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THE
ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

OL. I.

OCTOBER, 1826.

No. IV.

Selected.

FIGURES IN DOMINOS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF A YOUNG ENGLISHWOMAN.)

On the third of December, 1824, the emperor gave a ball and masquerade, which was fully attended. My propitious stars had brought me acquainted with Goethe, the poet. Day after day I had lived with him in great intimacy and friendship, and he seemed desirous that I should see every thing of consequence, on condition, as I was learning German, that I should note every event in that language. He in kindness took me to the ball. It was splendid in the extreme; but so many attended, that it might be called an "orderly confusion." The emperor was staid and solemn; intending, no doubt, to be courteous, but all did not think so; and myself, for one, thought he was not quite so condescending as he might have been; but no matter for that, he had a goodly set around him. The dancing was new to me, and I confess my prejudices are against waltzing. I did not join in the dance. The masquerade soon followed; and in fact, for a short time, the dance was carried on with masks, then the maskers scattered to find amusement where they could. It was delightful, but I soon became fatigued and threw aside my disguise to join my friend and protector Goethe, who was a privileged person and went where he pleased without a disguise. He was happy to find me, and as we leaned against the wall, I ventured to enquire of him the names and characters of several figures which struck

my attention particularly. Goethe seemed pleased with answering my inquiries, and I proceeded with confidence. "That figure on whom your eyes are fixed, and whose dress and mask denotes that he intended this night to represent Alcibiades, is an old lawyer who has a desire to be thought young, and shudders at growing old as fast as nature intends he shall; still, however, she is very kind to him, for seldom do you see such limbs and such movements after sixty five; for deny it as often as he can, he has reached that age. You see him speaking to every pretty girl in the saloon, from a passion of being wonderfully agreeable. This is his weak side, for in the main he is a clever fellow, and a lawyer of no ordinary character; not that he is very learned, but he is a shrewd discerner of men, and looks quite through their actions and motives—the light of nature is in him. He is not very eloquent, for his voice is rather low and sometimes husky; yet he so arranges and connects his subject, that its weak side is hid and an apparent chain of argument is produced of great strength, and ingeniously wound around his adversary. To be successful, his opponent must break it; not attempt to untwist it. Long practice has given him a faculty of making a witness say almost what he desires him to say, and if any part of the testimony makes against his side of the ques-

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tion he hides it in the general view he takes of the subject, with admirable adroitness. The only infernal spirit he fears is old age. The woman he is addressing is quite his match ; she is the wife of a still older crown-lawyer. Her air is so youthful, her step so elastic, and her manner so engaging, that the chance is, sagacious as he is in finding out characters, that he is now *at fault*. If she does not speak too loud, she has the advantage, for she knows him. This is a remarkable woman ; fifty years ago she floated down the dance to the admiration of all beholders. The gallants of her age are gone. Two generations saw her still beautiful. Her intellect is of a high order. She has figured in the regions of poetry with great fame. The historical events of the last half century have been adorned by her muse, and individuals will be carried down to posterity by her pen. In general, her praise was pretty just ; sometimes, however, she consulted her heart and her partialities more than her understanding. Some of the first verses I ever read were of her composition. When a thousand literary efforts of her contemporaries are gone to oblivion, hers will survive. That she should be a little proud of this is natural ; every poet has the same feelings. Her mind and her thoughts have been freely expressed at all times, without fear or hesitation. She was not only beautiful herself, but has been the mother of beauties. Nineteen years have passed away since I first saw Mrs. D., the daughter of this rare woman. She was then about eighteen, just emerged from the nursery and the school room. She was then the most delightful object that ever attracted the eyes of man—painter, poet or lover. It was at a birth night ball that she appeared, Gaze on her as long as you would, every moment her charms seemed to increase. To symmetry, grace and loveliness, was added a voice divine, pouring out accents which showed the sweet-

est disposition that ever enjoyed a blessing or sustained a trial. The young men who had no particular objects of attention or attachment, moved around her as the sole object of attraction ; and those who had avowed objects of partiality and affection, felt that all the ties which interest, pride and accidental choice had created, were dissolving like frost work in the blaze of her excellencies. In the dance, in the supper room, and in the interchange of civilities, the magic spell which followed her was never for a moment broken. Every one looked at her, and no one living has forgotten that look. The incense of flattery was constantly circling and eddying around her ; but she received it as one whose nature was immortal, whom it could not intoxicate or hardly reach." I hastily asked where is she ? "Where all perfection goes," he replied, "in the grave." I inquired no more, and he continued his tale. "Soon after this she married and was a mother, absorbed in the delicate and holy duties of domestic life. Her husband was a banker, who had like Neckar, risen rapidly into power and consequence. His fame was in every counting room, and the lords of the treasury bowed to him as he passed. But reverses came suddenly, and as his wealth was built on a paper currency he had got up for effect, all went down together. His fall was terrific ; thousands were involved with him, and he fled an exile to Batavia, to avoid the indignation of the public, and to gather some scattered fragments of his fortune, for he had speculated in that region.—She followed, determined to share his fate, and submitted to the humblest chores of domestic life to keep her family together, and all was done without a murmur. This was something above philosophy. It is hard to be deprived of blessings we have long enjoyed, for it is our nature to love indulgence ; it is harder still to see them instantly taken from us, without preparing ourselves for the shock ; but the

hardest of all, is to meet the indifference and heartlessness of the fashionable, the pretended forgetfulness of the ungrateful, and the taunts and sneers of the vulgar. All this she supported like a saint, and died in discharging her duties to a sick friend. So pass away the lovely visions of earth." I broke in upon this elegy as soon as possible, for the great poet was getting as enthusiastic as he was when writing the loves of Charlotte and Werter.

The living, to me, at that moment, were of more consequence than the dead, and I was anxious to get the benefit of his remarks, for there is something delightful in listening to one who can sketch a character in a few words, and who does it in honesty and good nature. A tall figure stood near us, talking with a full voice to a lady dressed as Diana, the huntress. "That," said he, "is General Roxburghen. He has, you see, with the movements of a civilian a little of the grenadier-starch in his neck and shoulders. He is a war commissioner, and has a seat at the military bureau. He is a little particular in the duties of his office, but an officer will always be thought strict, who introduces a thorough reform into his department, and brings order out of confusion. Formerly government were most sadly cheated in many things relating to this office; not from corruption in the officer, but from a want of system in the department.— You shall see him at his cottage; I know him, and can take that liberty. He spends his moments of leisure on his paternal acres, surrounded by comforts and dispensing the pleasures of hospitality. He is an excellent host, and with the best viands, gives you the choicest wines, without stint; and while discussing the errors and fallacies and successes of the last campaign, he will find more nice cuts in a good leg of mutton than any other man. You must see him at his cottage; there he will perhaps talk a little about the reigning beauties, as he is a bachelor, but in ten minutes he will

come back to general matters, and you will find him well informed. If you want to get at our military system; the modes of calling out the militia *en masse*, or to know something of our military schools, I can direct the conversation to those points. He is a very busy man, but you will see nothing of it at his house. But what a loon I am for spending my breath upon a bachelor, however clever he may be, when that goddess of the chase is near. Lady Ophelia Guildenstern, the one he was talking with was celebrated as the first belle of our country twenty years ago. I then wrote sonnets "*to the heaven of her eyes*;" and those eyes are as bright and beautiful now as then. She was thrown a child into the whirl of fashionable life, but she was always so circumspect, discriminating and modest, that the enchantments of the circean cup, so often swallowed to the dregs by the fashionable world, never poisoned her mind. If ever she put it to her lips, the virtues of her heart and the strength of her understanding were the antidote to the bane. After passing through half the splendid circles of the globe, on this continent and in the new world, and the admiration of all, she is still as gentle, modest, bland and conciliatory as when she made one of the laughing loves of the nursery. Year after year I have expected to see marks of time upon her lovely face, remembering how fugitive all poets have made the beauty of the objects of their admiration. Anacreon calls these beauties "*the rose leaves of spring blown away on the summer gale*;" and one of your English poets has sung—

"Flowers anew returning seasons bring,
"But faded beauty has no second spring."

Still, however, she is yet as lovely as ever; the style of her beauty is changed, but the effect is not destroyed. The sylph-like grace of that period of life, when she was culling the violet and chasing the golden-winged insect from one bed of flow-

ers to another, is gone, but that rich maturity of charms, when all that is desirable in person and dignified in thought and manners, are in full perfection. These are the mature charms, which, on the banks of the Nile, won the mighty Roman's heart, and made him throw away the world for love. Had I been Paris, and set in judgement on Ida, Juno should have had the apple." Goethe was nearly exhausted with the intensity of his feelings—how can such warmth of heart exist in these cold regions?

We left the hall in which the masquerade had been held, and my guide led me to a more private room, where were seated several distinguished personages, who felt no inclination to join the amusements of the evening. My eye was instantly fixed on the face of a senator, who seemed bordering on his seventieth year. His limbs appeared affected by some chronic disease, but the evil had not reached his head, for a finer one I never saw. His complexion had not entirely lost the ruddiness of youth; the fire of genius was in his eye, and the soul of a high-minded man shone from the whole of his physiognomy. "That is," said Goethe, "commissioner Gourdoff—he has a high reputation as a diplomatist, is a fine scholar and a perfect gentleman; his honor and fidelity are unquestionable, and you perceive that his elegance of manners and dignity of deportment are not in the slightest degree lost by severe diseases—his eloquence was of a high order, and he had every qualification for the first politician of his age; but the little were afraid of his talents, and the corrupt shuddered at his integrity, and of course he has not been employed as much as he should have been; but all acknowledge his merits, and his ability to discharge the duties of the first office in the empire—history will do him justice, and if I survive him he shall be portrayed in epic story; and what great man goes down to posterity as he ought, without a poet?" As we sauntered through the several

rooms, we frequently saw a young man moving with a measured step and a confidential air, but not without a good portion of true dignity. He seemed on very familiar terms with the high officers of state, and sometimes I thought smiled at their ignorance of facts or illustrations which were offered in conversation.—"That," said Goethe, "is young Oxienstern, a sort of prodigy with us—his course has been singular, but after every cavil, he is truly a great man, or I should perhaps rather say he possesses a great share of mind. In his very boyhood, he was, like Talleyrand, made a dignitary of the church; but not satisfied with this course, after astonishing young and old, by the depth of his learning and the powers of his reasoning, he left the church for a professor's chair at Gottingen. Every where, for he travelled before he began his lectures as the fashion now is, his path was marked by a blaze of light, and he returned to illumine the cells of monkish learning, by his researches not only in the vast stores of philology he had gathered, but in other matters for he did not stop with fixing Hebrew accents or Greek particles, or the reduplications in the unwritten languages of the North American savage, but went on to discuss the nature of governments and the doctrines of political freedom, with a boldness worthy a reformer, and at the same time studied the arts with success. From these circumstances, the public eye was fixed upon him as a politician; and all governments, you know, are obliged to yield to public sentiment. He became a counsellor of state at an early age, and amongst the grey-beards fully maintained his reputation for superior acquirements. He has some enemies, as such resplendent talents will always create; but he has been injured more by his gossiping friends, than by his most inveterate enemies—there is an indiscriminate folly in praise, as well as a sweeping hatred in common censure; but his talents and his good sense

will in the end save him from his friends, and from his enemies he has nothing to fear,—the tall flax which grows on the luxuriant banks of the Nile, requires no small degree of breaking and hatchelling before it is made into the *fine linen of Egypt*." Such a man is national property, and should be so considered and protect-

ed leaden headed stupidity is often used by the envious as an engine to break down such minds. A thick skin is necessary to preserve the vitals of a politician from chafing and inflammation. Indifference, if that medicine can be obtained, is the best cure for the festering wounds inflicted by envy on successful ambition.

THE CRUSADER.

He is come from the land of the sword and shrine,
 From the sainted battles of Palestine,
 The snow plumes wave o'er his victor crest,
 Like a glory the red cross hangs on his breast ;
 His courser is black, as black as can be,
 Save the brow star white as the foam of the sea,
 And he wears a scarf of broidery rare,
 The last love gift of his lady fair :
 It bore for device a cross and a dove,
 And the words, " I vow to my God and my love !"
 He came not back the same as he went,
 For his sword has been tried, and his strength has been spent,
 His golden hair has a deeper brown,
 And his brow has caught a darker frown,
 And his lip hath lost its boyish red,
 And the shade of the south o'er his cheek is spread ;
 But stately his step and his bearing high,
 And wild the light of his fiery eye ;
 And proud in the lists were the maiden bright,
 Who might claim the knight of the cross for her knight.
 But he rides for the home he has pined to see
 In the Court, in the camp in captivity.

He reached the castle,—the gate was thrown
 Open and wide, but he stood there alone,
 He entered the door,—his own step was all
 That echoed within the deserted hall,
 He stood on the roof of the ancient tower,
 And for banner there waved one pale wall flower ;
 And for sound of the trumpet and sound of the horn,
 Came the scream of the owl on the night-wind borne ;
 And the turrets were falling, the vassals were flown,
 And the bat ruled the hall he had thought his own.
 His heart throbb'd high : oh never again
 Might he soothe with sweet thoughts his spirit's pain !
 He never might think on his boyish years
 'Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm tears
 Which hope and memory shed when they meet.
 The grave of his kindred was at his feet :
 He stood alone, the last of his race,
 With the cold wide world his dwelling place.
 The home of his fathers' gone to decay,—
 All but their memory was passed away ;
 No one to welcome, no one to share,
 The laurel he no more was proud to wear,
 He came in the pride of his war success
 But to weep over very desolateness.
 They pointed him to a barren plain
 Where his father, his brothers, his kinsmen were slain ;
 They show'd him the lowly grave where slept
 The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept,

But they could not show him one living thing
To which his withered heart could cling.

Amid the warriors of Palestine
Is one, the first in the battle line ;
It is not for glory he seeks the field,
For a blasted tree is upon his shield,
And the motto he wears is, " I fight for a grave,"
He found it—that warrior has died with the brave '

L. E. L.

RETROSPECTIVE.

