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LITERARY.

MEMOIRS OF OBERLIN.

(6.) [THE following additional extracts from the *Life of Oberlin* will be found extremely interesting. We find here that he was perhaps the first proposer and institutor of Infant Schools, since so deservedly engaging the attention of Parents. The moral drawn from the whole cannot be too extensively circulated: that the power of effecting good is almost unlimited, when undertaken with a steady and determined benevolence.

We think it is Mr. Addison who has observed, that the opportunities and the means of performing actions of great or extensive moment, are too rare to effect much good in the world; it is by the fixing upon some series of good actions, however trivial,—by a "thrift and good husbandry in moral life," that there seems to exist any means of sure or stable benefit to our fellow creatures.]

As Oberlin had observed with concern the disadvantages to which the younger children were subjected, whilst their elder brothers and sisters were at school, and their parents busily engaged in their daily avocations, he laid down a plan for the introduction of INFANT SCHOOLS also; probably the very first ever established, and the model of those subsequently opened at Paris, and still more recently in this country. Observation and experience had convinced him, that, even from the very cradle, children are capable of being taught to distinguish between right and wrong, and of being trained by habits of subordination, and subjects, or natural history, making them recite after her the explanations she gave. She also explained geographical maps of France, Europe, or the Ban de la Roche, and its immediate environs, engraved on wood for the purpose, by Oberlin's direction, and mentioned the names of the different places marked upon them; in addition to this, she taught them to sing moral songs and hymns. Thus she varied their employments as much as possible, taking care to keep them continually occupied, and never permitting them to speak a word of *patois*.

With minds thus stored and trained by discipline, the children, when arrived at a proper age, entered what may be called the public schools, and the masters were relieved and encouraged in their duties (which, in such a situation, were sufficiently arduous) by the progress they had already made.—Reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, the principles of agriculture, astronomy, and sacred and profane history, were regularly taught in the higher schools; but although Oberlin carefully superintended the whole proceeding, he reserved for himself, almost exclusively, the religious instruction of this large family. Every Sunday, the children of each village, in rotation, assembled at the church to sing the hymns they had learned, to recite the religious lessons which they had committed to memory during the week, and to receive the exhortations or admonitions of their common father.

Among the productions of his own press was an Almanack, cleared of all that superstitious and otherwise exceptionable matter with which the popular Almanacks of every country used to be accompanied. This he presented to his parishioners. The Germans, he told them, had private Almanacks, divided by ruled lines into a number of partitions, in which the names of the individual members of the family were written, with a little space below for inserting some notice of the manner in which the day had been passed; he had prepared this after the same manner for their use. The Strasbourg children, said he, are accustomed to find their baptismal names in their Almanack, and to celebrate the days on which they are recorded. You may do the same with yours; they will all be found there. Oberlin did not think a good custom was to be rejected because it had been abused to the purposes of superstition. This is characteristic of his true liberality.

With all his national enthusiasm, it required no common prudence to remain at his post during the worst years of the Revolution, and when its worst principles had made a formidable inroad into his own sequestered parish. It appears not only that his churches were closed, but that, in the brutal spirit of revolutionary impiety, the monuments in the church yard at Walbach, close to his own dwelling, were destroyed. Among them was one which bore this epitaph—

During three years of marriage Margaret Salome, wife of G. Stouber, Minister of this parish, Found at the Ban de la Roche, In the simplicity of a peaceable and useful Life,

The delight of her benevolent heart; And, in her first confinement, The grave of her youth and beauty. She died, August 9, 1764, aged 20 years. Near this spot Her husband has sown for immortality all That was mortal; Uncertain whether he is more sensible of The grief of having lost, Or the glory of having possessed, her.

It might seem to argue a great and deplorable deprivation that the people should have suffered this monument to be demolished, in the village where the elders remembered the benefits which they had received from Stouber, and from the wife to whose memory it was erected, and where the younger part of the population must have been taught to think of them as their benefactors. The most charitable supposition is in this case the most probable; that they were visited by a band of itinerant terrorists, and that their pastor instructed them to offer no resistance, but to bend before the storm until it had passed over.

From that time he rejected all offers of preferment. 'Some persons,' said he, 'think it a merit in me to have refused more considerable cures than this; but you, (addressing himself to a military officer,) if your general had given you a post to defend, would you quit it without positive orders?' And as if a simple answer to that question implied an assent to the inference which he drew from it—'Well,' he continued, 'God has confided this flock to my care, and why should I abandon it? Where could I find better parishioners, or more grateful hearts? He other individual, were dispersed in France, wherein, of all countries, the influence of the Bible is most needed.'

