THE UPPER CANADA HERALD.

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POETRY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK AMERICAN.

LOVE AND REASON—An Allegory.

One night, when Love oppress'd with pain,
Had thrown aside his golden quiver,
And gone to cool his throbbing brain,
To roam awhile by Reason's river:

Upon the bank of roses gay,
Which fringe the edge of Reason's water,
He saw a cherub girl at play,
And knew the romp—for Reason's daughter.

"Come hither, hither, blooming child—
Long have I sought to have the near me;
Let's roam among those roses wild—
I're not my bow—you need not fear me!"

As Love pronounced the maiden's name,
From his bright wing he pluck'd a feather:
Pleased with the proffer'd toy, she came,
And hand in hand they roam'd together.

At length there rose a tempest wild,
Though Reason thought 'twas not unpleasing;
But storms scarce felt by Reason's child,
To gracile Love appear'd, oh freezing!

"How screen me from this icy air!
My wings are all too wet for flying!
Oh take me to that bosom fair?"—
Said Love to Reason, softly sighing.

And nestling up to Reason's form,
Spread his chill wings on Reason's shoulder—
And this is why *at Love grows warm,*
Reason, they say, *grows always colder.*

The Zephyr now rode down the air,
And kiss'd the rain-drops from the cresses;
And Love unbraided Reason's hair,
And dried his wings with Reason's tresses.

But both grew faint and weary soon—
"Reason," said Love, "the choice is ours;
Let's stay beneath this silver moon,
And sleep to night among the flowers."

Reason replied, with drooping head,
And pausing 'neath a weeping willow,
They made a soft carnation bed,
And plac'd a rose-bud for a pillow.

But lest another storm might rise,
Of which they'd have too little warning,
One was to watch the changing skies,
And one to sleep, by turns, till morning.

Thus each awhile in slumber lay;
Each watch'd the other's couch of roses;
And this is why they always say
When Love awakes, Reason reposes,

Westpoint. HARP OF THE ISLE.

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE UPPER CANADA HERALD.

No. 1.
TO CALCULATOR.

Sir:—Your observations in the U. C. Herald of the 17th ult. came to hand this day, and I think it no injustice to you, nor to the cause you avowedly support, to express my decided conviction, from internal evidence as well as from extraneous circumstances, that you, who are shooting the poisoned arrows of intended death at the reputation and character of an individual who has never done you any wrong, are a Clergyman of the Church of England—a pupil of Dr. Strachan,—and make very grave professions of *charity* and *liberality* among certain descriptions of persons in your so called parish. I further state, what I conceive to be a well founded *opinion*, that you are the "*Church of England man,*" whose ebullitions in the Kingston Chronicle, a few years ago, breathed such unbridled ridicule against all but your own (as you call it) "faction," also that you are the '*Vigil*' whose malevolent belching emitted such a stench from the Newcastle District in the first part of the year 1828; likewise that you are the "*Monitor*" whose more recent lucubrations filled so many colums of the now defunct "*Loyalist*" with the slanderous overflowings of a distempered mind.

From this, your habitual propensity to every thing but what is honorable, and praiseworthy, and useful, I was fully prepared to meet all the low cunning, the disregard of truth, and the unprecedented vulgarity which abound in the columns of '*Calculator.*' And it is much to be regretted, Sir, both on your own account and that of those over whom you exercise the pastoral office, that your increased years and experience, instead of chastening your passions, and improving your spirit, only serve to leave the one without controul, and the other with nothing but the bitterness of gall. To this melancholy conclusion your readers, even those who may favor the principles of the positions you assume, must, I think, come when they read your professed reply to Mr. G. Ryerson, when they see hissing through your columns from beginning to end no milder, nor more decent terms than "twenty four pounder, pigstye, Ryersonian maligunity. Dung fork, three calves, impudence and insolence, slander and calumny, unblushing effrontery, base calumniator, wholesale slander, usual style of Billingsgate, bitter hatred, devotion to your own faction, Master George, Ryersonian mess of politics, cant and whine,' &c. &c. &c. classical style indeed! Fine language, and spirit for a professed ambassador of Christ! Persuasive illustration of the evangelical meekness and goodness of the cause you espouse! How greatly blessed would Canada be to have 2000 such amiable, and forbearing Ministers as you are!—To be serious, Sir, must not Angels weep at such a sight! must not the Church of God bleed under such an unfortunate Minister! Must not your venerable Bishop sigh that he has a man so thirsty for the blood of human character in the sacred office, for the usefulness of which he feels so much anxiety; and must not many of your justly respected Brethren blush, when they see one of their reverend rank, forget, in so aggravating a manner, the dignity of his character, the sacredness of his office, the spirit of his mission, and descend to such censurable lengths, in the disgusting repetition of vulgar epithet, and the bitterness of personal vituperation.

