

PITT, BURKE, NELSON, AND WELLINGTON.

From the "New Interpretation of the Apocalypse" by the Rev George Croly.

Towards the close of the history, the writer adverts to the signal success which have characterized England during the late war, and gives a passing sketch of each of the four pre-eminent public men by whom the country has been led to glory.

"In all the interpositions of Providence, the fewness of the instruments is a distinguishing feature. In the commencement of the great European conflict, a man stood at the head of English affairs, fitted, beyond all his predecessors, for the crisis—gifted with all the qualities essential to the first rank in the conduct of empire—an eloquence singularly various, vivid and noble: a fortitude of soul that nothing could shake or surprise—a vigour and copiousness of resources inexhaustible. But he had a still higher ground of influence with the nation, in the unsullied honor and superiority to all the baser objects of public life—the utter stainlessness of his mind and conduct—the unquestionable purity of the zeal which burned in his bosom, as on an altar, for the glory of England. The integrity of Pitt gave him a mastery over the national feeling that could not have been won by the most brilliant faculties alone. In those great financial measures, rendered necessary by the new pressure of the time, and on which all the sensitiveness of a commercial people was alive, the nation would have trusted to no other man. But they followed Pitt with the profoundest reliance. They honored his matchless understanding; but they honored more the lofty principle and pure love of country, that they felt to be incapable of deception. The British minister formed a class by himself. He was the leader, not only of English Counsel, but of European. He stood on an elevation to which no man before him had ascended. He fought the battle of the world until the moment when the struggle was to be changed into victory; he died in the night of Europe, but it was when the night was on the verge of dawn. If it could ever be said of a minister, that he concentrated in himself the mind and heroic heart of an empire, that he was at once the spirit and the arm of a mighty people, Pitt was that man.

"Another extraordinary intellect was summoned for a separate purpose, scarcely less essential. The Revolutionary influence had made its way extensively through the country. A crowd of daring writers from whose pens every drop that fell was the venom of atheism and anarchy, were labouring to pervert the public into general rebellion. Success had made them insolent; and the country was filled with almost the open array of revolt. The connection with France was palpable; for every hue of tempest in that troubled sky there was a corresponding reflection in our own; we had the fetes, the societies, and the spirit of France; every burst of strange fire from the wild and bloody rites that Republicanism had begun to celebrate, flashed over our horizon; every voice of its fantastic and merciless revelries found an echo on our shore.

"Burke arose; his whole life had been an unconscious preparation for this moment. His early political connexions had led him close enough to democracy, to see of what it was made, like Milton's Sin,

"Woman to the waist and fair,
But ending foul in many a scaly fold."

"His Parliamentary life had deeply acquainted him with the hollowness and grimace, the selfish disinterestedness, and the profligate purity of faction; and armed in panoply, he took the field. He moved among the whole multitude of querulous and

malignant authorship, a giant among pigmies, he smote their Babel into the dust, he left them without a proselyte or a name. His eloquence, the finest and most singular combination that the world has ever seen of magnificent fancy and profound philosophy, yet too deliberate, too curious in its developments, for the rapid demands of public debate, here found its true region, here might gather its strength like cloud on cloud, touched with every glorious colour of heaven, till it swelled into tempest, and poured down the torrents and the thunders. No work within human memory ever wrought an effect so sudden, irresistible, and saving, as the book on the French Revolution. It instantly broke the Revolutionary spell; the national eyes were opened. The fictitious oracles, to which the people had listened as to wisdom unanswerable, were struck dumb in the moment of the true appearing. The nobles, the populace, the professions, the whole nation from the cottage to the throne, were awakened, as by the sound of a trumpet; and the same summons, which awoke them, filled their spirits with the patriot ardour that in the day of battle made them invincible. Burke, too, made a class in himself. As a public writer he had no equal and no similar; his place was alone. Like Pitt, when his labour was done, he died!

"England had now been prepared for war; and had been purified from disaffection. Her war was naval, and her fleets, commanded by a succession of brave men, had been continually victorious. But a struggle for life and death was to come. From 1798, France was in the hands of Napoleon. His sagacity saw that England was the true barrier against universal conquest; and he forced the whole strength of Europe against her. A man was now raised up whose achievements threw all the past into the shade. Nelson instantly transcended the noblest rivalry in a profession of talent and heroism. His valour and genius were meteor-like; they rose above all, and threw a splendour upon all. His name was synonymous with victory. He was the guiding star of the fleets of England. Each of his battles would have been a title to immortality; but his last exploit, in which the mere terror of his name drove the enemy's fleet before him through half the world, to be annihilated at Trafalgar, has no parallel in the history of arms. Nelson, too, made a class by himself. Emulation has never approached him. He swept the enemy's last ship from the sea; and like his two mighty compatriots, having done his work of glory, he died!

"The Spanish insurrection, in scarcely more than two years after the death of Pitt and Nelson, let in light upon the world. England the conqueror of the seas, was called to be the leader of the armies of Europe. A soldier now arose, equal to this illustrious task. He, too, has made a class by himself. But his praise must be left to the gratitude of his country, and to the homage of the future.

