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For the Canadian Magazine.

ON THE AGRICULTURE OF CANADA.

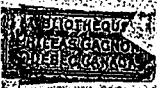
No. IV.

Mr. Editor,

In my last note to you I made what is properly termed the improvement of land, the primary object of my attention—my design in doing so, was to impress the Canadian Agriculturist with the necessity of removing from the surface of his land every obstacle which could impede the proper application of his plough. In addition to the reasons I formerly urged for clearing the surface of stones, it may be added that unless this be done, it will be next to impossible to give full effect to the drams, particularly, what are termed the water furrows, and if these are not carried straight through (which never can be the case where logs and stones interpose,) the water will lodge on the field and destroy the crop. I formerly mentioned the additional expense the farmer is subjected to by having his lands incumbered with stones, from the increased risk of breaking his implements, and experience has proved that not only is he subjected to additional cost for repairing these breakages, but the loss of time, for while his plough is at the Carpenter's or Blacksmith's shop getting mended his men and horses may be standing idle waiting for it.

Among the uses to which I mentioned these stones could be applied when gathered off the fields, fencing was noticed as one of them. Much has been written and said by authors on husbandry respecting the comparative advantages of stone and wooden fences: and relative to the value of live fences. But although this question may not be considered as entirely settled in Canada in other countries we believe it is decided that stone fences are the best.—The reason of any doubt upon the subject arises from wood being so cheap in this coun-

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try which led many to give it the preference at first; but even when wood can easily be procured, I am assured by an intelligent gentleman from Argenteuil that he considers the stone fence as the cheapest, where both wood and stone are equally at hand. But previous to entering on a comparison of the respective values of different kinds of fences, it will be proper to offer a few remarks upon the advantages of subdividing his farms to the agriculturalist as practised in different Countries.

Good fences are indispensibly necessary for the farmer, not only for the preservation of his crops but for the maintenance of friendship with his neighbours. "Good fences make good friends" is an old and established maxim which none will deny, and as a substitute for fencing it was formerly a practice to divide the lands among neighbours into what is termed "run ridge" in Scotland, by which every neighbour cropped the alternate ridge, and of course would guard the whole not only against the intrusion of his own cattle but also of the whole stock of his neighbours, well knowing that should the cattle break into a farm they would not be particular as to crossing a furrow, hence the ridge under crop by the owner of the cattle, might suffer in the general devastation. Inclosing and subdividing farms are absolutely indispensable for the successful operations of husbandry, for let the herds-men be ever so vigilant, the cattle pasturing on grass in an open space adjoining to a grainfield, will make irruptions on the latter to the injury of the farmer. Without inclosures therefore the farmer is subjected to a direct loss not only in having his crops destroyed by his own stock but also *par necessité* obliged to maintain and pay wages for persons to watch them. In the division of the Canadian farms the Norman method is evidently followed, for if a farm contains an hundred acres they rest satisfied with simply dividing it into two parts, the one to be cropped with grain, the other for pasture for the cattle. To such as have travelled in Normandy this opinion may appear incorrect for there the country is generally in what is called *Champêtre* and bears no marks of fences, but although not fenced in, it is divided in this way, by what they term land marks; and for fences they substitute herds-men to the serious loss above mentioned. This plan though now abolished in Canada was practiced till within a few years ago—and in many places is still followed. To demonstrate the imperfection of this system of husbandry it is only necessary to mention that according to it, the moment the crops are off the ground the fences are removed and each intrudes on his neighbour. It is not necessary to say how absurd and injurious this system is to farmers who wish to lay down grasses; I may only observe that it not only places their grain crops at a very great risk but also totally deprives the cultivating farmer of the means of pursuing that most valuable description of husbandry the rearing of grasses. This plan of throwing down the fences at a particular season of the year is not only injurious to the general agriculture of the country and destructive of grass cultivation but would also preclude the farmer from raising root crops. These do not come off the ground before the close of October—and who would raise them provided cattle were suffered to roam at large over all the fields at Michaelmas? The very glaring in-

consistency of this system, has produced Legislative interference, and in the 30th of his late Majesty an act or ordinance was passed by which cattle was precluded from being allowed to run at large. It is obvious that previous to the passing of this act there could be little attention paid to Agriculture in this country and more particularly to fencing, for the whole country had more the appearance of a common than of cultivated land; for there was no security either for what was laid down in grass, or what was under green crops. I am aware in England there are some places where the usage is to turn out the cattle and sheep at a certain day, to run at large, and these rights are held by Charter. But in this country there is no such tenure, and hence the custom termed *L'Abandon des Animaux* was effectually and completely abolished by the above mentioned act or ordinance. The effect of this act being put in force gave a new spring to the regular farmer. The English mode of culture began to be adopted as the farmer might now fence in his fields and at all seasons exclude both his neighbours cattle and his own, and much advantage would arise were this plan more generally adopted than it is. The few good farmers then in the Colony divided their farms into small enclosures, and appropriating each to its particular species of crop was enabled to reap the produce without having it destroyed by the roaming of all the cattle in his neighbourhood.

But to return to the subject of fences, I shall offer a few observations on each sort.

Stone fences have the sanction of experience in the old country in their favour.—In North Britain they are in general use, and so they are in Ireland. In the latter country from sea to sea, and from Dublin to Cork, no other description of fence is to be met with. It deserves to be remarked that in this last country they fill up the openings between the stones with mud, a practice quite unnecessary, and not admissible in Canada, where the winter frosts would swell the mud and throw down the wall or crumble it to pieces. Stone fences possess greater durability and security than other kinds to recommend them. Cattle will not attempt to leap a stone fence when properly capped, though not near so high as a wooden one—and they never attempt to throw down a stone wall, although some are exceedingly dexterous in pitching down what is called a log fence, or one made of wood. The price at which stone fences can be built in this country, will vary with the price of labour the situation of the place, and the nature and propinquity of the stones; but it ought to be kept in mind that while collecting the stones off the land to build his fences, the farmer is at the same time making a valuable improvement by clearing the surface of one of the worst impediments to tillage, and redeeming a portion of soil, perhaps of the best quality, (for the best soils abound often with stones) which would otherwise be unavailable for him. From the same intelligent agriculturalist before mentioned, I understand where stones are plenty on the surface of the ground a complete, double faced stone fence 5 feet high including capping—can be built for from 8s. to 10s. per rood French measure—nearly 19 feet English, which includes the collecting the materials, building and all other expences. And it ought to be remembered that such a fence if properly made at first will stand for many years without sub-

jecting the proprietor to any expence for repairs. *Wooden fences* are of different kinds and of course built at various prices. What has given them so great a preference in many parts of the Canadas is the plenty and cheapness of wood. But they are liable to many objections—what is termed the *Virginia worm fence*, formed by split rails laid in a zig zag position with the ends of the rails crossing each other occupies too much ground, and requires an immense number of rails, besides being liable to the other objections which attend every description of wood fences.—*Post-and-rail fences* have a neat light appearance, and occupy but little space. They are however very expensive to make at first.—In rocky land it is difficult to sink the posts to a sufficient depth; and unless put deep in the ground they are apt to be thrown out by the frost in winter. In wet lands the posts soon rot, and fall to pieces. What are termed *Log-fences* are very frequent on newly cleared lands and are the first description of fences new settlers build in every part of Canada; these are formed of the trunks of trees placed longitudinally with the ends overlapping each other and laid upon cross pieces termed *bunks*. This description of fence has the advantage of being easily made, and if composed of some lasting wood is more durable than the former; but it is not so secure. The logs having nothing to retain them in their places but a notch in the bunk, are easily rolled off, and some cattle will do this with great dexterity. This description of fence may be put up where the timber is handy, for about 1s. or 1s. 6d. per rood 16½ feet—but seldom lasts above 10 or 12 years, and not even that without frequent repairs.

Such are the three descriptions of wooden fences most frequently used in Canada—each possesses its advantages and disadvantages, when compared with each other—but all stand very low in comparison with stone fences, and for the following reasons. Every species of wooden fence is less secure than those built with stone. The former may be thrown down by accident, or fall by decay; or perhaps they may be taken down by an encroaching neighbour for the purpose of letting his cattle into better pasture than his own fields produce.—In situations where fire-wood is scarce, these fences are often carried away by poor people to be burnt; and every season the owner from these causes will be subjected to a heavy expence in keeping them in repair, an expence not much less than the first cost. To the new settler in Canada, Hogs, are a particularly valuable stock—and in many places, these at a certain season of the year are turned out to run at large.—The injury they do in every cultivated field not appropriated for a hog-pasture renders it indispensibly necessary to have fences which will exclude them effectually, but this is hardly possible with fences built of wood, without constant attention to keep them in the best order and this incurs an expence attending this sort of fences to which stone are not subjected. In selecting the description of fences, he uses, a farmer must not only have regard to its permanency, but also its security.—For a gap in his fences during one night may render abortive his whole year's labour; and when it is considered that wooden fences are liable to so many accidents from the above causes, and are moreover a continual expence to keep in repair. Stone fences although they at first cost a little higher, will from their addi-

tional permanency, and their greater security, become intitled to a decided preference; and be by far the *cheapest in the end*.

Live fences are very common in England, but I am told do not answer in Canada, but I am not certain if they have ever had a fair trial. To the fanciful landed proprietor who is desirous of embellishing his farm, rather than improving it with the view of making it valuable, this sort of fence affords him one of the best means of indulging his propensity. But for the practical agriculturist whose object it is to have fences for securing his fields and properly dividing his farm, I cannot see any superiority live fences possess for him. They require several years before they grow to be of any use—require to be kept in order, and for this purpose absorb a considerable portion of labour every year. In short they, as already said, are more objects to display taste upon, or answer more for the embellishment of a farm than for any useful purpose.

C. F. CRESINUS.

ON ELOQUENCE.

(For the Canadian Magazine.)

The old and well chosen classification of human knowledge, into History, Mathematics and Philosophy, although it has been very generally adopted, and perhaps well suited for the early days in which it was first made, is nevertheless defective in its extent. A further progress in civilization and a corresponding extension of education has opened the way to mental acquirements which cannot with propriety be classed under either of these heads; and perhaps there cannot be a more striking illustration of this truth than in the case of that branch of knowledge which is the subject of the following remarks.—The pursuits of the historian don't require the powers of eloquence; far less do the Mathematical investigations, or Philosophical researches. These three it is true are so blended together, and so closely connected that they mutually advance the progress of the student in either of them and materially operate in overcoming the intricacies of education. But the science of Eloquence or Elocution as it may be termed is entirely unconnected, with any other, and its study, and the high estimation in which it is held, are entirely attributed to its usefulness and to the fascinating beauties it presents to a refined taste.

As Eloquence has been long considered as a tasteful and important study, by the most eminent scholars, it has engrossed a proportionate share of attention from many illustrious writers. These as a proper introduction to any dissertation upon this subject, have endeavoured to discover a correct definition which would convey to those unacquainted with it a just idea of what is meant by the word *Eloquence*.

Some of these writers adhering to the literal meaning of the word have defined Eloquence to be "a proper order of words and sentences" which although descriptive of one requisite of the art is not suf-

ficiently comprehensive as a definition. Cicero says oratory is "the art of speaking handsomely," and many considering it as synonymous with Eloquence have applied this as a definition of the latter. This however is liable to the same objection as the other; and without searching for the numerous and various opinions on the subject, we shall therefore rest satisfied with the following definition which has been given in modern times, since the science came to be better understood, and its principles were closely investigated. Eloquence may therefore be termed "the art of speaking in such a manner as to obtain the object for which we speak." And although this may appear more like an account of the effects of this science than a definition of it; upon an investigation of the requisites necessary for eloquence it will be found as just as any which has yet been hit upon. Whenever a man writes or speaks, he is supposed as a rational being, to have some end in view; he is wishful, either to inform, amuse or persuade his hearers for the attainment of some important object; and whenever a man writes or speaks in such a manner as to adapt all his words effectually to the end he has in view, he may justly be denominated eloquent. Whatever be the subject in which he speaks, there is in this view of it room for the display of eloquence; and this definition of it includes all kinds of Eloquence whether, applied to instruct, persuade or amuse. By some writers this science has been defined "the art of persuasion." This idea of it has arisen from a contemplation of its influence; as applied to excite action or conduct: and it is in this manner that it is employed as an object of art. Shakespeare seems to have viewed eloquence in this light for in his *Measure for Measure* he represents Claudio resting all his hope of life on the eloquence of his sister Isabella, when he says "Acquaint her with the danger of my state, implore her in my voice, that she make friends to the strict Deputy; bid her essay him; I have great hope in that; for in her youth there is a prone and speechless dialect, such as moves men; besides she hath prosperous art, when she will play with reason and discourse, and well she can persuade."

Under the opinion that eloquence is the same as the art of persuading; it may be fairly assumed that what is requisite for the one will form the essential properties of the other: and hence those qualifications which enable a man to persuade, may be fairly considered as the same with those which constitute eloquence. To enable a man to influence or persuade he must possess various talents: In the first place he must use solid arguments, or have the talent to make them appear so; secondly he must have a clear method of arranging the different parts of his subject: in addition to these he must possess a character for probity, united to such graces of style and utterance as will command attention. It will be obvious to all our readers that good sense, is not only the foundation but the indispensable accompaniment to all this, and without which no man can be eloquent. Fools may be persuaded by Fools; but to convince a person of sense, he must have his understanding satisfied, and be persuaded of the reasonableness of what is proposed, and to do this in a proper manner requires no little power of Eloquence.

Having mentioned the two acts of convincing and persuading as the

effects of Eloquence, it deserves to be noticed, that although these are frequently employed as indiscriminate terms, they are by no means the same thing, in meaning. Conviction affects the understanding only; but persuasion extends to the will and produces practice. The one may arise from the other and with all men of rational powers—it is necessary that conviction as above stated should precede persuasion: but the former may exist without the latter. It is the business of the Philosopher by the adduction of facts and the display of reasons to enforce conviction of the truth: but it requires the display of eloquence by the orator to persuade his hearers to act in conformity to it, by engaging their affections on its side.—Conviction and persuasion do not invariably accompany each other; and their separation is not unfrequently occasioned by the mode in which the former is enforced. Any man, though possessing but slight powers of eloquence, may convince but he who persuades at the same time brings all the powers of this important science into action and manifests a proof of its importance. These two would always accompany each other without the power of eloquence, did our inclinations always follow the dictates of our understanding. But as human nature is constituted this is far from being the case. It requires but little to convince a man that the practice of justice, virtue, and public spirit are laudable; but it is not so easy to persuade him to act in conformity to their dictates. The inclination may revolt, although the understanding be satisfied—the passions may be two powerful for judgement to control. But for all this, as conviction is our chief avenue to the heart or inclination it is not to be overlooked by the orator, for unless he gains this, no persuasion will succeed with men of sense, and unless founded upon this, it will be but temporary and evanescent with any others. In this way the orator or he whose eloquence would be successfully practised must go farther than merely producing conviction. He must consider man as a creature, moved by many different springs, and must act upon them all. He must address himself to the passions—he must paint to the fancy, and touch the heart. To effect all this, and it is obvious they must be effected, we shall find other things besides what have been already mentioned, entering into the composition of Eloquence. In addition to solid argument and clear method, the man who would successfully practice eloquence, must summon to his aid all the conciliating, and interesting arts, both of composition and pronunciation.

This science properly speaking, although improved and cultivated by them is not an invention of the schools—it is the offspring of nature, for nature teaches every man to be eloquent in his own cause when much in earnest. Let him be placed in some critical situation, or let him have some important interest at stake; and he will scarcely fail to adopt the most effectual means for persuasion. But although eloquence be in this view the gift of nature, as we may term it, yet it requires cultivation, before it can be brought to perfection; although the seeds of it may be laid in the fine feelings of the heart, and although these feelings may be in such excess, as to break forth and get utterance by words; it requires a sound judgement and a cultivated mind put these words in their best possible place, and to give them

the most effectual expression. There are other two great requisites for eloquence, namely a true pronunciation and a perfect knowledge of accent, which never come by nature, these must be taught: and they are in the present state of the English language extremely liable to fluctuation and corruptions. The art of oratory or eloquence (in this respect, therefore, and with the exception of those parts of it which are more directly the subjects of instruction;) is nothing farther than proceeding in that tract which nature has pointed out. And the more closely this tract is pursued, or the greater progress that is made in the study of eloquence, according to this rule, the more are we guarded against the abuse which bad men make of it and the better able to distinguish between true eloquence and the mere tricks of sophistry.

An objection to the study of eloquence has been adduced, but certainly without foundation; for the plea urged against it is that it is an art which may be employed in persuading to evil as well as good: as Milton has it "to make the worse appear the better reason; to perplex and dash maturest counsels." It cannot be denied that eloquence may be thus improperly employed; by evil designing characters; but it is only by them that this will happen; the fault is therefore not in the science but in those who practise it unworthily. Reasoning has before now been equally ill employed to lead men into error, but who would think, that on this account we ought to cease to cultivate our reasoning powers. And the same argument will apply in other cases, for not only reason and eloquence; but every art that has been cultivated by mankind may be abused; and may prove dangerous in the hands of the unprincipled. But we need not say how absurd it would be to argue against their being studied for this reason:

(To be Continued.)

THE GOOD OLD COUNT IN SADNESS STRAY'D.

The good old Count in sadness stray'd
Backwards—forwards pensively;
He bent his head—he said his prayers
Upon his beads of ebony;
And sad and gloomy were his thoughts,
And all his words, of misery:
O! daughter fair—to woman grown,
Say who shall come to marry thee;
For I am poor—though thou art fair,
No dower of riches thine shall be.—
Be silent, father, mine! I pray,
For what avails a dower to me?—
A virtuous child is more than wealth;
O! fear not,—fear not poverty:
There are whose children ban their bliss,
Who call on death to set them free;
And they defame their lineage,
Which shall not be defamed by me,
For if no husband should be mine,
I'll seek a convent's purity.

THE ITINERANT.

NO. IV.

(Continued from our last.)

It is then covered with undressed boards, nailed on the outside of these upright posts and beams, which answer the double purpose of excluding the cold and connecting the whole together so as to strengthen the building. Over these is placed the outside covering which renders the walls completely air tight. This consists of boards about 5 or 6 inches broad and $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch thick, placed so that the under edge of the one overlaps the upper edge of the one below it, in the form of tiles or slates, and forming what in technical language would be called *imbricated or tiled work*. On this they paint those various gaudy colours I have before mentioned, the selection of which depends intirely upon the taste of the proprietor. Red or white appear to be the prevailing colours, although yellow is also to be met with. The frames of the windows and the shutters or blinds are commonly of a different colour from the rest of the walls, which gives a pleasing effect and a light appearance, though not that idea of substantialness or durability which a good stone wall conveys. Such as can afford it *finish the inside of the walls with lath and plaster* the same as in England, but this was not the case with the building I was now examining. The roof was formed after the usual plan. The couples standing upon the strong beams which run round the tops of the uprights or corner posts formerly mentioned; and covered with boards, over which were nailed the shingles which form the most common covering for roofs in this country, and is indeed the only description I have seen excepting that of sheet tin which is used for this purpose in the cities and by the more wealthy gentlemen in the country.

I have chosen Mr. Reader to be more particular in my description of this building because it was the first whose construction I had an opportunity of examining minutely; but which I afterwards learned by comparison with others differed in no material point from them except in the peculiarity of its situation. This is what is called a *frame building*, others are constructed upon a different principle and known by different names, but these I shall describe when I meet with them, for I hate anticipation even in pleasure and still more so in pain.

The raft on which this habitation was placed was larger than the floor of the building, and projected beyond it on all sides forming a species of terrace or platform on which you could walk around the house; from this platform to the beach on the side next the land, there extended two long Cedar logs, upon which were laid a couple of planks which served the purpose of a gangway by which these amphibious residents could go on *terra firma* when they wished; or they might remove it like a draw-bridge, and thereby cut off all communication with the shore. This gangway seemed to me to serve another purpose, one end of the logs being pined to the raft and the

other resting on the shore, it answered as a cable to keep the whole fabric in its position; and this along with a few stakes drove into the bottom at unequal distances appeared to be the only precautionary means used to prevent the whole from floating off. The water was very still and the place well sheltered as I before mentioned; but should a rapid rise of the river take place, I would not be surprised to hear of this ark-like habitation with all its inmates paying an unwilling visit to Montreal, some night; or perhaps they might be roused from their slumber on the way, by the motion of their house in descending the rapids of St. Ann's or Lachine.

After taking a minute survey of the exterior, which was done in a shorter space of time than I have taken to describe it, I entered this watery domicile, and found it crowded to excess. All our crew and passengers had rushed in, and these along with the father, mother, and a parcel of children, (the inmates,) nearly occupied all the spare room in the place.—As a substitute for a fire place they had a stove which stood the most prominent and hot object in the middle of the floor, and which answered the double purpose of warming the inhabitants and cooking their victuals, which is I find no unusual thing in this country, where the cold of the winter is said to render stoves absolutely necessary, although I should imagine not the most peasant cooking apparatus for a small apartment during the summer months when the thermometer stands above 75 in the shade. The house was divided into two equal parts by a wooden partition running the whole length; and which formed it into two apartments. The one of these was dedicated as a cubiculum or bed chamber for the family, the other was used as kitchen, parlour, dining and drawing room, for the inmates, and grog-shop, for the visitors.

The family as I have already said was composed of the father, mother, and a parcel of children, whose rapid motions rendered it impossible to ascertain their numbers correctly. This I regretted for I had a desire to know what was the average number of a family in Canada, having from the large groups of children I noticed at the different doors we passed, formed an idea, that it was more than in England. In the latter place this is accurately known from the various census and enumeration of the families which have been taken, but here as far as I could learn there was no such thing, nor was it known if the number of persons to each family in Canada, was more or less than in other countries. In speaking on this subject to many persons who were considered men of intelligence: they (I found) had never bestowed a thought upon it nor could be convinced that to ascertain this fact was of any use, so much for the statistical knowledge of Canada.

The family I was now among, were dirty squalid looking creatures, with countenances indicative of bad health. This I attributed to their situation, and that by being continually resident on the water they must I conceived be exposed to damp and fogs. From the replies of the father to some queries I found it necessary here as in other cases *ne crede colori* for he assured me his family all enjoyed perfect health. But his assertion did not exactly satisfy me, and I was at a loss to account for the unhealthy appearance of his children

so different from what I had seen in other families in the country. My doubts however were soon solved, and on a little farther inquiry, I found the sickly hue and dirty appearance of this family could be satisfactorily accounted for without imputing the blame to the situation of their residence or the climate of the country. I have already mentioned that the father had fled from the dry land and taken refuge on the water. Here although he enjoyed the merit of having fraudulently but successfully defeated the laws of his country, * this may be considered as constituting the whole enjoyment he had. Having no landed property, his sole dependance for food to his family was the profit of his tipping shop which he expended on flour and salt pork in the Montreal market, and which constituted their daily food. Fed in this way, and spending their time in indolence and inactivity they thus contracted their *squalid sickly aspect*. They were moreover assiduous devotees to the spirit cask which with their lazy habits accounted for their *dirty and disordered appearance*, the most striking features in this family.

Although we all in conformity with immutable custom had stopped at this place, none of us had any reason for remaining long; some had disembarked to stretch their limbs, some to taste the landlord's liquor, and others like myself had been prompted by mere curiosity; so that the reader will perceive our business was not such as to detain us long, and we were soon afloat again. (I beg the readers pardon, we had never been on shore,) but to speak more plainly we were re-seated in our boat and pulling along. I am fond of children, I have always been so, although this is rather singular for an old Bachelor; and one of the greatest objects of attraction to me in the little urchins, is their fine fresh rosy complexions, which are the result of good health of the body, a cheerfulness of disposition and freedom from mental care. I could not reside in a country where the climate robbed the infantine cheek of its proper and natural glow. Although I had (as I thought) satisfactorily accounted for the sickly colour of the children I had just seen, still their aspect forced itself upon my mind; and I determined to inquire if there was any thing in the climate of Canada prejudicial to health, or tending to obliterate the infant bloom, for I decided, should this be found the case, I would proceed no farther, it would be no proper place for the Itinerant. My eye naturally turned to my friend the major for the solution of this difficulty. He had served here, for a short time during the late war, and I was aware his intelligent lady would not have fixed upon Canada for her future residence without first ascertaining if the climate was salubrious or not. He told me with all the plainness of an old soldier that he could find nothing in the climate of Canada to engender disease. That he had resided in it as well as in

* It is very doubtful Mr. Itinerant, how far this movement of the habitation would have guarded the occupant against the laws and saved his taking out a Licence for retailing Liquor, we are rather inclined to think his escape from justice was more attributable to the forbearance of the law than to its imbecility, and perhaps residing as he did at a distance from all competitors, he had no envious opponents in his business whose interest it was to have given information of his illegal proceedings.—*Edit.*

many other countries for a sufficient length of time to ascertain that point; and on comparison of it with other places he was of opinion that the climate of the Canadas might justly be considered as healthy. "The heat of summer" said he, "although sometimes very great is never so oppressive as in the West-Indies, or on the Coromandel coast and in the Isle of France; being always dry, the atmosphere pure and serene and the air always retaining a sufficient degree of elasticity to render it fit for respiration. During winter, there are every season a few days when the cold is so intense as to endanger the loss of noses and ears by the frost, but this state never continues so long as to give any serious interruption to business or even the pursuit of amusement: It never lasts for more than two days at one time, and seldom above one." In short I found from the major's account, and that of others the cold could always be fenced off with an ordinary degree of precaution and a *quantum sufficit* of flannel and furs. I remarked to the major's lady that previous to my coming to the country and since that time I had heard a great deal about "The Lake fever," and that it had been spoken of as a disease peculiar to some districts in the interior of the country. She in reply told me that the same information had been given to her, which induced her to consult an eminent medical gentleman a friend of hers who had been attached to the medical staff of the army for several years in this country; adding "the day before I left Quebec I was favoured with his opinions on the subject, which I shall be happy to read to you," so saying she drew from her reticule a small key, and handing it to the major he opened a neat little writing case such as travellers usually carry, from which he produced a letter which being handed to the lady, she read as follows. Thanks to my memory, I can retain nearly the very expressions.

Quebec, ——— 182 —

MADAM,

You do me very great honour in asking my opinion relative to the salutary nature of the climate of the Canadas, and which I shall feel happy in giving you as far as several years experience, and the opinions of my brother medical men have enabled me to collect information on the subject. My own opinion is, there is nothing in the climate of this country which has a tendency to produce any specific disease. Some medical men have thought the reverse, and have stated (when applied to by the officer at the head of the medical department in the country as they were a few years ago,) that some places in the Canadas were unhealthy; indeed the number of sick in some particular districts would give ground to believe that this was the case. If however the diseases which prevail in those sickly districts were all of one kind their cause might be sought for in the nature of the climate, or if they prevailed more at one season of the year than another this might be suspected as their origin, but as they are prevalent at all seasons, and diversified in their nature, they must be ascribed to a different cause which will be found in a particular state of the country at the time which is transitory in its nature, and on its passing away the diseases will also cease.

When any country has been for ages covered with forests impervious to the rays of the sun; the annual falling of the leaves and the rotting of trees will form a deep surface cover of decayed vegetable matter, rich to be sure and well adapted for the purposes of Agriculture; but not conducive to health. On the timber being cleared off the solar rays will exhale a quantity of noxious vapours which are generated by the decay of vegetable bodies, and these loading the atmosphere will render it less suitable for the support of animal life; more particularly if the ground be wet because the moisture which arises with these vapours and noxious gasses will make them more ready to stagnate in the air. The constant breathing of an atmosphere in such an impure state will affect weakly constitution with different complaints, and operate in a similar manner with the marsh miasmata, which we Physicians consider more horrible than war or famine. Such may be the case in some damp low situations in the Canadas; and it is obvious that these districts will be, for a time, (that is until all these foub gases are exhaled,) less healthy than other places; but instead of the climate of Canada being favourable to the engendering of disease it is quite the reverse, and from the intensity of the summer sun, and the purity of the air in winter, well qualified to remove these which I consider as the only temporary cause of disease in the country. Such my dear Madam are the results of my observations, on what has been called the sickly districts of the Canadas; and in this opinion I have the coincidence of others my brother officers, and should you come to the determination of making Canada your future residence, I need not say how happy I shall feel in your being able to give from your future experience, strength to these opinions. Very sincerely wishing yourself and the major every comfort and happiness and all the success you can desire in your future prospects.

I remain dear Madam,
your very obdt. humble servant.

J. _____ G. _____

I farther learned that the opinion of this medical gentlemen as expressed in his letter was further confirmed, by the fact that some few districts adjacent to the Lakes in Upper-Canada had it appeared gone through all the changes he alluded to. On first begining to be settled, there had been no complaints of their being unhealthy, but a little after as the clearing proceeded, and a larger surface became exposed to the sun, new comers were liable to sickness on their first arrival at such places, and from this cause they were denounced as unhealthy. But after a very few years they were found equally salutary with any other situation in the country,

LIPS.

In this wonderful age in which we live, we find the attention directed to new subjects, and the Philosophic mind stretching out in new directions and in quest of objects for investigation, never before "dreamed of in our Philosophy." The science of Craniology is a proof of this. Who till of late ever expected the propensities of the disposition, and the predominant passions of the mind would be discovered by an inspection of the bumps and knobs upon the skull? It is now carried so far that its votaries pretend to be able to read the mind, and unveil the dispositions of the individual by feeling and examining the head. These must be men of great sensibility, and delicate touch, otherwise we expect they would be puzzled to discover the inequalities of some skulls, for instance that of a fat alderman, whose scone is incased in a covering of fat of considerable depth, and whose smooth oily surface would be apt to make the fingers slip on applying pressure to discover the protruding parts of the skull.—We have been inclined to think that this science although now brought into vogue is not new, it is more probably the revival of some old art, which like the art of staining glass, extracting the Tyrian purple from the Maurex, although known to the antients, has been overlooked or lost in after ages; and it was reserved for the glory of the 19th century to revive it. Such is our opinion and we think we are supported in this hypothesis from some traces of the science of Craniology being discovered among the Indian Nations of the present day; and which were perhaps preserved among that simple people, when other discoveries among more enlightened nations expelled this useful art. May not the delicate art of scalping their enemies which is practised among these barbarous nations, have owed its origin to the zealous admirers of the science of Craniology, who in their ardent pursuit of information on this object would let no impediment stand between them and a subject for investigation. These Craniologists when the science was in the height of its glory may have been in the habit of whipping off the scalp of any individual whose mental propensities they wished to know, and after examining the elevations and depressions in the skull, may have been able by some Talicotian operation, with which we are unacquainted, to replace the scalp in its proper situation.