I thus define you for the purpose of bringing you before the public as you have bro't Mr. Ryerson, and of giving you both even handed justice, and of relieving myself from the disadvantage of talking to, and my readers from the inconvenience of reading about "A man of Straw."—I have no reluctance in acknowledging (to use the language of Bishops Watson to Thomas Paine) that you possess a considerable share of energy of language, and acuteness of investigation though I must be allowed to lament, that these talents have not been applied in a manner more useful to human kind, and more creditable to yourself.

With these general remarks, I proceed to an examination of your statements, and positions; and although like you, I shall not boast of what great works I have done, or shall do, though I am no mighty or experienced hunter; yet, I feel no *trembling* anxiety as to the result of my attempts to follow you throughout your devious, and undigested windings.—You laugh at the idea of using the terms "rights and liberties" &c. because they have become as "familiar as household words." So, Sir, do infidels laugh at the frequent repetition of the terms "faith in the Lord Jesus Christ," but are they therefore "*ridiculous* or *unimportant*!"

You tauntingly say, "that the five Ryersons and Brother Case domineer over the Methodists with a vengeance." Was this, Sir, as you tell Mr. Ryerson, keeping to the *point*? Was this any part of the subject of dispute between you and Mr. R.? You know, Sir, it was not; and I leave the reader to judge whether such an unprovoked and wanton attack proceeded from a spirit of *Christian charity*, and justice, or from a spirit alike wreckless of truth, and religious character. I notice this 1st to show that it is not for the purpose of investigating a particular subject (as you profess) that you write, but to abuse and slander certain individuals—for such a statement had nothing whatever to do with the case, in any shape, that you were investigating. 2ndly That to accomplish your unworthy purpose, you would speak with mathematical positiveness on what you know nothing about.—And 3dly To tell you that it is utterly *untrue*—that but *three* (and not five as you falsely stated) of the Ryersons are members of the Methodist Conference—that the persons to whom you so maliciously allude, differ in opinion in their Conference deliberations as any other members of the Conference—that any or every Preacher has opposed and at all times does (when he thinks differently from them) oppose their measures with as little restraint as he does the measures of any other persons in the Conference; and as proof of it, I refer you to any or every member of the Conference. Now, Sir, you talk much to Mr. Ryerson about making unsupported assertions; but what evidence have you brought to support this unfounded assertion? Were I now to allow myself to imitate you, to do to you as you have done to Mr. Ryerson, I should be under the necessity of calling you a base calumniator," and that as fitness for this work of "slander and calumny" you posses three necessary qualifications—"1st bitter hatred to the" Methodist Church. 2nd Blind devotion to your own faction. 3d. An invincible determination at all hazards to depress the former, and exalt the latter. The members of the Methodist Conference are living in peace and harmony with each other, and with their Brethren.—And remember Sir, *that the "Lord hateth a false witness that speaketh lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren"* (Prov. 6. 19.)

I now advance to your principal positions and to what you consider your strong holds; and in order that you may be "judged according to your works," I will notice, 1st, your attempts to make Mr. Ryerson state that there are 38,000 Methodist *Members* in this Province. 2d, your observations on the congregation in York. 3rd, your effort to make Mr. Ryerson contradict himself. 4th, your own animadversions on Dr. Morrison's Chart. 5th, the weight of evidence by which Mr. Ryerson's testimony is supported. 6th, the present state of the controversy.

