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Selected.

EMILY MILBURNE.

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

Spenser.

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

Crabbe.

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

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

main road to enter the fertile valley, at whose extremity stood the village, with its scattered farms and cottages, sheltered by the hanging woods, and bold outline of a range of hills, which swept like an amphitheatre round it. As the small detachment, followed by its baggage waggon, slowly wound through the narrow road,—the hedge rows of which here and there closed over our route, and for the moment lent a sombre hue to the landscape,—the rays of the setting sun were just gilding the grey spire of the church, and cheering us, at every opening which discovered it, with the assurance that we drew towards the end of our march. Before we halted, the whole village had turned out to have a view of the “Sogers,” and were congregated about the green; which, with its spreading elms, afforded the general spot of assembly for business or pleasure—the seat alike of the fair, and the holiday wake. A party of countrymen had been smoking their evening pipe over a tankard, upon the bench at the door of the public house, and were now good-naturedly offering a share of their all to our poor fellows; whose appearance gave too certain warrant that they had with difficulty escaped with their bodies from the charnel-house. The village gossips were drawn together in knots, regarding the sallow countenances of our men with the eloquent eyes of female pity; and rural politicians were shaking their heads at the want of judgment and foresight which could send the flower of the land thus to wither in the pestilential marshes of Walcheren. Even the pert chambermaid of the little inn seemed for a moment, forgetting her habitual smirk and giggle, to regard us with a sober look of concern, which was reflected on the broad shining face of her fellow servant, John Ostler; while the only spectator in whom our party appeared to awaken no interest was a sharp visaged, ferret-eyed personage,—whom I inwardly set down as the attorney of the place,—standing with

his hands in his pockets under the arch-way of the inn, and viewing the whole scene with an air of calm, self-satisfied contempt.

I was still engaged in surveying the groups of village idlers, whom our arrival had attracted to the spot, when I was politely accosted by a stranger, with an apology for forcing himself upon my attention. He was an elderly man, with that bearing of mingled frankness and unobtrusive retirement of manner which goes at once to the heart. He had completely the stamp of a gentleman; but the urbanity of his address appeared to flow rather from kindly feelings, chastened by apprehension lest the unreserved indulgence of his natural benevolence should offend, than to spring from the polished ease of the man of the world. He said that the village was small, and he feared we should find its accommodations indifferent; particularly, as he was sorry to perceive we were among the sufferers of the Walcheren expedition. His own residence was quite a cottage, but he could promise more quiet and comfort for two of our number under its roof than the neighbouring farm-houses might perhaps afford. If we would allow him, therefore, to become the host to myself and another of our officers, at least, until we had time to look about us for a shelter, we should be conferring an obligation on him; “for,” said he, “you will give me the satisfaction of knowing, that I am, in some measure, discharging what I consider to be the duty of every Englishman, towards the gallant fellows who devote their lives to avert the miseries of war from our firesides!”

It is so rare an occurrence with a military man to experience attention or hospitality in England, that the address of the stranger at first excited my surprise; but there was an earnestness and sincerity about him which made it impossible to doubt that he meant his offer to be accepted, and that to reject it would be to distress him. The exterior, too, of

the little inn before which we stood was not such as to promise even its mediocrity of entertainment to above the one half of our party ; and I felt with the langour of one who had just wrestled with disease, that the calm and repose of a private house were temptations irresistible. I accordingly thanked the old gentleman, with warmth inspired and merited by his conduct, and told him that I would avail myself of his friendly proposal, in the spirit in which it was made, with the proviso, however, that my intrusion should continue only until I could select a lodging among the houses of the village. He replied, with a smile, that we should do as we pleased ; but that he hoped to induce us not to shorten the gratification he should derive from our presence. There was in our detachment an officer, who had joined the corps from another regiment previous to our embarkation for the Scheldt ; a man between five-and-thirty and forty years of age, with nothing remarkable in his person or address, but apparently of inoffensive gentlemanlike demeanor. We had hitherto seen little of him ; for shortly after we sat down before Flushing, he had been seized with fever, and remained utterly incapacitated for duty during the bombardment, and our subsequent continuance on that service. He was still an invalid ; and, as the stranger insisted upon extending his hospitality to a second of our party, I introduced Mr. Danville to him for the purpose. He was, excepting myself, more advanced in life than the rest of his companions ; and it was my object to choose the most sedate among them. I knew him only as an acquaintance ; but the state of his health gave him a claim to the preference. Little did I imagine, as we entered the tranquil dwelling of the kind-hearted old man, that I was the harbinger of despair and death to its innocent inmates ; little did I then know the ungrateful, the merciless villain, whom I ushered beneath the roof where all

was harmony and peace. Twelve years have now mingled with the current of time, since our entrance into the vale of E—— brought desolation upon the happiest little circle within its limits ; and many a changing scene of toil, privation, and bloodshed have since passed before me ; yet neither the deadning influence of these twelve years of existence, at a period of life when every hour takes from the acuteness of recollection, and every feeling gradually loses its intensity ; not all the hardening effects of a profession of danger, and familiarity with the horrors of warfare, have been able, in any degree, to soften the keenness, the bitterness of regret, which fills my heart at the reflection that I was the unfortunate instrument of ruin to the hapless family of Milburne. It is a black tale of perfidy, and I shall pass with a rapid hand over its disgusting details.

Our host, Mr. Milburne, was the son of a London merchant of substance, who would have engrafted the spirit of mercantile enterprize upon the classical education which he had bestowed upon the youth : but the young man found business incompatible with his habits and tastes, and resigned both his place in the firm and the prospect of his father's accumulated wealth to a younger brother. A relation had fortunately made him the heir to a decent independence, of which the displeasure of his parent could not deprive him ; and upon this was Milburne contented to rest his hopes for the future, his wants and desires. He married ; and, at an age when others are most eager in pursuing their career of ambition or avarice, retired to his books, and the tranquil possession of domestic pleasures. He knew little of the world ; and for many years was happily even ignorant that a bitter drop was to be found in the cup of existence. The loss of the partner of his enjoyments was almost the first of his sorrows ; and if he afterwards found aught to alleviate the stroke, and to throw a gleam of sun-

shine on his solitary path, it was that the bounty of Heaven had yet reserved for him two daughters, in whom he might fondly hope to trace the lineaments and virtues of their mother. The eldest of these girls was just nineteen, the youngest scarcely more than a child, when he opened his hospitable doors for our reception. Unhappily for him, our residence was fated to be longer than I had intended when I consented to pass a few days within his cottage. It occurs with the fever and ague of Walcheren, as with other diseases contracted in campaigns in unhealthy climates, that the malady is most sensibly felt when a state of repose and inactivity has succeeded to the necessity for exertion. We had scarcely begun to experience all the comfort of the transition, which in a few days had produced in our situation, when both Mr. Danville and myself were visited with a dangerous relapse of the disease, the ravages of which we had so lately surmounted. Nothing could exceed the humane attentions, the tender care we received in this crisis of our illness from both Milburne and his lovely daughter—Gracious God! that their solicitude should have met with such a reward. For days and weeks during which the father and daughter watched over my bed with increasing anxiety, I was deprived of all knowledge of what was passing about me, and when the violence of the fever had subsided, the light form of Emily Milburne floated like a shadow before me among the first perceptions of returning consciousness. Her ministering aid ceased not with the moment of danger; and as I slowly recovered my health, she was still the angel that cheered me in those hours of morbid dejection which attended the return to convalescence. My companion had been in still more imminent peril than myself, and the result of his disorder was yet doubtful. He, in consequence, claimed the greater portion of her attention; but it was only shared—as well as that

of her father—in common with myself. I knew not why, but I soon found the presence of the artless girl so necessary to my comfort, that I became peevish and irritable whenever she left me. I felt all that sweetness of joy which the hero of chivalry experienced when his couch was watched by the mistress of his heart.* In a moment of solitude, I ventured to analyse the sensations which, at fifty, made a girl of nineteen ever present to my reveries, and, for the only time in my life, would have given worlds to have recalled the lapse of twenty summers. But it was in vain: I had already chosen my lonely course, and had gloomily resolved, like the sceptic mentioned by Wordsworth, to go “sounding on a dim and perilous way.” I thenceforward thought of Emily but as of one whose happiness I would have laid down my life to ensure. She was, indeed, innocence itself; and there was not a movement nor action of her life which did not speak the utter guilelessness of her character. Her father, I have said, was little versed in the ways of the world; but she had never even mingled with it; and the few families of the vicinity formed the extent of her acquaintance with her species. But why am I fondly lingering over the contemplation of all that she was? I was soon to behold her no more! and had scarcely regained my usual strength, before an order reached me in the tour of duty, to join that battalion of my regiment which was serving in Portugal. I obeyed the summons; and quitted the habitation where I had, without introduction, without a claim, found all the soothing blessings of friendship. Poor Milburne wrung my hand with feelings which, while they ineffectually struggled with utterance, told me more eloquently than volumes, that I had acquired another friend upon earth. His daughter, too, strove not to con-

* Travels of Theodore Ducas, vol. ii. page 98.

al the sorrow with which she bade
 e adieu. I left Danville still an in-
 ate in the house. His recovery had
 en surprisingly slow ; but the de-
 y did not excite my suspicion at the
 me. As we had seen more of him,
 ere was apparently more to esteem.
 ild and delicate in his attentions to
 e daughter, grateful, but frank, and
 anly, in his carriage towards her
 ther, he enjoyed their full friend-
 hip and confidence. The villain
 as even then, when apparently still
 retched on the bed of sickness, se-
 retly plotting the ruin of the lovely
 reature who had assisted in rescu-
 g him from the grave ; he was e-
 en then meditating the blow which
 as to strike to the earth the man
 ho had loaded him with kindnesses.
 e was the cool calculating liber-
 ne, who could patiently set his deep-
 id snares, and mark their operation
 n deliberate observance of the e-
 ent. His years denied him the u-
 al plea, bad as it is, of the resist-
 ess vehemence of boyish passion ;
 ut time while it took from the impe-
 osity of youth, seemed, with him,
 o have extinguished also every
 article of remorse or pity, and to
 ave instructed him but the more
 effectually how he should entangle
 he victims of his profligacy. He
 ucceded but too well ; and by the
 ender, yet respectful assiduity of his
 attentions to the unsuspecting Emily,
 and the semblance of warm attach-
 ment which marked his intercourse
 with her father, he acquired such an
 nfluence over her mind that, spite of
 he disparity in their years, he taught
 her to rest her affections upon him
 n the unbounded fulness of early
 ove. He was not slow in discover-
 ng his power—but an union with
 he poor girl was farthest from his
 intentions. He chose his opportu-
 nity, and was suddenly ordered off
 on service.—At that moment, when
 the agonizing fear of losing him for
 ever had stifled every better feeling,
 he persuaded her, that, while honor
 forbade him to quit his profession at
 the hour of his call to its active du-

ties, it was in vain to expect her fa-
 ther's consent to her becoming his
 wife, as long as he remained in the
 service ; but, that if she would elope
 with him, once united, no difficulty
 would follow in obtaining the parent-
 al forgiveness. In an evil hour, the
 infatuated and too credulous girl
 yielded herself to his guidance, and
 quitted the haven of her purity, with
 the delusive hope of an early return
 to its protection ; to throw herself
 at the feet of her father, and implore
 his blessing as the wife of Danville.
 Poor victim ! she did indeed return,
 but not until every earthly hope had
 been blasted ; not until her beauty
 had lost its charm, and her seducer
 had deserted her for ever. She
 had no sooner committed her honor
 and reputation to his trust, than hav-
 ing thus beyond redemption inveigled
 her into his power, and succeeded in
 triumphing in her fall, the remorse-
 less monster forsook and spurned her
 from his side.

In every moment of dissatisfaction
 or spleen for several years, I had in-
 variably resolved upon forswearing
 the farther pursuit of a profession,
 which denied the enjoyment of pre-
 sent ease, and yielded no promise of
 future advantage : but never was I so
 strongly determined upon seeking
 the first occasion of quitting the
 ranks with honor, as when I turned
 my horse from the gate of Milburne's
 dwelling, to follow the march of the
 party which I was to conduct to em-
 barkation for the continent. Our voy-
 age to the walls of Lisbon was rough
 and tedious, and little calculated to
 put me in better humor with my lot.
 But, soon after we joined the army,
 commenced that retreat from the
 frontiers of Portugal which terminat-
 ed only at the lines of Torres Vedras.
 It somehow happens, that the excite-
 ment of a campaign has always the
 effect of stirring up the embers of
 that enthusiastic devotion to the ser-
 vice which has illumined the early
 career of the soldier. The winter
 of 1810-11 was pregnant with events.
 I had found, too, at the head-quar-

ters of my regiment one with whom my friendship knew no intermission until it closed with his life. I entered then, once more, with interest into the scenes in which we were engaged, and almost forgot my vows of abjuration against "the tented field." Not that Milburne and his daughter were less frequent in my thoughts and recollection. To the former I wrote regularly and heard often in return. Their days continued to pass in the same tranquil round of occupation as when I had been of their circle. Danville still remained with them, and was the frequent theme of regard. But, after some time, the letters of my hospitable old friend reached me no more; still I persevered in writing, and still came there no reply to all my solicitations to know that they had not entirely forgotten me. The tide of war had rolled again to the frontiers of Portugal; I consoled myself with enumerating the thousand chances of miscarriage of letters, which were thus superadded to the difficulty of correspondence; and impatiently awaited the arrival of Danville, who, I knew, had already been summoned, and must be on his way to join us—from him I should hear the latest intelligence of the welfare of our friends.

At length the scoundrel came, and met me with well acted warmth; but when I questioned him respecting the family at E——, there was an evident embarrassment in his manner, for which I was at a loss to account. "They were well—at least, he believed they were; for he had quitted E—— sometime before he left England." "Had he not heard from them?" "No: Milburne had never written."

