

THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides.

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Literature.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY J. G. SASS.

My days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blest with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no cause to mourn or weep;
My foes are impotent and shy;
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowding and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper in the blindest way,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff;
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste;
I see it in my growing waist;
I see it in my growing hair;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vanishing youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah me!—my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every bonnet bows beneath
But makes me debtor to the Years!
E'en Plaster's honeyed words declare
The secrets she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years!—whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of my wings;
That tint that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold,
Where all are blest, and none may sigh,
I'm growing old!

THE FREE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The wild streams leap with heedless sweep,
In their careless courses down the mountain steep;
All fresh and strong they foam along,
Waking the rocks with their carol song.
My eye bears a glance like a beam of a lance
While I watch the waters dash and dance;
I burn with glee, for I love to see
The path of anything that's free.

The sky-lark springs with dew on his wings,
And up in the arch of heaven he sings
Trill-la trill-la—oh, sweeter far
Than the note that comes through a golden bar.
The joyous bar of a hound at play,
The caw of a rook on its homeward way—
Oh! these shall be the music for me,
For I love the voice of the free.

The deer starts by his antlers high,
Proudly tossing his head in the sky;
With barb the plain unbroken by the rein,
With steaming nostrils and flying mane;
The clouds are stirred by the eagle bird,
As the flap of his drooping pinion is heard.
Oh! these shall be the creatures for me,
For my soul was formed to love the free.

The mariner brave, in his bark on the wave,
May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;
And the one whose lot is the desert spot,
Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot.
The thrall and state at the palace gate
Are what my spirit has learnt to hate;
Oh the hills shall be a home for me,
For I'd leave a throne for the hut of the free."

THE TWO PARTINGS.

We parted once before. You went
When I rose up to go, you did
You prayed for me before you slept,
You little love, you know you did!

And no grief now is on that brow,
Which then was sad, throbb'd so, you did;
You loved me better then than now—
You cruel thing, you know you did!

Do you remember what the sea
I took you out to show you, did?
You made a pretty smile—
You false of tongue, you know you did!

You sighed, "That life were like its crest
When sunshine breezes blow," you did;
"To catch love's light before it rests!"
You cold, cold heart, you know you did.

What have I done? You smile no more
On me as months ago you did,
You deem my homage now a bore;
You liked it then, you know you did.

"How blest," you said, "were life with one
Whom love me truly!" O, you did!
But—you thought I was an elder son—
You utter flirt, you know you did!

THE LOST REGIMENT.

A LOVE STORY.

(From the Legends of the Black Watch, by James Grant.)

(Concluded.)

After a lapse of several long and weary months by a sailing vessel poor Emmy received a letter from Louis, and in the hushed silence of her own apartment, the huddled couple wept over every word of it—and read it again and again—for it seemed to come like the beloved voice of the writer from a vast distance and from the land of danger. It described the long and dreary passage to America in the crowded and comfortless transport—one thought ever in his soul—the thought of her; one scene ever around him, sea and sky. It detailed the hurried disembarkation and forced march of General Forbes's little army of 6,200 soldiers from Philadelphia in the beginning of July, through a vast tract of country, little known to civilized men; all but impervious or impassable, as the roads were mere war paths, that lay through dense untrodden forests of deep morasses and over lofty mountains, where wild, active, and ferocious Indians, by musket, tomahawk, scalping-knife, and poisoned arrow, co-operated with the French in harassing our troops at every rod of the way. He told how many of the strongest and healthiest of Montgomery's Highlanders perished amid the toils and horrors they encountered; but how still

he bore up, animated by the memory of her, by that love which was a second life to him, and by the darling hope that, with God's help, he would survive the campaign and all its miseries, and would find himself again, as of old, seated by the side of his beloved Emmy, with her cheek on his shoulder and her dear little hand clasped in his. He sent her some Indian beads, a few forget-me-nots that grew amid the grass within his tent; he sent her another lock of his hair, and prayed God to bless her for the sake of the poor absent heart that loved her so well.

And here ended this sorrowful letter, which was dated from the camp of the Scottish Brigadier, who halted at Raystown, ninety miles on the march from Fort du Quesne. Thus, by the time Emmy received it, the fort must have been attacked and lost or won.

