



SWISS SKETCHES.

(No. 5.)

BY ROBERT LOWE.

THE IMPRISONED EAGLE.

CHILD of the desert—melancholy bird,
Thy eyrie now is tenantless; unheerd
Thy thrilling note above thy native storm.
Amid thy native Alps unscen thy shadowy form.

That crooked beak, those talons sheathed in gold,
That marked thee daemon of the midnight fold,
And oft in serpent-battle wont to bear
The powerless reptile writhing through the air,
Are useless all! The flutterers of the bough,
The hawk and kite more dreaded here than thou!

Those wings, whose scarce-perceived vibration wrought
Thy will, with all the smooth, dispatch of thought,
Are folded idly o'er thy feathered vest
In listlessness—oh, how unlike to rest!
That brilliant eye, whose fierce and quenchless ray
Flung back the splendors of the orb of day,
Must droop in scorn, or moodiness, or rage,
Mid the dull precincts of thy narrow cage.

Was it for this, poor captive! heaven designed
Those eyes of lightning, and those wings of wind—
Wings cleaving still untired the wide expanse,
Eyes scanning kingdoms at a single glance;
For this—to coop thee in yon narrow den,
The toy—the pensioner—the slave of men?

No, not for this that spirit, wild, untamed,
Bent by no force, by no cares reclaimed,
Which hunger quells not, fear can never shake,
And even captivity has failed to break—
Left the bright realm, the filmy comet skims,
And dwells scarce fettered in those airy limbs.
What recks that buoyant thing of human cares,
Of cultured gardens and of trim parterres,
The stagnant air of suffocating plains.
In freeborn pride his sickening soul disdains;
Scarce can he stoop that soul so lone and proud,
To skim beneath yon thunder-wafted cloud;
Scarce brook an echo to his note of fear
From giant Rosa's Peak;—and he is here!

Go, then, poor captive! spread thy feathery sail,
And quit for aye this uncongenial vale;
Go to the land where Nature's hand is free,
And all her works are worthy her and thee;
Go, seek the mountain man can never scale,
Breathe the pure air that man shall ne'er inhale—
Seek thy lost eyrie's well-remembered rite,
Be free!—'tis even to thee, God's highest gift.
Bathe thy bright pinions in the sun—nor deign
One thought of that dull thing that reut thy chain.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Rambles in Germany and Italy in 1840, 1842, and 1843. By Mrs. Shelley. 2 vols. Moxon. London: 1844.

IN the latter part of the year 1839, Mrs. Shelley gave to the world a most elaborate edition of the poems of her husband, the noble, generous, and spiritual Percy Bysshe Shelley; and, upon the completion of her labors, she flew to the land where he, self-exiled, had dreamt away a large portion of his earthly existence in that poetic transcendentalism which placed him so far beyond the ken of ordinary mortals; and in framing those imaginative mysticisms, of a kind

Quo neque procaax vulgi penetrabit, atque longa
Turba legentium prava facesset.

Linked with his image, Italy had a charm for her beyond the loveliness of azure skies, chestnut groves, silvery waterfalls, and gleaming lakes; and this feeling has imbued her pictures of it with a glow even more intensely fervid than the beams of that beautiful clime. To a certain degree, this is a drawback upon her work, as it unpleasantly contrasts with the jottings of Germany, making them appear crude and unfinished. In fact, the rapidity with which she hurried through the German territories, at that time, rendered the formation of correct conceptions of its political and social condition almost impossible; although it did not prevent her from imparting a degree of force to her description of the blendings of its bold and softened scenery. Take, for instance, the banks of the Moselle and Rhine:—

THE SCENERY OF THE MOSELLE.

The finest scenery of the Moselle occurs after leaving Trarbach; but words are vain; and in description there must ever be at once a vagueness and a sameness, that convey no distinct ideas, unless it should awaken the imagination: unless you can be placed beside us in our rough-hewn boat, and glide down between the vine-covered hills, with bare craggy heights towering above; now catching with glad curiosity the first glimpse of a more beautiful bend of the river, a higher mountain peak, a more romantic ruin; now looking back to gaze as long as possible on some picturesque point of view, of which, as the boat floated down but slightly assisted by the rowers, we lost sight for ever: unless you can imagine and sympathise in the cheerful elasticity of the setting out at morning, sharpened into hunger at noon, and the pleasure that attended the rustic fare we could command, especially accompanied as it was by bright, pure Moselle wine; then, the quiet enjoyment of golden evening, succeeded by still and gray twilight; and last, the lassitude, the fatigue, which made us look eagerly out for the place where we were to stop and repose:—there is a zest in all this, especially on a voyage untraced by others, and therefore accompanied by a dash of uncertainty and a great sense of novelty, which is lost in mere words:—you must do your part, and feel and imagine, or all description proves tame and useless.

