be wondered at, not only then but even now, when people are much more enlightened, there are very few who would dare to go into the middle of a field, and deliberately do such a thing—which clearly proves that it is more generally believed in than the inhabitants of towns seem to suppose—for they can have no idea how the human mind is affected in darkness and solitude; but to return.

After sewing a little and repeating the following rhyme—

Hempseed, hempseed, I sow thee,
 And her that is to be my wife,
 Come after me, and harrow thee.

Harley looked round, and distinctly saw Epple ——, the old bed-ridden Witch of Jiggon Hill, with a lighted lamp in the right hand and drawing the mould upon the seed with the long, yellow, skinny fingers of the left. She held the lamp so that Harley distinguished her red eyes with rheum running down her cheeks and the skin like a shaven monkey—she muttered unintelligible sounds, and at each motion of the toothless jaws, saliva of a brown colour poured from the corners of her mouth which run over the bearded chin. Harley was horrified, he stood a moment, his hair almost lifting the hat—when overcome by terror, he fled. He knew not his reason for running, and did not know where he was until seated on the hill, where he had listened to the soft musical voice of Julia—there fixed, like an inanimate person or a statue, he remained until late on the following day, when discovered by people who were in search of him. For his absence and abrupt departure had excited not only surprise, but consternation to all, more especially to Julia, who refused to be comforted; and shewed, without trying to hide, her love—maidenly pride and bashfulness being all lost in the dreadful idea, that some awful catastrophe had happened to her first and only love.

They came upon him, and spoke, but he paid no attention, farther than waving them off with his hand. They tried to rouse him by saying that Julia would be his, and had in her fear acknowledged how dear he was; but he only shuddered. At length, upon saying that his Mother was terribly distressed on account of his absence, he rose, and accompanied them to the paternal mansion. His Father and Mother received him as one restored from the dead, but to all their inquiries he remained silent, and nothing seemed to have the power of drawing from his breast the dreadful secret—his only desire seemed to be a wish for solitude.

Day after day brought no amendment; he constantly refusing to disclose what was hanging upon his mind; and at day dawn would leave home to go and sit upon the hill where he had been with Julia, when seated on the rock, and looking towards Ravensdale, he would remain the whole day, and sometimes all the night.

One night he had remained late: the moon was full, shining bright and clear upon Ravensdale. Seated as usual on the hill, and gazing intently at the house which contained his "Paradise Lost." Hearing a rustle behind, he looked round, and saw, within a few yards—the Witch of Jiggon Hill! He sprang from the rock and fled, never stopping until he arrived at the Castle of Drem.

He still continued to leave his father's house at day dawn, and go to the hill, where he had a view of, but never approached Ravensdale. But was now in the habit of leaving it before day had departed, in case of meeting with the Witch—who, though he was convinced, must become his "half marrow," tried to avoid and put off the evil day.

His parents tried every thing to soothe, by assuring him, that he had their consent to marry Julia, by whom he was tenderly beloved—but this only made his mind more diseased; and that very night, he made

up a little bundle, and having written a letter to his father, explaining all that passed, added, that he was convinced the Witch Eppie, was for-ordained to be his wife. That he would go into England, in the hope that she would die, or something come in the way that would prevent it—that from time to time, he would send notice how he fared, and hoped they would not be anxious about him, &c. &c.

Upon his arrival in England, he lodged in a retired cottage, and was comfortable for some weeks, when the idea came across his mind, that he was opposing Divine Providence; and began to think that he was acting sinfully in flying from his duty—but still he was determined not to return. One evening when sitting in his apartment, with the shutters open, musing on his strange adventure when sowing the hempseed, he happened to look up, and saw a face at the window, close to the glass, attentively surveying him—a face which once seen could never be forgotten—the Witch—the bed-ridden Witch of Jiggon Hill.