"Attacked!" How breathlessly and with what protracted agony did she long for intelligence, for another letter or for the war-office lists! But days, weeks, months rolled on; the snow descended on the Highland mountains; the woods of Kinross were again leafless; again the broad fumes of Perth were the white mantle of winter; the Tay was frozen hard as flint between its banks and between the piers of the old wooden bridge; there now came no mails from America; no letter reached her; and poor Emmy, though surrounded by admirers as of old, felt all the misery of that deferred hope which "maketh the heart sick."

Meanwhile Louis, at the head of his company of Montgomery's Highlanders, accompanied the force of Brigadier Forbes, who, in September, dispatched from Raystown Colonel Bouquet to a place called Loyal Henning, to reconnoitre the approach to Fort du Quesne. The Colonel's force consisted of 2000 men; of these he dispatched in advance 500 Provincials and 400 of Montgomery's regiment, under Major James Grant of Ballinloch, whose second in command was Captain Charters. Despite the advice of the latter, Grant, a brave but reckless and imprudent officer, advanced boldly towards Fort du Quesne with all his pipes playing and drums beating, as if he was approaching a friendly town. Now the French officer who commanded in the fort was a determined fellow. He it was who had behaved with such heroism at the recent siege of Savannah, where he had been sergeant-major of Dillon's Regiment of the Irish Brigade in the service of King Louis. When the Comte d'Estaing finally proposed to take the fortress by a coup-de-main, M. le Comte Dillon, anxious to signalize his Irishmen, proposed a reward of a hundred guineas to the first grenadier who should plant a fascine in the fosse, which was swept by the whole fire of the garrison; but his purse was proffered in vain, for not an Irishman would advance. Confounded by this, Dillon was upbraiding them with cowardice, when the sergeant-major said:

"Monsieur le Comte, had you not held out a sum of money as an incentive, your grenadiers would one and all have rushed to the assault."

The count put his purse in his pocket.

"Forward!" cried he; forward went the Irish grenadiers, and out of 194 who composed the company, 104 left their bodies in the breach.

But to resume; at the moment the soldiers of Grant were within range, the French cannon opened upon them, and under cover of this fire the infantry made a furious sortie. "Shrug your muskets! Dirk and bayonets!" cried the major as the foe came on. A terrible conflict ensued, the Highlanders fighting with their swords and daggers, and the Provincials with their fixed bayonets; the French gave way, but unable to reach the fort, they dispersed and sought shelter in the vast forest which spread in every direction round it. Here they were joined by a strong body of Indians, and returning, from amidst the leafy jungles and dense foliage, they opened a murderous fire upon Major Grant's detachment, which had halted to refresh, when suddenly summoned to arms.

A yell pierced the sky! It was the Indian war-whoop, startling the green leaves of that lone American forest, and waking the echoes of the distant hills that overlook the plain of the Alleghany; thousands of Red Indian warriors, horrible in their native ugliness, their streaky war paint, jangling moccasins and tufted feathers, naked and muscular, savage as tigers and sullen as eels, with their barbed spears, scalping-knives, tomahawks, and French muskets, burst like a living flood upon the soldiers of Ballinloch. The Provincials immediately endeavoured to form square, but were broken, brained, scalped, and trod under foot, as if a brigade of horse had swept over them. While in the old fashion of their native land, the undaunted 77th men endeavoured to meet the foe, foot to foot and hand to hand, with the broadsword, but in vain. Grant ordered them to throw aside their knapsacks, plaid, and coats, and betake themselves to the claymore, and the claymore only. For three hours a desultory and disastrous combat was maintained; over stump and tree, every bush, rock, and stone, being battled for with deadly energy; and all the horrors of Indian warfare, yells, whoops, the tomahawk and the knife, were added to those of Europe, and before the remnant of our Highlanders effected an escape, Captains Macdonald and Murray, Lieutenants Alister, William and Robert Mackenzie, and Colin Campbell, were killed and scalped, with many of their men. Ensign Alister Grant lost a hand by a poisoned arrow; but of all who fell, Charters most deeply regretted Alister Mackenzie, his friend and confidant, to save whom, after a shot had pierced his breast, he made a desperate effort and slew three Indians by three consecutive blows; but this success came too late, and Mackenzie's scalp was torn off before he breathed his last.