Employment having been thus secured for the population, the visitations of Providence seem to have been the only affliction which either Oberlin or his people endured from that time. They suffered scarcity in the year 1816 and 1817—the effect of most unfavourable seasons—and then, as on a former occasion, the potatoes, which Oberlin had introduced, preserved them from perishing; and the knowledge which the parishioners had acquired from him of the nature and properties of every indigenous plant is said to have proved at that time most useful to them, in preventing or relieving many distressing diseases. He himself was for some time the general physician in his parish; he had learned how to open a vein during his abode with M. Ziegler, and had also made himself acquainted with the routine of the profession in ordinary cases. When the great increase of population increased his other duties, he transferred this part of his functions to his son Charles, and to a young man whom he had sent to study at Strasbourg.

For his exertions at these times, and for the great and manifest improvements which he had made in the condition of the Ban de la Roche, Louis XVIII. sent him the ribbon of the legion of honour; and the Royal Agricultural Society voted him a gold medal. When Count Francois de Neufchateau proposed this vote, he said, 'If you would behold an instance of what may be effected in any country for the advancement of Agriculture and the interests of humanity, friends of the plough and of human happiness, ascend the Vosges mountain, and behold the Ban de la Roche! His benevolent exertions were thus acknowledged in his own country; while the religious principles from which those exertions proceeded, and by which they were sustained, made his character more highly as well as more justly appreciated among that—not inconsiderable—part of the British public to whom his name was known.'

Old age came gently on this venerable man. His strength failed, so that he no longer left his home, except for urgent motives; but his body was not bent, neither were his senses dulled; he devoted more time than he had done during his more active years to composition, and the last essay on which he was engaged was for the purpose of giving a more cheerful and consolatory picture of old age than Cicero. At length, in the 86th year of his age, he was seized with shiverings and faintings; fit succeeded fit during four days; on the fifth morning he lost his speech; he was still able to take off his cap, join his hands, and raise his eyes for the last time to heaven, 'his countenance beaming the while with faith, and joy, and love'; he then closed them forever, and soon afterwards departed in peace.

During the four days that intervened between his decease and the simple and affecting ceremony which consigned his remains to their last home, heavy clouds rested on the surrounding mountains, and the rain poured down in incessant torrents; this circumstance did not, however, prevent the inhabitants of the Ban de la Roche, of all ages and conditions, nearer or remote,

from coming to pay a last tribute of respect to the remains of their Cher Papa, whose venerable countenance they were permitted to see through a glass lid, which under the direction of Mr. Legrand, covered the coffin, which was placed in his study.

Early in the morning of the day fixed on for the interment, the clouds cleared away and the sun shone with its wonted brilliancy. As they left the house, the President of the Consistory of Barr, the Revd. Mr. Jaegle, placed the clerical robes of the late pastor on his coffin, the vice-president placed his Bible upon it, and the Mayor affixed to the funeral pall the decoration of the Legion of Honour. At the conclusion of this ceremony, ten or twelve young females, who had been standing around the bier, began to sing a hymn in chorus, and at two o'clock, the procession took its departure, the coffin being borne by the mayor, elders, and official magistrates. In front of it walked the oldest inhabitant of the Ban de la Roche, carrying a cross, which Louisa had given him, to plant on the tomb, and on which the words *Papa Oberlin* were engraved in open letters.

So numerous was the concourse of people assembled on the occasion, that the foremost of the train already reached the church of Fondai where the interment was to take place, before the last had left the parsonage, although the distance was nearly two miles. The children of the different schools formed part of the melancholy procession, chanting at intervals, sacred hymns, selected and adapted for the occasion. At the moment of their approaching the village, a new bell, presented by Mr. Legrand in commemoration of this day of general mourning, was rung by the Catholic Priests, dressed in their canonicals, took their seats among the members of the Consistory, and evidently participated in the general grief.