It was strange; something must be wrong; and I wrote yet again—but to no purpose. I had felt disposed to show kindness to Danville when he joined us, but to my surprise, he appeared to be constrained and uneasy in my presence, and I saw him therefore but rarely, unless when duty threw us together. At last, the

dark reality was unveiled. We were one evening drawn from our tents by a report that a draft of recruits from home were marching into camp, and that a party for our regiment were among them. We crowded round the fresh-comers, to learn the latest news from old England—Danville was among the inquirers. "Bad news for you, Mr. Danville," said one of the women accompanying the party, and whom on stepping forward, I recognized as a girl that one of our men married at E——; "bad news for you, sir, Miss Milburne, poor lady, is dead, and the old gentleman gone out of his mind!" "In the name of mercy!" exclaimed I, "what is it you mean?" "Ah! Major Ravelin, ask him what I mean; ask him that brought ruin upon the sweetest lady that ever the sun shone upon—it was a black day for her when the soldiers marched into the village, and a worse when you left her poor father's house." I turned towards the fiend but he had slunk off—my brain was on fire—I followed him into his tent, and felled the monster to the earth. If my friend, observing the scene, had not pursued me, and interposed his arm, that hour had sent the seducer, with his unrepented crimes upon his head, to the tribunal seat of judgment—but he yet lives; and they who know the tale of darkness, and will recognize the actor, may say if the whole picture be overcharged.

Your systematic libertine is ever a man of honor; and the seducer would have washed out a blow in my blood; but it was ordered otherwise, and he received the contents of the pistol which I raised in self defence. I would not willingly, after my first moment of reflection, have rid him of life. Before he recovered from his wound, he had effected an exchange into another regiment, and has never since blasted my sight.

When I could bring myself to question the woman, I heard from her lips the details of the melancholy story of which she had already related

close. The wretched Emily had found her way back to her father's dwelling—but she entered it broken-hearted. The old man reproached her not. He had taken to his bed ; but her return, fallen as she was, brought a ray of comfort to his agonised soul—she, at least, had not resolved to abandon his old age. He even strove to speak consolation to her—but there was none left upon earth! She could not behold the grey hairs which she had dishonoured ; she could not look upon her innocent sister—of whose childhood

she should have continued the bright example, the stay, and support ; she should not think of what she had been, and what she was, and endure to live. It needed but a few short weeks to bow her to the grave ; and the same hour which released her gentle spirit from suffering robbed her parent, in mercy, of the light of reason.—The helpless child, who at one stroke was thus deprived of father and sister, found a pitying hand to protect and cherish her—but who can restore to the orphan the natural guides of her youth ?

VULGARISMS ON GIN-PUNCH, BY A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

Man being reasonable must get drunk ; the best of life is but intoxication."

Lord Byron.

PROEM : OR PROLEGOMENA.—The POET confesses himself somewhat refreshed, and consequently in a happy state for versifying. The medicinal properties of Gin described ; its power of communicating sunshine to a gentleman's nose ; with two brief but beautiful illustrations of its mathematical and algebraical properties. The BARD instances Lord Byron's prediction for gin, and giveth his (the Bard's) opinion of Messieurs Coleridge and Wordsworth, after a bowl hereof. He falleth foul of Sir Humphrey Davy, and proves his theory of a *vacuum* in nature to be logically incorrect. Affecting episode of a young gentleman, a water-drinker, who died in consequence. The MIN-

STREL empties his second bowl, and feeleth himself " a giant refreshed : " his state of mind depicted in three inspired stanzas. The IMPROVISATORE empties his third bowl, and feels himself *quits* with Shakspeare : he liketh his genius to that of Milton, Pope, Dante, and Cervantes ; to the latter especially, from a corresponding leanness of purse and person. The TROUBADOUR declares the right owner of Don Juan, Old Mortality, &c., and asserteth that he is L. E. L. The RHYMESTER confesses himself the original discoverer of the " Elixir Vitæ," Vaccination, and Steam-boats. He proposeth a plan for draining the English bogs, fens and lakes, but being interrupted by an ingenious observation of his tea-kettle, maketh a good-natured rejoinder, and concludeth his canticle.

My Friends, I am exceeding fresh—oh shame, that I should say so !
But 'tis a fact, for three years past, I've been both night and day so ;
Gin-punch is my sole tippie, by my soul a divine article,
For all who need a stimulus astringent or cathartical.

Some green-horns ape their Burton ale, and some their rum-and-water,
And some their port wine Bishop, ~~WHILE~~ I call the devil's daughter ;
But I'm for gin, immortal gin, a nectar fit for deities—
(Now don't take this for granted, sir, but drink and then you'll see it is).

I surely need not tell you how this brisk elixir throws, sir,
The jolly light of sunshine o'er the ~~NOSE~~, and eke the nose, sir ;
How, touched by its Ithurian spear, the braid of lord or lout, ma'am.
Like a poet's pantaloons is turned completely inside out, ma'am.

Still less need I enumerate its unassuming jollities,
Its rich and rare lubricity, its scientific qualities ;
For if by algebraic laws your two and two make four, sir,
Drink gin in punch, and when you're drunk you'll make a couple more, sir.

For instance, here are two decanters, call them A and B, now ;
Just finish both and then despatch two others, C and D, now ;
This done, two others, E and F, your eye'll discern at random,
For tipplers all see duplicates—QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM.

They say that Byron (vide Medwin's Journal) loved a drop, sir,
So devoutly of this nectar that he wist not when to stop, sir ;
I'd swear to this, for clearly through Don Juan you may see ma'am,
That acid sweet and spirit of gin-punch—so much for he, ma'am.

There's Coleridge, too, as nice a bard as ever stepped in leather,
Both he and poet Wordsworth love a social glass together,
And when they've drain'd a bowl or two, instead of Muses nine, oh,
They see eighteen : for my part, I would sooner see the rhino.

Sir Humphrey Davy tells us that boon nature knows no place, sir,
Of VACUUM (aye, that's the word), for matter fills all space, sir ;
Oh, monstrous bounce ! you'll surely find though nature is so full, ma'am,
A vacuum in an empty-headed water-drinker's skull, ma'am.

I never knew but one who called disease and gin synonymous—
I blush to write his name, so let us dub the wretch "anonymous"—
And he (the fact is true enough to make our sober youth ache)
Died at the age of twenty-two one morning of the tooth-ache.

Unhappy man—enough ; my glass is drained, and now, good gracious !
How high my wit exalts itself, how racy, how capacious !
I'm Jove himself, I'm Mars to boot, I'm great Apollo IPSE,
I'm Bacchus too (and strongly like, because you see I'm tipsy).

"Give me another horse," I cry, as Richard cried before me—
Another bowl I should have said, or sure my wits will floor me ;
Heav'n opens now, I hear the muses singing, as their trade is,
"Drink to me only with thine eyes"—with gin, I'd rather, ladies.

Another bowl—and lo ! my brain teems high with inspiration,
I feel myself (and justly too) the Shakspeare of the nation ;
My strength of mind is wonderful ! I'm Milton, Pope, and Dante,
And eke Cervantes—in my purse for all the world as scanty.

'Twas I that writ Don Juan, Old Mortality, and Lara ;
The minor trophies of my pen are Tales of the O'Hara-
Family and Frankenstein ; for when I once begin, sir,
I ne'er know when to stop, and all this comes of drinking gin, sir.

My name is L. E. L.—I lately wrote the Ghost of Grimm, ma'am,
And whoso dares deny the fact, I'll make a ghost of him, ma'am ;
Nay, e'en as far as ten years back, by wit and want infected,
I paid my "Addresses" to the world, but oh ! they were "Rejected."

'Twas I who proved, an age ago, by genius rare and mighty,
Gin, philosophic gin, to be the grand Elixir Vitæ ;
'Twas I who found out vaccination (sure you need not grin, sir),
And first invented steam-boats, all which comes of drinking gin, sir.

If I were King of England, I'd drain each lake as is, sir,
And dry up bog and fen where'er it dared to show its phiz, sir ;
I'd qualify their streams with gin, and in another year, ma'am,
Believe me, not one thimbleful of water should appear, ma'am

But hark ! methinks my kettle cries in monitory chorus,
While we sit singing here, old boy, the punch grows cold before us ;
'Tis well ! I take your hint, and toast aloud with brisk hurray, sir,
God bless us all and this here Gin !—so ends my roundelay, sir.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN FROM PALESTINE.

When the soft dews gathered
On the scented clover-bed,
And the pomp of sunset died
Sadly o'er the river tide,
And the dusky twilight threw
Brown shades o'er the mountain blue ;

Then an aged pilgrim stood
Sternly by the autumn wood,
With a fiery eye—whose glare
Shone beneath its cloud of hair,
And an haughty lip—that made
Music in the forest shade.

O'er the dark blue waves of a stormy main
Have I sought thy shores proud land
again—

For the beauty that steals from thy purple
sky,

When afar from thee—hath haunted mine
eye ;

And the whispering tones of thy silver
streams,

Were borne along in my restless dreams—
And the gladness that reigns on the vil-
lage lea,

And the mirth of the cottage—were sweet
to me.

In the hurrying hour of ghastly fight,
When the fiery host swept on in might,
When spears were shivered, and scimitars
broke,

And the infidel slain by the sabre-stroke,
And the mighty were bowed—as the yel-
low grain

Beneath the rush of the autumn rain—

Even then would gleams of my distant
home,
Burst across the boundless salt sea foam.

I lingered—till hushed was the battle's
tread

On the plain where England's best lay
dead ;

The Norman—the Briton—the brave and
free,

Are mouldering to dust o'er the restless
sea ;

And axe-men—and slinger—the knight—
the slave,

And the Saracen chief—have a common
grave.

The splendid noon of an autumn day
Shone down on the pomp of our long array,
And the crimson woods rang far and loud,
With the bursting shout of the jewelled
crowd—

As the nobles came forth from the feudal
hall,

To marshal the host by the castle wall.

A glory still lingers on wall and tower,
And a pennon streams out—at this sha-
dowly hour,

A warder looks forth from the battlement
height,

And a sentinel's corslet glimmers bright—
But the men that stood there—in Pales-
tine sleep,

And Syrian earth of their blood hath drank
deep.

MEG DODS'S COOKERY.*

Most reviews of Cookery books that
have fallen under our observation,
have been so extremely witty, that
it was not possible for us, who love
facetiae, to attend to the instruction
conveyed along with the amusement ;
and, consequently, we are at this

hour ignorant of the leading princi-
ples of several Systems, which it is the
duty of every head of a house to un-
derstand. Now, in our opinion, cook-
ery is by much too serious a subject
for joking ; and, therefore, in this our
short critique, we shall cautiously re-

* The Cook and Housewife's Manual ; containing the most Approved Modern-Re-
ceipts for making Soups, Gravies, Sauces, Ragouts, and Made-Dishes ; and for Pies,
Puddings, Pastry, Pickles and Preserves : also for Baking, Brewing, making home-
made Wines, Cordials, &c. ; the whole illustrated by numerous Notes, and Practical
Observations, on all the various branches of Domestic Economy. By Mrs. Margaret
Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's.

frain from all sallies of imagination, and solemnly dedicate ourselves to the cause of science and truth.

Be it known, then, to all men by these presents, that this is a work worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Hunter, Glasse, Rundell, and Kitchener. We are confident that the Doctor will be delighted with it, and if any purchaser is known to give a bad dinner, after it has been a fortnight in his possession, the case may be given up as hopeless. The individual who has ingeniously personated Meg Dods, is evidently no ordinary writer, and the book is really most excellent miscellaneous reading. There has been a good deal of affectation of humor in some culinary authors,—too much seasoning and spicery,—unnecessarily ornate garnishing of dishes that in their own native loveliness are, “when unadorned, adorned the most.” But here we have twenty or thirty grave, sober, instructive, business-like pages, right on end, without one particle of wit whatever; then come as many more sprinkled with facetiæ—and then half a dozen of broad mirth and merriment. This alternation of grave and gay is exceedingly agreeable—something in the style of Blackwood's Magazine. But at the same time we are bound to say, in justice to Mrs. Dods, that the “Housekeeper's Manual” is entirely free from that personality which too frequently disgraces that celebrated work.

Mrs. Dods prefaces her work by directions for carving, most of which are, we think, judicious, although, perhaps, they smack somewhat too much of the old school. A hint is thrown out, that the rudiments of the art should be taught practically in childhood, “on plain joints and cold things,” that in after-life “provisions may not be haggled.” Mrs. Dods believes that although there are awkward grown-up persons, having, as the French say, *two left hands*, whom no labor will ever make dexterous carvers, yet that there is no difficulty in the art, which most young learn-

ers, if early initiated under the eyes of their friends, might not easily surmount. We believe this view of human nature to be just. Young persons of both sexes, of the most humble talents, provided they have ten fingers, (five on each hand,) may certainly be made fair carvers—and we have ourselves known not a few instances of boys, who were absolute dolts at the art, becoming men distinguished at the foot of the table.

The “carver's maxim” (which our readers may drink this afternoon in a bumper) is, according to Mrs. Dods, “to deal small and serve all.” No doubt at large parties it is so; and that is the fatal objection to large parties. Ten hungry men eye a small jigot “o' the black-faced” with mixed pleasure and pain, when they all know that they must be helped according to the “carver's maxim.” The best friends, so relatively placed, begin to dislike each other, and the angry wonder with them all is, why so many people of different characters and professions, perhaps countries, should agree in eating mutton? Therefore we love a *partie quarre*. No dish—unless absurdly small indeed—of which each of Us Four may not have a satisfactory portion. The “carver's maxim” is forgotten, or remembered only with a smile, and at such a board alone can liberty and equality at each side of the square preside.