He now saw that it was madness to oppose the decrees of fate, and therefore returned to Drem; which produced great joy in the breasts of his parents, and being now more composed, related the adventure at the cottage in England; and added, that it was in vain to fly, for wherever he resided, or whatever country he would go to, still her image would accompany him; and that it was evidently predestinated that they were to become one flesh. He had therefore come to the resolution of asking her—as no person could say, but some great end depended upon it, which weak mortals could not foresee—and though the sacrifice would be dreadful, loving another from whom he neither wished, nor could withdraw his affections, that it would never be in his power to look upon her without horror; yet he would rather die a martyr, than continue to act in direct disobedience of the Divine will. But, he had hope that she, a bed-ridden Witch of sixty-five, would reject him, and then he would be happy with Julia, without any remorse.

He requested his parents to pay a visit at Ravensdale, and explain the reason of his past and present conduct—and he would be compelled to act in future—also the hopes he entertained of being rejected. They did so; and though Julia's grief at first was excessive, yet before parting, she was in high hopes that an old woman would never be so foolish as to enter into a matrimonial engagement with any person, more especially with a man of Harley's age—and therefore began to feel quite happy, and all her uneasiness seemed to be over—with a smiling face she shook hands with her intended parents when they departed, and retired to bed, dreaming of—but I must not mention the dreams of young ladies.

Harley had determined to go on the following day, for the purpose of having his fate decided—but when the time arrived, his courage failed; and thinking that the following day would do as well—so, instead of going to Jiggon Hill, went and seating himself upon the rock, looked the whole day at Ravensdale. In this manner he put off the evil hour until a week had passed away; when one day having drank more

than usual, and being ridiculed by his associates, for the terror which the Witch caused in his mind, went to her house and was ushered to the apartment by an old woman who stood the picture of ill-nature and malice.

Harley approached the bed, in which the Witch was sitting upright with the face as already described, and a flannel cap encasing the head, partly covering the wrinkled cheeks, and the lappets fastened under the pointed chin, together with the grey hair escaping and hanging in "elf locks" on the duu, withered neck, almost covered with moles and warts, which presented a most disgusting spectacle.

Poor Harley approached the bed, and stammered out an offer of marriage, the red rheumy eyes of the Witch grew larger, and trying to smile, gave a diabolical grin—answering "Yes;"—stretching out her hand attempted to take hold of his, leaning forward at the same time to give and receive a salute. Doubting if he had heard her aright, he again put the question, and again got the same answer, accompanied by a similar action. Giving a cry of horror he fled the house, and stopt not till he arrived at Ravensdale, throwing open the doors, he sprang into the presence of Julia, and roaring out—"She will take me!—the Witch! the Witch!—and fell senseless on the floor.

It was long before animation was restored, but it was only animation, sense and feeling were gone, and he was removed to bed, where every attention was paid by Julia, who slept a short time during the day, watching the rest, and every night by the couch where her lover lay rhyming her name, and alternately crying—"the Witch! the Witch!

There is no touchstone so strong for affection as long continued sickness—more especially when accompanied with derangement of intellect; which in men has invariably a loathsome appearance—but her love withstood the test, for Julia was all virtue and goodness—the senses gradually returned, when opening his eyes, which had been visionless for two months, and seeing the beloved of his heart, he in a weak voice said, "Julia—my own, dear, dear Julia!"—but instantly recollecting the Witch—shut his eyes with a deep groan.

In a short time he was removed to the Castle of Drem, where a strong constitution triumphed over the malady, and in a few weeks he was able to take his usual seat on the hill. But he now gave up all hope, and thinking it a duty to God, had his name, together with that of the Witch, proclaimed in Church, and the bridal day fixed.—When it arrived, he proceeded, with a few friends, to Jiggon Hill, where they found the Witch Bride, even more ugly than usual, from her fine dress, seated in an easy chair.

The ceremony began immediately after a prayer. Harley tried to reply, but not one word could his lips utter—the Clergyman however went on without comment, and finished the ceremony,—which he had no sooner done, than Harley fled. Little attention was paid to his absence at first, by the company, who made merry over short bread*

* Known in England by the appellation, Scotch cake.

and claret, until the time arrived for taking the bride home, and thinking they would find him there, the whole party, with the Witch on horseback, and attended by the clergyman, as no other person durst touch her, proceeded to the castle, but no, Harley was there.

