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“ Nought is there under heav'n's wide hollowness  
That moves more dear compassion of mind  
Than Beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness.”

*Spenser.*

“ Can he who loves me, whom I love, deceive ?  
Can I such wrong of one so kind believe,  
Who lives but in my smile, who trembles when I grieve ?”

*Crabbe.*

IT was some time in the autumn of 1809, immediately after our return from the fatal expedition to the marshes of the Scheldt, that it fell to the lot of a portion of my regiment to be quartered in the beautiful and romantic village of E——, in one of the most picturesque districts in the west of England. We had suffered severely from the baleful consequences of the climate of Walcheren; and brought away with us all the remains of a disorder which, while it reduced the body to the last stage of weakness, was remarkable for tainting the mind, beyond the ordinary effects of disease with a gloom and depression of spirits that extended almost to the verge of insanity. When placed on shipboard for England, there were few of our number who had not been attacked with the fever; and we were only roused from the despondency and indifference to life which marked the malady by our landing on the shore of Devonshire. Never did the lovely verdure of our native land seem to smile such a welcome— never did the upland swell in such softness, and the varying tints of the copse hang in such luxuriant beauty around us, as when first we exchanged the barren sands of Flushing, and

the confinement of a sickly transport, for the green hollow dale of our happy island. Instead of being sent into garrison, we were distributed for quarters of refreshment into different villages; and at the close of our last day's march, the detachment to which I belonged drew up before the principal public house of the little township of E—— to receive their billets from the head constable of the place. While this dignified depository of civil authority, who also exercised the useful craft of a cordwainer, was busied in performing his magisterial functions with suitable gravity of office, I amused myself with looking at the scene about me. No one but the soldier, who has been tossed and buffeted round the world at the sport of fortune; none but the wanderer, who has been doomed to undergo every change of climate, and to mingle with every variety of the human species, can fully appreciate the glowing feelings with which, after absence and suffering, a man once more recognizes such a picture of English country life as now presented itself to our delighted eye. Within about three miles of our destination, the line of march had diverged from the