At a large party, we hold that it is a physical impossibility to get any thing to eat. Eating does not consist in putting cold, greasy, animal food into your mouth. That, we repeat, is not eating. Eating consists in putting into your mouth (chewing, swallowing, &c. of course,) warm juicy, thinish or thickish, fat or lean, morsels of animal food, precisely at the nick of time. A minute too soon or five minutes too late, and you may cram, but to eat is impossible. What can one waiter do among so many? And if you have six waiters, what then? Confusion worse confounded. You see a great hulking fellow, per-

aps with the ties of his neckcloth a
ard long, powdered highly, and in a
awnbroker's coat, carrying off *your*
ate to a greedy Whig on the oppo-
e side of the table, who devours
e Pope's Eye before your face, in
l the bitterness of party-spirit. A
urdy, squat, broad shouldered, red-
eaded scoundrel serves you the same
ick, with an insolent leer, in favor
f a Tory, a man of the same politi-
al principles with yourself, a mem-
er of the Pitt Club, and an occasion-
minor writer in Blackwood, who
akes a show of sending the rich-
eighted trencher round to you, its
awful owner, but, at the same mo-
ent, lets drop into the dark-hued
ravy a plash of yellow beaten tur-
ips, destined to his own maw. A
rave-looking man, like a minister,
omes solemnly behind your chair,
nd stretching forward a plate, which
ou doubt not is to make you happy
at last, asks, in solemn accents, for a
well-browned potatoe, and then
odges the deposit in the hands of
ine host's accommodating banker.
A spruce, dapper, little tarrier, who,
during forenoons, officiates as a bar-
ber, absolutely lifts up, with irresisti-
ble dexterity, your plate the moment
after he has put it down before you,
and making apology for the mistake,
carries it off to a red-faced woman of
a certain age, who calls for bread
with the lungs of a Stentor. Then
will an aged man, with a bald head,
blind and deaf as a dog in his teens,
but still employed at good men's
feasts on account of character, which
saving almost constant drunkenness,
is unexceptionable, totter past with
your plate, supported against his
breast with feeble fingers; and un-
awakenable by the roar of cannon,
in spite of all your vociferation, he
delivers up the largest prize in the
lottery to a lout whom you hope, in
no distant day, to see hanged. By
this time anger has quelled appetite,
—and when by some miraculous in-
terposition of providence in your
favor, you find yourself in posses-
sion of the fee-simple of a slice of

mutton at last, it is a short, round,
thick squab of a piece, at once fat
and bloody, inspiring deep and per-
manent disgust, and sickening you
into aversion to the whole dinner.

When the party is large, therefore,
adopt the following advice, and you
may be far from unhappy, although
one of twenty-four. Look out for a
dish neither illustrious nor obscure—
a dish of unpretending modest merit,
which may be overlooked by the
greedy multitude, and which the man
of judgment can only descry—a dish
of decent dimensions, and finding,
although not seeking, concealment
under the dazzle of the epergne—a
dish rather broad than high—a dish
which thus but one of many, and in
its unambitious humbleness almost
lost in the crowd, might nevertheless
be in its single self a dinner to a man
and his wife at the guestless board—
select we say, such a dish—if such a
dish there be—and draw in your
chair quietly opposite to it, however
ugly may be the women on either
side of you, yea even if the lady of
the house insist on your sitting high-
er up the table. Be absolute and
determined—your legs are under the
mahogany—rise not—pay a compli-
ment to the fearsome dear on your
right hand, and to the no less alarm-
ing spinster on the left—and, with-
out any thoughts of soup or fish, help
yourself plentifully, but carelessly, to
your own chosen dish, and *Da Capo*.
Don't betray yourself by any over-
heard demonstrations of delight, but,
if possible, eat with an air of indiffer-
ence and non-chalance. Lay down
your knife and fork now and then, if
you can bring your mind to submit to
a moment's delay, and look about
you with a smile, as if dedicated to
agreeable conversation, badinage, and
repartee. Should any one suspect
your doings, and ask what is that dish
before you, shake your head, and
make a face, putting your hand at the
same time to your stomach, and then,
with a mischievous eye, offering to
send some of the nameless stew. All
this time there are people at the

table who have not had a morsel, and whom you see crumbling down their bread to appease the cravings of hunger. You have laid a famous foundation for any superstructure you may be pleased at your leisure to erect—have drank wine with both fair supporters—and Peebles ale with the Baillie—are in a mood to say witty things, and say them accordingly—and in the gladness of your heart, offer to carve a sinewy old fowl, safely situated two covers off, and who, when taken in hand by the gentleman to whom he of right belongs, will be found to be a tougher job than the dismemberment of Poland.

Contrive it so that you are done, on solemn entrance of the goose. Catch mine host's eye at that critical moment, and you secure the first hot slice, while the apple-sauce seems absolutely to simmer. Do not scruple to say, that you have been waiting for the goose, for by that egregious lie you will get double commons. Public attention, too, being thus directed to the waiter who holds your plate, he must deliver it safe up into your hands, and all attempts to interrupt it in its progress prove abortive. Having thus the start in goose, you come in early for macaroni—tarts and puddings—and as we suppose you to have a steady, not a voracious appetite, why, after cheese, which like hope comes to all, we really see no reason to doubt your having made a very tolerable dinner.

But perhaps you have got yourself so entangled in the drawing-room with a woman with a long train and a bunch of blue feathers, that you cannot chose your position, and are forced to sit down before a ham. An argument arises whether it be Westmoreland, Dumfries-shire, or Westphalia, and every person present expresses a determination to bring the point to the decision of the palate. Instantly avow, with a face of blushing confusion, that you would not attempt to haggle such a ham for worlds—that in early life you were

little accustomed to carving, having lived with a minister of small stipend and low board, who on meat days always cut up the hough himself, so that he had never sent out an even tolerable carver from the manse. If that sort of excuse won't do, down with the middle finger of your right hand, and holding it out piteously, exhibit the effect of temporary cramp or permanent rheumatism. Should neither expedient occur or be plausible, then on with a determined countenance, a bold eye, and a gruff voice, and declare that you took an oath, many years ago, "never to help a ham," which you have religiously kept through good report and bad report, and which it would be, indeed, most culpable weakness in you to break, now that your raven locks are beginning to be silvered with the insidious grey. Then tell the waiter who is like a minister, to take the ham to Mr. Drysdale, or Mr. Dempster, two of the best carvers in existence, for that it does a man's heart good to see the dexterity with which they distribute at the festive board. You thus avoid an evil under which many a better man has sunk, and can turn unshackled to serious eating.

In good truth, much as we admire the noble art of carving, it is the very last we should wish to possess in our own person. To be called on for a song is nothing—you can have your revenge on him who asks it by inflicting the torment in return, and on the whole company by bellowing like a bull in a mountainous region. But the celebrated carver is at the mercy of every stomach. Orders come showering upon him faster than he supply them; the company behave towards him like boys following each other on a slide, at what they call "keeping the pie warm." No sooner are his weapons down, than they are up again; particular cuts are politely, and even flatteringly insinuated. Ladies eat ham who never ate ham before, only that they may admire the delicate transparency; well-known eating characters change

ates upon him, that they may not appear to have been helped before ; and the lady of the house simpers with a sweet voice. " Now, Mr. Dempster, that you have helped everybody so expeditiously, and with such graceful skill, may I solicit a specimen, the slightest possible specimen, of your handy-work ?" Like the last rose of summer, the penultimate fat forsakes the shank to melt into the mouth of Mrs. Haliburton ; and on the great question of " whether Westmoreland, Dumfries-shire, or Westphalia," Mr. Dempster gives no vote, for he has tasted only half a small mouthful of the brown, as sweet as sugar, and more like vegetable than animal matter.

Perhaps therefore on entering into private life, a young man had better let it be generally diffused that he is no carver. In that case he must take his chance of the cut-and-come-again, and will have the good sense to carve cautious, awkwardly, and clumsily, that he may not acquire a good character. Ere long it will be said of him by some friend, to whom thenceforth he owes a family dinner once a-month, that Tom Hastie is a wretched carver. To the truth of this apophthegm, Tom bows acquiescence ; and difficult dishes are actually removed from before him, lest he should mar their fair proportions, and leave them in shapeless ruin. In a few years, go where he will, he is never asked to carve anything beyond a haggis ; and thus the whole precious dinner-time is left open for uninterrupted stuffing. Once or twice, in a period of ten years, he insists on being suffered to undertake the goose, when he makes a leg spin among the array on the sideboard, and drenches many ladies in a shower of gravy. On the credit of which exploit he escapes carving for an indefinite number of years ; for it is amazing how a catastrophe of that kind is handed down and around by oral tradition, till it finally becomes part of national history. The stain is thought even to affect the blood ; and it is believ-

ed that there never was, and never will be, a carver among the Hasties.

But should the principles now laid down not be fortunate enough to meet the approbation of the reader, and should he, in the face of those principles, determine to become himself, and to make his son—a carver,—then we trust he will listen to us, and, as he values his reputation, learn to carve quickly. Of all the pests, curses of civilized society, your slow carver is at the head. He eyes the leg of mutton, or round of beef, or goose, or turkey, as if he had not made up his mind as to the name and nature of the animal. Then he suspects the knife, and shakes his head at the edge, although sharp as a razor. He next goes through the positions, as if he were cunning of fence ; when observing that he has forgotten to elevate the guard, he lays down the knife, and sets the fork to rights with an air of majesty only possible under monarchical government. But where shall he begin ? That is a momentous affair, not so readily settled as you may think ; for a carver of such exquisite skill and discretion may commence operations in any one of fifty different ways, and he remains bewildered among thick-coming fancies. However, let him be begun by hypothesis. He draws the knife along as leisurely as if he were dissecting the live body of his mistress, to cure some complaint of a dainty limb. It takes a minute of precious time to bring the slice (but a small one) from jigot to plate, and then he keeps fiddling among the gravy for at least a minute more, till the patience of Job, had he witnessed such dilatory cutting up, would have been totally exhausted. Neither will he let the plate go till the waiter has assured him that he understands for whom it is intended, the fortunate man's name, age, and profession, and probably the color of his own hair or a wig. He then draws his breath, and asks for small beer. Heaven and earth, only one man as

yet been muttoned! Had we held the knife, even we, who blush not to own that we are in some respects the worst carver in Europe, (*credat Judæus Appella*.) half-a-dozen pair of jaws would ere now have been put into full employment. Yet all the while our tardy friend chuckles over his skill in carving, and were you to hint, during the first course, that he was neither an Eclipse nor a Childers, he would regard you with a sardonic smile of ineffable contempt. True it is, however, that although in the upper circles people are careful not to express their sentiments too plainly, he is the object of curses not loud but deep; and that, however he may be respected as a man, as a carver he is damned.

Akin to the subject we have now been treating, or rather throwing out hints to be expanded by future writers of a more voluminous character, is the habit which some people avowing the Christian faith exhibit—of asking for particular bits, which happen to be favorites with their palate and stomach. This is not merely bad manners, but most iniquitous morals. How the devil do they know that the selfsame bits are not the soul's delight of many other of their Christian brethren, then and there assembled together? How dare men who have been baptized, and go to church even when it is known that their own clergyman is to preach, expose thus the gross greed and gluttony of their unregenerated bowels? The man does not at this hour live, privileged to advance such a claim. We should not have granted it to him who invented the spade or the plough—the art of printing—gun-powder—or the steam-engine. Yet you will hear it acted upon by prigs and coxcombs, who at home dine three days a-week on tripe, and the other three on lights and liver, (men of pluck,) while their Sunday rejoices in cheese and bread, and an onion.

Mrs. Meg, whom we have all along forgotten, advances, in her chapter on carving, no directions re-

pugnant to those we have now freely advocated—at least, no directions with which ours might not easily be reconciled. We agree with her, that it is the duty of every man to know which are the best bits, that he may distribute them in the proper quarters. There is much that is amiable in the following succulent passage:—

“*Venison Fat*—the Pope's-eye in a leg of mutton—veal and lamb kidney—the firm gelatinous parts of a cod's head—the thin part of salmon,—the thick of turbot, and other flat fish, are reckoned the prime bits;—the ribs and neck of a pig,—the breast and wings of fowls,—the legs of hare and rabbit,—the breast and thighs of turkey and goose, cutting off the drumsticks—the wings and breast of pheasants, partridges, and moor game—and the legs and breast of duck are also reckoned delicacies. There are, besides, favorite bits, highly prized by some gourmards, though it is sometimes not easy to discover in what their superior excellence consists; as a shank of mutton,—turbot fins.—cod's tongue,—the bitter back of moor game,—the back of hare,—the head of carp, &c. A knowledge of these things will be of use to the carver as a guide in that equitable distribution of good things which is the most pleasing part of his duty.”

Mrs. Dods then observes, “that it is well known that a person of any refinement will eat much more when his food is carved in handsome slices, and not too much at once, than when a piece clumsily cut is put upon his plate. To cut warm joints fairly and smoothly, neither in slices too thick, nor in such as are finically thin, is all that is required of the carver of meat, whether boiled or roasted.”

There is not in the whole range of English literature a sounder sentence. We always suspect a sinister motive, when we see our plate filled up with a huge, coarse, fat, outside, stringy, slobbery, gristly lump of animal matter, whilome belonging per-

aps to the buttocks of a bull. It seems sent to sicken. When potatoes and greens are added, your plate may be sent to the Canongate jail, by way of a Christmas dinner to the *sine cessione bonorum* debtors. On the other hand, confound us if we "do not hate as a pig in a gate," the opposite extreme. The opposite extreme, is one single solitary mouthful lying by itself disconsolately in the centre of the plate, obviously about as thick as a wafer, and not worth salt. It is generally mutton. It would seem, from all we have observed in the course of our experience, that it is difficult to help so minutely in beef. But out of a jigot of mutton you may take a slice that would starve a pech among the pigmies. Never condescend to begin upon such a famine. Pretend not to know that you have been helped, or treat the slice as a bit of skin that you have left from a previous plentiful supply, and return your plate to old Stingy, who, while he hates, will respect your character, and compliment your appetite indirectly, by praising your health and beauty. Be as determined as any one of the family; and continue sending back your plate till you are satisfied, should it require twenty trips. The man who leaves table hungry through bashfulness, will never make a figure in a world constituted as this is; he will infallibly become the prey of designing villains; if a literary man, he will never rise above two guineas a-sheet; at the bar he will be brow-beat even by the Man without the forehead; and were it possible to imagine him a clergyman, what a figure would he cut at dinner on the Monday of the Preachings!