"Stand by your colors, comrades, till death!" were his last words. "Farewell, dear Charters, may God protect you for your Emmy's sake, we'll meet again!"

"Again!"

"Yes, again, in heaven!" he answered, and expired with his sword in his hand, like a brave and pious soldier. The red men were like incarnate devils, and amid groans, yells, prayers, and entreaties, were seen on their knees in frenzy, drinking blood from the spouting veins and bleeding scalps of their victims. The combat was a mere massacre, and seemed as if all hell had burst its gates and held jubilee in that wild forest of the savage West. The Provincials, who were destroyed, Grant, with nineteen officers, fell into the hands of the French; and of his Highlanders only 150 succeeded in effecting a retreat to Loyal Henning, under the command of Louis Charters, to whose skill, bravery, and energy, they unanimously attributed their escape. Many of their comrades who were captured died under agonies such as Indians, Turks, or devils alone could have devised; and the story of one, Private Allan McPherson, who escaped a cruel death by pretending that his neck was sword-proof, as related by the Abbe Reyal, and General Stewart, of Gath, is well known.

James Grant of Ballinloch died a General in the army in 1806; but he never forgot the horrors of his rashness at Fort du Quesne, which was abandoned to Brigadier Forbes on the 24th November; by this he was deprived of a revenge, and to win it Charters had volunteered to lead the forlorn hope. Poor General Forbes died on the retreat.

Charters's regiment served next in General Amherst's army at Ticonderoga, at Crown Point, and on the Lake Expedition, where he saved the life of Esq. Grant, now known as Alister, the One-handed, by bearing him off the field when wounded; but during all these desultory and sanguinary operations, he never heard from Emmy, nor did she hear from him. He suffered much; he nearly perished in the snow on one occasion with a whole detachment; he was wounded in the left shoulder once from a cannon-ball at Ticonderoga, and had a narrow escape from a cannon-ball in the fight with a French ship, when proceeding on the expedition to Dominique under Lord E. B. and Sir James Douglas; but though the ball struck his head, the wind of Douglas was supposed to follow marriage—she would forget the sorrows of the past. But Emmy, though knowing that this was all mere sophistry, was bound to give a silent acquiescence to their schemes, when, turning over the leaves of an old

periodical, one day, in a dreamy and listless mood, her eye fell on the following:

"A union of fortunes, not a union of hearts, is the thing generally aimed at in marriage, and by those who esteem themselves prudent people, is thought the only rational view. There is no divine ordinance more frequently disobeyed than that wherein God forbids human sacrifice, for in no other light can most modern marriages be viewed. Brazen images, indeed, are not the objects of their worship; a purer metal of human sacrifices, exclaims against the horrid practice and trembles at the narrative, though there is scarcely one of the female readers, if she is of a marriageable age, who is not ready to do her person, like an adorned victim, in the hope of tempting some golden idol to receive a free-will offering."

Emmy thought of Douglas's fortune, and the book fell from her hand.

"No, no," she said with a shudder; "I shall not be the adorned victim offered up to his golden idol;" and from that hour she resolved to decline his addresses.

On the day succeeding this brave resolution came tidings that the remnant of Montgomery's Highlanders, under the command of Major Louis Charters, had sailed from New York six weeks ago, and were daily expected at Greenock, from whence that gallant corps had sailed for the wars of the Far West in 1758.

Now came Emmy's hour of triumph, and already Louis seemed before her, loving, trusting, and true; and hourly she expected to have, in his own handwriting, assurance of all her heart desired; but, alas! time rolled on, days became weeks, weeks became months, and no tidings reached Britain of the Highlanders of Montgomery.

"The lost regiment" was spoken of from time to time, till even friends, comrades, and relations grew tired of futile surmises, and their unaccountable disappearance became like a tale that is told—or a fragment of old and forgotten intelligence.

