

ence over the imagination than the more antique story of Greece and Rome. We feel all this in a city, too, which, although he lustre be indeed dimmed, can still count among her daughters, maidens fairer than the orient pearls with which her warriors once loved to deck them. Poetry, Tradition, and Love, these are the Graces that have invested with an ever-charming cestus this Aphrodite of cities. From the same.

*A Drunken Man.*—A drunkard is in my eyes the most despicable of men, and so violent is my aversion to one, that, in sketching his character, I fear lest I may not be able to draw it sufficiently mild. I am a great stickler for sobriety, but, in protesting against the use of cordials, am myself an ardent spirit. I always had the most weighty scruples against a dram, and am one of those who feel no commiseration at the fall of the drama. When a man once becomes addicted to drink, he seldom leaves the practice off; it is one of those habits which is scarcely ever got rid of, but are always abandoned. Property is alike sacrificed to that pernicious influence of liquor; a man given to intoxication never can renovate his broken fortune, though he always fancies he is coming round; and, though his head is constantly swimming, he can never keep it above water. He endeavours to preserve him from melancholy by never being out of spirits, yet seldom can be said to enjoy himself except when he is either aleing or whining. He never thinks of death, though he delights in the anticipation of going to his beer. He behaves like a brute to his wife, inasmuch as he is addicted to kick her, and, if you tell him he is a villain, he replies that, as such, it is fit he should be brandied. His mania often drives him to crime, and though he constantly has a drop in his eye, he never thinks about the gallows. His illicit propensities render him blind to the beauty of the laws; he hates the customs of his country, and the duty on spirits he considers applicable not to the living, but the dead. He is continually making for the port, and has so great an anxiety to double the cape, that he soon arrives at death's harbour. Though generally the most degraded of men, yet a drunkard is most commonly first of the human race, at least, he is the one that soonest gets to the end of his journey.—*Comic Magazine.*

*Single Combats in Norway.* At times the Norwegian peasants seem to abandon, as it were, with a violent effort, their habitual phlegm, and either in moments of anger or intoxication display all the extravagance of frenzy, or of savage gaiety. These sudden transitions often give birth to serious quarrels. On such occasions the weapon of the belligerents is a knife, which is always suspended in its sheath from their waist, and if report may be credited, even their most desperate single combats are characterised by the sang froid which distinguishes these singular beings in the ordinary transactions of life. It is asserted, that previously to the commencement of the duel, each adversary darts his knife somewhat after the fashion of a javelin against a table, and that the point of honour forbids him to aim at the person of his antagonist a deeper blow than that already inflicted on the wood. We scarcely know which is most worthy of remark; the wild and romantic law of honour, which forms the basis of the combat, the good faith with which the convention is observed, and the amazing precision and address requisite for its fulfilment. The peasants sometimes engage in another sort of combat, more simple, though not less desperate, than the former. Each combatant holds in his right hand one of the formidable knives already mentioned, and with his left firmly grasps the wrist of his adversary's right hand. In this manner each, whilst aiming his own blow, endeavours forcibly to turn aside the weapon of his opponent. In this species of duel, which partakes of the nature of a wrestling bout, the chances are nearly equal; for, in point of agility and bodily strength, the combatants are always equally matched. *Travelling Sketches in the North of Europe.*

*Anecdote of Hume.* Hume often met with illiberal treatment from the clergy of Scotland, who took every opportunity to asperse his character on account of his free opinions. Observing a certain zealot of this class always leave the room when he entered it, he one day took an opportunity to address him as follows: 'I wish to be upon good terms with you here, as it is probable we shall be doomed to the same place hereafter. You believe I shall be damned for want of faith, and I fear you will be damned for want of charity.'

*Character of Isabel of Spain.* If we except our Elizabeth, and Catherine of Russia, no princess of modern times, can equal Isabel of Spain in ability, or in the success of her administration; and, in the qualities of her heart, in Christian fervour, and an unspotted life, how far does she not exceed either! Prudent in the formation, yet prompt in the execution of her plans; severe towards guilt, yet merciful towards misfortune; unbending in her purposes, yet submissive to her husband; of rigid virtue, yet indulgent to minor frailties; devout without ostentation, and proud without haughtiness; feeling towards the pains of others, yet exhibiting

no sentiment of her own, she might well command the respect, no less than the affection of her people. Her only defect, yet it is surely great enough, is her approval of the infernal tribunal which consigned to torture, imprisonment, or death, so many thousands of her subjects. Strange, that this very lady, whom sufferings so exquisite could not move, should have been the constant and successful advocate of the Moors, whenever any town or fortress was taken by storm. *Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

FROM THE TOKEN AND SOUVENIR FOR 1833.

#### PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

ON with the cohorts, on! A dark'ning cloud  
Of Cossack lances bower o'er the heights,  
And hark! the Russian thunder on the rear  
Thins our retreating ranks!

The haggard French,  
Like summon'd spectres facing towards their foes,  
And goading on their lean and dying steeds,  
That totter 'neath their huge artillery,  
Give desperate battle. Wrapped in volume smoke  
A dense and motely mass of hurrying forms  
Press towards the Beresina. Soldiers mix  
Undisciplined amid the feeble throng,  
While from the rough ravines the rumbling cars  
That bear the sick and wounded, with the spoils  
Torn rashly from red Moscow's sea of flame,  
Lie the steep banks. Chill'd with the endless shade  
Of black pine forests, where the unslumbering winds  
Make bitter music; every heart is sick  
For the warm breath of its far, native vales,  
Vine-clad and beautiful.

Pale, meagre hands  
Outstretched in eager misery, implore  
Quick passage o'er the flood. But there it rolls,  
'Neath its ice curtain, horrible and hoarse,  
A fatal barrier 'gainst its country's foes  
The combat deepens. Lo! in one broad flash  
The Russian sabre gleams, while the sharp hoof  
Treads out despairing life. With maniac haste  
They throng the bridge, those fugitives of France,  
Reckless of all, save that one desperate chance,  
Rush, struggle, strive—the powerful thrust the weak,  
And crush the dying.

Hark! a thundering crash,  
A cry of horror! Down the broken bridge  
Sinks, and the wretched multitude plunge deep  
'Neath the devouring tide. That piercing shriek  
With which they took their farewell of the sky,  
Did haunt the living, and some doleful ghost  
Trouble the fever dream. Some for a while  
With ice and death contending, sink and rise,  
While some in milder agony essay  
To hold their footing on that tossing mass  
Of miserable life, making a path  
O'er palpitating horrors. 'Tis in vain!  
The keen pang passes, and the satiate flood  
Shut's silent o'er its prey. The sever'd host  
Stand gazing on each shore. The gulph, the dead,  
Forbid their union. One sad throng is borne  
To Russian dungeons, one with shivering haste  
Spread o'er the wild, thro' toil and pain to hew  
Their many roads to death.

From desert plains,  
From sack'd and solitary villages,  
Gaunt famine springs to seize them; winter's wrath,  
Unresting day or night, with blast and storm,  
And one eternal magazine of frost,  
Smiles the astonish'd victims. King of Heaven!  
Warrest thou with France, that thus thine elements  
Do fight against her sons? Yet on they press,  
Stern, rigid, silent, ev'ry bosom'd steel'd  
By the strong might of its own misery  
Against all sympathy of kindred ties;  
The brother on his fainting brother treads,  
Friend tears from friend the garment and the bread,  
That last scant morsel which his famish'd lip  
Holds in its death pang. Round the midnight fires,  
That fiercely through the start'd forest blaze,  
The dreaming shadows hover; madly pleased  
To back and scorch, and perish, with their limbs  
Creep'd like the martyr's, and their heads fast seal'd  
To the frost pillow of their fearful rest.

Turn back, turn back, thou far-clad Emperor!  
Thus toward the palace of the Tuileries  
Flying in breathless speed. Yon wasted forms—  
Yon breathing skeletons, with tatter'd robes,  
And bare and bleeding feet, and matted locks:  
Are these the high and haughty troops of France.  
The buoyant conscripts, who from their blest homes,  
Went freely at thy bidding? When the cry  
Of keeping love demands her cherished ones,  
The nursed upon her breast, the idle gods  
Of her deep worship, wilt thou coldly point  
The Beresina, the drear hospital,  
The frequent snow mound on the unshelter'd march,  
Where the dead soldier sleeps?

Oh war! war! war!  
Thou false-baptis'd, who, by the vaunt'd name  
Of glory, steal'st o'er the ear of man,  
To rive his bosom with thy thousand darts,  
Dissolv'd of pomp and circumstance, stand forth  
And show thy written league with sin and death!  
Yea, ere ambition's heart is rear'd and sail'd  
And desolated, bid him mark thine end,  
And count thy wages.

The proud victor's plume,  
The hero's trophied fame, the warrior's wreath

Of blood-dash'd laurel, what will these avail  
The spirit parting from terrestrial things?  
One slender leaflet from the tree of peace,  
Borne dovelike o'er the waste and warring earth,  
Is better passport at the gate of Heaven.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

#### REVIEW.

*British America.* By John M'Gregor, Esq. In two volumes. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood. London: T. Cadell.