For the purposes above mentioned, Mrs. Dods goes on to say, "that the carver must be provided with a knife having a good edge; and it will greatly facilitate his operations if the cook has previously taken care that the bones in all carcase-joints are properly jointed." The sending

up of a carcase-joint not properly jointed, should, in our humble and humane opinion, be made felony, without benefit of clergy. Curse the cook, say we, who breaketh this law—simple hanging is too good for her, and she should be hung in jack-chains. Why have a cleaver in the kitchen at all? yet, perhaps, the best plan is to trust to the butcher—only the cook too must be answerable, and then you have a double security against the commission of the greatest crime that can stain the culinary annals of a christian country.

We cannot leave the subject of carving, without the following judicious quotation:—

"ROASTED PIG.—We could wish that the practice of having this dish carved by the cook were universal; for, in this fastidious age, the sanguinary spectacle of an entire four-footed animal at table is any thing but acceptable. Like the larger poultry, pig is also very troublesome to the carver, who must have a sharp knife, with which the head is to be taken off in the first place: then cut down the back from neck to rump; afterwards remove the shoulder and leg on each side. The ribs are then to be divided into four portions and the legs and shoulders cut in two. The ribs are, or rather were, esteemed the most delicate part of this dish; now the neck of a well roasted pig is the favorite morsel. The carver must use his discretion in distributing ear and jaw as far as these will go, and help stuffing and sauce more liberally."

A Scotchman in London is perpetually pestered with the question, "What is a Haggis?" Now, no man can be reasonably expected to have the definition of a haggis at his finger-ends. The following will spare them such interrogatory in future.

"THE SCOTCH HAGGIS.—Parboil a sheep's pluck and a piece of good lean beef. Grate the half of the liver, and mince the beef, the lights, and the remaining half of the liver. Take of good beef-suet half the

weight of this mixture, and mince it with a dozen small firm onions.— Toast some oatmeal before the fire for hours, till it is of a light brown color and perfectly dry. Less than two tea-cupfuls of meal will do for this meat. Spread the mince on a board, and strew the meal lightly over it, with a high seasoning of pepper, salt, and a little Cayenne, well mixed. Have a haggis-bag perfectly clean, and see that there be no thin part in it, else your whole labor will be lost by its bursting. Put in the meat, with as much good beef-gravy, or strong broth, as will make it a thick stew. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat room to swell; add the juice of a lemon, or a little good vinegar; press out the air, and sew up the bag; prick it with a large needle, when it first swells in the pot, to prevent bursting; let it boil, but not violently, for three hours.

“*Obs.*—This is a genuine Scotch haggis; there are, however, sundry modern refinements on the above receipt,—such as eggs, milk, pounded biscuit, &c. &c.—but these, by good judges, are not deemed improvements.”

A blind man cannot by any effort of the imagination conceive color—nor can any man alive, no, not the greatest poet on earth, not Barry Cornwall himself, conceive a haggis, without having had it submitted to the senses. It takes possession of the palate with a despotism that might be expected from the “great chieftain of the pudding race.” You forget for the time-being all other tastes. The real dishes before you seem fictions. You see them, but heed them not any more than ocular spectra. Your tongue feels enlarged in your mouth, not in size only, but in sensibility. It is more fibrous—also more porous. You could think it composed of the very haggis it enjoys. There is a harmonious call among tongue, palate, and insides of the cheeks.—That is the true total of the whole. Your very

eyes have a gust; and your ears are somewhat dull of hearing, trying to taste. The stomach receives without effort, in Epicurian repose, and is satisfied in such gradual delight, that you scarcely know when, how, or why you have ceased to eat. You continue to eye the collapsed bag with grateful affection,—command the waiter to behave kindly to it when removed,—and follow it out of the room with a silent benediction.

It is not uncommon to meet persons in private life who declare that they are wholly indifferent about what they eat or drink—that they eat and drink because they are hungry and thirsty, and in order to recruit and keep up the system. We also eat and drink because we are hungry and thirsty, and in order to recruit and keep up the system; but so far from being indifferent about the matter, we hold the whole physical arrangement to be most exquisite and delicious. Now we cheerfully admit, that there may be patients with callous appetites and benumbed tongues, who have lost the delighted sense of swallow, and are consequently such complete citizens of the world, that they know no distinction between French ragout and Welsh rabbit, Italian macaroni or Scotch rumbuletumps; but if palate and tongue be sound, then the man who says he cares nought about eating and drinking, is obviously such a monstrous and prodigious liar, that we only consider why the earth does not open its jaws and swallow him on the spot. Only look at him lurching when he fondly supposes himself in privacy, and what a gormandizer? He is a great linguist, and understands the Laplandish, as many a reindeer would confess, of whose tongue he had made himself master. He absolutely bolts bacon like one of the North-Riding school. Now he has swallowed the Oxford sausage; and, finally, he revels in the rookery of a supposed pigeon-house. Meanwhile he has been sluicing his ivories with horn after

er horn of old Bell's beer—trying whether it or his last importation of London porter be preferable for foreign imbibation, Look and you will see the large dew-drops on his forehead—listen and you will hear his jaw or cheek-bones clanking; and that is the black-broth Spartan who is indifferent about what he eats or drinks! An ugly customer at an ordinary! a dangerous citizen in a beleaguered town! If bred to a sea-faring life, the first man to propose, when put on short allowance, to be eating the black cook and the cabin-boy!

There is another class of men, not quite such hypocrites as the above, mistaken men, who bestow upon themselves the philosophical and eugistical appellative of Plain-Eaters. Now, strip a Plain-Eater of his name, and pray what is he? or in what does he essentially differ from his brethren of mankind! He likes roast, and boil, and stew. So do they. He likes beef, and veal, and mutton and mutton, and lamb and mutton, and pig and pork, and ham and tongue. So do they. He likes (does he not?) goose and turkey, and duck and how-towdy, and grouse and partridge, and snipe and woodcock. So do they. He likes salmon and cod, and sea-trout and turbot, and every other species of salt-water fish. So do they. He likes, or would like, if he tried it, A HAGGIS. So do or would they. He likes pan-cakes, and plum-pudding, and brandy nans. So do they. He likes Suffolk and Cheshire cheese, Stilton and weeping Parmesan. So do they. He likes grapes and grozets, pine-apples and argonels. So do they. He likes anchovies, and devilled legs of turkeys. So do they. He likes green and black peas of the finest quality, rather sweet than otherwise, and sugar-candied coffee, whose known transparency is enriched with a copious infusion of the cream of many Ayrshire cows, feeding upon old lea. So do they. He likes at supper, the "reliquais Danaun," that is, the relics of the

diners, presented in metamorphosis. So do they. He thinks that nuts are nuts. So do they. If the crackers are engaged, he rashly uses his teeth. So do they. He has been known to pocket the leg of a fowl. So have they. Once he has had a surfeit So had they. Then was he very very sick. So were they. He swallowed physic. So did they. Or he threw it to the dogs. So did they. In all things the similitude—nay the identity is complete—either he descends from his altitude—or all the world goes up stairs to him—mankind at large devour but one dish, or he is a Plain-Eater no more.

The truth is, that it is as impossible to define a simple taste in eating, as in writing, architecture, or sculpture. A seemingly Doric dish, when analyzed, is found to be composite. We have seen a black-pudding with a Corinthian capital, eaten in truly attic style. Perhaps there exists not, except in abstraction, such a thing as a perfectly plain dish. A boiled potatoe seems by no means complicated. But how rarely indeed is it eaten without salt, and butter, and pepper, if not fish, flesh, and fowl! Reader! lay your hand on your heart and say, have you ever more than thrice, during the course of a long and well-spent life, eaten, *bona fide per se*, without admixture of baser or nobler matter, a boiled mealy or waxy? We hear you answer in the negative. Look on any edible animal in a live state, from an ox to a frog, and you will admit, without farther argument, that he must undergo changes deep and manifold, before you can think of eating him. Madame Genlis tells us in her amusing Memoirs, that once at a fishing party when a young married woman, to avoid the imputation of being called a Cockney, she swallowed a live minnow. That was plain eating. Madame Genlis was excelled by the French prisoner at Plymouth, who eat live cats, beginning at the whisker and ending at the tip of the tail; but we believe that at particular

parts he asked for a tallow candle.— Without, however, reasoning the question too high, many is the honest man, who, while he has been supposing himself enacting the character of the Plain-Eater, has been masticating a mixture composed of elements brought from the four quarters of the habitable globe. That he might eat that plain rice-pudding, a ship has gone down with all her crew. The black population of the interior of Africa have been captived, fettered, driven like hogs to the field, and hanged by scores, that he, before going to bed with a cold in his nose, and a nasty shivering, might take his—gruel.

We do not recollect ever to have witnessed any thing approaching to plain taste in eating, except in a military man or two, who had seen severe service. One was a Major Somebody, and the other a mere Captain—but they eat up whatever might be put on their plates, without any varying expression suited to the varying viands. In fact, they relished all edible things, yet not passionately; and were never heard to discuss the character of a dish. Generally speaking, the army are neither epicures nor gluttons, when on a peace-establishment. What they may be in the field after a successful forage, we know not, nor yet after storm or sack. The clergy are formidable diners, as you may see with half an eye, from the most cursory survey of face and person. We defy you to find an exception from curate to bishop throughout our whole Episcopalian church. No doubt, there are too many small livings—yet produce the present incumbent (the late one is out of reach), and you will find him a weighty argument against all innovation in ecclesiastical affairs. Much comfortable eating has arisen out of Queen Anne's bounty. Our Presbyterian ministers are not a whit inferior to their English brethren in any

one essential quality of the clerical character. It is now the time of the General Assembly. What shoulders and what calves of legs! Go to the Commissioner's dinner and admire the transitory being of the produce of this earth. Much good eating goes on in manse, and in the houses of the heritors. Most ministers are men of florid complexion, or a dark healthy brown, and there is only one complaint of the stomach to which they are ever subject. No member of their body ever died of an atrophy. They can digest any thing digestible—and you may observe, that with a solitary exception here and there, they all uniformly die of old age. A preacher, that is, "a birkie without a manse," plays a capital knife and fork, and a first-rate spoon. He seems always to be rather hungry than otherwise—gaunt, and in strong condition. Not that he or any of his cloth is a glutton. But being a good deal in the open air, and riding or walking from manse to manse, with a sermon in his pocket, the gastric juice is always in working power, and he is ready for any meal at the shortest notice. In every manse there should be a copy of *Meg Dods* lying beside Sir John Sinclair. Let it be lent to a neighbor, who will speedily purchase one of her own—she, too, will accommodate a friend—and thus, in a few months, there will be a copy in every respectable house in the parish. Before the arrival of Edward Irving's Millenium, in 1847, good eating in Scotland will have reached its acme—and that event will be celebrated by a Great National Festival of which the *Cookery* will be transcendental. Mr. Irving will preside, and we ourselves, if alive, will cheerfully accept the office of croupier. But we are dreaming—and must be off to walk with the Commissioner.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

ODE.

hion away ! and gilded show,
glittering pomp I am a foe,
nature's courts retreat with me
who admire simplicity.
sooner under yonder oak,
(t sacred from the axe's stroke,)
cline in peace, while round me dwell
e wood nymphs, each in shady cell,
listen to the whispering breeze
aling health, enjoying ease ;
an 'midst the tinsell'd thorns of state
bear the greatest of the great.

Let him, who loves to see display'd
In human hearts each softer shade,
Each sacred feeling of the breast,
In humblest cottage be a guest.
Stiffen'd with gold, with rank enchain'd,
Each fonder feeling is restrain'd,
The court or city's pois'nous air
Make selfish all, or load with care :—
Then let us to the green wood hie,
And far from heartless worldlings fly,
Where peace and joy our steps invite,
And nature crowns us with delight.

S—

Selected.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A COWARD.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars ;
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk !

Shakspeare.

is not often that a man will suf-
himself to be tamely posted as
oward, even in the circumscribed
here of an obscure watering-place ;
d I cannot but anticipate some
are of contempt while I go a step
yond that degradation, and ac-
nowledge myself thus, before the
ole world of fashion, " a coward
a most scandalous coward." It is,
wever, with the hope of changing
at contempt into something of a
ore respectful feeling—it is in the
cere expectation of exciting some
gree of sympathy, that I have
ought myself to make the avowal.
I was born the heir of a most re-
ectable and wealthy family, and
tered life under auspices of the
ost favorable description ; but be-
re I had well quitted my nursery,
event occurred which has marred
ery flattering prospect, which en-
red like a canker into my very
ul, and has tinged every successive
age of my life with misery and con-
mpt.

I was about four years of age
when my paternal grandmother died ;

she had been excessively fond of me,
and would scarcely suffer me to be a
moment from her side. I need not
describe the feelings which this affec-
tion awakened within me. I return-
ed her love with the fervor and art-
lessness of childhood, and I still cling
to her memory with a fondness
which, amidst the contumely I have
been fated to endure, has survived
nearly all the kindly feelings of the
heart, and which in its purity and in-
nocence imparts to my solitary mo-
ments the most pleasurable sensations
I enjoy. She is before me now in
the dignity of seventy winters ; her
tall figure scarcely more bent than in
youth ; her cheek still flushed with
the hue of health, her mild blue eyes
beaming kindly on me ; and her per-
fectly white hair turned above a fore-
head, fair amidst its wrinkles. It
was my delight to sit at her feet
whilst she was employed in the home-
ly occupation of knitting ; and to lis-
ten to her stories of our ancestors,
or of her own adventures with the
rebels in " the 45," when they occu-
pied, for a time, her father's house

in the north. I remember particularly the description of the horror she felt, a short time afterwards, on entering Carlisle, in recognizing over the city gate the heads of several of these guests. This kind friend and companion of my infancy died suddenly, and her fate was kept secret from me: my inquiries were met with the assurance that my grandmother would speedily return, and with this assurance they contrived to pacify me. One day, however, while the servant was absent, I happened to want a toy which I recollected I had left in my grandmother's room; and proceeded thither, unobserved, to fetch it. On entering the apartment I was surprized by the sight of what appeared to me a handsome chest, and with the curiosity natural to a child, I climbed on the bedstead to examine it. I lifted the covering, and gazed for a moment in mute astonishment at the unexpected appearance and situation of my beloved relative. At first I endeavored to awaken her by calling on her name: vexed at her continued silence, I impatiently seized her hand; its icy coldness went to my heart, and the heavy manner in which it dropped from my releasing grasp increased my astonishment. At length I lifted the eyelids, and the cold fixed gaze which fell upon me completed my terror, and forced from me a scream which summoned the attendants, who bore me away; and explained to me the work of death.