For a time a sickening and painful suspense had been kept alive by occasional reports of pieces of wreck, with red coats and tartan fluttering about them, having been espied in the Atlantic; vessels waterlogged and abandoned had been passed by solitary ships, and avowed to be the missing transport; craft answering her description had been seen to founder in tempests off the banks of Newfoundland; but after eight months had elapsed nothing was heard of what was emphatically called the lost regiment.

Emmy mourned now for Louis as for one who was dead; one who, after all his toil and valor, suffering and constancy (she felt assured he had been constant), was sleeping in the great ocean that had divided them so long.

Tired of all this, her friends had arrayed her in mourning as for one who was really dead; and to carry out a plan of realizing this conviction her father had erected in the church of St. John's a handsome marble tablet to the memory of Charters; and this cold white slab in memoriam met Emmy's heavy eyes every time she raised them from her prayer-book on Sunday. So at last Louis was dead; she felt convinced of it, and with a reluctant and foreboding mind, she consented to a marriage with Captain Douglas of the Black Watch; a consent in which she had but one thought, that in making this terrible sacrifice she was only seeking to soothe the anxiety and gratify the solicitations of her mother, who was now well up in the vale of years, and who loved her tenderly.

Emmy was placid and content; but though even cheerful in appearance, she was not happy; for her cheek was ever pale, and her soft hazel eyes, with their half-drooping lids, failed to veil a restlessness that seemed to search for something vague and undefined.

They were married. We will pass over the appearance of the bride, her pale beauty, her rich face, the splendor of all the accessories by which the wealth of her father, of her husband, and the solicitude of her kind friends surrounded her, and come to the crisis in our story—a crisis in which a lamentable fatality seemed to rule the destinies of the chief actors in our little drama.

The minister of St. John's Church had just pronounced the nuptial blessing, and the pale bride was in her mother's arms, while the officers of the Black Watch were crowding round Douglas with their hearty congratulations; a buzz of voices had filled the large withdrawing room, as a hum of gladness succeeded the solemn but impressive monotony of the marriage service, when the sharp rattle of drums and the shrill sound of the files ringing in the Southgate of Perth struck upon their ears, and the muffled march of feet, mingling with the rising buzz of the people, woke the echoes of every close and wind.

A foreboding smote the heart of Captain Douglas. He sprang to a window and saw the gleam of arms; the glitter of bayonets and Lochbar axes, with the waving of pumed bonnets above the heads of a crowd which poured along the sunny vista of the Southgate; and, as the troops passed, led by a mounted officer whose left arm was in a sling—a bonnet, war-worn, and weather-beaten band—their tartans were recognized as well as the tattered coats which streamed in ribbons on the wind, and their name went from mouth to mouth:

"The Lost Regiment—the Highlanders of Montgomery!"

A low cry burst from Emmy; she threw up her clasped hands, and sank in a dead faint at her mother's feet. All was consternation in the house of Stuart of Charters; and the marriage guests gazed at the passing soldiers, as at some fascinating but unreal pageant; but on they marched, oblong to the barracks, with drums beating and pipes playing; and now the mounted officer, who had been gazing wistfully at the crowded windows, stoops from his saddle and whispers a few words to another—Alister the One-handed, now a captain—then he turns his horse, and dismounting at the door, is heard to ascend the stair, and in another moment, Louis Charters, tall, thin, and hollow-eyed, by long toil and suffering, his left arm in a sling and his right cheek scarred by a shot, stands amid all these gaily-attired guests in his fighting jacket, the scarlet of which had long since become threadbare and purple.

He immediately approached Emmy, who had now partially recovered and gazed at him, as one might gaze at a spectre, when Douglas threw himself forward with a hand on his sword.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Louis, who grew ashy pale, and whose voice sank into Emmy's soul; "have you all forgotten me—Louis Charters of Montgomery's Regiment?"

"No," replied Douglas, "but your presence here at such a time is most unfeeling and inopportune—Miss Stuart—Emmy—"

"Unfeeling and inopportune!"—Miss Stuart—Emmy—

"Miss Stuart has just been made my wedded wife; thus any remarks you have to make sir, you will please address to me."