Mr. Editor,

THE following is an extract from a Review of Hakluyt's History of the West Indies :—" Whether (say the retrospective reviewers) the inhabitants of the American Continent are to be considered as aborigines of the soil, or as emigrants from the old world, is a question which, at this day, it is impossible to settle. Neither, if the latter supposition be true, is it of much consequence to determine from which division of the old quarter of the globe the new one was peopled. The Egyptians were, most probably, the first who launched their keels upon the trackless waters ; but as the construction of their single sail was only adapted to a free or fair wind, it is by no means unlikely, that, when blown from the coast by a strong gale, they continued to drive across the atlantic till they arrived at those delightful shores, where nature is spontaneously bountiful, and from which they could have had (after the fatigues and hunger they must have endured) but few motives to induce them to recede. Indeed supposing attempts to return were made, they must have been soon abandoned, from the great difficulties attendant on the enterprize—the utter ignorance of navigation, and the want of that necessary instrument, the mariner's compass, to direct their way.

" Several hundred years before the christian era, the Egyptians and Phœnicians made frequent voyages to various parts of the Mediterranean, and along the western shores of Africa ; nor were their successors, the Carthaginians, less enterprising in their

naval adventures. Ancient writers assert and we see no reason to doubt the truth of their relation, that the Phœnicians discovered the Azores (a great advance toward the western world) and even proceeded as far to the northward as our own island, which they visited, perhaps catching the trade winds near the western Islands.

" We read in Scripture, of the fleet of Solomon navigating the Red Sea under the guidance of the Phœnician mariners, and thence to the western shores of Hindostan, where we feel convinced vast fields for scientific discovery yet remain unexplored. In a voyage undertaken about this time (upwards of two thousand years before De Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope), and which occupied a period of more than two years, Herodotus writes that the king of Egypt having abandoned his project of uniting the Nile to the Arabian Gulph, supplied the Phœnicians with ships, ' commanding them to enter the northern sea by the Pillars of Hercules, and sail back by that route to Egypt.' The Phœnicians sailing from the Red Sea, afterwards entered the southern ocean, and returned to Egypt, passing by the Pillars of Hercules, that is through the Straits of Gibraltar ; and they affirmed that sailing round Lybia, they had the sun on the right.' This certainly is conclusive evidence of their having crossed the Equator, and most probably, when the sun had a southern declination ; but as their voyage continued so long, if they actually did pass round the Cape, the sun would

naturally appear to the northward, when on the meridian. To those who have been accustomed to, or have ever witnessed, a north westerly wind blowing from the southern promontary of Africa, even in a stout ship, well rigged and ably manned, when for days together, the only canvass spread, or that could possibly be spread, has been a main stay-sail, the above account must appear rather improbable; particularly as they saw the sun to the right, or to the north, it must then have been crossing or near the Equator, or, perhaps, to the northward of it, when gales of wind are most frequent.* Still do we not consider it as wholly impossible: ships sometimes sail round that dreaded part with a fair breeze, and without encountering single peril; yet it is remarkable such a command should be given, and such a voyage undertaken, when the existence of the southern promontary was actually unknown. If, however, it was believed and we see no absolute cause really to discredit the worthy old Grecian, it certainly displays a very great knowledge of seamanship, more, indeed, than the pride of our moderns would give them credit for, and they readily account for peopling a considerable portion of the new hemisphere, from the old.

"Columbus in his second voyage, discovered part of a vessel, on the shore at Gaudaloupe, which afforded some presumption that the new world had been visited before, though it supplies no evidence that any individual had ever returned to announce the discovery. Another almost undeniable proof is, that at a place called Quarequa, in the Gulph of Daden, Vasco Nunez met with a colo-

* The Memorial Universal, tom. xiii. p. 8, announces that a vessel of cedar has been discovered in the earth, in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. It bears the appearance of being the remains of a Phœnician vessel, which, if it is true, looks like a confirmation of the story of Herodotus.

ny of negroes! Plato in his dialogue, entitled *Timæus*, wherein he speaks of the universal nature and frame of the world, relates the history of an ancient island to the west, named *Atalantis*, imagined to have existed before the flood, and to be much larger than Africa and Asia, combined. The inhabitants are represented as a bold and warlike people, capable of great exertion, and famed for heroic exploits. By this island was a passage to numerous other islands, and from these islands to the continent 'which was right over against it, near unto the sea.' This fabulous island was said to have been engulfed in the ocean, and all its warlike inhabitants to have perished. Plato states that he derived his information from an Egyptian priest, who delivered the tradition to Solon, and the latter communicated it to the uncle of Critias, the individual whom the philosopher introduces as rehearsing it. That this fable operated powerfully on the understandings of after ages, is highly probable, for, as science began to emerge from the depths of monastic solitude, and man shook off the trammels of superstition and ignorance, so the moral or sequel to the tale was made apparent.

"Seneca, in his *Medea*, utters almost in the spirit of prophecy his belief, that new worlds would be discovered. Whether any attempts were made to search for this promised land before the Genoese flourished in their maritime commerce, and were esteemed the first navigators of the day, we have no positive information. The earliest accounts of such an undertaking proceed from the unsuccessful project of two skillful natives of Genoa, in the thirteenth century, *Tedisio Doria* and *Ugolino Vivaldi*, who sailed with the express intention of discovering new countries, and of circumnavigating the globe by a western course: but unfortunately, they either perished at sea or were driven to parts from whence they never returned. When

the great discoverer of the West Indies first revealed his design, he was regarded as a madman, or ridiculed as a fool ; but when he had actually accomplished what he proposed, envy and malice, with their thousand tongues, were eager to lessen his reputation, and rob him of that fame which was so eminently his due. The claims of the celebrated Columbus ; as the first who ever returned from the western world, are universally allowed. Strong and general must have been the interest excited by his departure, for even his enemies could not have refrained from admiring the steady perseverance and heroic fortitude of the daring seaman, who, despising danger, difficulty, or distress, boldly turned from the shores of his home, to wrestle with the tempest, and to brave the billows, in search of unknown lands. What were his own feelings upon the occasion we can but faintly enter into, nor the delight, the joy, which must have almost overpowered his mind, when, according to his predictions, *land* first appeared to the toil-worn, fainting cheerless mariners. Nor was it a bleak and inhospitable coast ; but, from our own experience it must have appeared to them a terrestrial paradise. The beautiful clearness of the sky, the brilliancy of the two celestial hemispheres glowing with light, and the constant verdure of the earth, must have filled them with astonishment and admiration ; nor is it surprising, that, on their return to Spain, the narrative of such a voyage should be highly exaggerated ; yet on the whole, the celebrated Peter Martyr may be considered as having given a faithful relation, derived from living sources—the discoverers themselves.

“ Many different opinions have been formed with respect to the first inhabitants of the West India islands ; it appears, however, most reasona-

ble to suppose that the mild and peaceable natives, found by Columbus in Hispaniola and the adjacent islands, were the original founders, and that the more warlike and destructive Caribes (or Caribbees as it is now spelt,) emigrating from the southern continent, and finding that delightful spot of never-ceasing verdure attacked the other Indians, and carried them away as slaves. The contrast between the two people is very striking and remarkable. The first (the Caribbees) were bold, daring, and undaunted, preferred death to the loss of liberty, and looked upon martial enterprise as the principal concern of life.

“ They viewed all the rest of mankind as their lawful prey, yet among themselves were friendly, affectionate and faithful. The latter (the Indians) were, generally, found to be submissive, kind, and patient—submissive to their subjugators—kind to their enemies, and patient under the cruel hand of their remorseless oppressors. But very few descendants of either party now exist, and these are so mingled as to afford only a faint representation of the habits and manners of their forefathers.

“ In his first voyage, Columbus had left several of the crew at Hispaniola, but, on his return, not one remained alive ; they had been murdered by the natives for their rapacity and cruelty. The first settlement of the Spaniards was at Hispaniola, but the admiral visited other islands, Jamaica, Cuba, &c. and expressed himself highly delighted with their beauty, but, in Jamaica, they discovered no gold to induce them to remain there. The natives, finding the Spaniards about to continue their residence among them, and smarting under the yoke which was imposed upon them, took up arms, but European science overcame the superiority of numbers, and finally prevailed.”

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

A Version of part of the 7th Chapter of Job.

I love not life—it is a burden grown—
 DISTRESS and CARE have claim'd me for their own,
 And pale DISEASE, with unremitting hand,
 Sports with my sight, and casts them to the wind.

In vain doth night return to bless these eyes,
 Sighing I say, "Oh when shall I arise?
 "When will the night be gone!" Convuls'd with pain,
 I raise my eyes to heav'n for aid in vain,
 My heart grows faint—and TOSSING TO AND FRO,
 I waste the lonely hours in sullen woe.

Or if indeed my eyes should chance to close,
 And weary nature gain a slight repose,
 Then am I rack'd with terrifying dreams;
 Wild shrieks I hear, and melancholy screams,
 While hideous phantoms crowd my troubled sight,
 Adding new horrors to the glooms of night.

Oh! I'm forlorn—in bitterness of soul
 My cries burst forth—like floods my sorrows roll—
 Forgot—abandon'd—pitiless—alone—
 No friendly ear inhales the HEART-WRUNG groan,
 No soothing converse my sad spirit cheers;
 No feeling breast receives my bitter tears.—
 Gone is each comfort—hope itself is fled,
 O! that I rested with the quiet dead.

CECIL.

St. John, N. B.

Selected.

HABITS OF INSECTS.

The *Dragon Fly* is an inhabitant of the air, and could not live in water; but in the latter element, which is adapted for her young, she ever carefully drops her eggs.—The larvæ of the *Gad-Fly* are destined to live in the stomach of the horse. How shall the parent, a two-winged fly, convey them thither? By a mode only extraordinary. Flying round the animal, she curiously poises her body for an instant, while she glues a single egg to one of the hairs of his skin, and repeats this process till she is fixed, in a similar way, many hundred eggs. These after a few days, or the application of the slightest moisture attended by warmth, hatch into little grubs. Whenever, therefore the horse chances to lick

any part of his body to which they are attached, the moisture of the tongue discloses one or more of these grubs, which adhering to it by means of the saliva, are conveyed into the mouth, and thence find their way into the stomach. The most wonderful part of the business is, that the gad-fly places her eggs only on those parts of the skin which the horse is able to reach with his tongue; nay, she confines them almost exclusively to the knee, or the shoulder, which he is sure to lick. What could the most refined reason, the most precise adaptation of means to an end do more?—A dead mole, placed on a garden bed, disappeared in three days; and on digging where it had been laid, it was found buried

to the depth of three inches, and under it four *Beetles*, which seemed to have been the agents of this singular inhumation. At the end of six days, the mole was swarming with maggots, apparently the issue of the beetles, which, it was rightly concluded, had buried the carcass for the food of their future young. The experiment was tried with a glass vessel, properly secured, and half full of earth, upon which two frogs were laid. In less than twelve hours, one of the frogs was interred by two of the beetles; the other ran about the whole day as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining corpse, which, on the third, was also found buried. A dead linnet was then introduced, and a pair of beetles were soon engaged upon the bird. They began their operations by pushing out the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made by dragging at the feathers of the bird, from below, to pull it into its grave. The male having driven the female away, continued the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it, and arranged it in the grave, and, from time to time, came out of the hole, mounted upon it, and trod it under foot and then retired below and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with this uninterrupted labour, it came forth, and leaned its head upon the earth beside the bird, without

the smallest motion, as if to rest itself, for a full hour; when it again crept into the earth. The next day, in the morning, the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and the trench remained open the whole day, the corpse seeming as if laid out upon a bier, surrounded with a rampart of mould. In the evening it had sunk half an inch lower, and, in another day, the work was completed, and the bird covered. Thus in fifty days, the four beetles buried twelve carcasses: viz. four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. In another experiment, a single beetle buried a mole forty times its own bulk and weight, in two days.—The *Ear-wig* very nearly approaches the habits of the hen in the care of her family. She absolutely sits upon her eggs, as if to hatch them, and guards them with the greatest care. Her eggs being scattered, she will collect them one by one, with her jaws, into a heap, and assiduously sits on them as before the interruption. The young ones resemble the parent, except in wanting elytra and wings, and, strange to say, are as soon as born larger than the egg which contained them. They immediately shelter like a brood of chickens under the mother, who very quietly suffers them to creep between her feet, and will often sit over them in this posture for hours.

EXTRACTS FROM SIX MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES.

This work is written with much humour, we trust the following extracts will afford amusement to our readers:—

TRINIDAD.

Nothing pleased me so much as the corn-bird's nest.* This bird, in order to lay her eggs in safety and defeat those ingenious hidalgos the monkeys, weaves a kind of purse

*The oriole or *sylvia pensilis* of Buffon I believe.

net such as we see used in petty shops to contain bales of twine and other light articles. This she suspends by a twisted cord of creepers from the outermost limb of many of the great trees; at the bottom of the purse, which is the broadest part, lies the nest, and there she swings away backwards and forwards before

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the breeze in the prettiest manner imaginable. I believe she gets in at the bottom, but the extreme height prevented me from seeing the aperture. If a man were disposed to be fanciful, he would say, that the Indians borrowed their chinchorro or hammock from the corn-bird's nest, though the bird has the advantage a thousand times over in airiness and motion. I took some credit to myself when looking at these nests, for the following quotation:—

Hush a bye ! corn-bird ; on the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will
rock ;

If the bough breaks, thy cradle will fall,
Then down will come cradle and corn-
bird and all.

