

which his innocently worldly daughters were brewing. But evidence like this does nothing to contradict our wisdom. Had Johnson been compelled to compose his superb style, at a moment's warning, by the coffin side; had Goldsmith possessed no treasury of adventure and experience to draw upon, no power to handle the pen already learned—neither *Indac* nor *Mrs. Primrose* would have been alive at this day. Without preparation, training, craftsmanship, there is little literature—there is no art. Ballads may grow up, but not epics be produced, nor five-act plays be constructed, nor tales be woven, nor even a complete lyric be finished. It has fallen to the lot of every one of us too often and again, to see hearts fevered, hopes wrecked, life embittered, and Death (or Madness) courted, because men cannot—and their *paragons will not*—sufficiently fix their minds on this plain truth; because inclinations are perpetually mistaken for powers; because, bewildered by some *faery dream* that the world in which a Scott is king or a Siddons is queen, is paved with gold, every boy who can cut paragraphs into lengths fancies that he is a Scott, and every girl with a strong voice who loves play-going, that she is a *Lady Macbeth*, a *Cleopatra*, a *Queen Constance*, who can shake 'the play-house down.'

At all events, in such mistakes as the above, followed by their sure consequence of misery, lives not the Poetry which we are seeking. In its place we too often encounter a dismal wax-work show, a creature with glassy eyes and hot red cheeks, and a stiff arm, in a noble attitude perhaps, but always beckoning in one and the same direction,—not the living, breathing, hoping being, human like ourselves, yet better, than ourselves, with whom we can sit down at meat, and kneel down at prayer, to the fragment of Heaven upon Earth, to encounter and make acquaintance with, which redeems us from utter heartlessness or discomfort. The Poetry of appreciation when creation is impossible—the Poetry of daily life as sung in deeds of unselfishness, delicacy, triumph or temptations, consideration of the weak (let the brute force theorists 'sound their trumpets and beat their drums' as loudly as if upon themselves devolved the whole orchestral and choral noise of 'Judas Maccabeus') and companionship with the humble—the Poetry of a healthy, not a maudlin love for Nature—these are to be sought out and gathered up. In turn we may sit on the bleak hill-sides of Scotland with the shepherd-rhymers of the north—or wander down the alleys of English manufacturing towns, to see what fairly patterned verse may have been woven there. Or in a green lane we may open such a book as good Mr. Barnes has published in the Dorsetshire dialect, to show how ingeniously music may be got out of a corrupt local English phraseology. Or we may cross the Channel to hear *Jasmin*, the Provençal hair dresser, recite; or to see *Reboni*, the Nisemes baker, bring out an ode hot from his oven. But our business will be more with deeds than with words, more with genuine thoughts and impulses in action, than with second-hand fancies, faded as the coarse artificial flowers of a milliner's shop in Leicester Square, when the season is over, which no passer-by, 'gentle or simple,' can think of taking home.

We may have to do, moreover, with the poetry of association as conveyed in those festivals of joy or of sorrow which mark the progress of life and the peculiarity of manners. The nasal, droning burial psalm that may still be heard in remote places of England, winding up a hollow lane or across the corner of a moor,—as some little congregation of friends or neighbours vesper a dead body home,—the twilight vespers service (intrinsically tuneless and unmusical) of the Sisters of Charity, who come back to their *Begninnage* after a long day of hard work, hard prayers, hard consolation, and hard gossip among the poor;—do these things say nothing to us? Is nothing told us by the cry of sailors as they wail the ship into dock at the close of a wild and wintry voyage? by the serenade-music with which the impulsive people of a German town welcome some favourite poet or

artist? Are these not all, more or less, poems conveying to us something of feeling, and life, and youth, be we ever so seared by perpetual contact with coarser and harsher contemplations and employments? May we not call up such pictures,—may we not soothe ourselves with such harmonies,—may we not lay them to our soul as evidences? We must not use them by way of unction flattering us into the sentimental Waiting Gentlewoman's notion that crime is to disappear like a sudden in a pantomime, and thieves all of a sudden to grow as orderly as beads; but we may apply them as alternatives when we are in danger of being wearied into doggedness, by the man who enacts fits at the street corner—or by the begging-letter impostor who wrings crowns out of kind-hearted and economical souls, who must, for their credulity's sake forego their holiday—or by the Pole with his anti-Russian pamphlet, who makes his way in, to abase himself by fawning and genteel mendacity, under pretext of being a friend's friend—or by the sight of such a pillar of stone as the woman who went into the confectioner's shop to buy gingerbread, 'because they were going to see our Sally hanged and should be hungry!'