Louis started as if a scorpion had stung him, and his trembling hand sought the hilt of his sword; here the old minister addressed him kindly, imploringly, and the guest-crowded between them, but he dashed them all aside and turned from the house, without a word or glance from Emmy! Emmy had frozen her, and mute despair glared in her haggard yet still beautiful eyes.

"Half an hour earlier and I had saved her and saved myself!" exclaimed Charters, bitterly; "the half hour I lingered in St. Bart's!" for he had halted there to refresh his weary soldiers.

And now to explain this sudden reappearance.

Tempest-tossed and under jarymasts, after long beating against adverse winds, the transport, with the remnant of his regiment had been driven to 37 and 40 degrees of north latitude, and was stranded on the small isles of Corvo and Flores, two of the most western and detached of the Azores. There they had been lingering among the Portuguese for seven months, unknown to and unheard of by our Government; and it was not until Charters, leaving Alister Grant in command at Corvo, had visited Angra, the capital of the

island, and urged the necessity of having his soldiers transacted home, that he procured a ship at Ponta del Gada, the largest town of these islands, and sailing with the still reduced remnant of his corps—for many had perished with the foundered transport—he landed at Greenock, from whence he was ordered at once to join the 21st battalion of the Black Watch, into which his soldiers had volunteered, and which, by a strange fatality, was quartered in Perth—the home of his Emmy, and the place where for five long years he had garnered up his thoughts and dearest hopes.

The reader may imagine the emotions of poor Emmy on finding that her lover lived, and that her heart was thus cruelly wrenched away from all it had treasured and cherished for years. Then, as if to aggravate her sorrow, our battalion marched the next day for foreign service, and Louis again embarked for America, the land of his toil, without reluctant leave permitting Emmy to excuse or explain herself.

Douglas left the corps and took his wife to Paris, where he fell in a duel with a Jacobite refugee.

Emmy lived to be a very old woman, but she never smiled again.

Thus were two fond hearts separated forever.

Three months after Louis landed in America, he died of a broken heart say some; of the marsh fever say others. He was then on the march with a detachment of ours up the Mississippi, a long route of 1500 miles, to take possession of Fort Chartiers in Illinois. His friend, a Captain Grant—Alister the One-handed—performed the last offices for him, and saw him rolled in a blanket, and buried at the foot of a cotton-tree, where the muskets of the Black Watch made the echoes of the vast prairie ring as they poured three farewell volleys over the last home of a brave but lonely heart.

DEATH OF THOMAS DE QUINCY.

(From the Scotsman.)

Yesterday morning, Mr. Thomas De Quincy died here after an illness of some weeks' duration.

This announcement will excite a deeply sympathetic interest among all lovers of English literature throughout the world. With his departure almost the very last of a brilliant band of men of letters, who illuminated the literary sphere of the first half of our century with starry lustre—differing each from each in glory, but all resplendent—is extinguished. It is only the other day that a volume of Mr. De Quincy's collected works appeared with his own corrections and notes, and till close on the hour when it passed beyond our horizon, his pure and high intellect shone serene and clear as when in its zenith. Almost till the very last his perceptions were as vivid, his interest in knowledge and affairs as keen as ever; and while his bodily frame, wasted by suffering and thought, lay by day faded and shrunk, his mind retained unimpaired its characteristic capaciousness, activity, and acuteness. Within a hour or two he talked readily, and with all that delicacy of discrimination of which his conversation partook equally with his writings, and of such matters as occupied the attention of our citizens or of our countrymen; displaying so much of elasticity and power that even those who had the rare privilege and opportunity of seeing him in those latter days cannot be otherwise than astounded and shocked by the seeming suddenness of his death. Yet he was full of years, having considerably passed the term of threescore and ten. And in him, if ever in any man, the sword may be said to have worn out its scabbard. Not only the continual exercise of the brain, but the extreme sensibility of his emotional nature, as taxed and wasted his never athletic physical frame, but the wonder lay rather in the length of his life prolonged. Full of years, he has died as he lived, and he is cared to win, leaving behind him the name not only of a profound scholar in the departments he affected, but one of the greatest masters of English prose and unadorned who ever handled the pen. He is the absolute creator of a species of "mixed prose" which he seemed born to introduce, and in which he has no prototype, no rival, no successor. In the free exercise of his rare and peculiar genius, he has written a single plain through spheres far too ethereal to sustain a common flight; yet he soared not vaguely, but as bearing with serene and steady eye towards the light of truth. Nor, while familiar with all the mysteries of "cloudland, gorgeous confusion," he less a dreamer of our common earth, or less keenly alive to the influence of its soil and atmosphere. Indeed, as he admits in his famous Confessions, Mr. De Quincy was only too susceptible to every touch of human sympathy; his soul endowed with such exquisite sensibility as thrilled with too ready and deep response to every note of