In your attempt to make Mr. Ryerson out what you magnanimously call a "Base calumniator," you occupy nearly a column in labouring to show, that Mr. R. stated, in his evidence, that 38 000 persons, or one fifth of the population of U. Canada, were *members* of the Methodist Church. You quote Mr. R's. evidence thus—"There are 9009 Communicants, and about 38,000 regular *hearers*, making about one fifth of the population of U. Canada" You then say to Mr. Ryerson, "I would ask any man of common sense, when you speak of 38,000, and (would it not have been more honest for you to have said *or*!) of one fifth of the population of U. Canada as being regular Methodist hearers, whether the Committee or any one else who reads the book containing your evidence, could understand any thing else, than that you claimed those 38,000 or one fifth part as *belonging* to the Methodist Church;" I answer *No!* and for two reasons; 1st, "Common sense" would dictate to any man—but one whose object it was to misrepresent that a regular *hearer* of a Church is one thing—and *member* of a Church is another. A member may be fairly taken to be a "regular hearer," but it does not thence follow that every regular hearer is *a member*, any more than your regularly hearing the debates of the House of Assembly, would make you a member of that Assembly. I might be a "regular hearer" of what I suppose you would call, your *preaching* for months or even years, and not be a member of your Church; and "every man of "common sense" knows that this is the case in thousands of instances with every denomination of Christians in the Province. Secondly, a still better reason is given to that very committee by Mr. Ryerson in his evidence (in answer to their enquiries) which, Sir, for reasons best known to yourself, you have not had the fairness to notice. In page 217, minutes of evidence, Mr. Ryerson says "It is scarcely possible to give a return of the Church of England, because there are but few communicants. In other Societies *none* are returned *as belonging to them* but those who are *adult communicants.*" Now then, Sir, after Mr. Ryerson, like an honest man, had carefully defined, who among other Societies (than the Church of England) were to be reckoned *members*; after he had explicitly stated, that none but "*adult cammunicants*" were returned as *members*, after he had said, that in the Methodist Church there were 9009 *communicants*, and consequently but 9009 *members* according to his definition to the Committee, who, Sir, but a "base calumniator," would *say*, much less labour through a whole column, and even, whether suitable or not, strain it into almost every paragraph to make it appear, that Mr. Ryerson told the Committee, that there were 38,000 *members* of the Methodist Church in U. Canada! Now, Mr. Calculator, had you Mr. Ryerson in your power, as I now have you,—had you detected him not only in a wilful deliberate falsehood, but in a most villainous attempt to destroy the reputation of another, what would you have said to him? What would you have called him! What epithets and reflections would you not have heaped upon him! Nay, Sir, what have you not called him! But, Sir, do I not hear you say as you imagined you heard Mr. Ryerson say, Oh! spare me! I will spare you, Sir, and leave you to writhe under the chastising rod of an upbraiding conscience (if you have any) and the just indignation of every candid reader.

But suppose (contrary to the facts of the case) that Mr. Ryerson had, from a general calculation, supposed and given it as his *opinion* (for on this point he only gave an opinion) that there were about 38,000 members of the Methodist Church in U. Canada, would this have been half so wicked and injurious a falsehood as those which your very Reverend friend, and patron, Dr. Strachan roundly asserted, to the under Secretary of State, from "his own *personal* knowledge!" But perhaps, Sir, this is wandering a little from the point. I am now in the *defensive*. I will in due time carry the War into your own camp, and give you work to do in defending your own ramparts, as well as in attacking those of others.—*Menguam hodie effugies; veniam quocunque vocaris.* Now, Sir, upon this detected falsehood you found the greatest part of your calculations—this is the chief corner stone in your imaginary building; but the chain is now completely broken at its prime link—your main pillar is now swept away—your fabric falls—(and though the fall of it, to be sure is not very great) it leaves nought but your offensive stench behind. With this, Sir, I close my first number, presuming that these observations such as they are, will measureably assuage your thirst for war during one short week. You have commenced the attack—you have thrown the gauntlet—you have, Philistine like, bid defiance.—The consequences to yourself—to your friends—to the cause you essay to promote, must lie at your own door. Every effort has been used on the part of Mr. Ryerson and his friends to evade controversy—but no, "your voice was for war." Well, Sir, war you shall have, though for myself I still wish for peace—In taking up the gauntlet, you have so vauntingly thrown down, in defence of truth and justice, I boast of no other weapon than the smooth stone of truth, I pretend to no other strength than that which is furnished me in the clearness of the case, and the goodness of the cause I espouse—well knowing that it will be carefully examined, and weighed by a public, who have long before this, learned (notwithstanding your apparent suppositions to the contrary) to distinguish between truth and error, sound and sense—assertion and evidence. I will only add, when you reflect upon the shouts of victory with which you closed your last communication—when you recollect the lofty eminence on which you placed yourself above him whom you styled a "Base calumniator;" remember, Sir, that the spirit of God has said, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

