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VICTOR LEONI, OR THE VENETIAN CAPTIVE.

DURING the famous siege of Candia, the Turks were much annoyed by frequent attacks made by light-armed Venetian vessels on their fleet.— Chiefly commanded by young men of enterprising spirit, they performed deeds which filled Europe with admiration, and covered their enemies with confusion. Victor Leoni was the captain whose flag carried the greatest terror; whose person was most obnoxious to the Captain Pacha, whose ship he always singled out for his fiery attacks.

Ishmael, infuriated at the audacity of the young Venetian, offered a considerable reward for his capture.— The nautical skill of Leoni, however, was equal to his valour; and he continued for many months to harass and baffle the whole of the opposing naval force. At length, by the fatal accident of his own powder-magazine exploding at the very moment of his heading the boarding party, he was left singly on the deck of the Captain Pacha's vessel. His lion-like defence availed him nothing, and his intention of dying sword-in-hand was frustrated by Ishmael's peremptory order that he should be taken alive. This was not affected till his desperate resistance had cost several of his assailants their lives, and a blow on the head with a handspike had stretched him senseless at the Pacha's feet.

"Why did I not perish with my brave crew?" was his exclamation, when with returning life he became conscious of his situation. "Because," returned Ishmael, "thou

wast destined to endure a heavier punishment than death in battle."

During the remainder of the siege, he was doomed to remain an inactive spectator, heavily ironed, and exposed to the bitter insults of his enemies, at every fresh success obtained by them over the gallant defenders of Candia. At length the Venetian lion fell, and the crescent rose in its place over the long-battered walls, or rather ruins, of Candia.

The object of the Turks thus effected, Ishmael returned to his house on the banks of the Bosphorus, taking with him the unfortunate Victor Leoni, having refused, with savage pleasure, the immense ransom which had been offered for him by his distracted parent, the Conte Leoni, a brave Venetian admiral, grown grey in the service of the republic.

Loaded with chains, he was now employed, with other slaves, in carrying blocks of marble from the quarries, for the erection of a magnificent pavilion in the Pacha's garden. His burdens were disproportioned to his strength—for Leoni's figure was more remarkable for grace and elegance, than for muscular powers: his constitution, too, naturally delicate, had been impaired by his wounds, long confinement, and the hardships which he had suffered; and it was with extreme difficulty that he from day to day performed the rigorous task imposed on him. His weakness, and the nobleness of his demeanour, ill according with his servile employment, attracted the attention of the Pacha's son and daughter, as they

were observing the progress of the building.

"Why is that young Christian loaded with a burden so much beyond his strength?" demanded Selim Bey rather angrily of the superintendent of the slaves.

"It is the will of the Pacha, your father," returned the man, with an inclination of profound respect.

"But my father sees not the pale cheek and emaciated form of this individual," said Selim, compassionately regarding Leoni—on whose brow the sickly dews of fatigue stood in large drops; "surely, if he knew how unequal his corporeal powers are to such exertions, he would not suffer them to be exacted."

"You are mistaken, my lord Selim," returned he; "the Pacha is perfectly aware of the sufferings of this Venetian, and, so far from wishing his toils to be lightened, he would cause them to be increased on him tenfold, did he not know that in so doing he would bring them an early termination."

"And who is this unfortunate christian? and what is the crime that has drawn on him my father's hatred, to a degree so deadly?"

"Shall I answer for myself, young man?" said Victor Leoni, casting the burden from his shoulder, and proudly erecting his form to its full height—the indignant blood flushing his faded cheek with all its former beauty, and his large dark eyes flashing as he spoke, with almost unearthly brightness, on the children of his oppressor. "I am the son of a Venetian nobleman, and, while commanding a vessel employed in the defence of Candia, in the successful performance of my duty, twice fired the Captain Pacha's ship in the very heart of the Turkish fleet, which daring so stirred his heroic spirit, that, contrary to the laws of nations, he meanly set a price on my single person; and when the chance, not of war but of fortune, threw me into his hands, he abused his power as you see."

"Alas!" said the fair Rosalla, who had hitherto remained a silent spectatress of the scene, "and is it my father who can treat the unfortunate brave in a manner so unworthy of himself?"

"Such is the custom of your country, lady," returned Leoni, haughtily resuming his burden, and preparing to take his place among his fellow slaves.

"No," said Selim, gently detaining him, "rest to-day in the shade of these orange-trees, and recruit your wearied frame. My father is now absent, to-morrow I expect his return, and will then intercede so strongly with him, that you shall no more be treated in a manner so unbecoming your rank and valour."

"No!" returned Victor, proudly; "I will accept neither favours nor consideration from the base tyrant, who detains me in his fetters, far from my country and suffering parent; and, regardless of the honourable fellowship which should subsist between the brave of all countries, can glut his unmanly revenge by employing an officer and a nobleman in drudgery like this!" Victor slowly and sternly rejoined the other slaves, and resumed his labours.

"Would," said Rosalla timidly, as he re-passed them on his way to the quarry—"would that my intreaties could prevail on my father to restore you to your country and kindred!"

"Cease, lady," returned he, "cease to interest yourself in one, who would rather endure his sufferings unpitied, than excite a sympathy which, in despite of his efforts to the contrary, melts the firmness with which he has armed himself to bear the wrongs of his oppressor." He turned hastily away as he concluded, for the tears that stood in the beautiful eyes of Rosalla, had brought an infectious softness to his own.

The heat of the day was intense, yet the children of the Pacha lingered in the garden till his return from the quarries with a fresh block of marble. He coloured slightly as he

passed them, and endeavoured to rally his exhausted strength, that the increasing difficulty with which he performed his task might not appear like an appeal to their compassion.

For a few minutes his haughty spirit triumphed over sinking nature; but ere he reached the building, his knees smote each other, his ears rang with indistinct murmurs, and a thick mist overspread his sight: he staggered forward to deposit his burden on the pile of blocks near him—but before he could gain the spot it fell from his grasp, and he sank down in a swoon.

The recollection of having heard a female shriek at the moment of his fall, was the first idea which recurred to him, when the sense of acute pain in his arm and shoulder recalled him to life and suffering. He perceived that he was in an alcove by the side of the river, supported in the arms of Selim, and surrounded by the slaves of the haram, who were chafing his temples, and dressing the contusions he had received by striking his arm and shoulder violently against the marble as he fell. When he encountered the tearful glances of the lovely Rosalla, who was kneeling by his side, and gazing on his countenance with intense interest, the bright vermilion suffused his cheeks, and mounted to his very temples; then, as if jealous of his emotion being observed, he closed his glistening eyes, and concealed his face in Selim's bosom.

At that moment a messenger arrived from the Pacha, to inform Selim that he had been suddenly ordered by the Sultan to take the command of the fleet then putting to sea, and expected to be employed in hostilities against the Russians.

The certainty of his absence for some months was far from being unpleasing to his children at this crisis. Selim, just turned of sixteen, and the only son of the Pacha, had been accustomed to receive the most unbounded indulgence from his father; but well did the young Moslem know,

that even his parental fondness would have been as dust in the balance, when weighed against his revenge.

Attended by Selim, and daily visited and soothed by the lovely Rosalla, Victor Leoni rapidly recovered, became once more attached to life, and, unconsciously, even reconciled to slavery. How, indeed, could his captivity deserve so harsh a term, when his fetters were brightened by the friendship of the generous Selim, and gilded by the smiles of the charming daughter of his tyrant?

The return of health and happiness restored to the young Conte all the beauty and manly grace which sickness and sorrow had impaired, and he moved and spoke with his wonted vivacity and spirit. Rosalla, who had been accustomed to gaze on him, in his stern majesty and proud despair, with feelings of trembling admiration, would now fondly and delightedly murmur to herself, "He is my own!" for Venice and glory were alike forgotten by Leoni in the enchantment of a first love, conducted under such circumstances of such interest.

"You shall teach me your own sweet language," said Rosalla to him one day, when they had been conversing in the dialect used between the Turks and Venetians in the intercourse which the contiguity of their possessions rendered at times indispensable. "I have heard," continued she, smiling, and looking downwards, "that it is the language of love."

"Of love and of liberty! and therefore unfit to be profaned by the lips of a slave," exclaimed Leoni, starting from the ground where he had been sitting at her feet; breaking, as he arose, from the bands of roses she had playfully twined round him, and which she was in the act of fastening to the strings of pearls that confined her robe. "Oh, Venice, my country! how hast thou been forgotten!" he continued. "The chains which my enemy and thine heaped on my body were honourable to me, for

they were won in thy cause, and for thy sake I proudly wore them; but these soft fetters, which I have insensibly suffered to be woven round me, have enslaved my before free spirit."

"Alas!" said Rosalla, bursting into tears, and terrified at the vehemence of her lover, whom she feared her playfulness had offended—for she did not comprehend that it was the mention of his native language that had touched the cord which vibrated so rudely in his bosom—"I ought to have remembered, that in these flowery bands, I should remind you of the chains in which my cruel father detains you, far from your own country and those *you love*; though not," continued she, weeping, "from all by whom you are beloved."—Then, tearing the garlands, she scattered the blossoms on the ground, exclaiming—"Begone, flowers of sorrow! you have caused me to offend my beloved, and I will cherish you no longer. But, ah!" continued she, gathering them up, and passionately kissing them, "were they not culled for me by my Victor, and laid at my feet, as an offering of his love? They were! they were! and as such they shall still be dear to me, although his love has passed away even before their colours have faded."

Victor was again at her feet, and kissing away the tears which her misconception of his feelings had caused her to shed; and the study of the Italian language was commenced that very hour.

Days, weeks, and months rolled away in uninterrupted sunshine, while this delightful intercourse lasted; but the return of the Pacha from an unsuccessful expedition, at length put an end to this hitherto smooth course of true love.

On that evening, Victor long in vain waited for Rosalla at the accustomed spot. At last she appeared,—but pale, and bathed in tears, her beautiful dark hair dishevelled, and her whole aspect so changed, that

she looked more like the spectre of his love than his living and adored Rosalla.

She flung herself wildly weeping on his bosom, and exclaimed, "My father has discovered our love, my Victor! and this night we part forever!"

"Forbid it, heaven!" replied her lover, folding her passionately to his heart.

"Oh, it is only too true!" said she; "and this last interview is snatched, while my generous brother bears, for my sake, the storm of my father's wrath."

"I thought," said the young Conte, "I thought that my present happiness could not endure; but tell me, my Rosalla, only tell me that I am not to be driven from the spot, that is blest with thy presence, and the toils from which your brother freed me shall be welcomed by me with rapture, if only cheered occasionally by a smile from thee."—"Oh no!" replied she, "ill as I could have brooked to see my lovely and beloved Victor degraded by such labours as these, *that had been happiness compared to what awaits us. Victor.*" continued she, shuddering convulsively as she spoke, "it was to *impement* that you were doomed by my merciless father! but from that I have redeemed you, by consenting to become this night, the wife of the Pacha of Lepanto." "No!" said Victor, fiercely, "let him do his worst; death is much less painful to me than the thoughts of seeing the only woman I ever did, or ever could love, the wife of another!"

But the choice rested not with him, for the servants of the Pacha appeared at that very moment, and tearing Rosalla from him, in spite of his frantic resistance, loaded him with chains, and dragged him from the garden.

Doomed to incessant labour in the quarries, his days were spent in the most painful toils, his nights wasted in tears and bitter thoughts of his lost Rosalla. One gloomy month

had already rolled away, without bringing him the slightest tidings of his beloved or her brother; when one night, after having risen from his sleepless couch of straw, and paced with restless steps the narrow bounds of his cell, fatigued with the violence of his own emotions, he paused, and, leaning his feverish brow against the damp stones of his dungeon, he sighed heavily: this sigh was echoed by some one near him, and turning hastily in the direction whence the sound issued, he found himself clasped in the arms of Selim. "I come to bring you liberty!" whispered the youth; "but our lives depend on our prudence—therefore, silence!"

Gently striking against the wall with the hilt of his dagger, two men entered, and in a few minutes filed Victor's fetters asunder. By the glimmering light of a small shaded lamp, which one of the men carried, they threaded the intricate passages which led from the dungeon to the banks of the Bosphorus, where a boat was waiting to receive them.

"I will not leave you," said Selim, as he seated himself by Victor, "till I see you safely on board a Neapolitan vessel which sails to-night for Venice."

"For Venice!" echoed Leoni—a thousand sweet ideas of home and kindred, associated with the name of his country, rushed over his mind as he pronounced *that magic word*; but syllables of yet more powerful interest rose from his heart to his lips, as he, in a voice broken with emotion, faltered forth, "Rosalla!"—"Ask not of her," returned Selim; "Leoni, she is the wife of another!"

"Of another!" exclaimed Leoni: "of what value then are life and liberty to me?"

"They will not be *wholly* worthless in your eyes, if you rate them at the price at which they were bought," replied Selim; "as I risk my life to procure the one, and my sister has sacrificed her happiness to preserve the other. Live, my beloved friend, to gladden your venerable parent

with the sight of a son whose loss he has so long lamented; live, to be restored to *all* that formerly made existence dear. Time will mitigate the pangs of recollection, and you will again be happy."

"It is vain to reason with my madness!" said Leoni, impatient of the calm philosophy of his Moslem friend. Busied each with his own feelings, an unbroken silence ensued between them, till they stood on the deck of the vessel.

"Your passage is paid to Venice," said Selim, embracing him; "and this casket contains a trifling token of my friendship, and Rosalla's love.—Farewell, my friend! when you meet a suffering captive of our nation, you will remember Selim and Rosalla!"

"May my God forget me, when I cease to remember them!" replied Leoni, vehemently pressing his friend to his bosom.

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It was not till the stately spires of Venice were seen to rise above the waves of the Adriatic, gilded with the first rays of an Italian morning, that Victor experienced the feeling of an enfranchised captive, and considered that, if a lover, he was also a patriot and a son. Here, again, he was destined to misery. Hastening to the Palazzo di Leoni, he found it in the possession of another family. In reply to his eager inquiries for his father, he was told, that he had been denounced to the government, who had confiscated his property; and, if yet in existence, he was in the dungeons of St. Marc.

On hearing this intelligence, Victor fell to the earth, as though he had been struck by the bolt of heaven, and remained for some hours in a state of insensibility. Through the humane cares, however, of the new possessor of the mansion, he at length revived; but when he unclosed his eyes, and gazed round the well-remembered apartment where he had been received as a stranger, he struck his forehead, and exclaiming,

"Ungrateful Venice! Oh, my father!" he rushed from the palace of his ancestors, now his home no longer.