The Sun set, but still he came not; and when the Stars began to sparkle in the sky, a few went to his favourite seat on the Hill, and there they found poor Sir William Harley, with eyes directed towards Ravensdale, and all his sorrows over—for his soul had departed to the abodes of beautified spirits, from whence he would watch over, and be the invisible guardian of his beloved Julia.

THE ROVER.

MAXIMS FOR MARRIED LADIES.

(FROM THE MONTREAL MUSEUM.)

The first is to be good yourself. To avoid all thoughts of managing a husband

Never try to deceive or impose on his understanding, nor give him uneasiness; but treat him with affection, sincerity and respect.

Remember that husbands, at best, are only men, subject like yourselves to error and frailty.

Be not too sanguine, then, before marriage, or promise yourselves happiness without alloy.

Should you discover any thing in your husband's behaviour not altogether what you expected or wish, pass it over, smooth your temper, and try to mend his, by attention, cheerfulness, and good nature.

Never reproach your husband with his misfortunes, which are the accidents and infirmities of life, a burden which each has engaged to assist the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed; but instead of murmuring and reflections, divide the sorrows between you; make the best of it, and it will be easier to both. It is the innate office of the softer sex to soothe the troubles of the other.

Resolve every morning to be cheerful all day; and should any thing occur to break your resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with your husband.

Dispute not with your husband, be the occasion what it may; but much sooner deny yourself the trifle of having your own will, or gaining the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel, or create a heart-burning which it is impossible to see the end of. Implicit submission in a man to his wife, is ever disgraceful to both; but implicit submission in the wife, is what she promised at the altar, what the good will revere her for, and what is in fact, the greatest honor she can receive.

Be assured a woman's power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love, which it is her interest by all possible means, to preserve and increase. Study, therefore his temper, and command your own. Enjoy him with satisfaction, share and soothe his cares, and with the the utmost assiduity conceal his infirmities.

TO FARMERS.

WE consider it our duty to give the following advice:—That no land ought to be ploughed until thoroughly dry. For if turned over in a wet state, the surface becomes so hard that no seeds can take proper root, and throw out fibres in every direction to search for and collect nourishment; every print of the horses feet will become like cannon shot. In short, a field when ploughed in a wet state, receives damage, which three years labour and attention will scarcely repair. Let the ground be dry before yoking a plough; and when choosing oats for seed, to select the plumpest and roundest,—for grain of all kinds, like every other thing, shews by its outside whether the interior parts, or the constitution, be sound and in good order: the rounder and smoother than the 'pickles' are, so much better is the seed, and with reasonable hope can the farmer look forward to a sure and certain return, with such an increase as will richly repay him for the attention bestowed in choosing the seed.

We refer the Farmer to a plough described in the first number of this work, and are still of opinion, that an immense saving of time, trouble, accident, and expense will be saved by using one of similar construction with the one therein described. Care, however, must be taken, not to copy the representation, or the plough as represented in the plate—because the back part of the coulter should be a quarter of an inch behind the point of the share—while the front or edge is, and should be, two inches in front. The mistake is, that the engraver has put the coulter altogether in advance of the share. But the reader is referred to the description which accompanies the plate, and it will be found perfectly correct.

TO EMIGRANTS.

We have nothing farther to state than what our former numbers contain, viz:—That no labouring man should come to this country unless he has £15 sterling, or £16 10s. currency, after defraying all expense of transportation. Those who are intending to purchase land and exist by its produce, should not make the attempt unless each 'head of a family' has, 'in hard cash,' after all expenses are defrayed, £270 sterling, or £300 currency.

People ought never to bring goods. They will be told many lies by designing rascals, about the high price of every article. But the real fact is, that wearing apparel is not dearer than in Britain. But were any article considerably higher—even double, still a private individual can reap no advantage; because, any of the merchants can have them sent 'to order,' at the wholesale price—whereas the Emigrant buys them at retail; pays more for freight; and on offering them for sale, finds to his astonishment that every man 'in the line' is overstocked. In short, he may consider himself particularly fortunate, if he gets quit of them at a loss of 50 per cent.