According to appointment, at nine the next morning, Mr. Mitchell's house was surrounded by a noisy multitude of men, women, and children. Some came to be baptized, some to gossip, and some to be married. Many of the latter brought in their arms smiling arguments that the prayers of the church for fecundity would be superfluous. They all entered the house with perfect nonchalance, roamed about in every part of it, and laughed and gabbled in as unrestrained a manner as they would have done in their own huts. Mrs. Mitchell's parlour, where I had slept, was constituted baptistery and altar. A white cloth was spread on the table, and a large glass vase, filled with pure water, was placed in the middle. After about a quarter of an hour's arduous exertions on the part of the governor and commandant, these light-hearted creatures were reduced to as low a degree of noise, as their natures would admit. The bishop then read the first part of the service, the whole party kneeling on the floor; but when the rite of aspersion came to be performed, there had like to have been a riot from the mothers jockeying for the honor of first baptism at the bishop's hand. The two chaplains ministered till they streamed, and never did I hear such incessant squalling and screaming as arose from the regene-

rated piccaninnies. I think seventy were baptized and registered, which was the most laborious part of all. We had some difficulty in collecting them for the conclusion of the service, but upon the whole the adult negroes behaved exceedingly well, and displayed every appearance of unfeigned devotion.

And then came Hymen! Bless thine eyes, sweet divinity, how I love thee! Thou that camest so easily to those poor votaries, when wilt thou come to me? When wilt thou with a spark from thy golden torch set fire to political economy, and reduce to ashes the relation which sexagenarians have created between population and the means of subsistence.

About a dozen couples were agreed, but seven or eight more were influenced by the sweet contagion, and struck up a marriage on the spot as we see done at the ends of the old comedies. One woman, I remember, turned sulky and would not come to the scratch, but Chesapeak her lover was not to be so done; "Now you savey, Moll," said he, "me no tand your shim shams; me come to be married, and me *will* be married; you come beg me when I got another;" still Moll coquetted it; Chesapeak went out, staid five minutes, and, as I am a christian man, brought in a much prettier girl under his arm, and was married to her forthwith. I suppose Chesapeak had his reputation. I have known cases in England, where something of this sort of manly conduct would have had a very salutary effect. Now a grand difficulty arose from there being no rings; those in the women's ears being too large by half. Hereupon I took,—not thy hair, my Eugenia! oh, no,—but a gold hoop which my good father bought for me from a wandering Jew; this I proffered for the service of the sable bridegrooms, and I now wear it as a sort of charm as close as possible to Eugenia's hair. It noosed thirteen couples. I gave away most of the brides; one of them, a pretty French girl of

the Romish faith, behaved very ill; she giggled so much that the clergyman threatened to desist from the ceremony, and her mate, a quiet and devout protestant, was very angry with her. When she was kneeling after the blessing, I heard her say to her husband,—“Dit-on, Jean! hooka drole maniere de se marier! he! he! he!” I’ll warrant she leads her spouse a decent life of it.

The jail is the best in the Antillis, and really is respectable. An honest tread-wheel has been wisely provided, and this grand invention has been found to produce the same salutary effects in Trinidad, which it has done wherever it has revolved its portly body.

—Labatur in omne volubilis œvum.

It must accompany every step in the process of emancipation.

As far as I could see or hear, the execution of the orders in council had created no permanent disturbance, and the planters themselves were willing to confess that a great deal of causeless violence had been displayed upon the occasion. The market on Sunday is allowed till half past nine or ten, at which time the place is cleared. This measure at first excited great opposition, but it is not now thought of, or only mentioned to be applauded. The institution of banks for petty savings does not seem to be a wise plan of going to work in a society like this; the object should rather be to induce an appetite for comforts of dress and food which can only be purchased by the product of some labour.—I would rather that a negro spent a dollar in buying a new hat than that he should lay it up in the bank.—With the new hat he will purchase or acquire a perception of and craving for new comforts and new conveniencies; he will be more and more loth to part with what has either gratified his vanity or contributed to his ease, and the pain of losing will be in just proportion to the pleasure of possessing the article. When this pain begins to be felt

constantly, the great difficulty will be surmounted; a stimulus to industry, a spur to improvement will have been introduced into the mind, and from that time forward the negro may be safely left to the impulsion of those external or internal agents which are commonly found to be effectual in the more civilized regions of the globe. The unequivocal existence of this stimulus in steady operation seems to me to be the true and unerring sign of the arrival of that æra when emancipation will be a blessing to the slave, the master and the community. If, before this point be attained, complete freedom be given to all the bondmen in the British colonies, it is as demonstrable morally as any proposition in Euclid is mathematically, first that the property in the soil must change hands; secondly, that the commerce of the Islands must languish or die altogether; and thirdly, that the progress of civilization in the negroes themselves must be indefinitely retarded, and the quality of their future condition incalculably debased.

A bank for savings is the peculiar product of an age and nation of high refinement, dense population and laborious subsistence. It is that aid which should alone be given to the *industrious* poor. It should follow at some distance the birth and active operation of those physical and moral agents by which man is impelled onwards in the road of general improvement; if it precedes, it may prevent their existence at all, or at best, it will infallibly protract the period of their birth. Now the negroes in the West Indies are not an industrious poor; they are indolent by nature, as their brethren in Africa are at this moment in whatever part of the continent they may have been examined, and this natural indolence is justified in their eyes and rendered inveterate by a climate and a soil which not only indispose to labour, but almost make it unnecessary. You exhort a man to work to till the fertile ground and to aspire after the passion of the obvious com-

forts of opulence; he answers that he does not want them, thanks God that the yams and plantains will grow abundantly for his eating; and that new rum is very cheap at the grog-shop; any thing beyond this cannot be worth the trouble to be undergone for it. What has the philanthropist to do? Not to set up a bank for his savings certainly, or at least not to rely upon it, he has no *savings*; he may indeed very likely plunder his master or his neighbour, and you will not be improving him by four per cent. upon such a deposit. Suppose he were to accumulate in this manner a sum large enough to purchase his freedom, which some have done, have you really benefitted that man? Not in the least. All you have done is this, that whereas the slave was compelled to labour and was thereby kept within certain bounds of sobriety, the freed man becomes the first week a vagabond, the second a robber, and the third a grinder of corn by the sweat of his legs in the jail of Port of Spain.

The philanthropist has one object to effect, and only one; he must civilize the negroes. He cannot do this by force, for the sources of barbarism are in the mind, and the mind even of a negro is intangible by violence. He cannot take the castle of Indolence by storm, for it will vanish before his face to re-appear behind his back. He must make his approaches in form and carry a charm in his hand; he must hold steadily before him the mirror shield of knowledge and cause the beautified captives to see themselves therein. He cannot disenchant them until he has first inspired into their hearts a wish to be disenchanting, and they shall no sooner have formed that wish than the spell which hath bound them shall be broken forever.

Although the bank is nearly nugatory at present, I am not sorry upon consideration that it exists. There may be some slaves so far advanced beyond their fellows as to become legitimate and beneficial depositors,

and as freedom may be purchased in Trinidad, it may in such cases prove a valuable assistance to a regular and voluntary industry. At all events the institution is ready to act, whenever civilization shall render it advantageous.

ANTIGUA.

I went to see the African free apprentices, who were all drawn up in line in the yard of the custom-house. They amount to upwards of two hundred, and consist of natives of the various coasts of Africa, who have been captured by our cruisers on board unlawful bottoms, and landed at St. John's. It has been the intention of government to bind out these persons as apprentices for seven years under the ordinary incidents of that species of service, and to declare them absolutely free at the expiration of the term. This plan does not at present succeed. As there is no law to compel the planter to accept the services of these apprentices, he naturally consults his own interests alone in hiring them.—Unfortunately these wretched creatures are for the most part so barbarous, that it has been found almost impossible to induce them to engage in any regular work, and so profligate that they universally import disorder and vice into every plantation, where they may be. About thirty only were of such a character that they could be safely employed. The rest remain in idleness, or in very useless occupations, and are maintained entirely at the expense of government. This is becoming a very serious burden, and is increasing from quarter to quarter, without the accomplishment, or the hope of the accomplishment, of any permanent good. It is in vain to represent to them the superior advantages of independence, and the possession of enjoyments that are only to be obtained by industry; it is equally in vain to tell them of the fertility of Trinidad, where they may have land given to them on the condition of cultivating it, and where their labour would be highly valuable; . . . nothing

moves them, nothing seems to make them think for a moment of family or fortune, besides that there is always at bottom a suspicion lurking in their minds that you are going to entrap them in some snare of which they are ignorant, and from which they shall not afterwards be able to escape. One short Guinea-man, an uncommon rogue with lines and slashes tattooed on his forehead, cheeks and chin, in token, as he told me, of his being "a jantleman at home," replied to a very energetic discourse of mine in these words: . . . "massa, me tank you for your tongue, but me like stay here, me like Antigger very well, de king he do give me two bitt a day, and me no for go to

Trinidad no not at all; "who is your king?" I asked. "Ki" retorted my Guinea bird "my king! de sam as you, sare, King George!" . . . and grinned like one of the last scene devils in Don Giovanni in the spirit of his conquest.*

*These Africans are much disliked by the Creole slaves. It is common to hear two of them quarrel bitterly with each other, when all the curses of England and Africa are mutually bought and sold; but your right Creole generally reserves his heaviest shot for the end. After pausing a moment, and retiring a few steps, he saith . . . "You, you!" with the emphasis of a cannon ball; "who are you, you — Willyforce nigger!" Whereat Congo, or Guinea foamed at the mouth, Creole evades rejoicing in the last blow.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE BLOODY CREEK.

— juvat ire sub umbras.

Æ. IV. v. 660.

Close by the margin of a placid stream,
The youthful bard enjoys his waking dream,
And most delights when Sol denies his ray,
To watch the cloud that dims the face of day.
Each beauty nature on her works bestows,
The dark green hill, the lucid wave that flows
Along the even tenor of the vale
With softened grace his fancy now regale.
Perhaps the rivulet that calmly glides,
Washing the pendant willow with its tides,
(Seeming an emblem peace would joy to chuse)
'Midst scenes propitious to the greatest muse,
Departed days saw reddened in the strife,
That human vice and passion brings to life.—
Here the incautious soldiers trod the plain,
With courage which alas they found was vain,—
There in the many tinted green wood shade,
With dire intent the ambush'd force array'd
The skill of Europe and the savage art,
From thickest gloom to hurl the mortal dart,
Or draw the ashen bow with aim secure,
When the unthinking victim sought the lure
Some fall and others look around for flight,
The arrows from each side confuse the sight,
And balls that sing their death note as they fly,
Tell them that France's sons are lurking nigh.
They fly, they scatter, but at last they fall,
The gallant band have sunk beneath the Gaul.
The blood-stain'd brook now blushes deep with shame
That stamps eternal horror on its name.
The poet's ear had early drank the tale,
The dying groans in fancy swell the gale,
The darker day recalled the moral gloom,
Of human life so hurried to its tomb
By human—no but, by inhuman hands
The curse of earth—War's mercenary bands.

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In vain the summer sun shall gild the scene,
 In vain the summer sky shall smile serene,
 In vain the aspen trembling o'er the water,
 (Darkened in memory by the savage slaughter)
 Attracts his eye, it cannot touch his heart,
 Or cheerful feelings to his soul impart:
 While every spot around him has its story
 Of human wretchedness and murder's glory.
 Far more congenial to him is the hour,
 When the dark sky o'er clouded seems to lower
 In threatening mood o'er earth's most lovely dales,
 And melancholy's darkest mood prevails.

Δσ'λαα.

 RETROSPECTIVE.

(Concluded from page 86.)

“ America will have her share of the coasting, and a very small share of the carrying trade to Europe, from whence she must be supplied with manufactures; and England, for many reasons, will have the greatest share of the trade. The attempts of other nations must be feeble. The English manufactures will suit the American market. The deep, safe, and commodious harbours of his Majesty's dominions, the expensive and convenient wharves, warehouses, &c. the great capitals, commercial enterprise, the open liberal confidence of the English merchants, and the great property of the manufacturers, leave them no room to fear the loss and diminution of that trade. A merchant's object is gain, and no prejudices will warp him from his interest, or incline him to go to a losing market. England alone can give that length of credit, which America stands in need of. Their returns are slow indeed, because their riches lay in the bowels of the earth, where they must dig to come at the possession; and as the seasons are variable, their remittances for European goods are consequently tedious and uncertain. The English merchants alone are qualified to meet these inconveniencies.

“ The nature of the French government, the customs and genius of the people, the smallness of the capitals employed in trade, which is thought unworthy the notice of gen-

tlemen, and their deficiency and inferiority in many articles of commerce, leave them at present little chance of deriving great advantages from American independence. Yet England should not be confident of her security. It behoves her to have a watchful eye to that quarter, from whence at last will come the downfall of English greatness.— When trade loses its mystery, and becomes fashionable (not disgraceful) in France, when by artful and deep laid commercial treaties, and other alluring wiles, they inveigle our mechanics and manufacturers, and at the same time throw open the gates of their *religious* seminaries of sloth, idleness and superstition, then English greatness will begin to totter. The independence of America is an event of no great magnitude, but it will lead the way to the commercial independence of all Europe, which will prove a most important revolution. A few Dutch merchants have large capitals, and are qualified to give long credit; but their diffident and mistrustful disposition, checks all extensive credit. Their transatlantic voyages are also very tedious and expensive; and undertaken with very little spirit of enterprise. The other maritime powers bear a share in commerce, too small to merit particular notice. They can indeed supply the Americans with some articles, at first cost, cheaper than they can be purchased in England; but

the tediousness and difficulty of procuring a cargo, when the commerce is so limited, enhances the price so much, that English merchants can supply the American market with the same articles, cheaper than foreigners can sell their own manufactures. They know when the manufacturer stands most in need of money, and coming forward with great demand of it, make large purchases at low rates; from the extent too of their dealings and correspondence, they can make advantageous purchases whenever they offer; these favourable circumstances enable them to sell at a very moderate advance. A general ship may be cleared at the port of London, in three, four, or six weeks; when the same vessel may be five or six months at a foreign port, and be at last obliged to sail half loaded. With so great advantages, England may secure the trade of America, nor would she have any thing to fear from their independency, if the ministry and the English merchants knew their own and the country's interest, and did not suffer themselves to be bullied and cajoled out of their senses by a crafty people. I am led to make this observation from the evident proofs the ministry and mercantile part of the nation have given, and still continue to give of their ignorance of the state of America. My observations are not theoretical notions conceived on prejudice, slightly considered, or hastily taken up; but truth candidly and impartially stated from no view or motive of advantage, but a hearty wish in whatever situation I am placed, to render every service in my power to my country. My king, my country, its laws and constitution I love and revere.