THE RHINE.

Thursday, July 2.—This day was passed on board the steamer, going to Mayence. We embarked at ten in the morning. Years had elapsed since I had passed down this river, before steamers were in use, in an ungainly boat, managed in a still more ungainly manner. Memory had painted the Rhine as a scene of enchantment, and the reality came up to what I remembered. The inferior beauty of the banks of the Moselle enhanced still more the prouder and more romantic glories of the Rhine. The promontories stood in bolder relief—the ruined castles and their ramparts were more extensive and more majestic—the antique spires and gothic abbeys spoke of a princely clergy—and the extent of mouldering walls marked cities belonging to a more powerful population. Each tower-crowned hill—each picturesque ruin—each shadowy ravine and beetling precipice—was passed, and gazed upon with eager curiosity and delight. The very names are the titles of volumes of romance: all the spirits of Old Germany haunt

the place. Even the events of modern days have added an interesting tale:—When the German soldiers, led by Blücher, and driving the proud fallen victor before them, beheld the river honored by them, so late occupied by the enemy they hated, now open and free, the name of "The Rhine!" burst from many thousand voices, accompanied by tears of ecstasy. Some day I should like much to establish myself for a summer on the banks of this river, and explore its recesses. As we glide by we obtain but a cursory and unsatisfactory survey. One longs to make a familiar friend of such sublime scenery, and refer, in after years, to one's intimate acquaintance with it, as one of the most valued among the treasures of recollection which time may have bestowed.

THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.

The Falls of Terni is the finest cataract I have seen: I believe it to be the grandest in Europe; but it is altogether of a different character from the falls of the Rhine. The waters of the Velino are contracted into a narrow channel, and fall in one stream down a deep precipice. The falls of the Rhine are broken into many, and spread wide across the whole breadth of the river; their descent is never so great, but they are varied by many rocks, which they clothe fantastically with transparent waves, or airy spray.

What words can express—for indeed, for many ideas and emotions there are no words—the feelings excited by the tumult, the uproar, and matchless beauty of a cataract, with its eternal, ever-changing veil of misty spray? The knowledge of its ceaseless flow;—there, before we were born; there to be after countless generations have passed away; the sense of its power, that would dash us to atoms without altering the tenor of its way—which gives a shiver to the frame even while we gaze in security from its verge; the radiance of its coloring, the melody of its thunder—can these words convey the impression which the mind receives, while the eye and ear seem all too limited in their powers of perception? No! for as painting cannot picture forth motion, so words are incapable of expressing commotion in the soul. It stirs, like passion, the very depths of our being; like love allied to ruin, yet happy in possession, it fills the soul with mingled agitation and calm. A portion of the cataract arches over the lowest platform, and the spray fell thickly on us, as standing on it, and looking up, we saw wave, and rock, and cloud, and the clear heavens through its glittering ever-moving veil. This was a new sight, exceeding anything I had ever before seen; and however, not to be wet through, I was obliged quickly to tear myself away.

It will be observed that Mrs. Shelley has confined herself entirely to the "scenery" of the Rhine; nor has her attention been drawn to the fact, that this glorious river, which has sent its broad flood through the very centre of civilized Europe for twice ten centuries, can scarcely muster on its bosom a single traffic-boat for every ten miles of its watery way. The poetess, viewing every object bathed in the golden light of mental sunshine, overlooks the shadow which the Utilitarian so immediately recognizes.