But besides the lines and marks upon the skulls of men, and animals, we find other indicators of the passions and emotions of the mind. "The human face divine" affords in its outlines and varied expressions, many movements by which we may learn what is passing in the mind at the time, and there is no doubt that a habitual and constant indulgence in particular feelings will give to the muscles of the physiognomy which are affected by such feelings, a cast or expression which will adhere to them afterwards.

Much has been said by poets and prose writers about eyes those "indexes of the mind."—They have been objects of attention as far back as traditionary records, or the revels of Poetic fiction can carry us. We have all heard of the fiery eye, the dull eye, the bright

eye, the speaking eye, the languishing eye; in short, we have heard of eyes capable of displaying every passion or emotion of the mind, from "green eyed jealousy" to those eyes which "melted in love and kindled in war." Every gradation of feeling is indicated by eyes, from those which dart the fierce beams of hatred, to the eyes which reflect the sweet sensibility of the soul and beam forth those endearing emotions consequent on the contemplation of a much loved object. The eyes have been the exalted features of the human countenance to the neglect of every other; and all kinds, colours and shapes of eyes have come in their turn to be the objects of Poetic admiration, and Philosophic description. The black, the brown, the green, the gray, the moving hazel and the soft blue, have all had their turn of notoriety.

We cannot help thinking that this practice of extolling one feature to the neglect or depreciation of another has something unjust in it. The whole facial features are placed as if were in the same plane, all equally striking, all equally meriting attentive contemplation. Beauty that Idol of Gods and Men, that grand attribute which can tame the savage, or set the moralist a capering and playing "such antic tricks before high Heaven as make even Angels weep," is not the particular form or fashion of one feature, nay each may be handsome taken individually, but still the face what is termed plain and *vice versa*, each feature may be when examined singly, defective in that form we call beautiful; and yet the whole placed so as to harmonize, and form a fine countenance deserving the epithet beautiful. But to the point, viz: the neglect of some features and too lavish praise of others. Sterne has immortalized the nose, should no other writer contribute his aid to give it celebrity. But with the exception of some few isolated remarks by different authors on the lips, we find these have been sadly neglected. Now to us this appears unjust, for laying aside the utility of this feature for enabling us to supply the wants of the flesh, and their value for screening defects in the teeth, and the many other purposes to which they are subservient. They possess qualities well entitling them to be celebrated in the highest laudatory strains. True, some, as already mentioned have celebrated the lips, as that point of collision by which the warmth of friendship, the affection of near relations, or the meeting of old and intimate acquaintances may be expressed. But this is out of fashion in our more modern age of refinement. The cheek often supplies the place of the lips for this purpose, and so may the palms of the hands, and the substitution of these for the lips is now established by custom. This is not the only way in which lips are the deserved subjects of notoriety, they are little less faithful indicators of the feelings and emotions of the mind than the eyes are. The shape of the mouth and the form of the lips are essential parts of a beautiful countenance, and its claim to this character will depend very much upon their good or bad conformation. What is termed the *pouting lip* is indicative of dislike, particularly when the one protrudes beyond the other; and by the length of the protrusion may in general be measured the depth or extent of the dislike; so that more difficult calculations have been made than would be requisite to esta-

blish, a scale or table taken from the different degrees of protrusion in the pouting lips, exhibiting all the grades of feeling from simple dislike up to confirmed aversion and deep rooted hatred. But it is not only from the length of the pout that emotions or feelings or even their extent may be ascertained. In some cases the lip curls upwards when it constitutes an expression of contempt or what the French term *hauteur*. When the upper lip is contracted while the under protrudes and is turned up, it indicates a mind impressed with a mixture of contempt, dislike, ill suppressed *hauteur* to colour over perhaps the passion of envy. Every one conversant with anatomy in the least degree knows that the two emotions of grief and laughter are exhibited by a reverse action of a few muscles which move the lips. In grief and sorrow the corners of the lips are depressed and the middle part elevated, whereas in laughter the corners are elevated and drawn back, the centers depressed and separated. The thin firm set lips which seem to be habitually compressed, manifest habitual decision and mental firmness. The loose hanging lips on the contrary betrays an undecided character and the poltroon. Every man knows that the curl of the upper lip and the firm pressure of the lower against it bespeaks the man more inured to command than obey. The thick swelling lips which appear loose-hung and pendulous with the heavy countenance belong to the stupid clown. In a description of the celebrated murderer Thurtel it was said he had a thick lecherous looking aspect about the mouth.

Many other instances of the prominent part the lips take in depicting the emotions of the mind might be adduced. An effort to sustain pain is exhibited by biting the lips or compressing them; and the same action indicates the operation of the mind when any thing disagreeable is said, to a person of sensibility or when he feels vexed.

From all these we are induced to come to the conclusion before stated, viz. that this important part of the face has not met with the proper degree of attention, either from the effusions of the Poet, the descriptions of the historian or the investigations of the Philosopher, and that this is a subject so pregnant with importance that we should be happy to find the attention of some of our correspondents directed to it.

SONNET TO A LADY.

I have seen thy blue eyes leave me, as at night
 Some traveller sees, in forests dark and blind,
 His lamp blown out by the invidious wind,
 When most he needed its conducting light.
 Yet, though thou stealest from my mortal sight
 What most it loves to look on,—from my mind
 Thou canst not steal that picture left behind,
 Which makes my bosom half forget thy flight.
 'Tis joy to think upon thee, and to wear
 Thy image in the heart; a fruitful glow
 Dwells round it of sweet thoughts and fancies fair,
 Thus in some thorny grove, where'er we know
 A cystal spring, the yellow primrose there,
 Cowslip, or lilies on its margin blow.

The Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal. No. 1, July, 1824. Montreal, published by H. H. Cunningham.

This is a high sounding title which would bespeak something grand and magnificent; and it has been so long announced through the medium of Newspaper advertisements, that expectation has been "on tiptoe" for its appearance for some months back. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," but here its realization will not contribute to gladden it: for the public as well as ourselves will be woefully disappointed when they come to read this work. We must say, from what we have heard *alleged*, of the talents of the Editor—the time he has taken to build his literary Colossus—and assisted, (as he said he was) by the first literary talents of the country, we hoped to have found a more apt comparison for his effusions than "the mountain in labour."

That there are men of genius and talent in this country will not be denied; but it is no less true that they seldom devote much of their time to literary composition. Deeply engaged in other avocations, although good judges of what they read, but few of them can spare time for writing. From this cause the conductor of a periodical publication in Canada, has a heavier task to perform than in older countries, where he can have the assistance of men whose leisure time and independent situations admit of their turning their undivided attention to literary pursuits, and where this object has become a regular business. For this reason a writer who undertakes a periodical publication in Canada is more dependent upon his own talents and resources, and is subjected to the necessity of considering well what those talents are, before he undertakes the conducting such a work. By this alone he will be able to pitch upon a proper name for his publication and make its extent suitable to the means he has of supporting it in a respectable manner. Judges of literary merit of no mean capacity are to be found in Canada.—Aye and those judges will read, criticise, and communicate their opinions to the world, and the man who excites public expectation beyond what his defective talents will admit of his realizing, instead of meeting with approbation will receive contempt; a fact no less true in the walks of literature than in every other line.

The absurdity of prefixing the title "Canadian Review" with its "*and Literary and Historical Journal*," to a few silly criticisms, and a parcel of poor selections, betrays a total ignorance of the term Review. The short coming of the quantity of matter (such stuff as it is) for although announced we believe to contain nearly 300 pages, it is only 230—may have arisen from the conductor not correctly estimating his abilities for such an undertaking before he commenced it.—How far such an excuse will satisfy the public we shall not pretend to determine.

It would be an ungracious labour for ourselves, and perhaps as little to the advantage of our readers, to go over each article of this publication separately, we shall with as much brevity as possible mention a few of the necessary qualifications for a Reviewer; and by a few extracts, with such comments as they offer, leave our readers to judge how far this writer is either by talents or acquirements fitted for such an undertaking, as the work professes to be.

Reviews are valuable publications, which have of late years sprung up thick in the field of literature.—Their utility for conveying the opinions of sound judges of literary productions has been unequivocally acknowledged. In some instances so great has been their influence on the public mind that they have given almost an entirely new turn to the literature of a whole country.—They have often directed the attention of scholars into channels for investigation they would not without Reviews have thought of. They contribute to improve and fix upon a steady basis the taste for literary composition as far as regards its style. The reasoning of reviewers has directed the investigations of learned men to doubtful questions, and effected their solution upon correct principles. From all these important effects which have arisen from Reviews it is obvious their conductors must have been men of talent and research—and that they required to be so from the very nature of their pursuits. Few men have dared to come openly forward and mount the high steps in the temple of fame on which Reviewers have established themselves: for to move in this sphere required far more splendid talents and a greater degree of information than was necessary for a successful career in other departments of literature. 1st. A Reviewer must be a linguist and a critic, possessed of sufficient taste and judgement to appreciate the literary composition of other writers, and be able to convey his own ideas in an unexceptionable style. 2d. He must be conversant with both ancient and modern literature, in all its branches; otherwise he will be led into errors whose exposure will stamp his character for ignorance and presumption. 3d. He must divest his mind of all blind prejudices whether religious or political, and have his opinions on these subjects established upon principles, deduced from reasoning; which he can explain so as to produce conviction in his own mind as well as in the minds of others who are equally unbiassed. 4th. He ought to avoid all appearance of dogmaticism; and instead of impertinently and abruptly intruding his own opinions in opposition to those of others, he should expose fallacy and error, by clear reasoning upon their effects or causes, or by displaying their absurdity when put in contrast with truth as deduced from sound principles. 5. A Reviewer must be acquainted with arts and sciences; for how can he judge of the writings of others upon these subjects when ignorant of them himself?

It would be a hopeless task to seek for the least ray of any of these qualifications in the conductor of the Canadian Review, if we judge from the work which now lies before us—but not to detain our readers longer on this part of the subject, we shall proceed to the extracts.

In the first article “on the Quebec Literary and Historical Society,” after congratulating himself on commencing his Review, at the same time with the establishment of that Institution, we are favoured with the following specimen of his modesty.

“The institution of such an association as the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, is in itself so noble an effort to organize the literature of the Country, and otherwise so similar in its objects to our own pursuits, that we feel no apology is due for introducing it as our preliminary article, in order at once to declare our opinion of its ends and purposes, and, in so doing, make such other observations as may

appear necessary, while ushering such a work as the present into the world."—p. 1.

This is what might be called *learned diffidence*? This is "*Magna cum parvis componere*" with a vengeance!—The "Quebec Historical Society" with the *Canadian Review*.—The meridian sun to a farthing rushlight!

There perhaps never was a more gross misrepresentation of the actual state of literature in this country than the following.

"Besides the libraries of the two principal Catholic Seminaries of Quebec and Montreal, and those of the various religious institutions in the Province, there are in every Town in Canada a number of public and private libraries that would do credit to any Country. The library of Montreal which contains a very extensive collection of valuable books upon every subject connected with polite and useful literature, deserves to be particularly mentioned, on account of the liberality with which it is furnished with new publications, and the judicious manner in which it is regulated. The Quebec public library does not, we understand, contain such a numerous list of books; but it is upon the whole, most respectable. The libraries of Kingston and York in Upper Canada, also contain a most valuable collection of books. Besides these, circulating libraries are to be found in every town in the Province, originally established by some respectable book-seller, and supported, as they generally are in England, by "the reading public." We shall suppose all these libraries, to contain ten thousand volumes at the lowest calculation!"—p. 2.

Here this writer has given merit where none was due, and withheld praise where it was deserved. *There are very few of the Towns in the Canadas in which circulating libraries are to be found.* With the exception of Quebec, Montreal, York and Kingston, there is no where any thing deserving the name of a circulating library in the Canadas. Attempts have been made to establish such institutions in some of the other towns, but without success, and the failure is solely attributable to the want of support, there being *no reading public*; for it is with regret we state that a considerable portion of the inhabitants of the Lower Province can neither read nor write; their scattered situation in many country places rendering it as yet impossible to establish schools among them with full effect.

Among the Libraries in Quebec this writer has omitted to mention one of the best, viz. that belonging to the House of Assembly. And his opinions of the Montreal Library are no less incorrect than his enumeration of the whole is inaccurate. With regard to this last Library, all who have an opportunity of seeing it will bear witness in favor of the plan upon which it is conducted. And great praise is due to the spirited individuals who commenced it, as well as the talents displayed in its organization. The books are exceedingly well selected, and the many old standard works it contains justifies the assertion that it forms the nucleus of an excellent library. But every person who knows any thing of such an institution is perfectly aware that one of the most valuable properties in a Library arises from its being a receptacle in which the literary productions of years are deposited in an unbroken chain. It is not the quantity of rare and valuable old

writings it may contain which forms the only criterion by which we are to estimate the value of a library. It ought to give, by the opinions of the best authors of the different years, a view of the progress of literature in one uninterrupted stream; and by this the scholar will see from what point the most important discoveries in science and in arts have arisen, and be enabled to trace their march and note their improvement till he finds them in the state of perfection to which they are at the present day. And it cannot be denied that in this respect the Montreal Library is defective. There is a *hiatus* in it which it were most desirable to see filled up. Nor is this blank attributable to any fault on the part of the conductors of that institution; it arose from circumstances utterly beyond their control. During the late war, for several years, no addition was made to the collection of books; and although since the peace, care has been taken to procure the late publications as they issued, the want of funds we believe, or some other cause has rendered them unable to fill up this break in the chain, which cannot be concealed from the eye of any scholar who knows what a library ought to be.

In the following extract the reader will find something new—its absurdity will be no less striking.

“ELOQUENCE was of a later date than the art of literary composition; for till the latter was improved, there were no models for studying the former. Cicero’s oration for Roscius is composed in a style diffuse and highly ornamented; “which,” says Plutarch, “was universally approved, because at that time the style of Asia introduced into Rome with its luxury, was in high vogue.” But Cicero in a journey to Greece, where he leisurely studied Greek authors, was taught to prune off superfluities, and to purify his style, which he did to a high degree of refinement. He introduced into his native tongue a sweetness, a grace, a majesty, that surpassed the world, and even the Romans themselves.”—p. 10.

Old established maxims founded upon years of observation, and facts obvious to the senses go for nothing with the Canadian Review.—Here we find the well-established truth that “every man is eloquent in his own cause” subverted; for no man by this can possess eloquence until he has learned “the art of literary composition!! To this we answer, eloquence has been considered as one of the distinctive qualities intitling its possessor to eminence, among the most barbarous and savage nations which have yet been discovered. Eloquence in their councils and bravery in war among the Indians are the only acquirements necessary for a hero—and never failed to command respect. Many specimens of Indian eloquence have been handed down to us; which (even under the disadvantage of a translation in which much of their force and beauty was lost,) would not disgrace some of the first characters among civilized nations. Let this Reviewer take a walk to the rocky mountains—or let him attend a meeting of an Indian tribe, when in consultation upon some important subject he will find eloquence where literary composition was never dreamed of. Or before he hazards an opinion so much at variance with facts and common sense, let him go to school and learn the difference betwixt eloquence and oratory.

The Editor of the Canadian Review has a curious idea of savage virtues as appear from the following sentence.

"Yet he had his virtues, for virtues in a Savage they must necessarily be called. He had patience to endure the hardships and privations of fatigue—courage to defend himself from his enemy—dexterity and perseverance to provide himself with food by following the chase—skill to navigate the Canoe—and cunning to divert the machinations of his enemies."—p. 16.

The following picture of the state of the schools in Canada was surely written in the spirit of ridicule, and which will not fail to revert upon the writer, who could so coolly propagate sentiments so much at variance with fact. We can assure him that the education of youth in the present day is a subject of two much importance, and two closely connected with individual and national welfare, to be made a matter of joke or of misrepresentation. We shall see in the course of our proceeding how far this Reviewer is qualified to give an opinion on public seminaries of education; but it is evident however much he may have been conversant with them elsewhere, he has spent little time to learn the state of them here.

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

"But professors with different ideas, and students with far more serious and useful exercises, are necessary to raise us in the estimation of the literary world." p. 21, 22.

The fact is the Legislatures in both Provinces have made very ample provision for the establishment of schools in the Canadas. British societies, established for the propagation of education, have also extended their aid to this country and commenced schools. During late years many men of talents qualified for the duties of teachers, have come out from the Mother Country—and wherever the propinquity of the settlements would allow it, they have been taken advantage of, and

* A grammarian would write have.

schools formed, so that the protestant population have now an opportunity of procuring education for their children at a very reasonable expense—wherever they are settled in such numbers as to give a living and employ a teacher. All this is independent of the Catholic Schools in different parts of the Lower Province. With regard to his unwarrantable sneer against the Catholic Seminaries for teaching only *mere words*, it finds its best reply in observing what scholars have emanated from these institutions.—Let him look at our learned professions, more particularly Law and Divinity, and he will find men of respectable acquirements who have been educated at these seminaries. Let him attend the annual examination of the pupils in the *petit Seminaire* of this city, which is intimated by notification in the public prints, and he will there find something more than mere words are taught.

After speaking of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, this Reviewer proceeds, in the following strain.

“Where, we would ask would be the *difficulty*, or, if so, where the *impropriety* of associating by means of a Royal Charter, or some other Ordinance proceeding from his Majesty, each head of our Schools of every denomination with this, or some such literary institution, in order to extend its influences and its exercises into the very heart of every Academy in the Province? Against such a measure, no doubt, the prejudices which are ever found to attach themselves to different tenets and opposite modes of thinking upon the learned professions of life, would be formed in deep and obstinate array. But is there a scholar in the universe, sensibly alive to the interests and reputation of letters, and totally unshackled by the rules of *schola sacerdotum*; or who could find an inclination in his heart to avoid any opportunity for promoting the cause of learning, and especially that kind of cultivation of the mind, which after it has been surfeited with the knowledge of school books, aspires to a cultivation of polite and useful information? On the contrary, we have every reason to hope, if not to believe, that there is scarcely an individual belonging to the learned professions in this country, who would not by his talents and influence, forward to the utmost any reasonable and well digested measure, calculated to promote the cause of liberal and enlightened reflection.”—p. 23.

This is what we term “confusion worse confounded” and the only circumstance apparent from his lucubrations is that the Reviewer has got into a *difficulty*, and there cannot exist a doubt of the *impropriety* of his doing so. He would wish to infer because there is a *difficulty* there can be no *impropriety* in removing it. Now we admit that in some cases the *difficulty* of accomplishing any object is no just grounds for not effecting its accomplishment; but there are other instances in which the *difficulty* is so great that the attempt at its removal would not only be an *impropriety*, but would subject those so attempting to the imputation of folly. Which no Royal Charters or Ordinances of his Majesty have as yet incurred.

Without saying any thing derogatory to the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, for its value we consider as above being enhanced by our praise or depreciated by our censure, while it continues to be conducted upon proper principles, and in conformity with the plan of

similar institutions in the old country, let us enquire what this reviewer means, although we must confess his sentiments in the above quotation are rather obscure. It appears to us that he is desirous of seeing the whole seminaries of education under the *surveillance* of this society—which pays but a poor compliment to such an institution, directing it to teach them their A. B. C. or the use of mere words, for this according to him is the height of the attainments in some of our Canadian Seminaries. Now we say this would be a plan attended with *difficulty* and *impropriety* and is moreover *unnecessary*. Its difficulty is so obvious that it is hardly worth the while to waste paper in showing it. How would it be possible to reconcile the different religious opinions of parents, to send all their children to a seminary established upon the principles which may actuate one sect or party, or which is under the controul of one society? This is an attempt which would prove abortive in every country, and more particularly in Canada, where these differences of opinion are carried to some height—and which this Reviewer evidently endeavours to ferment and encourage—as appears from his remarks page 25, *et seq.*: and in other parts of his publication. The Canadas possess an almost unbounded toleration in religious and political sentiments. This is their chief boast. It is this which makes the country the refuge of the wanderer who has been expelled from home a martyr as it were to his devotedness in favor of his sentiments on these subjects. The hardships he suffers for maintaining them tends to entwine them closer round his heart, and instead of inducing him to forego those long cherished opinions, increases his veneration for them and augments his desire to convey them to his posterity. Would there not be a difficulty in combining or uniting the heads of all Seminaries under any sect, society or denomination, when it would be considered that such a measure would be an attack upon these sentiments? would any reasoning however specious, or any arguments however powerful, induce the parents to think that an attempt was not made by such a combination to alter the sentiments of his child from the course he had pointed out to him; and to instil into his mind principles at variance with those he wished him to be taught? would there not be a difficulty in carrying into effect any measure or plan tending to produce this effect? Is there no difficulty in subverting old prejudices established upon long acknowledged principles?

The *impropriety* of such a scheme as here proposed is also obvious, from what we have above mentioned. Under the influence of such feelings, would there not be many parents who would refuse to send their children to a school placed under such a *surveillance*? would they not rather leave them uneducated? and we would ask is there no *impropriety* in thus excluding the benefits of education from all who do not choose to think as one particular party or society may do? We are very far from insinuating that any harm would accrue to a child educated in a school under the auspices of the Quebec Literary Society. On the contrary we will even admit that such schools as may choose to place themselves in connection with it, may by that means render themselves more acceptable to some classes of society, and to persons of some particular tenets. But Royal Charters and Kingly Ordinances are imperative in their nature, a quality which we hope they

will ever possess, as it is one of their greatest and most important properties;—and we should regret to see them employed in a measure at variance with the feelings of individuals or hostile to the liberty our constitution so fully confers upon us. There would be an impropriety in their being so.

But we have not only said there would be a difficulty and an impropriety in following the plan advised by this Editor, but we add that it is unnecessary that the Quebec Literary Society or any other institution, should “extend its influence and its exercises into the very heart of every Academy in the Province.” The teachers established in Canada by the Government, are carefully selected for their sound notions upon political and religious subjects. They have to give the usual solemn demonstration of their attachment to the constitution by taking the necessary oaths of Government, or evincing their readiness to do so whenever called upon. They must belong to the established Church, and produce satisfactory testimonials of character and conduct before they can be appointed to what are called Government Schools; what need is there for more than this? Education from its value ought to be held out freely and placed as much as possible within the reach of all men. To throw trammels around it or interpose any obstacle in its way is therefore improper and consequently unnecessary. If the Quebec Literary and Historical Society be ever worthy to attract the attention of Literary men, as we have no doubt it will be from the favorable auspices under which it has commenced, they will be drawn towards it—and it will have all the beneficial effects upon them and the country which usually flow from such institutions—but it is unnecessary from what we have said above that it should have any connection with our schools—and in this opinion we are borne out by the founders of the Society in question, who have “considered it expedient at present to confine their researches to the investigation of points of History, immediately connected with the Canadas.” We shall conclude our remarks upon the Canadian Review’s account of the Quebec Literary Society by directing the reader’s attention to the extract quoted from page 22d. of this work, wherein he first disclaims assuming “a censorship over the more ancient seminaries of education in this Province in particular” and in the very next sentence begins to point out their errors, or what he conceives to be errors, which duty is certainly one belonging to the office of censorship, or has always been considered so till the Canadian Review appeared.

The next article noticed in this Review is the answers given by the Curés of the different Parishes in this Province to the questions put to them by the special Committee of the House of Assembly relating to the settlement of the waste lands of the Crown; and which this writer appears to have noticed solely for the sake of indulging in invectives against the Catholic Clergymen of Lower Canada. Not having the reports of the committee at hand, we shall not at present enter upon this interesting subject at length. The following quotation will show the opinion this writer has of it, and the mode he adopts of proving his assumptions. He proceeds thus:

“In order, however to give a full review of the answers of these gentlemen, we shall point out all the particulars for which they are

remarkable. They naturally resolve themselves into the following heads:—*Firstly*, Contradiction; *Secondly*, False Statement of facts; *Thirdly*, Ignorance; *Fourthly*, Absurdity; *Fifthly*, Strong hostile feelings to every thing English, and attachment to France; and *Sixthly*, Attachment to old customs, and prejudices, and consequent hostility, to improvement. This may be thought a severe and forced interpretation; but we shall make the gentlemen in question speak for themselves.—*P.* 25.

It will be sufficient to show the mode this Reviewer takes to prove his first assertion, namely, the *contradiction* which he says these gentlemen's answers are remarkable for.—The question which it appears was put to the Curés, and from the answers to which he has chosen to illustrate what he calls a contradiction is, "do any of the labouring class go and establish themselves in the Townships, and if they do not, to what cause do you attribute it?" Out of thine own mouth let you be judged Mr. Reviewer. "We have before us (says he) the answers of fifty Curés, all in the negative, and all giving nearly the same reasons." This establishes his *contradiction*, and affords a tolerably fair specimen of his mode of reasoning. Now we would ask any man of common sense, if the testimony of fifty witnesses all giving the same reply, and adducing nearly the same reasons, was ever heard or thought of as a proof of contradiction? And when it is borne in mind that these queries were distributed over a wide extent of country, addressed to men living at a distance from each other, and their answers and reasons given without the possibility of any collusion or combination amongst them; we would ask if the uniformity of their answers be not rather a proof of coincidence than contradiction?

In this writer's attempt at a Review of "Howison's Sketches of Upper-Canada," we find the following quotation from that work.

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

So much for Mr. Howison; now for this Reviewer's opinion of them as a specimen of his talents for criticism and of his knowledge of ethics.

"The author, indeed, does not profess to include *Lower-Canada* in

his researches; but, besides the moral philosophical inconsistency contained in this unguarded passage, it nevertheless proves, that the furious rapidity with which the author passed over every moral and physical subject of enquiry, was no less than that with which he traversed the country at large. The error in moral science to which we allude, is contained in the sentence in the above quotation which intimates, that when in a crowd the tone of our feelings depends more upon the happiness of those around us than by what is actually enjoyed by ourselves. In our opinion, the very reverse of this is generally the case; for though we admit, that all passions, but especially those of the social kind, are contagious, and that when the passions of one man mingle with those of another, they increase and multiply prodigiously; yet a heart overclouded with real woe and sorrow will never for a moment cast a sympathetic glance on the joy which may surround it: on the contrary it will loath and shun every thing that savours of pleasure, and take refuge in its own sad meditation from the turbulent enjoyments of a more fortunate world; until some signal event occurs to rouse it from its lethargy.

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

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

Paradise Lost, Book IX. line 114.

But be this as it may, it is evident, that had the author of the volume before us entered upon that field of minute and discriminate enquiry, which, in our estimation, all travellers who intend to favour the world with a written account of their proceedings are bound to do, he never, in justice to truth, and the real state of circumstances, in Montreal, would have ventured to represent matters in this light.

Page 33, and 34.

Now this we maintain, is contrary to analogy, contrary to reason, and at complete variance from experience as established upon facts. We shall pass over the stupid and unintelligible jargon about "moral philosophy, moral and physical subjects of enquiry, moral science with all the other inconsistencies. *Morals and physics*, at least the terms, seem to dance through the brain of this writer in all the mazes of metaphysical confusion; "and his misapplication of the words, will, to those better acquainted with their meaning, render him a subject of ridicule. But to the point; in this passage he denies the influence of sympathy or would wish it to be thought that it acts by contraries. He has forgot that the impression received through the mind is

liable to be communicated as well as the contagion emanating from the body. According to his doctrine the sight of a cheerful group would communicate the impression of sadness or sorrow, and ball-room gaities would have no effect in exhilarating the spirits. We would ask him, why do the friends of the unfortunate victim of mental aberration lead him into company and expose him to cheerful society, why has change of scene and occupation, been considered the best remedy for that depression of spirits termed Hypochondriasm? Where are all the powerful effects which are known to be produced even upon the body through the influence of the mind? It has been long known that the sanative virtues which are generally ascribed to medicinal waters are more the effect of the change of scene and cheerful society to be found in those places, than of any chemical quality in the waters themselves. Pleasing cheerful company will divert the attention from dwelling upon any unpleasant subject and exhilarate the mind.—On the other hand take the most buoyant spirit, and shut its possessor up in the gloom of seclusion or expose him only to company, under the influence of sorrow and sadness, and he will soon become depressed, and equally the victim of sorrow with his companions. "That a man in grief cannot bear mirth" is not the assertion of Mr. Howison, but of this Reviewer.—Mr. H. says "the tone of our feelings often depends more upon the degree of happiness exhibited by those around us, than by what we actually enjoy ourselves." And in this assertion, (notwithstanding the opinion of the Canadian Review,) he is correct. Amidst scenes of sorrow and sadness, cruel and hardened must that mind be which does not feel a sympathising affection, and a corresponding sensation with those around it. And on the contrary when exposed to scenes of mirth and cheerfulness where all are happy around, the man who does not participate in the felicity, must be deep sunk in apathy and insensible to pleasure or pain, or he must be the victim of a base passion, and deserving the malediction contained in the old song.

" May envy gnaw his rotten soul
And blackest fiends devour him."

If we judge by the quotation this Reviewer has made in support of this assertion; it would appear he had a doubt of its accuracy for they are the words put into the mouth of the *father of Lies*.

In page 45 on the same article Mr. Howison is blamed by the Canadian Review for his minuteness of detail, and it is denied that it is necessary "for a Tourist to be a judge of Potatoes." Here again we must take the liberty of dissenting from this writer and maintain that in conformity with the object of Mr. H.'s publication as expressed in its secondary title, ("practical details for the information of Emigrants of every class,") it was his duty to be minute in his details. And we would inform this Reviewer that to the Emigrant who comes to Canada it is a matter of some consequence to know the fitness of the soil and climate for raising Potatoes so material an article of food. Of Mr. H. it may be said *nihil humanum alienum*, &c. &c.

But we have already occupied too much space of our present number with this Review. To enumerate all its errors and absurdities would require a publication of nearly a similar size with itself. At a future

period we may return to it, but shall for the present, close with the following sentence as a specimen of the writer's style; and where it will appear to some that he means to teach us our pronouns again.

"If the transmission of a copy of this work could be of the slightest gratification to *her*, we can assure *her*, that nothing could afford *us* more pleasure; and that *she* has only, to direct how *our* wishes to oblige *her* can be accomplished.—P. 53.

