

liser received a letter from the member for Scarborough, Mr. Osbaldeston, intimating that several of his neighbours had solicited him to write in favour of a person named Cook, on board his ship; they had been informed that the captain had taken notice of him, and they were desirous of ascertaining in what manner his promotion could be forwarded. Captain Daliser, in reply, and in justice to the ability which he had ascertained the young seaman to be possessed of, acquainted Mr. Osbaldeston that a master's appointment might be procured, which would raise Cook to a situation he was qualified to fill with credit. This first acquaintance, originating under circumstances where disparity of rank raised such a barrier between them, resulted in the commander's steady friendship for that distinguished seaman, whose fortunes were ever after anxiously promoted by him, Cook's earliest and constant patron; and to whose discrimination of the merit that might perhaps otherwise have remained in obscurity, England is indebted for one of her boldest and most adventurous navigators, and one of the greatest maritime discoverers of any age.

Collections, Biographical, Literary, and Philosophical, to the Eclectic Review, by John Foster, we select the following remarks on the Personal, and Public character of FRANKLIN.

In a general moral estimate of his qualities, insincerity would seem to find very little place. His principles appear to have borne a striking correspondence, in simplicity, directness and decision to the character of his understanding. Credit may be given him for having, through life, very rarely prosecuted any purpose which he did not deliberately approve; and his manner of prosecution was distinguished, as far as appears, by a plain honesty in the choice of means, by a contempt of artifice and petty devices, by a calm inflexibility, and by a greater confidence of success than is usually combined with so clear and extended a foresight of the difficulties;—but indeed that foresight of the difficulties might justify his confidence of the adaptation of his measures for encountering them.

He appears to have possessed an almost invincible self-command, which bore him through all the negotiations, strifes with ignorance, obstinacy, duplicity, and opposing interest, and through tiresome delays and untoward incidents, with a sustained firmness, which preserved to him in all cases the most advantageous exercise of his faculties, and with a prudence of deportment beyond the attainment of the most disciplined adepts in mere political intrigue and court practice. He was capable, indeed, of feeling an intense indignation, which comes out in full expression in some of the letters relating to the character of the English government, as displayed in its policy toward America. This bitter detestation is the most unreservedly disclosed in some of his confidential correspondence with David Hartley, an English member of parliament, a personal friend of Franklin, a constant advocate, to a measured extent, of the Americans, and a sort of self-offered, clandestine, but tacitly recognized medium for a kind of understanding, at some critical periods, between the English government and Dr. Franklin, without costing the ministers the eandescension of official intercourse and inquiry. These vituperative passages have a corrosive energy, by virtue of force of mind and of justice, which perfectly precludes all appearance of littleness and mere temper in the indignation. It is the dignified character of Cato in Aristides. His predominant passion appears to have been a love of the useful. The useful was to him the summum bonum, the supreme fair, the sublime and beautiful, which it may not perhaps be extravagant to believe he was in quest of every week for half a century, in whatever place or study, or practical undertaking. No department was too plain or humble for him to occupy himself in for this purpose; and in affairs of the most ambitious order this was systematically his object. Whether in directing the constructing of chimneys or of constitutions, lecturing on the saving of candles or on the economy of national revenues, he was still intent on the same end, the question always being how to obtain the most of solid tangible advantage by the plainest and easiest means. There has rarely been a mortal, of high intelligence and flattering fame, on whom the pomps of life were so powerless. On him were completely thrown away the oratorical and poetical heroics about glory, of which heroics it was enough that he easily perceived the intention or effect to be, to exclude all sober truth and substantial good, and to compel men at the very best of the matter, through some career of vanity, but commonly through mischief, slaughter, and devastation, in mad pursuit of what amounts at last, if attained, to some certain quantity of noise, and empty show, and intoxicated transient elation. He was so far an admirable spirit for acting the Mentor of a young republic. It will not be his fault if the citizens of America shall ever become so servile to European example, as to think a multitude of supernumerary places, enormous salaries, and a factitious economy of society, a necessary security or decoration of that political liberty which they enjoy in pre-eminence above every nation on earth. In these letters of their patriarch and philosopher, they will be amply warned, by repeated and emphatic representations, of the desperate mischief of a political system in which the public resources shall be expended in a way to give the government both the interest and the means to corrupt the people.