Reaching Italy by the way of Switzerland, Mrs. Shelley enjoyed every opportunity of contrasting the stern and sterile rocks of the northern part of the Alps,

Where the birds dare not build, nor insects' wing
Flit o'er the hebbless granite.

with Italy's perpetually-smiling landscape; and, in exchanging the rugged ravine and snow-crested giant mound for her olive and orange groves, vineyards, towns, palazzos, terraces; all inextricably confused, and yet forming a dazzling combination and harmonious whole, calculated to raise the most glowing visions in an imaginative mind. How beautiful are these, her reflections on the Lake of Como:—

When alone in an evening, I often walk towards Menaggio. I have selected a haunt among rocks close to the water's edge, shaded by an olive-wood. I always feel renewed and extreme delight as I watch the shadows of evening climb the huge mountains, till the granite peaks alone shine forth glad and bright, and a holy stillness gathers over the landscape. With what serious yet quick joy do such sights fill me! and dearer still is the aspiring thought that seeks the Creator in his works, as the soul yearns to throw off the chains of flesh that hold it in, and to dissolve and become a part of that which surrounds it.

This evening my friends are gone to Como, and I sat long on my favorite seat, listening to the ripple of the calm lake splashing at my feet; to the murmur of running streams, and to the hollow roar of the mysterious torrent—the *Fiume Latte*—which is borne, softened by distance, from the opposite shore; viewing the magnificent mountain scene, varied by the lights and shadows caused by the setting sun. My heart was elevated, purified, subdued. I prayed for peace to all; and still the supreme beauty brooded over me, and promised peace—at least there where change is not, and love and enjoyment unite and are one. From such rapt moods the soul returns to earth, bearing with it the calm of Paradise:—

Qualo e colui, che sognando vede,
E dopo 'l sogno la passione impressa
Rimane, e l'altro alla mente non ride;
Cotal san io, che quasi tutta cessa
Mia visione, ed ancor mi distilla
Nell'cor il dolce, che nacque da essa.
Così la neve al sol si dissigilla;
Così al vento nelle foglie lievi
Si perdea la sentenza di Sibilla.

It has seemed to me—and on such an evening I have felt it—that this world, endowed as it is outwardly with endless shapes and influences of beauty and enjoyment, is peopled also in its spiritual life by myriads of loving spirits, from whom, unawares, we catch impressions which mould our thoughts to good; and thus they guide beneficially the course of events, and minister to the destiny of man. Whether the beloved dead make a portion of this holy company, I dare not guess; but that such exists, I feel. They keep far off while we are worldly, evil, selfish; but draw near, imparting the reward of heaven-born joy, when we are animated by noble thoughts, and capable of disinterested actions. Surely such gather round me this night, and make a part of that atmosphere of peace and love which it is Paradise to breathe.

Though Mrs. Shelley evinces the strongest partiality for Italian character, yet she cannot conceal the fact, that the peasantry of the northern parts of Italy are drunken and quarrelsome, and that, in their Bacchanalian orgies, they preserve very little restraint, and shed each other's blood with perfect nonchalance. She also contemplates the era of their regeneration as very distant; for the iron hand of despotism and poverty is too sternly stamped to be easily eradicated. This regeneration, in fact, depends upon the introduction of capital, commerce, and manufactures, the true bases of national prosperity; and these will not trust themselves whilst good laws and government are absent. And when will this consummation occur?—Not beneath the Austrian domination. His method of restraining all free agency—of ruling the many by the few, who are, in their turn, duped by their own functionaries—will, so long as it continues, utterly prevent the mass of modern Italians from rising above their present

half-fed, half-clad, sun-basking, soulless existence. The following is Mrs. Shelley's view of

THE POLITICAL STATE OF ITALY.

As I have said, an English person, accustomed to heart-piercing accounts of suffering, hard labour, and starvation among our poor, gladly hails a sort of golden age in this happy country. We must look on the state of society from a wholly different point of view—we must think of the hunger of the mind—of the nobler aspirations of the soul, held in check and blighted—of the tendency of man to improve, here held down—of the peculiar and surpassing gifts of genius appertaining to this people, who are crushed and trod under foot by the jealousy of government—to understand with how dead and intolerable a weight King Log hangs round the necks of those among them who regret the generous passions and civic virtues of bygone times. The Florentine reads of Filippo Strozzi, of Ferruccio Ferruccini, of Michael Angelo. He remembers the pure and sacred spirit that Savonarola lighted up among the free and religious citizens; he thinks of the slavery that followed, when genius and valour left the land indignant, and

For deeds of violence
Done in broad day; and more than half redeemed
By many a great and generous sacrifice of self to others.

what has come? The poet speaks of—

The unpledged bowl,
The stab of the stiletto.