In reading the Canadian Review we must confess we have been miserably disappointed, and we have no hesitation in saying every scholar of taste will be so; no elegance is even displayed in arranging the different articles. Immediately following what the writer wished to be taken for a Review of some publication we find some tale or extract placed, such for instance as the story of Sarah Phillips from the old French school book, which every school boy has learned; but which this Reviewer has contrived to pass off under a feigned name of Sarah Th.—The work is well printed; and contains one or two articles which are so superior to the rest that we have no hesitation in attributing them to a different pen.—There is a Review of Lord Byron's, "Deformed, Transformed," written in a style, we are sure this Reviewer never could emulate or imitate. But this and one or two other articles resemble the fertile spots on the barren and dreary waste, which surrounds them.

A FOREIGN SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS ENGLISH MISTRESS.

Why bleeds a heart once haughty, wild,
To be from England's shores exiled?
Are home and friends the endearing band?
No, these are in a distant land.

Is 't fear that on my heart lays hold?
I am not cast in coward mould—
I've braved the battle man to man;
And borne my banner in the van.

Why do I shudder then and weep,
To mount yon bark and plough the deep?
Whose stormy waves I lightly mind,
Heart-wreck'd in leaving thee behind!

Farewell! O met by fatal chance!
As eyes struck by the lightning's glance
See light no more: thus blind shall be
My soul to beauty, losing thee;

Selected Papers:

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

Capt. Raine's Narrative of a visit to Pitcairn's Island in the ship Surrj.

FROM THE AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE, PUBLISHED AT
NEW SOUTH WALES.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

The women were also very active in the loading of the canoes and getting them off; and then amused themselves with *sliding*, as they term it; one of the strangest, yet most pleasing performances I ever saw. They have a piece of wood, somewhat resembling a butcher's tray, but round at one end and square at the other, and having at the bottom a small keel; with this they swim off to the rocks at the entrance, getting on which they wait for a heavy surf, and, just as it breaks, jump off with the piece of wood under them, and thus, with their heads before the surf, they rush in with amazing rapidity, to the very head of the bay; and, although amongst rocks, &c. escape all injury. They steer themselves with their feet, which they move very quickly. I was so diverted with this performance, that I asked some of the men to do it; which they frequently did, and with such dexterity as surpasses description. Indeed, so easy were their actions in the water, that we could scarcely help thinking them amphibious.

I sent Mr. Powers, the second officer on board, with orders for Mr. Hall, the chief officer, to bring on shore such things as they seemed most to want, viz. canvas, two or three muskets, knives, powder, and wearing apparel, with a variety of other articles, trifling to us, but useful to them. This being all arranged, we were again preparing to ascend the heights; when they said, "stop a bit—time to say now;" and they formed a ring, and sang and prayed.—This ceremony being finished, some went up with me, and the rest divided to procure more provisions for us. Of the rich scenery of this Island I can only say, that I regret I am not adequate to the task of describing its beauties in a proper manner.

Having brought on shore some potatoes, wheat, Indian corn, peach stones, walnuts, and almonds, I was anxious to have them set and sown. The potatoes and the Indian corn I set myself on one side of Young's house; and some of my people put all the other into the ground; I also gave to Adams a bunch of grapes, which he had preserved for the seed, and begged of him to use his utmost to produce their growth.

The boat being despatched, we returned to the village, where whilst dinner was being prepared, I was much amused with their conversation, and had an opportunity of seeing their manner of making cloth; and a variety of other things. Soon after dinner, Mr. Hall arrived with the presents, with which they were all much pleased.—

They were exceedingly pressing on us to remain all night, but that I did not think prudent, though my will was great; and at four having determined to go on board, prepared for going down to the boat; and here a scene took place which brought tears into my eyes. One of them wished very much to go with us, and, thinking I would take him, asked his mother's leave, taking hold of her hand and mine. At this the mother, an elderly, fine, motherly-looking woman, stood speechless for some time; first looking at her son and then at me, till at length the tears began to trickle down her venerable cheeks, and prevented her utterance. I could no longer stand it; and so told her not to mind, for I would not take him, and bid him to remain on the Island to take care of so good a mother. I then went to his wife, who was also in great grief, and told her not to fear; that he was only jesting to try her affection. This gave great satisfaction to all around, for the scene had cast a gloom over all our countenances. Being now assembled, I took my party on one side, and drank health, &c. to them all with three times three. At this they were highly amused; and I was astonished to see how well they imitated us in returning the compliment. I now took leave of old Adams, promised to do what I could to get a person sent out, and expressed myself highly gratified at what I had observed on the Island. He appeared much affected, and said, "only speak as you find." We were followed to the boat by nearly all the inhabitants, with whom we took an affectionate parting. The young women, generally speaking, are all handsome, fine figures, with beautiful teeth and fine hair; and being in a state of native simplicity, combined with apparent innocence, they have an effect upon the mind which is not easy to describe.—Farewell! ye truly happy creatures! May God continue to preserve you in health, and increase in you the love of those social virtues with which you are now so much distinguished!

As we left them, they constantly kept saying, "God bless you all, and all of us; we never forget you, and you never forget us. God send you safe home!" after we had got through the surf, we waved our hats to them, which they returned by waving their hands, &c.

There is one remark I cannot omit respecting the eagerness the women manifested to see an English Woman. I told them Captain Henderson, of the *Hercules*, would call there, and that he was married and had children. At this their joy was truly excessive and tho' only two heard me relate the fact, it was soon spread amongst them all. Some said, "I so like to see an English woman! Suppose I see an English woman I kiss her, suppose I die directly after." The canoes accompanied us off, to take on shore some of their people who were on board. Adams' son, who was on board the greater part of the day, is a very fine young man, about 18, the most regular-featured of any of them; and we thought he seemed to keep himself above the rest.

At 8 P. M. Friday, 13th, we lowered their canoes down, and once more wished them farewell; and then made sail, though there was very little wind. We all began now to feel the effects of parting with these Islanders; in fact, one could scarce help thinking it all a dream, or that we had just left some fairy land; and so evident were our feelings, that each countenance was a true index of what was agitating the mind.

In the morning we found ourselves close to the island, with very little wind. We saw a canoe, with a little sail up, standing inshore; as she was near us, and at least ten miles from shore, I hove-to for them, which they perceived took in their sail, and paddled to us with great rapidity, and we were soon boarded by Arthur Quinral and George Young, who told us, that as soon as day-light came, they started in hopes of again seeing us, for our going away "make them all very sorry." I was glad they had come, for I had omitted to leave any letter to the next visitors, which I now did. We contrived then to make them a present of a tin box, full of wearing apparel, and various useful articles, among which were some spelling-books and a dictionary, for which they were very thankful. I also gave them a ram; Captain Henderson had given one before, and two ewes, but the ram had unfortunately died. On asking them if iron would be useful, they said, "No, we no want iron; when we want we get it from *old Bounty*; we watch low water, then dive down, and with hammer and wedge we drive it out, and then bring it up." At noon, they again left us, much affected.—At three, P. M. we saw another canoe at some distance, pulling with all their strength, and in about ten minutes we took on board two of the Youngs. We learnt from them that they had, in the morning, drawn lots for the different articles we had given them; for, although many things were given to individuals, yet it is a custom, amongst them, that whatever is got from a ship shall be divided fairly; thus they parcel the things out, and then draw lots for the choice.—To these I also gave several useful things, amongst which were a musket, and a goose and a gander. We likewise left amongst them a flute, and an instruction book, which, we explained to them, and which was received with great pleasure. At four P. M. they left us with feelings of gratitude and regret.

Of the vegetable productions of this island, not being a botanist, I cannot give a proper description, but will state what we found on it. These were cocoa-nuts; plantain; a tree on which grows an oily nut, whose kernel, stuck on a wooden skewer, they use for candles; yams; bread fruit tree; a tree resembling much our elm; the bark of which they beat into cloth; sugar-cane; ginger; tobacco; with a variety of creeping plants, flowering shrubs, grasses, &c. They have a large tree which serves for the timber from which they make their canoes; but of hard wood they are very much in want, and were thankful for some beef wood of New-South Wales, which we gave them for beating their bark into cloth. The only ships that have ever touched at this Island, are as follows:—The first, the *Topaz*, Capt. Folgar, an American; this was at least the first vessel with which they had communication, for Adams told me that some years before this they saw two vessels; one passed the Island, the other landed, and procured some wood and water, but had no communication with them. He added, that they waited about two hours after their boat had returned, but did not send on shore again, though they knew there were inhabitants. It strikes me forcibly, that this must have been the vessel (I believe the *Pandora*) that was sent in search of the mutineers, as it is said she did touch at an Island which the commander thought was Pitcairn's.—It was in 1803 that the *Topaz* touched here; the

next, was the Briton; English frigate, commanded by Sir Thomas Stains, in September, 1814; and since then, the Sultan, Captain Reynolds, an American whaler; the Hercules, Capt. Henderson, a country ship from Valparaiso, on her return to India; the Elizabeth, Captain King, English South Seaman; the Stanton, Capt. Birch, an American whaler; the Elizabeth, Capt. Douglas; and lastly, ourselves, the Surry,—making in all seven, counting the Elizabeth's second visit.

Saturday, 14th.—The wind being from N. W. steering in a parallel of the latitude of Pitcairn's Island, and consequently keeping a good look-out for the Island, laid down as discovered by Carteret, viz. lat. 25, 5, S. and long. 133, 5, W. which I can now determine to be incorrect, as this day at noon we are in lat. 24, 48, and long. 132, 58, W. about 18 miles from the situation described by Carteret. From this, together with his description of Pitcairn's Island, I conclude the Island we left yesterday to be the one he discovered.

THE PICTURE.

ALONG the alley green I strayed
That led me to the door,
A dull foreboding echo made
My footsteps on the floor:
I entered, and beheld her seat
Where it was wont to be:
But ah! my glance did fail to meet
What most it longed to see!

My bosom sank, nor did I ask
What fortune did betide:
It was a vain—a needless task—
Her mother's eyes replied;
I marked her glances, as they moved
Along the pictured wall,
Fix on the lines of her I lov'd—
And silence told me all!

I felt the memory of the past,
In all its freshness, dart,
With radiance too intense to last—
Like lightning through my heart;
The hours—the years of happiness,
And intellectual day,
The tone of beauty, by distress
For ever swept away!

Farewell—farewell—beloved scene
—I may not—must not think
The bliss-fraught raptures that have been,
Would make my spirit shrink,
Shrink from a lone, and loveless earth,
Despondingly away,
Where hope is but a dream, and mirth
Prophetic of decay!

THE PIRATE'S TREASURE.

AFTER many months of anxious and painful expectancy, I at length succeeded in obtaining my appointment to the situation I had so ardently wished for. Despairing at my apparent want of success, I had given up all hopes, and had engaged to go surgeon in the *Clydesdale* to the East Indies, when the favourable result of my friend's exertions, changed the aspect of my affairs. My instructions set forth the necessity of my being at Surinam by a certain day, otherwise I should be too late to join the corps to which I was appointed, which, on the ceding up of the place to the Dutch, was to proceed to Canada. As it wanted only two months of that period, it became necessary to inquire for some vessel without loss of time.— Giving up my engagement with the *Clydesdale*, I proceeded to the harbour, and after a toilsome search, succeeded in discovering a ship chartered by a Glasgow company lying ready at the west quay, and to sail with that evening's tide. While I stood examining the vessel from the pier, two sailors, who seemed to be roaming idly about, stopped, and began to converse by my side.

"Has the old Dart got all her hands, Tom?" said the one, "that she has her ensign up for sailing? They say she is sold to the lubberly Dutchmen now—what cheer to lend her a hand out, and get our sailing penny for a glass of grog?" "No, no bad cheer!" replied the other, "mayhap I didn't tell you that I made a trip in her four years ago; and a cleaner or livelier thing is not on the water! But there is a limb of the big devil in her that is enough to cause her to sink to the bottom. It was in our voyage out that he did for Bill Burnet with the pump sounding-rod, because the little fellow spivelled a bit, and was not handy to jump when he was ordered aloft to set the fore-royal. It was his first voyage, and the boy was mortal afraid to venture; but the captain swore he would make him, and in his passion took him a rap with the iron rod, and killed him. When he saw what he had done, he lifted, and hove him over the side; and many a long day the men wondered what had become of little Bill, for they were all below at dinner, and none but myself saw the transaction. It was needless for me to complain, and get him overhauled; as there were no witnesses; but I left the ship, and births would be scarce before I would sail with him again."

Knowing what tyrants' shipmasters are in general, and how much their passengers' comfort depends on them, I was somewhat startled by this piece of information respecting the temper of the man I purposed to sail with. But necessity has no law! The circumstance probably was much misrepresented, and, from a simple act of discipline, exaggerated to an act of wanton cruelty. But be that as it might—my affairs were urgent. There was no other vessel for the same port—I must either take my passage, or run the risk of being superseded.—The thing was not to be thought of; so I went and secured my berth. As my preparations were few and trifling, I had every thing arranged, and on board, just as the vessel was unmooring from the quay. During the night we got down to the Clock light-house, and stood off

and on, waiting for the Captain, who had remained behind to get the ship cleared out at the Custom House. Soon afterwards he joined us, and the pilot leaving us in the return-boat, we stood down the Forth under all our canvass.

For four weeks we had a quick and pleasant passage, the Dart did not belie her name; for, being American-built, and originally a privateer, she sailed uncommonly fast, generally running at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

As I had expected, Captain Mahone proved to be, in point of acquirements, not at all above the common run of shipmasters. He was haughty and overbearing, and domineered over the crew with a high hand; in return for which, he was evidently feared and detested by them all. He had been many years in the West Indies; part of which time he had ranged as commander of a privateer, and had, between the fervid suns of such high latitudes and the copious use of grog, become of a rich mahogany colour, or something between vermillion and the tint of a sheet of new copper. He was a middle-sized man; square built with a powerful and muscular frame. His aspect, naturally harsh and forbidding, was rendered more so by the sinister expression of his left eye, which had been nearly forced out by some accident—and the lineaments of his countenance expressed plainly that he was passionate and furious in the extreme. In consequence of this, I kept rather distant and aloof; and, except at meals, we seldom exchanged more than ordinary civilities.

By our reckoning, our ship had now got into the latitude of the Bermudas, when one evening at sun-set, the wind, which had hitherto been favourable, fell at once into a dead calm. The day had been clear and bright; but now, huge masses of dark and conical-shaped clouds began to tower over each other in the western horizon, which, being tinged with the rays of the sun, displayed that lurid and deep brassy tint so well known to mariners as the token of an approaching storm. All the sailors were of opinion that we should have a coarse night; and every precaution that good seamanship could suggest was taken to make the vessel snug before the gale came on. The oldest boys were sent up to hand and send down the royal and topgallant sails, and strike the masts, while the top-sails and stays were close-reefed. These preparations were hardly accomplished, when the wind shifted and took us a-back with such violence as nearly to capsize the vessel. The ship was put round as soon as possible, and brought to till the gale should fall; while all hands remained on deck in case of any emergency. About ten, in the interval of a squall, we heard a gun fired as a sign of distress. The night was as black as pitch; but the flash showed us that the stranger was not far to leeward; so, to avoid drifting on the wreck during the darkness, the main-top-sail was braced round and filled, and the ship hauled to windward. In this manner we kept alternately heaving and heaving to as the gale rose or fell till the morning broke, when, through the haze we perceived a small vessel with her masts carried away. As the wind had taken off, the Captain had gone to bed: so it was the mate's watch on deck. The steersman, an old grey-headed seaman, named James Gemmel, proposed to bear down and save the people, saying, he had been twice

wrecked himself, and knew what it was to be in such a situation. As the Captain was below, the mate was irresolute what to do; being aware that the success of the speculation depended upon their getting to Surinam before it was given up; however, he was at length persuaded—the helm was put up, and the ship bore away.

As we neared the wreck, and were standing by the mizen shrouds with our glasses, the Captain came up from the cabin. He looked up with astonishment to the sails, and the direction of the vessel's head; and, in a voice of suppressed passion, said, as he turned to the mate, "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Wyllie? Who has dared to alter the ship's course without my leave—when you know very well that we shall hardly be in time for the market; use what expedition we may?" The young man was confused by this unexpected challenge, and stammered out something about Gemmel having persuaded him. "It was me, Sir!" respectfully interfered the old sailor, wishing to avert the storm from the mate. "I thought you wouldn't have the heart to leave the wreck and these people to perish, without lending a hand to save them! We should neither be Christians nor true seamen to desert her, and —" "Damn you and the wreck, you old canting rascal! do you pretend to stand there and preach to me?" thundered the Captain, his fury breaking out, "I'll teach you to disobey my orders! I'll give you something to think of!" and seizing a capstan-bar which lay near him, he hurled it at the steersman with all his might. The blow was effectual—one end of it struck him across the head with such force as to sweep him in an instant from his station at the wheel, and to dash him with violence against the lee-bulwarks where he lay bleeding, and motionless. "Take that, and be damned!" exclaimed the wretch, as he took the helm, and sang out to the men,—"Stand by sheets, and braces—hard a-lee—let go!" In a twinkling the yards were braced round, and the Dart, laid within six points of the wind, was flying through the water.

Meanwhile Gemmel was lying without any one daring to assist him; for the crew were so confounded that they seemed quite undetermined how to act. I stepped to him, therefore, and the mate following my example, we lifted him up. As there was no appearance of respiration, I placed my hand on his heart—but pulsation had entirely ceased—the old man was dead. The bar had struck him directly on the temporal bone, and had completely fractured that part of his skull.

"He is a murdered man, Captain Mahone!" said I, laying down the body, "murdered without cause or provocation."—"None of your remarks, Sir!" he retorted, "what the devil have you to do with it? Do you mean to stir up my men to mutiny? Or do you call disobeying my orders no provocation? I'll answer it to those who have a right to ask; but till then, let me see the man who dare open his mouth to me in this ship." "I promise you," returned I, "that though you rule and tyrannise here at present, your power shall have a termination, and you shall be called to account for your conduct in this day's work—rest assured that this blood shall be required at your hands, though you have hitherto escaped punishment for what has stained them already." This allusion to the murder of little Bill Bur-

net seemed to stagger him considerably—he stopped short before me, and, while his face grew black with suppressed wrath and fury, whispered, “I warn you again, young man! to busy yourself with your own matters—meddle not with what does not concern you; and belay your slack jaw, or, by ——! Rink Mahone will find a way to make it fast for you!” He then turned round and walked forward to the fore-castle.

During this affray no attention had been paid to the wreck, though the crew had set up a yell of despair on seeing us leave them. Signals and shouts were still repeated, and a voice, louder in agony than the rest, implored our help for the love of the blessed Virgin; and offered riches and absolution to the whole ship’s company if they would but come back. The Captain was pacing fore and aft without appearing to mind them, when, as if struck with some sudden thought, he lifted his glass to his eye—seemed to hesitate—walked on—and then, all at once changing his mind, ordered the vessel again before the wind.

On speaking the wreck, she proved to be a Spanish felucca from the island of Cuba, bound for Curaçoa, on the coast of the Caraccas. As they had lost their boats in the storm, and could not leave their vessel, our Captain lowered and manned our jolly-boat, and went off to them.

After an absence of some hours he returned with the passengers, consisting of an elderly person in the garb of a catholic priest, a sick gentleman, a young lady, apparently daughter of the latter, and a female black slave. With the utmost difficulty, and writhing under some excruciating pain, the invalid was got on board, and carried down to the cabin, where he was laid on a bed on the floor. To the tender of my professional services the invalid returned his thanks, and would have declined them, expressing his conviction of being past human aid, but the young lady, eagerly catching at even a remote hope of success, implored him with tears to accept my offer. On examination I found his fears were but too well grounded. In his endeavours to assist the crew during the gale he had been standing near the mast, part of which, or the rigging, having fallen upon him, had dislocated several of his ribs, and injured his spine beyond remedy. All that could now be done was to afford a little temporary relief from pain, which I did; and, leaving him to the care of the young lady and the priest, I left the cabin.

On deck I found all bustle and confusion. The ship was still lying to, and the boats employed in bringing the goods out of the felucca, both of which were the property of the wounded gentleman.—The body of the old man, Gemmel, had been removed somewhere out of sight; no trace of blood was visible, and Captain Mahone seemed desirous to banish all recollections both of our quarrel and its origin.

As the invalid was lying in the cabin, and my state-room occupied by the lady and her female attendant, I got a temporary berth in the stowage made up for myself for the night. I had not long thrown myself down on my cot, which was only divided from the main-cabin by a bulk-head, when I was awakened by the deep groans of the Spaniard. The violence of his pain had again returned, and between

the spasms I heard the weeping and gentle voice of the lady soothing his agony, and trying, to impart hopes, prospects to him, which her own hysterical sobs told plainly she did not herself feel. The priest also frequently joined, and urged him to confess. To this advice he remained silent for awhile; but at length he addressed the lady: "The Padre says true, Isabella! Time wears apace, and I feel that I shall soon be beyond its limits, and above its concerns! But ere I go, I would say that which it would impart peace to my mind to disclose—I would seek to leave you at least one human being to befriend and protect you in your utter helplessness. Alas! that Diego di Montaldo's daughter should ever be thus destitute! Go, my love! I would be alone a little while with the father." An agony of tears and sobs was the only return made by the poor girl, while the priest with gentle violence led her to the state room.

"Now," continued the dying man, "listen to me while I have strength. You have only known me as a merchant in Cuba; but such I have not been always. Mine is an ancient and noble family in Catalonia; though I unhappily disgraced it, and have been estranged from it long. I had the misfortune to have weak and indulgent parents, who idolized me as the heir of their house, and did not possess resolution enough to thwart me in any of my wishes or desires, however unreasonable. My boyhood being thus spoiled, it is no matter of wonder that my youth should have proved wild and dissolute. My companions were as dissipated as myself, and much of our time was spent in gambling and other extravagances. One evening at play I quarreled with a young nobleman of high rank and influence; we were both of us hot and passionate, so we drew on the spot and fought, and I had the misfortune to run him through the heart and leave him dead. Not daring to remain longer at home, I fled in disguise to Barcelona, where I procured a passage in a vessel for the Spanish Main. On our voyage we were taken by buccaners; and, the roving and venturous mode of life of these bold and daring men suiting both my inclinations and finances, I agreed to make one of their number. For many months we were successful in our enterprises; we ranged the whole of these seas, and made a number of prizes, some of which were rich ships of our own colonies. In course of time we amassed such a quantity of specie as to make us unwilling to venture it in one bottom: so we agreed to hide it ashore, and divide it on our return from our next expedition. But our good fortune forsook us this time.—During a calm the boats of the Guarda-costa came on us, overpowered the ship, and made all the crew, except myself and two others, prisoners. We escaped with our boat, and succeeded in gaining the island of Cuba, where both of my comrades died of their wounds.—Subsequent events induced me to settle at St. Juan de Buenavista, where I married, and as a merchant prospered and became a rich man. But my happiness lasted not! My wife caught the yellow fever, and died, leaving me only this one child. I now loathed the scene of my departed happiness, and felt all the longings of an exile to revisit my native country. For this purpose I converted all my effects into money, and am thus far on my way to the hidden treasure, with which I intended to return to Spain. But the green hills of Catalonia will ne-

ver more gladden mine eyes! My hopes and wishes were only for my poor girl. Holy father! you know not a parent's feeling—its anxieties and its fears! The thoughts of leaving my child to the mercy of strangers; or, it may be, to their barbarities, in this lawless country, is far more dreadful than the anguish of my personal sufferings. With you rests my only hope.—Promise me your protection towards her, and the half of my wealth is yours.

"Earthly treasures," replied the priest, "avail not with one whose desires are fixed beyond the little handful of dust which perisheth—my life is devoted to the service of my Creator; and the conversion of ignorant men, who have never heard of his salvation. On an errand of mercy came I to this land; and if the heathen receive it, how much more a daughter of our holy church? I, therefore, in behalf of our community, accept of your offer, and swear on this blessed emblem to fulfil all your wishes to the best of my poor abilities."

(To be Continued.)

MEXICAN EXHIBITION.

THE Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, is now fitted up for an exhibition, which is just opened, of the natural curiosities and antiquities of Mexico, a part of the world now rendered peculiarly interesting to Great Britain, from the extensive commercial resources which the late establishment of independence in South America has opened to us.

Mr. Bullock (the proprietor) has been long known to the promoters of science and the arts, as one of those enterprising speculators who, with unwearied zeal, have devoted themselves to the formation of collections in works of Natural History. The collection some time ago, sold by auction at the Egyptian Hall, after having been for years exhibited there, was the greatest ever collected by any private individual; and was in many of its departments far superior to the contents of existing national depositories. The expedition of so skillful an antiquarian and naturalist, to pursue and extend the track already traversed by the enlightened Baron de Humboldt, in the new regions of S. America, and to explore the objects of Natural History, with which that varied and luxurious climate abounds from sea to sea, was hailed by the lovers of science and arts, as an event well calculated to foster their warmest anticipations; how far these have been realized it is for the public to judge.—Mr. Bullock's residence in Mexico appears to have been short; but his activity during that period, is evinced by the valuable collection of works which he has imported. They cannot be said to form a complete series; but rather to furnish, in various departments of curiosity and study, a nucleus, which is likely, by a continuance of the same enterprize on the part of the Proprietor, to be enlarged on future occasions. At all events, there is enough in this exhibition to present to the inquisitive mind a school of inquiry, for the attainment of a better knowledge of Mexican arts, than has yet been acquired—our histories of the aboriginal inhabitants being mere records of the horrible barbarities of which they were the victims, during

the invasion and conquest by the Spaniards under Cortez. To that conquest three centuries of gloomy despotism followed; one superstition was exchanged for another, the fine resources of a mighty empire became paralysed in the hands of the descendants of the European Conquerors, until at length some portion of the original spirit of man was kindled into a flame, which consumed the iron yoke of despotism. The interest excited by such a convulsion opened a new field for exploring the institutions of the aboriginal people, and some of the specimens which Mr. Bullock has imported, throw a curious light upon the ancient Mythology of the Mexicans. The immolation of human victims, which has been so dreadfully depicted in the accounts preserved of the communications between Cortez and the Spanish Court, in the 16th century, is clearly established in all its horrors, by the authentic memorials of the objects of superstition, well executed casts of which are to be found in this Exhibition. The formation of their idols sufficiently describes the horrid offices to which they were applied. The great idol of the Goddess of War (No. 1.) before which human victims were immolated, is at the east end of the Hall. This idol is, with the pedestal, twelve feet high, and four feet wide, formed of a solid block of grey basalt. The shape is partly human, and partly composed of rattle-snakes and the body of the tiger. The head enormously extended, appears to be that of two rattle-snakes united, the fangs hanging out of the mouth, after devouring their victims. The body is that of a deformed human frame, the place of arms being supplied by the heads of rattle-snakes, placed on square planks, and united by fringed ornaments—the other parts are supplied by a singular combination of similar ingredients. Before the statue is placed the great sacrificial stone or altar, engraved on the surface with the representation of the sun; and on the sides with groups of Mexican warriors, dragging their prisoners to sacrifice. The captives, &c. are described by hieroglyphics, and the figures are clothed in such a manner as to give an adequate idea of the customs of the times. Before this Statue is placed incense burners and other objects of curiosity. Upon turning to the opposite side of the room, the spectator is startled by the grim aspect of the "Great Serpent," a hideous monster. The figure of which this is a perfect representation, was an idol in one of the ancient temples. This enormous reptile is coiled up in an attitude of irritation. There are smaller serpent idols near the larger one. The finest object of antiquity in the Egyptian Hall, is "The Great Kalendar Stone," which is made out of a heavy basaltic rock, and is above 36 feet in circumference, exclusive of part of the unsculptured stone on which it is cut; and which still remains attached to it. It weighs more than five tons, and is called by the natives "Montezuma's Watch." In the centre of this immense tablet (larger than the zodiac of Denderah), is represented the figure of the sun, the rays in the direction of the four cardinal points; round the head the seasons are exhibited in hieroglyphics; and in the next circle the names of the eighteen Mexican months, computing the time not much dissimilar from the present mode of calculation. There is also a sitting figure, a female, half the size of life, in reddish volcanic stone, and, what is curious and remarkable, with the exact Egyptian

physiognomy—the nose, the form of the face, the lips, and the posture, purely and perfectly African. This seems *pro tanto*, to support the ancient tradition of a common origin between the Mexicans and the Tartars. It is unlikely that the invaders, who, under the banners of Cortez, conquered, and at the same time, with barbarous fury, desolated Mexico, carried out with them any of the Egyptian figures which the Moors might have imported into Spain during their splendid, but convulsed, dominion over that country. The connection between the style of the Egyptian and Mexican Arts in this Exhibition, further enforced by the pyramidal monuments, furnishes a curious topic of inquiry. It is clear, from the architectural monuments, casts of which have been imported by Mr. Bullock, that the proficiency of the aboriginal inhabitants was considerably greater than that asserted by the celebrated Robertson, who appears to have been much misinformed upon many essential points of Mexican history. There are a number of small statues, and utensils of various kinds, which illustrate the proficiency of the original inhabitants in the arts; many of them are very curiously and ingeniously wrought, and the outline in some instances filled up with considerable skill. There are besides in this exhibition some curious paintings and manuscripts, and the original map of Mexico made by order of Montezuma, for Cortez, to transmit to the King of Spain, and which shews the regularity and extent of the ancient capitol. The shape of the human figure in various attitudes pervades the hieroglyphic drawings, and is in the early ones a mere rude outline, manifestly in the very infancy of art; the paintings have little merit, except as excellent records of costume; in some of the figures there is a good deal of spirit and energy, and the expression frequently redeems the imperfection of the drawing. The whole of this branch of the exhibition is curious, and must be seen to form an adequate idea of the character and the variety of the details which compose it.

The lower part of the building is appropriated to the collection of works in natural history, and the room terminated by a pleasing panoramic view of the present city of Mexico, taken on the spot by Mr. Bullock's son; it gives a very correct representation of the beautiful surrounding scenery of the capital; and the hut which stands on the foreground, together with its inhabitant, a Mexican brought over by Mr. Bullock, presents an interesting point of attraction. This part of the exhibition is entirely filled with representations and specimens, which are beautifully disposed in natural order; of the great variety of tropical trees, fruits, plants, vegetables, and minerals, which abound in South America: also, well finished specimens of the dresses and manufactures of the natives, some of them of a very rich and costly description.—In the formation of this collection, the new Government, favourable to enlightened views, which present a noble contrast to the benighted policy of the predecessors whom they have supplanted, appear to have given every reasonable, and in some instances which he gratefully acknowledges, liberal facility to Mr. Bullock, whose enterprising spirit, and zeal in the discovery of antiquities, and the diffusion of the study of natural history, deservedly entitled him to the patronage and co-operation of South American authorities.