From his critique on "Gillies's Lives of

WHITEFIELD," we make the following selection:

While regarding his powers, strictly intellectual, as all discerning readers of his writings must do, as very moderate; and while holding as also all those who coincide with Whitefield in religious faith, hold, that an energy, indefinitely superior to that of any, or all the powers he exerted, was evinced in the success which attended him; we have all the admiration which it can seem little better than idly gratuitous to profess, of those extraordinary qualifications which he displayed in the sacred cause—qualifications which were adapted, even according to the common principles of human nature, to excite a very great sensation. According to the testimony of all his hearers that have left memorials of him, or that still survive to describe him, he had an energy and happy combination of the passions, so very extraordinary as to constitute a commanding species of sublimity of character. In their swell, their fluctuations, their very turbulence, these passions so faithfully followed the nature of the subject, and with such irresistible evidence of being utterly clear of all design of oratorical management, that they bore all the dignity of the subject along with them, and never appeared, in their most ungovernable emotions, either extravagant or ludicrous to any but minds of the coldest or profane order. They never, like the violent ebullitions of mere temperament, confounded his ideas, but on the contrary, had the effect of giving those ideas a distinct and matchlessly vivid enunciation; inasmuch that ignorant and half-barbarous men often seemed in a way which amazed even themselves, to understand Christian trash on their first delivery. Some of them might have heard, and they had heard as unmeaning sounds, similar ideas expressed in the Church service; but in Whitefield's preaching, they seemed to strike on their minds in fire and light. His delivery, it that could be spoken of as a thing distinguishable from that energy which inflamed his whole being, was confessedly oratorical in the highest degree of the highest sense of the term. It varied through all the feelings, and gave the most natural and emphatic expression of them all. He had, besides, great presence of mind in preaching, and the utmost aptitude to take advantage of attending circumstances, and even the incidents of the moment.

His display of unparalleled energy was uniformly accompanied by irresistible evidence—in the perfectly inartificial character of his signs of passion—in the exhausting frequency and interminable prosecution of his labours—in the courage and hazard in which some of them were ventured on—in the complete renunciation, which such a course plainly involved, of all views of emolument and preferment—and in forbearance to attempt, to any material extent, any thing like an organized sectarian system of co-operation—irresistible evidence, that his unceasing exertion, that his persuasions, his expostulations, his vehemence, his very indignation, were all inspired by a perfectly genuine and unquenchable zeal for the Christian cause, and the eternal welfare of men; and our unhappy nature is yet not so totally perverse, but that this will always make a great impression on the multitude.

Again, it was, by the constitution of human nature, a great luxury, in spite of the pain, to have the mind so roused and stimulated, the passions so agitated. For the sake of this, even evangelical religion, would be endured for a little while, and great numbers who were in veiled by this mere love of strong excitement to endure religion, were happily so effectually caught, that they could never afterwards endure life without religion.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

We publish below several of the Speeches delivered at the Banquet, recently given at Ayr, in commemoration of the Poet Burns, and to welcome his sons on a visit to the birth-place of their father.

SPEECH OF LORD EGLENTOUN.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the subject of the toast which I am now going to bring before you is one of such paramount importance on this occasion, and is so deeply interesting, not only to those whom I have now the honour to address, but to all whom genius is dear, that I could have wished it committed to more worthy hands; more particularly when I see the enormous assemblage collected here—the distinguished persons, which grace our board to-day. (Cheers.) It is only because I conceive that my official position renders me the most formal and fitting, though most inefficient mouthpiece of the inhabitants of this county ("hear, hear," and cheers), that I have ventured to intrude myself before you on this occasion, and to undertake the onerous, though gratifying duty of proposing in such an assemblage the thrilling toast, "The Memory of Burns." (Great applause, the company rising to testify their approbation by the waving of handkerchiefs.) This is not a meeting for the purpose of recreation and amusement; it is not a banquet at which a certain number of toasts printed on paper are to be proposed and responded to, which to-day marks our preparations; it is the enthusiastic desire of a whole people to pay honour to their countryman; it is the spontaneous offering of a nation's feelings towards the illustrious dead, and, added to this, the desire to extend a hand of welcome and friendship to those whom he has left behind. (Tremendous applause.) Here on the very spot where he first drew breath, on the very ground which his genius has hallowed, beside the Old Kirk of Alloway, which his verse has immortalized, beneath the