“At the conclusion of the last war, our merchants imagined the Americans were in want of every thing, whereas they were overstocked with European goods, particularly English, which they either received in foreign bottoms, or which were thrown into their hands by the trea-

chery of our own people. However the English, (while the Dutch and other nations were better acquainted with their situation,) supplied them with goods which they could not consume for years, nor pay for in seven, perhaps in seventy times seven years.—Accordingly they sold them at vendue twenty-five per cent. and upwards under prime cost. The best remittance an honest American could have made to his English correspondent, was to have returned his own goods, burthened with every expense since they left England. Conceiving they could benefit by the experience of former times, a new set of merchants with less capital took up the trade to America, the old dealers being shy of renewing their connections with a country by which they had sustained so great losses. They made sure of preserving themselves safe, and for that purpose determined to give no credit, accordingly they sent out supercargoes and inexperienced clerks to dispose of their goods by retail, to individuals whose characters and abilities to pay they knew not. Many became purchasers at any price because they had no intention to pay.—These clerks and supercargoes passing themselves as principals or partners in houses in England, and lived like princes at a very great expense. The splendour of their public appearance led me to ask what foreign noblemen they were? Many never returned to give an account of their stewardship. Thus the merchants became dupes to their own credulity, sustained very capital losses, and discovered their ignorance of America. The middle and northern States artfully becoming Jew brokers, agents, carriers, and middle men between Great Britain and the southern States, add much to the uncertainty of remittances, which can only be made in indigo, rice and tobacco. Had the English merchants been well acquainted with America, finding they had no occasion for middle men, would have sent their manufactures to the States, where the sta-

ple commodities are raised, and from whence they can only expect remittances. One house in Norfolk, for tobacco, and a few well supported houses in the southern States, with one or more partners residing in each house, would secure the profitable trade of America. Both countries would find a benefit and derive a very great advantage from such a measure. These houses would supply them with every thing they stand in need of, especially with slaves, which they must have; and therefore will pay for sooner than for merchandize: but a supply of both will secure to the merchant all the returns they can make. A little experience would enable them to perceive that they formerly paid too dear for agency. Such a method of transacting business would be safe, easy, and beneficial, and might in time be the means of separating South, from North America: from the last of which, we never did, and never can, derive any advantage. If the southern States dont chuse to attend to their own interest, they may continue pigeons as long as they please to submit to be plucked.

“When America was connected with England, it was perhaps politic, in order to promote the general interest, and to support the whole by a participation of advantages, to throw the carrying trade as much as possible into the hands of the northern States. In their independent state that consideration vanishes.

“At present they stile themselves *The Thirteen United States*; a title to which they have no right. They are not united, but very much disunited. The New Hampshire people never signed the Federal Union; and had ministry been inclined to avoid bringing disgrace upon their king, their country, and themselves, by receiving a person of quality as ambassador from America, they might have objected him on that account, and not have reduced our royal sovereign to a condition and

situation so humiliating. The New Hampshire people have even made overtures to the gentleman who was their governor before the war, and anxiously laboured to obtain his consent to return. In that they discovered their good sense as he is a person of sound understanding, honour, loyalty, and integrity; with every requisite to form a good governor. The New England States received a deadly stab by the war, and the timely and judicious withdrawing the bounty, and laying a duty upon oil, will prove a serious check to them. We can do without their cattle, grain, lumber, pot-ash, pitch, and Yankee rum. The West India islands found no inconveniency from being deprived of a supply of those articles from America, during the war; and surely in time of peace they may supply themselves with great ease. To permit their live cattle, horses, provisions, and grain to find a way to the West Indies, or to any of our settlements in America, is highly impolitic, and injurious to the landed interest of Great Britain; from whence they can derive all their supplies, at as low rates as from the States. Canada cannot supply the West Indies; and if it could, the navigation is so long and tedious, and the crops so uncertain, that to look to Canada for supplies would be hazardous. A vessel can only make one voyage in a year from Canada to the West Indies. The River St. Lawrence, which at all times is dangerous, and requires great judgment to navigate a vessel with safety, is frozen up, to the middle, and sometimes to the end of May. After that it is dangerous till the floating ice is dispersed and carried out to sea. From the middle of October the navigation is hazardous; therefore the West Indies, in cases of emergency, cannot look to Canada. Besides they can be supplied with flour and other articles they stand in need of, sooner, with greater certainty, and at as low, and for the most part lower prices, from England and Ireland, than from

thence. Even the pork and flour from the American States, bring as high prices in Halifax and in other British settlements in America, as home produce. Yet an injurious trade to Great Britain from the States of America will be carried on, as long as our new settlements continue to serve as half-way houses for smuggling. Neither Nova-Scotia, the oldest British settlement in America, or any other belonging to Great Britain, raise enough for their own consumption. The war recovered Halifax from a state of extreme poverty and distress. While the war continued they flourished; now they are returning to their first condition. Their newspapers are filled with advertisements for the sale of houses, shops, wharves, lands, &c. nay, so very small is the progress they have made, that the governor of Nova-Scotia, and governors of the other British settlements are under the necessity of issuing a proclamation, and of renewing it from time to time, to permit live cattle, grain of all sorts, and even lumber of all kinds to be imported from the States. Every means as much as possible should be studied and put in practice, to keep our foreign possessions, both in America and the West Indies, dependent on the mother country.— They all feel a great inclination to put an end to the connection, and so become free.

“Government supported, at an enormous expense, great numbers of people in Nova-Scotia and Canada, who would, if a favourable opportunity offered, declare for independency, and join the American States, or any other States where they had a prospect of more advantage. During the war, it is well known, the army alone kept them from joining the Americans; they have no attachment to any country or government. A spirit of independency pervades the whole; every one thirsts to pull down all above, and to trample upon all below him.— Yet government cherishes the viper, partly from a

mistaken notion of weakening the Americans by emigrations to these settlements. On the contrary, the Americans wish to get rid of nine-tenths of the people we are so fond of, not on account of their being friends to England, as they falsely pretend, but because they know them to be idle unprincipled impostors, in whom no confidence can be placed.

“To exchange Gibraltar, a useless port of honour, and Canada, (at all times both useless and expensive, more especially since the loss of the fur trade, which must unavoidably happen, when the articles of the treaty are fully complied with,) for the Island of Cuba, would be an advisable measure. That island would be valuable to England, and warrant government being at great expense to retain it. From thence the West Indies might derive supplies of every kind they stood in need of, while it served as a key to lock them up from any commercial intercourse with other countries, particularly with America. The West India estates would not fall, (an opinion entertained by some,) on the contrary, the value of every estate would be greatly enhanced, upon such an exchange. This is the time to attempt it. The Spaniards are very jealous of America, and have well grounded fears about South America, perhaps with more reason than at any other former period, since it was annexed to Spain. They may soon come to see and repent the madness of their politics; at present, I conceive they see enough to incline them, at any rate, to purchase the friendship of England, to guarantee their possessions in the south. It would be politic for many reasons, to cede Canada to Spain or France, for a valuable consideration.

“We nursed up colonies until they found themselves able to turn their swords against us; the same mistaken and mad policy seems still to prevail. A description of people named Loyalists, friendly to no country where they cannot live in idleness

and debauchery, have imposed upon government, under false pretences of attachment to the mother country, and of losses they never sustained; and have obtained places, pensions, and support. Government seems to persist in the phrenzy of forming new settlements, for their accommodation, and remain ignorant of the trick played upon them by a set of unprincipled people, and mercenary contractors, driven from America by the Peace, to play the same game under another form. To have given 1-1000th part of the money wasted upon loyalists, which would have answered to carry them to places never more to be heard of, would have been wisdom compared to the plan adopted and pursued. Collectively they never can add to the riches or strength of any country. Individually there may be found some valuable

members of society. Government fed and cloathed them above a year and a half, supplied them with materials for their houses, implements of husbandry and working tools for mechanics, and even paid the fees to their own officers for grants of land to them, while they travelled from settlement to settlement, like tribes of wandering Arabs, or crows after carrion, disposing of the bounties of government in one settlement, frequently for a few gallons of rum; thence moving to another, to carry on the same traffic. At last, when they have consumed in idleness, or sold the provisions allowed them by government, and obtained all they can of the misplaced liberality of the State, (amounting to a considerable sum per man,) they take themselves to their Yankee friends, where their attachment is, if they have any."

Beautiful!

How beautiful is all this visible world!
 How glorious in its actions and itself,
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,
 Contending with low wants and lofty will
 'Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are—what they name not to themselves.
 And trust not to each other.

BYRON.

Selected.

MY FIRST BRIEF.

"A LAWYER," says an old comedy which I once read at the British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten—then green—and then ripe." There is too much of truth in the homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shows a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of all evils—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the coun-

try in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the flavor of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love too!) has perhaps just dined for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk—returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a

large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed, and rings to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, who is drunk and insolent: he is about to kick him down stairs, but stays his foot on recollecting the arrears of the fellow's wages; and contents himself with wondering where the fellow finds the means of such extravagance.—Then in court many are the vexations of the briefless.—The attorney is a cruel person to them—as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ball-room, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed I have often thought the communications between the solicitors and the bar have no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen. The slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters—not an eye moves; but somehow or other, the fact is known to all. Calmly he draws from his pocket a *brief*: practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eye rests on you; he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down.—Now he counts out the fee, and wraps it up with slow and provoking formality. At length all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next you: you curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you.—“Perhaps not,” you say, “for the dog squints,” I received my maiden brief in London. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with

that case! The rap at the door! I am a connoisseur in raps—there is not a dun in London who could deceive me: I know their trick but too well; they have no medium between the rap *servile*, and the rap *impudent*. This was a cheerful touch; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of inquiry and answer; and though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes;—I was not long suffered to doubt—my client entered, and the roll of pure white paper tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eye. He inquired respectfully and with an appearance of anxiety, which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in — *v.* —? The rogue knew well enough that I had never had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider; after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table; asked me if the time appointed for a consultation with the two gentlemen who were “with me” would be convenient; and finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed.—That fee was sacred, and I put it to no vulgar use. Many years have now elapsed since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory! how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which he referred! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued! One case I so *be-thumbed* that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer-book of a lady's maid professes the service of matrimony. My brief related to an argument before the judges of the King's Bench, and the place of consultation was Ayles's

coffee-house, adjoining Westminster-hall. There was I before the clock had finished striking the hour; my brief I knew by heart. I had raised an army of objections to the points for which we were to contend, and had logically slain every one of them. I went prepared to discuss the question thoroughly; and I generously determined to give my leaders the benefit of my cogitations—though not without a slight struggle at the thought of how much reputation I should lose by my magnanimity. I had plenty of time to think of these things, for my leaders were engaged in court, and the attorney and I had the room to ourselves. After we had been waiting about an hour, the door flew open and in strode one of my leaders, the second in command, less in haste (as it appeared to me) to meet his appointment, than to escape from the atmosphere of clients in which he had been just enveloped, during his passage from the court.—Having shaken off his tormentors, Mr. ——— walked up to the fire—said it was cold—nodded kindly to me—and had just asked what had been the last night's division in the house—when the powdered head of an usher was protruded through the half open door to announce that “Jones and Williams was called on.” Down went the poker, and away flew ——— with streaming robes, leaving me to meditate on the loss which the case would sustain for want of his assistance at the expected discussion. Having waited some further space, I heard a rustling of silks, and the great ———, our commander in chief, sailed into the room. As he did not run foul of me, I think it possible I may not have been invisible to him; but he furnished me with no other evidence of the fact. He simply directed the attorney to provide certain additional affidavits, tacked about and sailed away. And thus ended the first consultation. I consoled myself with the thought that I had all my materials for myself, and that from having had so much more time for considering the subject than

the others, I must infallibly make the best speech of the three. At length the fatal day came, I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard — open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. O, how I did pray for a long speech! I lost all feeling of rivalry; and would gladly have given him every thing that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter.—The next speaker's was even more concise, and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study. These men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done: and yet they had seen much which had escaped my research. At length my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old Court of King's Bench. It was on the first day of Michaelmas term, and late in the evening. A sort of “darkness visible” had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the judges, who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished. B—— was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement which I hope I shall never forget. The court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment—the ushers stilled the audience into awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice, every wig of the white inclined plane, at the upper end of which I was standing, turned round; and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy “learned friends” looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal, how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for any thing which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight

—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing, would have put me under infinite obligations to the kind disturber. What I said I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was “a phantasma, or hideous dream.” They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice; used violent gesture, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one I cannot tell; for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is,

that I should have made a much longer one, had I not felt my ideas, like Bob Acre's courage, oozing out of my fingers' ends. The court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side. The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers, which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner, and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders: and I also read that “Mr.— followed on the same side.”

—

“Nature! to me, thou art more beautiful
In thy most simple forms, than all that man
Hath made, with all his genius, and his power
Of combination! for he cannot raise
One structure, pinnacled, or domed, or gemm'd,
By architectural rule, or cunning hand,
Like the smallest plant or flower, or leaf,
Which living hath a tongue, that doth discourse
Most eloquent of Him, the Great Creator
Of all living things. Man's makings fail
To tell of aught but this, that he, the framer
Sought also to create, and fail'd, because
No life can he impart, or breath infuse,
To give inertness being.”

—

NIGHT HORRORS.