But those days, too, are gone; there has come such life as the flocks lead on the mountain-sides—such life as the idle, graceful fallow-deer may spend, from spring-tide to rainy autumn, under the noble trees of some abundant park; but where is the soul of man? In the hands of those who teach him to fast and tell his beads—to bend the neck to the yoke—to obey the Church, not God.

Nor is this all; especially among the rich; far, far from it; for men, unless tamed by labour, can never lead the innocent lives of the beasts of the field. If darker crimes are unfrequent, yet vice flourishes, rank and unchecked: the sense of honor is destroyed: the noble affections are crushed; mental culture is looked on with jealousy, and dies blighted. In the young may be found gleams of inextinguishable genius—a yearning for better things, which terrifies the parents, who see in such the seeds of discontent and ruin. They prefer for their sons the safer course of intrigue, play, idleness—the war of the passions rather than the aspirations of virtue.

In order to fill up, or rather correct, her first rude conceptions of Germany, Mrs. Shelley revisited it in 1842; but, owing to her imperfect knowledge of the language, she found this a task of consummate difficulty. Undeterred by the obstacle, she sate herself studiously to work to remove it; whilst the peculiarity of her position, namely, "about to describe the manners, customs, institutions, character, and polity of a people, with whose tongue she was unacquainted," is thus happily portrayed:—

"What's in a name!"—You know the quotation; it applies to things known; to things unknown, a name is often everything: on me it has a powerful effect; and many hours of extreme pleasure have derived their zest simply from a name; and now a name is drawing me on—Germany—vast, unseen Germany; whence has poured forth nearly the whole population of the present civilized world—a world not gifted, like the ancient, with a subtle organization, which enabled them to create the beauty which we do little more than admire—nor endowed with that instinctive grace that moulded even every stone which the Greeks touched into imperishable types of loveliness—nor with that vivacious imagination that peopled the unseen universe with an endless variety of beautiful creations; but the parent of a race in which women are respected—a race that loves justice and truth—whose powers of thought are, if slow, yet profound, and, in their way, creative. Tacitus's Germany—a land of forest and heroes. Luther's Germany, in which sprung up the Reformation, giving freedom to the souls of men. The land of Schiller and Goethe. Do you remember La Motte Foqué's Magic Ring—and the old Baron, sitting in his ancestral hall, where banners waved and armour clashed, and the wild winds whispered prophecies, and power brooded ready to fly abroad and possess the world? Such a mysterious shape is Germany to me. And this, too, is the stage on which Napoleon's imperial drama drew to a close. What oceans of human blood have drenched the soil of Germany even since my birth! Since I love the mysterious, the unknown, the wild, the renowned, you will not wonder that I feel drawn on step by step into the heart of Germany. It will doubtless continue a mysterious and unknown region, since we cannot speak its language; but its cities and its villages will no longer be dim shadows merely; substance and reality will replace misty imaginings; my rambles will be something novel; of the people whom I cannot understand, I shall have so little to say. A mighty outline is all I can present, if, indeed, I do penetrate at all into its recesses.

We have already exceeded our limits, and are therefore reluctantly compelled to tear ourselves away from the perusal of these charming and powerful volumes, which possess beauties of a much higher character, and certainly fewer faults, than any of the previous productions of this admirable authoress.

Emigration and Colonization, embodying the Results of a Mission to Great Britain and Ireland. By Thomas Rolph. Esq. London: John Mortimer. 1844.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

It was shewn in a former number that whilst Lord Stanley, as quoted by the author whose work is now under consideration,—declared it to be his opinion, that the great means by which Emigration was to be sustained with reference to a rival Colony, (that of New Brunswick) was "by placing a moderate price upon the public lands and rendering their acquisition easy," and by leaving all the rest "to the operation of private interest;" the Home Government had in the case of this Colony pursued a course directly opposed to that here laid down. Instead of leaving the price of land to be determined by its intrinsic value—by the greater or lesser demand that might exist for it, it is authoritatively declared by Act of Parliament, that New South Wales, being the most remote, the least accessible of all the British Colonies to the intending Emigrants, its waste lands shall not be sold except at a price ten times greater than that of the waste lands of the Cape—from ten to twelve times greater than that of the lands of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and four times that of the unlocated territory of Canada or the United States. How any system of legislation embodying such results could ever have been sanctioned we are wholly at a loss to discover. It would appear that either preposterous ignorance, or an express design to ruin the Australian Colonies must have led to the adop-