From this moment the cause which had wrought this dreadful change became the ruling sentiment of my mind. I listened attentively to every narrative of the progress of sickness and death, and the most fatal diseases became objects of terrible anticipation to me. I frequently woke in the middle of the night—the silence and the darkness were associated in my mind with death and the grave, and I shrieked in agony lest I should die before the morning.

My imagination, thus fearfully excited, outstripped my years; and I

was sent to a public school, in the hope that the bustle, the emulation, and the amusements of such a scene would produce a favorable effect on my mind; but the shaft had struck too deeply—the impression was never to be effaced. I never joined in the sports of my companions, for we could not play without quarrelling; fighting was the natural consequence of these contests; but I had heard too much of the fatal consequences of an unlucky blow to venture a battle with even the least boy in the school: I was consequently surrounded by a host of tyrants; and happy was the day on which a share of the little luxuries I was enabled to purchase procured for me an exemption from unmerited blows. My time was spent in solitary misery in a retired corner of the play ground, where I sat continually brooding over the horrors of death; and I now wonder that my senses did not yield to the terrible creations of my fancy. Some times I scarcely slept for weeks, for fear I should fall into a trance, and be buried while alive; at other times I imagined that this catastrophe had already taken place, and that the passing scene was but a dream from which I should awake to die amidst the stifling solitude of my tomb: frequently was I so oppressed with the reality of these fears, that I have poured out my soul in agony to God and prayed that I might never be conscious of the awfulness of my doom.

In these dreadful fancies and such as these were passed my hours of leisure, and I protest that the recollection of them is terrible to me even now. However, I passed through the several forms of the school with the greatest credit, and was sent to Oxford.

Thither my character followed me, and I became the butt and scapegoat of the whole university: my name was given to the proctor by every jackanapes who was detected in an irregularity; if a man had a noisy party in his rooms, and was desirous

of escaping the consequences, mine was the oak which was battered till they obtained entrance, and mine the port that was swallowed till the morning brought a head-ache and an indisposition. At length my name became associated with so many breaches of discipline, that my father was advised to remove me, in order to prevent the adoption of harsher measures; but, so far from being dissatisfied with my conduct, the old gentleman applauded my spirit, and rejoiced to see me changed from the pusillanimous character which I formerly bore. So completely were his views with respect to me altered, that he decided I should enter my uncle's regiment of horse! My father's commands I had never dared to dispute, but this sounded like a sentence of death to me, and appeared totally impossible to be carried into effect. A regiment of horse! Why I had never mounted the little quiet poney which carried me round the park without fears for the safety of my neck, and I had never ventured beyond a walk even upon him. Fortunately, however, as I then considered it, there was no vacancy in the regiment at the moment; and it was just then ordered to the Peninsula. My reprieve was extremely short; a letter speedily arrived from my uncle, stating that the junior Cornet had been drowned in the passage and that he had reserved the appointment for me; my commission arrived from the War-office in a few days afterwards, with directions that I should join the regiment immediately. My father hurried my preparations, and I did my best to keep up my spirits; but do what I would, a fit of sickness procured me a month's delay. At length I embarked; but the sensations with which I entered the boat, was dragged up the side of the vessel, and saw the shores lessening to my view, and the waves beating around me, with the fate of my predecessor ever in my recollection, I will not attempt to describe. In those sensations the separation

from my friends had no share; in my fears for myself all kindly affections were overwhelmed. Dreadful sea sickness, which I suffered in common with my fellow-passengers, disguised all other feelings, and I landed without having attracted the particular attention of my companions.

My uncle had just left the General when I reached the camp, and congratulated me on my good fortune, in having arrived at a moment when they were on the point of attacking the enemy, an event which would take place on the following morning. He then made a thousand inquiries respecting his friends in England; but imagining from the incoherency of my answers that I was greatly fatigued, he recommended me to seek refreshment in sleep. Sleep, and eternity at hand! I threw myself on the earth, and endeavored to persuade myself that this was one of my dreadful dreams; but the regular tramp of the sentinel, and the canvas canopy above me, too plainly assured me of the terrible reality. At one time I had determined on feigning sickness—but even then danger would be as present as in the battle; other plans I endeavored to arrange for avoiding the fatal field; but seeing no way of escaping, I resolved to fortify myself with laudanum, as the only resource against the discovery of my fears. After a few hours of agonizing suspense, an old servant of my uncle's entered my tent to assist me in accoutring myself. I had read much, and with feelings of strong commiseration, of the conduct of criminals on the morning of execution, during the participation of the sacrament—the interviews with friends, ministers, and sheriffs—pinioning the arms, knocking off the irons, arranging the procession, and other similar modes of increasing the suspense of the awful hour. Feelings similar to those which I had imagined must prevail on such occasions did I experience, while the veteran was fluently expatiating on the probable events of the day; and

when he mentioned the certainty of our division having to sustain the brunt of the fight, my trembling would have betrayed me had the possibility of the existence of such a sensation as fear entered the mind of the soldier. He mistook it for the agitation of impatient valor, and begged me not to be too eager, as coolness was every thing on these occasions. Heaven knows I was cool enough—so cool, that my heart seemed frozen within me. At length the laudanum began to take effect; and I have only a confused recollection of receiving the encouraging congratulations of my uncle, mounting my high-mettled charger, joining my troop, the commencement of the battle, and the astounding effect of the first volley of musketry close by me. I recollect, like a dream, the furious onset with which we charged; and the first occurrence at all clear in my memory, is finding myself left behind my comrades, and alone on the side of a hill facing a dragoon covered with blood, riding at full speed towards me: not

Mandragora

Nor all the drowsy syrups in the world, could sustain me at such a sight as this. Without a moment's consideration I turned my horse, spurred him into a full gallop, quitted my bridle, and held fast by the pommel of my saddle. On I went towards our lines, fully assured, from the clatter of his accoutrements, of being pursued by the bloody dragoon: we came to the rear, but still he pursued; and it was quite evident to me that he was determined to have my life, though his own should pay for it. At length, in a close dell, whether my horse had carried me at his will, he stumbled and fell, and my enemy coming close after me, fell over us: the two steeds were speedily on their feet, and galloped off, and I was now sure my hour was come. Without daring to look up I implored quarter most lustily, and augured dreadful things from the silence with which my intreaties were

received. At last I ventured to look up, and hope revived when I saw the dragoon extended at his length beside me. Gradually I gathered courage, or to speak more correctly, I began to be somewhat less fearful, and, taking a full survey of this hardy enemy, I discovered that it was my uncle's old servant, whom I have already mentioned, dead, as he no doubt had been during the whole time of my flight, with a pistol-shot through his breast.

This experiment of a soldier's life was quite enough for me; the victory being on our side, I feigned sickness, and was sent to the rear: then I received intelligence of the sudden death of my father, threw up my commission, and returned to England.

The winter after I took possession of my estate, I went to Bath with my mother, who introduced me to Julia Faulkner, a lovely girl with an independent fortune of thirty thousand pounds: she was extremely amiable and well-informed, and I paid her as much attention as my constitutional timidity would allow me. It was evident that a more intimate connection between us was desired by our respective parents, and I little doubt but in the course of time I should have mustered courage to propose for her, and I doubt as little that I should have been accepted. A confoundedly tall Irish Colonel, however, with black whiskers, and a most ferocious aspect, appeared on the scene, and became, as well as myself, the constant attendant of Julia. But what chance had I with a fellow of his appearance, profession, and impudence? His loquacity obliged me to sit in their presence as silent as a statue; or if I ventured to make a remark, he was sure to interrupt me before I could utter a sentence.— If I secured her scarf to ensure myself the pleasure of covering her ivory shoulders, he would take it from me with the utmost coolness, and praise my attention to the ladies. I had once seated her in my cabriolet

for a drive, and was about to follow her, when the Colonel rode up on horseback, and, leaping from his saddle, entreated me, if I loved him, to try what I could do to tame his animal, which, he said, was so vicious that no horsemanship but mine would have any effect upon him. Without waiting for a reply he seized the reins, leaped into the carriage, and drove off, begging me, when I had done with the horse, to let my servant take him to the stable : thither indeed he went, as soon as I had recovered from the effects of this astounding piece of assurance.

One evening, as we were leaving Julia's house, the Colonel addressed me in a very quiet, and indeed in almost a friendly tone : "Faith now, my dear fellow," said he, "this won't do at all ; as only one of us can marry this girl, we must not both of us go on loving her at this rate : so we'll meet to-morrow morning on Lansdown, and decide which it shall be. Just name your friend, and I'll desire my cousin Bob, who always attends me on these occasions, to call and arrange the affair."—All the warmth of my affection for Julia thawed at these words : I could live for her, but I could not die for her ; so I protested that had I known his pretensions to the lady I should never have made advances, and should thenceforward think no more of her. This, he said, was so prodigiously handsome, that he should be happy to become more particularly acquainted with me ; and we parted with an engagement that I should dine with him the next day, having, he said, six elegant sisters whom he was desirous of introducing me to. I went, and was most graciously received by the whole family, particularly by Miss O'Shane, the eldest daughter, a short thick girl, with flaxen hair (now, like Lord Byron, "I hate a dumpy woman," and flaxen hair is my abomination), white cheeks and no eyebrows. Next this lady I was seated at dinner : in the evening we went to the rooms, and with this lady it

was my fate to dance. The next morning the Colonel called on me, and took me with him to inquire after the ladies : they were about to go on a shopping expedition, and Miss O'Shane was handed over to my protection. In short, by the extremely clever conduct of Mrs. O'Shane, Colonel O'Shane, and Miss O'Shane, the fashionable circles of the fashionable city of Bath speedily resounded with the intended marriage of this accomplished young lady and Mr. Tyrrel Tremlington.

Things had gone on in this way for a few weeks, when one morning meeting the Colonel in the Crescent, he took me by the arm, and turning into the gravel walk, "Faith, Tremlington," said he, "really now I don't think you use me well in this affair with my sister : here's all the world acquainted with your attachment to Martha (I always detested the name of Martha) except her own brother, and your particular friend. Now if this concealment arose from any doubt of my consent, my dear fellow, put that out of your head, for I do not know the man with whom I would sooner trust the girl's happiness than yourself. Upon my soul, now, I'm in earnest ; and she is, I must say, the best creature in the world—just suited to you—full of soul and sentiment (a woman of soul and sentiment was always my abhorrence). Just now, to be sure, a shade of melancholy hangs about her in consequence of Sir Thomas Litson's conduct—perhaps you have not heard of it—faith he was a great scoundrel. It was at Brighton last summer : he had been paying her attentions at all times and every where—as kind and affectionate as your own, my dear fellow—and every body said the day was fixed, as they do now respecting you, you know. He had made, too, considerable advances in her affections—not so far as you have, however, that I must acknowledge. Well, I spoke to him one morning, just as I am now speaking to you, and he had the impudence

to tell me that he had nothing to do with the talk of the town, and that he had no intention of incumbering himself with a wife. You may guess the rest, my good fellow ; we met the next morning on the downs, and I settled his business completely. I never made a cleaner shot in my life—the surgeon told me afterwards that it went through the centre of the pericardium. It struck first just here," said the Colonel, tapping the fourth button of the left lappel of my coat, and the blow, gentle as it was, would have prostrated me, had it not been for the supporting arm of the Colonel. "But come, I see you are agitated," continued he, "and the sooner we get over the declaration—the *premier pas*, you know—the sooner your happiness will begin."

I stopped a moment—I thought that I also could tell him that I was not prepared to encumber myself with a wife : for a moment I considered whether it would not be better to be shot at once than to be married to Miss O'Shane ; but the thought of the pistol-bullet through the centre of the pericardium came across my mind with all its dreadful circumstantiality, and I suffered myself to be led to the Colonel's house, where we found the young lady, solitary and melancholy. Here the Colonel soon settled the business : he assured his sister of my unalterable attachment, entreated her by a sister's love to have compassion on the feelings of his friend ; and when the girl hid her face in one hand, and held out the other, he placed the latter in mine with a most tremendous squeeze, and declared it to be the happiest day of his life. He then led me aside, and intreated me not to hurry the wedding day too quickly : he hoped I could wait three weeks ;—well, if I could not, if my ardor was so great, he must insist, for his sister's sake, that it should not take place for a fortnight. He then turned to his sister, and begged her, as she valued my happiness, she

would not delay beyond the period he had named. What could Miss O'Shane reply to this affectionate adjuration ? She turned up her eyes most pathetically, and vowed she valued my happiness too highly to permit her to refuse me any thing.

Thus I went home an engaged man, and announced my fate, with tears and trembling, to my mother : the good lady scolded—for she could scold, and I had not outgrown the terrors of her voice ; but arguments and anger were both thrown away upon me—the dreaded bullet through the pericardium rendered me deaf to the one, and careless of the other. My wedding morning arrived with a speed fearfully accelerated by my sensations of dread at its approach. Oh ! that wretched morning ! to complete its catalogue of miseries, it had been fixed on for the union of the Colonel with my Julia. A large company was assembled at breakfast, but of the occurrences or conversation, either then or during the ceremony, I have no recollection ; a sensation of utter despair overwhelmed me, and I have an indistinct remembrance of a vague desire to escape when the great door of the abbey-church was closed with a violence that sent its echoes along the vaulted aisles, and seemed to thunder in my ears the sentence of misery to which I was doomed.