SCRUTATOR.

March 22d, 1830.

FOR THE UPPER CANADA HERALD.

Mr. Thomson:—Sir,—Permit me through the medium of your paper to address a few lines to the author of a Letter to Mr. Geo. Ryerson, which made its appearance in the 576 number of the Herald—as some of his remarks in that Letter merit the reproach of every civilized member of community.

Mr. Calculator,

Sir,—In looking over the Upper Canada Herald of the 17th March, I discovered your long letter addressed to Mr. Geo. Ryerson, as you are pleased to call that Rev. Gentleman.—As I pretend not to meddle with the merits of your former or latter calculations, I should have pass'd your letter by with as little notice, as the merits of it required,—had you not been pleased in your calculations, to vent your spleen in your uniform low and vulgar style, on the whole body of Methodists.

You accuse the Rev. Gentleman, who is a member of that Body, of using the dung fork with no feeble hand. Who, sir, I would ask you, is a better judge of the ability to handle that instrument than he who is accustomed to and in the habit of using it himself. I do not pretend to offer myself as a champion for Mr. Ryerson,—that gentleman is personally unknown to me, but abundantly able himself, I believe, to vindicate his character and conduct against any insidious attacks of Calculator's. But pray sir, from whence arise those wise calculations of yours, that the Methodists in this Province are bidding fair to become the laughing stock of the whole community, and what whole community do you mean? How came your wise head stocked with so much knowledge? I have good reason to believe, sir, that you are as ignorant of the true character of the Methodists, and the way they are in, as Balaam was of the vision his ass saw when she thrust herself unto the wall and crushed his foot, notwithstanding you might have been offered promotion unto very great honour to curse the People of God. The Methodists, Sir, are a humble, unassuming, and I trust in general, a Pious People, and those who will live Godly in Christ Jesus, shall we are nformed, suffer persecution.—What do you mean, Mr. Calculator, by the whole community? Do you mean the whole of a certain sect or party, or do you mean the whole Province, of which the Methodists make a part, and that they should have become a laughing stock to themselves? This looks like another of your wise calculations, for which I would recommend you to the reading of the latter clause of the 2nd, the 3d and 4th verses of the 15th of Proverbs. But near the close of your letter, Mr. Calculator, we have the sweeping clause.—

"The Methodists are a hood winked, Priest ridden, blind confiding race."—Without distinction, or reference to Province, Kingdom or place. This indeed is a sweeping calculation, as well as the rancouring of an evil spirit.—Fortunately, sir the character of the Methodists as a body of professing Christians is so well known that it supersedes the necessity of vindicating it from the slanderous aspersions of a calculator, or the evil imaginations of an evil genius—who, because his weakness and folly have been deservedly exposed to public view by a member of that Church ,vents his venom and spleen upon the whole body.—I think, Mr. Calculator, when you spouted that paragraph in your letter, you must have been half seas over, or thereabouts, for certainly you cannot be acquainted with but a very small proportion of the Methodists, even in this Province, let alone other places. With what truth and propriety can you then assert that the Methodists are a blind confiding race, and what proof do you offer in support of your assertion? If, sir, the walls of Jerico fell at the sound of a ram's horn, your base and slanderous assertion will fall without the aid of that sound. I do not deem it necessary to make any further comment on your performance, as I do not write to be seen or heard of men. I claim no merit as a writer, and only in this instance have I deemed it expedient to answer a fool according to his folly, lest he should be wise in his own conceit. It is foreign from my principle to revile because I have been reviled; and to conclude, if the servant of the High Priest has lost his ear by the sword of a methodist, that shall suffice.

