

NACKEE KHAN.

The following account of the cruelties of an Eastern Despot, of the remarkable preservation of an innocent man, and of Col.'s judgment manifested in the destruction of the tyrant, is taken from the second volume of Sir Robert Ker Porter's Travels:—

The author, having related his introduction to one of the persons who were the objects of Nackee Khan's rapacious cruelty, gives the substance of the narrative, as recited by him, in the following manner:—

"Having, by intrigues and assassinations, made himself master of the regal power at Shiraz, this monster of human kind found that the Governor of Ispahan, instead of adhering to him, had proclaimed the accession of the lawful heir. No sooner was the news brought to Nackee Khan, than he put himself at the head of his troops, and set forward to revenge his contained authority. When he arrived as far as Yesdikast, he encamped his army, for a short halt, near the tomb on the north side. Being as insatiable of money as blood, he sent to the inhabitants of Yesdikast, and demanded an immense sum in gold, which he insisted should instantly be paid to his messengers. Unable to comply, the fact was respectfully pleaded in excuse, namely, 'that all the money the city had possessed, was already taken away by his own officers and those of the opposite party; and that, at present, there was scarce a Tomann in the place.' Enraged at this answer, he repaired, full of wrath, to the town, and ordering eighteen of the principal inhabitants to be brought before him, again demanded the money, but with threats and imprecations, which made the hearers tremble. Still, however, they could only return the same answer—their utter inability to pay; and the tyrant, without a moment's preparation, commanded the men to be seized, and hurled from the top of the precipice, in his sight. Most of them were instantly killed on the spot; others, cruelly maimed, died in terrible agonies where they fell; and the describer of the dreadful scene was the only one who survived. He could form no idea of how long he lay, after precipitation, utterly senseless; 'but,' added he, 'by the will of God, I breathed again; and, on opening my eyes, found myself amongst the dead and mangled bodies of my former neighbours and friends. Some yet groaned.' He then related, that, in the midst of his horror at the sight, he heard sounds of yet more terrible acts, from the top of the cliff; and momentarily strengthened by fear of he knew not what, (for he believed that death had already grasped his own poor shattered frame) he managed to crawl away unperceived into one of the numerous caverned holes, which perforate the foot of the steep. He lay there in an expiring state the whole night; but, in the morning, was providentially discovered by some of the town's people, who came to seek the bodies of their murdered relatives, to mourn over them, and take them away for burial. The poor man, feeble as he was, called to these weeping groups; and, to their astonishment and joy, they drew out one survivor from the dreadful heap of slain. No time was lost in conveying him home, and administering every kind of assistance; but many months elapsed before he was able to move from his house, so deep had been the injuries inflicted in his fall.

"In the course of his awful narrative, he told us, that the noise which had so appalled him, as he lay among the blood-stained rocks, was indeed the acting of a new cruelty of the Usurper. After having witnessed the execution of his sentence on the eighteen citizens, whose asseverations he had determined not to believe, Nackee Khan immediately sent for a devout man, called Saied Hassan, who was considered the sage of the place, and for his charities greatly beloved by the people. 'This man,' said the Khan, 'being a descendant of the Prophet, must know the truth, and will tell me. He shall find me those who can and will pay the money.' But the answer given by the honest Saied being precisely the same with that of the innocent victims who had already perished, the tyrant's fury knew no bounds, and, rising from his seat, he ordered the holy man to be rent asunder in his presence, and then thrown over the rock, to increase the monument of his vengeance below.

"It was the tumult of this most dreadful execution which occasioned the noise that drove the affrighted narrator to the shelter of any hole, from the eye of merciless man. But the cruel scene did not end there. Even in the yet sensible ear of the Saied, expiring in agonies, his execrable murderer ordered that his wife and daughters should be given up to the soldiers; and that, in punishment of such universal rebellion in the town, the whole place should be razed to the ground.

"But this last act of blood on a son of the Prophet, cost the perpetrator his life. For the soldiers themselves, and the Nobles who had been partizans of the Usurper, were so struck with horror at the sacrilegious murder, and appalled with the threatened guilt of offering insult to women of the sacred family, that they believed a curse must follow the abettors of such a man. The next step, in their minds, was to appease heaven by the immolation of the offender; and in the course of that very night, a band of his servants cut the cords of his tent, which instantly falling in upon him, afforded them a secure opportunity of burying their poniards in his body. The first strokes were followed by thousands. So detested was the wretch, that in a few minutes his remains were hewn and torn to pieces. It does not become men to lift the veil that lies over the whole doom of a ruthless murderer; but there is something in the last mortal yell of a tyrant, whether it be a Robespierre or a Nackee Khan, which sounds as if mingled with a dreadful echo from the eternal shore.