Yes: if sights and provocations and discouragements like these—of the earthy—force themselves into our highways, all the more need is it that all celestial appearances and sounds in our bye-ways, be they ever so few, faint, and far, should be collected and set down. Be they ever so rich, they will not be rich enough to justify an over complacent or supine spirit—still less to tempt the healthily-minded to confound dress with pure gold; be they ever so meagre they ought to keep alive in us the faith, that no portion of the earth is so barren, that Truth or Beauty, and Love, and Patience, and Honour, cannot grow therein.

A FRENCH DESPERADO.

(From the Paris Correspondent of the Times.)

The authorities were informed some days since that the greater number had found refuge in the department of the Ardeche, which, forming as it does, part of the 8th military division, is not, as I have just mentioned, under martial law. Intelligence was also communicated that a clandestine manufactory of gunpowder on an extensive scale existed at Pouzin, in the house of a person named Soubeyran, who was remarkable for much energy of character and desperate personal courage. This man had been known to declare that he would shoot any one, gendarme, police agent, or general, who should attempt to take him into custody. General Lapene, who commands the subdivision of the Drome, made arrangements with the authorities of the Ardeche to effect the capture of Soubeyran, and the seizure of the gunpowder. It was in the execution of this project that an incident occurred, which bears rather a close resemblance to an interesting passage in Sir Walter Scott's novel of *Rob Roy*.

An expedition was regularly planned between General Lapene and the military authorities on the other side of the Rhone, and was to take place simultaneous on both banks. The operations began on the 24th. At half-past ten o'clock at night a strong detachment of the 3rd Regiment of Horse Artillery and four companies of the 32d of the line left Valence, under the orders of the Commandant of the place. This column was to be reinforced as it proceeded, by smaller detachments of the 13th and 17th of the line. It arrived at Pouzin at 4 o'clock in the morning, after having invested the communes of Cruax, Baix, and St. Laurent du Pape. The Prefect of the Ardeche had previously arrived at the rendezvous, having under its orders several detachments of the gendarmerie of his department. At 5 o'clock that functionary accompanied by his men, proceeded to the residence of Soubeyran, knocked at the door, and summoned him, in the name of the law to come forth and surrender himself a prisoner. No answer was made. Knowing the desperate character of Soubeyran, the Prefect had disposed of his men so as to cut off his es-

cape, and four gendarmes were stationed at the door, two on each side, ready to seize him the moment he made his appearance; whilst the Prefect himself, a man of much determination, stood in front with a pistol loaded and cocked in his hand. During the short silence that intervened a noise was heard inside, and close to the door, as of the loading of a gun, and the ringing of a steel ramrod in the barrel. After the elapse of some minutes, and when the Prefect was about to repeat his summons, the door was suddenly flung open, and Soubeyran, in his shirt sleeves, a red silk handkerchief twisted round his head, his throat bare, and with sandals on his feet, stepped to the threshold, and presented himself before them. One hand grasped a blunderbuss, the other was extended forward. He evidently did not expect to see so many prepared to prevent his escape, and his surprise made him hesitate a moment. This hesitation, short as it was, in all probability prevented the shedding of blood; and the Prefect, profiting by it, rushed at him in an instant, seized with one hand the arm which held the blunderbuss, and with the other put a pistol to his temples. At the same time he again summoned him to surrender. The gendarmes who were stationed at the door were in the act of advancing to enforce the capture, when Soubeyran by a violent and sudden movement freed himself from the grasp of the man who held him, drew back a few paces (still with his face to his antagonists,) then turned quickly, still with blunderbuss in hand; leaped over a table and some chairs, burst through a door, the rebound of which impeded for a moment the progress of his pursuers, reached the window which hung over the water, and bursting through it, dashed into the Rhone that was rolling turbid, cold, and dark, below, and disappeared amidst its waves. The troops who were stationed outside ran at once to the bridge, and 20 or 30 of the horsemen were in a moment on the opposite side, while others lined the near bank.