tion of the principles embodied in the Land Sales Act. We can only save our loyalty at the expense of our civility, in declaring it to be our belief, that to the former of these causes, viz., gross ignorance, are we to attribute the perpetration of all the evils which have flown from this insane measure. His plea of ignorance, we would however confine to Lord Stanley, and regard it as the consequence of official nonchalance—of misrepresentations from this Colony—or the suggestions of a party interested in its downfall. We can never persuade ourselves that, after giving utterance to the sentiments quoted above, Lord Stanley can persist in a course pregnant with so many evils—can persevere in a line of policy—not only inconsistent with his own declared views, but one from which the common sense of a whole community indignantly revolts.

The persevering efforts of the Canadian Colonies in putting forth all the advantages to which they can lay claim, with the view of enticing the emigrant to their shores, must be rendered effective in the same proportion in which the Wakefieldian theories of Lord Stanley have tended to blight the prospects of the Australian Colonies. We have been forcibly struck, in perusing the work of Dr. Rolph, with the foresight, the energy, and the judgment that have characterised the proceedings of the North American Settlements in relation to the all-important subject of Emigration. In this great work, the Executive, the Local Legislature, and the Home Government, appear to have heartily co-operated. In 1839 we find the House of Assembly of Upper Canada addressing in its last Act, prior to its dissolution, the Sovereign, in the following language:—

It cannot be necessary to state, that by increasing the population of Upper and Lower Canada by emigration from Great Britain and Ireland, the ties which now bind your Majesty's loyal subjects in these provinces to your Majesty's Crown and Government will be strengthened, and, as we trust and hope, rendered indestructible; neither will it be doubted that such of our fellow-subjects as may take up their abode among us, will be received here with a cheering and hospitable welcome, and that they will find that in Upper Canada, at least, they are not among strangers, but that they are among people of the same blood and lineage; that they are protected by the same laws and constitution that secure safety to the persons and property of the inhabitants of England; and that the exercise of political and religious freedom is unrestrained by any intolerant, exclusive, or burdensome law. They will discover, moreover, that a bounteous Providence has blessed this province with a healthful and invigorating climate, and a soil of unsurpassed fertility, yielding abundance and wealth to the industrious cultivator. The thousands of your Majesty's subjects who, in Great Britain and Ireland, are unable to obtain employment, from which they may clothe and feed themselves and families, will here find that they are in a situation not only to supply their daily wants, but gradually, and with certainty, to attain independence for themselves and children.

We are well aware that it is not in the power of many of the class of persons to whom we have referred to make their way to this country without pecuniary assistance, and it is to this fact that we chiefly desire humbly to draw your Majesty's attention, and to implore your Majesty to remove the difficulty which, from that cause, prevents tens of thousands of your Majesty's faithful subjects from raising themselves from poverty and misery to independence and happiness, and who, instead of remaining a burden on the nation, would be converted into the means of contributing to its wealth and power.

In October, 1840, the Canada Emigration Association was established at Toronto, under the auspices of the Governor-General. Dr. Rolph was appointed to proceed as their delegate to England, and funds were raised (partly by a Legislative grant) to defray his expenses. The Report of the Association embodies statements and the expression of views that might well serve as a lesson to our own Government.

The Directors of the Canada Emigration Association having this day assembled, pursuant to a resolution passed at the late general meeting of the friends of Emigration, deem it advisable to lay before the public the object of their union, and the mode in which they propose that it shall be effected.

Their object is to promote the wealth and population of the province, by affording increased facilities to the settlement of persons emigrating from the British Isles; more especially by removing those obstacles which have hitherto so materially impeded the introduction into this province, and perverted into another channel, those valuable members of society upon whom our agricultural and commercial prosperity so essentially depends,—the labouring farmers and artisans, without whom it is vain to expect that the more wealthy class of settlers will bring hither their capital. It is confidently hoped that the society's exertions will effect a great increase of happiness to the persons intended to be primarily benefited, to be followed very soon by a proportionate advance in value of the possessions of those who, with a wise self-interest, shall contribute liberally to the cause.