Regardless of personal danger, he hastened into the presence of "the Council of Ten," and demanded his father. So greatly, however, had years of captivity, with the hardships which he had undergone, changed him, that had it not been for something in his look and tone, as he pronounced the name of Leoni—a name that thrilled conviction through the conscience-stricken assembly, no one would have recognised, in the pale and haggard features of the agitated being before them, their young and blooming hero, the pride and darling of the republic.

Confounded by the reproaches which, in a storm of eloquence, he indignantly poured on them, they not only consented to liberate his father, but even offered, in consideration of the services he had performed for the republic, and the sufferings he had in consequence undergone, to restore to him a part of his confiscated property.

"No, ungrateful Venetians!" said he, sternly regarding the conclave, "it is not in the shape of favours, that I will condescend to accept my rights—I will receive nothing at your hands—the arm that used to scatter terror amongst your enemies, has yet strength to earn a subsistence for my destitute parent, your brave and ill-requited admiral!" He then abruptly left the assembly, and sought his father.

"I thank my God that I have lived to hear the voice of my gallant son again, though these eyes shall behold his face no more!" said the veteran, rising, and extending his arms towards his beloved Victor.

"Ha!" exclaimed the young Conte, "has Venice dared?—"

"No, my son," returned the venerable admiral, "they have not quite modernized the picture of Belisarius, on your father. This is the hand of God," continued he, rising

his sightless orbs to heaven; "I hasten to acquit my ungrateful, but still dear country, of the crime you suspect."

Victor precipitated himself into his father's arms, and wept those tears at witnessing his condition, which no sufferings of his own could have drawn forth.

"Come, my father," said he, "let me lead you from this place, and from Venice, for ever!"

It was an affecting spectacle to see the young Conte supporting the injured veteran, and guiding his darkling steps, as they crossed the square of St. Marc, on their way from the prison, to seek some kinder country than their own. The people followed them, loudly murmuring at the government; and the nobleman who had purchased the Palazzo di Leoni would have fallen a sacrifice to their fury, had not Victor pacified them by relating his kindness.—"Go, my friends," said he, when he had conducted his father to the quay, "depart quietly to your homes; my father and I are grateful for your attachment, but we want no avengers: this violence would rather injure than serve us, by giving a colour to the accusations of my father's enemies."

The vessel in which Victor had returned to Venice was still in the bay, and in her he immediately embarked, with his father, for Naples. The demand for the accustomed fare to be paid down, recalled him from the reverie into which he had fallen while surveying the city for the last time from the deck.

"Money!" said he, starting, "where should I procure money? I have been a captive among the Turks for years, and on my return to my ungrateful country, find myself and my father reduced to beggary, through the injustice of the government."—"That may be," said the master; "but unless you satisfy me for your passage"—"you will not permit us to remain in your vessel," said Victor, finishing the sentence. "Well I do not blame you, for—you

are not a Venetian!—But hold!" continued he, suddenly recollecting the casket which Selim had forced on him at parting; "perhaps I have something here that may afford me the means of satisfying you. He drew it from his bosom as he spoke, and opening it, found it contained jewels of value. His eyes filled with tears as he looked on the ornaments which he had often seen Rosalla wear; but when the Neapolitan, who was accustomed to traffic in gems, offered him twenty thousand crowns for the collection, the thought of his father's destitute condition prevailed over his feelings, and he accepted the offer, reserving nothing but an aigrette set with Selim's and Rosalla's hair.

On his arrival at Naples he bought a pleasant little estate for his father, with part of the money; and the residue he employed in purchasing a vessel, and lading her with merchandize, to trade with the settlers on the Spanish Main.

Although the young Conte understood nothing of the arts of barter, his judgment was sound, his observation acute, and his manner of entering into commerce was so liberal, that Captain Leoni became a general favourite with the merchants and settlers of the new world, who gave him the best prices for his merchandize; and, on his departure, he carried with him the hearts of many of the dark-eyed maids of Lima.

At the time of his return to Naples, a hot war was raging between Turkey and the states of Italy, and Leoni could not suppress a sigh when he saw a galley in the bay rowed by captive Turks.—"It is only retaliation for the treatment which our prisoners of war receive from *their* country."—"Alas! that Italians and Christians should imitate the barbarous customs of infidels!" returned Leoni, as he stepped on board the galley, to distribute his charity amongst those unfortunates.

"I should know that voice," said a young Mussulman, speaking in good Italian. "Can I ever forget yours?"

exclaimed Victor, clasping him in his arms; "Selim! my beloved, my generous friend! and is it thus we meet?" In an agitated tone, Victor soon named "Rosalla."—"She lives!" returned Selim, "but her fetters are unbroken—she is still a wife." Victor sighed deeply in reply; then, as his eyes fell on the oar to which his friend was chained, he uttered a passionate exclamation, and disappeared.

Perceiving how deeply interested Leoni appeared in the fate of his slave, the master of the galley demanded a price so unreasonable, that the sale of Leoni's cargo was unequal to cover it. How then did he rejoice when he found it was in his power, by disposing of the vessel itself, to raise the desired sum; and with what triumph did he proceed to the dwelling of his father, with his liberated friend! Selim too was not without his gratified feelings, when he received the tearful thanks of the venerable Admiral, for the preservation of his long lost son.

Selim at length returned to his own country, and Victor prepared for a fresh voyage. It was no longer in his power to freight a vessel of his own: but one of the principal merchants gladly employed him as master of a vessel in the same trade. His nautical skill and determined courage were highly valued, at a time when navigation was comparatively in its infancy; the daring manner in which the Buccaneers at that time infested those seas, rendering it necessary for the captain of every vessel that sailed for the new world to unite the knowledge of arms with that of commerce. This voyage was doubly prosperous; and many were the friendly invitations which Leoni received from the inhabitants of Lima, to settle among them.

After an absence of nearly three years, he returned to Naples loaded with Spanish gold. "Ah! who knows whether I have yet a father to welcome me!" said he, as he stood in the latticed porch of their neat dwelling. Just then the sound of music

from within saluted his ear. He listened for a moment—it was a female voice singing to the guitar; and though unheard for years, how could the thrilling tones of *that voice* ever be forgotten by him?

He paused not to consider whether his senses deceived him, but bursting into the room, he beheld—no delusion—but his own, his beloved, his beautiful Rosalla, seated on a cushion at the feet of his venerable parent, and looking not the less lovely in the eyes of Victor for being attired in the dress of his countrywomen. Requires it to be said, that the sweet moment of mutual recognition richly repaid them for all their sorrows!

“I will explain every thing,” said Selim (who had entered unperceived, and was enjoying the astonishment of his friend;) “my father’s death, and that of Rosalla’s husband, which happened about the same period, left my

sister and me in uncontroled possession of wealth and independence many months ago; and we have sought you in this country, to know whether your heart remains like that of Rosalla—unchanged.”

* * * * *

Rosalla, though a convert to the Christian faith, did not seek to be received into the bosom of the church, till she presented her first-born at the font; when, meekly kneeling at the Archbishop’s feet, she requested to share in the same holy rite which he was about to administer to her infant son. The aged Conte Leoni, led by his delighted son, appeared as sponsor for both, and declaring his earthly happiness was now complete, embraced the lovely proselyte and her babe with such tears as angels shed, when a pure, though wandering spirit, is led from the paths of error and added to their number.—*La Belle Assemblee.*

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

STANZAS.

Yes, take the toy! Its tint of flame
May near thy snowy bosom shine,
For not from Friendship’s hand it came,
And o’er it breathes no prayer of
mine.

But let that drooping myrtle rest—
Fled is its bright and graceful air,
And placed upon thy youthful breast,
'T would seem as but in mockery there.

Yet dear those faded leaves to me!
Recalling many a tender scene,

Unheedful of the roaring sea,
And the long years, that spread between.

Oh! not for any gem that lies
Within Golconda’s richest cave,
My hand would yield the humblest prize,
That e’er affection kindly gave.

For the soft charm, such offering knows,
Power could not grant, nor wealth could
buy;

'Tis as the perfume to the rose,
As radiance to the glowing sky.

DAPHNE.

NARRATIVE OF A SURVEY OF THE INTERTROPICAL AND
WESTERN COASTS OF AUSTRALIA.

BY CAPTAIN PHILIP PARKER KING. 2 VOLS. 1827.

BEFORE this voyage our knowledge of New Holland was very limited and imperfect; and, as it was desirable that we should know more of this great continent (for so it may be called,) a brave and skilful officer was employed by the government in

that adventurous service.—He commenced his exploration at the head of the gulf of Carpentaria. Near Cape Wesel, he found a group of islands, low, rocky, and barren; and thence to Cape Van-Diemen, he found the shore to be chiefly a flat sandy

beach. In his progress he observed some fine harbours, and a river which he ascended for forty miles with no other effect than a discovery of the sterility of the country. He at length reached Cambridge gulf, a deep salt-water-inlet, extending for more than sixty miles through a circuitous channel. Here he saw bold precipitous ranges of detached hills, and also found some rivers, but they did not appear to have a very long course. For a considerable extent, the country was a mass of rocks, heaped one upon another, and the interstices were filled with a prickly useless grass, of a strong aromatic smell. For some hundreds of miles from this part, the coast was low and sandy, and the adjacent land seemed not to have the least appearance of fertility. From the North-West Cape to Cape Leeuwin, the west coast extended for nearly eight hundred miles without any openings worthy of notice, except Black-Swan River and Sharks' Bay. Fish abounded in all parts; turtles of the green and the hawk's-bill species were also in great plenty, and water-snakes, apparently not venomous, were frequently seen. On the land were kangaroos, dogs, and kangaroo-rats; likewise the opossum and the vampire. The traces of emues were met with; but the birds themselves were not seen. There were few edible fruits except the sago-palm, and scarcely any trees fit for naval purposes.

As only twenty-two men and boys were with the captain in his long-protracted survey, there was great danger in landing, because it was easy for the natives to overwhelm the strangers, who were therefore obliged to be very cautious in their movements. "While the boat's crew were landing a theodolite, we were amusing ourselves on the top of a hill, when we were surprised by natives, who, coming forward armed with spears, obliged us very speedily to retreat to the boat; and in the *saute qui peut* sort of way in which we ran down the hill, at which we have fre-

quently since laughed very heartily, our theodolite-stand and Mr. Cunningham's insect-net were left behind, which they instantly seized. I had fired my fowling-piece at an iguana just before the appearance of the natives, so that we were without any means of defence; but, having reached the boat without accident, where we had our musquets ready, a parley commenced, and, after exchanging a silk-handkerchief for a dead bird, which they threw into the water for us to pick up, we made signs that we wanted fresh water; upon which they directed us to go round the point, and, on our pulling in that direction, they followed us, skipping from rock to rock with surprising dexterity and speed. As soon as we reached the sandy beach on the north side of Luxmore Head, they stopped and invited us to land, which we should have done, had it not been that the noise they made soon collected a considerable body of their countrymen, who came running from all directions to their assistance. After a short parley with them, in which they repeatedly asked for axes by imitating the action of chopping, we went on board, intimating to them our intention of returning with some, which we would give to them upon the restoration of the stand, which they immediately understood and assented to. On our return to the beach, the natives had again assembled, and shouted loudly as we approached.— Beside the whale-boat, in which Mr. Bedwell was stationed with an armed party ready to fire if any hostility commenced, we had our jolly-boat, in which I led the way with two men, and carried with me two tomahawks and some chisels. On pulling near the beach, the whole party came down and waded into the water toward us; and, in exchange for a few chisels and files, gave us two baskets, one of which contained fresh water, while the other was full of the fruit of the sago-palm. The former was conveyed to us by letting it float on the sea, for their timidity would not

let them approach us near enough to place it in our hands ; but the other, not being buoyant enough to swim, did not permit this method, so that, after much difficulty, an old man was persuaded to deliver it. This was done in the most cautious manner ; as soon as he was sufficiently near the boat, he dropped or rather threw the basket into my hands, and immediately retreated to his companions, who applauded his feat by a loud shout of approbation. In exchange for this I offered him a tomahawk, but his fears would not allow him to come near the boat to receive it.— Finding that nothing could induce the old man to approach us a second time, I threw it toward him, and upon his catching it the whole tribe began to shout and laugh in the most extravagant way. As soon as they were quiet, we made signs for the theodolite stand, which, for a long while they would not understand.— At one time they pretended to think, by our pointing toward it, that we meant some spears that were lying near a tree, which they immediately removed : the stand was then taken up by one of their women, and, upon our pointing to her, they feigned to think that she was the object of our wishes, and immediately left a female standing up to her middle in the water, and retired to some distance to await our proceedings. On pulling toward the woman, who, by the way, could not have been selected by them either for her youth or beauty, she frequently repeated the words *ven aca*, accompanied with an invitation to land. As we approached, she retired toward the shore ; when suddenly two of the men sprang into the water, and made toward the boat with surprising celerity, jumping at each step entirely out of the sea, although it was so deep as to reach their thighs. Their intention was evidently to seize the remaining tomahawk which I had been endeavouring to exchange for the stand, and the foremost had reached within two or three yards of the boat, when

I found it necessary, in order to prevent his approach, to threaten to strike him with a wooden club, which had the desired effect. At this moment one of the natives took up the stand, and on our pointing at him, they appeared to comprehend our object ; a consultation was held over the stand, which was minutely examined ; but, as it was mounted with brass, and, perhaps, on that account, appeared to them more valuable than a tomahawk, they declined giving it up, and pretended to disperse ; but some were observed to conceal themselves under mangrove bushes near the beach, whilst two canoes were plying about to entice our approach ; the stratagem, however, did not succeed, and we lay off upon our oars for some time without making any movement. Soon afterwards, finding that we had no intention of following them, they left their canoes, and performed a dance in the water, which very conspicuously displayed their great muscular power: the dance consisted chiefly of the performers leaping two or three times out of the sea, and then violently moving their legs so as to agitate the water into foam for some distance around them, all the time shouting loudly and laughing immoderately ; then they would run through the water for eight or ten yards and perform again.”