Once or twice the end of the red handkerchief which bound the outlaw's head was seen in the uncertain light of day-break on the surface of the water; but Soubeyran himself was never since beheld. Troops watched long on both banks of the river, expecting to see him attempt to land. It was all useless. With respect to his fate there is some uncertainty. It is not known whether he perished in the dangerous current that shoots between the arches of the bridge, or whether he was able, by swimming for a considerable time under water, to find a shelter in the hollow of the rocks that in that part hang over the stream; at all events, dead or alive, he has not since been seen or heard of.

In his house was found a manufactory of gun-powder admirably organised; and a large quantity of which was perfectly prepared, and ready for use, a part also made up in cartridges.

CURIOSITIES OF ART.

It is singular how many men have directed their energies of mind to perfecting toys, which, altho' displaying wonderful inventive powers, yet have never conferred any benefit on mankind, nor ever have been even used for any other purpose than as a piece of amusement—the childish exhibition of masculine mind, the fame of foolery, and foolery of fame.

Thus Jerome Faba, an Italian priest, and a native of Calabria, exercised himself in a species of industry, wonderful from its difficulty. He finished a work of boxwood, which represented all the mysteries of the Passion, and which might be put in the shell of a walnut. To him was attributed a coach the size of a grain of wheat, within which there were to be seen a man and a woman, a coachman, who drove it, and horses that drew it. These were presented to Francis I, and Charles 5.

In China, the tomb of Confucius has been made in small miniature, no larger than a nut, but wonderfully composed of precious metals, and adorned with a profusion of gems—but its value consists of the labour expended on its execution. Its landscapes, dragons, angels, animals,

and human figures, would require several pages of description, which would after all, without a view of the model, prove tedious and unintelligible.

Charles V. of Spain, had a watch which was confined in the jewel of his ring, and a watchmaker in London presented George III. with one set in the same manner. Its size was something less than a silver two-piece, and it contained one hundred and twenty-five different parts, and weighed altogether no more than five pennyweights and seven grains.

The tomb of Raphael, executed by an Italian named Raccavalva, is indeed a wonder. It is only twelve inches in height, and from an inch to four inches in diameter. It is adorned with various architectural ornaments in the richest style of Gothic, and also figures of the virgin and child. The work is said to be of unrivalled merit and beauty. The model is contained in a case of wrought gold, and is itself of box-wood. The general design may be regarded as architectural, embellished with several compartments of sculpture or of carving, consisting of various groups of figures. These display different events in the life of Christ. Some of the figures are less than a quarter of an inch in height, but though thus minute, are all finished with the greatest precision and skill; and what renders this execution still more curious and admirable, is the delicacy and beauty with which the back and distant figures are executed.

THE EXAMINER.

Saturday, November 23, 1850.

The following observations from the late Earl of Durham's admirable Report on the Affairs of British North America, will be entirely new to most of our readers, for we believe they have never yet found a place in the periodical press of the Colony. We reprint them at this particular juncture, in lieu of an article from our own pen, because they will the more strikingly contrast with the dreary and interminable twaddle constantly appearing in the columns of the *Islander*, on the assumed impolicy of conceding to this Colony the principles of the British Constitution, and the alleged evils their adoption would produce.

The successful operation of the principles recommended for adoption by the late lamented Author of the Report—so far, at least, as the Canadas and Nova Scotia are concerned—constitutes the highest tribute that could be paid to his memory.

We pity the infatuation of any man who will now attempt to set up his crude opinions in opposition to the experience of the past and the present, when it is not possible to improve upon their results—and his vanity must be immeasurable, indeed, who thinks that his advice should be followed in preference to that of the most distinguished Statesman that ever exercised imperial authority in British North America. A greater marvel than any, perhaps, would be, to suppose that a dozen of intelligent people could be found, ready to be gulled by the impudence and presumption of such a man.

"It is not by weakening, but strengthening the influence of the people on its Government; by confining within much narrower bounds than those hitherto allotted to it, and not by extending the interference of the imperial authorities in the details of colonial affairs, that I believe that harmony is to be restored, where dissension has so long prevailed; and a regularity and vigour hitherto unknown, introduced into the administration of these Provinces. It needs no change