Since my marriage I have constantly resided at my mansion house, and find myself the universal object of injury and contempt. My game is destroyed—but I dare not prosecute the offenders, lest I should suffer for it by an attack upon my person. I am perpetually pestered with anonymous letters, threatening me with violence if I do not adopt the courses pointed out by the writers. I am in the commission of the peace—but do not dare to act, lest the culprits I might be instrumental in punishing should afterwards find means of vengeance. In fact, I lead a useless miserable life, governed by my wife, robbed by her relatives, and

laughed at by my servants ; and if some kind friend would but procure against me a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*, I should not only take it as an act of kindness, but would most readily give evidence of my own insanity.

A MODERN QUADRILLE.

“Concordia discors.”—OVID.

Thin dandies in tights, weighing each one an ounce ;
 Young ladies befurbelow'd, flounce upon flounce ;
 Fond mothers extolling their daughters so dear,
 To some good-natured youth of nine hundred a-year ;
 A party at whist, looking grim as a cannibal,
 Each at their foe, like the Romans at Hannibal ;
 Some prints on the table, distressingly maul'd,
 And “exquisite, lovely, bewitching !” miscall'd ;
 Three footmen in lace, and three others without,
 All brilliant as candlesticks, stalking about ;
 An Austrian Hussar, a Sir Patrick O'Stokes,
 Of the Poyais Light-horse (but of course that's a hoax) ;
 A crowd on the stairs, with a wind like a knife,
 Coming sharp round the legs of maid, husband, or wife ;
 A pensive young lady, rich, fickle, but cross,
 With a pensive young Irishman near her, of course ;
 One preacher, two poets, and three poetesses ;
 A critic, fantastic and tawdry whose dress is ;
 All these, with their talents, loquacious or still,
 Make up, gentle lady, a modern Quadrille.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

ON COMPOSITION AND STYLE.

NO. II.

WITHOUT any simultaneous movement on the part of society, a common desire to communicate durable ideas, set the ingenuity of man to work, in a series of rude, though not often abortive attempts, to devise a method, by which the most distant ages and nations might obtain a knowledge of whatever was necessary to the happiness, or the artificial wants of his species. This method is very easy and familiar to us, but yet, it must have required great invention in the persons who discovered it. Language is, undoubtedly, of pictorial origin, since by no other contrivance than that, which the imagination, sitting as a creating agent, employed, could the associative idea, essential to its structure be established. In describing a man, the savage would trace a resemblance from such objects as were most proper for that

purpose. In delineating moral characters, he would, in a similar manner, express his subject by allusions and associations, drawn from such objects as were in unison with them. Thus, the human eye was made to express DISCERNMENT ; a dog represented FIDELITY ; a lion's head stood for VIGILANCE ; a human body, divided into two parts, with a sword near it, for CRUELTY. However absurd this mode of writing may appear, yet, from necessity the rude symbols of which it was composed, would be improved by degrees. In its tedious and reflective state, it seems to have been the foundation of the Chinese, Egyptian and Mexican Hieroglyphics.

I now proceed to consider Universal Grammar. We who are accustomed to arrange our thoughts in an infinite variety of manner, by the help of a few alphabetical characters,

may be less sensible of the greatness of that invention which has put us in possession of them, than it justly deserves.—It is, undoubtedly the greatest of human inventions. Most authors ascribe the discovery of the alphabet to the Phœnecians, while others ascribe it to the Assyrians, and to the Egyptians. The truth is, its origin is not correctly known, having the light of partial history only, to establish the place and period. Every country has a peculiar method of articulating its alphabet. The Greek letters are different from the Roman, the Hebrew from the Greek, &c. All Europe use the same characters, but sound them in different manners. In the earliest ages, the method of writing was from the right to the left; that which obtains among most modern nations is from the left to the right. The ancients wrote upon stone, bark, and the skins of beasts. Pens, ink, paper and the art of printing, are of modern invention. The art of cyphering is also comparatively, modern. In America, the Indians show the hairs of their heads sometimes, to point out a great number. Our art of cyphering was introduced into Europe by the Arabians in the 13th century—and was established first, in the kingdom of Castile, at present a province of Spain. The term Grammar is derived from *Γραφω* to delineate, or paint. In whatever country language is written, there are found to be modes of communication peculiar to itself. Philologists have differed widely respecting the number of the classes of words embraced in composition. Plato and other ancient writers, confined them to two only, the Noun and the Verb. These parts of speech, the former delighted the life, and soul—*Ζωή και ψυχή* of discourse. The Hebrew, and some other oriental languages, admit only three parts of speech, the Noun, the Verb, and the Conjunction.

A Noun signifies naming, and must of necessity, have been the first class of words invented: we find even

children name things before they are capable of doing any actions. In the most simplified modes of communication, it will often, also, be necessary to use the faculty of *abstraction*, and hence arise, what are termed Abstract Nouns, because the qualities of objects must be separated from the nouns themselves. These qualities are sometimes called by grammarians Substantives, as whiteness, goodness, &c. &c. although they do not properly belong to this class of nouns. From the necessity men were under, to speak about, and to designate, one or more objects, by themselves, originated the singular and plural numbers. Proper names in grammar have no plural, yet it is not absolutely anomalous to say the Ptolemies, the Chathams, &c. Singular and plural numbers are found in all languages; they are not however, formed in the same manner. To express in the lowest degree of plurality, or the excess of unity by unity, the Greeks have a number called the Dual. This number is an unnecessary burden. Another distinction of nouns, is, that of Sex, which is made by changing the word that signifies one gender into that of another. There are of necessity, two genders in language. That signified by the neuter, cannot be denominated a gender. Sometimes one gender is distinguished from another, by different names, as King and Queen, buck and doe. These distinctions apply, chiefly, to domestic animals. In several languages, (as the French and Latin,) those words which have no sex, are distinguished by arbitrary genders; thus the sun is masculine, the moon feminine, &c.

Articles tend to make language clear and determinate. In all languages they are composed of short monosyllables. The next part of speech is the Pronoun, which by its etymology means *instead of a noun*. Without this class of words, language would be very awkward, and its constructions capricious. The pronouns of the first and second per-

sons, admit of no distinction of gender, because the personification implies a knowledge of it. The pronoun of the third person, requires a distinction of gender, as the person spoken of is supposed to be absent.

ATTICUS.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

Version of part of 39th Chapter Job.

Say, whence the zebra wantons o'er the plain,
 Sports uncontrol'd unconscious of the rein?
 'Tis his o'er fields of solitude to roam,
 The waste his house, the wilderness his home.
 Ah! canst thou think, thou wretch of vain belief,
 His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf?
 Or canst thou, tame the temper of his blood,
 With faithful feet, to trace the destin'd road.

Who paints the peacock's train with radiant eyes,
 And all the gay diversity of dies?
 Whose hand the stately ostrich has supply'd
 With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride?
 Thoughtless she leaves, amid the dusty way,
 Her eggs to ripen in the genial ray;
 Nor heeds that some fell breast that thirsts for blood,
 Or the rude foot, may crush the future brood.
 In her, no love the tender offspring share,
 No soft remembrance, no maternal care:
 For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,
 Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild, imprest;
 Bade her the rapid-rushing steed despise,
 Outstrip the rider's speed, and tow'r amid the skies.

Flies the fierce hawk by Thy supreme command,
 To seek soft climates, and a southern land?
 Who bade th' aspiring eagle mount the sky,
 And build her firm ærial nest on high?
 Didst thou the horse with strength and beauty deck?
 Hast thou in thunder cloth'd his nervous neck?
 Will he, like grov'ling grasshoppers, afraid,
 Start at each sound, at every breeze, dismayed?
 A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
 And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze,
 He paws, indignant, and the valley spurns,
 Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
 When quivers rattle, and, the frequent spear
 Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear?
 Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
 "Is this" he cries, "the trumpet's warlike sound?"
 Eager he scents the battle from afar,
 And all the mingling thunder of the war.

CECIL.

A CANAL DIGGING-MACHINE.

A canal digging-machine has recently been introduced at Paris, to be worked, either by horse, manual, or other moving power. It is capable of digging ten feet deep, and a power equal to ten horses is required to work it. The machine will extract and carry out of the canal ninety-six cubic feet per minute. It advances gradually in working, and digs eight feet in breadth at one stroke.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

FITZ AUBERT.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

Concluded from page 193.

CHAPTER 7.

ΑΛΛ' εἰ κατ' εἰ ημαρτον, συγγνωθι μοι παιδιον γαρ εἰμι, και 'ετι "αφρων. *Lucian. Διαλογος "Ερωτος και Διου."*

"— pero quiza la Caballeria y los encantos destes nuéstrs tiempos deben de seguir otro camino que siguieron los antiguos."

DON QUIXOTE. Parte 1. Capitulo 47.

WHEN Fitz Aubert awoke he consulted his man about the best course he should pursue, to rescue Catharine from her imprisonment; Dexter offered to go and present himself to Sir Michael as one who wished to be enrolled in his troop, by which means he thought he should obtain an opportunity of seeing Miss Hambden. Fitz Aubert accordingly furnished him with a letter to her, couched in the most respectful terms, and enquiring what she might wish to be done towards her liberation.—He requested Dexter not to return to him till he could get an answer to it, and the other being soon equipped and off on his projected scheme, Fitz Aubert awaited the result in anxious expectation. He did not venture out during that day, fearing that he might be taken for a spy, and having every confidence that the ingenuity of his emissary would discover the best method to be pursued, for extricating his fair one from her captivity.

The hours wore slowly away. He endeavoured to find a book to divert his melancholy, but Dame Howlet's library contained only, the Manuel of Piety, and our hero's mind was too much agitated by conflicting passions, to profit by the prayers it contained, or to be impressed by the modern miracles it recorded. Looking out of the window of the cottage, his eye dwelt with pleasure on the mild and

sequestered landscape before him.— At a little distance ran a broad and shallow stream over a bed of limestone rock, its banks were adorned with a few scattered elms that reared their taper forms aloft, like the presiding Naiades of the stream. Beyond the river, the country appeared diversified by gentle undulations, crowned here and there by a gentleman's seat, or covered with remnants of the forests of the days of yore, to the extirpation of which cultivation had been making rapid strides, during the long and peaceful reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, and the hitherto pacific Charles. A lover of the beauties of cultivated scenery, Fitz Aubert could not help sighing at the destruction that must take place, in the approaching unsparing strife, involving the ruin of many a princely mansion, and directing those energies that should be applied to the improvement of natural blessings, to the decision of speculative questions,—questions that were then to be settled by the sword—not the pen.

Meanwhile Dexter had not been idle.—He rode up to the house and having undergone a severe examination from Sir Michael, he was enrolled in his troop of horse as a private man, and being apparently a simple stranger, Sir Michael selected him to do duty that night as centinel, outside of the windows of the apartment of the captive, instructing him not to suffer any one to hold communication with the prisoner or to speak to her himself, under the pain of being most heavily punished.—Dexter tried during the afternoon, to become acquainted with some of his new comrades, but found them very cautious in

speaking on any subject relating to their commander, who he gathered from their indirect hints, was an austere and vindictive man, but of uncommon courage, and a strict disciplinarian—a strange mysterious being of few words, and suspicious character. Dexter was obliged to wait for further information until chance should throw it in his way, and when evening came on, he was duly installed on his post. He avoided any attempt at discovering his errand to Miss Catharine, until after the shades of night had obtained their full depth, as he would otherwise have risked discovery from accidental stragglers of the corps, but after he heard the distant din of their carousing in the servants' hall, he approached as near as possible to the window of the room, where she was confined, and hearing no sound within, he gave a gentle tap on the glass. Not receiving any intimation of its being heard, he repeated it, when the window was opened by Catharine, and she asked him in a low voice, what he sought. He replied that he was Mr. Fitz Aubert's man, and had obtained this opportunity of seeing her by enrolling himself in Livysey's troop, and gave her the letter. When she had read it she told him that she had been dragged to that place by force and did not know what would be her fate, adding that she could not point out the means of escape. Dexter replied that if she would venture to go with him to Dame Howlet's cottage, which was not half a mile, she would then be in comparative safety, and that his master he was sure would be able to plan their flight beyond the reach of Sir Michael's power. She consented to this expedient, and as the window was but a short distance from the ground, with Dexter's assistance, she was in a few seconds outside; and she having mounted behind him on his charger, they made all the speed, the darkness of the night would admit of, till they reached the cottage.

Fitz Aubert was overjoyed to see

her thus far in safety, and after a few brief and hurried compliments, he resolved on getting off as far from Sir Michael's house, as possible, with the utmost haste. The cottager, who had just returned from market, was prevailed on to provide them with a fresh steed, which Fitz Aubert mounted, and gave Catharine his own, on whose quietness he could depend.—As she rode very well, they reckoned their escape as almost certain; and having taken their leave of the old couple, whom our hero rewarded liberally, they set off at full speed.

By this time, Sir Michael had discovered Catharine's flight, and arming his troop, he rode off at their head, determined to recover her at all hazards; and muttering curses on his own stupidity, in suffering the window of her apartment to be unbarred. He sent several off in different directions, to search for the fugitives; pursuing in person with the greater part of his men, the road he thought she must have taken.—He did not breathe his horses for several miles. At length he came in sight of three persons on horseback, and as the evening was growing clearer, he could distinguish one to be a female. He called out aloud to them, to stop; but finding they disregarded him, and went on as fast as before, he put spurs to his horse, and got up with them, followed by the swiftest of his troopers.