"While the above particulars were relating, it was a shuddering glance that looked down, from the open side of the Keikho's saloon, on almost the very spot where the unhappy victims had breathed their last. It recalled to my remembrance a similar window, for similar purposes, at Erivan, where the Governor of that place used to dispose of his malefactors, the moment sentence was pronounced. And, while listening to the hideous details of a sort of punishment so common in the East, I could not but recall similar descriptions in ancient writers on these countries, which showed how old had been the practice of taking offenders to a height, and casting them headlong, sometimes from a rock, at others from high battlements, and often from a window which commanded a sufficient steep. We have a dreadful picture of this most tremendous mode of punishment, in the Second Book of Kings. It describes the death of Jezebel, when, by the command of Jehu, she was thrown from the palace-window of Jezreel, during his triumphant entry, and her blood was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses, and he trode her under their feet; and when he sent to bury her, no more was found of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of her hands. Nearer home, the classic reader has only to remember the various precipitations from the Terpeian rock, to see what chastisements the sages of antiquity, in almost every country, devised for the reformation of mankind. Blessed indeed are those latter times of the world, when such fierce punishments are neither necessary to appal vice, nor would their barbarous outrage of human sympathy be tolerated. The change has been wrought by the ameliorating effects of Christianity, and, therefore, only in countries where the religion of mercy has not yet been received, do we find the dregs of heathenish cruelties remain."

THE WELLINGTON BANQUET, 1840.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a gentleman to a friend in the country, descriptive of the appearance of the banqueting room of Apsley House, on the last commemoration of the battle of Waterloo:—

"Anything more superb I never saw, nor could have formed any conception of. Fancy a room two hundred feet, by eighty-two, lined throughout with yellow silk, and covered with pictures of the old masters; the cornices and ceiling profusely gilded, yet relieved by oblong plates of plain round glass. At either extremity, an oaken sideboard, with six silver gilt shields, of immense magnitude, emblematic of the Duke's conquests, and presented by the crowned heads of Europe. On the dining-table, spread for his companions in arms, stood too marble tripods for lights, of about seven feet high, passing through the table, and supported by griffins, very elaborately carved in ormolu; three others, of gold, though of smaller dimensions, but

particularly magnificent, (the gift of the city of London,) representing, in bold relief, and as large as life, a foot soldier (with his standard) of each company that signalized itself on the field of battle. A solid gold vase, the tribute of the noblemen of England, beautifully portraying the guards forming a square. Between every second guest there is a wine-cooler of Dresden china, with an exquisite painting of some engagement, or some general officer that was in it, going through the entire series of his victories, and those who participated in them, in India, the Peninsula, and Waterloo. The plate has been estimated at £300,000.—*London paper.*

PROVIDENTIAL INTERPOSITION.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. D. Leever, dated Napoli, April 25, 1831:—

"From Missolonghi, I visited Anatico, a town built on a small island within the Gulph, about eight miles distant from the former, and communicating with the shore, on each side, by a ferry. It is approachable, by sea, only by the same entrances as Missolonghi; and, as you know, was one of the refuges of the Greeks of this district during the war, and sustained several sieges. You may recollect the circumstance, that during one of these sieges, when water was scarce in the town, (for the inhabitants supply themselves with water from the main land, by boats,) a bomb from the Turkish cannon penetrated the roof of one of their churches, and opened a spring of water in the midst of the church, which proved a most seasonable relief to the besieged. I was anxious to verify this fact—which, upon my visiting the spot, was confirmed to me by the testimony of many of the inhabitants. The water of the well, (which is, of course, held in great reverence by the Greeks,) I found to be very drinkable; and I was shown the hole in the roof through which the bomb entered. Anatico may contain, at present, about 1000 inhabitants; and the Government has built them a school, which, from some prejudice against the new system of Mutual Instruction, and more perhaps from the inefficiency of the master, is at present very ill attended. I left with them, however, ten copies of the New Testament."

POETRY.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A THUNDER-STORM.

FROM THE RUSSIAN—BY BOWRING.

IT thunders!—Sons of dust, in reverence bow!
Ancient of Days! Thou speakest from above:
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now—
That hand which scatters peace, and joy, and love.
Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear thy awful voice—alarm'd—afraid—
I see the flashes of thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave would hide my head.

Lord! what is man? Up to the sun he flies—
Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust:
There is he lost midst heaven's high mysteries,
And here in error and in darkness lost:
Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
Like a poor sailor—by the tempest tost
In a frail bark—the sport of destiny,
He sleeps—and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breathest—and th' obedient storm is still!
Thou speakest—silent the submissive wave!
Man's shatter'd ship the rushing waters fill,
And the hush'd billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God! compar'd with Thee,
Life is a shadowy, momentary dream:
And Time, when view'd through Thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED FOR THE COMMITTEE, ONCE A FORTNIGHT,

BY

JOHN E. L. MILLER,

at the Office in St. Nicholas Street.—All communications for the *WESLEYAN* must be addressed (post paid) to the Editor, Montreal.

TERMS.—Five Shillings per annum, including postage, payable half-yearly in advance.