On a different part of the coast mutual visits of a friendly nature passed between the Europeans and the savages.—“I was much surprised by being told that five canoes were paddling off to the cutter, four of which only held each one native, but the fifth, being rather larger, contained two. They approached without the least alarm or hesitation, and made signs for something to eat ; some biscuit was given to them, which they ate, and, unlike all other Australian savages, appeared to relish its taste. Some little persuasion was necessary to induce them to venture on board ; but, as soon as one mounted the ladder, the others

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followed. Their astonishment was excited at every thing that they saw, particularly at our poultry and live stock. Fishing-hooks and lines were gladly received by them; and, in return, they gave us their baskets and turtle-pegs; they remained with us for half an hour; upon leaving the vessel, they pointed out their huts, and invited us, by signs, to return the visit. Two other canoes came to the cutter from another part of the bay, and the men were soon induced to come on board; before they took their leave, we clothed them with some damaged slops, and, in order to give each something, the feet of a pair of worsted stockings were cut off to make socks for one, whilst the legs were placed on another's arms; a leathern cap was given to each of them, and thus accoutred, and making a most ridiculous appearance, they left us, highly delighted with themselves and with the reception they had met with. As soon as they reached a little distance, they began to divest themselves of their attire, and we had much amusement in witnessing the difficulty under which the wearer of a shirt laboured to get it off.—Their canoes were not more than five feet long, and generally too small for two people; two small strips of bark, five or six inches square, serve the double purpose of paddling and for baling the water out, which they are constantly obliged to do to prevent the canoe from sinking; in shoal water the paddles are superseded by a pole, by which this fragile bark is propelled. We endeavoured to persuade them to bring off some spears to barter, for they had no weapon with them; but they evidently would not understand our meaning. In the evening our gentlemen proceeded to return these visits, at the spot which was pointed out by our morning guests; on landing they were met by the natives and conducted to their huts, where they saw the whole of the male part of this tribe, which consisted of fifteen, of whom two were old and decrepit,

and one was reduced to a skeleton by ulcers on his legs, that had eaten away the flesh, and left large portions of the bone bare; and this miserable object was wasting away without any attempt for his relief. No teeth were deficient in their jaws; all had a perforation in that membrane which divides the nostrils, but without wearing any appendage in it. The only ornament they appeared to possess, was a bracelet of plaited hair. An open wicker basket, neatly and even tastefully made of strips of the *flagellaria Indica*, was obtained from one of them, in which they carry their food and fishing-lines; beside which, each native has his gourd, the fruit of the *cucurbita lagenaria*, which furnishes a very useful vessel to these simple savages, for the purpose of carrying water."

An interview with another party was less amicable; for it nearly proceeded to a rupture.—“In order to divert the natives, and obtain as much information as we could, we seated ourselves on the grass, and commenced a conversation that was perfectly unintelligible to each other, accompanied with the most ridiculous gestures, a species of buffoonery that is always acceptable to the natives of this part of the world, and on more than one occasion has been particularly useful to us. An attempt was made to procure a vocabulary of their language, but without success, for we were soon obliged, from their impatience, to give it up. Not so easily, however, were they diverted from their object; for every article of our dress, and every thing we carried, they asked for with the greatest importunity; our refusal disappointed them so much, that they could not avoid showing the hostile feelings they had evidently begun to entertain toward us. Seeing this, I took an opportunity of convincing them of our power; and, after some difficulty, persuaded one of them to throw his spear at a paper-mark, placed against a bush, at the distance of twelve yards. He threw it twice,

but, much to his mortification, without striking the object. Mr. Hunter then fired, and perforated the paper with shot, which increased the shame that the native and his companions evidently felt upon the occasion: Mr. Hunter then killed a small bird that was skipping about the branches of an over-hanging tree; the bird being given to them, they impatiently and angrily examined it all over, and particularly scrutinized the wound that caused its death.

“We now found that the proved superiority of our weapons, instead of quieting them, only served to inflame their anger the more; and we were evidently on the point of an open rupture. One of them seized the theodolite-stand, which I carried in my hand, and I was obliged to use force to retain it. They then made signs to Mr. Hunter to send his gun to the boat; this was of course refused, upon which one of them seized it, and it was only by wrenching it from his grasp, that Mr. Hunter repossessed himself of it. Many little toys were given to them, on receiving which, their countenances relaxed into a smile: and peace would perhaps have been restored, had we not unfortunately presented them with a looking-glass, in which they were, for the first time, witnesses of their hideous countenances, which were rendered still more savage by the ill-humour they were in. They now became openly angry, and in very unequivocal terms, ordered us away. Fortunately, the man who carried the spear was the least ill-tempered of the party, or we should not perhaps have retreated without being under the necessity of firing in self-defence. We now retired, while the savages, seated on a bank, continued to watch our movements until the boat was loaded and we left the shore. They then came down to the beach, and searched about for whatever things we might accidentally have left behind; and after examining with great attention some marks that, for amusement, some of

our party had scratched upon the sand, they separated.’

While the captain and his attendants felt contempt for the understandings, and disgust at the behaviour of the majority of the savages, they met with one at Oyster-Bay, in King George’s Sound, who appeared to surpass the rest both in sense and honesty.—“When we returned on board after a short excursion, we desired a native who had visited us to go ashore to his companions, but it was with great reluctance that he was persuaded to leave us. Whilst on board, our people had fed him plentifully with biscuit, yams, pudding, tea, and grog, of which he ate and drank as if he had been half-famished; and, after being crammed with this strange mixture, and very patiently submitting his beard to the operation of shaving, he was clothed with a shirt and a pair of trowsers, and christened Jack. As soon as he reached the shore, his companions came to meet him, to hear an account of what he had seen, as well as to examine his new habiliments, which, as may be conceived, had effected a very considerable alteration in his appearance. While the change created much admiration on the part of his companions, it raised him very considerably in his own estimation. Upon being accosted by some of the party, he was either sullen with them, or angry with us for sending him on shore; for, without deigning to reply to their questions, he separated himself from them, and, after watching us in silence for some time, walked slowly away, followed at a distance by his friends, who were lost in wonder at what could have happened to their sulky companion. The grog that he had been drinking had probably taken effect upon his head, although the quantity was very trifling.

“On the following morning the natives had again assembled, and, on the jolly-boat’s landing the people to examine the wells, Jack, having quite recovered his good humour, got into

the boat and came on board. Other natives were vociferous to visit us, and were holding long conversations with Jack, who explained every thing to them in a song, to which they would frequently exclaim in full chorus the words—*cai cai*, which they always repeated when any thing was shown that excited their surprise.— Finding we had no intention of sending a boat for them, they amused themselves in fishing. Two of them were watching a small seal that, having been left by the tide on the bank, was endeavouring to waddle toward the deep water; at last one of the natives, fixing his spear in its throwing-stick, advanced very cautiously, and, when within ten or twelve yards, lanced it, and pierced the animal through the neck, when the other instantly ran up and struck his spear into it also, and then beating it about the head with a small hammer, very soon despatched it. This event collected the whole tribe to the spot, who assisted in landing their prize, and washing the sand off the body; they then carried the animal to their fire at the edge of the grass, and began to devour it even before it was dead. Curiosity induced Mr. Cunningham and myself to view this barbarous feast. The moment our boat touched the sand, the natives, springing up and throwing their spears away into the bushes, ran down toward us, and, before we could land, had all seated themselves in the boat ready to go on board, but they were obliged to wait whilst we landed to witness their savage feast. On going to the place we found an old man seated over the remains of the seal, two-thirds of which had already disappeared; he was holding a long strip of the raw flesh, and tearing it off the body with a sort of knife; a boy was also feasting with him, and both were too intent upon their breakfast to notice us, or to be the least disconcerted at our looking on. We, however, were very soon satisfied, and walked away, perfectly disgusted with the sight of so horrible a repast, and the intolerable stench occa-

sioned by the effluvia that arose from the dying animal, combined with that of the bodies of the natives, who had daubed themselves from head to foot, with a pigment made of a red ochreous earth mixed up with seal oil.

Jack seemed desirous of remaining with the strangers whom he admired; but they thought proper to dismiss him.—“ We were visited by twenty-four natives, among whom was our new friend. When they found us preparing to go away, they expressed great sorrow at our departure, particularly Jack, who was more than usually entertaining, but kept at a distance from his countrymen, and treated them with the greatest disdain.— When the time came to send them on shore, he endeavoured to avoid accompanying them, and went into a boat that was preparing to go for a load of water, evidently expecting to be allowed to return with the crew. This friendly Indian had become a great favourite with us all, and was allowed to visit us whenever he chose, and to do as he pleased; he always wore the shirt that had been given to him on the first day, and endeavoured to imitate every thing that our people were employed upon; particularly the carpenter and sail-maker at their work: he was the only native who did not manufacture spears for barter, for he was evidently convinced of the superiority of our weapons, and laughed heartily whenever a bad and carelessly-made spear was offered to us for sale: for the natives, finding we took every thing, were not very particular in the form or manufacture of the articles they brought to us. He was certainly the most intelligent native of the whole tribe, and, if we had remained longer, would have afforded us much information respecting this part of the country; for we were becoming more and more intelligible to each other every day: he frequently accompanied Mr. Cunningham in his walks, and not only assisted him in carrying his plants, but occasionally added to the specimens he was collecting.”

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

Farewell Mother!—tears are streaming
Down thy tender, pallid cheek ;
I, in gems and roses gleaming,
On eternal sunshine dreaming,
Scarce this sad farewell may speak :
Farewell mother ! now I leave thee,
And thy love,—unspeakable,—
One to cherish,—who may grieve me ;
One to trust,—who may deceive me ;
Farewell mother,—fare thee well !

Farewell Father!—thou art smiling,
Yet there's sadness on thy brow,—
A mingled joy and languor,—wiling
All my heart, from that beguiling
Tenderness, to which I go.—
Farewell father !—thou didst bless me,
Ere my lips thy name could tell ;
He MAY wound, who should caress me,
Who should solace,—may oppress me ;
Father ! guardian !—fare thee well !

Farewell Sister!—thou art twining
Round me, in affection deep,
Gazing on my garb so shining,
Wishing "joy,"—but ne'er divining
Why a blessed BRIDE should weep.
Farewell sister!—have we ever
Suffer'd wrath our breasts to swell ?
E'er gave looks or words that sever
Those who should be parted, never !
Sister,—dearest !—fare thee well !

Farewell Brother!—thou art brushing
Gently off these tears of mine,
And the grief that fresh was gushing,
Thy most holy kiss is hushing ;
Can I e'er meet love like thine ?
Farewell ! brave and gentle brother,
Thou,—more dear than words may tell,
Love me yet,—although another
Claims LANTHE !—Father !—Mother !—
ALL belov'd ones,—fare ye well !

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

A GALLEY STORY.

"I said it was a story of a ghost—
What then? _____
* * * * *

All nations have believed that from the
dead
A visitant at interval appears."

LORD BYRON.

"WHAT say you, boys, a caulk or a
yarn?" says one of the 'quarter
gunners,' addressing indiscriminately
the watch one night, as soon as they
were mustered. "Ob, let's have a
yarn, as we've eight hours in," re-
plied one of the top-men. "Bob
Bowers will spin us a twist;" and
away to the galley a group of eight
or ten instantly repaired. "Well,
boys!" says Bowers, "let's see
what you'll have?—one of the lee
Virginney's, or the saucy Gee's?*

"Well, you see, when I sarved in
the Go-along-Gee, Captain D***, he
as was killed at Trafflygar aboard the
Mars, seventy-four,—aye, and as
fine a fellow as ever shipped a swab,†
or fell on a deck.—There warn't a
better man on board from stem to

stern. He knew a seaman's duty,
and more he never ax'd; and not
like half your capering skippers,
what expect impossibilities. It went
against his grain to seize a grating-up,
and he never flogged a man he didn't
wince as if he felt the lash himself!
And, as for starting,—blow me if he
didn't break the boatswain by a
court martial for rope's-ending Tom
Cox, the captain o' the fore-top in
Plymouth sound—and yet he wasn't
a man what courted cocularity;* for
once deserve it, you were sure to
buy it; but do your duty like a man,
and d—n it, he'd sink or swim with
you!

"He never could abide to hear
a man abused:—let's see, wasn't to
the first or second leestenant he says—
no, 'twas the second—and blow me
too, if I doesn't think 'twas the third—
it was the third,—kase I remember,
now, he'd never a civil word for no
one. Well howsomever, you see,
says the skipper, mocking the leef-

*Jack's fancy names for favourite ships:
The Gee—the Glenmore.

†Epaulette.

*This is no far fetched malapropism;
the man who made use of this expression
was subsequently killed, as boatswain of
a line of battle ship.

tenant, in a sneering manner, one morn, who'd just sung out, 'you sir!' you know, to one of the top men,— 'you sir, I mean,' says the skipper, looking straight in the leestenant's face,— 'pray, sir,' says he, 'how do you like to be you sir'd yourself?'

"Well, the leestenant shams deafness, you know; but I'm blowed but he hard every word on't—for never a dolphin a-dying tarded more colours nor he did at the time! But avast there a bit—I'm yawing about in my course. Howsomever, you know 'tis but due to the dead, and no more nor his memory desarves: so here's try again—small helm bo—steady—ey a.—Well you know, the Go-along-Gee was one of your flash Irish cruisers—the first o' your fir-built frigates—and a hell of a clipper she was! Give her a foot o' the sheet, and she'd go like a witch—but somehow o' nother, she'd bag on a bow line to leeward. Well, there was a crack set o' ships at the time on the station. Let's see, there was the Lee Revolushonerr (the flyer you know)—there—there was the fighting Feeley—the dashing Dry'd, and one or two more o' your flush-uns; but the Gee took the shine on 'em all in reefing and furling.

"Well, there was always a cruiser or two from the station, as went with the West-Ingee Convoy as far as Madery or so—to protect 'em, you know, from the French privateers, and to bring back a pipe of the stuff for the Admiral;—and I take it the old boy must have boused up his jib-stay pretty often, for many's the pipe we shipped in the Gee for him.

"Howsomever, you see, we was ordered to sail with one of these thundering convoys, the largest as was ever gathered together in Cove—nigh-hand, a hundred and eighty or ninety sail. Let's see, there was the Polly-infamous,* sixty-four, was our Commodore you know; and 'sides we in the Gee, there was a ship cra-

vatte,* and an eighteen gun-brig. Well we sailed with the convoy from Cove on St. Patrick's day, with a stagg'ring breeze at east-north-east. We was stationed astarn, to jog up the dull'uns, and to touchum up in the bunt with the buntin.

"Well, a'ter we runs out of one o' our reg'lar easterly gales, what has more lives than a cat, and going for ever like a blacksmith's bellows till it blows itself out, we meets with the tail of a westerly hurricane (one o' your sneezers you know,) four or five of our headmost and leewardmost ships, what tasted the thick on it first, was taken aback; two was dismasted clean by the board: but the Go-along-Gee was as snug as a duck in a ditch, never straining as much as a rope-yarn aloft, and as tight as a bottle below.