“*And waked half dead with nothing.*”

THERE was a deep hush pervading the air—a dead, fearful stillness, oppressing nature with its wonderful calm. No breeze stirred the foliage, no wave curled on the face of the deep; but from the recesses of the forest issued a dull, protracted moan, an awfully low, solemn sound, as if it were silence audible, and from the far-off ocean came a hoarse, sullen murmur, with a wailing tone, that struck less on the ear than on the heart. Yet the dark blue sky showed not a frown through its wide expanse, save a stationary troop of fearfully red clouds that hovered in still and threatening majesty over the lulled billows of the quiet sea, behind which the blood-stained sun, as he slowly sunk, was throwing from his broadened orb a bright yet lurid glare on the opposite shore.—

The cattle swiftly forsook the hills, the retiring birds gradually suppressed their melody, and except at intervals a short, startling shriek from the affrighted sea-fowl as he wildly hurried to shore, not a sound disturbed the heavy stillness that settled down with its load of loneliness. A deer at times would come to the forest edge, and throw around a wide, wondering eye upon the mute earth and heavens, then turn and bound away deep into the wilderness. There seemed a dire pause in nature, a frightful, ominous expectation until the setting sun should fling his last level beams across the gloomy waters, as though night-spirits were waiting to come abroad in wrath and desolation. He went down, and his eternal fires seemed at once extinguished, for a long, thick array of

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black clouds sprung up from the whole extent of the western horizon, and borne slowly along, appearing to sweep the ocean with their lower and thinner drapery, they shed their own hue on the sleeping waters. Dense, misty volumes gathered in many a fantastic garland around the distant peak, and angular lightning streaks at long intervals began to play about the summit, but too far off for the thunder stroke to be heard. The mountain spirits appeared busy collecting their stormy forces to combat the cloudy phalanx swimming towards them from the west. Onwards floated that huge, terrific band, shade upon shade, and fold over fold, shutting out the lingering light of day, and shedding midnight on sea and land. Earth lay silent and motionless like a fallen warrior, powerless and resigned, awaiting his adversary's pleasure to bestow the death stab. No sound of life rung over the desolate heath, save the lonely tramp of a weary war-horse, whose panoplied rider was anxiously looking round for shelter from the impending storm. Lost and bewildered, the knight saw on one hand the ocean at a distance, and on the other a dark, frowning forest, equally unfit for refuge, with no appearance of human habitation, or marks that man had ever before trod that desert scene.

Perplexed as he was, he could not forbear halting to gaze upwards at the rolling mass of clouds, whose edge was now nearly over head, and was rapidly marching along the sky to envelope the earth completely in its dusky shade. A whirlwind seemed sporting among the light and fleecy vapours that a little preceded the heavier body, lashing them round in airy, eddying circuits, then carelessly tossing them away, or with savage fury shaking and shattering them to fragments, while its power was too weak to derange the thicker strata which sternly moved on in their sullenness and strength. Then he looked up into the pure vanishing sky, with the face of one

who takes his last intense, and fondly lingering gaze at the beautiful heavens, and he fancied that an eye of sorrowing pity glanced down upon him, and a clammy, convulsive shudder went over his frame, as he thought a whisper came forth from the celestial space and breathed around an eternal farewell to his hopes of a happy immortality. Then he turned his sight again upon the dun, sweeping, impenetrable canopy, that was spreading over earth like a sombre pall, and obstructing to his despairing soul every vista into heaven. Imagination pictured, in the wavering mists that fringed their skirts, the shadowy forms of demons hurrying forwards the impassable obstruction, and scowling down upon him with an air of malignant scorn and fiendish triumph. He strove to dissipate the thought and convince himself of its illusive nature; but no—there were the spirits striding the rimy wreaths, and goading onwards the more sluggish clouds, and some appeared solely employed in mockery and derision: a dim-seen arm would put forth its shady length and grasp a floating vapour and hurl it towards him; others reached back, and seizing a flap of cloud, drew it fiercely forward and doubled the gloom with accumulated darkness; other forms came riding under the immense, oversweeping column, dragging with them fresher and thicker folds, which in loose flocky fragments brushed along fearfully nigh the earth. And now the stifled scarce heard roarings of the fitful gust, that began to descend nearer, came upon him like the insulting laugh of the half-viewless shapes, which his eye could yet trace writhing and gamboling in quick, restless circles among the deep dark cavities of the overstretching shroud. Soon the unequal and varying edge had passed over, and rolled gloomily along, obscuring the little that was left of the far, clear sky, and hastening to meet the heavy black masses which had increased about the distant mountain, as round a fortress,

and were darting forth the frequent angry flash, as if in furious defiance of an approaching foe.

An impatient start of his steed induced the knight to withdraw his upward gaze, and regard his situation below. The dead, unbroken silence, that still reigned over the earth and sea, fell on his heart like a weighty and intolerable load, and the footsteps of his horse, who now of his own accord moved towards the ocean, as they clinked against the flinty fragments, struck upon his feelings like awfully foreboding sounds indistinctly heard in the dead hush of midnight. Ignorant of the path and reckless where it led, the knight only spurred his tired charger on, leaving him to choose his own direction, and he soon felt, by the change from a close, sultry atmosphere to a cooler air, that he was near the shore. Dismounting, there was left just sufficient light to secure his courser behind a shelving rock, and then he was wrapt in complete darkness, for the moving body of clouds had met and mingled with the clustering mass around the mountain—yet not with a peaceful greeting. A thousand darting, arrowy flames streamed athwart the heavens, and again all was black; then, at first distantly with hollow rumbling, the hoarse thunder rattled in increasing and redoubling peals, echoing over head, reverberating from the rocks and forest, and rolling off over the boundless sea in slowly dying murmurs. By the contrast, the hushed quiet of the listening earth appeared still more awful, but soon forked lightnings shot across the sky, and a louder crash more promptly answered. The winds heard the battle alarm, and like fresh thunders awaking from the bosom of the deep, long, sweeping waves came crowding and roaring to shore and dashed with mad fury upon the opposing cliffs. The lightning now gleamed over the whole concave of heaven in one continuous glare, darted in spiral coils down the tall forest trees, played on the unscathed rocks, and

quivered through the flying spray, while deep and constant thunder peals bellowed unheard amid the uproar of the torn and struggling ocean. Down thronged the rain with resistless force, beating back for a moment the swell of the rising wave.

The young knight with increasing anxiety gazed abroad for a temporary shelter, and descrying by the unceasing lightning's flash the yawning entrance of a dismal cave, without hesitation he threw himself into it, and guided by his hand upon the slimy walls, was soon where no sound of the stormy strife could ever penetrate. The change was like the abrupt removal from the deafening din of a crowded city to the silent, damp abode of the mouldering dead. The unearthly stillness closed around him like something palpable and oppressive, and he half preferred the buffet of the storm and the roar of the sea and sky to the still, stifling calm of the hot cavern. A restless desire of change impelled him forward, and he groped and stumbled along, careless where the unknown passage should conduct. There came over his mind the idea that he might be tangled in the toils of some unfriendly magician, and shuddering at the possibility, he turned in search of the cavern's mouth, but found himself only involved deeper in the labyrinth. Terror and despair would have seized him, had not the thought occurred that he might be the favored knight, for whom was reserved some mighty adventure connected with that mysterious place, and as the suggestion recalled his native courage, he drew his blade and walked briskly through the vaulted passage, now disclosed by a dim and fitful beam that occasionally danced and quivered along the walls. Yet, unhappy knight, trusting to his own strong arm and oft reddened sword, he thought not of calling on his patron saint or his "ladye love." He proceeded a long distance through the twilight gloom, till he stood at the head of a rude staircase, but little of which was visible. With dauntless

breast he hurriedly descended many steps, when thick rolling smoke-wreaths of a choking, sulphureous smell obstructed his breathing, and he heard a deriding laugh circling through the blackness, and a sepulchral voice exclaiming—"He comes! the murderer comes!" He turned and would have retreated, but he saw that each downward footstep had been on sleeping snakes, which his tread had awakened, and with gleaming eyes and a three forked sting from each gaping mouth, swelling and writhing and darting forward, they barred his return. With quick eager sword-strokes he would have cleared the way, but each severed body immediately grew again to the stony stairs, and continued hissing at him; while the other part of the trunk quickly assumed another head, with more hideous and revengeful features, vomiting a poisonous breath from its misty throat. To return was impracticable, to remain utterly impossible, and he furiously rushed down the steps until stayed by an impassable black chasm, unfathomable to his straining sight. Having stood a moment wiping the chill sweat-drops from his brow, a loud, long echoing sound, like a near thunder-clap, burst through the dreary cave, and instantly in front there were dashed open large folding doors, through which shot forth huge boiling billows of blueish flames, darting and waving their restless points like fiery spears, and illuminating the dark profound with their dazzling, unnatural blaze. Struggling onwards nearer and nearer, and again receding for a stronger attempt, one vast tongue of flame at length glided past, and with a swiftly receding motion, girdled him with a sparkling wreath of fire. As if in a giant's grasp, he was borne with irresistible force over that horrid gulf, and rapidly hurried through a long narrow passage, whose walls were lined with rows of skeleton forms that gibbered and clanked their chains with infernal glee as he passed, while that pale, unearthly blaze danced

and eddied among them, showing their grinning teeth and glancing on the bare white skulls, winding in tortuous mazes through the parted ribs, and streaming in thin, flickering sheets from the staring orbits. He was carried along by some invisible power through scenes that obliged him to shade with his hand his glazed and aching eye-balls, and finally found himself at rest in a subterranean temple, whose gloomy magnificence was rendered terrible by the obscurity in which it was involved. A few dull waves of flame struggling with alternate rise and fall to climb the tall, dingy pillars, and a steady, red fire burning on the ample altar, were the only rays which lighted that spacious extent. In vain he endeavored to pierce the gloom and ascertain the form and limits of that fearful place; every thing was dim and but half visible. Dense clouds of smoke floated above, now unveiling and now obscuring the sculptured capitals of the lofty columns; a close, sluggish vapour rested below, hiding the floor on which he trod. Unseen from whence it came, a loud coral anthem, that spake more of blasphemy than praise, pealed and echoed along the vaulted roof. It ceased, and all was still. Then the congregated vapours started about in convulsive whirlpools, and every thing seemed stirring and swimming and reeling around him; and those frightful words were again pronounced—"the murderer comes!" The smoke again stayed its more rapid motion, and hung in clustering folds above while the heavier vapour settled in dank repose beneath.

With eager searching looks he stared around, and was at length aware of a dim-seen wrinkled bel-dame, with visage like some half-remembered face he had seen in the upper world. The sybil was standing behind the red gleam of the altar, and appeared the officiating priestess of that wild place. As soon as he caught her haggard eye, with shrill and piercing voice that thrilled

him to the heart, she exclaimed—"He hath come! the murderer of his aged mother, the betrayer of his sister's honor, the gaoler of his hoary father, the traitor to his country and to his God hath come!" Then stretching towards him her long, shrivelled arms through the flames, she addressed him while he stood like one horror-struck by magic spell: "Aye, there will be joy in the infernal abodes this night, for thou, wretch, wilt be there. Long has the fatted calf waited to welcome thee, and the wine is ready, and this night shall the feast be served. Thou shalt sit at table with the proud lord whom thou didst murder in his sleep, and thy guilty, poisoned paramour shall be by thy side, and thy wicked servant, whom thou didst slay for not executing thy last devised crime, shall be there, and again shall serve thee, and a crowd of wretched men, whom thy cruelty and avarice urged to despair and sin, shall bear thee the wine cup; and the gold which thou didst extort from the widow and orphan shall be molten for liquor, and thou shalt drain each proffered cup with the semblance of rejoicing, although thou be'st in torments. The glad demons will taunt thee, and the everlasting flames will sparkle higher at thy approach. And now, base perjured man, learn the manner of thy departure from the world thou hast vexed too long. Listen, and thou wilt hear over head the surging waves beating upon the loosening rocks; too long they delay their coming to snatch thee to merited agony. This ample cave which appeareth to thee like a gorgeous temple, when I leave thee, will seem what it really is—a vast, damp, dreary cell, which at every returning tide is filled with the salt wave. Already the crested wave is foaming over its entrance, where thou didst leave thy steed that is now swept by the ocean powers many a furlong from the shore; and dost thou not feel the growing coolness of the coming waters? Soon they will be upon thee; and now

farewell, I leave thee alone to perish."

With sardonic laughter the hag sprung upon the altar, and encircled by the glowing flames, rose to the roof and disappeared. At the same moment the other fires gave one general hiss and expired, leaving the knight in pitchy darkness. The floating vapors fell down to the floor forming a thick, unrespirable mass that mounted to the breast, and when he slipped over a slimy stone he would instantly have been suffocated, had not a strong effort placed him upon his feet. Groping slowly along, he climbed a slippery rock, where he clung with hands and feet to the pointed pinnacle to escape instantaneous destruction. Then nearer and louder the growing shocks of the angry ocean bellowed on his ear, and resounded through the serpentine passages of the cavern. Unable to rise or stir through fear of being engulfed by the stagnant vapours, the knight listened, with agonizing expectation in the intervals of the roaring waves, to streams of brine that began to trickle down the walls and leap from crag to crag, while a pattering shower, that drizzled through the overstretching rocks, fell softly upon the muddy floor. The mental torture and the cramp of his stiffened limbs did not forbid his hearing the tempestuous beating of his struggling heart, but rendered vain every attempt to murmur a prayer through his parched lips. Yet more turbulently strove and roared the thundering surge, and louder echoes replied. His numbed hands and slipping feet seemed relaxing their hold as the sharp crag he grasped rocked to and fro, threatening to plunge him in the misty abyss. Then returned again the long, tremendous concussions of the laboring wave, knocking the rocks from their firm foundations, and pouring into the cave in rushing rivulets that dashed their foam around him. The deafening sound, with its quick returning reverberations, was more fearfully awful than the

soldest thunder, and large fragments of stone were hurled from the ragged roof, and fell bounding and crashing along the projecting cliffs, and then sunk with a dull swashing noise into the accumulating waters. Then he hurriedly contrasted his horrid fate with the warrior's glorious death on the battle plain, and the sea added new pangs to his despair and assailed him with indefinite sensations of rage and wrath, expressed by a low, gasping, inarticulate yell. Though instinctively retaining his hold, he longed for a falling rock to dash him at once out of existence and perilous anguish. Once more came the rolling ravenous wave, with hoarser and mightier thunders, and in renewed strength clashing and ending and ripping up the adamantine rocks, and rushing with furious way through the yawning chasms. A clamorous voice, calling harshly in his name, was raised above the boisterous waves, like the impatient cry of expecting fiends.