A Methodist Lay Member.

March 25th, 1830.

For the Upper Canada Herald.

Mr. Editor,—Since the rumours of the Ministry having it in contemplation to open the West India Trade to the United States, much excitement has been occasioned by what I conceive a fallacious and mistaken policy on the part of our House of Assembly and the principal part of the writers upon the subject in the newspapers; and as you, Mr. Editor, have adopted the very liberal course of opening your colums to a free discussion of every subject of importance to the public, I am induced to offer a few remarks upon the commercial interests of this Province, as concerned in the final determination of this question. It appears to me at least questionable, whether our commerce or agriculture would suffer in *the least* degree, by the Americans being permitted to ship their produce direct from their ports to the British West Indies. It is a well known fact, that American produce finds its way to our islands—and indeed it *must*, for we cannot supply them.—Here then our produce, what little we ship to the West Indies must *meet* theirs.—But then it is agued, that the reshipment, and consequent charges upon *their* produce operates as a *bounty* upon *ours.*—Granting this to be the case, the difference upon the quantity of our products which reach the West Indies, would be but trifling—but that trifle would be a saving l grant.—But when we meet their produce in market, the question is not what we can *afford* our productions for, but what we can *get.*—The Americans must do so also. Both parties must be governed by the state of the market, the quantity on hand, the demand &c.. This is the test of all mercantile transactions, and in the shipment of our products this must be the governing principle. The merchant who ships a cargo to the W. Indies, or any other quarter, must not say, this article cost me so much laid down in your market, and I must have at least that price, or not sell. He must take what he can obtain, or what the state of the market, warrants the purchaser in giving. But it is argued by some that if the Americans gain a direct trade, they will *glut* the markets and we shall consequently be compelled to sell at a *loss.*—And what better, I would ask, are the markets when the Yankees are excluded.—Will our Brother Colonists of the W. Indies give us an exorbitant price, when by sending to a neutral island, they can obtain their provisions at a low price? When a neutral island is glutted by adventurers, with American produce and a forced sale must be effected, must not the American take what he can get? And are not our W. India merchants capable of driving a good bargain? Those deposits of American produce in neutral islands, affect our W. India markets as much as though it were in our W. India ports.—Then where can be the great benefit to us of excluding the Americans?

It is in fact, nothing, and in reality, that very exclusion of American produce, has an effect of lowering their prices. And this very produce, bought at a reduced price in consequence of the restriction, we must meet in market, and sell as *low* too, or we shall find no sale.—Let the W. India Trade be opened to the Americans, and the prices of produce would immediately rise in their ports. We export the same production as the Americans, and what, in the name of common sense, is the reason we cannot export on as advantageous terms as they? We *must* meet them in foreign market, and enter into competition with them.—What difference whether we meet them in Kingston, Montreal, Liverpool or Jamaica? The aggregate of produce received at those places *no matter where from,* together with the demand, governs the prices, and we must abide by them. Our Lumbermen are as enterprizing, and our farmers have as good land, as the U. S. afford—then why should we fear to compete with them?

The writer of an article in the Albion signed "Anti Monopolist," (attributed by some to Mr. Buchanan) notwithstanding the censure of the house of Assembly, and strictures of your brother Editor and his correspondents, has evidently a correct view of the commercial interests of the Province, and we instead of discouraging our farmers with the whine of American produce destroying our markets, should encourage a manly and fair *competition,* and Canadian resources, *properly fostered,* need not fear to meet the Yankees, in any foreign market.—Should you insert this, at some future day you may hear again from

COMMERCE.