"Well, howsomever, we weathers out like a Mudian. We lost nothing nor the corporal of marines, as was washed overboard out o' the lee mizen-chains. Well, a'ter the wind and sea gets down, the Commodore closes the convoy, and sends shipwrights aboard such ships as needed 'em most. Well at last we gets into our regular trades, with wind just enough for a gentleman's yacht, or to ruffle the frill of a lady's flounce, and on one o' these nights, as the convoy, you know, was cracking-on, every thing low—and—aloft, just like a forest afloat—we keeping our station astarn on 'em all—top sails lowr'd on the cap—the sea as smooth as Poll Patterson's tongue, and the moon as bright as her eye—shoals of beneties playing under the bows: what should I hear but a voice as was hailing the ship! Well, I never says nothing till I looks well around (for you see I'd the starboard cat-head at the time;) so I waits till I hears it again—when sky-larking Dick, who'd the larboard look-out, sneaks over and says, 'Bob, I say, Bobbo, did you never hear nothing

* Polyphemus.

* Corvette.

just now?"—Well, he scarcely axes the question, when we hears hailing again—"Aboard the G—e, a hoy—a—" There was nothing, you know in sight, within hail, (for the starnmost ships of the convoy were more nor two miles ahead)—so I'm d—d if Dick and myself wasn't puzzled a bit, for we war'nt just then in old Badgerbag's* track. Well, we look broad on the bows, and under the bows, and over the bows, and every where round we could look; when the voice now, nearing us fast, and hailing again, we sees something as white as a sheet on the water! well, I looks at Dick and Dick looks at me—neither of us never saying nothing, you know, at the time—when looking again, by the light of the moon, 'I'm d—d,' says I, 'if it is'nt the corporal's ghost!'—'I'm d—d if it is'nt,' says Dick, and aft he flies to make the report. Well, I felt summut or so queerish a bit (though I say's nothing to no one, you know,) for 'twas only a fortnight afore the corporal and I had a bit of a breeze 'bout taking my pot off the fire. "Well," says the voice, 'will you heave us a rope? I don't want a boat!' was the cry. 'D—n it, ghost or no ghost,' says I, 'I'll give you a rope, if its even to hang you;' so flying, you see, to the chains, I takes up a coil in my fist, and heaves it handsomely into his hands. There, I was, as mum as a monk, till he fixes himself in the bight of a bowling-knot; when, looking down on his phiz, says I,

just quietly over my breath, 'Is that corporal Crag?' says I—"corporal Hell!" says he, 'why don't you haul up?'—Well, I sings out for some un to lend us a fist (for Dick was afeard to come forward again—and I'm blow'd but the Leeftenant himself was as shy as the rest o' the watch. So I sings out again for assistance: for there was the unfortunate fellow towing alongside like a hide† what was softening in soak.—'Will no one lend us a hand,' says I, 'or shall I reg'larly turn the jolly‡ adrift?'—Well, this puts two o' the top-men you see, on their pluck, for both on 'em claps on the rope, and rouses clean into the chains—now what do you think?" "Why the corporal's ghost to be sure," says one of the group.—"No, nor the sign of a ghost—nor a ghost's mate, minister's mate—nor nothing that looked like a lubberly lobster,|| dead or alive, but as fine a young fellow as ever I seed in my days. For, you see, the whole on it is this—'twas no more than a chap of an apprentice, whose master had started¶ him that morn; and rather nor stand it again, he takes to his fins and swims like a fish to the Gee—mind! the starnmost ship of the convoy! though his own was one of the headmost, aye and running the risque not to fetch us, you know, nor another chance to look to for his life. And why?—why?—bekase the ship had a name—to be sure! she was the Gee!!!"—*Naval Sketch Book.*

THE RAVEN.

THE raven! In a solitary glen, sits down on a stone the roaming pedestrian, beneath the hush and gloom of a thundery sky, that has not yet begun to growl, and hears no sound but that of an occasional big rain-drop splashing on the bare bent; the crag high overhead sometimes utters a sullen groan,—the pilgrim, starting,

listens, and the noise is repeated, but

†That part of a ship's rigging most liable to be chafed or rubbed is usually preserved by pieces of hide being securely sewed around it. Men-of-war have continually, at sea, hides towing overboard to soak.

‡Jolly—a familiar appellation for a royal marine.

||Jack's slang for a marine, or soldier in any shape.

¶Beating with a rope's end.

¶The author served on board this ship during the period above alluded to.

*A name given by Jack to Neptune, when playing tricks on travellers on first crossing the line.

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instead of a groan, a croak—croak—croak! manifestly from a thing with life. A pause of silence! And hollow and hoarser the croak is heard from the opposite side of the glen. Eyeing the black sultry heaven, he feels the warm plash on his face, but sees no bird on the wing. By and by, something black lifts itself slowly and heavily up from a precipice, in deep shadow; and before it has cleared the rock-range, and entered the upper region of air, he knows it to be the raven. The creature seems wroth to be disturbed in his solitude, and in his strong straight-forward flight, aims at the head of another glen; but he wheels round at the iron-barrier, and alighting among the heather, folds his huge massy wings, and leaps about in anger, with the same savage croak—croak—croak! No other bird so like a demon;—and should you chance to break a leg in the desert, and be unable to crawl to a hut, your life is not worth twenty-four hours purchase. Never was there a single hound in all lord Darlington's packs, since his lordship became a mighty hunter, with nostrils so fine as those of that feathered fiend, covered though they be, with strong hairs or bristles, that grimly adorn a bill of formidable dimensions, and apt for digging out eye-socket, and splitting skull-suture, of dying man or beast. That bill cannot tear in pieces like the eagle's beak, nor are its talons so powerful to smite as to compress,—but a better bill for cut-and-thrust,—push, carte, and tierce—the dig dismal, and the plunge profound—belongs to no other bird. It inflicts great gashes; nor needs the wound to be repeated on the same spot. Feeder foul and obscene! to thy nostril upturned “into the murky air, sagacious of thy quarry from afar,” sweeter is the scent of carrion, than to the panting lover's sense and soul the fragrance of his own virgin's breath and bosom, when, lying in her innocence in his arms, her dishevelled tresses seem laden with something more ethereally pure, than “Sabean

odours from the spicy shores of Araby the Blest.”

The raven dislikes all animal food that has not a deathly smack. It cannot be thought that he has any reverence or awe of the mystery of life. Neither is he a coward; at least, not such a coward as to fear the dying kick of a lamb or sheep. Yet so long as his victim can stand, or sit, or lie in a strong struggle, the raven keeps aloof—hopping in a circle that narrows and narrows as the sick animal's nostrils keep dilating in convulsions, and its eyes grow dimmer and more dim. When the prey is in the last agonies, croaking, he leaps upon the breathing carcass, and whets his bill upon his own blue-ringed legs, steadied by claws in the fleece, yet not so fiercely inserted as to get entangled and fast. With his large level-crowned head bobbing up and down, and turned a little first to one side and then to another, all the while a self-congratulatory leer in his eye, he unfolds his wings, and then folds them again, twenty or thirty times, as if dubious how to begin to gratify his lust of blood; and frequently when just on the brink of consummation, jumps off side, back, or throat, and goes dallying about round and round, and off to a small safe distance, scenting, almost snorting, the smell of the blood running cold, colder, and more cold. At last the poor wretch is still; and then, without waiting till it is stiff, he goes to work earnestly and passionately, and taught by horrid instinct how to reach the entrails, revels in obscene gluttony, and preserves, it may be, eye, lip, palate, and brain, for the last course of his meal, gorged to the throat, incapacitated to return thanks, and with difficulty able either to croak, or to fly!

The raven, it is thought, is in the habit of living upwards of a hundred years, perhaps a couple of centuries. Children grow into girls, girls into maidens, and maidens into wives, wives into widows, widows into old decrepit crones, and crones into dust;

and the raven, who wons at the head of the glen, is aware of all the births, baptisms, marriages, death-beds, and funerals. Certain it is, at least, that he is aware of the death-beds, and the funerals. Often does he flap his wings against door and window of hut, when the wretch within is in extremity, or, sitting on the heather-roof, croaks horror into the dying dream. As the funeral winds its way towards the mountain cemetery, he hovers aloft in the air—or swooping down nearer to the bier, precedes the corpse like a sable sauley. While the party of friends are carousing in the house of death, he too, scorning funeral baked meats, croaks hoarse hymns and dismal dirges as he is devouring the pet-lamb of the little grandchild of the deceased. The shepherds say that the raven is sometimes heard to laugh. Why not as well as the hyena? Then it is that he is most diabolical, for he knows that his laughter is prophetic of hu-

man death. True it is, and it would be injustice to conceal the fact, much more to deny it, that ravens of old fed Elijah; but that was the punishment of some old sin committed by two, who before the flood bore the human shape; and who, soon as the ark rested on Mount Ararat, flew off to the desolation of swamped forests and the disfigured solitude of the drowned glens. Dying ravens hide themselves from day-light in burial-places among the rocks, and are seen hobbling into their tombs, as if driven thither by a flock of fears and crouching under a remorse that disturbs instinct, even as if it were conscience. So sings and says the Celtic superstition—adding that there are raven ghosts, great black bundles of feathers, for ever in the forest night-hunting, in famine, for prey, emitting a last feeble croak at the blush of dawn, and then all at once invisible.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

CURSORY THOUGHTS AND LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

NO. IV.

It is a fine thing no doubt, to rail at war, and sing the praises of peace. To paint a luxuriant landscape, adorned with happy cottages, the scene of warfare, and let the imagination riot on all that must take place previous to its devastation, is certainly very moving, and, if cleverly done, has some chance of making us, if not members, at least half-dollar contributors to some Peace Society. Our neighbours of Massachusetts, with all the philanthropy of prospective good, and disregard of present evil, have for some time been labouring in this vocation, and sagely informing all those who read their tracts, and do not already know it, that war is a sad thing. And so is a storm at sea to those who suffer shipwreck—an earthquake to the inhabitants of Calabria—and a hurricane to the West

India planter. But, cries the prospective saint, it is man himself who produces war and all its evils, when he has it in his power to maintain peace and all its blessings; while storms and earthquakes, and hurricanes are beyond his influence and controul. And so is general man to individual man. It neither is, nor ought to be, the same desire of any rational thinker that a dead peace, in the present situation of the world, should prevail, or if it did, that it should long continue. War, as man is, is fully as conducive, if not more so, to the exercise of all the great virtues as peace, speaking both individually and generally. Earthquakes, storms and tempests, are as requisite in the moral, as in the natural world. Whether we shall ever arrive at such a state of moral excellence as to

render war no longer necessary, is a subject with which this work is not concerned, but that war is a necessary consequence of our present condition, and can only be rendered unnecessary by a total change in our moral state, is a very self-evident truth. Peace Societies, allowing that they are harmless, which perhaps is not the case, are, at any rate, very foolish. They resemble the conduct of a man who, thinking he had the powers of the bee, should begin to build a house at the roof. And they are worse than foolish: for with thousands and ten thousands of moral evils around them, and within their reach to be cured, the members of such societies pass them by, to lavish their means, and expend their time, and soothe their consciences, and deaden their feelings, on fantastic schemes of prospective good. That they do all this is too plain. The same means and time, thus lavished and expended, would educate many within their reach, or rescue many beneath their eye from wretchedness and vice, and thus keep constantly alive that sensibility of conscience, and that tenderness of feeling, which the distant prospect of eventual good only lulls to sleep. Objects of want and misery, and vice and guilt superinduced; objects of ignorance, and immorality its concomitant, daily, nay hourly meet the eye of many of the members of such societies, who shut their purses, and divert their consciences, with the reflection that they contribute to such establishments. That charity should begin at home is a very praiseworthy proverb, how much soever it may be perverted, and it would be well if the patrons and supporters of such visionary schemes for the melioration of mankind would think of it.

But let us see what conquerors have done, and what sort of men they have been. Whether it be in the political, as Mr. Coleridge maintains it is in the literary world, that a great genius produces a state of society fitted to appreciate it, and con-

duce to its purposes, I presume not to determine: but it is certain that great conquerors, (I mean civilized conquerors,) have always appeared when mankind was precisely in a state to require them, and derive benefit from them. Let us take a view of Alexander the Great, and the situation of that part of the world which he reduced under his sway. Previous to his empire, Greece, the only civilized portion of the globe, was subdivided into a number of petty states, at constant war with each other. How friendly soever this might be to call forth the powers and energies of the Greeks themselves, it was very unfriendly to the diffusion of the knowledge they acquired. The condensation of these different parts into one body politic, animated by one single object, could only effect this. Sallust, the Roman historian, has remarked, that the Athenian writers have rendered the actions of the Athenians the most illustrious that ever took place, but had Greece remained simply Greece, we should, in all likelihood, never have heard either of her writers or her actions. The battle of Chæronea which extinguished forever her internal rivalry—the doom which Demosthenes denounced and deplored, was fated to be her eternal glory. It diffused Greece over the world. The conquests of Alexander, as to territory, might have been made, as they were afterwards made, by a Tamerlane and a Linghis, to a much greater extent by any other people, but the Greeks could only have made them what they were—the conquests of mind. In the days of her falsely denominated freedom, Greece could never have explored the Indus: she might have again sent her ten thousand to conquer in the plains of Babylon, but she could never have founded Alexandria to be for seventeen hundred years the mart of the world. Alexander perceived what Greece could effect, provided she was a single unanimous whole, and he made her so. To overturn the

barbarous empire of Persia was an easy task, and forms the least part of his glory. His adoption of many of the Persian customs, and the inter-marriages which he so assiduously promoted between his old and new subjects, in order to form them into one people, and which, had he lived, he might have accomplished; but above all, his enlightened views of the advantages to be derived from the commercial intercourse of nations, stamp Alexander, not as he has so often been stamped, a conquering madman, but an illustrious agent of the civilization of mankind. But for his conquests, the literature, the arts, and philosophy of Greece would never have obtained the signal triumph over barbarism they did;—would never have humanized the ferocious Romans, who succeeded to much of the same portion of the globe;—would never have conquered the conquerors. And farther, to him, in a human view, are mankind indebted for the great triumph of Christianity over Polytheism, for he rendered Greek the common language of the best part of the then known world, and thus enabled the truths of the gospel to find a free and easy passage to the knowledge and understanding of all. That Alexander commenced and pursued his conquests for the purposes of civilization only, I do not pretend to maintain, but as he made them, that civilization became at length (probably after his conquest of Tyre) his primary object, is not unlikely. This was necessary to his ambition, if it had no other source, for by civilization only could he hope to maintain his conquests. And that he did, by their rapidity, in the very short course of his career, and by the admirable selection of his permanent stations, or *points d'appui*, ensure the steadily progressive advance of civilization over much of the fairest portion of the globe, no one but must own. Even the civil wars that arose among his successors could not destroy this, for Greece, and her philosophy, and

arts, had been spread abroad, and could not be repelled. But could not this change of the face of the world have been effected in a state of peace? I answer no. Commerce, ever so great an agent in civilization, is a consequence of war and not of peace. Nations, even in a state of otherwise great advancement, make a very slow progress in the knowledge of each other, and the production of their respective countries, in a state of peace, and till this be done commerce cannot exist. But nations still in a comparatively barbarous state, such as China, and in a state of peace, can never by any means become commercial; for how much soever we may boast of human curiosity, human indolence is still stronger, and some impulse more stimulating than the former is requisite to overcome the latter. And this is foreign war. It is by war only, in the semi-barbarous period of society, that the mutual improvements made by knowledge and art among the nations, can be thoroughly communicated, or their mutual productions advantageously known, and even though no permanent conquests take place, a permanent intercourse is established, and commerce is the result. But, say the advocates of peace, commerce, in the present day, needs no such stimulus to raise it to exertion—nay, war is its destruction. That neither a state of war nor a state of peace can now long materially affect general commerce, needs no demonstration; but that a long continued peace is not very prejudicial to the healthy tone of any social body, is not so very clear. We are not yet arrived at that point of perfection, when the simple impulse of virtue alone, will rouse us to high resolve and great endeavour,—will induce us to love the jealousy and watchfulness of liberty, simply because it is liberty;—and make us hate the leaden calm and security of even virtuous despotism, merely because it is despotism.—Patriotism, the source of all the high virtues, and without which virtue is only apathy disguised, is no peace-

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impelling possession in the present condition of the world. To preach up lasting peace, even in this comparatively enlightened day, is to say to the human mind, thus far hast thou advanced, and to proceed farther, is neither good nor desirable. Would not, at this moment, the inly mourning and groaning Portuguese and Spaniard, the Italian and the German, the Pole and the Greek, the South American and many others, say to such preachers—

“War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war!”