From the New York Mirror.

THE following tale is from the pen of a lady in Indiana, being one of the prize pieces, which were so long advertised. It is extracted (the fair writer informs us) from an unfinished manuscript, which she intends hereafter giving the public entire. We think our readers will agree with us, in pronouncing it to be a bud of hopeful promise.

THE INFANT TECUMSEH.

Onewequa, like Logan, was the friend of white men. He admired their arts, and wished to inspire his tribe with a desire of attaining them.—Alas! he was yet to learn, that the blackest vices still flourished amid all the refinements of the most polished states. Like the murdered kindred of unhappy Logan, he also fell a sacrifice to the treachery of an enlightened man. His blood was poured upon the red altar of that exterminating hatred which many of our people still bear his scattered and unfortunate race.

Onewequa was wandering through the forest in pursuit of game, when he met a party of men who had recently assisted in the massacre of an Indian settlement. They knew Onewequa, and requested him to accompany them as a guide through the forest. The soul of the Indian darkened as they spoke.

'Are not your hands,' said he, 'yet red with the blood of my countrymen?—even now the spirits of my slaughtered people call aloud on their brethren for revenge.'

'Insolent savage,' cried the leader of the party, and instantly discharged a pistol at his bared bosom. Onewequa fell! The white men passed on; the dying Indian was left in the silence of the forest.

The day declined, and Elohama clambered the rocky steep to watch the return of her husband. Daughter of nature! repress the throbings of thy bosom—the heart of Onewequa now but faintly beats with responsive feeling. Deep shall his sleep be in the silence of the desert, and often wilt thou call on his name, but he shall not awaken?

Elohama threw her anxious gaze through the deep shades of the surrounding wilds, but in vain—she listened in breathless stillness for the light footsteps of the hunter; but no sound was heard, save the hollow murmurings of the gathering storm, and the wolf howling loud and discordant from his hills. Claspings her infant to her bosom, she sought the narrow path that wound through the wood, and, determined not to return till accompanied by her husband. The night gathered dark round the wandering savage, and thunder rolled deep and heavy through the sky. In the pauses of the wind, a dying groan struck her ear—she followed the sound—it led to the body of Onewequa! A flash of lightning streamed across the stormy bosom of nature, and shed a livid glare on his convulsed features: Elohama sunk at his side—successive flashes now discovered the blood which lay congealed on his bosom. Her shriek recalled him for an instant.

to life; he opened his eyes, and fixing them on his wife, distinctly said, 'Behold the faith of white men.'

'Oh! my Onewequa, hast thou fallen thus, and is there none to avenge thee?' The arm of the warrior is broken since thou art laid low; but the young plant at my breast shall gather strength to crush thy destroyers. When thou hast past yon sky of storms, thou shalt see and converse with the great Spirit amid his clouds. Then let all thy petitions rest on the name of Tecumseh. For him shalt thou ask the soul of the warrior, and the strength of the mighty. Then shall he be as a whirlwind and a storm, that scatter desolation and death: as a fire spreading over the hill and the valley, consuming the race of dark souls.

Elohama paused. The winds died away, and the raging storm was suddenly still. The full moon rent her thick mantle of darkness, and her clear light streamed here and there through the trees of the forest. The heart of Onewequa was cold; but a smile of approbation yet rested on the features now fixed in death. The voice of Elohama had been heard, and the passing spirit assented as it fled. The night passed away, and the mourner transferred her gaze from the marbled body of her husband, to the placid features of her sleeping child—a lock of her own long hair, yet wet with storm lay across the face of the infant warrior. Softly she put it back, while she contemplated his countenance with a kind of holy reverence.

'The Great Spirit,' she said, 'has smiled on the ghost of Onewequa, and granted his petition for our son. He hushed the howling tempest, and bade the moon and stars come forth in their glory, as tokens of his assent. Tecumseh, thou shalt avenge the death of thy father, and appease the spirits of his slaughtered brethren. Already art thou elected the chief of many tribes, for the promise of the Great Spirit is everlasting. Thy feet shall be swift as the forked lightning; thy arm shall be as the thunderbolt; and thy soul fearless as the cataract that dashes from the mountain precipice.'

Such were the consolations of Elohama, and she looked anxiously forward to the time when Tecumseh should realize her prophecy.

Three rolling years had marked his birth, when she led him to the grave of his father. It was at the close of the day, and the most perfect silence reigned round the hillock of death.

'Seest thou that little mound of earth?' said the savage.

The boy fixed his steady gaze on the spot, and was silent. Elohama threw herself on the wild grass that grew rank round the grave, and drew her child towards her.

'My son, thou art dearer to me than the strings of my heart—thou art the sweetest flower that greets my eye as I wander thro' the forest—thy voice is the music of my ear; and it is thy affection that cools my scorching brain when it turns in phrenzy. My son, who like thy mother would have cherished thy helpless infancy? who like her rejoices in thy growing beauties?'—

Thy boy rolled his dark eye on Elohama: it shone in all the radiance of gratitude and filial affection.

'My son,' she resumed, 'mark me, and remark all I say. Thou hadst once a father who would have been more to thee than the

mother that bore thee. He would have gloried in thee, Tecumseh, and thou wouldst have been the light of his soul—for thee, he would have climbed the mountain steep and braved the angry storm, when the Great Spirit frowned in darkness, he would have taught thy infant feet to explore the hidden paths of the forest, and guided thy young arm, when it first aimed the arrow at the bounding buffalo—he would have taught thee to build the light canoe, and ride the deep waters in safety. But he is no more: in the summer of life has he fallen: and he sleeps in the earth before us.

Elohama paused—Tecumseh for a moment seemed lost in thought, then suddenly exclaimed,

‘Mother, why does he not awaken?’

‘My son, his is the sleep of death.’

‘Death!’ said the boy.

‘To day,’ resumed Elohama, ‘you saw a deer bounding through the forest; he was lovely in strength and beauty, and fleetier than the winds, which parted before him. Suddenly the hunter crossed his path, and an arrow cleft his heart. I led you to the spot and bade you look at the dying animal; a short time passed away, and the warm blood that flowed from his wound grew dark and chill: he was stiff and cold, and his beauty was departed. Such is death, and such is the sleep of thy father.’

An awful pause ensued: the features of Tecumseh assumed a ghastly ferocity.

‘Mother, whose arrow cleft the heart of my father?’

‘My son, thou has been told of a people beyond these wilds, who are the enemies of thy race: their souls are dark in treachery, and their hands are red in blood. They came with the pipe of friendship to our forest, and smoked the calumet with our nation; but they met thy father alone on his hills, and pierced his bosom with their arrows. He was a warrior, and his arm was the arm of strength. Great would have been his deeds; but he is now low in the dust.’

Tecumseh heard, and the livid glare of his eyes changed suddenly to flashes of lightning.

‘Mother,’ he exclaimed, ‘give me my hatchet, and lead me to the villages, I will drink their blood, I will consume their race.’

Elohama smiled at the enthusiasm she had so anxiously endeavoured to awaken.

‘My son,’ she replied, ‘thy arm is yet too feeble, and thy arrow is yet unsure. Thy hatchet must lie in its rust till the blossoms of many a spring shed their leaves around the grave of thy father. But time still rolls on without ceasing, the winter passes quickly away, and the summer is again here. Thou shalt soon rejoice in the strength of thy manhood, and thy enemies afar off shall hear of thy name and tremble.’

THE WORLD.

Nihil est dulcius his literis, quibus cœlum, terram, maria, cognoscimus.

THERE is a noble passage in Lucretius, in which he describes a savage in the early stages of the world, when men were yet contending with beasts the possession of the earth, flying with loud shrieks through the woods from the pursuit of some ravenous animals; unable to fabricate arms for his defence, and without art to staunch the at-streaming wounds inflicted on him by his four-footed competitor; But there is a deeper subject of speculation, if we carry our thoughts back to that still earlier period when the beasts of the field and forests held undivided sway; when Titanian brutes, whose race has been long extinct, exercised a terrific despotism over the subject earth; and that "bare forked animal," who is pleased to dub himself the Lord of the Creation, had not been called up out of the dust to assume his *soi-disant* supremacy. Philosophers and geologists discover in the bowels of the earth itself indisputable proofs that it must have been for many centuries nothing more than a splendid arena for monsters. We have scarcely penetrated beyond its surface; but, whenever any convulsion of nature affords us a little deeper insight into her recesses, we seldom fail to discover fossil remains of gigantic creatures, though, amid all these organic fragments, we never encounter the slightest trace of any human relics. How strange the thought, that for numerous, perhaps innumerable centuries, this most beautiful pageant of the world performed its magnificent evolutions, the sun and moon rising and setting, the seasons following their appointed succession, and the ocean uprolling its invariable tides, for no other apparent purpose than that lions and tigers might retire howling to their dens as the shaking of the ground proclaimed the approach of the mammoth, or that the behemoth might perform his unwieldy floundering in the deep! How bewildering the idea that the glorious firmament and its constellated lights, and the varicoloured clouds that hang like pictures upon its sides, and the perfume which the flowers scatter from their painted censers, and the blushing fruits that delight the eye not less than the palate and the perpetual music of winds, waves, and woods, should have been formed for the recreation and embellishment of a vast menagerie!

And yet we shall be less struck with wonder that all this beauty, pomp, and delight, should have been thrown away upon undiscerning and unreasoning brutes, if we call to mind that many of those human bipeds, to whom nature has given the "*os sublime*," have little more perception or enjoyment of her charms than a "cow on a common, or or goose on a green." Blind to her more obvious wonders, we cannot expect that they should be interested in the silent but stupendous miracles which an invisible hand is perpetually performing around them—that they should ponder on the mysterious, and even contradictory metamorphoses which the unchanged though change-producing earth is unceasingly effecting. She converts an acorn into a majestic oak, and they heed it not, though they will wonder for whole months how

harlequin changed a porter-pot into a nosegay;—she raises from a little bulb a stately tulip, and they only notice it to remark, that it would bring a good round sum in Holland;—from one seed she elaborates an exquisite flower, which diffuses a delicious perfume, while to another by its side she imparts an offensive odour; from some she extracts a poison, from others a balm; while from the reproductive powers of a small grain she contrives to feed the whole populous earth; and yet these matter-of-course gentry, because such magical paradoxes are habitual, see in them nothing more strange than that they themselves should cease to be hungry when they have had their dinners, or that two and two should make four, when they are adding up their Christmas bills. It is of no use to remind such obtuse plodders, when recording individual enthusiasms, that

“My charmer is not mine alone; my sweets,
And she that sweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand
That errs not, and find raptures still renew’d,
Is free to all men—universal prize!”—

for though she may be free to them, she sometimes presents them, instead of a prize, “an universal blank.” The most astounding manifestations, if they recur regularly, are unmarked; it is only the trifling deviations from their own daily experience that set them gaping in a stupid astonishment.

For my own part, I thank Heaven that I can never step out into this glorious world; I can never look forth upon the flowery earth, and the glancing waters, and the blue sky, without feeling an intense and ever new delight; a physical pleasure that makes mere existence delicious. Apprehensions of the rheumatism may deter me from imitating the noble fervour of Lord Bacon, who, in a shower, used sometimes to take off his hat, that he might feel the great spirit of the universe descend upon him; but I had rather gulp down the balmy air than quaff the richest ambrosia that was ever tipped upon Olympus; for while it warms and expands the heart, it produces no other intoxication than that intellectual abandonment which gives up the whole soul to a mingled overflowing of gratitude to Heaven, and benevolence towards man.—“Were I not Alexander,” said the Emathian madman, “I would wish to be Diogenes;” so, when feasting upon this aerial beverage, which is like swallowing so much vitality, I have been tempted to ejaculate—Were I not a man, I should wish to be a chameleon. In Pudding Lane, and the Minorities, I am aware that this potentation, like Irish whiskey, is apt to have the smack of the smoke; somewhat too strong; and even the classic atmosphere of Conduit-street may occasionally require a little filtering; but I speak of that pure, racy, elastic element which I have this morning been inhaling in one of the forests of France, where, beneath a sky of inconceivable loveliness, I reclined upon a mossy bank, moralizing like Jaques; when, as if to complete the scene, a stag emerged from the trees, gazed at me for a moment, and dashed across an opening into the far country. Here was an end of every thing Shakspearian, for presently the sound of

horns made the welkin ring, and a set of grotesque figures bedizened with lace-dresses, cocked hats, and jack-boots, *deployed* from the wood, and followed the chase with praiseworthy regularity, the nobles taking the lead, and the procession being brought up by the "valets des chiens à pied."—Solitude and silence, again succeeded, to this temporary interruption, though in the amazing clearness of the atmosphere I could see the stag and his pursuers, scouring across the distant plain, like a pigmy pageant, long after I had lost the sound of the horns and the baying of the dogs. A man must have been abroad to form an idea of this lucidness and transparency, which confers upon him a new sense, or at least enlarges an old one by the additional tracts of country which it places within his visual grasp, and the heightened hues with which the wide horizon is invested by the crystal medium through which it is surveyed. I feel this extension of power with a more emphatic complacency, because it seems to impart a warmer zest to religious impressions; though I suspect novelty contributes liberally to the result, as I do not by any means find a correspondent fervour in those who have passed their lives in this delightful climate.

In the unfavoured regions, where Heaven seems to look with a scowling eye upon the earth, and the hand of a tremendous Deity is perpetually stretched forth to wield the thunder and the storm, men not only learn to reverence the power on whose mercy they feel themselves to be hourly dependant, but instinctively turn from the hardships and privations of this world to the hope of more genial skies and luxurious sensations in the next. The warmth of religion is frequently in proportion to the external cold; the more the body shivers, the more the mind wraps itself up in ideal furs, and revels in imaginary sunshine; and it is remarkable, that in every creed, climate forms an essential feature in the rewards or punishments of a future state. Scandinavian hell was placed amid "chilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," while the attraction of the Mahometan Paradise is the coolness of its shady groves. By the lot of humanity, there is no proportion between the extremes of pleasure and pain. No enjoyment can be set off against an acute tooth-ache, much less against the amputation of a limb, or many permanent diseases; and our distributions of a future state strikingly attest this inherent inequality. The torments are intelligible and distinct enough, and lack not a tangible conception; but the beatitudes are shadowy and indefinite, and, for want of some experimental standard by which to estimate them, are little better than abstractions.

In the temperate and delicious climates of the earth, which ought to operate as perpetual stimulants to grateful piety, there is, I apprehend, too much enjoyment to leave room for any great portion of religious fervour. The inhabitants are too well satisfied with this world, to look much beyond it. "I have no objection," said an English sailor, "to pray upon the occasion of a storm, or a battle, but they make us say prayers on board our ship when it is the finest weather possible, and not an enemy's flag to be seen!" This is but a blind aggravation, of a prevalent feeling among mankind, when the very blessings we enjoy, by attaching us to earth, render us almost indifferent to heaven.

When they were comforting a King of France upon his death-bed with assurances of a perennial throne amid the regions of the blessed, he replied with a melancholy air, that he was perfectly satisfied with the Thuilleries and France. I myself began to feel the enervating effects of climate, for there has not been a single morning in this country, in which I could have submitted, with reasonable good humour, to be hanged; while in England, I have experienced many days, in and out of November, when I could have gone through the operation with stoical indifference; nay, have even felt an extraordinary respect for the Ordinary, and have requested Mr. Ketch to "accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration" for taking the trouble off my own hands. I am capable of feeling now why the Neapolitans, in the late invasion, boggled about exchanging, upon a mere point of honor, their sunny skies, "love-breathing woods and lute-resounding waves," and the sight of the dancing Mediterranean, for the silence and darkness of the cold blind tomb. Falstaffs in every thing; they "like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath." From the same cause, the luxurious Asiatics have always fallen an easy prey to the invader; while the Arab has invariably been ready to fight for his burning sands, and the Seythean for his snows, not because they overvalued their country, but because its hardships had made them undervalue life. As many men cling to existence to perpetuate pleasures, so there are some who will even court death to procure them. Gibbon records what he terms enthusiasm of a young Musulman, who threw himself upon the enemy's lances, singing religious hymns, proclaiming that he saw the black-eyed Houris of Paradise waiting with open arms to embrace him, and cheerfully sought destruction that he might revel in lasciviousness. This is not the fine courage of principle, nor the fervour of patriotism, but the drunkenness of sensuality. The cunning device of Mahomet, in offering a posthumous bonus to those who would have their throats cut for the furtherance of his ambition, was but an imitation of Odin and other northern butchers; and what is glory in its vulgar acceptation, stars, crosses, ribbons, titles, public funerals, and national monuments, but the blinding baubles with which more legitimate slaughterers lure on dupes and victims to their own destruction? These sceptred jugglers shall never coax a bayonet into my body, nor wheedle a bullet into my brain; for I had rather go without rest altogether, than sleep in the bed of honor. So far from understanding the ambition of being turned to dust, I hold with the old adage about the living dog and dead lion. I am pigeon livered, and lack gall to encounter the stern scythe-bearing skeleton. When I return to the land of fogs I may get courage to look him in the skull; but it unnerves one to think of quitting such delicious skies, and rustling copses, and thick-flowered meads, and Favonian gales as these which now surround me; and it is intolerable to reflect, that yonder blazing sun may shine upon my grave without imparting to me any portion of his cheerful warmth, or that the blackbird, whom I now hear warbling as if his heart were running over with joy, may perch upon my tombstone without my hearing a single note of his song.

As it is probable that the world existed many ages without any inhabitants whatever, was next subjected to the empire of brutes, and

now constitutes the dominion of man, it would seem likely, that in its progressive advancement to higher destinies it may ultimately have lords of the creation much superior to ourselves, who may speak compassionately of the degradation it experienced under human possession, and congratulate themselves on the extinction of that pugnacious and mischievous biped called Man. The face of Nature is still young; it exhibits neither wrinkles nor decay; whether radiant with smiles or awfully beautiful in frowns, it is still enchanting, and not less fraught with spiritual than material attractions, if we do but know how to moralize upon her features and presentments. To consider, for instance, this balmy air which is gently waving the branches of a chesnut tree before my eyes—what a mysterious element it is! Powerful enough to shipwreck navies, and tear up the deep grapping oak, yet so subtle as to be invisible, and so delicate as not to wound the naked eye. Naturally imperishable, who can imagine all the various purposes to which the identical portion may have been applied, which I am at this instant inhaling? Perhaps at the creation, it served to modulate into words the sublime command, "Let there be light," when the blazing sun rolled itself together, and upheaved from chaos;—perhaps impelled by the jealous Zephyrus, it urged Appollo's quoit against the blue-veined forehead of Hyacinthus;—it may perchance have filled the silken sails of Cleopatra's vessel, as she floated down the Cydnus; or have burst from the mouth of Cicero in the indignant exordium—"Quousque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientiâ nostrâ?" or his still more abrupt exclamation, "Absit—evasit—excessit—erupit!" It may have given breath to utter the noble dying speeches of Socrates in his prison, of Sir Philip Sidney on the plains of Zutphen, of Russell at the block. But the same inexhaustible element which would supply endless matter for my reflections, may perhaps pass into the mouth of the reader, and be vented in a peevish—"Psha! somewhat too much of this,"—and I shall therefore hasten to take my leave of him, claiming some share of credit, that when so ample a range was before me, my speculations should so soon, like the witches in Macbeth, have "made themselves air, into which they vanished." H.

SONNET.

WHAT to the maid is left below
 When he is gone, she held most dear?
 The sigh of anguish—sorrow's tear!
 But can these heal the wound?—Oh, no!
 Will comfort rise to bless her, where
 She oft has found delight before?—
 Nay, things once pleasing charm no more,
 All speak of me, who oft was there!
 May she then hope, by change of scene,
 To gain her bosom's former peace?—
 'Tis fruitless—now she cannot cease
 From thinking, here he ne'er has been!
 What then is left to her below
 Has life a single charm?—Oh no!

THE DISBANDING OF THE REGIMENT.

[From the Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin, Esquire.]

"What worse evils, Humphrey, can stare a man in countenance, who has not a sixpence of his own, and has passed his life in a regiment, than the penury of half-pay, and the separation from every friend he has in the world?"

"True, true," cried I, "and poor S— would feel that. I wonder how the devil I came not to request you to induce him to be of your party here?"

"Why, I did take upon me to ask him for you, Humphrey, but I could not prevail upon him. It seemed as if he looked upon the question as an insult, if you asked him where he meant to settle. He had, and perhaps wished to have, no other home than the regiment.—You know he had never left it since he joined in ninety-eight, it was literally turning him out on the wide world; and yet he swore he would never join another corps.—Poor fellow! we did not mind his irritability. Somehow or other, every one of the old hands seemed to display some new good quality as they were about to be separated. There was but one individual to whom our hearts did not draw more closely than ever. You remember how actively Mr. F— used to do duty at the depot in England when any thing was going on out of it.—He was now all martial ardour.—It was d—d hard there was to be no more fighting. Should not be sorry, though, of the opportunity of visiting his little Irish property; and his friend Lord H— would get him placed on full pay as soon as he pleased. We had some difficulty to tolerate the jackanapes; but we did. We had nothing in common with him nor he with us.

"But the worst of the business was the farewell visits to the married people.—I shall never forget the scene at R—'s lodgings; I went in to shake hands with Mrs. R— before she set off.—She was looking agitated and careworn, yet obliged to exert herself in preparation for the journey. Then there were the children, fretful and troublesome, and ever in the way. R— himself was walking about the room, with his hands in his pockets, labouring to put a cheerful air upon what was inevitable; now whistling *Erin go Bragh*, now talking, while every expression of his countenance belied him, of the satisfaction of retiring to a *nate little box in the County Carlow*.—You and I know what that means well enough, and so did poor Mrs. R— too, or there is no truth in physiognomy. I got the business over, you will believe, as fast as I could. But you can fancy all this, without my prosing over the business.

"Yes, yes," said I, "I can indeed, but how did the men receive the news.

"Why, variously; most of them were pleased, for you know novelty is every thing to a soldier; but to do them justice, they were all striving to shew some little additional token of respect to their Officers, as the time drew nearer. Thoughtless creatures! I knew well there would be few who would not very soon give their ears to be back again. Some I did put out a hand to save. We had a dozen

or two of the old *Peninsular* men, whose characters I completely understood—brave as Roman legionaries, and, under the restraints of discipline, not bad members of the community, but whose natural carelessness of right and wrong had not been improved by the licence of campaigning. I knew, if they were turned loose, they would fall into crime, disgrace, and punishment; I could not help feeling an interest in the rascals, and I told them honestly what I foresaw. They took the hint; said they believed I was right; and desiring to enlist into the 1st Battalion, we procured permission for them to do so.

At last the day of our fate arrived, we were disbanded in the barrack square, and our Second Battalion was extinct. We had resolved, however, to close the scene by dining after the ceremony. The mess room, in which many a joyous hour had flown in thoughtless merriment, was decorated for the occasion. The walls were covered, for the last time, with blazonry of the memorable days of our *Peninsular* services. At the head hung those colours, which we received in 1804, on the formation of the Battalion. Besides many glorious occasions on which they had been unfurled in the field, they had accompanied us, you remember, to Ravelin, where colours are rarely borne. At the assault of Rodrigo, poor —, who afterwards fell at Badajos, ordered them to be carried forward with us; as we were according to the arrangement of the attack, to move no farther than the *fausse braye* in the ditch; but when we did afterwards, contrary to the original intention, advance to the breach itself, they, of course, went with us.

“They did,” said I, “and R — gallant fellow as he was, seized one of them himself, when he led the men on.”

“Opposite to them, Humphrey, hung the new colours which we received on our landing from Spain. We had hoped that they too would have lost their freshness like the old ones. There was no serenity now in forcing the Colonel into the Chair, and he felt the compliment justly. As we moved into the room for the last time, and the band struck up our regimental march, a chord of sympathy was touched within us. But I hate these idle recollections—let us have done with them. I shall tell you only of the close. The cloth was removed, and the first toast, standing, and in silence was—“The Memory of the 2d Battalion!”—We had a stripling in the Corps, who fancied himself a Poet. He had joined us too late to share in the days of our triumphs, but he loved the Regiment with all the enthusiasm of a boy, and he would strive to celebrate its glories. He had a song for the occasion, and it was sung by another of the lads after the toast. I have a copy for you, Humphrey:—

I.

Yon flag that once triumphant wav'd,
O'er old Rodrigo's walls,
And thence the Galic Eagle scar'd,
Now, sadly dropping, falls;
Yet while the pride of British arms
And British prowess lives,
Those Dragon Banners ne'er shall want
The meed that Valour gives.

II.

Around those tatter'd standards once

Firm as their island oak,

A gallant band of El Bodon

The hostile torrent broke,

Past are those triumphs, past the hours

Which new mid festive mirth

And gone, for ever gone, the days

Which gave those pleasures birth.

III.

And must, indeed, the social tie,

Which each to other drew,

And balmy friendship's hallow'd bands,

Must they be broken too?

Oh, no! while yet the life-blood warms

One heart that's beating here,

That heart shall oft and oft recal

This parting with a tear.

"Doggrel as it is, Humphrey, we could not stand it. Old D— cried like a child—'Can't help it, boys, can't help it,' was all his apology. We were a parcel of old fools, Ravelin; for there were few dry eyes among us. We appealed to the bottle for a cheerful parting, but our success was very indifferent. I determined to see no more of my old comrades, since separate we must, and they had not risen from their last meeting when I stole away, and threw myself into the chaise which was to bear me towards your cheerful nest."

A WALK TO PAESTUM, LUCOSIA, &c.

"Of all the objects that lie within the compass of an excursion from Naples," says Mr. Eustace, "Paestum, though the most distant, is, perhaps, the most curious and most interesting." We had long been intimately persuaded of the verity of this assertion; we had frequently had our curiosity and emulation excited by travellers returned thence; we had long been in the habit of saying to ourselves and friends, that it was a great shame we had not been to Paestum, and still we never girded ourselves up to get rid of this blot in our scutcheon. At length we resolved to go during the Easter festival; "all the world" will be at Rome, said we: it will be delightful walking weather: we accordingly furnished ourselves with passports, for, now, one can hardly move from the capital without them, and on a fine morning took to the road.

To get beyond the ken of the smart city in decent style, and to begin our journey with *agio e commodità*, we hired a shattered, springless country callesso, with a lame horse to carry us as far as the town of La Torre dell' Annunziata. This road, along the shores of the bay, we had very often passed, but no familiarity with it can deaden one to the sense of its beauty. The immediate vicinity of the scorched Vesuvius rising stark into the blue sky; the smoke emitted lazily from the crater, and rolling slowly down its sides, or floating away in long

dull masses; the black stripes which, from the summit to the base, descended in every imaginable distortion; the strange lights and shades which checker the whole breadth and height of the mountain; the smiling green vineyards, and white towns, and villages, which are belted around its base; and the consciousness, that those vineyards may be in flames, or those villages in ruins before to-morrow's sun flashes across the bay; such objects, and such reflections inseparably united with them, can never entirely lose their hold on the heart. At the Torre there is a tolerable inn, tolerable at least for the kingdom of Naples; we secured beds for the night and dined there, and then walked on to Pompeii, which is about a mile distant, to spend again a few hours in its impressive solitude. It has always seemed to us very singular, that Pompeii should have remained undiscovered until so late a period, and that antiquaries should have so long erred about its situation; one supposing it to be buried under the roots of Vesuvius, another giving it a local habitation under the Torre dell' Annunziata; one putting it at the town of Scafati, on the modern banks of the Sarno, and another bringing it pretty near to Naples; for on looking at the long, abrupt, curious ridge of volcanic results that cover it; on reading the Peutinger table of roads; the passage in Seneca, lib. vi. in which its scite is rather clearly fixed; on remembering that a little village, raised on the spot, was called *La Civita*; that in many places masses of ruins were not three feet below the level of the soil; that the labourers were continually digging up pieces of worked marble, and other ancient objects; and that in several places they had even laid open the walls; if, from being aware of the indifference of the government and nation to such objects,* we are not surprised that excavations were not begun centuries ago; yet we are still utterly at a loss to conceive how a local writer could be ignorant of its real situation. In 1689, some excavations were made in the eastern flank of Vesuvius; and various monuments and inscriptions were discovered; even then apparently no great curiosity was excited, and it was not until 1748, thirty-seven years from the time that Herculaneum was first discovered, and in the tenth year of the excavations of that place under Charles III. which were still prosecuted, when some extensive ruins were dug up by some peasants; that the scite of Pompeii was decided; and excavations undertaken by the government.

Pompeii, city of the forgotten, thy busy thousands are vanished, thy houses are dismantled, thy amphitheatre is overgrown with grass, thy tombs are rifled, thy temples ruined; and the very ashes that lay deep in the double security of the sepulchre and the piled mountain, have been distributed to enrich museums, or dispersed upon the

* Herculaneum for seventeen years following its discovery, remained untouched; the memorable, the sublime ruins of Pæstum remained for centuries in oblivion, or known only to the neighbouring peasant or passing fisherman; the laborious Cluverius visited them, and brought them into a little notice in 1610; but more than another century passed before a satisfactory description of them was given; this was done by Antonini in his "*Lucania*;" but it was a French architect, and some English artists and men of letters, about 1750, that spread their fame.

winds. Thou seemest like one risen from the dead, a shadow of the past, a vision of the future. There is an eloquence in thy silent streets that far exceeds that of human tongues; it tells a mournful and an awful tale; of man's glory and littleness, of his brief hour of pride and bustle, and of the long, long ages of dishonour and of oblivion that await him! Little now can be said of Pompeii, and to judge by the annual crowds of English that flock to it, it will soon be almost as well known at home as any of our London lions; a few things have been discovered lately, but very few: the labours were almost entirely stopped during the constitution, and but an inconsiderable number of hands have been employed since; at the time we were there a large edifice had been lately excavated, to which the Antiquity Director General, the Cavaliere Ardito (who is at times very arditto, bold, in these matters) had not yet given a name; it is a large square, apparently with a portico on each side, in an elevated chamber, probably an *adricula*: two pretty good statues in niches have been discovered uninjured, and some paintings on the walls under the porticos, equal to any thing of the sort found at Pompeii, are now exposed to view. The puppet-show proportions and smallness of the temple of Isis, as a whole, are strangely at variance with the reported popularity of that goddess's worship. How did the multitudes that are said to have thronged her festivals find entrance here? A branch of the Sarno, seen darkly and silently gliding on under the temple of Isis, is very striking; did it not run anciently in the same channel? In the temple there is an ancient passage that leads down to the stream, and also the frame of a well, which seems to be ancient; indeed it does not seem to us a far-fetched conjecture to suppose that this channel, said to be the work of Nicola di Alagna, count of Sarno, was merely cleared out and repaired by him, and that it is in fact a work of the ancient inhabitants of the place.* Plain evidences of the tremendous earthquake which, in the year A. D. 62, viz. sixteen years before the final sepulture, almost laid the city in ruins, are visible at every step; and some of the edifices seem to have been building for the first time when they were buried.