"The true conclusion to be drawn from such remembrances is no idle human exultation in the exploits of England, but a justified and hallowed feeling that our preservation has been the especial act of Providence; that a succession of silent miracles have been wrought for our safeguard; and that it is by the out stretched hand of Heaven that England has been borne unwounded through the mightiest of all wars, and has been finally raised to the summit of earthly power. To this the most glorious triumph ever given to the arm or counsel of man, would be trivial; yet we cannot doubt that this protection has been given, and that its gift was for the security of the true religi-

on. Contemplations like those may cheer us in the coming of that still sterner trial, which is already shaking the ground under every Continental throne. In the deep ruin of the day of terror, the people of God will be secure, and alone secure. The increased dominion of the Church of England, over the remote dependencies of the Empire, within these few years, an increase without compulsion, in the spirit of the purest benevolence, and even already attended with the brightest promise of morals, knowledge and the propagation of the Gospel; the increased diligence among ourselves, in providing for the public worship, by additional Churches, and additional provision for the religious knowledge of the people, are proofs that the Divine favour which raised, and has so long sustained the venerable establishment of this great Christian country, is not withdrawn; nay, that it has looked down with a more protecting eye, even on our own day.

"But, whatever shall be the sufferings of that fearful period, we have the highest declaration that they shall be boundlessly repaid by the coming of the KINGDOM OF GOD. The descriptions of the Apocalypse are veiled in the symbolical language of prophecy, and are to be fully interpreted only by the event. But in the Gospels and Epistles, there are distinct indications, though generally overlooked, of many circumstances of the future; a change in the human nature, in the social state, in the intellectual capacity, in the nobler affections; the whole exalting the Christian to a rank of power and actual splendour immeasurable by our present faculties, and preparing him to be an "heir of God and joint heir of Christ;" in itself a promise of unimaginable glory."

THE LION OF SOUTHERN AFRICA.

FATAL CONFLICT.—Poor Gert Schepers, a veeboor, of the Gradock district, was out hunting in company with a neighbor, whose name, as he is yet alive and has perhaps been sufficiently punished, I shall not make more notorious. Coming to a fountain, surrounded as is common, with fall weeds and rushes, Gert handed his gun to his comrade, and alighted to search for water. But he no sooner approached the fountain, than an enormous lion started up close at his side, and seized him by the left arm. The man, though taken by surprise, stood stock still without struggling, aware that the least attempt to escape would insure his instant destruction. The animal also remained motionless, holding fast the boor's arm in his fangs, but without biting it severely,—and shutting his eyes at the same time as if he could not withstand the countenance of his victim. As they stood in this position, Gert, collecting his presence of mind, began to beckon to his comrade to advance and shoot the lion in the forehead. This might have been easily effected, as the animal not only continued still with closed eyes, but Gert's body concealed from his notice any object advancing in front of him. But the fellow was a vile poltroon, and in place of complying with his friend's directions, or making any other attempt to save him, he began cautiously to retreat to the top of a neighboring rock. Gert continued earnestly to beckon for assistance for a long time, the lion continued perfectly quiet; and the lion hunters affirm, that if he had persevered a little longer, the animal would have at length relaxed his hold, and left him uninjured.—Such cases, at least, they maintain, have occasionally occurred. But Gert, indignant at the pusillanimity of his comrade, and losing patience with the lion, at last drew his knife, (a weapon which every back-country colonist wears sheathed at his side,) and with the utmost force of his right

arm, plunged it into the animal's breast. The thrust was a deadly one, for Gert was a bold and powerful man; but it did not prove effectual in time to save his own life—for the enraged savage, striving to grapple with him, and held at arm's length by the utmost efforts of Gert's strength and desperation, so dreadfully lacerated the breast and arms of the unfortunate man with his talons, that his bare bones were laid open. The lion fell at last from loss of blood, and Gert fell along with him. The cowardly companion who had witnessed the fearful struggle from the rock, now, however, took courage to advance, and succeeded in carrying his mangled friend to the nearest house, where such surgical aid as the neighbors could give, was immediately but vainly applied. Poor Gert expired on the third day after, of a locked jaw.

THE BLACKBIRD.

During the late snow storm an affecting little incident was noticed at Falkirk. A pair of blackbirds had built their nest in a thick holly bush, and five eggs, "black sitted," soon commanded the ceaseless attention of the female, which, while passing the patient long hours in the task of incubation, was cheered by the plaintive mellow song of the male from a neighbouring bough. The eggs were ripened into young birds ere the storm came on, and the genial weather which preceded it, promised fair for the bare gables; but the deep snow that whitened all the fields, and loaded every tree, blasted the hopes of the farmer and the feathered tree—and our two blackbirds, with their tender charge, had to prove the bitter drift. After stealing the crumbs from the girts of many a school boy, or picking up a scanty morsel upon the highway to keep in the spark of life in their young, the old ones were, after several days, rendered too weak for the unequal task, verifying the beautiful words of Burns:—

Ik happy bird, wee helpless thing?
That, in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee!
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,
An' close thy e'e!

The male was found lying cold, beneath his accustomed bough, and the female stretched dead upon the nest, which, however, contained all the young ones alive, the parent birds having starved themselves to save their defenceless progeny.

RAISING RENT.—A farmer in the neighbourhood of Doncaster, was thus accosted by his landlord, "John, I am going to raise your rent." John replied, "Sir I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot raise it myself."

THE N. B. ROYAL GAZETTE, is published every TUESDAY, by GEO. K. LUGRIN, Printer, to the KING'S Most Excellent Majesty, at his Office in Queen Street, over Mr. Sloop's Store, Fredericton, where Blanks, Handbills, &c. can be struck off at the shortest notice.

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The price of this Paper is Sixteen Shillings per annum (exclusive of Postage)—the whole to be paid in advance.

Advertisements not exceeding Fifteen Lines will be inserted for Four Shillings and Sixpence the first and One Shilling and Sixpence for each succeeding Insertion. Advertisements must be accompanied with Cash and the insertions will be regulated according to the amount received.

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