But to conclude; it is war that first coalesces savage tribes, and forces them to make that first great step toward civilization:—it is war that first calls into action the dormant powers of the mind, and discloses to it its own mighty resources:—it is war that gives birth to commerce and its attendant humanity; and it is that keeps alive and active all the energetic powers of man. Even the late wars of the French Revolution, so long and so bloody, and which devas-

tated the whole of Europe, what have been, and what will not yet be their result? Assuredly never again will there exist, in that quarter of the globe, such monstrous governments of superstition and tyranny as existed before them. The awful concussion which they produced between the ruling and the ruled,—the tyrant and the slave,—the priest and the layman, can never again take place; for if they did not entirely break down the iron wall between them, they made breaches in it which can never be repaired, so that another shock is only required to level it forever.—And such a shock, notwithstanding Peace Societies and Holy Alliances, cannot be far distant; and if we may judge from the attitude which the British Government lately assumed towards the insane government of Spain, and from the tone of mind of her first minister, Britain has already taken her ground in the war of opinions. *Hic tibi terminum laborum fortunam dedit: hic dignam mercedem emeritis slipendiis dabit.* I.
Colchester, July, 1827.

THE LION AND THE CAMELOPARD,

AN AFRICAN SCENE, BY MR. PRINGLE.

Would'st thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men,
Where the reed-encircled fountain
Oozes from the rocky mountain,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim
Couchant lurks the lion grim,
Waiting till the close of day
Brings again the destined prey.

Headless—at the ambush'd brink
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;
Upon him straight the savage springs
With cruel joy: the desert rings
With clanging sound of desp'rate strife;
For the prey is strong and strives for life,
Plunging oft, with frantic bound,
To shake the tyrant to the ground;
Then bursts like whirlwind through the
waste,
In hope to 'scape by headlong haste;

In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.
For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is muster'd in this hour of need—
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And, mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thund'ring plain.

'Tis vain—the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood; his strength is sink-
ing;
The victor's fangs are in his veins;
His flanks are streak'd with sanguine
stains;
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bath'd:—he reels—his race is o'er!
He falls, and with convulsive throes
Resigns his throat to the raging foe,
Who revels 'midst his dying moans;
While, gath'ring round to pick his bones,
The vultures watch in gaunt array
Till the proud monarch quits his prey.

A THIEF DETECTED WITH THE STOLEN GOODS.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

A FARMER in the country sent a message to his friend, living a few miles distant, by the hands of one of his labourers, who, arriving at the place of his destination, as the person for whom it was intended could not be seen immediately, was desired to wait in the kitchen until his master's friend should have time to speak with him. He did so; and, in a few minutes, the maid-servant having work to do elsewhere, and not suspecting his honesty, left him alone. But being either thievishly disposed, or suddenly overtaken by temptation, in an evil moment, he cast longing eyes upon a quantity of butter which lay exposed, ready prepared for market, in lumps of a pound each. Thinking it probable that one pound would not be missed, but not knowing how to carry it off, as his jacket had no pocket large enough to hold it, he at length thought of his hat, laid hands upon a pound of the butter, put it in, and replaced the covering on his head. Shortly after this, the maid returned into the kitchen, and instantly perceived her loss.

Being afraid to accuse the man herself, she apprized her master of the robbery, who, after considering the best method of detecting the thief, hurried to the kitchen, asked the man his business, and received the message in due form. The messenger then desired to know what answer he should return. I will tell you presently, said the farmer; meanwhile you shall take something to eat and drink. The man begged to be excused, saying he had a long walk before him; but the farmer would not let him depart.

The kitchen fireplace was one of antique construction, such as may yet be seen in country farm-houses. It was built of dimensions so capacious as to admit of two seats, within it, one on each side of the fire which blazed upon the earth. Each seat

admitted of two persons in such a manner, that when two were seated, the innermost sat precisely in the chimney corner, and was enclosed on all sides: in front, by the fire; behind and upon one side, by brick and mortar; and upon the only remaining side, by the person who sat next. Into this snug corner the farmer compelled his unwilling guest, and immediately taking possession of the outer seat, kept him a close prisoner.

The latter fearing lest the theft should be discovered, had uniformly omitted to take off his hat; and the keen farmer, noticing this suspicious circumstance with an observing eye, concluded that the butter was therein concealed, and determined to make him confess, without charging him with the theft. For this end he had forced him into this warm region, knowing that by the side of a hot fire he would soon be in an awkward predicament. The farmer ordered the servant to draw some beer, and bring the bread and cheese. This was quickly done, and the guest partook of it with an apparent good-will and hearty appetite, but was in reality greatly perplexed, and anxious to be gone. In the meanwhile the farmer kept firm to his side, and stirred up the fire to entertain him as warmly as possible. At length having finished his bread and cheese and beer, he entreated to be gone. "You shan't go yet," said the farmer, "you haven't half warmed yourself: it's a cold day remember." And as no excuse would serve, he was compelled to wait until his master's friend should please to dismiss him.

Now, as with the excessive heat of the fire the butter began to liquefy, the poor fellow became alarmed.—The butter melted yet more, he could feel a few drops trickling down his cheeks; he was violently agitated,

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but strove to conceal his emotion.— At last, as from a fountain, it poured copiously down his hair, forehead, and cheeks, and streamed over his clothes to the ground. The poor fellow, unable to refrain, burst into an agony of tears. “Mercy on me,” cried the farmer, with well feigned astonishment, rising from his seat, and walking to the middle of the room, “why, what’s the matter with the man? what are you crying about? and what is this running down your

face?” The culprit, seeing an open way to escape from his fiery ordeal, followed the master, and, confessing his offence, fell down on his knees, weeping and sobbing aloud, and implored forgiveness. The farmer had now attained his object; he had brought him to confess his crime: and seeing him contrite for his fault, and conceiving he had already sufficiently punished him, he was dismissed, with an admonition to—go, and steal no more.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE CELL OF SOLITUDE.

Dim as the fleeting visions of the night,
A dark tow’r tott’ring clos’d th’ extended view;
While round its spires, illum’d with feeble light,
The flitting bat and boding raven flew.

Rent was the hanging arch—the domes o’erthrown;
Nor tread was heard along the distant pile,
Save when the troubled ghost with hollow moan,
Strode slowly o’er the long resounding aisle.

One only cell withstood the waste of time,
’Twas where a turret rear’d its moss-clad brow:
Gloomy it stood, in falling pomp, sublime,
And show’d the mould’ring wrecks around below.

Here on her hand her drooping head reclin’d;
Wrapt in sweet musing sat the lonely power;
Pensive she sat, and heard the howling wind
Die, faintly murm’ring round her ivy’d bower.

In graceful ringlets fell her amber hair!
Black as the raven’s plumes her mantle flow’d;
No cupids round her fann’d the sullen air;
No festive echo cheer’d her lone abode.

But the wild harp that to the blast complains,
Sooth’d with melodious plaints her raptur’d ear;
Deep, solemn, awful, roll’d the varying strains,
Such strains the seraphims with transport hear.

CECIL.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

GREECE.

Land of bright beauty, though tyrants are treading
Thy vales where the star of thy glory once shown;
Though battle his dark sweeping pinion is spreading,
Yet firm and unaltered thou standest alone;

Alone, when the lightnings of Persia were near thee,
 Alone, when the crescent is over thee now ;
 The birth place of freemen, oh ! tyrants shall fear thee,
 When Freedom shall twine her bright wreath on thy brow.

Again shall the peasant tread freely thy mountains,
 And Victory sound forth her clarion strain ;
 Again shall her rainbow encircle thy fountains,
 And the songs of the sailors resound o'er the main.
 Then, when the beams of bright Freedom surround thee,
 The glory of yore shall emblazon thy name ;
 Shall hail the proud thralldom and chains that once bound thee,
 And herald thee onward again to thy fame.

St. John, N. B.

CECIL.

ESCAPE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, FROM LOCH-
 LEVEN CASTLE.

(FROM THE FORGET ME NOT.)

THE Castle of Lochleven has been long mouldering in decay ; the strength of those compact round towers, which so often repelled the English invader, has yielded to time ; the steep stone stairs leading to the state apartments have been transported, for the purpose of constructing dykes, to the opposite shore ; even the chamber once occupied by Mary Stuart is with difficulty to be distinguished in the surrounding mass of ruins. The lake alone, with the exception of the few scattered habitations erected on its banks, which disturb not the faith of historical associations, presents the same aspect that it wore in other days ; and we may spare a glance to the modest roof where the too early lamented poet, Michael Bruce, first saw the light, without losing the pleasurable consciousness of reality with which we linger on the spot where Mary landed after her memorable escape from Lochleven—that critical moment, the most agitated, perhaps the happiest, of her calamitous existence.

It is natural that the lovers of Scottish history should approach these desolated walls, with the expectation of discovering some local illustrations of the mournful scenes which, in 1566, were here exhibited, and which form in a manner the prelude to Mary's tragedy. But although tradition directs our attention to the turret in which the queen was lodged

with Catherine Kennedy, the only female attendant who had been permitted to accompany her, the filling-up of the outline must be left to the erudition or the fancy of the spectator. We look in vain for some vestige of the place in which the outraged queen was despoiled of the ensigns of sovereignty ; when struggling with Lindsey's ruffian grasp, she subscribed, unread, the fatal deed of abdication, and became as a cipher in Scotland. It is for the poet only to describe the embowed window, under which Murray stood, the last time he exchanged with her an affectionate farewell—when weeping on his neck, and melting with parental tenderness, she earnestly implored him to protect and cherish that child, who had been made the innocent instrument of his mother's degradation. No vestige remains of the royal canopy, which, with mock respect, was suspended from the bed in which Mary lay, surrounded by female spies, and sometimes ruder sentinels, whom the rigour of her unkind, ungrateful brother, had authorised to watch and controul her movements.

But, if the relics of Mary's captivity have perished, memorials of her escape are not wanting ; and, after the lapse of more than two hundred and fifty years, we are enabled to trace her steps, to observe, and in a manner almost to witness, the progress of her deliverance. The for-

tress of Lochleven, situated, as is well known, in Kinross-shire, was a place of considerable strength, and at an early period had resisted many attacks of English invaders. The adventurous enterprise of the brave De Vipont, who, with four gallant knights, by a masterly manœuvre, had compelled Sir John de Harling to raise the siege and return to England, had been celebrated more than two centuries, when the castle came into the possession of Sir Robert Douglas, who had espoused the repudiated mistress of James the Fifth, the haughty Lady Margaret Erskine, mother of the regent Murray, and, according to her own testimony, the lawful, though unacknowledged, wife of the king of Scotland. Absurd as were these pretensions, they were not without abettors and defenders among Murray's professed partisans; but the arrogance of the lady's manners rendered her generally unpopular; nor was it without reason that Mary conceived for her an aversion, which she never betrayed to any other individual in Scotland. After the defection of the royal army on Carberry-hill, and the frightful indignities to which she had been subjected at Edinburgh, the delinquencies of Lady Margaret ceased to be regarded; and it is probable that Mary, with her wonted facility in believing all she wished, allowed herself to calculate on receiving friendly offices from the mother of Lord Murray; she soon perceived, however, that nothing prevailed with this imperious dame like gold; and that by chinking a full purse, or displaying jewels, which were indirectly offered to her acceptance, she should best enforce attention from her venal hostess.— Her next step was to win her nominal guardian, Sir William Douglas; but his pusillanimity baffled her persuasions, and though not less mercenary than his mother, and more humane, he was too wary to hazard the displeasure of the regent, whom he rather feared than loved, for the doubtful chance of establishing the

supremacy and earning the gratitude of the queen of Scotland.

His younger brother George was of a nature more susceptible of generous sympathies. From him Mary won pity by her tears; she obtained his friendship by her confidence, and he engaged in her cause with impassioned zeal; but his first attempt for her relief miscarried, and served but to furnish pretexts for treating the queen with greater rigour. "Help me," she wrote to Catharine de Medicis, "help me speedily, or I shall perish in this place." At this moment Mary saw herself bereaved of her only friend. George had been expelled the castle; but he left in it another youth, equally devoted to the queen's cause, and more able to sustain it. This new champion was a stripling of seventeen, an orphan kinsman of the house of Douglas, and entirely dependant on the bounty of his powerful clansman. No latent ambition kindled the zeal that glowed within his breast—he was humble and obscure; no juvenile vanity had suggested such dreams of passion as George Douglas was believed to cherish. His efforts were prompted by pity and patriotism: if he failed in the enterprise, he might expect to forfeit his life; and if he succeeded, he was sure to lose the friendship of the house of Douglas.