The stage of the theatres seems miserably shallow and cramped; and as the two only entrances to it are in front of the audience, there could have been but little theatrical illusion, and no stage effect or pomp; nor storms, or sieges, or conflagrations, or regiments of horse, or real elephants, could have astonished the eye here. But as for illusion it was certainly little studied when actors wore large unnatural masks, and a statue of a consul, pro-consul, or other personage, frowned over the stage in a niche full in front of the audience.

The greater part of Pompeii is built of lava, and the ancient product of the same volcano, whose latter results buried and concealed it for so many ages.

The next day we left the Torre dell' Annunziata on foot, about six

* This channel was to supply the town of La Torre with water; it was opened towards the middle of the fifteenth century, under Alfonso I. In all cases it must have gone through Pompeii.

o'clock; the morning was delightful, the air was thin and clear, and the smoke hung low on the slopes of Vesuvius. About eight o'clock we passed through the town, or large scattered village of Scafati; and crossed the "Mitis Sarnus," a fine piece of pure water: its channel is very neatly kept: there are a good many mills here, for the most part employed in grinding creta (pipe-clay) to make *porcellana fina*, an article which in humble English is called crockery-ware. After leaving the Sarno we began to descry numerous ruins of castles on precipitous heights, formerly the retreat of the Saracens, who long struggled with the Lombards for these fertile regions; as we advanced the mountains closed in the plain, which winds beautifully among them, being all the way well cultivated and exceedingly fertile; a true scene of *Campania Felix*,—and how beautiful is the ancient, the fruitful Campania!

Ausonum tellus generosa salve,
 Urbium mater, numero nepotum
 In dies felix, genitrixque frugum.
 Ubere lato.
 Te canam, flava Cereris venustam
 Spiceo serto, segetumque ditam,
 Prata qua Sarnum rigat usque Liris.
 Flumine leni.

Ant. Sanfelici Carmina Juvenilia.

We walked through Pagani, a long Borgo, where we observed nothing but great preparations for eating, and the pertinacity and insolence of a troop of beggars that followed howling after us. In about another quarter of an hour we reached Nocera de Pagani, a borgo larger than Pagani: here also we saw striking preparations for the Easter feast; the butchers' shops were decorated with small lanbs; quarters of beef, &c. covered with gildings; and by the door of two or three of them stood a bullock with a gay chaplet of flowers round his neck, waiting with enviable indifference the moment of his destruction, in form and expression precisely like the animal we have frequently seen on ancient *relievi*, being conducted by a set of grim-looking fellows with large hammers in their hands to the more magnificent *finale* of a temple sacrifice. We saw large piles of eggs stained with a pink colour, and heaps of loaves stuck with the whole eggs, and made to imitate the crown of thorns; and hams, sausages, and other good things, met our eyes at every glance. It is really curious to see with what earnestness these people emancipate themselves from the penance of Lent; Easter Sunday is a day of gorging, "chump, chew, and swallow" is the word, and they eat as though they were eating for wagers. As we were hastening through the town, attracting attention by our picturesque pedestrian equipments, we met a Neapolitan friend, who kindly invited us to stay and dine at his country-house, a short distance from Nocera. On our way he took us to an ancient temple, now the church of *Santa Maria Maggiore*, which stands about a mile from Nocera, and about half that distance to the left of the Salerno road, near a village called *Le Taverno*. Few travellers go out of their way for it; and to speak of it, as we saw it, it certainly does not much merit a sacrifice of convenience, and has little to justify the inflated description of Romanelli. The flooring of this

small temple is twelve or fifteen feet below the present surface of the soil; in consequence it is not unfrequently flooded, and thus hastened on in its progress to ruin. The form is circular and the roof a dome; a conca or large marble basin that offers nothing particular, and that scarcely seems to be ancient, stands in the midst, and occupies one-third of the whole temple; a double row of columns, one row almost touching the other, runs midway between the conca and the walls; of these columns fifteen are of the Corinthian order, without bases: eight pillars, about ten feet high, which supported a little dome, were round the elevated edge of the conca, but only four broken ones are now standing. In the workmanship of the columns there is nothing fine: Romanelli says the materials are alabaster, granite, and giallo antico; they are thickly crusted with green mould; but, as far as could be ascertained by a little scratching with our penknives, we should judge them to be of no such valuable stuff. This temple suffered a change common to innumerable of its fellows, and altars and figures of saints still occupy the niches of the ancient Gods; the accidents, however, to which it was exposed, drove the priests to seek a drier spot, and they consequently built a little church, that is attached to the temple, but at a level that exempts it from inundation. The temple, the ancient hallowed abode of purity, is now a foul cemetery: two moveable stone flags give access to the vaults underneath; one of these is inscribed *pro mulieribus*, the other *pro sacerdotibus*—as if the worthy gentlemen of the cassock were anxious to keep aloof, even in death, from the contagious vicinity of women. On the side of the conca, the scene of ablution and the typical purification, was lying the *Sporta de' morti*, a kind of butcher's tray in form, broken and dirty, for carrying dead bodies on.

From the temple we proceeded to our friend's house, at a place called Peccoraro, passing on our way through two villages; there we had a good dinner, and found a curious little book, descriptive of the country, written towards the end of the 16th century, by a certain Monsignore Lunadoro, Bishop of Nocera. The reverend prelate speaks with justifiable warmth of the beauty, the fertility, and cultivation of the Nocera valley; he expatiates with delight on his two or three villas, and affirms that no prelate in Italy can be better lodged; but what tickled us was a curious story of an inundation of the valley, which had such an effect on the women, that none of them bore children for two years after. The holy *celibataire* evinces laudable dread and horror at this pause in population, but does not attempt to explain the phenomenon. The valley of Nocera is closed in by mountains, except on the side towards Naples, where Vesuvius is seen in the distance; the mountains of La Cava are on the east, Monte Albino on the south, and Monte Susolano on the north; two fine streams assist its fertility, and a number of ruined castles on the peaks of the mountains give romantic features to its enclosures. From Peccoraro, we soon regained the high road, and began ascending to the town of La Cava. As we advanced, we saw many tall thin towers on the mountain sides; some of these we had seen from Peccoraro, and our friend had explained their use. In the months of September and October, when the palombe or wild pigeons are on their course to

other latitudes, they pass in flocks through this defile; then experienced men ascend these towers with slings, and large white stones; wide nets are spread among trees near at hand; and watchmen are stationed on the higher points of the mountains, to give notice of the approach of the flights of birds to the slingers, which they do by blowing a cow-horn; when the birds are near the tower, the slingers hurl one of the white stones in the air, before them, directing it so as to fall by the nets; the birds, on seeing the stone falling, plunge after it, and are thus taken in flights. The people are so expert, and this odd manner of bird-catching is so efficacious, that sometimes two hundred brace are taken at one tower in the course of a day.

Villages, convents, castles, and hermitages, variegate the heights in the neighbourhood of La Cava. This town is situated at the mouth of the ravine, at the highest point to which the road ascends; it chiefly consists of a long wide street; arcades project from the houses all the way along, and a number shops, coffee-houses, &c. give it the appearance of a thriving place. Here too every thing was prophesying the near approach of good eating. We were pestered by a set of bawling *vetturini*, who did not approve of our walking on foot: coachmen and gentry of that class are troublesome insolent fellows in every land under the welkin: we remember how frequently in England, when on a pedestrian trip, our reveries have been interrupted with a "Won't you get up, gem'men?"—"Won't ye take a lift?" of some passing Jehu; but in this country the rogues are more pertinacious they will not take a refusal, and here at La Cava they were more tormenting than we had ever seen them before; perhaps this was the effect of the stupidity for which the *Cavaioi* are renowned—they are the butt of the wits of all the neighbouring towns, and the absurd stories current at their expense are innumerable.

On issuing from the town, we again quitted the high road, to visit the celebrated monastery of La Trinita della Cava, to which the town owed its birth, or its importance. A pleasant winding road to the right, that ascends considerably among the mountains, brought us before the narrow simple brick façade of this magnificent establishment. It is nestled among wooded heights; its great length runs along the edge of a ravine, into which several little cascades fall and froth: shading mountains, cool waving trees, falling waters, and the saline breeze from the bay of Salerno, render it a most delicious summer abode. The interior of the monastery is vast and imposing; fine flights of stairs, lofty corridors of immense length, suites of elegant apartments, large halls painted and carved, and every thing within, seems at variance with the mean front, which however could not be made larger, as a rock on one side, and the precipice on the other, prescribe its width. The extreme cleanliness of the place, and the polite refined manners of the Benedictines, delighted us much; the Superior, the Abate Maznacani, preserves at a very advanced age all the vivacity of youth; he spoke like a man of considerable learning, and like a gentleman, and gave few indications of the confined spirit of a monastery. The monks, who only amount to twenty, are all men of good families; each has an apartment of three or four rooms, and a private servant to wait upon him; the fraternity

directs a clerical seminary, and the students are well lodged on the first floor of the building. This monastery, after that of Monte Casino, is the most respectable Benedictine establishment in the kingdom; its very considerable wealth of course subjected it to suppression under the French government. Ferdinand, on his return in 1815, restored it, and allotted the society a pension of 15,000 ducats per annum; a very scanty equivalent for what had been taken from it. In the apartment of the Abate a few pictures remain, but none of first order: one or two Carlo Dolci served to strengthen our opinion of his being one of the most *barley-sugar* painters of the Italian schools. The library contains a very valuable collection of Lombard codices, of grants, letters, and other valuable documents of the middle ages. With the assistance of the librarian, we transcribed the two following delightful morceaux; see to what a state the language of Cicero and Virgil had fallen in the ninth century, and understand the whole of the Emperor of the East's, if you can.

Lettera dell' Imperator d' Oriente

a Carlo Magno.

Augustus Imperator Patricii, Carolus salutat. Mando scias quoniam tibi aureas centum millia. Rursum si ad me veneris dabo tibi mille millia aureas—et tota ex topaseon coronam, insuper sex millia de terra Asia millaria quin etiam super omnes Patricios meos tibi collocabo Legionem Vulgarum unam et Persarum alteram, Armenorum tertiam, quin etiam Normannos de Europam, Subiciatque tibi Asia regna omnia. Val prime consul.

(Risposta)

Augusto Imperator Carolus.

Grates referimus multas vobis de tot muneribus quod mihi promittistis. Sed honorem vobis nullum fecistis, quando Consulem me scripsistis. Quoniam licet honorem et terram habeas majorem centupliciter quantum est Asia, quantum Europam et Africam, tamen caput mundi Roma est, quam teneo. De mio autem adventum sciat is ad vos non veniam nisi quando resurgunt mortui. Valet et scias, quia mando tibi centum canes.

We hastened on our way from the monastery, warned by the approach of evening. The rest of our walk presented a succession of beautiful pictures, which were from time to time enlivened by large troops of peasants returing to their homes to enjoy the Easter feast; they had their sugar-loaf hats wreathed with branches of olive; they carried their *zappe* over their shoulders, and for the most part went along singing. A short distance from La Cava there is a pleasant little manufacturing village, buried in a hollow to the right of the road; a narrow high arched little aqueduct strides over the ravine; a babbling stream that is curiously parted off by diverging stone channels to drive mills and bleach cloth, runs in the bottom; the houses are exceedingly neat; and a number of tall poplars, and paths winding up the hills, give verdure and variety to the scene. As we advanced, and the sun declined, the scenery was enchanting; heights

rose above heights behind La Cava, some green and tufted with trees, others covered with shrubs and brown herbage, and others again stony and bare, their tops covered with snow—all sorts of light playing on them, and all sorts of colour from dark shade to sunny brightness, from purple to golden yellow. To our right hand, serpentine roads led up to romantic villages—high on the mountain, to our left, were wooded declivities, on which frolicsome goats were shaking their clattering bells, and between the opening mountains we caught before us a refreshing glimpse of the blue sea. At length we reached Vietri, a large flourishing town that straggles down to the sea shore, to a convenient little port, where three or four polaccas were moored. Near the *Marina* exist several vestiges of ancient buildings: in an excavation made in 1675, a beautiful pavement was found, long streets were uncovered, and several marble urns dug up, and in more recent excavations the remains of ancient aqueducts, pieces of columns, and ruined edifices, have been discovered.* According to Romanelli and others, this was the site of the ancient city of Marcina, founded by the Etrurians during their occupation of these territories, and, in fact, its situation agrees perfectly with that assigned by Strabo to the ancient town. Vietri is at the end of the defile; beyond it the road slopes along precipices over the sea; the whole bay of Salerno then opens gloriously to the eye; we saw the Lucanian ridge of mountains ending in the classical cape of Leucosia; our eyes wandered over the wide desert plain, of Paestum, and near at hand caught the white populous town of Salerno, stretched along the beach, and backed by a ruined castle on a hill above. The sun, however, had now set, and we hurried on: we entered Salerno before seven o'clock, and soon enjoyed in our humble inn the sweets of refreshment and repose, with a zest that pedestrian travellers alone can know.

As we were making our way to our *locanda*, streams of people were floating through the streets, going from church to church *per vedere li Sepolcri*. It is the custom to erect these puppet-shows, a day or two before Good Friday; in Naples, the Royal family goes on foot to visit some of the more distinguished, and all the population (such as can, dressed in black) swarm to gaze at them. From noon on Holy Thursday, till noon on the next day, no carriages are permitted to move in the town, the soldiers carry their arms reversed, and several other studied means are adopted for producing an effect. We followed a crowd into one of the Salernitan churches: the high altar was festooned with white drapery, and was blazing with countless wax-lights; a small chapel at the side of the high altar was by painting and drapery made to represent the interior of a sepulchre, and figures of *paper-maché* dressed, painted, and gilt, represented the personages of the solemn drama. We saw little to harmonize with the awfulness and mystery of the occasion, and were soon glad to retreat, from dazzling candles, singing priests, and a crowding and not over quiet multitude.

* Baron Antonini's Lucania.

(To be Continued.)

RECORD TO OLD INSCRIPTION. HERE SET TO

A second plate has been discovered by some labourers, while digging in the Place d'Armes in the city of Quebec, bearing the following inscription:

D. O. M.

Anno Domini 1693, 14 Julii

Seraphim sacra die

illustrissimus ac nobilissimus Dominus

Dominus Joannes Bochart de Champigny,

Noray rei judiciarie civilis necnon ararii

regi in tota nova Francia prefectus,

concessit a se fratribus minoribus Recoll. missionum

Canadensium, pro insigni erga ipsos charitate,

in vicinio suo, terra et fundo eorum Eremitor.

Nostrae Dominae de Portiunculo nempcupati,

propè Quebecum, in memoriale perenne veteris

eorum, Conventus, tunc usui Pauperum sacri,

hujus primarii Lapidis eorum novae sancti,

Antonij de Padua Ecclesiae et Conventus

Quebecensis positione munificentiam

et benevolum affectum

consignavit.

Translation.

To God the best and highest:

In the year of Our Lord 1693, 14th July,

A day sacred to the Seraphim,

The most illustrious and noble Lord

John Bochart de Champigny, Noray,

Intendant of Justice of Police and after

Royal Treasury in all New France,

having granted a lot and ground on his premises

to the minor Brothers, Recollets, of the Canadian

Missioners—through great charity towards them

hath, (by placing this first Stone of their

new Church and Convent of St. Anthony

of Padua at Quebec,) recorded the

munificence and benevolent Intent of those

Anchorites of our Lady called Portiunculo

in perpetual memorial of their ancient

Convent near Quebec,

at that time sacred to the use of the Poor.

ON THE POETRY AND MORAL USE OF FLOWERS.

"Sweets to the Sweet."

WHAT a pleasant variegated field we have before us; a field glowing in rich unheeded and ungleaned beauties; a wilderness of sweets. A thousand delicate forms and rainbow colours, and odorous buds, [scull'd fresh from Psyche's amorous bowers," seem bursting on the sight and sense. My youth—my earliest love of flowers—the first tree I planted—the girl to whom I first breathed love—with the heart's best and fondest recollections, appear daily and hourly more freshly and vividly before my aged eyes. I know not how it is, inter-venient things fade away, and I find myself, as it were, returning again and rambling unconsciously among my childhood's scenes.

I delighted in my garden when a boy; and now, though I had long forgotten and deserted them, I feel my love of flowers revive. But let not botanists, or the professors and students of botany, expect any thing from us; our specimens will be altogether of another class. We shall intrench neither upon the system of Linnæus nor Jussieu; our system is of a far more harmless and unpretending kind,—no Latin; no classification, no analysis and dissection; far from squeezing their incense-breathing souls out of them, double and treble-pressed, we shall merely preserve a poetic memorial of *our* flowers, as a grateful return for the ethereal fragrance and exquisite sweetness they have elicited, gathered and crushed in the honoured hands of our divinest poets.

By us, however,—for I will not call myself—who likes to be called? an old man,—by us, those amaranth flowers have only been tasted and most lady-like adored. But of "stealing and giving odours," and coquetting, as with the poets, alas! we may say with a learned Theban, "we are not worthy;" so let this pass; "let the race be to the swift and the battle to the strong." Our voice shall be loud in their praise, though we wait, with empty hands, at their feast. Nay, we must not begin an episode yet;—but remember my old age, Mr. Editor,—I will try to ramble no more.

Far away then, O my flowers, be all cruel thoughts of lectures, instrumental cases, knives, pincers, and magnifying glasses, with which to see and to seize that fine invisible texture, those green threads and veins through which the ethereal juices so joyously course along the living "milky way." Not ours so wantonly to mar your bright faces of brief beauty, "of splendour in the grass and glory in the flower." Live ye, and flourish—short emblems and undefaced images, from race to race, of earth's worth and vanities; of the blooming and the fading of these our mortal joys!

Nor is it merely with the rough exterior "mixture of earth's mould" I have to do; it is with their more unfading and immortal qualities, the loves spirit of the plants, I would converse, as blooming in undying song. But this language belongs only, I believe, immemorally to young poets and ladies, and souls "that love the moon," and can sit and smile at grief with bursting hearts; making quaint comparisons out of the moonlight sweetly sleeping on the bank, and the

sleeping and dying flowers: it is for the night-lovers of the night-gale and the rose, the interpreters of the voiceless tongues of birds and myrtle-leaves, timidly given and blushing received; *memento's amare* (not *mori*) and the "forget me not" of idolizing wretched lovers. For such we vindicate them, and for the yet more hallowed service of the dead, for the young and beautiful of all times and people, whose fondness we half imagine lives beyond the tomb, as ere we leave them, we scatter over them the flowers they loved.

Far from us, then, be the hands of the "culler of herbs and simples," the wide-wasting botanist and chemist, except only the chemist bee, whose powers

" So subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extract the healing dew,"

but whose delicate forceps, unlike the botanist's, never defaces the outward "divinity of the flower." We are quite at a loss to point out the period and first occasion of this our Platonic love for plants, so perfectly dissimilar and distinct from the more earthly and interested admiration of the naturalist gardener and professed florist, comparatively "of the earth, earthy," the emblem, the allegory, the poetical soul and beauty of the blooming race, belonging not to them. We were smitten, however, with their gentle and ethereal qualities earlier than we can tell:

" A school-boy wandering in the woods,
To pull the flowers so gay,"

being a portion of the very first lines we were taught to commit to the tablet of our memory, superseding, we suppose, other still "more trivial fond records," when we stood a trembling petticoated urchin at the school-dame's side. In a similar spirit were committed to heart those moral lessons from the flowers given to us by our friend Mrs. Barbauld, and the good Dr. Watts—our second lesson—

" Mark how the little busy bee
Improves each shining hour,
And gathers honey, all the day,
From every opening flower," &c.

which was followed by—

" How cheerful along the gay mead,
The daisies and cowslips appear," &c.

and thus, in a short time, it was my lot to tremble at the drowsy and awful warning-voice of the sluggard—

" I heard him complain,
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again:

then,—

" I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn, and the thistle, grow broader and higher:"

with a thousand more illustrations and denunciations from the flowers, which, as I grew older and older, began to "run riot" through my memory, to the detriment of more serious things. As long as I kept to those sensible and agreeable flowery images, with their pretty moral applications, it was well with me at school. But a master succeeded to my mistress—a bad exchange, it will be allowed; and the

Latin Grammar—that odious, never-to-be-forgotten, “never enough to be execrated,” Lilly’s grammar—took place of the flowers of my sweet native poets—my dear mother English—planting thorns where roses grew, and turning my little paradise into the “infernal (classic) shades.” From this time forward, I became altogether “transmogrified,” as Bottom has it. I was perfectly out of my element in the Latin elements at eight years old. I was often “to seek,” as the phrase is beyond the Atlantic, guessing and guessing at the meanings in vain; in vain we were taught that Flora was the goddess of flowers, and tried to *decline* the names of plants and trees; of the wood and fountain-presiding nymphs; how Proserpine scattered the flowers out of Dis’s wagon, and how—Lempriere’s mythology seemed invented for the torture of school-boys in vain. It was more than Latin, it was very Greek to me, indeed. I could not revolutionize and transfer my ideas quick enough from the English groves and gardens into the nymph and dryad-haunted woods and streams, among the Fauns and Satyrs of the ancients. Robin Goodfellow, and the fairies, and the “fairy rings,” seemed to fascinate me, and were in my way. To the fillet-bound priestesses, with sacrifices of fruits and flowers, and to the thyrsus-ruling festival of Bacchus, were opposed Mrs. Trimmer’s and Baubauld’s hymns, and Cunningham’s pastorals, the holidays, and the hay and harvest-home.

As I could not thus readily *transplant* my notions, I quarrelled with my master, and generally came off with the worst. It was about “Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum,” &c. that we became mutually disagreeable and disgusted with each other; so, to end such an *unequal* controversy, I begged the question, and ran away from school. After I saw the first advertisement, however, relating to “distracted parents, and entire forgiveness,” with a broken head and slit ears, I returned, and was allowed to remain at home. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* My own little world was, once more, all before me—a world of singing-birds and flowers; and for a season I revelled in it indeed. I explored each “bosky bourn and every alley green,” for the birth-place of the most beautiful and majestic flower. Of the lowlier tribes, primroses, violets, cowslips, and lilies, but more especially the two latter, were my youthful pride. They were somewhat rarer than the others about my rural haunts; and never shall I forget the hour when, far from home, in an old meadow sacred from the plough, beside some fine ancestral ruins I then called the Old Huts, I all at once came upon a gold and silver-studded sward with those rare cowslip and lily-bells—not scattered by one, two, or three, but in rich groups every where, hanging their pensive heads, by thousands, mingled here and there with orchis, violet, and primrose. It was a glorious sight, and made me happier than I ever remember to have been since. My brother was sketching among the ruins (*etiam perierunt ruinæ*;) and it was long before I called him—lost in mysterious delight. He was a botanist, and laughed at my simple admiration of these common flowers. He would have walked a hundred miles a-day, and sought for weeks and months after a single new plant; he was older than I, and often took me with him. I can imagine I see his joy at the discovery of some fine rare specimen, in which I shared, accompanying him chiefly for this, full of gladness and wonder at his delight. He had a noble collection,

arranged in perfect order, with their Latin terms; in which I ventured not to imitate him, giving them only English terms; loving them rather for themselves than their name's sake, and often petitioning to let them grow: not that I consider this precocity of sentiment—perhaps morbid sentiment—as a good sign; it has been the greatest torment of my life.

I have since visited some of our favourite walks of fifty years ago: how strangely altered they appeared, particularly round some fine old buildings, famous for nothing but dilapidation and traditionary tales! They had then, however, the additional advantage of a deserted orchard of red ripe apples and plums, though “few and far between,” and which we seldom ventured to gather, for fear of the information and vengeance of the castle spectres, to whom it was said to belong. From its terrific aspect, I suppose, it was called Lion's House. Our excursions, or rather campaigns, in that neighbourhood, had in them something I still feel of the heroic and sublime; he who ventured nearest that frowning pile, like the lion in the fable, bore away the largest spoil.

Among many other plans of beguiling my childish hours and indulging my untutored feelings, I recollect one of building a little tent and enclosing a garden under the skirts of a neighbouring forest with incredible pains, of which no one else was presumed to know, and stocking it with wild flowers and hives of bees; in which last, by the by, I bribed the help of an old woman, afraid of being stung, and there I worked, and there I sat, and enjoyed the perplexity of my brothers, who wondered where I was gone. At last I was traced to my sylvan retreat, and then I accused the old woman very bitterly of betraying me. After a thousand speculations of a similar kind, these pursuits became mingled with those of a higher and more intellectual cast, but still partaking of the same impressions, and of the same tendency as before. My acquaintance with the residents of gardens and green-houses—of beds of auriculas and roses—of herbariums, rosariums, and wild field-flowers, became at once more poetical and extensive, from the magnolia to the daisy, from the cedar to the “hys-sop on the wall.” Though a little more scientific, it was still their fragrance, their colours, and the beauty or grandeur of their shape, that were my especial delight. While I exhausted their praises in the poets, their botanical merits in the nomenclature and scientific classification were very little considered.

For a long period after my self-introduction to the treasures of old English poetry, as well as to the Classics of other countries, my whole attention became absorbed in, and directed to the finest imagery, fables and comparisons, afforded by the inexhaustible world of flowers, in the writings of Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, and Catullus; Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto; Garcilaso, Marò, and Gresset; Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton. From old legends and traditions, and from the records of Hebrew and Arabian prophets and poets, I gleaned all the most touching and sublime recitals, in which their imagery was drawn from flowers; in all their religious rites, in their festivals, and marriage or funeral services. These I pursued and contrasted with those of other nations, with all their varieties and resemblances in the writings of other poets, arising out of their mythology, the genius of their age and climate. No one feature resulting from the inquiry

was more strong and remarkable than their peculiar coincidence, and the invariable and extensive application, of the most appropriate, as well as the most touching images, to the subjects they wished to illustrate, in reference to the manners and usages of the people. I found that, like my own, the poet's earliest efforts and admiration were called forth by rural scenes and natural objects; among which the imagery drawn from flowers, along with fables and metamorphoses of them, were some of the most original and pleasing. I saw them scattered from the laps of children, along the path of the palm-crowned victor or the blushing bride: round the youth's and maiden's brows, chanting alternate hymns; in garlands, at the festivals and ancient games; and, lastly, in mourning numbers, wreathed round the funeral's urns. Pictured forth in the works of art, the storied hall, the temple, and the bust; wrought into the grandest tapestry by the most delicate hands, their artificial character, also, every where prevailed,

“The pattern grows; the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and springs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.”

COWPER.

I would not, however, compare these with the more exquisite images and imitations of the poets, applied to delightful or pathetic purposes, and the illustration of moral and religious truth—of pure and elevated views of nature and of man. Here the simple and sublime passages of the Jewish writers unquestionably take the lead, the spirit of which, we trust, is too familiar with all our readers to require our notice. “As for man, his days are as grass—as a flower of the field; so he perisheth”—“Behold the lily of the field,” &c.; which, with many more, are quite superior to similar passages in the Pagan writers; who, however, are no less fond of referring to the same sources of poetical beauty and moral feeling. Homer, perhaps, has fewer instances than are to be found in many other poets, but all of a majestic and impressive kind:—

“For what are men?—Calamitous by birth,
They owe their life and nourishment to earth
Like yearly leaves, that now with beauty crown'd
Smile on the sun—now wither on the ground.”

which is not very unlike that of Milton,

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa.”

Cowper, whose poetry abounds in this species of imagery, has also one more nearly resembling that of Scripture:—

“All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind;
Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.”

But such, like Milton's, are too generally read to need a reference; and those we had prepared to give from Dante, and a few of the less familiar poets, we now feel ourselves compelled to postpone.

T.

Letters from the East.

GRAND CAIRO,

Not far from the city, on the way to the Desert, is the burial place of the Mamelukes, the most splendid cemetery in Egypt. Here repose the Beys, with their followers, for many generations. The forms of the tombs are various and fantastic, and often magnificent; over the sepulchres rise domes which are supported by slender marble columns; and some of these are finely carved. The tombs of the Caliphs are a mile and a half in another direction from the city, amidst the sand; they are beautiful monuments in the elegant and fantastic style of the Arabian architecture, and are in a very perfect state of preservation. They are built of fine limestone, and are lofty square buildings, with domes and minarets; some of the latter are of an exquisite workmanship.

One day I met a marriage-procession in the streets, conducting a young Egyptian bride to her husband. A square canopy of silk was borne along, preceded by several friends and slaves, all women, and three men followed with the tambourines and pipe. Two female relatives who walked beside the bride, held the canopy over her; she was shrouded from head to foot, so closely and ungracefully, that not the least beauty of figure was discernable, and a thick white veil concealed her feature, two holes only being left for her dark eyes to look through. Beneath this coarse exterior the richest dresses are often worn; but all is sacred, both form and feature, and splendid attire, till arrived in the harem of the bridegroom, when the disguise is suddenly thrown off, and his impatient looks are bent painfully or delightfully on his dear unknown. This procession moved at a very slow pace to the sounds of the music, and the lively cries of joy of the women.