Fitz Aubert and his companions reined in their horses, and the former facing him, Sir Michael demanded his name, and that of the lady, which Fitz Aubert refused to tell him, asking him by what authority he inquired in so peremptory a manner. Sir Michael, during their parley, recognized Catharine's figure, Fitz Aubert did not wait for further discourse, but telling Catharine and Dexter to ride fast, they all three set off again at full gallop. Sir Michael discharged a pistol at him, which missed its aim, and the ball grazed Dexter's shoulder. Our hero bid the others still ride on, and on his facing round, Sir Michael

ordered his troop to fire at the party, as he appeared resolved that Catharine should not escape. Some of the most hardened amongst them obeyed his order, and Fitz Aubert received a severe wound in the left shoulder. However, he preserved his presence of mind, and just as Sir Michael was aiming his other pistol at him, our hero discharged his own, with such effect, that Sir Michael fell to rise no more. On finding that their leader was killed, the troop after a short conference with each other, rode off without offering any molestation to Fitz Aubert, who recalled Catharine and his servant to the spot, where lay his mortal foe.—Dexter on seeing him, suggested that they should search his dress, and if there was any thing valuable about the body, restore it to his relations. On searching, they found only some open letters, by the contents of which, they ascertained that this pretended patriot, had been acting a double part, and was in correspondence with both parties. These Fitz Aubert took

charge of, and having now nothing further to fear from his malice, our travellers pursued their journey with less haste. On their way to Cambridge, the lovers interchanged sentiments with such speed, that Dexter, who rode at some distance before them as their guide, but yet could now and then hear an occasional word or two of their discourse, concluded that his master was in a fair way to become a Benedict. It was breakfast hour in those primitive days, at the time they got into Cambridge. They rode up to the chief inn, and as their agitated feelings had driven away all inclination to make up for the loss of sleep the past night, by reposing in the day, they partook of a slight breakfast, which Fitz Aubert ordered, more for Catharine's sake than his own, as he supposed refreshment highly necessary for her, after the fatigue she had undergone. They then despatched Dexter, to inquire how matters stood in the town.



CHAPTER 6.

"I hope I don't intrude."

Paul Pry.

"The one great bond of human kind
Thou link'st congenial mind to mind."

MS.

ON Dexter's return they found that the town was in the utmost state of confusion, military being quartered in different parts, and they for the most part consisting of raw levies, as yet unaccustomed to obedience or discipline. Cromwel was in Cambridge, and as he was a near kinsman to Catharine, she requested Fitz Aubert to go to him, and relate the circumstances that had befallen her. He went and found the general overjoyed, to obtain information of his cousin's safety. He came back to the inn with Fitz Aubert and offered to go with her to her uncle Hambden, who was at a country seat, at a few miles distance, as he said the town was in too disturbed a state for her to

remain there. They all left Cambridge without delay; and in a little while Catharine was embraced by her uncle, who had been greatly alarmed at the contradictory accounts that had reached them about her fate, since the plundering of the Countess's dwelling.—Cromwel recapitulated the occurrences he had learned from Fitz Aubert and Catharine, and extolled the bravery of our hero, and the warmest manifestations of gratitude from the whole family, were poured on him.

The love which subsisted between them was not allowed to remain a secret, for Cromwel suspected that our hero must have been actuated by motives no less powerful, to take the active and perilous part he had done in her rescue. He accordingly had made inquiries of Dexter, who confirmed his suspicions. He in consequence proposed to Hambden

to reward his noble service with her hand, to which all parties concerned, as the lawyers say, gave their assent. It was concluded that it would not be safe for our hero to remain in England during the civil troubles, as Sir Michael Livysey's connections were powerful, and would seek every occasion to revenge his death; and besides he was so much esteemed in the parliamentary party, that Fitz Aubert would be eyed with distrust by very many in consequence of having slain him, and might run the risk of being tried for murder.

From all these reasons it was determined to hasten the marriage, and in a few days it took place privately in London, whence the happy couple departed with their faithful Dexter in a Dutch vessel for Dieppe, and at last took up their abode in a beautiful little villa on the banks of the Lake of Geneva where they lived during the war in a princely style, as Fitz Aubert's fortune enabled him to be generous. The traveller and the exile of whatever nation or party he might be, found a ready wel-

come and sincere friends in the Englishman's house.

In the year 1688 when liberty was about to be established on British principles, under the Great William, a family arrived in London from the continent, consisting of an aged pair and their blooming offspring, children and grand-children. Their dress and manners wore a foreign stamp, but there was something British in their looks—It was Fitz Aubert and his Catharine who exiled from Britain by the anarchy of one civil war, were come back to taste in their last hours the blessings of a rational and constitutional government, and to leave their history and their precepts with their property as heir looms to their descendants, enjoining them to tread in the paths of honour and rectitude, and with their last faltering accents to pray for the permanence of that noble constitution, which, at the end of so long a period had restored so many exiles to crown their last days with the sunshine of peace and felicity.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

LINES

Occasioned on hearing a Sermon from the Rev. S. Bamford, on Sabbath evening last, on the following text—"It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment."

Think mortals what it is to die,
 To bid farewell
 And give a last adieu to all our friends.
 Imagination dwells upon the tomb,
 Upon the long, lone night of dread repose
 Which follows death.
 Whilst others in the gay and giddy throng,
 The friends you thought would almost for you die
 If that would serve you ought, lament you not.
 To break the tie
 Which binds th' immortal tenant to this clay
 While here on earth, and launch away
 On soaring pinions to a world unknown:
 How solemn is the thought.
 What wond'rous scenes when once the curtain drops,
 Of joy, or woe, of life, or endless death
 Is then unfolded to the astonish'd soul,
 Beggars description and are only known,
 To him, whose clay is mould'ring in the dust.
 And must we too?
 Soon close our eyes on all terrestrial scenes?
 Soon take our place among the peaceful dead?

Soon quit this world with its cares and fears?
 And be forgot? That we must,
 Is every day set forth before our eyes,
 The babe, the youth, the man in all his strength,
 The hoary headed pilgrim, all depart,
 And say, as plain as e'er did ancient seer
 You all must die,—prepare to meet your God.
 Then why distract our minds?
 And fill our hearts with trouble, and with care?
 Why toil to heap up treasures, and amass?
 The riches of this world; so soon to leave,
 Why harbor in our breasts?
 Envy at those, who in the lap of fortune,
 Are more caress'd than we?
 A few revolving suns will level all,
 Demolish all destructions, save they spring,
 From virtue or from vice.
 Why cherish in our hearts,
 The seeds of anger, of revenge, or hatred,
 'Gainst our most deadly foe?
 But a few moments, and the lamp of life
 Is quench'd for ever, and with it both,
 Their love, and hate.
 Why pride ourselves upon our beauty,
 Our noble birth, our fair accomplishments?
 The grave knows none of those,
 The rich, the poor, the learned the ignorant,
 They all meet here, and know each other not.
 E'en beauty's self, that stood the rapt'rous gaze
 Of thousand eyes, the counterpart of Venus,
 Lies undistinguish'd from the common mass;
 And she, for whom the extremes of earth were search'd
 To add to beauty, or to pamper sense,
 Lies food for worms.
 If then our doom is fix'd and we must all,
 Or soon, or late, descend into the tomb,
 Shall we not think of an eternal world,
 Whither we hasten: do we not know,
 That we are destin'd to an endless state,
 Of greatest joy or deepest misery?
 And can we hesitate.
 Do we not know,
 That we are in a state of trial here,
 Which soon must end,
 And shall we dare to trifle with our God?
 Who mercifully sends his time t'improve,
 And fit us for our journey?
 No, let us not debase our nature so,
 But quick embrace it, while 'tis in our power
 Nor let it slip:
 Lest when too late, we see our error,
 And amidst the flames
 Blown up and fed by our own sins, we find
 A retribution just, and ope our eyes,
 Where horror, and eternal misery reigns.

E. O.

Halifax, 27th. Nov. 1826.

 FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

 PUBLIC ENTERPRIZE.

The progress of our public undertakings within these few years have been great, though we have borne our share of the general depression of trade, felt by most commercial nations.

Public spirit has not hitherto been found wanting, when objects worthy of support, and offering a return for exertion have been brought into notice. As an instance of this, I need only mention the zeal and activity which manifested itself when the project for opening the Shubenacadie Canal was ascertained to be practicable. When a liberal bounty was offered by the Province for the encouragement of the whale fisheries, how willingly and readily did the merchants of Halifax embark in the undertaking, not on contracted or narrow principles, but on an extensive scale, and on such well digested and matured plans, that the same opportunity of success that upholds itself to the man of capital employed in the Nantucket fisheries, now promises a sure return to the merchants of Halifax. On Thursday is to be launched a vessel which by actual measurement is four hundred and two tons, she was built by Mr. Lowden, formerly of Pictou, whose skill as a ship-builder is highly prized, and which may be ascertained by any master, ship-builder, or other person skilled in the trade of ship-building, by viewing the vessel now on the stocks at Dartmouth.* One fourth of the crew are to be Nantucket fishermen, whose activity and expertness in management of the boats used in taking the whale, will ensure success in that department of the enterprise, and as the scheme for the whole voyage is conducted on the most approved principal of shares, there is every chance that persons who have embarked their capital, will be gainers by the voyage.

I beg leave also to draw to your notice another speculation, which at its first projection was thought to be attended with hazard, and which has already compensated many of the shareholders, or some of them, by

*My own knowledge is not sufficient to give a positive opinion, but I am informed by judges that she is as fine a model as has ever been launched from the shores of Nova-Scotia.

a rise of from twenty to thirty per cent on the original investment, I allude to the Iron Foundry on the river — in Annapolis County. A number of obstacles were thrown in the way of this infant and promising speculation, by persons interested in the Iron Foundries in England; those obstacles I am happy to state are now vanishing, and the work is making such progress that the company expect shortly to have the furnace in full operation,* when a profitable staple commodity will be formed as a valuable and important export from our province.

No sooner did the mother country open our ports to Eastern commerce, than the advantages were grasped; a company was formed in Halifax, and a voyage undertaken in the spring of 1825. The vessel returned in the spring of 1826. Her arrival was hailed by heartfelt joy by every native, as the dawning of that period when Nova-Scotia will no longer be dependant on the shipping of other countries for luxuries, and receive the necessaries of life shackled with the charges and duties which under the present liberal policy, has been found totally unnecessary. This voyage terminated greatly to the satisfaction of the shareholders. On the first day of sale the shares were vending at a premium of 16 per cent, and on a final division, netted upwards of 27 per cent. I trust that in the spring we shall again see our capital employed in a like useful and profitable speculation.

These few remarks shew, Mr. Editor, that whilst united, we are capable of effecting much for the general benefit. Without that unity how impossible would it have been to have effected them. Without that, unity would the East India voyage have been undertaken, would the iron foundry have been so near its full operation, or would the Shu-

*I have learned that the company have received orders to cast iron palisades for the new military parade ground in Halifax.

benacadie Canal have met with so great encouragement from the legislature? I sincerely desire Mr. Editor, that literature may meet with the same liberal support from the public at large. Its progress within this few years has certainly been rapid, although the legislative encou-

agement has been slighted, and in some instances totally neglected; few if any schools have been established, since the passing of the last act, and Dalhousie college still remains uninhabited by the instructors of youth.

RANDUM.

November 25, 1826.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

LEISURE HOURS.—No. 1.

Refusal of Charles II. to sign the warrant against Strafford.

“Charles (who loved Strafford tenderly) hesitated, and seemed reluctant, trying every expedient to put off so dreadful a duty as that of signing the warrant for his execution.”—*2d Goldsmith, 385.*

Oh! take the hated warrant from my sight :
Did you but know how fondly we have loved,
How we have joined our kindred hearts in one ;
How, 'mid the sad commotions which have rent
These hapless realms, we shared each other's counsels.
Ask of these nobles whom you see around,
Who gave true counsel to his harassed master ?
Who like a pillar, propped my tott'ring throne,
Seeking t' avert the malice of my foes ?—
They all will answer—“Strafford.”—They can tell
His virtues : valor and his noble deeds.

Laud is imprisoned—Finch is cast aside,
And active Windebank—where, alas! is he ?—
Painful as was to me their cruel fate,
Yet have I scarce complained.—Ah! no : but like
A “stricken deer,” I've hid my inward grief :—
But now who dares to ask my Strafford's life,
And ME to be his graceless murderer ?—

The Commons have withheld my royal dues,
And I have wondered how my friend escaped :
But now they have impeached him, and have cast
His noble person in duress, and dare demand
That I should sign the warrant for his death,—
Wise Strafford's death ?—Ah! that's the tender chord
To which my tortured heart so sadly answers.—
With insults and with scorn I still can bear,
But who can brook such contumely as this ?—

Lords—carry back th' attainder.—Say to those
Who dared to send on such an hateful errand,
That he they still CALL king will not consent
To sign a warrant for his Strafford's death.—
HE was no traitor—though they call him such,
HE loved his country—Do they love it too ?
I've writ the Earl that he shall not be murdered,
And who will contradict my royal word ?
Why stay, my lords? Have I not said enough
But must you watch the secrets of my soul ?

MANDEVILLE.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

REALITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep ;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 But leaves the wretch to weep ?
Edwin and Angelina.

THUS sings the poet of the Deserted Village, but like many things that sound right enough we cannot say in sober prose, that it is true—God forbid that it should be true to the literal extent. No—human nature, depraved as some would describe it, is not incapable of the higher and more generous affections.

The truth is, most of us are too apt to indulge in general expressions of abuse, against what we call the worthlessness of the world, the selfishness—the cold-heartedness of the world. We seldom look at our conduct with that severe and scrutinizing eye we should, and in consequence we think ourselves entitled to receive more attention and kindness at the hands of others, than we have any just claim to.—I am sure to rail at the world, and quote the above passage as an axiom.—On rainy days when the wind comes round to N. W. by N. I feel quite differently, and usually sit down to answer the letters of my friends, in doing which, my views of human nature entirely alters, and I cannot help concluding, that there are more men capable of genuine friendship, than cynical philosophers, or friends and philosophers are willing to allow. Lord Byron in his epitaph on the Newfoundland dog (which by the way he must have composed, when the mercury stood very low in the barometer)—says, "I never knew but one and here lies," Now any reader of Lord Byron, has only to contrast this with the letters and familiar dedications of the same poet, and he will discover that he was not in earnest in the expression. What can be more enjoying than the friendship that subsisted between him and his fellow-traveller in Greece, Mr. Hob-

house? What more noble than his unshaken kindly affection for his contemporary and rival, Moore? What more dignified than the generous praise he bestows on Mr. Canning, whose political views differed essentially from his own? But why recur to examples to settle the affair? Is there any one who requires so much, or has received so little assistance or spontaneous benefits from others, in his intercourse through life, that he has no register of gratitude in his heart? If there are any such, let it be said of them as Shakspeare so feelingly says of those who have no harmony in their souls—

"Let no such man be trusted."