Our young knight started from sleep, and found his servant knocking at his door at the appointed hour, and having for some time received

no answer, was using his tongue to aid his knuckles. Finding himself suffering from a severe headache, he dismissed the attendant for another hour's repose, or rather that he might muse over his frightful dream. His conscience reproached him for none of the horrible crimes ascribed to him by the visionary sybil;—his mother had died before he could speak, his father perished in war, he had ever been true to his country and religion, and had never slain a man except in battle, and as to his sister—he never had one. The other enumerated misdemeanors were equally baseless and apocryphal. He found the cause of his dream was rather complex, originating from a blow on the head in yesterday's tournament, through fault of his horse for which the fair Isabel had been unkind enough to frown upon him. Out of humour on account of his mishap and its gloomy consequence, he had quaffed a little more copiously at the banquet than was his wont, and had early left the hall to spend the evening in listening to the superstitious legends of old Osbald the harper. O.

MR. COOPER'S LECTURE ON CHEMISTRY.

Recapitulation—Azote, or Nitrogen—Various modes of preparing Nitrogen—From Iron, Sulphur, and Sal-ammoniac—From Sulphate of Potash, Nitrous Gas, Phosphorus, Chloride or Lime, &c.—Specific Gravity of Azote—Eudiometry—Eudiometers of Mr. Pepys, Dr. Hope, Sir H. Davy. Mr. Dalton, &c.

MR. COOPER, whose first course of lectures on the important science of Chemistry, with his subsequent public examinations in February last, afforded such general satisfaction to the members, commenced the second division of his extensive subject on Friday in last week, and was received, on his entrance into the lecture room, with loud and reiterated plaudits.

The lecturer introduced his subject by observing, that as a considerable period had elapsed since he last addressed the audience, it might be useful to recapitulate the principal

objects to which he had adverted during his first course. It would be recollected by the members who had attended those lectures, that he had, in the first instance, illustrated those important principals of chemistry, called attraction of composition,—decomposition—and the theories on which they are founded. After devoting two or three evenings to the consideration of this subject, he had proceeded to explain the nature and properties of the *supporters of combustion*, oxygen, chlorine, and iodine, and had briefly alluded to a fourth sub-

stance, called fluorine, the existence of which was known only by analogy. Having gone through these substances in their distinct state, and particularized a numerous train of compounds formed by their combination with other bodies, he had next directed the attention of the members to the *combustible bodies*, hydrogen, phosphorus, sulphur and carbon, and after investigating their nature and properties in a distinct state, he had considered their various combinations with the supporters of combustion, and he hoped that in endeavouring to elucidate these subjects, he had succeeded to the satisfaction of his hearers.

Mr. Cooper then stated that he had now to investigate the substance called *azote*, or *nitrogen*, which may be regarded as standing aloof from all other chemical substances. It is neither a supporter of combustion nor a combustible. It is, therefore, incombustible, and as it possesses no positive properties, it is considered as a negative substance.

Nitrogen was discovered by Dr. Rutherford in the year 1772, but we are indebted to Lavoisier for a description of its preparation. The process adopted by Lavoisier for separating nitrogen from atmospheric air, of which, as will be hereafter explained, it constitutes the principal part, consisted in employing a glass vessel, containing an indefinite quantity of quicksilver, and furnished with a long glass tube, fitted into the neck of this vessel, and bent at right angles in several places. Mr. Cooper exhibited an apparatus of this kind, and stated that a portion of atmospheric air stood over the quicksilver in the vessel, and if the tube communicating with the vessel of quicksilver was closed, and the vessel subjected to the action of a protracted heat for several days or weeks, it would be found that a portion of the quicksilver would undergo a material change, and its surface would be covered with a substance resembling red lead in its appearance. Lavoisier's attention

was directed to the subject by this circumstance, and he found that this appearance continued only for a short space of time, and that no further change took place. He also observed that upon opening the orifice of the vessel to the external air, a quantity of air rushed into the vessel. It was evident to him that a change had taken place in the properties of the air in the vessel, and he next endeavoured to discover the nature of this change. By attaching to the neck of the vessel of quicksilver the bent tube already alluded to, he ascertained that during the process, the quantity of atmospheric air it contained was diminished; a portion of it having entered into combination with the quicksilver, forming oxide of quicksilver, and causing the change in its appearance. The portion of air which remained in the vessel was nitrogen.

Since the experiments of Lavoisier, a variety of other expedients have been resorted to in order to procure this gas, and many substances may be employed for this purpose. It may be recollected that in treating of *oxygen*, it was observed that it may be absorbed by a variety of substances. Now as atmospheric air is composed of *oxygen* and *azote*, it is evident that if, by means of any other substance, the oxygen can be removed, the azote will be left. The substances by which this may be effected are very numerous, and we shall employ a few of them this evening for the purpose of demonstrating their operation.

There is a substance in common use among manufacturers, which is used as a cement for the joints of iron pipes, or for joining surfaces of cast iron when broken, and for other purposes. This cement is a compound of *iron-shavings*, *sulphur*, and *sal-ammoniac*, and if placed in a confined vessel, the air it contains will undergo a change in a comparatively short time. In performing this experiment Mr. Cooper observed that he did not expect it to be completed this evening; for the compound, though ac-

tive, was slow in its operation compared with some others, but its effect might be shewn at a future time.— Iron filings, mixed with sulphur in equal proportions, may be usefully employed for the same purpose, but it should be remarked that no chemical action will take place between these two substances without the intervention of water, with which they should be mixed to the consistence of paste. Mr. Cooper then placed a portion of the cement previously alluded to in a glass vessel, which he inverted over water, and stated, that in the course of 24 hours, or less, the required change would take place in the air contained in the vessel; its quantity would be diminished by the combination of its oxygen with the substance employed, and the water would rise in the vessel to supply the place of the oxygen, which had disappeared. This is one method of procuring nitrogen, which may be resorted to when the operator can allow it to remain long enough.

Another method is to put into a confined portion of air a certain quantity of the substance called *sulphuret of potash*. Mr. Cooper pounded some of this substance in a mortar, and after dissolving it, he introduced the solution into a phial, which was then closely stopped, and the solution agitated. The *oxygen* of the air in the phial becoming absorbed by the solution of *sulphuret of potash*, upon opening the vessel under water, a quantity of water rushed in to supply the place of the oxygen. By again agitating the phial, a further quantity of oxygen would be absorbed, and by continuing the operation the *azote* of the atmosphere would be left very nearly pure.

A third method of procuring *nitrogen* is the employment of a class of substances into which the compound called *nitrous gas* enters. The nature of this gas had not yet been explained to the members, and he should therefore confine himself at present to the exhibition of its effects in absorbing the oxygen of the atmos-

phere. The lecturer then produced a vessel containing a dark fluid, which he described as a solution of *nitrous gas* in the *green sulphate of iron*. The property of this fluid is to absorb the oxygen of atmospheric air, forming with it a new combination which will be spoken of hereafter. Mr. Cooper agitated a portion of this fluid in a vessel of atmospheric air, the oxygen of which was absorbed in a few moments, as was evident by the instant extinction of a lighted taper introduced into the bottle. *Nitrogen* might be prepared with more readiness by this, than by any other method, were it not for the trouble of preparing the fluid by which the decomposition of the air is effected. The fluid, after performing its office in the first bottle, was transferred to another, in which it produced the same effect, and from these experiments, its rapid absorption of oxygen was rendered very evident. Mr. Cooper then examined the vessel into which he had introduced the solution of sulphate of potash, but found, as he anticipated that the fluid had not yet absorbed the whole of the oxygen, its operation being slower, and not so well adapted for eudiometrical purposes (or the absorption of oxygen) as the solution of nitrous gas in the green sulphate of iron.

Another mode of abstracting the oxygen from the atmosphere, is by using the substance called *phosphorus*. It will be recollected by those who attended the former lectures, that *phosphorus* and *oxygen* combine in certain definite proportions, and form a solid compound by their combination; not a gaseous one like those formed by the union of sulphur or carbon with oxygen. The solid compound thus produced, is called *phosphoric acid*, and from its occupying so little space, is very advantageously employed for the purpose of abstracting from atmospheric air the oxygen it contains. The lecturer then introduced a quantity of ignited phosphorus into an inverted vessel

of atmospheric air, when a dense white vapour instantly filled the vessel, the phosphorus burning with a brilliant white light, and forming phosphoric acid by its union with the oxygen of the air. As the whole of the oxygen was not consumed by the first portion of phosphorus. Mr. Cooper introduced a second quantity in a state of combustion, and requested the members to notice the different appearance assumed by the flame, which, owing to the diminished quantity of oxygen in the vessel, burnt with a faint blueish light, and seemed to roll about with a curious undulating motion, as though it was hunting for the last portions of oxygen to consume. This operation should be repeated till no more phosphorus would burn in the vessel, at which time the whole of the oxygen would be consumed, and the white vapour, or phosphoric acid, becoming condensed on the sides of the vessel, would leave the nitrogen at liberty. The lecturer recommended this as a good method of procuring azotic gas, in order to ascertain its characters, though it might not be produced, in a state of sufficient purity for very accurate experiments. It will be necessary to suffer the gas to remain over water for some time, that the white vapour may be fully condensed on the interior of the vessel.

There are other modes of separating the oxygen from the nitrogen of the atmosphere, among which may be mentioned one, which is the best for obtaining nitrogen in a pure state for experimental purposes, and to ascertain its specific gravity. This is effected by subjecting sal-ammoniac to the operation of the salt called formerly the oxymuriate of lime, but now denominated the chloride of lime. The precise manner in which the effect is produced need not now be specified, as it will be sufficient for the present to state, that the operation depends on the action of sal-ammoniac, chloride of lime and water upon each other. The best method

of performing the experiment is to fill a jar with water, and to introduce into it a very considerable quantity of the oxymuriate of lime, as the full success of the operation depends on the presence of a sufficient quantity of this salt, which should be mixed with the water till it assumes a somewhat creamy appearance. Mr. Cooper then mixed a quantity of the chloride with the water contained in a cylindrical glass vessel, till the mixture reached the proper consistency; after which he inverted the vessel, and introduced beneath it a portion of sal-ammoniac. The moment, the ammonia, which is the base of the salt, came in contact with the chlorate of lime, chemical decomposition ensued, and nitrogen gas was evolved which rose to the upper part of the vessel, and displaced the mixture which had previously filled it.

He had already stated that nitrous gas, by its action on atmospheric air, absorbs its oxygen; but as he had exhibited this effect by means of a mixture of the gas with a fluid, he would now mix nitrous gas with atmospheric air in their separate states. In order to procure azotic gas by absorbing the whole of the oxygen, it is necessary to unite the two substances in certain definite proportions, by employing about 80 parts of nitrous gas to 100 of atmospheric air.

Mr. Cooper now inverted a tall cylindrical vessel, filled with water, in the pneumatic trough, and admitted into the vessel two measures and a half of atmospheric air. This quantity, according to the above proportion, required the addition of two measures of nitrous gas. After admitting the atmospheric air, he attached a small piece of paper to the exterior of the cylinder, to mark the space occupied by the air, and then admitted one measure of nitrous gas. The moment this gas came in contact with the air, a change took place in its appearance, and the two substances, both of which in a separate state were colourless and invisible,

assumed a red colour when united. Another circumstance to which the lecturer requested the attention of his hearers, was, that the water had risen in the vessel, in consequence of the mixed gases occupying less space than the air did before the nitrous gas was added to it. Mr. Cooper then let up the second measure of nitrous gas, by which means the whole of the oxygen of the air was absorbed; and the red vapour gradually subsided, and entered into combination with the water, leaving the upper part of the vessel occupied with pure *nitrogen*.

The specific gravity of *azotic gas* has been differently estimated by different chemists, but there is only a slight fractional variation in their statements. It has been stated that oxygen is rather heavier than atmospheric air, and it will be seen by the following diagram that nitrogen is somewhat lighter:—

Weight of 100 cub. in. of air.	Weight of 100 cub. in. of azote.	
grains	grains	
30,5	29,15	} Sp. gr.
30,519	29,75	

If the weight of 100 cubic inches of atmospheric air be considered as 30½ grains, as in the first statement, the specific gravity of azote will be 0,9721; but if, according to a more minute estimate, we take the weight of the same quantity of air at 30,519 grains, as in the second statement, the result will give 0,9715 as the specific gravity of azote.

It is very evident, from all the experiments exhibited, that *azote* is not absorbable by *water*, or capable of being combined with it. It is also evident that it is incapable of supporting the combustion of inflammable bodies, as the highly inflammable substance, *phosphorus*, ceases to burn in it when it has consumed the oxygen. It is further apparent that atmospheric air supports combustion only in consequence of the oxygen it contains. Mr. Cooper clearly exemplified this fact by introducing a candle into an inverted glass vessel, where it soon

began to burn with a dull and diminished flame, and by consuming the oxygen would have been extinguished in a short time. But the lecturer, having attached to the vessel a bladder containing oxygen, introduced a small portion of it into the glass, when the candles again burnt vividly till the supply was consumed; its brightness was again restored by a farther portion of oxygen, and it was evident, that by continuing the supply, the combustion of the candle might have been continued for any length of time. It is well known that an animal, placed in a vessel of confined air, can only breathe it for a certain time, after which it expires, and if the gas be then examined, its volume will be found diminished and its properties changed; the vessel containing a quantity of carbonic acid nearly equal to the quantity of oxygen consumed.