Grand Cairo is encompassed by a wall, which is about ten miles in circumference, and of great antiquity. Mount Mokatom stands near the city, of which, and the whole country, it commands a most extensive prospect. This mountain is of a yellow color, and perfectly barren. Beneath, and in a very elevated position, is the citadel, which is of great extent, and in many parts very ruinous. This fortress is now more famous for the massacre of the Mameluke Beys, than for any other event. The Mameluke force in Cairo consisted of from five to ten thousand choice troops, commanded by their various beys. It was a novel and splendid spectacle to a stranger to view the exercises, the rich accoutrements, and capital horsemanship of the Mamelukes, which were exhibited every day in the great square of the city.—The chiefs and Mahmoud were constantly jealous of each other; he longed to curtail or destroy their power, and they dreaded his unprincipled ambition. After this state of affairs had lasted a good while, sometimes in open hostility, or maintaining a hollow friendship, the Pacha professed the most entire and cordial reconciliation, terms of amity were agreed on, and he invited the beys to a splendid banquet in the citadel. The infatuation of these unfortunate men was singu-

lar, in trusting to the protestation of a man whose faithless character they knew so well. It was a beautiful day, and the three hundred chiefs, on their most superb coursers and in their costliest robes, entered the long and winding pass that conducts to the citadel. This pass was so narrow as to oblige each horseman to proceed singly, and broken and precipitous rocks rose on each side.—The massy gate of entrance of the pass was closed on the last Mameluke, and the long file of chiefs, in their pride and splendor, yet broken by the windings of the defile, proceeded slowly to the gate of the citadel, which was fast shut. From behind the rocks above opened at once a fire of musketry so close and murderous, that the unhappy chiefs gazed around in despair; they drew their sabres, and as their coursers pranced wildly beneath their wounds, each bey was heard to utter a wild shriek as he sank on the ground, and in a short time all was hushed. Mahmoud heard from his apartment in the citadel the tumult and outcries; and never were sounds more welcome to his ear. This massacre completely broke the power of the Mamelukes; on the loss of their chiefs the troops fled from Cairo. A second piece of treachery of the same kind was afterwards executed by Ibrahim, the Pacha's eldest son: by the most solemn promises he prevailed on these fugitives to descend from a mountain where they had taken refuge in Upper Egypt, and meet him on the plain. One of the Mamelukes, an uncommonly handsome young man, afterwards governor of Ramla in Palestine, told us the tale, during our audience of him, of that scene of murder and treachery, when, hemmed in on all sides by Ibrahim's numerous forces, after most of his comrades had fallen, he with a few more cut his way through the Turks, and escaped. The death of the Beys at Cairo, however cruelly achieved, was the only means of confirming the power of Mahmoud, which was continually disturbed by their plots and jealousies.

In one of the streets of this city daily stand a large number of asses for hire; immediately on entering it, you are assailed and hemmed in by the keepers on every side, each recommending his own animal.—They are handsome little creatures, of quite a different breed from those of Europe, with elegant saddles and bridles; some are of a pure white or black colour, and they are used by all ranks, and go at a rapid rate. You pay so much by the hour, and the Arab master, with a long stick in his hand, runs behind or beside you. It is amusing enough to gallop in this way through the crowded streets of Cairo, at one time avoiding by the dexterity of the Arab, a tall camel, or a soldier mounted on a fine charger, at another jostling foot passengers, or encountering numbers alike mounted with yourselves, while the Arab attendant shews infinite dexterity in warding off obstacles, calling out loudly all the time to clear the way.

In the citadel is a celebrated well, which goes by the name of Joseph's Well; it is near three hundred feet deep, and thirty or forty in circumference. The descent to it is by a long winding gallery, and you meet at every turning with men and cattle conveying the water above. The water is raised by means of large wheels, which are worked by buffaloes; it must have been a work of prodigious labour to execute, being all cut out, both gallery and well, of the solid rock. The hall

of Joseph is also shewn in the citadel, but the pillars which support it are evidently of Arabian architecture; the granaries of the patriarch, where he deposited the Egyptians' corn, we could not see, as the pacha had made a store-house of them.

The consul-general gave me a letter to M. Caviglia, a Frenchman, who had resided some time at the Pyramids, where he was most ardently engaged in prosecuting discoveries. M. C. came to Cairo one day from his desert abode, and invited me warmly to return with him. We set out soon after two o'clock, the heat being intense. We crossed the Nile to the village of Gizel; the direct rout to the Pyramids is only ten miles; but the inundation made it near twenty, and obliged us to take a very circuitous course—yet it was a most agreeable one, leading at times through woods of palm and date trees, or over barren and sandy tracks, without a vestige of population. Fatigued with heat and thirst, we came to a few cotages in a palm wood, and stopped to drink of a fountain of delicious water. In this northern climate no idea can be formed of the exquisite luxury of drinking in Egypt—little appetite for food is felt, but when, after crossing the burning sands, you reach the rich line of woods on the brink of the Nile, and pluck the fresh limes, and, mixing their juice with Egyptian sugar and the soft river water, drink repeated bowls of lemonade, you feel that every other pleasure of the senses must yield to this. One then perceives the beauty and force of those similes in Scripture, where the sweetest emotions of the heart are compared to the assuaging of thirst in a sultry land.

The Nile, in its overflow, had encompassed many villages and their groups of trees, and was slowly gathering round cottage and grove and lonely palm. Its fantastic course was beautiful, for its bosom was covered with many green isles of every possible form; here a hamlet seemed floating on the wave, above which hung the foliage and fruit of various trees, the stems being shrouded beneath; there it warded with the desert, whose hills of sand, rocks, and ruins of temples, looked like so many mournful beacons in the watery waste. We passed several very long causeways, erected over the flat land to preserve a passage amidst the inundation; and the sun set as we entered on the long expanse of soft sand, in the midst of which the Pyramids are built. The red light resting for some time on their enormous sides, produced a fine effect; for a long while we seemed at no great distance from them, but the deception of their size on the flat expanse of the Desert long misled us, and it was dark before we arrived. As we drew near, we heard the loud voice of welcome from the Arabs, who came out of the apartments of the rock on which the Pyramids stand, and surrounded us. We ascended a narrow winding path to a long and low chamber in the rock, that had formerly been a tomb.—Here M. Caviglia, his assistant M. Spinette, a German, and myself, sat down on the floor, and supped on some boiled lowl and Nile water; and, being very much fatigued, they soon left me to my repose. One of the Arabs placed a small light in the walls of the antique abode, and, throwing myself on my hard bed of reeds, I tried to obtain some sleep; yet the novelty of my situation, the thought of being at last on

the spot around which imagination had so long been passionately wandering, made it long a stranger to my eyes.

The next morning, at sunrise, we took our coffee at one of the natural windows of this cavern, that looked over the plain. My servant who had followed the day before with the tent, lost his way, and did not arrive till midnight; and being unable to find either dwelling or inhabitant, he wandered about the pyramids, shouting and firing his pistols, till at last he lay down in one of the deep holes in the sand, and sheltered himself till sunrise. In the course of the day we visited several of M. C's. excavations; one was a small and beautiful gateway of fine white stone, covered with hieroglyphics, and of so fresh a colour that it seemed but lately erected. Descending about sixty feet we entered three subterraneous apartments, one of which contained two large coffins, side by side, cut out of the rock; some little idols only were found in them: there was also a very curious square room, or place of tombs, the walls covered with figures, discovered by Mr. Salt. M. Caviglia is at present engaged in what would be generally considered an almost hopeless undertaking: he believes there is a subterraneous communication between the Pyramids of Gizeh and those of Saccara and the remains of Memphis, the former fifteen miles off, the latter a few miles nearer. He is sanguine of success in his attempts to discover this passage; and has proceeded some hundred yards in his excavation of the sand: there is the work of years before him ere he can affect his object, though it is probable he will make some valuable discoveries by the way. A man must be animated by no slight enthusiasm to live in this place of desolation, deprived of all the joys of civilized life, toiling like a slave with forty or fifty Arabs from daybreak to sunset amidst rocks, sands, and beneath burning heats.—About two or three hundred yards from the great Pyramid is the Sphinx, with the features and breasts of a woman, and the body of an animal; between the paws an altar was formerly held: but the face is much mutilated—its expression is evidently Nubian. This enormous figure is cut out of the solid rock; and is twenty-five or thirty feet in height, and about sixteen from the ear to the chin. The dimensions of the body cannot be ascertained, it being almost entirely covered with sand. The highest praise is due to M. Caviglia's indefatigable exertions to clear the sand from the breast and body of the Sphinx. This work employed him and his Arabs during six weeks; the labour was extreme, for the wind, which had set in that direction, blew the sand back again nearly as fast as they removed it: and he is now proceeding to uncover the whole of the figure. Evening now drew on, and the labour of the day being finished, we seated ourselves at a humble repast at the door of the place of tombs. The solitude that spread around was vast, and the stillness unbroken: the Arabs had all retired to their homes in the distant villages: the Santon who lived in a lofty tomb near by, was the only tenant of the Desert save ourselves, and his orisons were always silent—in such a situation one hour of life is worth an age at home, it leaves recollections which no change or distance can impair or efface. The next morning I ascended the great Pyramid. The outside is formed of rough stone of a light yellow colour, which form unequal steps all round from the bot-

tom to the summit: these stones or steps are two, three, or four feet high, and the ascent is rather laborious, but perfectly free from danger, or any serious difficulty. What a boundless and extraordinary prospect opened from the summit. On one side a fearful and melancholy Desert, either level or broken into wild and fantastic hills of sand and rocks; on the other, scenes of the utmost fertility and beauty marked the course of the Nile, that wound its way as far as the eye could reach into Upper Egypt: beneath, amidst the overflow of waters, appeared the numerous hamlets and groves, encircled like so many beautiful islets; and far in the distance was soon the smoke of Cairo, and its lofty minarets, with the dreary Mount Mokattan rising above. Who but would linger over such a scene; and, however wide he roamed, would not feel hopeless of ever seeing it equalled!

The height of the great Pyramid is five hundred feet; its base seven hundred and seventy-eight feet long at each square, making a circumference of more than three thousand feet; and its summit is twenty-eight feet square. It is perfectly true, as a celebrated traveller observes, that you feel much disappointed at the first view of the Pyramids, as they stand in the midst of a flat and boundless Desert, and there is no elevation near with which to contrast them: it is not easy to be aware of their real magnitude, until after repeated visits and observations—their vast size fills the mind with astonishment. On the third night, carrying lights with us, we entered the large pyramid by a long gradual descent of near a hundred feet;—the next ascended the long gallery of marble, a hundred and fifty feet in length, and excessively steep, which conducted us to the great chamber. In the roof of this lofty room are stones of granite eighteen feet long—in what manner these masses were conveyed to such a situation is not easy to conceive; still less for what purpose these immense structures were formed, filled up as the greater part of the interior is with masses of stones and marble. The few chambers hitherto discovered bear no proportion whatever to the vast extent of the interior. So immensely strong is their fabric, and so little do they appear injured by the lapse of more than three thousand years, that one cannot help believing, when gazing at them; their duration can end only with that of the world.

The celebrated sarcophagus which Dr. C. fancifully supposed to have contained the bones of Joseph, stands in the great chamber; it has been much injured by the various pieces struck off. The Pyramid of Cephrenes, the passage into which Mr. Belzoni has opened, stands near that of Cheops, but cannot be ascended. The pyramids stand on a bed of rock a hundred and fifty feet above the Desert, and this elevation contributes to their being seen from so great distance. On one of the days of my stay here the wind blew so violently from morning to night, that the sand was raised, though not in clouds, yet in sufficient quantities to penetrate every thing, and render it difficult to stand against it; my tent which was pitched in the plain below, was blown down, and I was obliged to take up my abode in the place of tombs. The large chamber excavated in the rock, and inhabited by Belzoni during his residence of six months here, is close to the pyramid of Cephrenes; it is very commodious and lofty, though excessively warm. On entering the door, the only place thro' which the light is

admitted, an immense number of bats rushed out against us. All the ruinous apartments and temples in this country are peopled with these animals; which Belzoni contrived to get rid of by lighting large fires; the smoke of which soon expelled them.—We paid a visit one evening to the Arab Santon, or Dervise, who lived in a handsome and spacious chamber, that was formerly perhaps a tomb, excavated out of the rock, not far from one great pyramid; he was an elderly man, of a mild and handsome countenance, and black beard. His wild and singular retreat was divided into two rooms; he was seated cross-legged in the outer one, and appeared engaged in meditation; but he instantly rose, and requested me to allow him to make some coffee for us. Coffee made by a holy Santon, in a tomb that might have held the remains of kings, and close to the pyramids! I shall never be offered such a privilege again, in this state of mortality. What a pity that the Prophet never tasted coffee: a Turk may well regret this, as it would undoubtedly have had a place among the enjoyments in paradise for the faithful; for on earth, in sorrow and in joy, alone or in society, it appears their enduring luxury and consolation. The holy man seemed to have few enjoyments for the senses about him, yet he looked any thing but emaciated, and his dark eye was very expressive; and as we did not give him credit for being much of an antiquary, it was difficult to conceive why he should have wandered to this solitude. He must have been sincere in his religion, as there was no population among which he could practice the arts and hypocrisy of the dervise tribe. The Arabs of the distant villages visited him occasionally, and brought some bread and vegetables for his subsistence.

Near the pyramids is a small and singular group of trees, called the sacred trees by the Arabs, not one of whom will ever dare to pluck a leaf of them; they consist of two sycamore, and two or three palms, and stand alone in the waste of sand; the leaves are not withered, but have a vivid green colour, and afford a most agreeable relief to the eye.

The last evening passed here, was a very lovely one: I was seated with Caviglia near the door of his rocky abode, as the sun was going slowly down over the extensive scene before us, its red rays lingering on the Pyramids, the Desert, and its dreary precipices and wasts.—Of all the sun-sets I ever beheld, none are so beautiful as those of Egypt: the fierce redness, almost the colour of blood, that is thrown over the horizon, and then fades into the most delicate hues of yellow, green, and azure, make them often a singular spectacle. About a mile on the right, a small tribe of wandering Bedouins, who had just arrived, had pitched their tents; the camels were standing beside, the fires were lighted, and the Arab masters moving about in their wild and picturesque drapery—the only scene of life in that vast solitude. We were to set out at day-break next morning on our return to Cairo; and having taken leave of the Frenchman and his companion, I lay down for the last time on my bed of reeds in the tomb; but every effort to compose myself to sleep was useless:—a thousand agitating thoughts crowded into my mind, scenes of past life returned again, but clothed in dark and distorted colours, and my future journey seemed full of appalling difficulties and perils: the intense heat,

and fatigue of the day, with the loneliness of my wild resting-place, and the warm exhalations the walls sent forth, might have caused this, I quitted my gloomy abode, and went into the open air: the desert plains and the wide and gathering waters of the inundation were bright with the most vivid moonlight. How deeply interesting was that walk! The vast forms of the pyramids rose clear and distinct, and, viewed from the plain of sand as they seemed to rest against the blue midnight sky, their appearance was, in truth, magnificent—those of Saccara might be seen twelve miles distant in the splendid light—and the silence around was so hushed and deep! Memory will never forsake those Egyptian scenes, but on this it will linger, should all others fade. Pursuing my way over the soft sand, I reached the nearest branch of the overflow; and, the night being excessively warm, I bathed once more in the Nile, a luxury that well supplied the want of sleep. The next morning we set out for Cairo. After quitting the barren tracts, the ride became very agreeable; the palm trees were loaded with large clusters of dates. This fruit is manna to the people of Egypt, with whom it is an universal article of food; when ripe, it has a sweet and insipid taste; but when dried and preserved in lumps, after the stones are extracted, it is extremely good.

It is interesting to observe the different ways these people have of irrigating the land. Sometimes a buffalo is made to turn a large wheel which is covered all round with a number of pitchers, into which the water being drawn up from beneath, is poured out again, as the wheel turns round, into a small channel cut in the earth, and this channel conveys it into various others through the fields. Or an Egyptian half naked, stands all day long in the burning sun on the river's bank at a simple machine of wood, to the ends of which a couple of buckets are suspended; these he incessantly lowers into the stream, and then pours the water into the small canals cut in his ground. The inundation does not extend over the whole of the flat cultivated land, so that it is necessary, by these sluices and irrigations, to distribute the water every where. When the inundation has subsided and been absorbed in the earth, a rich black mould is left, which requires little labour. No plough is known here; but, a small furrow being made in the earth by a stick, the grain is dropped in, and the most abundant crop soon starts up, as if by magic. There are two harvests, one in March, the other in October. In the way we met an Arab funeral; about twenty men, friends of the deceased, advanced under a row of palm trees, singing in a mournful tone, and bearing the body: they walked two or three abreast, with the priest at their head: and, having forded a stream in front, passed close to us. The corps was that of a woman, neatly dressed in white, and borne on an open bier, with a small awning of red silk over it.

The market at Cairo, or place where the Circassian women may be purchased, cannot fail to be interesting, tho' at the same time repulsive to a stranger's feelings. These unfortunate women, as we term them, tho' it is a doubt if they think themselves so, are bought originally of their parents, who are generally peasants, by the Armenian and other merchants who travel through Georgia and Circussia.—Their masters procure them an education, as far as music and singing

go, give them handsome clothes, and then sell them in private to the rich Turks, or bring them to the market at Cairo, where, however, the business is conducted with tolerable decorum. The lady, habited handsomely, and as best becomes her figure, and veiled, is attended by the merchant whose property she is, and may be seen by the person who wishes to become a purchaser. The veil is lifted, and the beauty stands exposed. This is better, however than a Turkish wife, who, on the bridal evening, for the first time perhaps, draws aside the shroud of her charms, and throws herself into her husband's arms, when he may recoil with horror from his own property, at finding the dazzling loveliness he had anticipated, changed into a plain, yellow, and faded aspect. But the Georgian style of beauty is rich and joyous, and their dark eyes!—there are no eyes like them in the world. The stranger then casts his eyes over her figure; the hand and foot: a small and delicate hand is, with the Orientals much valued—even the men are proud of possessing it. He demands the lady's accomplishments; if she sings or is skilled in music; in this case the price is greatly enhanced: a thousand or fifteen hundred pounds are sometimes given for a lovely woman so highly gifted.

One day, in company with another traveller, I paid a visit to a rich Jew, one of the first merchants in Cairo. He received us in a handsome apartment, to which a flight of steps ascended. The floor was covered with a rich carpet, and the divan, elevated a couple of feet higher, was lined with soft cushions and laid out for luxurious enjoyment. A lofty dome of glass lighted the chamber. We reclined on the divan with the master of the house; and a few yards from us was another and more interesting party: six Oriental ladies, all unveiled and richly dressed, were at dinner, and seated in a circle on soft cushions on the floor round a low table about a foot high. The lady of the house, a handsome young woman, was just recovered from her confinement and this was the first day of her receiving her friends. They ate and conversed much at their ease, and sent us some sweetmeats, and a pleasant drink like sherbet. The husband told us that he and his bride were married at the age of fourteen, and they were then six and twenty, and had a houseful of children. Bismillah! blessings to the Prophet! a Turk would have added, with a devout look: but, being a Jew, he invoked nobody, but looked very resigned about it.—The ladies have finished their repast, each of them had a Turkish pipe, about five feet long, brought; and putting themselves in an easy posture, with the amber mouth-piece between their lips, and the ball of their pipe resting on the carpet, began to smoke, sip coffee, and chat at intervals. The custom of smoaking in the east is very different from that in our country; the tobacco is so very mild and sweet, that it does no injury to the teeth or breath, and it is often used as a luxury by the women; and the tube of fine amber would not disfigure any lips: and the attitude, when holding the long chibouque, or flexible argille displays to advantage a beautiful arm.

Valerius, a Roman Story, in Three Volumes:—William Blackwood, Edinburgh, and T. Cadell, London,—1821.

It is no easy matter to make up a true-love story out of Roman materials. The ladies of ancient Rome strike the imagination exclusively as persons of a stern and stately character, forming themselves after the republican austerity of the rude warriors whom they acknowledged for masters, and aping sometimes that vapouring self-denial which affected to sacrifice the individual feelings to the public welfare. The matron, whose domestic hours were spent in training her son to the conflict of the field or of the forum,—and the virgin who could boast of loving the glory of Rome in preference to the brave youth who died to exalt it,—were made of much too stern stuff to excite in the heart of a modern reader any sympathy for their sufferings, or joy for their success. There is no room in our affections for the *Veturias*, the *Volumnias*, the *Lucias*, the *Mercias* of Roman history.—They appear to our fancy like men in women's clothes: and when they advance with their martial stride, and declaim with the pompous emphasis of military legates, we shrink back as from something unnatural. Shakespeare, who knew well how and whence to chuse his materials, exhibits to his readers the only Roman lady whom he brings into the foreground of a picture, the proud lofty-minded mother of Caius Marcius, in the camp of the Volscians, pleading the cause of her country, and using at once the indignant language of a patriot, and the appalling threats of a stoical philosopher. Addison, who found himself compelled to make the daughter of Cato breathe forth the tender passion amid the clash of arms, has only rendered his scenes ridiculous, and his heroine contemptible.

The author of *Valerius*, a work of no common power and eloquence—has had the same difficulties to struggle with, and the same dead weight to oppose his exertions. On some occasions, indeed, he successfully masters the strong associations, which, in the mind of almost every reader, bar the way against the admission of the very feelings which he wishes to excite; and in spite of all our prepossessions unfavourable to the existence of feminine love in the breast of a Roman Miss, we are ever and anon subdued into the belief, that *Athanasia*, the daughter of *Sempronius*, must have had all the delicacy and sentiment which adorn the well educated female of modern times.—His success would however have been greater had the era to which his narrative leads him back supplied his scenes of suffering and affliction with characters more familiar to our sympathy.

The hero of the piece is the son of a Roman commander, who had fought in Britain under the eagles of *Agricola*, and who, upon the recel of that illustrious soldier, retired from public life, and spent the remainder of his days in the society of a native lady, to whom he had been several years married. Soon after his death, news reached his widow and son, at their residence, near *Winchester*, that a large property had fallen to them at *Rome*;—a circumstance which rendered necessary the presence of the young *Valerius* in the city of his paternal ancestors, as in no other way could certain disputes affect

ting the inheritance be satisfactorily determined. The young man accordingly sails for Italy, and, after the usual casualties of such a voyage, reaches the mansion of his kinsman Caius Licinius, who is represented as a lawyer in great practice, a consummate orator, and, withal, a man of ambitious views. Licinius has a son, a fine youth, called Sextus, who is in love with Sempronia, a light-hearted flirting damsel; and Valerius, our hero, finding himself in company with the young persons now named, together with a cousin of the lady, whose name was Athanasia, contrives likewise to fall head and ears in love, at first sight, with this beautiful and contemplative maiden.

These events take place in the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Trajan, who, as is well known, was induced by certain motives of state policy to persecute the Christians, at that time increasing in numbers throughout the Roman dominions. Athanasia, it soon turns out, is a convert to the new faith, and in the habit of attending private meetings, and visiting the afflicted members of that reviled and calumniated body. Valerius, of course, becomes her confidant, receives instruction, and in a short time finds himself almost a Christian. Going one evening to a prison, in company with a centurion, named Sabinus, who had sailed with him in the same ship from Britain, he has an opportunity of conversing with a poor Christian soldier, who was next day to be torn in pieces by wild beasts in the Amphitheatre, unless he openly abjured the faith in Christ; and being requested by the expectant martyr to be present at the horrid spectacle on the ensuing morning, he reluctantly gives his promise that he would appear.—Athanasia had likewise obtained permission to see the unfortunate veteran in prison to comfort him, and to join with him in his last acts of Christian devotion. The following little trait of character, connected with this meeting, is somewhat affecting, and affords at the same time a fair specimen of the author's style.

“Now, when we had entered into the guard-room, we found it crowded with spearmen, of Sabinus's band, some of whom were playing at dice, others carousing jovially, and many wrapt up in their mantles, and asleep upon the floor; while a few only were sitting beneath the porch, with their spears in their hands, and leaning upon their bucklers. From one of the elder of these, the Centurion, after having drawn him aside out of the company, made inquiry straightway concerning the names and condition of the prisoners, and whether as yet they had received any intelligence of that which was to come to pass on the morrow. The soldier, who was a grave man, and well stricken in years, made answer that of a surety the men were free born and of decent estate, and that he had not heard of any thing else being laid to their charge excepting that which concerned their religion. Since they have been here, he continued, I have been several times set on the watch over them, and twice have I lain with one of them in his dungeon; yet have I heard no complaints from any of them, for in all things they are patient. One of them only is to suffer to-morrow—but for him I am especially concerned, for he was known to me of old, having served often with me when I was an horseman in the army of Titus, all through the war of Palestine, and at the siege of Jerusalem.”

“And of what country is he?” said Sabinus, “Is he also a Roman?”

“No, sir, answered the spearman, ‘he is no Roman; but he was of a troop of the allies that was joined oftentimes to our legion; and I have seen him bear himself on the day of battle as well as any Roman of us all. He is by birth a Greek of the sea coast; but his mother was of the nation of the Jews, and he was brought up from his youth according to their law.’

“And yet, although the son of a Jewess, he was with us, say you at the siege of Jerusalem?”

“Even so, replied the man; and not he only, but many others; for the Jews you know, were divided against themselves; and of all them that were Christians, it was said that not one abode in the city, or gave help to defend it. For as this man himself hath sworn to me, the oracles of the Christians and their prophets, had of old given warning that the city must fall into the hands of Caesar, by reason of the wickedness of that people. Wherefore, when we set our camp over against Jerusalem, these men all passed out from the city, with their wives and their children, and dwelt with safety in the mountainous country, until all things were fulfilled. But some of these young men fought in our camp, and did good service, because the place was known to them, and they had acquaintance with all the secrets of the Rock. Of these, this man was one. He and all his household had departed from the ancient religion of the Jews, and were believers in the doctrines of the Christians, for which cause he is to suffer on the morrow: and of that although I have not spoken to him this evening, I think he has already received some intelligence, for certain of his friends passed in to him, and they covered their faces as they went in as if weeping.

“Are these friends still with him?” said Sabinus.

“Yes, answered he, ‘for I must have seen them had they come forth again. Without doubt the two women are still with him in his dungeon.’

“Women? quoth Sabinus; and of what condition think you they may be?”

“That I know not, replied the soldier; ‘for, as I have said, they walked in muffled in their mantles. But one of them at least, is a Roman, for I heard her speak to him that is by the door of the dungeon.’

“How long is it, said the Centurion, ‘since they went into this prison?’

“More than an hour, replied the soldier; looking at the water-clock that stood beneath the porch; ‘and if they be Christians they are not yet about to depart, for they never separate without singing together, which is their favourite manner of worship.’

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the soldiers that were carousing within the guard-room became silent, and we heard the voices of those that were in the dungeon singing together in a sweet and lowly manner.

“Ah, sir! said the old soldier, ‘I thought it would be even so—there is not a spearman in the band that would not willingly watch

here a whole night, could he be sure of hearing that melody. Well do I know that soft voice—Hear now, how she sings by herself—and there again, that deep strong note—that is the voice of the prisoner.”

“‘Hush!’ quoth the Centurion, ‘heard you ever any thing half so divine? Are these words Greek or Syrian?’”

“‘What the words are I know not,’ said the soldier; ‘but I know the tune well—I have heard it played many a night with hautboy, and clarion, and dulcimer, on the high walls of Jerusalem, while the old city was beleaguered.’”

“‘It is some old Jewish tune then,’ said Sabinus; ‘I knew not those barbarians had half so much art.’”

“‘Why, as for that,’ replied the man, ‘I have been all over Greece and Egypt—to say nothing of Italy—and I never heard any music like that music of the Jews. Why, when they came down to join the battle, their tumpet sounded so gloriously, that we wondered how it was possible for them ever to be driven back; and then, when their gates were closed and they set out to heg their dead, they would play such solemn awful notes of lamentation, that the plunderers stood still to listen, and their warriors were delivered to them with all their mail as they had fallen.’”

“‘And the Christians also,’ said Sabinus, ‘had the same tunes?’”

“‘Oh yes, sir—why, for that matter, these very tunes may have been among them, for aught we know, since the beginning of their nation. I have stood sentinel with this very man, and seen the tears run down his cheeks by the star light, when he heard the music from the city, as the Jewish captains were going their rounds upon the battlements.’”

“‘But this surely,’ said the Centurion, ‘is no warlike melody.’”

“‘I know not,’ quoth the old soldier, ‘whether it be or not—but I am sure it sounds not like any music of sorrow, and yet what plaintive tones are in the part of that female voice!’”

“‘The bass sounds triumphantly, in good sooth.’”

“‘Ay, sir, but that is the old man’s own voice—I am sure he will keep a good heart to the end, even though they should be singing their farewell to him. Well, the emperor loses a good soldier, the hour old Thraso dies. I wish to Jupiter he had not been a Christian or had kept his religion to himself. But as for changing now—you might as well think of persuading the Prince himself to be a Jew, as talk to Thraso about that.’”

(To be Continued.)

POETRY.

THE SHIPWRECK.

*While memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell ;
Then while the list'ning peasant shrinks with fear,
And lisping infants drop the unconscious tear
Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."*

FALCONER.

LIGHTLY the breezes o'er the waters flew,
And Heaven's wide arch was one unclouded blue,
As the bright sun a burst of glory gave,
Then slowly sinking, kiss'd the Western wave ;
On the horizon is a distant sail,
That spreads her snowy bosom to the gale ;
But late a speck, she seemed to mock the eye,
And fade between the water and the sky,
And now the breezes wing her speed so fast,
A flag is seen to flutter from the mast ;
Her size,—her sails may be described—and now
Her peopled gallery and golden prow.

Oh! many a wish, and many a rising care,
And many a joy, and many a hope is there ;
For in that ship, the father, husband, friend,
Full anxiously await their travel's end ;
And some are leaning o'er the vessel's side,
Straining their eyes along the heaving tide
To where the distant shore is seen to lie
Like a dim cloud that rises in the sky ;
And some stand musing, as they pensive view
The flying ship divide the waters blue,
And, while they mock the white and rushing foam,
Their thoughts are busy, and their hearts are home,
Now in the East, as daylight dies apace,
The moon arises in majestic grace,
And o'er the waves she flings a path of light ;
How many gaze—and gazing bless the sight,
For oh! that orb where'er it may arise,
From Northern waves, or in far Southern skies,
Wherever thought can soar on fancy's wing,
A thousand fond remembrances will bring.
Then oh! how dear when, after years of toil,
With hearts elate we hail our native soil ;
How doubly dear that lovely light to view,
Shining o'er hills where first our breath we drew ?