It is unnecessary now to set forth the importance of Colonization, when judiciously directed. Its advantages are manifest:—affording to the parent-state a corrective to a redundant population, an extension of its commerce, and a market for its manufactures; to the man with capital, who finds in a country abounding with it a difficulty in securing a profitable investment, it affords opportunities of a rapid increase, without the risks of speculation; while, to the Emigrant destitute of capital—or, rather, possessing only that best and safest of capitals, industry and health—it has proved to thousands a blessed change from indigence to independence; and will so continue to all who do not ensure their disappointment by the unreasonableness of their expectations. Its advantages are equally obvious to the country, which, by its vast resources and natural treasures, affords a field for the enterprise of the one class, and a reward for the industry of the other.

The Association is cheered and supported by perceiving how rapidly this conviction has lately extended throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland; where men, the highest in rank and in wealth, judging accurately from previous results, have benevolently united themselves in Societies to enable their poorer fellow-subjects to participate in the benefits of Colonization; and it is mainly with a view to co-operate with those patriotic bodies that the present Association has been formed—convinced as the members are, that, however active individual benevolence may be, its effects may be greatly increased by combination and unity of purpose. If any sanction were wanting to persons entertaining doubts as to the practical good and the national importance of the subject, it will be found in the elaborate Report of the House of Commons, and in the several Resolutions and earnest Addresses of our Provincial Legislature.

There never was a period in the history of the province, when the exertions of an Association like the present could promise such happy results. Great public works have been accomplished

for the facilitating of social intercourse, and the transport of commodities—works which would be deemed great in any country upon earth—the Welland, the Rideau, and other artificial navigations, connecting our inland seas with each other and with the ocean; macadamized roads are intersecting the province in every direction; other extensive works of the same kind, together with railroads, are either in the course of construction or intended to be constructed; the statistics of the country, and the inexhaustible capabilities of the land, are becoming thoroughly known; and above all, the country is at peace within and without, and men, by common consent, are uniting, by a laudable attention to private good, to swell the aggregate of public prosperity.

The Executive Government, too, is actively at work for the good of those under its protection, especially in the forming of roads, and rendering some of the most fertile tracts in the country accessible for settlement. It is making preparations on a grand scale for those who choose to avail themselves of its paternal aid; but great as is its power, and wise and benevolent as they may be who wield it, there is still a vast amount of good connected with the Colonization of this country, which circumstances have rendered it impossible for the local Government to perform. It is precisely that deficiency which it is in the power of the Emigration Association to supply, if they be joined and sustained by the good sense and good feeling of the country: nay, even the self-interest of individuals will, if judiciously exercised, contribute to the common good.

It appears to have been a part of the policy of the Government of New South Wales to follow a course directly the converse of the provident and humane plan followed in Canada. The Government of the latter have deemed it necessary to carry on public works, as well for the purpose of furnishing employment to the labouring Emigrant on his arrival, as for facilitating his settlement in the country. To the Agriculturalist land is procurable at a little more than nominal price—the spot selected by him for location is rendered accessible by roads, bridges, and canals,—whilst to the class of labouring Mechanics immediate employment is afforded in their being thus rendered the pioneers of civilization,—a system the harmonious working of which must be obvious to every one. We have no instances presented to us of shoals of Emigrants being cast on a remote territory—penniless as most of them usually are—wholly unprepared for the new mode of life they are called upon to adopt—at once thrown upon their own resources, and told to seek work, helpless and unaided. Instead of "an Executive actively at work for the good of those under its protection, especially in the forming of roads and rendering the fertile tracts of the country accessible for settlement—in making preparations on a grand scale for those who choose to avail themselves of its paternal aid," we are blessed with an administration against which the language we have quoted must be that of damning reproach. The public buildings which New South Wales could once boast have gone to utter decay. Instead of the construction of additional thoroughfares throughout the territory, forming so many avenues for life and civilization, everything has been surrendered to blind chance, and the empire of *Savagedom*. The history of the last seven years is one of decadence, of retrogression. The weak amount of labour that has been applied to public works has been worse than useless, or has been expended by a dilettante Engineer, in the erection of fortifications that might at any moment be captured by half a dozen apple women, or stormed by a troop of school-boys. Neither roads, bridges, nor public edifices, (with the exception of two or three gaols,) canals or harbours can be pointed at for the sake of rescuing from contempt the reign of *cimmerian darkness* with which the Colony has been stricken.