monument which an admiring and repentant people have raised to him (great applause)—we meet, after the lapse of years, to pay our homage to the man of genius. (Loud cheers.) The master-mind who has sung the "Isle of Palms"—who has revelled in the immortal "Noctes"—who has already done that justice to the memory of the bard which a brother poet can alone do.—Christopher himself is here (great applause)—anxious to pay his tribute of admiration to a kindred spirit. The historian who has depicted the most eventful period of the French empire, the glorious triumphs of Wellington, is here (cheers)—Clio, as it were, offering up a garland to Erato. (Cheers.) The distinguished head of the Scottish bar is here (cheers)—in short, every town and every district, every class, and every sex, and every age, has come forward to pay homage to their poet. The honest lads whom he so praised, and whose greatest boast is to belong to the land of Burns, are here. (Cheers.) The bonny lassies whom he so praised, those whom he loved and sung are here; they have followed hither to justify, by their loveliness, the poet's worth (great applause); while the descendant of those who dwell in the "Castle of Montgomerie" feels himself only too highly honoured in being permitted to propose the memory of him who then wandered there unknown on the banks of Fail. (Loud cheering.) How little the pious old man who dwelt in yonder cottage—with his "lyart haffits o'er" spreading his venerable brow—when he read the "big ha, bible"—could have guessed that the infant prattling on his knee was to be the pride of his nation—the chief among the poetic band—was to be one of the brightest planets that glows around the mighty sun of the Bard of Avon (cheers)—in knowledge and originality—second to none in the fervent expression of deep feeling, in the genuine perception of the beauties of nature, and equal to any who revels in the fairy-land of poesy. (Cheers.) Well may we rejoice that Burns is our own—that no other spot can claim to be the birthplace of our Homer except the spot on which we stand. (Cheers.) Oh! that he could have foreseen the futurity of fame created for him this day, when the poet and the historian, the peer and the peasant, vie with each other in paying the tribute of their admiration to the humble but mighty genius of him whom we hail as the first of Scottish poets. (Cheers.) Such a foresight might have alleviated the dreary hours of his sojourn at Mossiel—might have lightened the dark days of his pilgrimage on earth. (Cheers.) Well does he deserve our homage who has portrayed the "Cottar's Saturday Night"—not in strains of inconsiderate mirth, but in solemnity and truth—who breathed the patriotic words that tell of the glories of our Wallace, immortalizing alike the poet and the hero; he who could draw inspiration from the humble daisy, breathed forth the heroic words of "The Song of Death"—strains the incarnation of poetry and love, and yet of the bitterest shafts of satire and ridicule!—obeying but the hand of nature, despising all the rules of art, yet trampling over the very rules he set at naught. (Loud cheers.) At his name every Scottish heart beats high. He has become a household word alike in the palace and the cottage. Of whom should we be proud—of whom should we pay homage, if not to our own immortal Burns? (Cheers.) But I feel I am detaining you too long in the presence of a Wilson and an Alison. (Cries of "No, no, and applause.") In such a presence as these, I feel that I am but an admirer like yourselves. There are others present, who are brother poets, kindred geniuses—men who, like Burns, have created a glorious immortality for themselves—to them will I commit the agreeable task of more fully displaying before you, decked out with their eloquence, the excellence of the poet and the genius of the man, and to extend and welcome his sons to the land of their father (cheers); and I will now ask you in their presence, on the ground his genius has rendered sacred—on the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon"—to join with me in drinking one overflowing bumper, and in joining to it every expression of enthusiasm which you can, to "The Memory of Burns."

SPEECH OF PROFESSOR WILSON.

Were this festival to commemorate the genius of Burns, and it were asked what need of such commemoratives since his fame is co-extensive with the heroes of our land, and inherent in every soul, I must answer that, though admiration of the poet be indeed wide as the world, yet we, as compatriots to whom it is more especially dear rejoice to see that universal sentiment concentrated in the voice of great assembly of his own people (cheers)—that we rejoice to meet in thousands, to honour him who has delighted each single one of us all at his own hearth. (Cheers.) But this commemoration expresses, too, if not a profounder, yet a more tender sentiment; for it is to welcome his sons to the land which their father illustrated—it is to indulge our national pride in a great name, while, at the same time, we gratify in full hearts the most pious affections. (Repeated Cheers.) It was customary, you know, in former times, to crown great poets. No such ovation honoured our bard; yet he, too, tasted of human applause—he enjoyed its delights, and he saw the trials that attend it. Which, think you would he himself have preferred? Such a celebration as this in his lifetime, or 50 years after his death? I cannot doubt that he would have preferred the posthumous, because the finer incense! (Cheers.) The honour and its object are thus seen in their just proportions; for death gives an elevation which the candid soul of the