Never was courage more strikingly exemplified, never was intrepidity more happily blended with prudence, than in this modest youth. Convinced that the boldest course is the safest, he resolved, at supper-time, in the face of the assembled household, to steal from the niche in which they were deposited, the keys of the castle, and to avail himself of the succeeding prayers to effect the liberation of the queen of Scots. Apprized of his plan through the medium of Catherine Kennedy, Mary on the plea of indisposition, refused the next Sunday morning to rise from her bed; and by this manœuvre she was at length relieved from the presence of her odious spies, who gladly quit-

ted her for the supper-table. No sooner was she freed from their vigilance, than, without even waiting to change her night-clothes, she precipitately left the apartment, supported by Catherine, who had, however, taken the precaution to suspend a shawl from the window as the signal of the enterprise. Softly and cautiously the queen descended, equally alarmed by imaginary sounds and real silence. At the foot of the stairs she paused in an agony of suspense—all was still. Without venturing to articulate a single word, she counted the minutes that must have elapsed since the critical moment when Douglas was to secrete the keys. Even then he had to achieve another task almost equally difficult, in withdrawing unnoticed from the assembled congregation. The chances of success were few, the risk most imminent. Another minute passed, and suddenly, like the phantom of a dream, appeared the active though diminutive form of William Douglas, at once beckoning the fugitives to approach, and significantly motioning to them to observe silence. The queen and Catherine pursued his steps, each gliding like a nocturnal spectre, till they reached the first and most important gate, to which Douglas presented one of the four large massive keys concealed under his cloak. At that sound the queen shuddered, so overwhelming was the dread of discovery; but her conductor, with perfect coolness, quickly opened and then cautiously relocked the portal. In like manner he cleared the second gate, and again in spite of the queen's impatience, observed the same precaution. At the third portal no obstacle occurred; at the fourth, the baying of a dog excited in the queen such alarm, that she no sooner found herself without the walls, than she darted towards the boat, regardless of the stones which bruised her feet, from which, for safety, she had put off her shoes; and springing into the boat, which had been drawn to the shore, she conjured Douglas not to lose a single

moment. Having reached the middle of the lake, Douglas threw from the boat the four heavy keys, which impeded its course; meanwhile, Catherine seized an oar, and rowed with all her strength. But, instead of making for the nearest land, Douglas steered towards a more distant point, contiguous to the wood, in which the fugitives might be sheltered from pursuit. With what exultation did he now discover, on the margin of the lake, a horse evidently prepared to assist their cause, and, as was now apparent, attended by George Douglas, who, in conjunction with Lord Seaton and John Beaton, both included in the number of Mary's confidential friends, had, in different stations, reconnoitred the coast. It were superfluous to speak of joy in such a moment; but faint were the transports with which Mary was hailed by Lord Seaton to the rapturous emotions with which the two Douglases reciprocated congratulations. With what pride did they convey her to Niddry!—with what triumph did they see her lodged in the palace of Hamilton!

Thus happily terminated an enterprise, of which it was the peculiar feature that none suffered by it either in person or fortune. Even George Douglas, after a temporary exile in France, returned to Scotland, and was rewarded with the hand and fortune of a noble heiress. John Beaton, one of his auxiliaries, attached himself to Mary's service; and little William Douglas, as he was called, continued in her household, and was one of the individuals mentioned in that last testament which was written a few hours before her death, with expressions of gratitude and regret. In like manner Catherine Kennedy retained the intimacy with her queen, to which she had been admitted by participating in her sorrows; and during all her subsequent trials and misfortunes, Mary was soothed by the presence, or sustained by the counsels, of those whose fidelity and attachment had been approved at Lochleven.

THOUGHTS OF SADNESS.

How sad and forsaken
Is that heavy heart,
Where hope cannot waken,
Nor sorrow depart ;
So sad and so lonely,
No inmate is there,
Save one—and that only
Is chilling despair.

How sad is the slumber
Long sufferings bring,
Whose visions outnumber
The woes whence they spring !
Unblest such repose is,
Its waking is near,
And the eyelid uncloses
Still wet with a tear.

But though sad 'tis to weep
O'er incurable woes—
Sad the dream-disturb'd sleep,
Yet far deeper than those

Is the pang of concealing
The woes of the mind
From hearts without feeling—
The gay, the unkind.

For saddest of any
Is he of the sad,
Who must smile amongst many,
Where many are glad ;
Who must join in the laughter,
When laughter goes round,
To plunge deeper after
In grief more profound.

Oh ! such smiles like light shining
On ocean's cold wave,
Or the playful entwining
Of sweets o'er a grave ;
And such laugh, sorrow spurning
At revelry's calls,
Like echoes returning
From lone empty halls.

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

RUINS OF NINEVEH.

WE went from hence towards the north-east, and passing over a stone bridge of Mohammedan work, thrown across a small stream, which discharges itself into the Tigris, came in about an hour to the principal mounds which are thought to mark the site of the ancient Nineveh.

There are four of these mounds, disposed in the form of a square ; and these, as they show neither bricks, stones, nor other materials of building, but are in many places overgrown with grass, resemble the mounds left by intrenchments and fortifications of ancient Roman camps.

The longest of these mounds runs nearly north and south, and consists of several ridges of unequal height, the whole appearing to extend for four or five miles in length. There are three other distinct mounds, which are all near to the river, and lie in the direction of east and west. The first of these, counting from the southward, is the one called "Nebbe Yunus," having a tomb on it, which is thought to contain the ashes of the

prophet Jonas, and a small village collected round it ; the next to the northward is called "TalHermoosh," which is not marked by any striking peculiarity ; and the third is the one we first ascended, and which, by way of distinction, from its regularity and height, is called "Tol Ninoa," or the Hill of Nineveh.

There are appearances of mounds and ruins extending for several miles to the southward, and still more distinctly seen to the northward of this, though both are less marked than the mounds of the centre. The space between these is level plain, over every part of the face of which, broken pottery, and the other usual debris of ruined cities, are seen scattered about.

If it were true, as asserted by Strabo, and other early writers, that Nineveh was larger than Babylon, it might be considered to have been the largest city that ever existed in the world, and one might even credit the assertion, that "Nineveh was an exceeding great city of three days' journey," not in circumference, as it

has been assumed, but in length, since Jonah did not begin to proclaim the denunciations of God against it, until he had entered the city a day's journey, which would then have been its furthest extreme, if three days only had been the extent of its circuit.

But we are furnished with its actual dimensions in stadia, which enables us to compare how far its comparative magnitude was greater than that of Babylon, or not. Herodotus assigns to this last a square of four hundred and eighty stadia, or a circumference of sixty miles, counting fifteen miles for each of its sides, reckoning the stadium at its highest standard of eight to a mile. Diodorus Siculus gives the dimensions of Nineveh as one hundred and fifty stadia in length, and ninety stadia in breadth, or about nineteen miles in front along the river, and eleven and a quarter in breadth from the river to the mountains, estimating the stadium at the same standard of value.

There was, it is true, a greater length in the city of Nineveh; but from its more confined breadth, the space actually included within the limits given was somewhat less than that of Babylon. It may, however, be admitted to claim for itself a higher antiquity, since the second great capital of the Assyrian empire did not begin to flourish until this, its first metropolis, whose origin mounts up to the period just succeeding the Deluge, was abandoned to decay.—*Buckingham's Travels in Mesopotamia.*

A LION HUNT.

MR. S. had chased in the direction of the mimosas, trenching on the ground which our comrades were to take. He was getting closer to his object, and was about to dismount a second time, when his eyes glanced on the long-wished-for game,—an enormous lion! He was walking majestically slow,—but when Mr. S. gave the tallyho to us, he couched, and seemed inclined to wait, but soon afterwards cantered off to the mimosas.

In a few seconds we were all up, at least our division.—The first object was to prevent him from climbing the mountain, we therefore rode through the mimosas, about three hundred yards from where he had entered, and got between him and the heights. Diederik Muller and Mr. S. with their servants and led horses, then rode round the little grove, whilst we were stationed where we first entered. The grove was hardly five hundred yards in length, and twenty in breadth, consequently we could by this arrangement command the whole of it.

The other part of our division having rode round the grove, came up opposite to us, but at a distance, and as we saw them dismount we did the same. Our situation was not very enviable; we had but one large gun, but Mr. Rennie, who carried it, was perfectly collected. We were talking to each other rather in a whisper, when Mr. Rennie very coolly said, "Listen, the gentleman is grumbling."—The sound was so very like distant thunder, that we doubted it, but at the same moment I caught a glimpse of the lion walking away not a hundred and fifty yards from us, and he must have been previously still nearer to us than we had calculated. I gave the alarm, which was echoed to our friends, who in an instant mounted and rode up to the lower end calling upon us to advance. We were moving down to gain a position on a little height, when a gun was fired, followed by four more. This convinced us our other division had joined.

We thought there would have been an end to our sport before it had well begun; but on the contrary, the shots were fired not only to prevent him leaving the copse, but to prove their guns, for a miss fire is frequently of consequence. The last shot had the effect of turning him, and we had now a full view of him returning to the centre, whisking his tail about, and treading among the smaller bushes as if they had been grass, remind-

ing us most forcibly of the paintings we had seen of this majestic animal.

The last shot however had convinced us that our position was not safe, for the ball passed very near us. We called to inform the party of this, and they resolved on another plan of attack. They desired us to station two Hottentots on a hill above our position, and we were to join them. We crossed again through the bush, and it was then determined that we were all to dismount and tie our horses together, and then to advance on foot.

This is the usual plan, and it is done to secure any person from galloping off by his horse taking fright or otherwise, which would induce the lion to pursue, and thus one or other might be sacrificed.

We had hardly begun to tie our horses, when the Hottentots stationed on the hill, cried out that the lion was running off at the lower end, where he had attempted to escape before. We were on horseback in a second, but the lion had got a-head; we had him, however, in full view, as there was nothing to intercept it. Off he scampered.—The Tambookies who had just come up, and mixed among us, could scarcely clear themselves of our horses; and their dogs howling and barking,—we hallooing,—the lion still in full view, making for a small copse, about a mile distant,—and the number and variety of the antelopes on our left, scouring off in different directions, formed one of the most animated spectacles the annals of sporting could produce.

Diederik and Mr. S. being on very spirited horses, were the foremost, and we wondered to see them pass on in a direction different from the copse where we had seen the lion take covert. Christian gave us the signal to dismount, when we were, as well as could be judged, about two hundred yards from the copse. He desired us to be quick in tying the horses, which was done as fast as each came up. And now the die was

cast,—there was no retreating. We were on lower ground than the lion, with not a bush around us. Diederik and Mr. S. had now turned their horses, for, as we afterwards learned, they had been run off with, in consequence of their bridles having broken. The plan was to advance in a body, leaving our horses with the Hottentots, who were to keep their backs towards the lion, fearing they should become unruly at the sight of him.

All these preparations occupied but a few seconds, and they were not completed,—when we heard him growl, and imagined he was making off again:—but no,—as if to retrieve his character from suspicion of cowardice for former flight, he had made up his mind in turn to attack us. To the growl succeeded a roar, and in the same instant we saw him bearing down upon us, his eye-balls glistening with rage. We were unprepared; his motion was so rapid that no one could take aim,—and he furiously darted at one of our horses, whilst we were at their heads, without a possibility of preventing it. The poor horse sprung forward, and with the force of the action wheeled all the horses round with him. The lion likewise wheeled, but immediately couched at less than ten yards from us. Our left flank thus became exposed, and on it fortunately stood C. Muller and Mr. Rennie. What an anxious moment! For a few seconds we saw the monster at this little distance, resolving as it were on whom he should first spring. Never did I long so ardently to hear the report of a gun. We looked at them aiming, and then at the lion. It was absolutely necessary to give a mortal blow, or the consequences might perhaps be fatal to some one of the party.—A second seemed a minute. At length Christian fired;—the under-jaw of the lion dropped,—blood gushed from his mouth, and he turned round with a view to escape.—Mr. Rennie then shot him through the spine, and he fell.

At this moment he looked grand beyond expression. Turning again towards us, he rose upon his fore feet,—his mouth bleeding, his eyes flashing vengeance. He attempted to spring at us;—but his hind legs denied him assistance; he dragged them a little space, when Stephanus put a final period to his existence by shooting him through the brain.—He was a noble animal—measuring nearly twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail.

Diederik and Mr. S. at this crisis rejoined us, and eagerly inquired if all were safe. They had seen the lion bear down upon us, and they thought it impossible but that one of us must have suffered. The anxiety now was to learn whose horse had been the victim, and it was soon announced that it was a highly valued one of poor Diederik's. The lion's teeth had pierced quite through the lower part of the thigh; it was lame, and Diederik thinking it irrecoverably so, determined on shooting it, declaring that no *schelm* beast should kill his horse.—We all however interfered, and it was at length arranged with two Tambookies, that if they would lead him to their kraal, they should have a goat for their trouble. The Tambookies had some beads given them for skinning the lion,—which they readily accomplished with their assagais; my trophy was the under jaw and teeth. The elements now seemed determined to crown the whole with a *feu de joie*, for in a few minutes we had just over us, a tremendous peal of thunder!—*Scenes and Occurrences in Caffer Land.*

CHARACTER OF A GREAT MINISTER.
(From a Novel styled De Vere.)

“IN Mr. Wentworth, De Vere saw much (if not every thing) that he admired. He thought him a person of as much virtue as can consist with a love of power, and that his love of power was no greater than what is common to men of his superior capacity. He admired and loved him, too, for other qualities. But it is

not easy to describe this able and accomplished person. His mind was an assemblage of all that could excite, and all that could soothe; his heart, the seat of an ambition belonging, as it were, to himself; equally above stooping to the court or people, and which no fear of either could affright. With all this, his feelings were attached to friendship, and his intellect to the elegant pleasures of cultivation. Thus he shone alike in the tumult of party and the witchery of letters. In the last he had been beautifully distinguished, and had many amiable associates, before he acquired his political eminence. In the senate, his eloquence was like a mountain river, taking its rise from reason, but swelling its impetus by a thousand auxiliary streams of wit and imagination, which it gathered on its way. It is, indeed, difficult to say whether his wit or his reasoning predominated; for such was the effect of both united, that never was reason so set off by wit, or wit so sustained by reason. One was a running fire, flashing from right to left over the whole field of argument, so as to embarrass and paralyze his antagonists; while the other, when seriousness was resumed, struck down every thing that opposed, with the force of thunder. But he had a more powerful recommendation still to the favour of his auditors, whether in the senate or elsewhere. His politics, as his heart, were truly and insularly British; and, though he contemplated and understood the continent as well as any, and better than most who went before him, it was his principle to steer clear of it, except so far as it was connected with Britain. This did not fail to ‘buy him golden opinions with all sorts of persons;’ and he wound up all by a stanch adherence to his personal friends. This made him the most loved for his own sake, of all the leaders of his time out of the house, while in it he reigned without struggle or compeer,—*nihil simile aut secundum.* Yet, superior as Mr. Wentworth was in all

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these respects, he was kept (strange to say) from rising to the highest point, by the influence of far less gifted rivals. Men wondered at this; but (happily for the repose of mankind) the times are over when a man who could not rule by other means, did not scruple, if he could, to seize the government by force, and awe even his prince into dangerous compliances. Mr. Wentworth knew this, but, even in other times, would never have attempted to go so far, and he therefore contented himself, at present, with a second place. This at the time we write of, was the less irksome, because the high quality and worth, and, still more, the long habit of being considered the leader of his party, which belonged to the premier, induced the submission of all to his authority, without a murmur. Every body, however, foresaw, from what has been stated, that the premier's resignation would occasion a contest for the succession, which might shake the administration to its centre; and Mr. Wentworth was not a man to submit to hold a second rank under any other living person. Such, then, was the public character of this accomplished man; and there were many who observed, in his connexion with great families, in the spread of himself among all men of parliamentary power, and particularly in the attachment of the young men of rising talents to his person, a promise of future strength which might one day influence the fate of the empire. His public dinners were frequent, and thronged, and in them he displayed all the felicity of wit, and all the conciliation of his manner. But the delight of his secret heart was in banquets far more select, and far more happy.—These were his private parties, with men who were either independent of politics, or with whom politics did not form the first passion of their minds; men who were of kindred with himself in every thing that could charm the taste or enlighten the understanding.—With these, he continued still

occasionally to live, although often separated from them by that which separates all who are not linked in the same pursuit—the struggles of ambition, and the tumults of party.”