Feelings of despondency and indignation alternately overcome us when we contemplate the evils arising from mis-rule—the blessings of which it deprives us. Let any candid person compare the respective physical resources and character of the Canadian and Australian Colonies—the hyperborean climate of the one, with the perpetual verdure—the Italian sky of the other—the absence we enjoy of all proximity from a rival nation, ready upon the slightest misunderstanding to carry fire and sword into its neighbour's territory—and we must be sensible of all the unparalleled advantages we enjoy. Why should we fail to realise the blessings placed within our reach, or to reap the full harvest of private as well as public prosperity, the ordinary reward of industry and enterprise? or, why is it that, like Midas, we are surrounded with the Golden Fruit we cannot eat? The answer is but too obvious to the sufferers. A government existing for itself and not for those it governs—the chief, if not sole, end of whose functions is the imposition and collection of taxes. A government that only ceases to be pernicious when in a state of inaction, whose measures are founded in ignorance—carried on in a spirit of reckless indifference to the interests of the governed, with all the evils of unmitigated despotism—without that wisdom or enlightenment with which modern despotisms are not unfrequently accompanied.

FRENCH COLONIAL LITERATURE.

Rapport de M. le Duc de Broglie, President de la Commission Coloniale, au Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat de la Marine et des Colonies. Paris, 1843-4.

Rapport sur les Questions Coloniales, adressé à M. le Duc de Broglie, President de la Commission Coloniale. Par M. Jules Lechevalier. Le premier et le second volume ont été publiés; le troisième est sous la presse. Paris, 1843-4. Fol.

Etude et avant-projet d'une Institution Financière, ayant pour le tout de développer le Commerce Maritime, et de faciliter la Réorganisation des Colonies Françaises. Par Jules Lechevalier.

Publications de la Société d'Etudes pour la Colonisation de Guyane, 8.—No. I. Notice Historique sur la Guyane Française. Par M. Ternaux-Compans.—No. II. Notice Statistique sur la Guyane Française; avec une Carte de la Guyane Française. Paris, 1843.—No. III. Note sur la Fondation d'une nouvelle Colonie dans la Guyane Française. Paris, 1844. Par M. Jules Lechevalier.—No. IV. Extraits des Auteurs et Voyageurs qui ont écrit sur la Guyane. Par M. Victor de Nouvion.

Demerary: Transition de l'Esclavage à la Liberté. Colonies Françaises, future Abolition. Par Felix Millroux. Paris, 1843, &c. &c.

La Revue Coloniale. Par le Bureau des Colonies en France.

OUR London cotemporary, the *Colonial Gazette*, acknowledges the receipt of these French colonial publications; and, as

everything which relates to French Colonization is peculiarly interesting to our readers just now, we subjoin the remarks which our cotemporary offers on the subject:—

Having been favoured with copies of a number of the most recent important French publications relative to colonial matters, we propose, in a series of articles, to submit to our readers the most interesting views and statements of facts which we shall be able to glean from them. Papers of this kind, it appears to us, may be useful and interesting to the colonial interests in various ways. They may be able to collect useful suggestions from the management and condition of foreign colonists and colonisers; and suggestions, perhaps, still more important from the judgments passed upon our own measures by foreigners, who look at them from a point of view, and under the influence of prepossessions, quite different from those occupied and entertained by ourselves.

As the greater number and the most important of the publications to which we refer are official—the others, indeed, have been, for the most part, elicited by the stimulus given by these official publications to the discussion of colonial questions in France—the best way of placing our readers at once in the heart of the discussion, and enabling them to appreciate its objects and tendency, will be to give an account of the origin of the official publications.

The colonisation and colonial government of France may be regarded as having been first systematised by the edicts of Colbert. This system—notwithstanding the loss of France's most extensive and best organised colony, Canada—may be considered as having remained in full force down to the period of the French Revolution. It was a system of rigorous coercion and restriction: of coercion in the southern colonies, where coerced labourers were supplied by the negro slave-trade, and kept at work by the institution of slavery; of restriction in all the colonies—restrictions on the exportation of colonial produce, except to the mother-country, and on the importation of foreign merchandise into the colony—restrictions on the importation of the produce of foreign colonies into the mother-country—restrictions on the employment of any but national vessels in the transport of colonial produce—restrictions on the development of manufacturing industry in the colonies.