Such thoughts are in the ship—and many more
Of fonder framing—while the wish'd for shore
Grows more and more distinct ; and fancy sees
Beyond the bound of human vision—trees,
And flocks and groves—and many a spot
Of former happiness—his sheltered cot,

Where the sweet odour of the wild-rose hedge,
 With honey-suckles, fence the garden's edge,
 One views enraptur'd—while his blooming boy,
 A father's hope and pensive mother's joy,
 Another sees—for an aged parent here,
 Along a sun-burnt cheek, there rolls a tear,
 That checks the rising hope, and turns it into fear—
 Abstracted there, apart from all the rest,
 With eyes upturn'd, his arms upon his breast,
 An anxious lover takes his silent stand,
 And now he views the moon, and now the distant land—
 Thus muses each, as lightly bounds along
 The gallant vessel to the steersman's song ;
 While the rough sailors, at a harmless play,
 Sit in a group, and laugh the time away.
 But lo! a sudden gloom involves the sky,
 The fuv'ring breeze has dropp'd, a calm is nigh,—
 The ocean swells—the gentle waves no more
 Bound lightly on to waft the bark to shore ;
 Struck in her flight, she flaps her canvas wings,
 And reels and staggers, while her cordage rings
 Against the creaking mast—the seamen stand
 Amaz'd, confounded—from his guiding hand
 The pilot feels the useless rudder fly,
 Again he grasps it as he lifts his eye,
 And looks around him to consult the sky,
 A black spot rising in the North he spies,
 " All hands aloft! Strike every sail!" he cries,
 And while he speaks th' affrighted sea-bird flies,
 Screaming along the deep, to where her nest
 Lies in the distant rock, far to the darkning West.

And now big drops descend—and gathering fast,
 That black cloud moves along—a moaning blast
 Howls o'er the waves—oh, down with every sail ;
 That boding blast foreruns the coming gale,
 It comes! it bursts! Wildly the waves arise,
 And flash and foam—again the vessel flies
 With double speed—in vain the pilot tries
 To check her wild career—she scorns his hand
 And madly rushes to the fatal land ;
 While darker grew the Heavens, and not a speck
 Of blue is there—now from the crowded deck
 The signal gun is fir'd—'twas heard on shore,
 And some could see the flash—but the deep roar
 Of waves were such, so thick the gloom around,
 They deem'd them fancy, both the flash and sound.

" Breakers a head!" Oh! what a cry is there!
 All is confusion, horror and despair.
 Crash comes a mast, and, with the fall it gave,
 Three gallant men are swept into the wave.
 In speechless terror some are seen to stand,
 Others with arms outstretch'd look to the land,
 As if imploring aid—while raving wild,
 A frantic father calls upon his child.
 A mother next him, fill'd with deep alarms,
 Has two sweet babies lock'd withip her arms ;
 The savage waves have mark'd them for their prey,
 And now the loveliest is swept away ;
 She, screaming, quits her hold to catch her hope,

And all three perish!—Clinging to a rope
 Are half drown'd wretches seen—and now the deck
 Presents the wild confusion of a wreck;
 The rushing billows pour on either side,
 Sweeping off all into the roaring tide,
 There one with clenched hands despairing raves,
 And curses Heaven, to send such winds and waves,
 And he so near his home.—On bended knee
 Another prays in fervent agony;
 While with vacant eye seems lost in fear,
 An idiot laugh is rung into his ear;
 Some hurry to a boat—embracing here
 Are friends about to part—while mutely there,
 Fast clinging to each other, sit a pair,
 A miserable pair! on her pale broid,
 That lies upon her lover's bosom, now
 The damps of death are gath'ring fast—while he
 As if he knew how useless it would be
 To stay her flutt'ring life, does nothing more
 Than gaze upon her marble face. The shore! the shore!
 Some cry aloud—that instant comes a shock,
 The vessel headlong dashes on a rock,
 And splits asunder!—Nothing more is heard,
 Save the wild screaming of the startled bird;
 Whose rest was broken thus,—no human call
 Arises from the deep,—one cry was all
 That followed from the shock,—yet by the light
 Of the pale struggling moon, from yonder height,
 In the black waves, below, were seen a few
 Of that once stately ship's devoted crew
 Contending with their fate—alas! in vain;
 For while they strive the butting rocks to gain,
 The waves pursued—They dropt with those to go
 Already buried in the deep below.

What, buried all! And is it come to this?
 Oh, where are now those dreams of promised bliss?
 Those fond delusive hopes? all past and gone?
 And does there not survive a lonely one?
 A half drown'd wretch, who did not vainly strive,
 Thrown on the beach escaped,—yet scarce alive
 To tell the dismal tale, and sadly bear
 A husband's blessing to a widow's ear,
 A friend's remembrance, or with tears to tell
 A father's dying words—a lover's last farewell?
 No! buried all: for vale and pleasant grove,
 And smiling home and dear domestic love,
 And tender wife, and playful prattling child,
 And hedge of rose, and honeysuckle wild,
 Succeed a cold damp grave—a long, long sleep
 Within the lonely chambers of the deep.

THE NAIAD'S SONG.

My bower is on the hollow wave,
 The water lily is my bed;
 The brightest pearls the waters lave
 Are wreath'd around my breast and head.

Poetry.

The fish swims idly near my couch,
 And twinkling fies off touch my brow,
 And spirits mutely to me crouch
 While wafers softly o'er them flow.

Then come thee to these arms of mine,
 And come thee to this bosom fair,
 And thou mid silver waves shalt twine,
 The tresses of my silken hair.

I have a ring of the river weed,
 'Twas fasten'd with a spirit's Kiss;
 I'll wed thee in this moonlight mead,
 Ah! look not on my love amiss.

E. J.

TO THE CHILD OF THE FORESTS.

Is not thy heart far oft amidst the woods
 Where the red Indian lays his father's dust,
 And, by the rushing of the torrent floods,
 To the Great Spirit bows in silent trust?
 Doth not thy soul o'ersweep the foaming main,
 To pour itself upon the wilds again?

They are gone forth, the forest's warrior race,
 By stormy Lakes to track the elk and roe;
 But where art thou, the swift one in the chase,
 With thy free footstep and unfailing bow?
 Their singing shafts have reach'd the panther's lair,
 And where art thou thine arrows are not there!

They rest beside their streams—the spoil is won—
 They hang their spears upon the cypress bough,
 The night-fires blaze, the hunters' work is done—
 They hear the tales of old—and where art thou?
 The night-fires blaze beneath the giant pine,
 And there a place is filled that once was thine.

For thou art mingling with the City's throng,
 And thou hast thrown thine Indian bow aside,
 Child of the forest thou art borne along,
 Ev'n as ourselves, by life's tempestuous tide!
 But will this be? and canst thou HERE find rest?
 Thou hadst thy nurture on the desert's breast.

Comes not the sound of torrents to thine ear,
 From the Savannah land, the land of streams!
 Hearst thou not murmurs which none else may hear?
 Is not the Forest's shadow in thy drea^ms?
 They call—wild voices call thee o'er the main—
 Back to thy fire and boundless woods again!

Hear them not!—hear them not!—thou canst not find,
 In the far wilderness what once was thine!
 Thou has quaff'd knowledge from the founts of mind—
 And gathered loftier aims and hopes divine,
 Thou know'st the soaring thought, th' immortal strain—
 Seek not the deserts and the woods again.

F. H.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

Foreign Summary.

AUGUST, 1824.

EUROPE.—GREAT-BRITAIN.

Among the Bills passed during last Session of the Imperial Parliament, we find the following:—

The *Marine Insurance* Bill passed the House of Lords on the 21st.

The *Slave Trade Laws Consolidation Bill* was also passed on the 21st in the Lords. A BILL.—*To authorise the East India Company to trade direct from China to the British Colonies and Plantations in America.*—1st June, 1824.

Whereas it is expedient that the United Company of Merchants of England, trading to the East Indies on their own account, or persons to be licensed by them, should be authorised by law to export direct from China to the British Colonies and Plantations in America, Tea and other merchandize:—

“ May it therefore please your Majesty,

“ That it may be enacted; and be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That from and after the

it shall and may be lawful for the said United Company, and also for any other of His Majesty's subjects, with the special leave and license in writing, or a special leave and license in writing under their authority for that purpose, to export in ships navigated according to law, from any port or ports within the dominion of the Emperor of China, any Tea or other Goods, Wares or Merchandize, the produce or manufacture of any country within the limits of the said Company's Charter, and to carry and import the same direct, into any of the British Colonies or Plantations in America, any law, statute, charter or usage, to the contrary notwithstanding.”

LONDON, June 25.—*Prorogation of Parliament.*—At 12 o'clock, the passage from Whitehall to the House of Lords, was completely stopt by carriages.

By half past 12 the benches appropriated to the Ladies were completely occupied; many stood in the passages.—The front benches, on both sides, were for the most part reserved for the Peers. The display of splendid dresses, elegant plumes, and every variety of ornaments, was brilliant in the extreme. There were about 300 Ladies in the House.

A few minutes before one o'clock, the Lord Chancellor entered at the lower door, and proceeded slowly, in full robes, to the wool sack.

The Bishop of Chester immediately read prayers.—Doctor Carr took the oaths and his seat as the Bishop of Chichester.

The Peers continued to enter in their robes. The twelve Judges took their places on the wool sack. The Duke of York appeared a few minutes before two. The Ambassadors of the several Powers were stationed at the end of the Bishops' benches.

At twenty minutes past two o'clock, the firing of guns announced the arrival of his Majesty. The Ladies immediately leaped upon the benches, and every eye was directed to the entrance to the right of the throne. At half past two, his Majesty took his seat on the throne, wearing the crown on his head.

The folding doors were then thrown open for the Commons, when the Speaker entered, accompanied by Mr. Canning and the other Ministers, and followed by a

great crowd of Members. The rush was so great that many Members cried out for "Order." A cloud of dust was thrown along the House.

The Speaker then addressed his Majesty. He commenced by stating that the House of Commons had attended to all the recommendations of his Majesty's Speech, at the opening of this Session.

In relieving the burthens of the people, two courses had presented themselves to their view, either a direct repeal of direct taxation, or to disencumber the trade of the country from the impediments which restricted it, and which were condemned by enlarged and enlightened views of policy.

With the view of removing these restrictions such alterations had been made in our commercial laws, as they hoped would improve the great national resources of this country. But they had never lost sight of the necessity of proceeding cautiously in breaking down a system, which however impolitic, had been the growth of ages.

They had found it their painful duty to re-enact the Insurrection Act in Ireland, not with the vain hope of its curing the evil, not concealing from themselves its harshness and severity, and not as a permanent measure, but such as the pressure of the existing emergency rendered necessary, not only for the protection of the innocent, but in mercy to the guilty.

It would ill become him to detain his Majesty by more minute details of their proceedings. He had only to express a hope that the conduct of his faithful Commons would meet with the gracious approbation of his Majesty.

In conclusion he tendered the Appropriation Bill, to which, and to several Bills, the Royal Assent was given.

His Majesty then delivered the following gracious Speech:

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I cannot dismiss you from your attendance in this Session of Parliament, without returning you my warmest acknowledgments for the diligence and assiduity with which you have applied yourselves, to the several objects of public interest which have been submitted to your consideration.

"I deeply regret the painful necessity under which you have found yourselves of renewing for a further period, measures of extraordinary precaution in Ireland. I entirely approve of the inquiries which you have instituted, as to the true nature of the evils which have long disturbed a part of that country, and I have no doubt you will find it expedient to renew them in another Session of Parliament.

"I continue to receive from Foreign Powers, the strongest assurances of their disposition to preserve their friend, relations with this country, and you may rely on the continuance of my efforts to maintain the Peace of Europe, and to extend the commercial relations of my subjects.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I thank you for the supplies which you have granted me for the service of the present year, and more especially for the great liberality with which you have provided for the interests of Religion and for the maintenance of the splendour of the crown.

"I am fully sensible of the advantages which may be justly expected from the relief you have afforded to some of the most important branches of the national interests."

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have the greatest satisfaction in repeating my congratulations to you on the general and increasing prosperity of the country. I am persuaded that you will carry with you to your respective counties the same spirit of harmony which has distinguished your proceedings, and that you will cultivate amongst all classes of my people those feelings of confidence in the laws and attachment to the constitution, on the continuance of which, under Providence, depends not only their individual happiness, but the high station which this country holds among the nations of the world."

The Lord Chancellor then declared the Parliament prorogued to Tuesday, the 24th day of August next: and his Majesty withdrew in the same form as he entered.

POOR LAWS IN SCOTLAND.

Abstract of Mr. Kennedy's bill to regulate the relief granted to the poor in Scotland.

The minister and elders are vested with the administration of all funds for the relief of the poor, arising from collections at the church doors, parochial dues, and all other sources, except assessments on heritors or occupiers of lands. The heritors who are not elders have no right to interfere with the application of the former funds.

The decision of the minister and elders granting or refusing relief out of these funds is final, and no appeal lies to the Sheriff Court or Court of Session.

The minister and heritors alone have the right to impose or not impose an assessment on the heritors and occupiers of land for the support of the poor; and the elders have no voice in any meeting held for this purpose, and no right to call upon the heritors to make such assessments.

All persons applying in future for parish relief are to receive it from the funds under the charge of the ministers and elders, and from no other.

But persons hitherto relieved from the produce of assessments must be relieved in this manner still, if the ministers and elders certify that the funds under their charge are insufficient after providing for the other demands recognised by the present act.

No person claiming relief can appeal from the decision of the heritors and minister to the Sheriff, Justice of Peace, or Court of Session.

But if the heritors fail to meet and give relief to those who have hitherto received it, the persons aggrieved may apply to the Quarter Sessions—who may call upon the heritors to meet for this purpose under a penalty—but have no power to review their proceedings after so long.

On the 11th June, Mr. Brougham was passing thro' the lobby towards the House of Commons, at a near the spot where Bellingham assassinated the amiable and lamented Mr. Perceval, he was attacked by the notorious Robert Gourlay, ex-Canadian Reformer, with a whip, or small stick, which he the said Gourlay applied to the shoulders of the Hon. Member, but with what degree of force it does not appear. Gourlay was immediately taken into custody by the Serjeant at Arms, and stated as the cause of the assault that Mr. B. had neglected to present his petition to the House, and had, moreover, deserted his cause, and taken up that of a *dead missionary*.—(Smith.)

He was kept in custody at the House of Commons—with two messengers in the prison rooms. A friend appeared, in consequence of what was said in the House of Commons by Mr. Canning, and preferred to take some care, to make some arrangements with Mr. Gourlay: but Mr. Gourlay would not accept of them. He insisted on remaining in custody, and on being called to the bar. He has prepared several petitions, which have been forwarded to an Hon. Member, but which he complains were not presented. The prisoner is well provided by Mr. Bellamy, the Commons' Coffee-house-keeper. He has caused to be published in the morning papers several certificates as to his mental sanity, and also another letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, in which he says his plan was laid five months ago, in concert with a Dr. Hamilton, who formerly lived in Canada.

Mr. Gourlay was released from his confinement immediately after Parliament was prorogued, but was brought to Bow-street, where Sir George Frethill and Dr. Munroe, swore that he was a dangerous person, of unsound mind, and ought not to be suffered to go abroad.—He was then committed to the House of Correction, with directions to have every care taken of him.

An account of the proceedings under the insurrection act, during the last year, has been published by order of the House of Commons. It appears that no less than seventeen hundred and seven persons were brought to trial, after periods of imprisonment, amounting in many instances, to two and seven and three months, though not more than 271 were convicted, and sentence was actually carried into execution upon only 75.

The treaty has been published between Great-Britain and Prussia, stipulating "a reciprocal abrogation of all discriminating and countervailing duties which were demanded and levied upon the ships or productions of either nation in the ports of the other."

Official accounts have at length been received, confirming the melancholy intelligence of the death of Sir Charles M'Carthy, but the despatches containing the details of the operations with the Ashantees have not yet reached England.

It is contemplated to form a canal for ships of 200 tons, between Bristol and the British channel. The expense is calculated at 800,000*l.* sterling. Two hundred lives a year are said to have been lost by the present dangerous passage round the Land's End, and the loss of property is estimated during the same period, at 900,000*l.*

We have much pleasure in announcing the safe arrival of Mrs. Bowdich and her children from Africa, after a voyage of nine stormy weeks. Her sufferings have been great; but, we understand, she is recovering her health and strength daily. She has brought very interesting materials, and the literary world may anticipate a treat from the pen of the first female traveller in the wild regions of Africa.

The finance accounts of the United Kingdom for the year 1823 have been delivered. The total income paid into the Exchequer is 56,672,999*l.*; the total expenditure is 50,962,014*l.*; the surplus of income over expenditure is therefore 6,710,985*l.*

A public meeting was held in London on the 18th June, to consider the propriety of erecting a monument to the memory of James Watt, the inventor of steam-engines.—Lord Liverpool presided, and his Majesty, who is always foremost in generosity and patriotism, subscribed 500*l.* towards defraying the expense of the same.

The aggregate property of the members of Lloyd's is said to be more than 100 millions. The late Mr. Angerstein stated before a committee of the House of Commons, in 1810, that he had, in the course of twenty-two years, insured one mercantile house property to the amount of eight millions and a half of money, and upon this sum the losses, by insolvency of underwriters, did not amount to three-pence halfpenny per cent!

The preparations which have been making for the bombardment of Algiers, and the annoyance of the Dey, are now completed, and the last of the vessels ordered upon the service, sailed the 20th June. His Majesty's ship, *Lightning*, with Mr. Guze, (Master Attendant) on board, accompanied the Admiral Berkeley transport, Lieut. Sanders, (laden with coals) sailed the 21st day; and the *Algerine*, 16 guns, Capt. Hon. M. Stopford, with the mortar vessel, *Falmouth*, Lieut. Laws, and *Goodwill*, Lieut. Thorne, sailed on Tuesday, for Algiers Bay; the *Infernal Bomb*, Capt. Barclay, (which ship arrived here on Tuesday from Chatham,) *Hamozé* mortar vessel, Lieut. MacCausland, and the *Industry* transport, with Ordnance stores, will probably sail to-morrow, for the same destination.

The *Valorus* frigate has arrived in England from Mexico, with 800,000 dollars in specie, and an Ambassador from the Mexican Government.

A loan for one million sterling, to the Buenos Ayres government, was negotiating.

The Bank Directors have come to the resolution of lending money at the rate of 4 per cent. on Government Securities or on Bank Stock. The advances on Government Securities will be to the amount of three fourths of the market value, and for a period of not less than one month, nor more than six months.

This circumstance and the pacific intentions of the continental powers, announced in the King's Speech have improved the funds. Consols for acct. 95*½*.

His Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor General and Commander in Chief of the forces in North America, who sailed from Quebec June 6th, arrived at Portsmouth July 3d, and immediately set off for London.

The Prince de Polignac, Ambassador from France at the Court of St. James, has married Lord Raneliffe's sister, widow of the Marquis de Choiseul.

Lady Byron has given up her jointure of 2000*l.* per annum to the present Lord Byron.

The marriage of M. Rothschild, of Paris, will shortly be celebrated at Frankfort. It is said that the head of the house of Rothschild, at Frankfort, who has no children, has added a million to the three millions which are the marriage-portion of his niece.

A Statue is to be erected in Westminster Abbey to the memory of John Kemble, the actor.—The sculptor is Flaxman. Kemble is represented as Cato—" 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us."

A copy of "Columbus's Letter to the King of Spain, on the discovery of America," consisting of only three leaves, was sold in London, at auction, on the 7th of July, for 34 guineas.

Lord Clive has become one of the most ardent Bibliomanists of the present day. His Library received some splendid and rare additions from the dispersed collection of Sir Mark Sykes.

Lord Napier has been elected a Scots Peer to succeed the late Marquis of Lothian. Messrs. Gazelee, Spankie and Adams, on the 5th July, took the oaths before the Lord Chancellor as Sergeants at Law, and Gazelee at the same time took the oath as one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Justice Richardson, who has resigned on account of ill health.

LORD BYRON.—The crowds that presented themselves at No. 20, Great George Street to view the above illustrious person lying in state, were beyond all precedent; and the uproar and confusion that prevailed beggar description. The bustle was so great that it was found expedient to call in the aid of Handley and Weale, the two principal officers of Queen's square establishment, and even their presence scarcely tended to abate the violence of the applicants—so eager were they to gain admittance.

Next morning a wooden frame was erected round the coffin and urn, to keep the spectators off upon the top of which were plumes of sombre feathers. The splendid pall was then thrown over the coffin, on each side were displayed five escutcheons, and one at the head and foot. Another pall was placed over the urn, which was decorated with four escutcheons.

On the coffin was surmounted with a lid of rich black feathers, which formed a whole a remarkable grand and funeral aspect. On the sides of the pall that enveloped the urn, were displayed his Lordship's splendid coronet and cushion.

Five o'clock Lord Byron's suite accompanied the body to England. Amongst them is a doctor (an Italian) who attended his Lordship, and also his Italian courier; the latter is a man of robust stature, and wears a rich uniform *en militaire*, of blue and silver, of muscular form and outline of bodily strength, for which the late Lord Byron was remarkable, were perfectly visible after his decease, notwithstanding the operation of his paralyzing illness, and the previous indisposition, which was attended with very debilitating effects. The personal appearance continued nearly the same when the body was removed from the spirits, in which it had been preserved in the voyage to this country, into the coffin finally prepared for its reception. The fine lines of the features had of course collapsed in death, but they were previously reduced, and expressive of much care and anxiety. His hair had grown thin, and become in many places gray; this alteration became more visible after death, when the curls lay more extended upon the surface of the head. There was no appearance of convulsion upon the features, and the approach of death was in all probability imperceptible to the deceased, who seemed to have died in a state of extreme languor. Near the coffin, on the ground, is an escutcheon, which was painted on wood in Greece, and there displayed when the body of Lord Byron lay in a state at Missolonghi.

The late Lord Byron's will passed the Seal of the Prerogative Court in Doctor's Commons on the 6th inst. probate being granted to John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. and John Hanson, of Chancerylane, Esq. executors. The personal estate in England was sworn under 10,000*l.* The will is dated the 29th July, 1815, and with the exception of a bequest of 1000*l.* each to his Lordship's executors, is made solely to benefit his sister, Augusta Mary Leigh, wife of George Leigh, Esq. and her children; Lady Byron and any family he might have, being stated to be otherwise amply provided for. The manor or Lordship of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, is given to the executors in trust to be sold for the above purposes; as is also the manor and estate of Newstead, in the county of Nottingham, which latter is subject to a charge of 60,000*l.* for fulfilling the trusts of his marriage settlement—but which sum, or any other part thereof, not so appropriated, is to constitute part of the general estate. Mrs. Leigh is to have a life interest, free from her husband's control, and her children are to inherit the principal, according to her appointment by will or otherwise, and failing such provision, in equal portions, to sons at twenty-one, and to daughters at that age or marriage, with benefit of survivorship. There is a codicil annexed to the will, dated at Venice, the 17th November, 1818, bequeathing to his executors 5000*l.* in trust for Allegra Byron, an infant about twenty-one months old, "by me brought up, and now residing at Venice," to be paid to her at twenty-one or marriage, "provided she does not marry a native of Great Britain."—The interest, in the meantime, for her maintenance and education.

GREAT FIRE IN EDINBURGH,

A most destructive fire broke out on the 20th June, in the lower story of a tenement occupied by a Mr. Gunn, as a spirit seller, at the head of the Royal Bank Close. It was occasioned by the imprudence of some midnight carousers, who had thrown a glass of spirits into the fire. The alarm was given a little before one o'clock, and the fire engines were promptly upon the spot; but from the quantity of old panneling and other timber work in the building, the flames spread rapidly, and the house in which the fire had originated, with the one behind it, were burnt down in three hours, while two other tenements adjoining, the one leading into the Parliament-square, and the other on the east side within the square, had also caught fire. It was hoped that the former of these would be partially saved, but the flames have completely gutted the building, and the other house exhibits an almost equally ruinous spectacle. The "Weekly-Chronicles's" publishing office, Mr. Sutherland's book-binding shop, the Pitcairne Insurance office, and several old established writing-chambers, were in the premises which have been consumed.

At a Special General meeting of the directors of the North British Insurance Company, held in their office on the 24th June, 1824.

Claud Russel, Esq. in the chair.

"It was unanimously Resolved, to take the most prompt measures for ascertaining and paying the loss to all persons insured with the office, who have sustained damage on the present melancholy occasion.

All persons insured with this office, having property damaged or destroyed, are therefore requested to give notice to the office of the extent of their claim, so that their losses may be paid without any delay.

The directors of the Corporation take this opportunity of earnestly pointing out to the public, and especially to holders of property in the Old Town, the hazard incurred by not insuring; and the very small payment which is required to protect against the lamentable consequence of neglecting it.

The directors, considering the great sufferings of the unfortunate persons whose property is not insured, and who have lost their homes, and many of them their all by the fire, agree to authorize their managers to pay fifty guineas, as the subscription of the Company towards the relief of the individuals whose situation is found to require it.

The directors also agreed, individually, to subscribe one guinea, each for the same purpose."

Steam Navigation.—The advantages which steam navigation affords to travellers will be shortly extended (it is stated to us) in an extraordinary degree on the coast of Scotland; as a steam-bont very superior in her size, construction, and accommodations, is about to be established in the month of July, between Loch Tarbert, Isla, Staffa, Iona, and even the Giant's Causeway. It is needless to point out the advantages which travellers in general, but more particularly the curious, will now enjoy in being thus enabled by means of this pleasant and expeditious conveyance to visit those parts of the North, so celebrated for the remains of antiquity and the wonders of nature.

Deaths.—Among the deaths, we notice those of Lord M'Donald of the Isles; of the Hon. George Watson, uncle of Lord Sondes; of general Farley, late of the 68th regiment, and of Madame Riego. Also, of general Murray, father of the late Governor of Demerara.

The Rt. Hon. Henry Howard Molineux Howard died in London on the 17th June. He was brother to the Duke of Norfolk, and executed the office for him of Earl Marshal of England, being a Protestant.

At Lairg Cottage, near Tain, (Scotland,) on the 29th May, Lt. J. P. Gordon, aged 30 years, half-pay 71st H. L. I.

Death of the Queen of the Sandwich Islands.—The death of her Majesty Tamchamalu, consort of His Majestys Tamchalamalu, the second King of the Sandwich Islands, took place on the 8th of July. Her Majesty was quite sensible and composed. His Majesty took his last farewell about ten o'clock in the morning, previously to which she informed him that she was sensible she was dying, and was quite resigned. The immediate cause of Her Majesty's death was inflammation of the lungs.

We are in less grief for His Majesty's loss, as we understand, he has four more wives at home. The Courier adds,—“The mortal remains of the Queen were removed at five o'clock this morning, (12th,) from Osborn's Hotel, in a bears and six followed by some of the suite in a mourning coach, and deposited in a vault under St. Martin's Church, where it will remain until removed for embatation.”

Death of the Chinese Lady.—To the death of Her Majesty the Queen of the Sandwich Islands, (says the Courier,) we regret to add that of another remarkable foreign lady, Yhou Fung Queon, who expired on Friday, July 9.

The papers announce the death of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The French Court was ordered to go into mourning for fifteen days.

On the 21st June, the venerable Archdeacon Owen, Chaplain general to his Majesty's Forces, was buried at East Horsely, a small living in Surrey, which the Archbishop of Canterbury presented to him seven or eight years ago. He was in the East Indies from about the year 1788 to 1793, from whence he returned by land, and walked a great part of the journey. He was with the Duke of York in the expedition to Holland, and with Sir Arthur Wellesley in Portugal, and was appointed by his late Majesty to the Chaplain Generalcy about the year 1812.—At Malta, on the 8th March last, Capt. James Watt, of the Brig Renown of Kirkady.

Madame Riego, widow of Gen. Riego, died in London on the 19th June.—The Dowager Countess of Albermarle, Sir George Wood, Knt., aged 81, late one of the Barons of the Exchequer.

FRANCE.—In the course of an interesting debate which took place in the Chamber of Deputies, on the expenses of the Spanish campaign, and the extraordinary mismanagement of public money, which is said to have distinguished it, and after all the orators who had inscribed their names to speak for or against the project of law for granting the supplementary credits had finished—M. de Martignac, the Reporter of the Commission made his final summary, and admitted, in the most unqualified manner, that there had been great extravagance and great dishonesty in the expenditure of the public treasures during the war. He concluded by declaring, however, that Ministers, in the liquidation of the accounts, would not pay what was manifestly unjust—that incapacity would be removed, and knavery punished.

Subsequent to this, but before the Chamber came to a vote, Mr. de la Bourdonnaye, the leader of the ultra opposition, asked M. de Villele a few questions, which led to the following extraordinary admission on the part of the latter, who is now to be considered the prime, or *Supreme* Minister of France.

M. de Villele said he considered all the three Intendants employed successively during the campaign, as positive knaves, or of suspicious honesty; that the first was guilty; the second guilty though in a less degree; and third, not entirely free from corrupt conduct.

These three Intendants, according to the order in which M. de Villele wished to apply censure, are M. Sicard, M. Regnault, and M. Joinville.

M. Bourdonnaye rose and admitted their common corruption, but dissented from the justice of this graduation of the scale, and declared his conviction, that if the first was liable to reproaches, the second was more guilty, and the third a thousand times more than the second.

Another question was then put by the ultra leader of the opposition; which led to a still more extraordinary avowal on the part of the Minister—namely, that this guilty second Intendant, M. Regault, was actually, at the moment, auditor of his own dishonest accounts, and was then sitting at the head of a commission at Toulouse, passing the very bills which attested his corrupt conduct.

This avowal which was drawn reluctantly from M. de Villele, and only after Damas, the Minister of War, had been appealed to, seemed to strike the Chamber with astonishment. It did not, however, prevent the passing of the project of law, which was adopted by a majority of 294 to 69. The great majority obtained by the Minister in this case, evidently lent him their support on the pledge that strict inquiries would be instituted into malversation; and from an opinion that, although malversations had existed, the public services should not be interrupted by refusing the estimated credit.

The *Moniteur* of the 10th June, contains the official publication of the laws for altering the constitution of the Chamber of Deputies. The law is in the following terms:

"Louis by the Grace of God, King of France and Navarre, to all present and to come greeting. We have proposed, the Chambers have adopted, we have decreed, and do decree, what follows:—The present Chamber of Deputies, and all those which shall succeed it shall be renewed *integrally*. They shall have a duration of seven years, reckoning from the day on which the ordonnance shall be issued for their first convocation, unless they shall be dissolved by the King. The present law, having been discussed." &c.