* * * It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers, that the subject of this panegyric is Mr. Canning, to whom the eyes of all who attend in the smallest degree to public affairs are at this moment directed.—*Lady's Magazine.*

SUBTERRANEAN LAKE.

BEFORE they (a party of missionaries) returned, they explored a celebrated cavern in the vicinity, called Kaniakea, (in Kairua, one of the Sandwich Islands.) After entering it by a small aperture, they passed on in a direction nearly parallel with the surface; sometimes along a spacious arched way, not less than twenty-five feet high and twenty wide; at other times by a passage so narrow, that they could with difficulty press through—till they had proceeded about one thousand two hundred feet; here their progress was arrested by a pool of water, wide, deep, and as salt as that found in the hollows of the lava within a few yards of the sea. More than thirty natives, most of them carrying torches, accompanied them in their descent; and on arriving at the water simultaneously plunged in, extending their torches with one hand, and swimming about with the other.—The partially-illuminated heads of the natives, splashing about in this subterranean lake; the reflection of the torch-light on its agitated surface; the frowning sides and lofty arch of the black vault, hung with lava, that had cooled in every imaginable shape; the deep gloom of the cavern beyond the water; the hollow sound of their footsteps; and the varied reverberations of their voices, produced a singular effect; and it would have required but little aid from the fancy to have imagined a resemblance between this scene and the fabled Stygian lake of the poets. The mouth of the lake is about half a

mile from the sea, and the perpendicular depth to the water probably not less than fifty or sixty feet. The pool is occasionally visited by the natives for the purpose of bathing, as its water is cool and refreshing. From its ebbing and flowing with the tide, it has probably a direct communication with the sea.—*Ellis's Tour in the Sandwich Islands.*

AN IRISH HEDGE SCHOOL.

ON reaching the houses, Eugene stopped us in front of one, the roof of which had fallen in.—This is all that remains of our village school. Here, in his noisy mansion, sat Phil. Sullivan, wielding his birch as if it had been a sceptre, while his little subjects were ranged round on benches formed of sods, that you may still see along the wall. The fire, when any was required, was made in the centre of the apartment, the fuel being furnished by each scholar daily bringing a turf with him. The door was formed of stakes interlaced with *wattles*, a loop of which thrown over a crooked nail, served the purpose of a lock, and a rude table, that the master sat at, was all the desk in the school. As they came in at the door, the urchins were obliged to make their best bow, by drawing back the left leg, catching the tuft of hair that hung over the forehead, and bringing their stiff necks to the precise mathematical curve that constituted politeness; while Phil. sat in the middle, sometimes talking English, sometimes Irish, to suit himself to the comprehension of his pupils. As a specimen of the manner in which he accomplished this, I will give you a journal of my first day at school.

While the more advanced scholars were conning their tasks, he taught the younger tyros the alphabet—"Come up here, Pat. Geehan," said he, to a red-headed boy dressed in a gray frieze coat, which came down to his heels, and a pair of old leather breeches, that, only reaching half way down his thighs, exposed his red measled legs.—"Come stand up

here on the table, and let the boys hear how well you can say your letters."—Pat mounted with great confidence; but when his phiz, by being raised into the light, became more distinctly seen, "Ubbaboo tearin' murder!" exclaimed Phil., "where have been wid that face? why man alive you've been kissing the prata pot, and your hair too stanin' up for a price, like the bristles of a fighting pig,—is there no water in the stream? and it would have been no great trouble to draw your fingers through your hair any how."—Pat very composedly lifted up the tail of his coat, and spitting upon it, gave his face a wipe that left it streaked like a branded cow.—"There now," said Phil., "blow your nose and hold up your head like a gentleman; what's this *avick*," said he, pointing to the first letter of the alphabet—Pat scratched his head—"you don't know what it is,—small blame to you, for your mother keeps you running after the cows when you should be at your *larnin'*; but look up at the couples of the house, and try if you can't remember it."—"A," said Pat.—"Well done, what's the name of the next one;" Pat hesitated again—"what do you call the big fly that makes the honey?"—"B."—"Och you're a *genus* Pat ready made." So on he went illustrating in this manner until he came to the letter O, having tried Pat's *genus* with it two or three ways, to no purpose, Phil. was getting out of patience—"What would you say if I was to hit you a *palthog* on the ear?" (suiting the action to the word.)—"O," cried Pat, clapping his hand upon the afflicted spot, which rung with the blow—"I knew you would find it," said Phil.—By the help of this admonition Pat struggled through the rest of the letters.—"Well you may sit down now and send up Mick Moriarty."—Mick was rather farther on than Pat; he was spelling words; after spelling two or three tolerably well, he came to the word *what*—"Well what does w-h-a-t make?"—Mick was not sure

about it,—"w-h-a-t," said Phil. "sounds fat; but, (conscious of his own error in the pronunciation) when I say fat, don't you say fat,

but do you say fat your own way."—*Scenes and Sketches of a Soldier's Life in Ireland.*

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GASPAR WESSELING.

NEVER saw so lovely a morning; every object was tinted with a clear yellow light—the thousand pinnacles and buttresses of the cathedral were sparkling with a peculiar lustre, and the talizans of the old fortress seemed to lose their harsh grim outline in most holy illumination. On the one hand rose the ponderous masses of the ancient city, with here and there the tower of a monastery, or a church rearing its battlements amidst the confusion of uncouth chimnies, and fantastic smoke-wreaths. On the other, the giant oaks were casting long streaks of shade over the yellow corn-fields, and the winding river was seen at intervals, till it was lost in the dark masses of wood that skirted the distance. Oh! all was fragrant and refreshing; it was like that blessed morn, when the voice of the angel proclaimed to St. Magdalene, that the Lord had arisen from the sepulchre.

The bells were tolling dismally in their turrets, and I could hear the chaunt of the monks rising at times from the neighbouring minister.— Those bells were tolling to announce my execution; that song was raised to speed my soul on its long, long journey.

But I was not allowed to enjoy this fair prospect in peace. They spoke, but I did not hear what they said; they pointed to the car which stood ready to drag me round the ramparts to the gibbet. I comprehended their meaning, and mechanically obeyed them. The priest took his place beside me, and the executioner, masked and muffled, sat in the back part of the vehicle. The car rolled along slowly, while the bells chimed and tinkled in unison with the dead sound of the drums; and the song of the monks rose into a fuller diapason as

we approached nearer and nearer. The father-confessor prayed fervently and long; with streaming eyes and tremulous voice he implored me to give but one sign of repentance,—he told me of heaven,—he told me of hell,—but in vain his words fell upon my ear—I sat in almost idiot listlessness. I bowed, and crossed myself in imitation of his action; but I was gazing on the gilded towers, so fearfully contrasted with the ghastly implements of death and the solemn pageantry of the procession. Alas! heaven and earth were smiling in mockery of my sin and its punishment. The swallow twittered carelessly over our heads; the very dog snarled in derision, and laid him down to bask in the sunshine in undisturbed felicity.

The priest guessed my thoughts; he foretold the time when the gigantic battlements should crumble into dust, when not one stone of the proud temple should remain upon another, when the sun himself should be extinguished. But I should remain eternal, immortal. *How* I was to exist, depended on this moment. Alas! conviction came too late.

We had now reached the termination of our fatal journey, we descended from our vehicle, and advanced to the scaffold, which was erected on the ramparts, and commanded an extensive view of the plain below. I looked down on the almost numberless multitude of heads. At my appearance they rose and fell like the waves of the troubled sea, they shrunk backwards with loathing and abhorrence, as if from some hideous reptile that was about to dart among them. I remembered many a face that I had known in my better days. I looked steadfastly at them; they buzzed like a swarm of hornets—a

smothered groan spread from man to man; they moved, they nodded, they grinned at me. Oh! as I live, every lip in that vast multitude is curled in scorn, every eye is glaring with horrible defiance. I now experienced that dreadful thirst which is said to indicate approaching death. Thirst, can I call it! my very vitals were scorched and consumed. Water, water, oh! what is the wealth of the Indies compared with one drop of the pure, cool element.

I retain a perfectly distinct recollection of the whole scene—the executioner—the platform—the ladder—the gibbet and noosed halter—the solitary raven that had perched on the gallows—the despairing countenance of the confessor—and the pale, livid faces of the spectators, that darkening wilderness of eyes, all concentrating in me. But what horseman is that? He is covered with dust and sweat; he is tottering on his horse's back with very fatigue. He comes from Dresden; the crowd make way for him; he has a paper in his hand, he dismounts, he presents it to the magistrate; ah! I see the Elector's broad seal. It is, it is my pardon. Oh, joy, joy! the sad preparation is at an end, life is restored; I am freed from the very jaws of death, to pass years of virtue, of happiness, of preparation for eternity. Alas! no, he hands it to his secretary, for it relates to other matters. He now reminded me that the appointed time had passed, and that I must prepare to ascend the ladder with the minister of public justice. I prayed, I knelt, I grovelled on the earth, I would love him, I would worship him, for one hour, one minute of delay. I wept, I pleaded, I had but one request—but one. I implored him to grant me time for preparation for another world; would he kill my soul as well as my body? No! but his orders were peremptory, and he must comply with them. He told me, in a mournful voice, and with averted eyes, that if other measures failed, force must be resorted to.

Slowly and sullenly I suffered them to conduct me to the foot of the ladder. The executioner stripped me of the upper part of my clothing, bound my passive hands behind me, and clipped off my long hair, of which I was once so vain. Fool, fool! I was angry with him; even at that moment I was weak enough to be angry.

Slowly and sullenly we reached the top of the ladder. I felt them fasten the fatal noose about my neck; Oh! God! I was horridly sick at that moment. What followed I know not—I only remember, half unconsciously, giving the appointed signal. I fell some feet perpendicular, and at the same time the executioner leaped on my shoulders to tighten the noose with his additional weight. A thousand, thousand lights, brighter than the sun, danced before my eyes; my ears rung with a tumultuous mixture of sound, in which my own gaspings for breath, the shuddering groans of the spectators, and the cry of the boding fowl that sat above me, were joined with the roar of a thousand cataracts, and the harsh yelp of a thousand wolves. I writhed in my agony, to free my arms from the cords that bound them, and my shoulders from the wretch who still adhered to them. The lights danced, and flickered, and multiplied; the sounds increased in loudness and variety. I felt as if I were red hot; my blood churned in my veins, my pulses throbbed and fluttered, and were still. I grew cold as ice, darkness, and silence, and insensibility succeeded.——

I started from the bed on which I lay. The apartment was large and gloomy; and instruments whose use I could not comprehend, were ranged on shelves along the walls. Was I in the regions of the king of terrors? Ah, no! for the good priest was seated beside the bed, in company with a venerable old man, and pronounced his emphatic benediction.

The story is short and simple. The

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priest had obtained my body of the magistrates, under the pretence of burying it privately, but with the intention of conveying it to the chambers of a friend, a learned alchemist, whose labours had been rewarded by the discovery of an all-powerful elixir. The panacea had been applied to me while yet I was warm, and had succeeded in restoring me to life. Under the instructions of the good father, I had leisure to repent of my sins, and from his friend I learned the secret of his art.

It is now many, many years since my two benefactors have been removed to a better world. Alas! the boasted medicine was no specific for the lingering encroachments of age. The one bequeathed me all he had to leave, his blessing; the other, a less important legacy, his apparatus and his library. I continue to inhabit his retreat.

I have now attained an extreme old age. Two generations have passed away within my remembrance, and I now wander in safety through the streets of Wittenberg, in the midst of those who have heard their grandsires tell of the daring exploits of the noted Gaspar Wesseling.

From my prodigious age and secluded habits, I am regarded as a sacred and mysterious person. They implore my blessing for their children, and my prayers for the sick and afflicted; they crowd around me to touch the hem of my garment. Poor people; I tell them that I am frail and sinful as themselves, but they will not believe me. Could they recognize, in this hoary and decrepit form, the malefactor with whose wicked life and miserable death they are well acquainted, with what different feelings would they regard me.

ON EVIL-SPEAKING.

“Diliget proximum tuum ut teipsum.”
“Compescere linguam prima virtus est.”

By evil-speaking, I do not mean lying defamation, but the needless exposure of real faults; and I call that a *needless* exposure, which is uncalled for by the welfare and safety of ourselves or others. That a man may be lawfully called to relate evil of another, is not denied; but, except in cases which involve the safety of himself or the community, it is seldom allowable to do so.

In the breast of a person of correct moral feelings, the only emotions which are excited by a few of actual wickedness, are, unfeigned detestation of the crime, and sincere compassion and sorrow for the offender. This compassion may indeed be combined with a certain indignation; but it is a holy indignation, an indignation so tempered with love, as not to be in any measure vindictive. Now, when dishonourable actions are committed within the knowledge of such a person, it is impossible for

him to be actuated by any wish to publish them, unless he is satisfied that their concealment would be more mischievous than their disclosure. He regards sin as the curse and reproach of mankind; and therefore, if he had no other reason, he would refrain from exposing the faults and failings of his fellow creatures, because every instance of this kind is an additional reproach to our common nature. In a word, he would be anxious to conceal the fault of his neighbour as far as prudence will allow, as he would be anxious to conceal a fault of his own; in conformity to that comprehensive injunction of our holy religion, “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”

But there is in the human heart a love of detraction; a delight in exposing the infirmities and sins of our fellow creatures; the proof of which is, the almost universal prevalence of this vice. Now, this can only be accounted for on the ground of human depravity; it is an irresistible

evidence that man has departed from his original uprightness. In the place of that love which "seeketh not its own," his heart is contracted by a miserable selfishness, which discovers itself in pride, envy, malice, &c. ; it is these depraved affections that are the true instigators of evil-speaking.