No man has ever left behind him a more remarkable example in his station than Oberlin. And how greatly might the condition of any country be improved, wherein that example might be imitated, as far as it is wisely imitable, which in many places it must be in many points, and in most places, if not every where, in some! Would the propagandist of what is termed useful knowledge learn a portion of his religious zeal; would they who have that zeal learn something of his enthusiasm for bettering the temporal condition of the lower classes, taking into consideration that the poor have bodies to be cherished and minds to be nurtured, as well as souls to be saved—both would find those exertions successful, which are now too vainly, or worse than vainly, directed, because they are not thus conjoined; for (in the words of our incomparable South) 'it is the same spirit and principle that purifies the heart and clarifies the understanding.' Let it not be supposed that the heart can be enlightened if the understanding is left in darkness, nor that the intellectual part of man can be healthy while his moral nature is unsound.

THE HEIRESS OF BRUGES.

(7.) [The continued Extracts introduce Siger Roozen after a lapse of eighteen years; during which he had by a plausible and gradual employment and display of his treasure, and his aptness to improve all advantages, passed thro' the civic honors of his native City—acquired knowledge and manners becoming his fortune and influence in Society, and had been united by marriage with one of the Noble families of Bruges. The Heralds of those days found it no difficult matter to accommodate the Favourites of Fortune, with a genealogy proportioned to their elevation, and Siger Roozen was now recognized descendant of the house of Rozenhoed.

The last Extract describes the return in all the delusive dreams of youthful ambition and future felicity, of Theresa Van Rozenhoed, the Heiress, and the Heroine of the Tale, from the Convent where she had been brought up. Deprived of her Mother in her early years, she was now the sole object of her Father's affection and ambition. The scene is amusing and interesting; by the contrast from past times, and as a picture of human nature which is ever the same.]

It was on a beautiful evening, in the latter end of April in that year, that the newly erected chief burgomaster of the City of Bruges was sitting in a rustic arm chair, on the terrace of his garden, that extends from the cathedral of Notre Dame, in front of the Dyer and Steen-Houwer's Dyk. In the unenclosed space which had formerly separated these two handsome quays, and directly opposite the basin on its southern side, another had of late years been built, and now joined them together. The houses of this new quay, which was no other than that referred to in our first pages, were of a cheerful construction, less massive and imposing than those at either end. The architecture was light and sim-

ple; and the new range formed a pleasing link, as it were, of the chain which it served to unite.

The burgomaster's house was situated on the eastern side of the basin, its front looking towards that point. The rear commanded one of the loveliest town views that anywhere existed. The garden was to the North of the mansion, and occupied a tolerably large space, which at this day is covered by the house, out-offices, and grounds of the tavern called *der Hollander*.

At the period of our story it was laid out with precious flowers and plants, and the terrace before mentioned extended for its whole western length. On the north side, which there branched off from the basin, separated it from that of the stad-house, whose turrets rose proudly up and overlooked the scene we describe. The canal being narrow, the gardens were in a measure united, for the branches of the acacias, weeping willows, and other graceful trees, hung over from both sides, and, interlacing together, formed a pleached canopy over the smooth stream (for it was such) that flowed drowsily, and almost imperceptibly beneath.

To complete the description, we must once more return to the burgomaster's house, and give a short sketch of it as it then appeared, and indeed may still be recognized. The walls were built of bricks—the architraves, and frame-work of doors and windows, of stone, curiously carved, according to the *moderne* taste of the time. In front, a handsome porch was ascended by a flight of steps at each side; the balustrades richly ornamented, as was the front of the house, with much fantastic carving and gilding. The family arms were adapted by the burgomaster for special purposes of his trade; the other, which was the one next the garden, being intended and fitted up for the accommodation of a tenant, of whom we shall presently speak more particularly.

In full enjoyment of this enviable residence, in possession of immense wealth, and in all the honours of his long-sought and but newly acquired dignity, the burgomaster sat as already mentioned. He was a man verging on fifty years, of a good presence, inclined to corpulence, and richly dressed; he seemed, to some observers from the quay, to slumber: and a curiously carved instrument appeared to sustain his position between his teeth at one end, and between his forefinger and thumb at the other, without any waking exertion of the burgomaster's will. But a nearer examination would have proved that his worship was absorbed in thought, not in sleep; while the vapour that escaped in gentle puffs through his lips, and the fragrance it diffused around, told that he indulged in the lately introduced luxury of smoking tobacco.

Within an hour after the conference between Van Rozenhoed and the Prior, whom the reader must have recognized as his old acquaintance, Father Wolfert, Theresa, the object of so much domestic and public interest, arrived at her father's mansion, then called Rozenhoed House.—She was brought there from the convent by the abbess herself, and accompanied by her own faithful attendant, Nona, who had (on her mother's death, ten years before) entered with her the sanctuary, where she received her education, and now left it with her, to watch over her in the world, for which it had been meant to prepare her.