27th March 1830.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE U. C. HERALD.

Mr. Editor,—A gentleman who lives in the vicinity of Hay Bay, gives the following novel account of a Wolf Hunt.

A Fact.—One Morning while skating on the bay, he perceived an animal resembling a large sized dog, at some considerable distance from him. Thinking by his suspicious looks that he did not belong to the class of *feræ domitæ*, he hied to a neighbour's house, on the shore near by, and informed him of the circumstance. His neighbour having no fire-arms at hand, and being unwilling to remain in doubt on the subject, mounted his trusty gelding and proceeded to reconoitre. After a nearer approach to the object in question, he found that it possessed all the qualities of a full grown Wolf, and intimating his intention to his friend, he gave rein to his steed, and made towards him. Sir Wolf not relishing the idea of being run over without opposition, sheared off and made directly up the bay. Finding however, that his adversary gained fast on his heels, he made sundry turns and evasions to avoid him, but the horse being a sure footed animal, and being urged on by the cries and buffeting of the rider, pounced down upon him without ceremony.—The Wolf finding that he was about to be run *aboard* thought a prostrate condition the most likely way to avoid the immense hoofs of his four footed pursuer, and accordingly crouched down, and had the satisfaction of seeing his enemy pass over him without any damage, save a few scratches from his rough shodden hoofs.—Having succeeded so well in the first rencontre, he thought it not a bad plan to stand another charge;—accordingly putting as good a face as he could on the matter, he kept his recumbent posture. However after having this running over process repeated several times, he found the action was beoming general, to render his situation a safe one, so "packing up his tatters" he made off, and

"Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig:
He little dream'd when he set out,
Of running such a rig."

By this time the neighbours began to collect around, and having observed the enemy they had to deal with, came well mounted and equipped for the engagement; and as Mr. Lupus found that no flag of truce would be regarded, he resolved to fight it out *Wolfully.*

The reserve which came up being disposed to take an active part in the engagement which was pending, renewed the running over system with great effect, and soon disabled his Wolship altogether. Having surrounded him from all sides, a council of War was agreed on, and as several sheep and pigs had been missed of late, and the evident *Sheepish* appearance of Sir Wolf led them to the conclusion that himself had been *particeps cimenis*, if not the actual depredator, he was condemned to death nem. con. and yielded up his life without a friend or relative near to mourn over his hapless fate.

He was of an enormous size, and is suspected to be the individual, who during the winter, has eased the farmers at the head of of the Bay, of some of their best weathers.

ALAS! POOR YORICK!

MISCELLANY.

Quacks.—We give an amusing account this evening from the London Spectator, of an application seriously made by a medical man in London, to one of the Bow street magistrates, to ascertain how far it would be safe for him, in order to test a suspected imposter, to administer to him poison which "a rabbit could not even smell" without instant death! The whole soul of this regular bred physician seems to have been interested in the desire to put an end to what, if true, was an opprobrium upon his science, but if false, hurt no body—not even those who paid their money for the pleasure of being gulled; and the only mode of arriving at the truth was by the death of the exhibiter. What was it to the thousands who went to see M. *Chabert* drink molten lead, wash in boiling oil, and swallow prussic acid—whether he really did what he appeared to do? If the delusion was complete for them it was all that could be asked. If all quacks—medical, literary or political—were to be subject to the gentle ordeal of the *Lancet* Editor, the world would lose a considerable portion of its active and thriving adventurors.—*N. Y. American.*

A SATISFACTORY EXPERIMENT.

"*Will drink up Easel—eat a crocodile?*"

We look upon M. Chabert as the most persecuted professor of the age. From the rage which his salamander pretensions excite, one would suppose him the very first man who had ever fallen under the suspicion of humbug. With a world full of quacks and pretenders of all kinds, his performances only are subject to an angry scrutiny.—The *Chronicle* invites him to phosphorus; another proposes a cup of boiling oil; and a third insists on his cracking a bottle of prussic acid! Why may not this person be permitted to pursue his deceits, if deceits they are, undisturbed like the rest of his brethren? There are hundreds of public characters who boast of having undergone ordeals of virtue fiercer than any fires defied by M. Chabert; and why should the suspected falseness of physical profession provoke such ire, while the moral escapes scrutiny, or obtains assent? But the fire King has moved the pique of an irritable race—the sons of Galen say *they* ought to know from experience and experiment what will kill, and they are wroth with one who defies drugs and lives against the laws of art.