All the substances heretofore employed to abstract the oxygen from the atmosphere may be termed *eudiometrical*, or such as are applicable to the purpose of measuring the quantity of oxygen contained in atmospheric air. A variety of experiments have been made with a view of ascertaining whether atmospheric air, under all circumstances, contains the same quantity of oxygen; and it has been found that whether air be taken from the bottom of the deepest mines in Cornwall, from the loftiest point of the Andes, or from much greater altitudes by *æriel voyagers*, its constituents are uniformly the same. There are circumstances which seem to indicate that this cannot be the case, but when we consider the constant motion of the atmosphere by the numerous currents to which it is exposed, there is no reason why we should not breathe as pure air in St. Paul's Church Yard as on the sea shore.

With respect to the various instruments employed in *eudiometry*, it may be observed that they all depend on the principle of the absorption of oxygen by a fluid substance. Mr. Cooper then exhibited the *eudiometer*

ter then invented by the ingenious Mr. Pepys of the Poultry. This instrument consists of an elastic gum or Indian rubber bottle, furnished with a glass tube, fitting accurately into another which is carefully graduated into 100 parts. The Indian rubber bottle is filled with a solution of nitrous gas, and it is essentially necessary to the success of the operation that the bottle should be quite full of the fluid, without any admixture of atmospheric air. It is then placed in communication with the graduated tube, which is filled with air, and the fluid being squirted from the bottle, absorbs in a short time the whole of the oxygen, and rising proportionably in the tube, marks on the graduated scale the precise quantity absorbed. Mr. Cooper attempted to perform this experiment, but observed that the instrument was better adapted for private use than for public lectures, which are intended for the detail of general principles, rather than the exhibition of experiments requiring minute accuracy. Unfortunately, however, the bottle burst, and part of its contents were scattered over the worthy lecturer, who wiped his face, and good-humouredly remarked with the alchemist, that as the pot was broke there was an end to the experiment.

The eudiometer of Dr. Hope is another apparatus, the action of which is founded upon precisely the same principles. It consists of a small bottle with a stopper for closing an orifice in its side. The bottle is filled with the same fluid and agitated in communication with a por-

tion of atmospheric air, from which it abstracts the oxygen, and being opened under water to prevent the entrance of the external air, the fluid is found to occupy 21 per cent. of the space previously filled with atmospheric air, leaving 79 per cent. not acted upon.

Sir Humphrey Davy's eudiometer is an invention of a similar kind, but somewhat more simple in its construction. It is in the form of an inverted syphon, and the only difficulty in using it is to introduce exactly the required quantity of air into it. This may be managed by a little dexterity, and the absorbing fluid contained in one of the legs of the syphon being agitated with the atmospheric air, marks the quantity of oxygen absorbed by the height to which it rises in the opposite leg,

In another eudiometer invented by Mr. John Dalton, of Manchester, this fluid is dispensed with, and nitrous gas itself is agitated with atmospheric air in certain proportions. This apparatus also determines the quantity of oxygen absorbed to be 21 per cent. Another method of ascertaining this fact is by admitting *hydrogen* to the mixed gases, and firing the mixture by the electric spark.

Mr. Cooper then observed that these experiments could not be performed in a satisfactory manner upon an occasion like the present, and concluded his excellent lecture by stating, that on Friday next, he should further illustrate the uses of nitrous gas, and the various compounds of azote with oxygen.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

FITZ AUBERT.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER 3.

Continued from page 62.

Bradshaw House was situated in one of the most fertile vales in Kent.

It was an irregular structure that had been enlarged and improved from

time to time ; and was now capable of entertaining a lordly train if it were necessary. It was very little used at present, as Mr. Bradshaw could only now and then snatch a few days relaxation from business, and fly with his family to this rural mansion, leaving the dust and bustle of London at a distance. Around the house was a thick and umbrageous plantation of chesnut, oak, elm and other majestic and elegant forest trees ; which spreading far and wide their lofty branches, hid this secluded seat from view. A transparent stream wandered over a gravelly bed through the grounds, and contained some small islets that were appropriated to the breeding of water fowl. Here you might see the stately swan arching high his glossy white neck ; and gliding, in seeming majesty, up the course of the pellucid wave. There the duck, the mallard, and other fowl, flocked in great numbers on the edge of the water, or swam in military order from bank to bank. Through the wood that surrounded the house, long dark avenues, some perfectly straight, others bending in various ways, formed a kind of labyrinth, in which a stranger might spend some hours in recovering his way, if he once lost sight of the buildings on the estate.

Among those darkling and twilight groves, would Robert Fitz Aubert wander alone, unconscious of a purpose, while his fancy was drawing portraits of Catharine, far more lovely than the beautiful original, until wearied ; he would stretch himself under some majestic oak or leafy beech, and sigh the hours away, while the responsive breeze in the wood echoed sigh for sigh, and rendered him more disposed to love-sick melancholy. Catharine for her part had not yet known love, its sorrows or its joys, its depth of feeling or its cameleon like and deceptive illusions.

She like a lovely budding rose
That in a smiling garden grows,
VOL. I.

Sheltered from passion's fiery ray,
(Affliction's storms kept far away,)
In youthful beauty's glittering dress,
Breath'd nought but peace and cheerfulness.

In a word, she had heard of love, but had made no further mental application of it, than regarded her doating parents, of whom she was the only child. But the materials of which warm and vivid passions are composed, existed in her fair breast, though in a dormant state, like the latent caloric contained in the substance of the solid ice, or the massy and chilly marble. The exciting cause had not yet brought her warm feelings into play, and her countenance was placid as the calmest sheltered lake of Acadia.

One evening Catharine had retired after supper to her chamber, which overlooked a portion of the stream we mentioned, and the fineness of the season tempted her to open the window, and seating herself beside it she began to play a favourite air on her lute. While she was thus amusing herself, she heard a voice that she suspected to be Robert's, take up the same air and accompany her music with the following words—

Go gentle breeze and bear my sigh
To her who doth my soul enthral,
Tell her that one is lingering nigh,
Whose joys tho' fled she can recal.

Oh ! mildly breathe upon her cheek,
Lest thou should spoil its downy bloom,
And tell her what I dared not speak,
Oh ! ask her to pronounce my doom.

That none more truly loves, declare,—
And none more deeply will adore,
Though thronging flatt'ers may repair
To count her charms, her graces o'er.

When he ceased she exclaimed—
“Indeed master Robert, I did not know you were a poet, and a singer too!” “Nay fair Catharine, I do but string some rude rhymes, to while away an idle hour.” “Who” she replied “is the fair damsel immortalized by thy verse?” “I am exceedingly sorry,” said Fitz Aubert,

"that I cannot reveal her name, but I will tell you this much—she is one with whom you should be tolerably well acquainted." "Now I call that very rude in you," said the young lady, "to set my curiosity on the stretch, and then to balk it so suddenly. I am sure Mr. Waller would not serve me so, for he shewed such a pretty song the other day, I am sure I remember it quite well, and could repeat every word." "Do sing it to oblige me," said our hero. She complied, and sung the following words to her lute—

SONG.

Go lovely rose !
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair, she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wond'rous sweet and fair !

"Well," said Fitz Aubert, "I know the name of the lady he meant, without enquiring it of you." "Whom do you suppose it to be?" "What if I should say Catharine Hambden?" "I am sure," said she, "that were impossible, for my cousin Waller could not bestow a thought of the kind on a little girl such as I am. It was only out of mere good nature he gave me a copy to read, and I got them by heart. No—no—I might as well think myself intended in your verses, which you know can't be the case, as we have been acquainted with each other so short a time." As she finished this last remark she half wished it unsaid, and blushed

involuntarily ; but the shade of the evening hid her suffused features from Robert's view. He replied in an embarrassed manner, "And why may it not be so? Methinks I know thy sensitive mind and amiable temper, as well as if we had ever lived under the same roof." "Fie! fie! Master Robert," she answered, "I have been taught not to listen to flattery." "Flattery!" he replied, "No—I would not, I cannot flatter you. My affection—esteem is too great for you to suffer me to do so, and you are too sincere to be pleased with false compliments, and really you do not need them. In a word (forgive my boldness) dearest Catharine, I love—I adore you."

The conversations of lovers are possessed of intense interest for the parties immediately concerned,—they have some effect on rivals, guardians, and on those who envy enjoyments of which the progress of time has rendered them unsusceptible, and when committed to paper are said to be agreeable reading for those who are, or fancy they are, in a similar situation. Perhaps many readers care little about what is said on such occasions, and as I am an old—very old fellow, and have not yet fell into the snares of love, or the mantraps of matrimony, I have had to give my forehead sundry extra rubs and my nether lip several bites, not to mention twitches of the eyebrows, changes of posture, and light faults, imagined in my pen and paper—all and more than I can say, arising from the difficulty I have found, in describing thus far (by hear-say mind ye) the language and whimsies of a pair of young lovers.—It does prove a very fertile subject of composition in better hands, but I must not attempt it again, or it will put me quite out of conceit of my own powers ; which you know *sub rosa* is a very unpleasant feeling.—Suffice it to say, that after the conversation just related, a mutual flame of the purest and most fervent affection animated the hearts of our hero and his Catha-

rine, though with the ingenuity to which love gives rise, they avoided the suspicion of all around them. In the cheerful and unrestricted comfort of Mr. Bradshaw's family, the lovers spent a great part of the day in each others society, and even in the presence of the different members of the family they had still an interchange of feelings. If she smiled or was gay, Fitz Aubert was all animation and ecstasy, while her pensive or uneasy looks were ever mirrored in his faithful features.

Those shortened hours of bliss were terminated by the period of the learned serjeant's departure for the metropolis. The day previous to his going, he sent to Fitz Aubert, requesting his attendance in the library. Our hero found his guardian with his head reclining on his elbow, in an arm chair of massy workmanship, covered with rich velvet and gilding; and around him on different chairs and tables, as well as on the floor of the apartment, were strewed books and papers of all sizes, and in a state of disorder, that to one unacquainted with men of literary habits, would appear remediless. The walls were covered with massy folios, above which were quarts scarcely less ponderous, overtopped by the smaller artillery of learning, while the flying squadron of pamphlets, "Mercuries," "Diurnals," &c. lay around in most admirable confusion.

"I have sent for you," said Bradshaw, "to talk over your future prospects. You are now old enough to go to the University, and I think that no time should be lost in the prosecution of those studies, on which your future standing in life and your happiness must so much depend." He went on to declare his intention that Robert should immediately set out for Cambridge, and gave him a great many sage moral instructions, and threw out hints of the importance of religious feelings cultivated in early life. As the same things have been said over and over to every youth setting out in the gay flowery

path of life, and though duly repeated, from time immemorial, have had pretty much the same effect, (viz. a very slight one,) in a multitude of instances; we may be pardoned for not entering into particulars. This we can affirm, that while Robert's countenance betokened close attention to the golden sentences of advice which his guardian was lavishing so profusely, his memory and imagination were busily employed in retracing the real and supposed beauties and graces of his adorable Catharine; and while his tongue chimed in with "Yes, Sir," at the periods and pauses of the learned serjeant's paternal admonitions, his judgment was giving its assent to the warm admiration bestowed by his heart on her beauties and graces, as fancy conjured them up in dread array, to his mental vision.

The allowance for his support while at the University, having been fixed by his guardian at a liberal rate, and every necessary arrangement completed for his departure, Fitz Aubert left the mansion at break of day, attended by a faithful lad about his own age, called John Dexter, who had been brought up on Mr. Bradshaw's estate, and was selected by him to be our young hero's attendant. Ye youths and damsels who by the constant reading of romances, begun before your teens, and not to be ended 'till scores of years have taught you the true and stern features characteristic of life as it is,—ye votaries of the love-sick muse and all its pinings and whinings, its sighings and dyings—how will you start when I tell you that all the love and ingenuity of Fitz Aubert failed to invent an opportunity for a parting *tete a tete* solemnity, an emphatic scene of tears and heart wringing adieux, that should have been exchanged between him and his beloved, to entitle him to the character of a romantic lover. So hasty and unexpected, indeed, was his departure for college, that a parting glance that spoke volumes, a hurried and half smothered

good-bye, were all that passed between him and his Catharine, while with a slight inclination approaching to a bending of the knee, he kissed the hand of Mrs Bradshaw, according to the stately courtesy of those

times, and accompanied to the extremity of the avenue by his kind guardian, received his blessings and good wishes for his advancement in learning and in usefulness.

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CHAPTER 4.

“ Χαλεπὸν δὲ το φιλησαί.”

Anacreon.

'Tis hard to bear the chains
Love on his slave imposes,—
To feel the many pains
That ambush 'mongst his roses.
'Tis harder to subdue
The spell he throws around you,
In anger to undo
The bands of hope that bound you :
But harder still the lot
That waits upon the swain,
Who loves, and yet cannot
One ray of hope obtain.

MS. Translation.

THE freshness of a lovely summer morning scarcely recalled our young traveller to a state of cheerfulness, so much was he impressed with sorrow at being compelled to part with the fair girl, whose eyes first taught him the pleasure of loving, and he was now brooding over the thousand obstacles, that might intervene between him and the happiness he dreamed of enjoying, at some future day ; when he should be blest with her uninterrupted converse and society. Unwilling in this state of mind, to pass through the capital, where he should have to meet his schoolfellows, on his way to Cambridge, he asked John if he knew of any cross roads by which they might avoid entering London, and yet get comfortably to their journey's end, without losing much time. John professed himself well acquainted with a track, such as our hero wished to follow, and having turned out of the direct road, they travelled on without meeting with any remarkable incident. The night approached and they were still about thirty miles from Cambridge. Compelled to put up with such accommodation as a poor cottage could afford, Fitz Au-

bert found that a fatiguing ride over execrably rough roads, rendered a straw bed a luxury to his youthful limbs, and within ten minutes after he placed his head on the pillow, learning and love, Cambridge and Catharine, all vanished from his musing fancy, which was sealed up for the time in the soft oblivion of healthful slumbers.