WE are summoned, by the important labours of Mr. M'Gregor, to a duty which has something of a patriotic value at all times and at this time, for many parts of our domestic empire, something of a local interest—the duty of exposing to British eyes the great field of enterprise which is annually expanding before us, in our British American dependencies. Never was so vast a system of such dependencies so little known in any national sense, or so inadequately valued. SYSTEM we call them, meaning that as their natural advantages are gradually coming forward to our knowledge, they betray such several and partial endowments of wealth and situation, as prove them to have been designed for mutual dependence and co-operation: singly, they are all weak, jointly, they compose the framework of a strong empire. Were it, indeed, possible [we abominate so sad an augury] that the mixed polity of our glorious country should ever be dissolved by the efforts of anarchy taking the shape of reformation, or that, by any other unhappy revolutions, the House of Brunswick (like that of Braganza) should be expatriated and thrown upon its American possessions, we affirm that a powerful empire might be developed to the north of the United States, out of no other rudiments than those which at present compose our colonial territory on the American continent. The simple discovery in Nova Scotia of coal fitted for the steam-engine [which the anthracite coal of the United States notoriously is not],—this one discovery, in connexion with that of iron-mines in the same province, at one blow lays the foundations—broad and deep—of power and commercial pre-eminence. Coal and iron are the two pillars on which our domestic grandeur has rested. The same elements of power, unfolded under the same protection of equal laws [for, excepting Canada, the British jurisprudence has every where taken root in our Transatlantic realm], will doubtless tend to results the same in kind, however differing in degree, on the Gulph of St. Lawrence as on the Thames or on the Clyde. One danger only would threaten such a consummation—the possible want of a sufficient internal cohesion. Left to themselves, several provinces might find a momentary interest, or might imagine a lasting one, in disclaiming their British allegiance, and might pass over to the Federal Union of the great American Republic. But exactly this danger it is for which we have it in our power to provide by good policy, by paternal government, and by those institutions for nursing a civic and patriotic spirit, which hitherto we have but too much neglected. Even the use of the French language in the Canadas has been too indulgently treated by the British government. Of all barriers in the way of civic sympathy and unity of national feeling, language is the most difficult to surmount. But in three-fourths of a century, by means of schools, and by provisions for annexing important civic privileges to the use of the English language, much might have been accomplished. Much may yet be accomplished; and something, indeed, has been accomplished by the general equity of our government in the midst of its many errors. It is probable, also, that the tide of emigration being in so large an over-balance British, may have the effect of diffusing and sustaining a British state of political feeling. British, we say, as not easily perceiving under what other name or presiding influence it would be possible to create such a unity of feeling amongst these provinces as would avail to bind them into one federal whole. However, if any other principle of cohesion could be found, and by whatsoever means, if the end were but attained of knitting these provinces into one political system, pursuing the same interests, and animated by one national feeling, they have, we repeat, within them and amongst them the stamina of a powerful state, equal to all purposes of self-defence. In mere extent of territory, could THAT be appealed to as a fair exponent of their importance, they would be entitled to take rank as a first-rate power. How magnificent a country must that appear, one of whose lakes is 450 miles long, and pretty nearly the same breadth, and whose principal river pursues a course of 3000 miles! How impressive, again, to hear of a single province (that of Labrador) 'equal in square miles to that of France, Spain, and Germany!' It is true, that this vast province is miserably sterile wherever it has been examined, and does not support a Resident population of more than 4000 souls. But in these regions nature has so regulated her compensations, that what the land in some parts refuses the sea makes good. Along the coast ever of this inhospitable region, 300 schooners, manned by 20,000 British subjects, are annually employed in fishing; and the estimated value of the total produce is considerably above a quarter of a million sterling. Other fisheries in this same region are of such surpassing importance, that according to the opinion of many able men, (of whom Mr. M'Gregor is one,) without them Great Britain never could have attained that naval supremacy which has so repeatedly been applied to the salvation of Europe. Even at present, when they are necessarily considered 'in their infancy,' these North American possessions support a population of 1,350,000 people. And that, which they may be made capable of supporting, 'by cultivation and improvement,' Mr. M'Gregor estimates at thirty millions; 'and, including the countries west of the great lakes, at probably more than fifty millions.'

The aggregate register tonnage of all the shipping employed to and from, or in any way on account of, these North American colonies, is not less than 780,000 tons; and the number of sailors and fishermen employed, at least 65,000. The estimated value (considerably below the Real value) of the British exports to these colonies, is annually about two millions and a half sterling; and the fixed capital (including the cattle) which they possess, is estimated at forty-two millions and a half sterling.

Our Oriental Colonies, it is true, do not make any large demands on the time of ministers at home; mere distance forbids THAT. But all those on this side the Cape of Good Hope, and especially the West Indies, have, in our days, occupied and harassed our domestic government even more than our domestic affairs.

This palliation, however, in one view, is but an aggravation of the blame in another, for, if Colonial affairs are amongst the