poet would himself have considered, and that honour he would have reserved rather for his manes than encountered it with his living infirmities. (Cheers.) And yet, could he have foreseen the day when they for whom his soul was often sorely troubled, should, after many years of separation, return to the hut where himself was born, and near it, within the shadow of his own monument, be welcomed for his sake by the lords and ladies of the land; and dearer still, far dearer to his manly breast, by the children and the children's children of people of his own degree, whose hearts he sought to thrill by the voice of his own inspirations, then surely would such a vision have been sweeter to his soul even than that immortal one in which the genius of the land bound holly round his forehead—the lilac-leaved crown that shall flourish for ever. (Cheers.) Of his three sons now sitting here, one only I believe, can remember his father's face—can remember those large, lustrous eyes of his, so full of meaning, so full of melting in melancholy, or kindling in mirth, but never turned on his children, nor the mother, of his children, but with one expression of tenderest, or most intense affection. (Cheers.) Even at this day, he, too, may remember his father's head with its dark clusters, not unmixed with gray, and those eyes closed for ever, lying upon the bed of death; nor, should such solemn image arise, would it be unsuitable to this festival; for while I bid welcome to the sons of Burns to their father's land, I feel, I cannot but feel, that while you have conferred upon me a high honour, you have also imposed upon me a sacred duty; and, however inadequately I may discharge it, I at least shall in no degree militate either the spirit of humanity or truth. (Cheers.) In speaking of the character of Burns in the presence of his sons I must speak reverently; but even in their presence I must not refuse to speak the truth. (Cheers.) I must speak according to the established and everlasting judgment of what is right. Burns had his faults; Burns, like every other mortal being, had his faults, great faults, in the eyes of men and grievous in the eyes of Heaven above us. There is a moral in every man's life, even in his humblest condition, imperfectly understood; and how affecting is it when we read confessions wrung out by remorse from the souls of the greatly gifted and the gloriously endowed! (Loud cheers.) But it is not his faults that are remembered here—surely it is not to honour these that we meet together. To deny that error is error is to extenuate its blame. Then we make an attack upon sacred truth; but to forget that it exists, or, if that may not be wholly, so to think of it as to regard it with that melancholy emotion that still accompanies all our meditation on the mixed character of men—that is not only allowable, but it is ordered—it is a privilege dear to humanity. And well, indeed, might we tremble for him who should in this be dead to the voice of Nature crying from the tomb. (Cheers.) And in its music how graciously time aids the inefficiency of charity. Its shadow softens what they may not hide; and the distant discords that might have grated too painfully on our ears are now undistinguishably lost in that music, sweet and solemn, that comes from afar with the sound of a great man's name. (Cheers.) It is consolatory to see how the faults of those people, however, grew favourites, and favourites in the national memory, while their virtues grew brighter and still more bright; and if in this injustice we have done them—and who shall dare to deny that cruellest injustice was once done to Burns?—the succeeding generations become more and more charitable to the dead, and desire to repair the wrong by some profoundest homage. It may be truly said, the good which men do lives after them. All that is ethereal in their being alone seems to remain; and therefore, with all our cherished memories of our best men, Burns was among our best, to be invested with all consistent excellencies, for far better do their virtues instruct us by the love which they inspire than ever could their vices injure us. To dwell on the goodness of the great shows that we ourselves are not lovers of nature, but that we may be aspiring to reach its serene abodes; but to dwell upon the faults of greatness, and still worse, to reneack in order that we may create them, that is the low industry of envy, which grow into a habit, becomes malice, at once hardening and embittering the mind. (Cheers.) Such, in the case of our great poet, beyond all doubt, was the source of many a malignant truth and lie, fondly written down, carefully recorded, by a class of calumniators that never may become extinct. And for many years we were forced to hear souls ignoble formed to be forgot, dragging forth some puny phantasm of their own heated fancy, as if it were the majestic shade of Burns evoked from his mausoleum for contumely and insult. (Cheers.) We allow our admiration of genius to seduce us from reverence of truth. We have been told how far moral is superior to intellectual worth; nay, that in nature they are not allied. But akin in nature they are, and sacred to piety, and cease if ever they should be disunited. But mark in what a hypocritical spirit such counsels as these were often preferred, till salutary truths were perverted by gross misapplication into pernicious falsehoods. They did not seek to elevate nature; they sought to degrade genius. (Cheers.) And never in any other instance did such men stand forth so glaringly self-contradicted of wretched ignorance of the nature of both than by this wilful perversion of many of the noblest attributes of humanity in the character of Robert Burns. (Loud cheers.) Yes; virtue and genius are both alike from heaven, and both alike they tend heavenward. There, we lament to see a single stain essouling the divine gift of genius—therefore we lament to see virtue, where no genius is, fall be-