Mr. Wakley, of the *Lancet*, has actually applied to the Magistrates of Bow Street for information whether there will be any sort of harm in his administering poison to M. Chabert under the assurance of its proving deadly. The conduct of the Magistrates is eminently curious on this occasion.

Mr. Halls observed—"I can easily account, upon scientific principles, how the Fire King performs the whole of his feats, except as to his swallowing phosphorus and prussic acid."

The scientific principles so known to Mr. Halls, are, of course, the principles of that highly popular science *charlatanerie.*

Mr. Wakely rejoined—'Well, sir, he has challenged me to supply him with prussic acid, which, he says, he will take. I have some, which is so powerful in its effects on animal life, that if the bottle containing it were to be placed under the nose of a rabbit for one moment the animal would drop dead. I have a newspaper in my hand, in which Monsieur Chabert advertises his intention of taking the prussic acid on Thursday (this day); and it is my intention to present him with a quantity of the prussic acid which has been prepared by an eminent chemist. Should Monsieur Chabert venture to take the acid, *I feel satisfied that his death would be inevitable*; and therefore I should be glad to know in what situation I should stand, if he should die from taking poison which I had administered to him?"

It really would seem, to minds unheated by medicine—to persons undevoted to the healing art, that the situation in which poor M. Chabert would stand was also worthy of some little consideration. Poaching is by law, not Common or Statute, but Squire-archal, punishable with death from traps and snares; quackery is not supposed to warrant such mortal penalty through any devices.

To the anxious and benevolent interrogations of Mr. Wakley, Mr. Halls answered—

"I think you would be in the same situation as an apothecary who knowingly sold poison to a person who intended to swallow it."

Mr. Wakley—"I mean to ask whether, if Monsieur Chabert died from taking the prussic acid which I supplied, should I be considered in the light of a criminal?"

Mr. Halls—"I will not give an answer.—If it is a juggle, the medical profession, will be obliged to you for giving a *quietus* to the imposter. (*Laughter.*)

"Obliged for giving a *quietus* to the imor!"—Here is a magisterial sentiment, a tender and Christian regard to life, a becoming gravity in contemplating an issue which in the case of the most worthless turns the heart to pity!

Again Mr. Wakley observed,

"I am so confident that he does not take genuine prussic acid into his mouth, that I should insist upon having his hands tied behind, and putting the bottle containing the liquid to his mouth, *and then I should be satisfied.*"

Very satisfactory indeed—the satisfaction consisting in the assurance that the poison so administered would prove deadly. This is literally the satisfaction which, according to the Chalk Farm phraseology, *one gentleman is bound to give to another.*

The public would, however, in the event of the mortal catastrophe, be apt to expect Mr. Wakley to give them satisfaction in return, and to insist on ascertaining whether he could pursue his avocations after having been hung by the neck for an hour over the Debtor's door, Newgate.

Mr. Halls—"If he dies, you must take the consequences. If it be a cheat, it is proper it should be exposed; and if Monsieur Chabert really possesses an antidote against poisons, it is strange that the scientific world should be in such a state of ignorance."

Mr. Wakely—"Yes, Sir, he throws a sort of scandal over the medical world, and laughs at the professors of chemistry."

Mr. Halls—"If he practises sleight of hand, he will not take your prussic acid.—He will be like the juggler, who asked one of his audience to cut his head off, and he would fix it on again, and there would be no appearance of a wound, knowing that no one would undertake it."