On the 12th a law passed the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 299, to 29, providing for the retiring on pensions, of the judges of the principal tribunals, who may be superannuated or infirm.

The annual Budget had been under discussion in the French Chamber, and met with no very strong opposition. The remarks of some of the Deputies were marked with hostility to every principle bordering on liberal.

In France the *Rentes* have fallen two per cent, in consequence of the rejection of the Ministerial Financial law, which seems to us to possess the merit which we could expect from the past measures of the existing French Ministry.

The *North American Review* has been proscribed in France. By a formal order of the government its title is inserted in the list of prohibited books, and the custom-house officers are commanded not to suffer it to pass through their hands into the country. Booksellers are also forbid to have it on sale, and it is subject to be seized when found in any person's possession.

PARIS, July 11.—The King received the respects of the Princes, Ministers, and a great number of general members, at his palace of Saint-Cloud, this day.

PARIS, July 8.—The Prince de Galitzen set off day before yesterday from Paris for London *en courier*, with despatches from the Russian Ambassador.

The Duke de la Chatre was seized with an apoplectic fit on the 5th of July.

The *Moniteur* of the 12th June, contains the law by which the number of men of the land and sea forces called out annually, is carried to 60,000 strong instead of 40,000, and the term of service is carried to eight years instead of six years for infantry, and eight years for other corps, as heretofore.

PARIS, June 12th.—The Minister of Marine has published in the *Moniteur* a notice to the owners of French vessels and cargoes captured by Spanish cruizers during the late war, indicating the formalities requisite to enable them to claim indemnification.

The King of Wirtemberg was on a tour in France, and was expected to arrive at Marseilles on the 8th. Count Golz was appointed Prussian Ambassador to London. The Dwina at Archangel was still covered with solid ice, May 17th, and the thermometer was 5 degrees below the freezing point.

We do not find that any further change had taken place in the French ministry. It was reported that the Baron De Damas, Minister of War, had resigned, but the report was contradicted. The *Journal de Debats* continued to contain attacks on the Ministry, said to be from the pen of M. De Chateaubriand.

Several Journals have published the following article:

"It is said there has arisen some difficulties in the Council of State, in respect to the bulls of the Bishop of Montaubert—they have considered this Prelate as a foreigner, because he has resided for a long time in America—it appears to us that Mr. Cheverus was in the same situation with so many Bishops and Priests who the revolution drove out of France, and who have returned to it some sooner some later, without being required, to be re-naturalized in order to regain their rights, as Frenchmen."—Mr. Cheverus is not in the same situation as the Priests whom left France during the revolution, and it is not because he has resided a long time in America that the Council of State considers him a foreigner.

Mr. Cheverus naturalized himself in the United States.

The 17th article of the Civil Code says, that the quality of French, is lost by naturalization in a foreign country, and as none but a Frenchman according to the laws of the kingdom, can be a Bishop in France, the Council of State has certainly done right in suspending the enregisterment of the bulls of Mr. Cheverus until he has taken the necessary steps to recover that character.

Provincial Journal.

AUGUST 1824.

NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX, July 27.—His Excellency Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart. his Lady, Family, and Suite, came passengers in the Samarang to Halifax.

At half past ten o'clock this morning, (Wednesday) his Excellency Sir Howard Douglas, Bart, accompanied by Sir William Wiseman, Bart, left the Samarang, in Rear Admiral Fahie's Barge, and soon after landed at the King's Wharf, where he was received under a Salute of Arms, from the Grenadier Company of the 74th Regiment, welcomed on his landing by the Staff and other officers of the Garrison, and immediately proceeded to Government House.

Capt. M'Lean, 81st Regt. also came passenger in the Samarang.

The Salisbury, 60, Rear Admiral Fahie, sailed on the 11th instant from Halifax for Portsmouth. Rear Admiral Lake assumed the command of the North American station on the 5th. Thanks were voted to Admiral Fahie, on his departure, by the Halifax Chamber of Commerce.

John Young, Esq. has been elected a member for the County of Sydney.

The Receiver General of the Island of Prince Edward, who had made himself so obnoxious in the late difficulties in the Colony, has been superseded, and his successor has entered upon the discharge of his duties. The appointment of Col. Ready as Lt. Governor appears to give satisfaction to the inhabitants.

A circulating Library has been opened in Halifax which is said to contain a number of standard works of great merit, comprising history, poetry, travels, &c. many have been received, and the committee are in expectation of obtaining shortly an additional supply. An institution of this kind has long been a desideratum in our literature, and now that it is supplied, we sincerely hope it may go on and prosper—that the public may duly appreciate its advantages, and continue their support to it, so that the plan may be carried to a greater perfection.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

July 12.—The American Steam packet, New-York, visited our harbour on Monday last. About two hundred ladies and gentlemen from Eastport and its vicinity were on board of her. She was cheered by the crews of the ships in the harbour and saluted from one of the wharves; which compliment she returned.

A private bank has been instituted at St. Andrews, N. B. The inconvenience felt by the inhabitants from the circumstance of the bank of St. John, not selling bills of Exchange is the cause. It is established by Christopher Scott, Esq.

Lower Canada.

INCIDENTS, DEATHS, &c,

MONTREAL.

The Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery, which commenced sitting on the 10th inst. was on the 26th adjourned till the 2d of November next, previous to which the undermentioned sentences were pronounced:

Amable Soers, Petty Larceny, 3 months imprisonment,

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Jan B. Gauvreau, stealing above the value of 40s. in a dwelling-house, one year in the House of Correction.

Simon Morris, Rape, to be hanged on Friday 22d October next.

Joseph Coward, Petty Larceny, 2 months imprisonment.

John Lucas, and James Rogers, Grand Larceny 13 months imprisonment.

John Harvey, stealing on a Navigable River, to the value of 5s. 2 months imprisonment.

François Latrimouille, and Louis Verie, Petty Larceny, 6 months in the House of Correction.

Isabelle Marcotte, receiving stolen goods, 6 months in the House of Correction.

John James Prime, Horse Stealing, to be hanged on the 22d October next.

Hugh Roney, for making a disturbance in the King's High way, 7 days imprisonment.

Francis Tate, Assault, fine of 40s. with security to keep the Peace for 12 months, himself in 20l. and two Sureties in 10l. each.

At the close of the Court the following Presentment was made by the Grand Jury.

To the Honble. the Commissioners of His Majesty's Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the District of Montreal.

The Grand Jury respectfully present—that in compliance with the recommendation from the Court, in the charge to the Jury, they visited the Jail and House of Correction; and carefully examined into the circumstance attending the recent escape of several prisoners—and that it appears to have been effected from the insufficiency of the Jail and the wall which surrounds it; and from buildings erected against the said wall, rather than from carelessness in those intrusted with the safe keeping of the prisoners.

The Jurors present, that in their opinion the Jail cannot without great expense be made a safe place for detaining prisoners, but that desirable object might be in part attained (until a new Jail shall be built) by raising a wall around the present Jail, sufficiently high to prevent their escape without a ladder or some assistance.—By this means debtors and other prisoners accused of minor offences might be permitted during the day to take air and exercise in the yard. That the inside of the Jail is much in want of some repair, and that white washing at regular fixed periods would tend much to its salubrity.

That great inconvenience arises from the necessity which at present exists of confining insane persons in the Jail, where they cannot have the requisite medical treatment, that might alleviate or remove their melancholy state.

That the House of Correction being kept in a part of the building erected for a Jail, is also a great inconveniency and requires a remedy.

These matters the Grand Jury believe have already been presented by former Grand Jurors, and by being again brought under the notice of the Court they hope adequate remedies will be applied.

Grand Jury Room, }

26th Augt. 1824. }

(Signed,) THOMAS BLACKWOOD, Foreman.

JOHN MOLSON,

ROBT. ARMOUR,

H. GRIFFIN,

P. DEZERY,

P. JOS. LACROIX,

PR. HERVIEUX,

JOSEPH MASSON,

ROBERT FROSTE,

JH. ROY,

CHAS. GRANT,

F. ROLLAND,

THOS. BARRON,

A. L. MACNIDER,

JAMES MILLAR,

J. VIGER,

J. JONES.

The Court of King's Bench for the Trial of Criminal causes, commenced sitting in this City on the 27th.

On the 16th the Canal Boat, JANE, commenced running between Lock No. 4, close by this city to Lachine. She will continue her trips regularly twice each day, and will be of very great advantage to the community. The novelty of the sight drew a great crowd of spectators to the spot whence she started.

We understand that the Commissioners of the Canal are making every possible ex-

ertion for putting things into such a state of forwardness, so as to enable them to complete this desirable work early in the ensuing season; but until that is effected, the distance from town to the Lock No 4, is so short, as to render it only a pleasant walk to where the passage boat will ply from; in time to meet the Steam Boat *Peseverance* previous to her departure from Lachine to the Cascades.

Awful Warning.—A few days ago a child between 4 and 5 years of age, the son of Mr. Moore, clerk to the Brigade Major, got out of bed, and perceiving a decanter with spirits drank a sufficient quantity to cause his death on the following evening.—The most skilful medical aid was procured, but every effort to save the life of the poor child proved unavailing.

A Soldier in a state of intoxication fell from a window two stories high a short time since, and was killed.

Providential Escape.—On Sunday morning 29th a lad about thirteen years old went through a trap door of the three story brick house in St. Francois Xavier Street, occupied by Mr. Merckel, and when in the act of reaching towards a shed only a short distance from the place where he stood, he lost his balance, and fell on the roof of the shed, from which he rolled to the roof of another house still lower, and fell into the yard in rear; the only injury which he received in his fall was a slight bruise on his head, and another on his elbow.

Ordination.—On Sunday 1st the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Christmas, took place, in St. Andrews Church, St. Peter street. The ceremony was performed by the Presbytery of New York, who had come here on purpose; the Congregation being it appears under them. The Church was crowded to excess to witness this unusual spectacle in Canada—and we understand that some excellent and appropriate discourses were preached on the occasion.

A Society has lately been formed in this city amongst the *Law Students*, for the very laudable purpose of discussing Legal questions, &c. and that they intend adopting a *Costume* peculiar to themselves. We wish them every success which their endeavours to promote the respectability of the profession and their own prospects in life so eminently deserve.

Shop Breaking.—On Wednesday evening 25th the Store of Messrs. McKenzie, Bethune & Co. on the quay, was broken open while the Clerk was absent at the Circus. The desks in the Counting room were forced open, and 28l taken from one of them. Above stairs the drawers of Mr. McKenzie's desk was attempted, and some trunks forced, but no money being found; nothing was taken. Cash seemed to be their sole object.

The Iron door being locked on the outside, consequently the inner hooks were not fast, and the under part of the door was bent so as to admit one of the gang who must have let in the others by the Counting room window. While there, they were very industrious, for the house was completely ransacked.

The same evening, a Hat Store belonging to Mr. Bagg, of this city, situated in the Old Market, was broken into, and an attempt at robbery made, which was fortunately prevented in the following manner. Two young men, who it appears, slept in the store, happened to enter it at the moment the thief was preparing to carry off his booty. The latter thinking to escape discovery in the dark, retired to a corner to be snug; but unfortunately for him, he happened to skulk into the very place where their matches were kept, and where he was found by the young man when groping about for a match to light his candle. The youth immediately gave the alarm to his companion; but the depredator escaped in the dark. On a light being procured, several fine hats were found packed up for removal, but nothing was missing.

Burglary and Robbery.—The shop of Mr. Chalmers, Boot Maker, in Notre Dame Street was broken into, and robbed of a quantity of Boots, Shoes, &c. to the amount of about 50 dollars.

Suicide.—On the 17th, the wife of a man named Proulx, at Pointe aux Trembles, hung herself in the garret of their residence. She had before made frequent attempts to terminate her existence by drowning; and, on the evening previous to the day on which she committed the fatal act, she offered money to her servant to induce her to assist her in so doing. This is the fourth or fifth suicide which has been committed by persons of the same family. The Coroner's Jury brought in a verdict of *Insanity*.

Shocking Accident.—On the 16th, an habitant of Belœil, named Lamothe, crossing in the Team-boat, while amusing himself by observing the movements of the horses, unfortunately stooped too far forward, in such a manner, that his head was crushed to pieces between the door frame and iron-bow, to which one of the horses was attached; his body was afterwards drawn in, and trampled for some minutes under the horses' feet; before the machine could be stopped. He has left a widow and several children.

On the 30th, His Excellency Sir F. Burton, our respected Lieutenant Governor arrived in this city. He came from Chambly, where he had been on the usual tour around our military posts: and was greeted on his landing with the usual salute from the garrison. The Commissary General, and the officers of his staff, accompanied His Excellency in his visit.

Fire-Works.—The citizens of Montreal, were gratified on the evening of the 29th with a very excellent display of fireworks, set off in a field in rear of the Main Street of the Quebec Suburb. The whole went off exceedingly well, and we would almost say it is the first instance of the pyrotechnical trade we have seen in Montreal, crowned with complete success.

Died.—At St. Michel D'Yamaska, on the morning of Saturday, the 31st ult. after a lingering illness, the Reverend PIERRE GIBERT, Curate of that place. This reverend Gentleman, who was a native of Normandy, had been obliged to expatriate himself in the early period of the French Revolution, when almost all his brethren of the Clergy were expelled from France. He had been for about thirty years previously to his decease an inhabitant of Canada, where he was held in estimation not merely by those who had the happiness of belonging to his own church, but for the amenity and cheerfulness of his manners, the kindness of his disposition, and his freedom from illiberal prejudices, was esteemed and respected by persons of every religious persuasion.

On the 12th, at River St. Pierre, Mrs. N. HANNAH, wife of Mr. A. Ogilvie, farmer there.

QUEBEC.

There has been a greater number of the visitors who travel for amusement here this season, principally from the United States, than for several years before. The tour through Upper and Lower Canada by the American gentlemen and the tour through the United States by the Canadian gentlemen, become every year more common. The communication by Steam boats makes only two or three weeks of comfortable and cheap travelling necessary to take a view of the whole settled parts of Canada from Detroit to the Gulf; and we have no doubt that some years hence, when accommodations become more extensive and the means of gratification more numerous, that the numbers will greatly increase.

Ordination.—The Lord Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Revd. Archdeacon Mountain and the Revd. Dr. Mills, held an ordination in the Cathedral Church of this city, on Sunday the 15th inst. when Mr. James Cuppaige Cochran of King's College, Nova Scotia, was admitted to the Holy Order of Deacons, on letters Dimissory from the Lord Bishop of that Diocese.

And on Tuesday the 24th inst. being St. Batholomew's day, his Lordship admitted the same gentleman to the Holy Order of Priests, in the Cathedral, assisted by the Revd. D. Mills, and the Revd. Mr. Burrage.

On Tuesday 24th, the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, assisted by the Revd. Dr. Mills, Chaplain to H. M. Forces, and the Revd. Mr. Burrage, held an Ordination in the Cathedral Church of this City, when the Revd. James Cuppaige Cochran was admitted to Priests' Orders. This gentleman, brother to Andrew W. C. Cochran, Esq. Civil Secretary, was ordained Deacon on Sunday the 15th of the present month.—We understand he proceeds to Halifax, the place of his appointment, immediately.

On the 27th a fine Brig called the ONTARIO was launched from the Ship yard of Mr. Bell; she went off the stocks in beautiful style, completely rigged.

Casualties.—A day labourer of the name of P. Lapierre, in attempting to pass from Blackwood's to Hunt's wharf, on the 13th, fell into the water and was drowned.—The body was a short time afterwards found.

A man belonging to the Schooner trading to the posts of the North West Comp.

ny, lying at Morrison's wharf, was drowned by falling between the wharf and the schooner, on the 13th.

We sincerely regret to have to announce that the Saw and Grist Mills of Lieut Colonel De Salaberry were burned at Chambly, on the 16th—fortunately the whole of the wheat had been removed the day before.

On the 20th the body of a woman was found floating in the River St. Lawrence, near the Grist Mills of the Hon. John Caldwell, at Pointe Levi. It proved to be the body of Mary Ewan, wife of William Daly, who was drowned on the 2d day of April last, by the oversetting of a Canoe belonging to one Lante of St. Nicholas, owing to having taken two oxen on board, which had by struggling got their legs untied, and then endeavouring to rise up had overturned the Canoe.

Died.—On Sunday the 1st instant, MARIE LOUISE BERGEVIN dit LANGEVIN, spouse of Mr. Toussaint Le Boeuf dit Laflamme, aged 50 years and 6 months.

At Boston, (Mass.) Dorothea, relict of Dr. Cockburn, late of this city, and wife of George Ridout, Esqr. Barrister, of York, U. C. to whom she was married in January last; and immediately after setting out on a tour to the United States, she was attacked with so severe a cold that she was confined to her bed, from which she never rose.

At his residence in Haldimand on Tuesday the 13th inst. greatly regretted, David McGregor Rogers Esq. aged 54 years. By his death, his family and friends have sustained a loss not easily computed, and the public, the loss of a most faithful and devoted servant.

Lately, at the Gut of Canso, in the 80th year of his age, John Higgins, Esqr.—For many years an active and worthy Magistrate of Cape Breton. By his will he directed that his Property should be appropriated—One half towards the support of a Minister of the Established Church, and the other half towards the support of a Schoolmaster, at Canso.

At Shelburne, on the 19th ultimo, Mr. Wm. Meathers, aged 80 years, an old and much respected inhabitant of that place: he has left a large family to lament his loss.

At River Ouelle, suddenly, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Angeliq. Têtu, wife of Mr. Joseph Sedillot dit Montreuil, sister to Felix Têtu, Esq. of this city.

At Soulanges, on the 11th inst. Paul Laroux, of that place; his death was occasioned by a fall out of his cart in returning from the Cascades to his house.

On the 11th inst. Mr. Donald McDonald, aged 77 years, a native of Inverness-shire, Scotland, who came from the United States into this country, at the time the Colonies revolted with the British loyalists under the command of Sir William Johnson. He has since resided in Glengary, in Upper Canada, and universally esteemed by all who had the pleasure of knowing him for possessing those rare qualities which adorn the mind of an honest and respectable man.

In this City, on the 29th ult. Mrs. Bridget Edge, wife of Mr. George Edge, of Richmond, Upper Canada, aged 50 years.

At Beauport, on Sunday last, after a severe illness of three weeks, Master Narcissus Panet, student at Nicolet College, son of the late Narcissus Panet of Montreal, aged 18 years.

Same day, Mr. Walter Walsh, of this City.

On the 10th ult. at St. Charles in Belle Alliance, in the 84th year of his age, Mr. Wm. Woodburn, of Ballymena, Ireland, deeply lamented by his family and friends.

Upper-Canada.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, by Proclamation bearing date the 2nd inst. has prorogued the Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada until the 16th of September next.

Welland Canal.—The whole intended route of that Canal is now surveyed. From the grand River to Chippawa, is ten miles—along the Chippawa, about ten miles—from Chippawa to Lake Ontario, by the Twelve Mile Creek, or the River at Niagara, about twenty miles. There is but little difference in the length from Chippawa to the mouth of the Twelve Mile Creek, or to the River at Niagara. There is, also

but little difference in the estimated expence of the route to those two places; that to Niagara we understand, is estimated at about 2000*l.* more than to the mouth of of the Twelve-Mile Creek;—in the last route, however, there is a much greater part to be done in perishable materials than in the former; besides, the great superiority of the noble harbor, formed by nature, in the river, over the superficial one to be made at the mouth of the Twelve-Mile Creek. This will, we have little doubt, induce the Directors to bring it to Niagara.—In the mean time, the first thing to be done, is the cut thro' the high lands from Chippawa to the head waters of the Twelve-Mile Creek,—this is common to both projected routes; and will be the place where the work will be commenced, we presume. From the Grand River to Chippawa, the intended route of the Canal passes through a very extensive swamp, containing many thousand acres of land, at present, of no use; and is a great injury to the neighbourhood from the unhealthy vapours that proceed from those stagnated waters in the summer; and being a harbour for wolves and other beasts of prey. The level of the swamp is higher than the Grand River, and about ten feet higher than Chippawa—so that the Canal would form a complete drain to the whole, by which that extensive tract of land, in place of being a nuisance to the neighbourhood, might be converted into fruitful fields.—We understand that a petition will be made to His Majesty, through the Lieutenant Governor, for a grant of said tract to the Stockholders of the Canal. Should that be granted, (which we can hardly doubt,) it will go far in defraying the expence of the cut from the Grand River to Chippawa. Much credit is due to the Directors and a few individuals, for their great and persevering exertions in pushing forward the business under many discouraging circumstances. It is melancholy and surprizing, to find such a backwardness in the most influential and wealthy people of the District to that great work.

Hail Storm.—On the 23d, in the evening, the vicinity of Brockville was visited by a heavy storm of hail, which, we are informed, has done considerable damage in some places. It does not appear to have been equally severe, at all points. We had little hail at Kingston, and nothing was experienced beyond a copious fall of rain accompanied by a strong gale of wind, and some loud peals of thunder.

A short time previous to the storm two men with one woman and child left Kingston, short in a small boat, which being leaky, took in so much water that the waves dashed over the sides and it filled. All on board were drowned except one man, who was fortunate enough to make his escape by swimming. The body of the child was found next morning and the other two the day after.

The business before the Court of General Gaol Delivery at Niagara, was not completed till the 10th inst,—on that day the Session was closed. The only criminals that were found guilty, were David Tweddy and John M'Neal: both for larceny; and both received the same sentence, *viz.* six weeks solitary confinement, and during that period to be twice publicly whipped—receiving at each time twenty five lashes. In civil matters, there were no trials of importance.

Steam Boat.—A steam packet is to be built at Black Rock, in time to be in operation next spring, to ply between that place, Chippawa in U. C. and the mouth of the Tonnewanta creek. Gilbert M'icking, Esq. and Col. Clark are said to be considerable share-holders.

The foundation stone of Ancaster Free Church was laid on the 8th July last.

Mr. Thomas Parker, of Niagara, fed a sheep, which was lately killed in that village—its carcase weighed 108 lbs. and the tallow 22 lbs.

Died.—At York, on the 29th July last, the Hon. Thomas Scott, formerly Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

At Kingston, lately, John, the youngest son of Mr. George Baxter, of that place.

New-Publications.—In the monthly list for June we find the following notices of new works:—

“Speedily will be published, *Five Years Residence in the Canadas, including a Tour through the United States of America in 1823*, by E. A. Tulbot, Esq. of the Talbot settlement, Upper Canada.”

“*An Excursion through the United States and Canada, during the years 1822 and 3*, by an English gentleman, is printing.”

“Lieut Morgan has in the press, the *Emigrant's Note-book, with Recollections of Upper and Lower Canada during the late war.*”

The Bachelor's Wife.—A selection of curious and interesting extracts with cursory observations, by John Gult, Esq.

The praise given to this work in the review we have seen, is of an equivocal cast; it is there said to be "a book quite good enough for the lazy people for whom it is intended."

Observations on the constitution and tendency of the Church-Missionary Society, by G. R. Greig, M. A.

The History of Mathew Wald, by the Author of Valerius.

Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain, selected and translated by John Bowring, Esquire.

Don Juan, Cantos 15 and 16.

American Literature.—Washington Irving, as we learn from the New-York Spectator, engaged in editing a splendid collection of English Literature, which is publishing in Paris, by A. & W. Galignani and Jules Didot, senior. His Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle are also announced in London.

H. Colburn and Company, London, announce the following works of American origin.

Mr. C. B. Brown, has published three volumes under the title of *Corwin and other American Tales*. Mr. Brown is already known to the world as the author of *Wieland, Ormond and Arthur Mervyn*, and is spoken of, in the English Periodical Works as possessing a bold and original genius. Blackwood's Magazine, in noticing his new work, thus compares him with Mr. Irving:—

"Washington Irving has grafted himself (style, feelings, allusions, every thing) on our Literature, properly so called, and has become merely one of a crowd of good English writers. Brown, it must be admitted, has followed the manner of Godwin a little too slavishly; but in all else he is purely American; and this it is which makes him stand out with so bold and single a prominence."

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

QUEBEC, 29th July, 1824.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments, viz:—

George C. Rankin, gentleman, to practice Physic and Surgery in this Province.

Moses Davis, Esq. Commissioner for the summary trial of certain small causes in the Parish of St. Andrew, County of York, District of Montreal.

François Bornais, culler and measurer of square Timber and Oars in this Province.

Peter McNeil, culler and measurer of Planks, Deals, Boards and Battens, in do.

William J. Vallée gent. to practice Physic, Surgery, and Midwifery, in this Province.

John M. Naughton, gent. ditto, ditto.

William DeLery, gent. a Notary Public, for do.

Charles Tetu, Esq. Commissioner for the summary trial of certain small causes in the parish of St. Jean Baptiste, County of Bedford, District of Montreal.

Elzear Bedard, Esq. Advocate, Attorney, Proctor, Solicitor and Counsel in all His Majesty's Courts of Justice in this Province.

Army Intelligence.

The Commander in Chief has recently published the following:—

GENERAL ORDER.—HORSE GUARDS, 17th May, 1824.

It has been reported to the Commander in Chief, that in some instances, Regimental Officers have been employed by certain Societies for the distribution of Bibles and Religious Tracts among the Troops; and, considering that such a duty belongs solely to the Chaplains of the army, who are attached to Garrisons or Brigades, and who are the proper and only channel, with the approbation of the Commanding Officers, for all communications of this nature. His Royal Highness strictly forbids

Military Officers from accepting or executing such commission, under the penalty of his Majesty's most severe displeasure.

In giving this Order to the Army, His Highness feels it essential to declare, that Military Chaplains, are always ready to perform the duties for which they are held responsible; and that they will never fail to give to the Troops, under regular authority, whatever it may be proper to distribute among them.

By His Royal Highness, the Commander in Chief's Command,

(Signed) HENRY TORRENS,

Adjutant General.

Army Pay Office, Horse Guards, June 23, 1824.

To Officers on half pay.—The Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury having determined that no Persons ought to be allowed to receive HALF PAY, who is in the Holy Orders; Notice is hereby given, by Orders of the Paymaster General, that all Officers on Half Pay, will be required, from the 25th of December next, to insert, in addition to their usual affidavits, that they are not in the Holy Orders, and after that period, no Half Pay can be issued to any Person unless the words "that is not in Holy Orders," are inserted in the affidavits.

This regulation does not however extend to Chaplains on Half Pay.

(Signed)

TERRICK HAULTAN,

Cashier of Half Pay.

War Office, June 19, 1824.

Memorandum.—His Majesty has been pleased to direct that the 60th Regiment of Foot shall cease to bear the appellation of the "Royal American" Regiment, and that it shall be termed the 60th Regiment, of the Duke of York's Own Rifle Corps and Light Infantry.

Army.—Promotions, &c. for July.—37th foot, Lt. Dyer, Adj. vice Lang ret. 60th, Hospital asst. Lamond to be asst. Surgeon, vice Melvin promoted; Lt. Temperest from the 98th, vice Cornwall, 76th foot, 71st Lt. Pennington from 5th Vet. Batt. vice McKenzie h. p.; Quarter Master Serjeant Agnew to be Qr. Master, vice Herring retired; 76th, Lt. Cornwall from 6th vice, Grubbe h. p. 74th.

7th Regt. of Foot—Ensign Lord Frederic Lenox, from the 62nd Foot to be to be Lieutenant without purchase, vice Burke deceased, dated 24th June, 1824.

76th do.—Gentleman Cadet C. Clark, from the Royal Military College to be Ensign, without purchase, vice Langmead, promoted in the 44th Foot.

MONTREAL PRICE CURRENT—AUGUST 1824.

PRODUCE OF THE COUNTRY.

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|----------|---|-----------|
| Pot Ashes, per cwt. | 30s. 6d. | a | 31s. |
| Pearl Ashes, ... | 34s. | a | 35s. |
| Fine Flour, per bbl. | 30s. | | |
| Sup. do. ... | 32s. 6d. | a | 33s. 9d. |
| Pork, (mess) ... | 75s. | a | 85s. |
| Pork, (prime) ... | 60s. | a | 65s. |
| Beef, (mess) ... | 57s. 6d. | a | 60s. 0d. |
| Beef, (prime) ... | 37s. 6d. | a | 40s. 0d. |
| Wheat, per minot | 3s. 9d. | a | 4s. 2d. |
| Barley, ... | 2s. 3d. | a | 2s. 4d. |
| Oats, ... | 1s. 8½s. | a | 1s. 10½d. |
| Pease, ... | 9s. 4d. | a | 3s. 9d. |
| Oak Timber, cubic ft. | 11d. | | 0d. |
| White Pine, | 3½ | a | 0s. 0d. |
| Red Pine, | 8d. | | |
| Elm, | 3½ | | |
| Staves, standard, per 1200, | £28, a | | £30. |
| West India, do. do. | £11. | | |
| Whiskey, country mf. | none. | | |

IMPORTED GOODS, &c.

| | | | |
|-----------------------|---------|-----|-----------|
| Rum, (Jamaica) gall. | 3s. 4d. | a | 3s. 8d. |
| Rum, (Leav'd) ... | 2s. 9d. | a | 2s. 10d. |
| Brandy, (Cognac) ... | 5s. 9d. | a | 6s. |
| Brandy, (Spanish) ... | 4s. 9d. | a | 5s. 0d. |
| Geneva, (Holland) ... | 4s. 9d. | a | 4s. 9d. |
| Geneva, (British) ... | 4s. 6d. | a | 4s. 9d. |
| Molasses, ... | a | 2s. | 2s. 6d. |
| Port Wine, per Pipe, | £30. | a | £55 |
| Madeira, O. L. P. | £50 | a | £75 |
| Teneriffe, L. P. | £30 a | | £32. 10s. |
| Do. Cargo..... | | | £20. |
| Sugar, (musc.) cwt. | £48s. | a | 50s. |
| Sugar, (Loaf) lb. | 0s. 8d. | a | 10d. |
| Coffee, ... | 1s. 2d. | a | 1s. 4d. |
| Tea, (Hyson) ... | 7s. 0d. | a | 0s. 0d. |
| Tea, (Twankay) ... | 6s. 0d. | a | 6s. 6d. |
| Soup, ... | 5½d. | a | 0s. 0d. |
| Candles, ... | 0s. 8d. | a | 0s. 0d. |