Envy prompts men to this vice. Envy repines, not only at other men's prosperity and happiness, but even at their goodness ; at least the envious person could wish others to be less prosperous, less happy, and less excellent than himself. Hence, that cloud which obscures the reputation or the happiness of his neighbour, lights a gleam of envious joy in his heart, and gives a momentary relief to the gnawings of envy.

Pride instigates to detraction. A proud man thinks highly of himself, and wishes all others to do the same. But then it may happen that he is not the only subject of admiration in the neighbourhood, and hence the praises of the world are so divided amongst numbers, that his share is small and unsatisfactory. The consequence of this is, that he employs all his perspicuity to detect the blemishes of his rivals ; and whenever his efforts are successful, he almost literally calls in his friends and his neighbours, saying, Rejoice with me, for I have made a rich discovery. The fall of a rival he deems an advancement of himself ; for he could wish to give the applause of the world a greater concentration, himself being the grand focal point.

If the real sentiments and wishes of one who is labouring under this detestable passion, were exhibited in plain language, it might call up a blush on the reader's face for the degradation of his species. If it would not be a ridiculous stretch of the imagination to attribute rationality and pride to one of the lighted candles in a chandelier, it would not be thought unnatural to make it utter a soliloquy like the following—"Alas ! my light is so blended with that

of my fellows as to be undistinguishable ; at least, no notice is taken of my individual importance. And, although I am confident that I am the most brilliant luminary in the room, insomuch that were all these my dim companions extinguished, I think there would be no great diminution of light ; yet not one of the company has sense enough to appreciate, or to notice my superior merits. What course shall I take to obtain celebrity ? I wish I could call the attention of the company to the dimness of these poor tapers around me, for that might possibly introduce the subject of my splendour ; and I wish still more ardently, that every one of them would absolutely expire, and then I should have nothing to eclipse my radiancy, or rob me of my glory."

If to attribute sentiments like the above to the proud and envious, be not to caricature them, we need not wonder that evil-speaking should be with them a very grateful employment.

Another very prolific source of evil speaking is, the love of talking, the miserable vanity of being thought the depository of secrets, and the retailer of news. Some are driven into this vice by the extreme barrenness of their minds ; by the scantiness of their knowledge, and their inability to engage in rational and useful conversation. These poor creatures are almost to be pitied ; although one might assure them, that they had better be sneered at as fools, than detested as villains. Sometimes the defamer betrays the symptoms of a disgusting hypocrisy ; while the most deadly venom is dropping from his lips, he affects to express himself in a whining, wary, and pious manner, that he may pass for the possessor of a feeling heart and a prudent tongue.

To those who may inquire, "What harm there is in evil-speaking ?" I would reply, 1. It injures the person of whom you speak, by detracting so much from the weight and worth of his character in a few moments, as, perhaps it may require

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an age to regain. 2. It is injurious to yourselves; by so doing you indulge bad feelings, and thereby offend God. By the same means also you strengthen these vicious passions. But the evil-speaker injures his character in the sight of men. Those who appear to be gratified with his caricatures and witticisms, cannot forbear, the while, to despise him as the possessor of unamiable feelings, and to regard him altogether as a dangerous character, who may one day spend this mischievous and invidious wit upon themselves. Lastly, detraction is hurtful to the person to whom it is addressed; by grieving their minds, if they are pious, and by inducing some, and tempting all, to share in the guilt,

One reason why many persons, otherwise sincerely pious, are often betrayed into the sin of evil-speaking, is, the fair but delusive arguments by which it seems to be supported. Many of these, while they gravely suppose themselves to be expressing their abhorrence of wickedness, are only venting a splenetic and detestable enmity. To declare our entire discountenance and abhorrence of vice is unquestionably proper; but this may generally be done without personal allusions; or if individualizing be necessary, we ought, in most cases, to address ourselves in private to the offender himself, in conformity to the direction given by our blessed Lord, Matt. xviii. 15, &c. In this way he will have an opportunity of exculpating himself, if unjustly accused, or of receiving benefit from the loving expostulations of his friend. Another misleading sophism which keeps the detractor in countenance, is the following—"A base action ought to be exposed, and made the subject of severe animadversion, because its author deserves to be punished by this means."

Now, that the perpetrator of a bad action merits punishment, even more severe than the shame of exposure, is not questioned: the question is, has the person who advances this

objection *authority* to inflict punishment on the delinquent? Human punishments are only legitimate when calculated to benefit either the offender or the public; the former by correction, the latter by warning; and when this object cannot reasonably be contemplated, no man, no number of men, however dignified, are authorized to inflict punishment. Now, no man should dare to "take up a reproach against his neighbour," without first asking himself the following questions:—Am I certain that by thus doing I shall seriously promote the interests of any one person, and do no injury that shall not be outweighed by the benefit? Is this my single intention? Am I actuated by no vindictive feelings? Have I no pleasure in the mere act of relating evil of another? And, am I determined to dwell no longer on the subject than is necessary?—If these queries can be satisfactorily and conscientiously answered, the action becomes a duty; but if they cannot, he stands charged with a crime, the guilt of which consists partly in the violation of a direct prohibition of scripture, "Speak evil of no man," Titus iii. 2. and partly in the indulgence of malignant feelings, which are completely at variance with that evangelical love which "covereth a multitude of sins."

Those who view evil-speaking in the light of a salutary correction of the delinquent, labour, it is presumed, under a serious mistake. In general, this remedy possesses qualities so deleterious as to render its administration highly unsafe; or, in other words, it is, in most cases, more calculated to injure than to benefit. Most men place a considerable value upon their character and honour; and while they do so, it is highly probable they will endeavour to preserve them. A sense of honour is the most rigid guardian of virtue; but when this is taken away, a breach is made in the moral citadel, which portends its approaching ruin. If a man feels that his character is gone, a mighty

stimulus to honourable conduct is lost; that which arises from the hope of retrieving his reputation must be feeble, from the fact, which every one knows, of the extreme difficulty of retrieving a blemished reputation.

With regard to the advantage which others may derive from the exposure of faults, it may be sufficient to observe, that this benefit is uncalculated for; the examples of misconduct, and of the ruinous effects of misconduct already made public, are sufficiently numerous for every purpose of this kind.

But it may be said, "We hate hypocrisy and deception, and think that every person ought to be *known* to be what he really is." Let us drag this, and all the other allegations that are advanced in evil-speaking, into the light of a general principle; I mean that venerable maxim delivered by our Lord, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men

should do to you, do ye even so to them." Now, suppose the reader had committed a fault inadvertently, precipitately, or even deliberately; but he now, perhaps, detests the action, and is ashamed of his conduct; I ask how, in such a case, would he wish to be treated by others? surely with lenity and forbearance. But suppose he should be informed that a certain individual of his acquaintance, takes abundance of pains to publish his crime, detailing it with much apparent glee and self-satisfaction, at every convenient opportunity; would he not feel stung with indignation at this gratuitous defamer, and believe him to be a base unfeeling wretch? But let the reader remember, that if such would be his sentiments concerning an evil-speaker, when his own conduct was in question, to the very same abhorrence and execration is he entitled, should he ever be guilty of this vice.

—♦—

RECEIPT FOR MAKING POTATOE FLOUR; A CHEAP AND NUTRITIVE FOOD, WHICH KEEPS FOR YEARS.

FROM THE MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,—As the public are not only indebted to you for many valuable discoveries and improvements in the science of mechanics, but also for many useful hints for the benefit of the middle and industrious classes of society; I send the following observations on making a very useful farinaceous food, which will keep for years without decay. In the year 1812, I took up, from my garden, some *champion* potatoes, which, when freed from the dirt and wiped dry, weighed a pound and a quarter, or twenty ounces, they were grated through a common tin bread-grater, into a pan of water, and stirred with a wooden spoon, and as soon as the pulpy matter had subsided to the bottom, the discoloured water was poured off, and clean water added, and the mass again stirred up. When it had settled a second time, the water was poured off by gentle inclination of the vessel, and

the process repeated till the water passed off colourless; I think three washings were sufficient. The residue was turned out of the pan and dried in the air, and produced four ounces of very fine white flour, being one fifth of the original weight of the potatoes. By accident, the paper containing the flour was put into a drawer lined with sandal wood, from which it acquired a slight perfume; otherwise, it was precisely in the state it was when made, and was used as a substitute for arrow root, after a lapse of twelve years. (1826.)

I mention the species of potatoes from which the flour was made, to prevent mistake; but I think there are some other sorts of this root, which, on experiment, may be found to contain more farinaceous qualities than the sort I used.

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may avail himself of this hint, even if he has not a garden to grow them in. The process is simple, and may be performed by the children of a family, and the tin bread-grater, which is the only instrument necessary, is of trifling expense. Perhaps an estimate of the expense between the prices of potatoes at the present time, and an equal weight of wheat

flour, would be an useful addenda to this paper, thus :

Five hundred weight of potatoes, to produce one hundred weight of flour, would cost,

One hundred weight of fine wheat flour, at the market price.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant.

DE GUZMAN.

VARIETIES.

CURE FOR A CONSUMPTION.

In the month of May, gather the flowers from the thorn bush—boil two bunches of the blossom in half a pint of milk—let it stand till it is about as warm as milk from the cow—drink it the first thing in the morning, and take a walk immediately afterwards, if the weather is favourable, and a cure will soon be effected. This recipe has performed a perfect cure on many persons ; and one thing must strongly recommend it, which is, the impossibility of its being injurious to the complaint, or to health, and therefore well worth trying.—The flowers will keep good, and be fit for use all the year, if they are well sprinkled with salt, then put into an earthen pan, or preserving jar, and tied down tight to keep the air from them.—*London Mirror.*

FECUNDITY OF FISHES.

It is asserted of the herring, that if suffered to multiply unmolested, and its offspring to remain undiminished during the space of twenty years, it would show a progeny many times greater in bulk than the whole earth ! And that a single cod-fish will produce at a birth, if they escaped depredation, a number equal to the whole population of England.—*The Book of Nature Laid Open.*

FIXING BLACK LEAD PENCIL WRITING.

PROCURE a pot of printers' ink, and lay about half a teaspoonful on a sheet of tissue paper, and iron it over with a moderate heated iron, similar to ironing linen ; then cut the paper to

the size of your memorandum book, and lay it under the sheet you write on, and the impression will be similar to ink-writing, and as permanent. Common writing-paper prepared in the same way will answer as well.

THE DOCTOR OUTWITTED.

SOME years since, during the great floods, a farmer's wife was taken in labour, and no person competent to assist her, living nearer than seven miles, the good husband rode with the utmost speed to the doctor, whom he begged instantly to go to his wife. The doctor being a knowing one, declared, though his usual fee was two guineas, at such a distance, when no danger appeared ; " yet now, (said he,) as I must go at the imminent hazard of my life, I shall not budge one foot, unless you agree to give me ten guineas." The farmer in vain remonstrated on his inability to perform such a demand ; the doctor was inflexible.—The honest countryman's love to his Joan rose above every objection, and he at last engaged to raise the money : they got to the farm-house, through much difficulty, and in an hour or two the doctor presented the master of the house with a fine boy, and demanded his exorbitant fee, which the farmer immediately gave him ; and they drank each a glass of grog to the boy's future welfare. By this time the flood was much increased, and real danger threatened the doctor in his return ; on which (not being at all acquainted with the way) he entreated the farmer to lose no time in conducting him back.—" My

friend, (cries the farmer) you would not come to help my wife, who was in real distress, unless I promised to give ten guineas, when only an imaginary danger was before you ; but there is now a real hazard in my venturing to show you the safest way back ; therefore, unless you will give me nine guineas for my trouble in conducting you home, you may abide where you are until the next dry season."—All replies were in vain ; no art could make any impression on the countryman.—The doctor was obliged to return nine guineas ; the farmer landed him safe among his gallipots, and the honest man got well home again, triumphing over inhumanity and avarice.

WINTER FOOD FOR COWS.

M. CHABERT, the director of the veterinary school of Alfort, had a number of cows which yielded twelve gallons of milk every day. In his publications on the subject, he observes that cows fed in the winter upon dry substances give less milk than those which are kept upon a green diet, and also that their milk loses much of its quality. He published the following receipt, by the use of which his cows afforded him an equal quantity and quality of milk during the winter as during the summer :—Take a bushel of potatoes, break them whilst raw, place them in a barrel standing up, putting in successively a layer of potatoes and a layer of bran, and a small quantity of yeast in the middle of the mass, which is to be left thus to ferment during a whole week, and when the vinous taste has pervaded the whole mixture, it is then given to the cows, who eat it greedily.

MECHANICAL CURIOSITIES.

MR. OLIVER says, that in Holland an English gentleman once shewed him

a cherry-stone with 124 heads carved on it, and all so perfect, that the naked eye might distinguish those of kings, popes, cardinals, &c. by their crowns and mitres. This great curiosity was bought in Prussia for three hundred pounds, and is said to be the workmanship of a poor prisoner at Dantzic.

MECHANISM is said to have arrived at its climax ; but what have we at present equal to a show at Mr. Boverick's, watchmaker, New Exchange, in 1745 ? The little furniture of a dining-room, cloth laid, two figures at table, footman waiting, a card table which opens, with drawer, frame and castors, looking-glass, two dozen of dishes, twenty dozen plates, thirty dozen spoons, forty-two skeleton back chairs, with claw feet, all contained in a *cherry-stone* !

HOGG'S TALES.

SOME ladies and gentlemen were one evening discussing the merits of Scottish literature ; one spoke of Burns, another of Scott, and a third said she admired Hogg's Tales. 'Hog's tails,' said an old lady whose ear had caught this remark alone, 'hog's tails!! why, bless me, I think any part of the *critter* is better than the tail !'

METHOD OF COOLING WATER IN PERSIA.

THE following is a method used for cooling water in Sarce, a city of Mazunderan, according to Mr. Fraser :—“ A tall and straight tree being selected, they cut off most of the branches, and fasten a tall pole to its top, so as to form a sort of high mast ; to the top of this pulleys are fixed, by which with cords they hoist up earthen jars filled with water ; the current of air at that height from the earth is said to cool these rapidly.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“ A SERENADE,” by Cecil, will appear in our next.

Junius ; J. N. ; Timothy Twister, and Y., are under consideration.