The great difference between a man and a dogiron, consists in the sensibility of the one, and the apathy of the other. Now it happens, unfortunately, that too many partake more of dogiron than of human feeling. Of such stuff, should we expect anything good, sad disappointment will overtake us. The dogirons make sad work when they are entrusted with any kind of power. Every one knows that Charles 12th threatened to send one of his boots to be viceroy in Sweden, and an historian of eminence has observed, that the boot, if sent, would have turned out to be as tyrannical a viceroy as the world had ever seen—because it could have no feelings. They are only fit to be—dogirons.

A certain gentleman was reduced by misfortune to own but one small house, and a tempest overturned it, but while he was deploring this final and as it seemed irretrievable calamity, he espied something glittering among the ruins, which, on closer inspection, proved to be an immense treasure which an ancestor of his had hoarded in a concealed part of the building, and which had been shaken out by its downfall.

In like manner when difficulties

beset us, and the chilling numbness the incalculable worth of friendship of adversity paralyzes our faculties, displays itself.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

To CALISTA.

The stars whose pale faint light adorns
Yon dark blue sky—
Have long their silent course pursued,
Nor will they fail
Thus bearing love's remorseless scorns
As patiently,
I to some woodland solitude
Breathe my sad tale.—
My course should last as long as theirs
Had I the power,
But it cannot endure beyond
A mortal's hour.—
Then let them wrap me in the clay

And write upon my tomb,
Love unreturned but constant did consume
His heart away—
Breathe not regret,
For better 'tis to die than not to love,
Altho' my star has set
Why should I mourn or grieve—
Nay, rather let me end
Like that sweet bird, whose song
Is sweetest at his death.
Thus let my dying breath
A blessing to my fair destroyer send.

Selected.

BIOGRAPHY.

STANISLAUS, KING OF POLAND.

FEW characters appear with greater lustre upon the page of history, than that of Stanislaus, King of Poland, not so much on account of his fame as a warrior, as of his manly virtues. After abdicating the throne of Poland, and being put in peaceable possession of the Duchies of Lorraine and Bar, he succeeded a race of princes who were beloved and regretted: and his subjects found their ancient sovereigns revived in him. He tasted then the pleasure he so long desired, the pleasure of making men happy. He assisted his new subjects: made useful establishments, founded colleges, and built hospitals. He was engaged in these noble employments when an accident occasioned his death. His night gown caught fire and burnt him so severely, that he was seized with a fever, and died the 23d of February, 1766. His death occasioned a public mourning: the tears of his subjects are the best eulogium on this prince. In his youth he had accustomed himself to fatigue, and had thereby strengthened his mind as well as his constitution. He lay always upon a kind of mattress, and seldom required any

service from his domestics. He was temperate, liberal, adored by his vassals, and perhaps the only nobleman in Poland who had any friends. He was in Lorraine what he had been in his own country, gentle, affable, compassionate, treating his subjects like equals, participating their sorrows, and alleviating their misfortunes. He resembled completely the picture of a philosopher, which he himself has drawn. "The true philosopher (said he) ought to be free from prejudices, and to know the value of reason: he ought neither to think the higher ranks of life of more value than they are, nor to treat the lower orders of mankind with greater contempt than they deserve: he ought to enjoy pleasures without being a slave to them, riches without being attached to them, honors without pride or vanity: he ought to support disgraces without either fearing or courting them: he ought to reckon what he possesses sufficient for him, and to regard what he has not, as useless: he ought to be equal in every fortune, always tranquil, always gay: he ought to love order, and to observe it in all his ac-

tions : he ought to be severe to himself, but indulgent to others. he ought to be frank and ingenuous without rudeness. polite without falsehood, complaisant without baseness : he ought to have the courage to disregard every kind of glory, and to reckon as nothing even philosophy itself."—Such was Stanislaus in every situation. His temper was affectionate. He told his treasurer one day to put a certain office on his list, to whom he was very much attached. "In what quality (said the treasurer) shall I mark him down?"—"As my friend" replied the monarch. A young painter conceiving hopes of making his fortune, if his talents were made known to Stanislaus, presented him with a picture, which the courtiers criticised severely. The prince praised the performance and paid the painter very generously ; then turning to his courtiers, he said, "Do ye

not see, gentlemen, that this poor man must provide for his family by his abilities ? if you discourage him by your censures, he is undone. We ought always to assist men ; we never gain anything by hurting them." His revenues were small, but were we to judge of him by what he did, we should probably reckon him the richest potentate in Europe. A single instance will be sufficient to show the well judged economy with which his benevolent plans were executed. He gave 18,000 crowns to the magistrates of Bar to be employed in purchasing grain, when at a low price, to be sold out again to the poor at a moderate rate, when the price should rise above a certain sum. By this arrangement the money increased continually, and its good effects, in a short time were amply felt. Such a character should be handed down to posterity.

INTREPIDITY.

THE following extraordinary instance of intrepidity and friendship is well worth the recording. It is given on the authority of Mr. Hughes, who published a natural history of Barbadoes :—

About the latter end of Queen Anne's wars, Captain John Beanis, commander of the York Merchant, arrived at Barbadoes, from England. Having disembarked the last part of his lading, which was coals, the sailors, who had been employed in that dirty work ventured into the sea to wash themselves ; there they had not been long, before one on board espied a large shark making towards them, and gave them notice of their danger, upon which they swam back, and all reached the boat except one ; him the monster overtook almost within reach of the oars, and griping him by the small of the back, soon cut him asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower part of his body ; the remaining part was taken up and carried on board, where a comrade of his was, whose friendship with the de-

ceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of all such endearing offices as implied an union and sympathy of souls. When he saw the severed trunk of his friend, it was with a horror and emotion too great for words to paint. During this affecting scene, the insatiate shark was seen traversing the bloody surface in search of the remainder of his prey ; the rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board, he alone unhappy, that he was not within reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself in the same grave, he plunges into the deep, armed with a sharp pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him, than he made furiously towards him, both equally eager, the one of his prey, the other of revenge. The moment the shark opened his rapacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand somewhat below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife

in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly; the enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, and finding himself overmatched in his own element, endeavored to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then, mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form, now stained with his own streaming blood, above the waves. The crews of the surrounding vessels saw the unequal combat, uncertain from which of the

combatants the streams of blood issued; till, at length the shark, much weakened by the loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror, who, flushed with an assurance of victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardor, and, by the help of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore, ripped up his bowels, and united and buried the severed carcase of his friend.

— SNUFF-TAKING.

“Every propped inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, (says Lord Stanhope) at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing 16 hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and 24 minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every 10 amounts to 36 days and a half in the year. Hence,

if we suppose the practice to be persisted in for 40 years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it. The expense of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs will be the subject of a second essay, in which it will appear, that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker, as it does on his time; and that by a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt!!!”

— VARIETIES.

ANCIENT COIN.

A fine and well preserved gold coin of king Edward III. was lately found by George Bidgood, a gardener, of Axbridge, while digging up some ground near that ancient town. Its present weight is exactly one hundred and eighteen grains troy; and is about the size of a modern half-crown in circumference. Edward III. is said by many historians, to have struck the first gold coins in England; but Hume says, they are to be found so early as Henry III's time, about a century before. Guthrie's Chronological Tables say, gold was first coined in 1344 (18th Edward III.); if they are correct, this piece may be one of the earliest, and most valuable.

BURIED FORESTS.

At Lawrence Park, four miles beyond Linlithgow, there is a piece of ground lower than the adjoining country, and covered with moss, but tolerably dry, which the proprietor opened with the view of forming a pond. About four feet under the surface, a great number of large trees were discovered, which were pronounced to be oak; the wood was still fresh and fit for use, and there was also found strewed upon the soil, among the trees, a vast quantity of nuts like those of the hazel.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

One of the most simple and useful discoveries in agriculture, is to mix layers of green or new-cut clover with layers of straw in ricks or stacks;

ous the strength of the clover is absorbed by the straw, which, thus impregnated, both horses and cattle eat greedily, and the clover is dried

and prevented from heating. This practice is particularly calculated for second crops of clover and rye-grass.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The grand Duke Constantine was present and assisted at the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, and renewed personally his oath of fidelity to Nicholas.

Sir Walter Scott has sold his house in Edinburgh, and part of his furniture, and is now living at private lodgings. He is writing the life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

On Tuesday morning, the 19th September, the Arsenal at Ostend, containing more than 60 tons of gunpowder, was blown up. Thirty persons lost their lives, and an equal number were mutilated and seriously injured by this explosion. The whole line of houses, on the road to the Barges were desolated, and their owners involved in ruin.

Accounts to 30th August state that Athens is still blockaded by the Turks.

A Frankfort paper speaks of uniting the Seine with the Rhine, and thus forming a water communication between that city and Havre de Grace through the heart of France.

Three distinct shocks of an Earthquake were felt at St. Thomas in the vale on the 18th September.— On the same day two severe shocks were felt at St. Jago de Cuba.

London papers state that the ship with the diving apparatus had returned from Vigo, and that the speculation had failed.

Vice Admiral Sir Edward Codrington is appointed commander-in-chief

in the Mediterranean, in the room of Sir Harry Neale, whose term of service expires in December.

The Pacha has offered a reward of \$20,000 to any person who will capture Lord Cochrane.

A new nautical instrument has been advertised in England. By one operation it shews the difference of latitude and departure, with more correctness, and in one tenth of the time that can be done by any instrument or table yet published.

Since the late revolt in Russia, several of the prisoners have been executed, 121 had their swords broken over their heads, and were stripped of their uniform, 116 were banished to the mines for life, and 5 hanged, a punishment hitherto unknown in Russia.

By the latest accounts the King continued to enjoy good health, and the Duke of York had greatly recovered.

Accounts from India bring rumors of a refraction of the late treaty by the Burmese, and the departure of Sir A. Campbell from Calcutta to join the army.

Letters from the Gold Coasts to July 20, confirm the intelligence of the movements of the King of the Ashantees against our allies in that quarter.

Accounts from England give us every reason to believe, that a favorable and permanent change has taken place in trade.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

In our first number we gave a description of an invention by Mr. Kay, of Pictou, in this province, for the extraction of stumps by means of a winch, and hawser or chain. We now observe that a Mr. Harris

of Upper Canada, has also invented a machine constructed "in a simple manner, and operates by the power of a wooden screw, turned by two levers." We extract from the columns of the Canadian Review, No. 4,

the following information relative to the application of this instrument. This information is worthy the attention of our Farmers. If it can be used with success, it will no doubt much facilitate the present tedious process of clearing our forest:—

“The power of Mr. Harris’s machine for extracting stumps, was tried last Saturday, at his residence in Chingocushy, in presence of a number of gentlemen and mechanics, who went from this town to witness the operation. We are informed by an ingenious mechanic, who was present, that it raised, with great ease, a large stump, which, together with the adhesive earth attached to its roots, would have weighed about ten tons. Our informant is of opinion that if the machine had an iron screw, and some other minor improvements, it would fully answer the designs of the inventor.”

His Majesty’s ship Niemen arrived here from Boston on the 5th November. The Niemen is the only British ship of war which has been at Boston for ten years. Capt. Wallis and the officers of the ship were received with marked attention and politeness. Capt. Wallis was the senior surviving lieutenant of the Shannon, in the action between the Shannon and Cheseapeake.

On the 25th Oct. there was a heavy fall of snow at St. John, N. B. which did not lay long.

The Durham boat Mulcaster, Thomas Chambers master, bound from Prescott to Montreal, was upset in the Cedar Rapids on 5th October last, the cause of this, was the breaking of the steering pin, which rendered the rudder useless; the passengers and crew with the exception of James O’Hara, a native of Ireland, were saved.

The new Catholic chapel at Nelson, N. B. built by subscription, was opened on Sunday, 7th October last.

We are happy to announce the arrival of the Rev. Dr. McCulloch, on Friday the 24th by the Douglas, from

Greenock; also of the Rev. M. Scott, Pastor of St. Matthew’s.

His Excellency Sir Howard Douglass arrived at Frederickton on Sunday 5th November.

The launch of the whaling ship the Pacific, took place at Dartmouth on Thursday the 30th; she is of the burden of 400 tons, built of the best materials, and copper fastened. The Master Builder is Mr. Robert Lowden.

The following is a statement of the Imports and Exports at Quebec up to the 16th October, in this and last year:

Imports, 1825.—8482 Puncheons, and 1255 hogsheads Rum; 505 tierces and 2131 barrels Muscovado Sugar; 413 puncheons Molasses; 6 tierces, and 210 barrels Coffee.

Exports, 1825.—915,002 bushels Wheat; 42,663 barrels Ashes; 36,928 barrels Flour; 3,257 barrels Beef; 11,013 barrels Pork.

Imports, 1826.—8224 puncheons, and 537 hogsheads Rum; 684 hogsheads, 248 tierces, and 1583 barrels Muscovado Sugar; 948 puncheons Molasses; 50 tierces, 48 barrels, and 56 bags Coffee.

Exports, 1826.—135,124½ barrels Wheat; 35,131 barrels Ashes; 26,225 barrels Flour; 2,873 barrels Beef; 5,948 barrels Pork.

MARRIAGES.

At Halifax.—Mr. N. Madison, to Miss Sarah Gray; Mr. Michael Coblenz, to Miss Amelia Harvey; James Lyons, Esq. to Miss Joanna Tobin; Mr. James Witteridge, to Miss Jane Morton; Mr. John Winters, to Miss Catharine Deal.

At Liverpool.—Mr. Andrew Jean, to Miss E. Freeman; Mr. James More, to Miss Eliza Atkins.

At Truro.—Israel Allison, Esq. to Miss Abigail Dickson.

DEATHS.

At Halifax.—Mrs. Mary Doar, aged 46; Mr. Frederick Matthias, 43; Mr. Stephen Elliott, 26; Mr. William Rain, 38; Mr. John F. Salter, 37; Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, 34; Jane Elizabeth Bently.

At Liverpool.—Mrs. Sarah Yates, aged 78; Mr. J. Dexter, 20.

At River John.—Mr. Samuel Nichols, aged 51.