What dear, amusing, intelligent, well-informed creatures these Bow-street Magistrates are! The "juggler who asked," is Swift's conjurer, who gives any lady or gentleman permission to thrust a red hot poker into a barrel of gunpowder; or to squeeze the eyes out of their heads, and shake them in a hat, during which time they will see an unspeakable variety of beautiful colours and after they are satisfied, the eyes to be replaced, without damage, each in its proper owner's head.

Mr. Minshull saw the necessity of throwing in a word.

"You must be careful," he interposed, "how you trifle with human existence."

Mr. Wakley—"*I only wish to put the question at rest*; either he is an impostor or he is not."

Mr. Halls—"I can give no advice, Sir; you must take your own course; I must confess I am somewhat sceptical as to his taking prussic acid."

Mr. Wakley—"So am I; but if he will take it, he shall have it, and so good morning, gentlemen."

The alternative is moderate and easy "Satisfy my curiosity, or die—I *only* wish to put the question at rest, and you at rest, rather than suffer it longer to exist." M. Chabert or the question must be disposed of. What is a man compared with a question? What the human form divine, to a note of interrogation, which a drop of prussic acid may convert into an apostrophe?—Oh Moliere, you should have lived to this day, and have transcended your imagination that the doctors esteemed the life of a patient as nothing compared with the credit of rules of art! There is, however, an illustrious example in point.

A poor woman complained to Bajazet, that one of his grooms had forcibly seized and drunk the milk which was the only support of her family. Bajazet called the man before him, and questioned him closely; the fellow protested innocence. Bajazet resolved, like Mr. Wakley, "to set the question at rest;" so he coolly said to the court—"We shall soon see the truth of this matter: the robbery is said to have been just committed: cut open the man's stomach, and look whether there is any milk in it." The experiment was satisfactory; the milk was found; and fellow *only* died, which he would have done whether he had made free with the milk or not.—[*London Spectator.*

Frederick William, father of Frederick the Great of Prussia, painted, or fancied he painted, but his works were mere daubs.—Such, however, was not the language of his courtiers, when descanting on the merits of the royal Appelles. On one occasion his Majesty favoured them with the sight of a new specimen. "Suppose," said the King, "that some great painter, Rubens or Raphael, for instance, had painted this picture; do you think it would fetch a considerable price?" "Sire," replied the Baron de Polnitz, who passes for the most practised and the most obsequious of his Majesty's courtiers, "I assure your Majesty that a connoisseur could not offer less for such a picture than 25,000 florins." "Well then, Baron," cried the gratified monarch, you shall receive a proof of my munificence. Take the picture for 5000 florins, which you shall pay me in ready money; and as I wish to render you a service, you have my permission to sell it again." "Ah, sire," cried the Baron, who was fairly caught in his own snare, "I can never consent to take advantage of your Majesty's generosity." "No reply," said the King; "I know that I make you a handsome present, by which you will gain 15,000 florins or more. But your zeal for my interest has been proved, and I owe you some recompense. Your love for the arts, as well as your attachment to my person, entitle you to this mark of my esteem."

Duelling.—The Elector of Hesse has issued a decree against duelling. By this decree, no officer in his army is to be allowed to send or to accept a challenge, but when insulted, he must submit his complaint to a military tribunal of honour; whoever sends a challenge is liable to imprisonment in a fortress, for not less than three, nor more than six years; and whoever accepts a challenge is to be liable to imprisonment for not more than three, nor less than one year. If a duel is really fought, and one of the parties is killed, the survivor is to be punished as guilty of murder; if neither is killed, both are to be expelled the service—if noble, to be deprived of their letters of nobility, and to be imprisoned in a fortress for not less than ten years. There are many other equally severe regulations for duels in general.

Barry, the Painter.—A young lady from the North, of great beauty and wit, went to take a look at Barry's painting of Elysium. She looked earnestly for awhile, and said to Mr. Barry,—"The ladies have not yet arrived in this paradise of yours." "O, but they have, madam," said the painter with a smile; "they reached Elysium some time ago; but I could find no place so fit for creatures so bright and beautiful as behind yon very luminous cloud—they are there, and very happy, I assure you." [*Family Library: Lives of Artists.*]

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