Gleanings from late Papers.

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"The still, sad music of humanity."

This overwrought sensitiveness it seemed to be that caused him to withdraw almost entirely from the society of even his most esteemed friends, to shut himself up at rare intervals, and to permit his seclusion only at rare intervals. For many months past he has resided in Edinburgh, preferring the town to his house at Lasswade mainly for the purpose of superintending the passage through the press of the collected edition of his works, now being issued by Messrs. Hogg, and of which the fourteenth and last volume is nearly ready for publication. For some weeks days past his health had been seriously affected, but he was frequently an invalid, alarm was not excited as to his condition till very lately, and the end, though it could not be said to be either sudden or premature, was yet so far unexpected. Nothing that the wisest and most devoted medical skill could supply was wanting to alleviate the symptoms of his rapidly advancing rapid decay than disease; and as far as was possible, he was spared, these mortal hours of his life soothed and cheered by the gentlest and most tender filial solicitude and care. Two of Mr. De Quincy's daughters, his youngest and eldest, were with him at the close. The second, the wife of Colonel Baird Smith, is in India with her husband; one of his sons is in India; one of his sons is in Brazil, a captain in the army, the other, a physician, is in Brazil. The eldest daughter is the wife of Mr. Robert Craig, formerly of this neighbourhood, now a farmer in Ireland, whence she was called to her father's death-bed; the youngest is unmarried.

Though living, as we have said, generally in studied seclusion, Mr. De Quincy had many friends who will be saddened by his announcement of his removal; no one could have even casual intercourse with such a man without feeling a warm cordiality towards him a feeling of kindly and admiring interest. When his often feeble health and always uncertain spirits permitted him in later years to mingle, at rarest intervals, in a small social circle at his own house, or elsewhere, he was always one of the most cheerful of the party, touching every subject with the lights of his exquisitely delicate fancy, and enjoying, with catholic zest, now the playful prattle of a child, and again the sharp encounter of maturest wits. His conversation had an inexpressible charm—with all that beauty of language, subtlety of thought, variety of illustration, and quaintness of humor that distinguish his writings, his talk never either became pedantic, or degenerated into soliloquy or monologue. It was that of a highly accomplished gentleman; his whole manner and bearing had something of almost chivalrous polish and refinement of tone, the result not more of intercourse with refined society than of his exquisitely considerate and courteous nature. A nature so deep and tender drew towards itself affection as largely as admiration; and with profound esteem for the learning, the power, the genius of the writer, will always mingle much of love for the man. It will be long before the most cultivated of England can boast renewal of such a rare combination of the most delicate analytic force of acute reasoning, and courageous speculation, with such imaginative power and deep all-embracing sympathy as this generation has had of knowing in Thomas De Quincy.

AUSTRIAN OPPRESSION IN HUNGARY.

A letter from Pesth gives a remarkable instance of the scandalous tyranny of the Austrian Government in Hungary. The writer says:—"You are perhaps aware that though the cultivation of tobacco is one of the most profitable things farmers in this country can engage in, the Austrian Government arrogates to itself the power of saying annually that so many acres, and no more, shall be planted with tobacco. The Austrian Government, moreover, prohibits the cultivators from selling the tobacco anywhere else than in its depots, and it compels them to accept such a price as it may choose to impose. These three things will appear passably exorbitant in English eyes, but more remains to be said—the Government, owing to the deplorable state of its finances, actually does not pay for the tobacco it forces the farmers to