A Gentleman was determined to make his fortune at once: he could not wait for the sure but slow effects of prudence and perseverance. He had also fallen in love, and wished to start a splendid carriage on his wedding day. The lady wished to be married; and thinking the coach would be a great help to happiness, joyfully agreed to his plan. He embarked for, and arrived in Canada last season, with a cargo of guns, which, at an average, cost him £15 sterling each. They are lying at a shop for sale, and not one person would give £5 currency for the best. What his intended said when he returned, is immaterial, but the thing actually occurred; and people should avoid the rocks upon which others have split.

A farmer brought some 'gran' carts with broad wheels, at a cost of £15 sterling for each cart. I am quite ignorant what the freight across the atlantic cost, but the expense from Quebec to York was £8 for each; and they were sold for £6 15s. currency.

Hard cash is the only substance worth bringing, or rather a receipt for it, which can easily be obtained in any part of Great Britain or Ireland, by paying the cash into the nearest Bank Office, with a wish expressed that it shall be sent to the Agent for the Canadian Banks, who, by return of post, will transmit an order upon the Bank of Upper Canada, or the Commercial one; and by presenting the order the money will be paid, with the advantage of the Exchange.

Messrs. Thomas Wilson, & Co. of Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street, London, Merchants, are Agents for both Banks.

TO SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE,

AN

TO THE PUBLIC.

With the assistance of the talented and the learned, it has been the sincere desire of the Editor of *The Canadian Magazine*, to render the work acceptable to general readers.

To amuse, instruct, and benefit the community, by his own labours, and the contributions of valued friends, has been his chief aim. For this he left his country, kindred and friends, and after "perils by sea and land," encountered in a journey of three thousand miles, his object has been attained, in the establishment of a Magazine devoted to Literature and general knowledge,—the first to make its appearance in Upper Canada, and as he believes, the first to reach the shores of Albion from this Colony.

In the prosecution of his undertaking, it has been his study, and he humbly hopes, not without some degree of success, to lighten the load of care which mortality throws upon the mind, by blending amusing and serious anecdote—always endeavouring so "to point the moral, and adorn the tale," as to inculcate the truth, that virtue alone can

ensure true happiness and peace ; and that the neglect of it, while it tends to embitter the cup of this life, endangers the highest and best interests of the immortal spirit.

It has been his endeavour, to avoid the arena of Politics, satisfied that however necessary the science may be, it is not included within the range of duty he had undertaken—"to raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

From "grave to gay"—though he trusts not—"too severe," he has endeavoured to embellish his pages, with such a literary banquet, as from its ample variety might afford gratification to all tastes. Acting independently, with his motto ever in view "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*," he has not been insensible to his own failings, while at the same time, he has been impressed with the deepest feelings of gratitude for the kind and generous assistance which he has received, by the contributions of those who first extended to him the hand of friendly assistance and support, while he was yet, comparatively a stranger.

With these appliances, he has been enabled thus far, to accomplish the object which first prompted him to leave his native home, and to make Upper Canada the land of adoption for himself and family.—His honest and unceasing endeavours in the further prosecution of the work he has commenced, will he trusts, be appreciated and encouraged, for he thinks it would savour of vanity, if not of presumption, if he concealed the hope by which he was actuated when embarking in the undertaking, that while his labours would not be without the higher gratification, of having afforded intellectual pleasure to others, they would not be unprofitable to himself—his first object being to promote the cause of Canadian Literature—his next to serve and benefit himself.

Having said thus much, and taking the opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to those, by whose kind assistance he has been enabled thus far, to carry on his editorial labours with pleasure and satisfaction ; and with his best acknowledgments to the Editors of the several Provincial and other papers, who have cheered him on his way, by the voice of approbation, he will now proceed to the particular object which has induced him at this time, to trespass on the indulgence of his readers, and of the public.

