

THE
ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1827.

No. XV.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

*BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE CANNING.*

[WITH A LIKENESS.—ENGRAVED FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.]

AMONG the men of genius and ability, who at the present time exist in the known world, perhaps there are none whose characters in public life are stamped deeper with the lasting insignia of fame, than the Right Honourable George Canning. Of his oratory, the frequent reports given in the papers of the day are sufficient to convince us that he is a perfect master of that art. Of his extensive knowledge, we can best judge by referring to the speeches, which have been, from time to time, delivered by him in the House of Commons; and of his superior judgment, by the arguments therein contained. And when we view the beauty of his style, and the pertinacity of his reasoning, we cannot refrain from deciding at once in the words of Lord Byron, that he "is a genius, almost an universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, and a statesman."

His father, George Canning, Esquire, was descended from a respectable family in Ireland. He was married early in life to a beautiful and highly accomplished young lady, but of no fortune. His parents being displeased with him respecting this union, he left the land of his nativity, and proceeded to London, where he resided on an allowance by his father of not more than £150 per year.— He entered himself in the society of the Middle Temple. He was the author of several well written pam-

phlets, on "public liberty." Some verses supposed to have been written by Lord William Russel to Lord William Cavendish on the night before his execution, were also composed by him; the epistle was dated from Newgate, on the night of Friday, July 20th, 1683, and begins thus:

"Lost to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.
Though rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While night's black shades augment the savage sound,
'Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,
And flies, unfetter'd, Cavendish, to thee,
"Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths of praise;
When leagu'd with patriots we maintain'd the cause
Of true religion, liberty, and laws,
Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,
But bravely stemm'd corruption's rapid tide;
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
Or melt thy gen'rous soul with tales of woe.
No; view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
As when the welcome mandate I obey'd;
Heavens! with what pride that moment I recall!
Who would not wish, so honour'd, thus to fall?
When England's genius hov'ring o'er inspir'd
Her chosen sons, with love of freedom fir'd,
Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd train,