Theresa had received such an education at the hands of the sisterhood, as was usual in such establishments as theirs. She was better informed in the various branches of knowledge than girls educated at home; and in the common accomplishments of those days, her natural taste ensured a proficiency more than usual. She was brought up in strict notions of piety; and the doctrine of passive obedience to her father's and confessor's will was rigidly inculcated. For all matters appertaining to this life, she was instructed to rely on the former; for all that related to another and a better world, Father Wolfert was pointed out as an infallible guide. On these points of belief, Theresa was a true Catholic. She considered herself born for her father's will, as far as worldly concerns were in question; and she became imbued with the feeling, that whenever she might quit the convent and return home, it was for the purpose of making a marriage with some one of high distinction, to be chosen by her father, and, as a matter of course, accepted by her. This notion gradually seemed to make a part of her mind, as if it sprang up there self-formed; and the ambitious pride which she inherited from her father, as her chief and almost her only fault, involuntarily cherished the idea of a high alliance.

It was for the sixth day after Theresa's establishment in Rozenhoed House, that her father's grand installation feast was fixed, as had been just calculated and explained by Count Ivon, in his parting conversation with Lyderic. The repast given

on this occasion was, as was the custom, at the expense of the city, and took place in the banquetting rooms of the town-house. Nothing could exceed the sumptuousness of the entertainment. There was a profusion of every thing in season and in fashion; and dishes were filled with delicacies as foreign to our present tastes, at the crane of the ancients or the peacock of the chivalric ages were to those of the gluttonous burghers of the time we treat of.

A Flemish feast has at all times borne the same character for gormandizing, which we attribute to the corporation dinners of our own country. There is perhaps a little exaggeration in both cases, but it is more likely in the latter than in the former. Our more social habits allow to individuals the constant opportunity of convivial meetings, the infrequency of which in the Netherlands gives them, when they do occur, the greater probability of excess.

The moment that Theresa set her foot across the threshold of her father's mansion, as its recognised mistress, a total revolution at once took place in her mind.—In quitting the convent, where her years of early youth had so quietly glided away, she seemed to throw back upon its walls her infantine habits of thought and action, too indistinct and insubstantial in themselves to be dignified with the name of character. She had hitherto been but the reflection of others. If at times a spring of original thought seemed to bubble up in her brain, she started with affright at the unseemly boldness in which it had its source. Her occupations and duties had alike been traced for her, and she followed and observed them with a tacit acknowledgment, moving in the regular circles of their mechanism, offered no contrasts, no points, no angles of comparison. Beatrice alone had furnished aliment for that craving which our heroine felt and loved to feel.—In her there was much beyond the conventional commonplace of the rest; but that something had displayed itself in a form so abrupt and appalling, that Theresa had been confounded too much for reflection. All the habitual train of her feelings suffered a revulsion; but the elements of thought were thereby brought into play, and her mind seemed to open wide, as if at the pressure of a magic spring. In this Theresa bore an inherited resemblance to her father's character. One marked event, in which she was by chance an actor, brought into life a myriad of sensations, the existence of which she knew not; and she found, deep buried within her own mind, treasures more various and valuable than those which he had discovered in the bosom of the earth.

A blaze of light, a profusion of ornaments, mirrors, vases, paintings, plants and flowers, have been, since luxury and pleasure have gone hand in hand with civilisation, the inseparable necessities of every fete given by refinement, taste, and wealth. Music, in its intoxicating harmonies, splendour in dress, beauty, grace and gallantry, complete the combination. And such was assembled in profuse magnificence at Rozenhoed House, on the night we wish to bring back, in all its life and reality, to our reader's comprehension. Every thing that money could procure, consistent with the somewhat incongruous contrasts which distinguished the style of furniture and decorations in those days, and that suited such a mansion, had been amply provided by the gorgeous taste of Van Rozenhoed, subdued and regulated as that had been, by the wife who had nurtured it, and the daughter who was now its absorbing object.

The guests, as they entered the square before the house, were dazzled by the lustre of its illuminated front, covered with hundreds of coloured lamps in various fantastic devices, while as many large white wax flambeaux flared from each niche and window. The steps leading to the portico were lined with odorous shrubs. Festoons of flowers were intermixed with various banners that formed a tapestry above, and covered the wainscoting of the entrance-hall. The staircase was garished with the choicest treasures of the greenhouses, not only of Van Rozenhoed, but of his friends, who were all proud to contribute towards the decorations of the fete.