With the objects which he has had in view, it has been his desire, that the Canadian Magazine, should for its size and price be within the reach of all : that it should not only find its way to the study of the more opulent, to beguile the hour of leisure and ease, but also to the dwelling of the humblest settler, to cheer and enliven the fireside of his "forest home," affording instruction and amusement to himself and family, causing the time to pass with "golden wings," as he again mingled with the story in the bustle of more active life, and found himself again led, by the force of imagination, to scenes, and friends in distant lands, who still retain a hold "to memory dear."

He is well advised, that the present plan of the work is not such as is most likely to accomplish the desired object; and he is free to admit that from want of experience at its commencement, he may have erred in this particular. The price he is told is complained of as putting it without the reach of many, who would otherwise desire to become subscribers. He will endeavour to apply the remedy, and he hopes successfully, in such a way, that while it will gratify the desire he has alluded to, will not be objected to by those who have already extended their patronage to him.

It is intended therefore, that the Canadian Magazine shall in future be reduced to 48 pages of similar print with those already published, to be delivered to Subscribers at Eighteen Shillings Currency per annum, or *One Shilling and Six Pence each number*, being half its present price, to commence after the present (fourth) number. Subscribers whose names were entered from the commencement of the work, will by this arrangement receive a corresponding credit on payments made; and as the publication is attended with much expense, the Editor is under the necessity of requesting that the first half years subscription should be paid in advance.

The Editor trusts this will be satisfactory to all; and with the assurance that his best endeavors will be zealously devoted to the improvement of the Magazine, respectfully solicits a continuance of the support of that talent, which has hitherto enabled him to embellish its pages with so much original matter, trusting that others may be induced to emulate the good example, by forwarding their contributions.

He begs leave to subscribe himself their most obedient servant,

W. SIBBALD.

DOMESTIC.

YORK 16th APRIL, 1835.

The winter has been uncommonly mild and gentle, so much indeed that a Snake was killed when crawling on the surface of the ground about a mile from this city, on 1st January. And on the same day another "meet his end" at Markham. The season has gone pleasantly away, and now every thing is bursting into life and loveliness under a bright unclouded sky. The Steam Boats have started from the beautiful bay. The other Vessels have also spread their white wings to the breeze, and commerce with all its bustle is alive, while happy children shouting on the shore give pleasure to every eye. And as evening approaches, the tree toads begin a musical festival. We have no wish but one, viz:—That our friends in Britain could witness and share in our happiness.

A Ploughing match is to take place near Millford Mills, on the 18th, which will be described in our next number.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of "*The Shrine*," published at Amherst—with a perusal of which we have been delighted and improved. The merits of the work must command success.

CURRENT PRICES,

IN YORK MARKET.