In the morning having breakfasted, Fitz Aubert endeavoured, but in vain, to induce his kind entertainers to accept remuneration for the trouble he had given them, so tendering his best thanks he left their lowly cot, much gratified at witnessing that generous spirit which is so common among the poor—would to heaven it were equally so among those whom Providence has blessed more abundantly ! Striking into the direct road again, they arrived about dinner time, in Cambridge, I mean the dinner hour of those primitive times, not that period of night so termed in our days.

Our hero having obtained refreshment, and accommodation for his horse at an inn, deemed it an unsuitable hour to introduce himself in due form to those sage superintendants of the Muses' vineyard, under whose parental inspection his prayers would be listened to, his themes produced, and his dinners despatched in future. He accordingly availed himself of this opportunity to pay a visit to an old schoolfellow named Royston, who had made an earlier migration than he had, to Alma Mater's territories. His friend invited him to partake of a supper with a few of the choice spirits of the University, to whom he offered to introduce him in the evening ; and recommended him

to put off his formal visit to the head of the College and his intended tutor, until the next morning. "I cannot go with you to point out what is most worthy of a new-comer's notice in the town and university," said Royston, "as I have been a sad idler, and have now to study hard to make some amends for the time I have lost, but in a few days I shall have more leisure for my friends. Meanwhile you will soon get acquainted here, for in friendship we are warm and hasty." Fitz Aubert accepted his invitation, and took leave of his friend until the supper hour, which he told him would be eight precisely. The time did not hang heavily on our hero's hands, though he was anxious enough to form an intimacy with the gay and ingenious company, he expected to meet in the evening.— He passed the interval pleasantly enough, he strolled about Cambridge, attended by Dexter, who knew every thing and every body in the place, regaled his ears with tales of wondrous escapes made by students, from the Vulture talons of the officers of their college, when they strayed beyond their allotted limits of time and space, (for be it known by way of parenthesis, to all readers, erudite and inerudite, literate or illiterate, gay or grave, that the luminaries of genius, who are perhaps destined to irradiate a continent, a hemisphere, nay, the terraqueous globe itself, as my lamented teacher, which being interpreted by my experience, meaneth "flagellator used to say, the self same lights of the coming age tarrying at college, until the dawning of the manly ornament of the lower part of the human face divine," are required to perform the part of fixed stars and should they prove elliptic in their courses, are monished or punished, and in cases of complete comet like aberration, are entirely expelled from that lofty sphere of science, and doomed to wander mournful among mere mortals, like Stygian ghosts, who cannot pay their freight. John Dexter could tell a hundred tales of riots between

the students and the luckless taverners, whose wine had not the right Falernian gusto, or whose prices did not please the lofty gold contemning sons of Apollo. In this way, time flew imperceptibly along, and Fitz Aubert having hastily adjusted his dress, found the whole party assembled in Royston's chambers, and waiting for his arrival to begin supper. Among the company was the celebrated Cowley, who had already in his twentieth year, obtained by the force of unremitting industry, and luxuriant poetic genius, a high standing among the writers of the day. He had left Westminster two years before, and recollecting Fitz Aubert, at once greeted him as an old schoolfellow, with a cordiality the more flattering, as they had known but little of each other at school. John Milton was also there, a name destined to surpass all contemporaries, and even then superior to most students in knowledge of ancient languages and abstruse literature. He had offended his governors repeatedly, by getting into broils, promoting insubordination, and expressing himself more freely than prudence would warrant, on many topics, which in that day, were seldom and reverentially alluded to, being considered as the arcana of church and state government, and not to be discussed but obeyed by the subject. In fact he had been the genius of debate and discord, and had for several years set all the senior and junior wranglers, graduates, and sub-graduates in the university, discussing on all occasions, dangerous and illicit questions about the best form of government, the nature of liberty, the constitution of ancient Rome and Greece, and sundry doubts about some of the thirty-nine articles.— This unfortunate propensity, and his inclination to get into what are now scientifically termed "rows," had procured him all sorts of college punishments, not excepting, if we may believe that doubtful witness, Fame, corporal castigation. He is said to have been one of the last students

who enjoyed the full benefit of that salutary college exercise.

Milton was now paying his farewell visits to his friends in the university. He had taken his master's degree several years before, and had left the place in great dudgeon at the treatment he had received. He was now in his thirtieth year, setting out on a continental tour, intending to pass some time in France, Italy and Greece, in order to see the monuments of classic times, and to form some intimacy with the learned men of foreign countries. Notwithstanding all the hardships and degradation he had undergone at Cambridge, he could not leave England without seeing it once more.

Others then of great promise, but whose names have since dwindled into oblivion, filled up the number at Royston's supper table. The conversation was of a mixed character, composed of much learning, and quite as much levity. They at first criticised the poetical compliments in all kinds of metre that had been showered on a bachelor of physic, who had lately published an edition of Hippocrates, in which each aphorism was given in Greek verse and prose, and also in Latin verse and prose. Those eulogistic epigrams on his edition of the old sage, formed in themselves a volume as large, or larger than the original work, and were published at the end of it as an appendix. This system of extravagant praise, in all languages, and on all occasions lent by the learned, one to another, was common at that period. However in the present instance the custom had been carried to such a preposterous extreme, that great merriment was excited by the different epigrams in question. Cowley and Milton were rallied on their neglecting this favourable occasion of banding down their names to posterity, in company with that of this nonpareil of an editor, by contributing their mite of flattery to be bound up with the rest. Cowley laughed and said that he supposed each author of

an epigram would buy a copy of the book, and so the publisher would be sure of enough money to pay the actual expenses of the edition. Milton seemed too sad to take a part in the glee of the moment, and sternly remarked, that it would be better, if true Englishmen would employ their faculties in devising some remedy for the miseries of a public nature, brought upon the land by prelatical oppressors and arbitrary rulers, than spend their time in making fanciful compliments to one another. Fitz Aubert's attention was attracted, by the fervent manner in which this observation was made, and being struck by the physical and intellectual beauty, for which Milton was at the time so remarkable, he put many questions to him and heard him develop with energy and precision the ruinous state of the public interests of the nation, and inveigh with republican enthusiasm, and theological ire, against the clergy of England and the leading statesmen of the age, whose measures he considered as tending to the utter ruin and debasement of national character. The highly figurative language of the speaker, the pathetic appeals he made to that love of country which then glowed so warmly in the breast of every Englishman, the prophetic manner in which he denounced the overthrow of the existing fabric, and the gorgeous visions he revealed of a better state of things, would have charmed irresistibly any auditory; but there was a fascination about him in his moments of inspiration, that gave him the appearance of a messenger from some higher world, sent to upbraid and reclaim fallen mortals, rather than that of any ordinary being.—Fitz Aubert was led away by the resistless tide of an eloquence, such as he had before formed no conception of; he became quickly impressed with a portion of the sentiments and aspirations he listened to, and after the supper ended he retired to his inn chamber, to dream of fairy republics and build Utopian

ties in the air, for man to dwell
 Cambridge at this period boasted
 herself as the living fountain of
 science, from which many of the
 greatest men in the world of litera-
 ture, had drawn their intellectual be-
 verage, and it so happened that at
 the time of which we are now writing,
 Waller, Butler, Suckling and many
 other of her poetical pupils, met
 there, and finding Milton on the eve
 of departing for the continent, per-
 suaded him ere he took leave of his
 native land, to spend a few days in
 their society where they then were.
 During this festive period in which
 Bacchus and the Muses alternately
 received the devotion of their favour-
 ite children, our hero generally con-
 vived to obtain much of the society
 and converse of Milton, to whom he
 soon became greatly attached, and
 Fitz Aubert acquired those revolu-
 tionary principles which were fated
 to give a determination to his future
 footsteps through life. Waller had
 every quality of a great mind, except
 consistency, was of the same party in
 politics, though more favourable in
 his sentiments to episcopacy, (the
 reform and not the subversion of
 which was his wish.) With him our
 hero cultivated an acquaintance,
 partly from a reverence for his tran-
 scendant abilities, and partly because
 he was the kinsman of his beloved
 Catharine Hambden. Although the
 greater part of their literary friends
 were conscientiously opposed to
 their views of political reform, this
 difference of opinion did not in any
 instance sever or even relax the ties
 of kindness, that a congeniality in
 dispositions and in pursuits had pro-
 duced. While the royalist students
 elevated their Cowley, their Daven-
 ant, their Suckling to the highest
 seats of Parnassus, they felt a noble
 pride that England, nay their own
 university, could also claim a Waller
 and a Milton.

Having thus retraced our hero's
 earlier days, in order to shew how he
 became attached to the republican

cause, little of his history remains to
 be told, until the eventful crisis in
 public affairs, in which we introduc-
 ed him to the notice of the reader as
 an active partisan in getting up peti-
 tions to the house of commons, and
 afterwards pursuing his journey to
 Hull, on a special mission from the
 revolutionary committee. He spent
 his time at college from 1638 to 1642,
 when he took the degree of Bachelor
 of Arts, and made but an ordinary
 progress in the studies enjoined on
 him, as his mind was incessantly oc-
 cupied with historical and political
 reading, impressed as he was with
 the idea that in the troubled times so
 manifestly approaching, the best ser-
 vice he could render to the country,
 would be to assist in liberating the
 land from the vassalage under which
 she groaned. In the vacations he
 generally spent his time in Mr.
 Bradshaw's family, either in London
 or at the house in Kent, and some-
 times met Catharine in company—sel-
 dom by herself. She however, as she
 grew up, appeared to become gradual-
 ly more and more distant and reserved
 in her manner, and as Fitz Aubert's
 delicacy of feeling taught him to di-
 vine the true cause of this change,
 he at length appeared also to have
 forgotten the romance of their child-
 ish love, while the impression re-
 mained on his heart in its original
 and ineffaceable strength. He felt
 that she was right in not encouraging
 the display of feelings that had better
 be suppressed or smothered, until
 they should both arrive at a time of
 life when judgment might confirm
 or annul the dictates of fancy and
 early passion; and he followed her
 example by efforts of fortitude and
 self-denial, which none but lovers
 can properly estimate. But while
 in her presence he thus forbore to
 manifest his ardent affection, he
 could not so far suppress it, as to
 check the amatory effusions of his
 muse. His faithful verse consecrat-
 ed the charms of the budding flower-
 et, that wins more the observer by
 its delicacy and freshness, than the

more gaudy and celebrated beauties of the garden.

Thus time passed away on eagle wings, and when Fitz Aubert left college, the civil war was about to burst forth in all its violence. The trumpet of alarm had been sounded through the land, and the cry of the religious enthusiasts was "to your tents O! Israel."—Mr. Bradshaw recommended our young hero, (then

To be continued.

in the beginning of his twenty second year.) as a fit person to be specially trusted by the parliamentary leaders, in matters of the greatest importance. From them he received the promise of a captain's commission in one of the regiments they were about to enrol; and having given the greatest satisfaction by the first specimen of his adroitness, they now sent him to the North.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By accounts from Liverpool Eng. up to 22d July, the weather had been extremely favorable for the corn harvest. The fine weather came too late for the hay harvest, the price of hay was from £4 to £5. Trade was reviving.

A treaty of peace and amity has been concluded on the 24th February, 1826, by Sir Archibald Campbell and the delegates of the King of Ava. The King of Ava renounces all claims to the principality of Assam and its dependencies, and also to the States of Cayhaar and Jynteea. The British government is to retain possession of the conquered provinces of Arracan, including the four divisions of Arracan, Ramru, Chaduba and Sandoway; and his Majesty the King of Ava cedes to the British government the provinces of Yeh, Tavoy, Mergui, Tenassereim, with the islands and dependencies thereunto belonging. The King of Ava also agrees to pay one crore of Rupees.

Portsmouth, August 5.
BERMUDA.—Yesterday, the Blonde frigate, capt. Lord Byron, sailed for Bermuda, with lieut. colonel Fanshaw, Royal Engineers, who is to inspect the state of the expensive alterations carrying on in that island, return in the Blonde, and make a report to the Colonial Departments. His departure was very sudden.

The order to build a new residence for the governor and port admiral, on the scite of the governor's former residence, on the Grand Parade, have been suspended. We understand, that, with a view to lessen the public expenditure, all works or repairs of any magnitude, not absolutely required, are to be discontinued for the present.

Associations in favor of the Greeks have been formed at Warsaw and most of the other towns in Poland. As at Paris, the most active agents of these societies are ladies.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Orders have been sent out to all our colonies in the West Indies, to put in force the Act of the 6th of the King, in respect to their trade with foreign countries. By that act, the ports of those colonies, are to be closed against the vessels of such States as do not place British shipping, trading between those colonies and such States upon the footing of the most favored nation.

The United States of America have declined to place our shipping upon that footing in their ports; and, in consequence, their ships will not be admitted to entry, in our West Indian Colonies, after the 1st of December next.

—During the last session of the General Assembly, the sum of £1000 was placed at the disposal of his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, for the purpose of importing horses for the improvement of

the breed in this province. We have the pleasure to state that seven horses and mares have arrived in the brig Margaret, from London. Two are brought here for sale, the remaining five belong to the province.

A boat belonging to the Gulf Shore, a few days since, coming from Fox Island, was overset by a sudden squall of wind, between the Gut of Canso and Judique. There were three men in the boat, who perished, viz.: John M'Eachern, of the Gulf Shore, merchant, John M'Donald, farmer, and one of his sons.

King's College, Windsor, Sept. 11.—At a Convocation held this day, Edward C. Barss and John S. Clark, Esqrs. were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The Corner Stone of the College of New Brunswick was laid at Fredericton, on the 15th inst. by Sir Howard Douglas.