In adopting this system of restriction and coercion, France acted upon the principles then adopted by all the other colonising powers of Europe. The first blow given to the European system of restrictive colonial policy was by the emancipation of the United States from the domination of England. The full rigour of the restrictive system became impossible so soon as the markets of these extensive and important colonies were thrown open to all nations. The emancipation of all the Spanish colonies on the mainland of the two Americas, and the erection of the Brazilian empire, have advanced the state of affairs, which for the future will render the enforcement of a rigorously restrictive system of commercial policy by any European nation impossible. The doctrines promulgated by the philosophers of the French school during the eighteenth century, gave the first blow to the coercive system of colonial management. By decrees of the Constituent Assembly and Convention, slavery and the slave-trade were abolished throughout the French colonies. Slavery and the slave-trade were re-established under the Consulate; but before this backward step was taken, the colored races of St. Domingo, by a successful revolution, had put an end to restriction and coercion in that colony. England discontinued the slave-trade in 1807, and slavery in all its colonies in 1838. With the exception of Venezuela, it is believed all the independent states which have arisen on the ruins of the Spanish colonial empire have abolished slavery. Henceforth, therefore, the system of Colbert—at least in its original rigour—cannot be perpetuated by France, or imitated by any other country.

The French Government and nation appear to be only tardily awaking to the necessities of their new position. The Restoration adhered as closely as it could to the traditions of Colbert. The Government of 1830 has only of late turned its attention to colonial matters. Two circumstances concurred to occasion this neglect. So many French colonies had been lost by the conquest of Canada, the revolt of St. Domingo, the sale of Louisiana, and during the revolutionary wars, that the value of the remaining colonial dependencies of France was undervalued; and a new dynasty was too busy consolidating its power at home to have leisure to do justice to the more distant colonies. Economical considerations—e. g., the establishment of a beet-sugar interest—also exercised a considerable influence.

The day of indifference has passed away. On the 26th of May, 1840, a Colonial Commission, with the Duc de Broglie for President, was appointed by a royal ordonnance. It is only necessary to state that among the members of this committee were, M. Rossi and the Marquis d'Audifret, from the Chamber of Peers; Messieurs De Tracy, Hippolyte Passy, and De Tocqueville, from the Chamber of Deputies; and the Admirals Makau and Moges, and M. Filleau de St. Hilaire, from the civil and military officers of state, to convince even English readers that, in point of ability, the members of the Commission were worthy coadjutors of the eminent and amiable statesman appointed to preside over their deliberations.

The residuary colonies of France being all situated within the tropics, the questions of negro emancipation and slave-trade suppression were among the first that were submitted to the Commission. The fruits of their inquiries have been presented to the public in a number of publications, of which the following are the most important:—1. Queries relating to the Abolition of Slavery; Instructions to the Governors of Colonies; Opinions of Colonial Councils; Opinions of Special Councils. In one volume, quarto. 2. Abstract of the Result of Negro Emancipation in the English Colonies. 3. Report of the Duc de Broglie to the Minister of Marine and the Colonies. This last work is most important, and may be considered as the basis of the new colonial policy of France.

Previous to the appointment of the Commission the spirit of colonial enterprise had been revived among individuals. For our present purpose it will be sufficient to mention that M. Jules Lechevalier, himself a native of the colonies, had for many years devoted himself to studies having in view the resuscitation of the French colonial empire. His attention had been especially directed to French Guiana, as affording a more free field for experimental inquiry than the others; and he had developed the plan of a financial association intended to develop maritime commerce and the reorganisation of the French colonies, of which he proposed to make that province the first field of operations. M. Lechevalier's views were entered into by M. Ternaux-Compans, and a preliminary association was formed under the title of "Société d'Etudes pour la Colonisation de Guyane." The first result of the labours of this society was—"Notice Historique sur la Guyane Française," par M. H. Ternaux-Compans." The second, "Notice Statistique sur la Guyane Française." A third publication, by M. Lechevalier, has recently appeared: "Note sur la Fondation d'une nouvelle Colonie dans la Guyane Française;" and a fourth, "Extraits des Auteurs et Voyageurs qui ont écrit sur la Guyane," by M. Victor de Nouvion, has come to hand since we began this paper. The friends of French Guiana, at home and in the colony, have