	CURRENCY.				STERLING.			
	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	
Horse, for Saddle, Waggon, or Carriage, FROM	15	0	0	to 20 0 0	12	17	0	to 17 3 0
Bulls,	8	0	0	10 0 0	6	17	0	8 12 0
Oxen, (yoke of)	15	0	0	20 0 0	12	17	0	17 3 0
Cows,	4	10	0	6 0 0	3	17	0	5 3 0
Calves, under a year,	0	17	6	1 10 0	0	15	0	1 5 9
Sheep,	0	15	0	1 5 0	0	12	10	1 1 6
Beef per pound,	0	0	3	0 0 6	0	0	2½	0 0 6
Mutton per pound,	0	0	5	0 0 7½	0	0	4½	0 0 6½
Veal " "	0	0	5	0 0 6	0	0	4½	0 0 5
Pork per hundred pounds,	1	10	0	1 15 0	1	5	9	1 10 0
do. salted per hundred pounds,								
do. Ham per pound,	0	0	6	0 0 7½	0	0	5	0 0 6½
Wild Ducks per couple,	0	0	7½	0 1 3	0	0	6½	0 1 1
Fowls,	0	1	6	0 2 0	0	1	3½	0 1 8½
Eggs per dozen,	0	0	9		0	0	8	
Cheese per pound,	0	0	6	0 0 7½	0	0	5	0 0 6½
Butter [salt] per pound,	0	0	8	0 0 10	0	0	7	0 0 8½
do. fresh " "	0	1	0		0	0	10½	
Milk per quart,	0	0	3½		0	0	3	
Wheat per bushel,	0	4	0		0	3	5	
Barley " "	0	3	0	0 3 9	0	2	7	0 3 3
Oats " "	0	2	4		0	2	0	
Indian Corn " "	0	3	9		0	3	3	
Peas " "	0	3	1½	0 3 9	0	2	8	0 3 3
Potatoes per " "	0	1	10½	0 2 0	0	1	7	0 1 9
Turnips " "	0	1	3		0	1	1	
Apples " "	0	5	0	0 8 0	0	4	4	0 7 0
Hay per ton,	3	10	0	4 0 0	3	0	0	3 8 6
Fire-Wood per cord, [hard wood]	0	11	3	0 12 6	0	9	6	0 10 9
Pine, " "	0	7	6		0	6	6	
Loaf Sugar per pound,	0	0	7½	0 8	0	0	6½	0 0 7
Muscovado Sugar per pound, ...	0	0	6		0	0	5	
Tea, (Black)	0	3	6		0	3	0	
do. (Green)	0	3	6	0 3 9	0	3	0	0 3 3
Coffee, (raw)	0	1	0		0	0	10	
do. (ground)	0	1	6		0	1	5	
Whiskey per gallon, ..	0	1	10½		0	1	7	
Brandy, (Cogniac) " " ..	0	8	6	0 10 0	0	7	4	0 8 6
do. (Bordeaux) " " ..	0	5	6		0	4	9	
Gin, (Hollands) " " ..	0	5	0	0 7 0	0	4	4	0 6 0
Soap per pound,	0	0	4½		0	0	4	
Candles, [dips]	0	0	7		0	0	6	
do. [moulds]	0	0	8		0	0	7	
Flour per barrel,	1	0	0	1 3 9	0	17	2	1 0 4

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor presents his most respectful compliments to contributors; is extremely sorry at being compelled, from want of room, to postpone the publication of "The Bride," which will appear in No. 5. "The cruel Father," by "The Big Beaver," will be told in No. 5. A description of "the machine for making cheese, without touching the curd with the hand," has been postponed until next number. Cinna's No. 2 on Roads, is longed for. "Beta," who wrote the splendid address to the New Year—which concluded No. 1, is certainly ill. A packet has been long anxiously looked for.

He has to apologize for the errors in Cinna's beautiful Poem, of "The Winter's Evening"—These are—

Verse 1st Line 8th	for	"yains",	read	groans.
" 2nd "	" 2	"flushing",	read	flashing.
" 6th "	" 1st	"fiery",	read	fairy.
" 8th "	" 4	"eye",	read	sky.
" 8th "	" 8	"hopes",	read	faith.
" 9th "	" 6	"then",	read	their.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
—
MONTHLY ADVERTISER.

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AND GENERAL REGISTRY OFFICE,

165, KING-STREET, YORK,

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GEORGE WALTON returns his grateful thanks to the Inhabitants of York, for the support he has received since the opening of his Dairy, and begs to inform them he has added thereto

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G. W. reminds owners of Houses, Lodgings, &c. that his office presents facilities for the letting of them, and would suggest to them, to let him have particulars of their situation, &c.

☞ This is the late Bradshaw McMurray's old stand, and Kitchen Garden and Flower Seeds are sold here as usual, of genuine and true sorts.

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York, Jan. 12 1833.

R. STANTON.

DOCTOR LANG,

PRESENTS his most respectful compliments to the Inhabitants of York and circumjacent country; begs leave to inform them, that he continues to give advice, and prescribe, at the Medical Hall, No. 93, King Street, (North side)—that his assortment has lately been replenished, and enlarged with every Drug, containing mineral or vegetable virtue and excellence for the prevention of disease, with the continuance of health, strength, and vigour;—these he will dispose of on such moderate terms, that, being of the most superior quality, must ensure a continuance of the very liberal patronage, with which he has been honored, since commencing business, and becoming a Citizen of the Western Capitol.

N. B.—A considerable quantity of Honey for sale,

York, February 8, 1833.

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