Van Rozenhoed was, as has been before observed, a bountiful patron of the arts; and his house was adorned with busts and statues of exquisite chiselling, and pictures by several of the great artists just then flourishing, at once the monuments of their genius, and the title deeds of their immortality. Numbers of liveried attendants, with the badge of the Rozenhoed arms fastened on their sleeves, moved to and fro, serving wines, cordials, and other refreshments suited to the taste of those days, and some which bore a patent of approbation for the palates of all time.

All that was distinguished and respectable among the citizens of Bruges and the

neighbouring inhabitants, whether noble or plebeian, by their party opinions or religious differences what they might, had been invited to the fete. The family of Claassen and many other of his public enemies, as well as the officers of the Spanish garrison, obnoxious as they and their cause were to his most secret prejudices, had been bidden by Van Rozenhoed, with his daughter's full consent. As soon as the chimes from the city clocks told seven, and the carillons from the Stadthouse steeple struck up their cheerful yet somewhat discordant announcement of the hour, many an expectant bosom fluttered with the joy that beats in young hearts longing for a night of pleasure. The arrivals soon became numerous, and in the order suited to the circumstances or taste of the visitors.—Some drove on in the few lumbering specious of carriage building, which had been but lately established by the nobility or wealthy burghers of Flanders. Others came dragged along in a litter suspended between two poles, in which were yoked as many mules, one in front, the other in rear of the coarse vehicle; and in such a machine (as we know by engraved evidence) did the tyrant Alva take his departure from Brussels when he was removed from his ensanguined government. Rude models of those portable chairs, afterward called sedans (from their being greatly improved (not actually invented in that town), and upheld by human carriers, bore several of the splendidly dressed townswomen to the scene of the night's festivity.—

Other's came, in attire equally rich, but in more homely, seated on high backed pillows, behind their husbands, fathers, or brothers, on the broad flanks of the Flemish bright and almost flaxen hair, were all of exceeding value, but assorting so well with each other, and with the character of the wearer's beauty, that the combination they produced was one of rich simplicity. Theresa's complexion was brilliantly fair. Her eyes were of dark hazel, that tempered, as it were, the dazzling whiteness of her skin and the vermilion of her lips, and imparted to her countenance a softened seriousness, more dignified and not less tender than the expression given by blue eyes, which are generally found associated with such a complexion. Her fully developed figure was such as a sculptor might have desired as a model; or such, when she moved along in swelling gracefulness, as might fill an intellectual voluptuary with the true and natural delight excited by the association of physical with mental charms. Nor was there less attraction in her lovely form, when reclining, as at present, in her chair; no stiff formality cramping her natural ease, but body, head, and limbs, all taking the attitudes that seemed chosen by the free will of each, and confirmed by the assenting gracefulness of the whole.

(8.) [The following circumstance from the last New York Enquirer is so extremely out of even romantic calculation, that we can scarcely say we insert it from belief. It is certainly desirable to ascertain the truth of such a remarkable event. The poetical reader will recollect the beautiful and affecting tale of the Hermit in Douglas.]

INTERESTING SCENE.—A few days since a young tradesman, a native of Ireland, but long a resident in this city, in passing along a wharf at which a ship from one of the ports in Ireland was about to be made fast, stopped as is usual with persons from a foreign country to observe whether any face which had been familiar to their eye in earlier years, might not present itself.—In the bustle of attempting to get quickly on shore, one of the passengers fell into the dock and instantly sunk under the vessel;—without a moment's hesitation the young man before alluded to, who had remained to gratify his curiosity, plunged in the deep after the drowning man, and with considerable difficulty succeeded in bringing him safe on land. The deliverer very naturally felt anxious to see his prize restored to perfect life, and with this view remained to tender his assistance without going away to change or even dry his apparel. A few moments after some simple remedies had been applied, the rescued man slowly opened his eyes and murmured "God bless you, God bless you—it would be too soon to die far far away from home." The voice, and the awakening countenance of the newly arrived young man, filled the other with an intensity of eagerness visible to all around: he asked the place of birth and name of his patient: both questions were soon answered satisfactorily enough to prove that the resener and rescuer were brothers! It is needless to attempt to relate the sequel—in an instant they were interlocked in a close embrace and a thousand questions and congratulations were made on each side, before one could be answered. Finally the brothers retired amidst the ejaculations and the wonder of all who observed the singular scene.