

Vol. 2

THE  
ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

JULY, 1827.

No. XIII.

To the Editor of the *Acadian Magazine*.

SIR,

ANXIOUS to encourage the spread of useful knowledge throughout the country, and desirous to aid the endeavours of those who have so praiseworthy an object in view, I became a subscriber to your Magazine; and, making a liberal allowance for the time, feel pleased at the manner in which it has been conducted. Excuse me, however, when I say that a little more pains might be taken, and a good deal more taste displayed in the selection department of it, which would render the work more popular, as well as more useful. I do not wish to find fault, but cannot help saying, that such pieces as the description of the "*Anatomie Vivante*" are not deserving of a place in a work like this; but are more fit for a Medical Journal or an Anatomical Museum. Several others might be mentioned, both in prose and verse, as being at least tasteless, but I forbear censuring too severely, lest perhaps in the opinion of some, those which I may cull for you may be equally insipid, and uninteresting.

In the course of my reading lately, I fell in with the following, which, if it pleases you, is entirely at your service. It shows us the difficulties which the first European settlers of the western world had to encounter.

I remain, Sir,  
With best wishes,  
Yours, &c.  
PHILOLOGUS.

Liverpool, N. S. }  
March 27. }

Vol. II.

ANECDOTES AND CHARACTERS OF THE  
EARLY SETTLERS OF NORTH AMERICA.

AMERICA has the advantage of all countries, ancient and modern, in the authenticity of her historical documents. When we call to mind of what importance she is already become, and what a vast influence she is destined to have in the future welfare of the human race, you will believe, that by abler hands at least, something of instructive interest might be drawn from her chronicles. We may say that the happiest portion of the new continent was peopled by Englishmen, flying from persecution, to worship God, "in a wilderness of wants." To this connection with ourselves, generations unborn will trace, perhaps, all that America now possesses of political good, and much that her example may furnish.

When aged England shall have perished, (in a political sense, I mean,) her gigantic daughter will exhibit to remotest posterity, shadowed copies of our glorious institutions; the genius of the immortal Alfred will still live in the trial by jury, and speak, and act, and save, and bless, on the frozen banks of the copper-mine river; and we, as Britons, have just reason to be proud, that our language and literature will probably be diffused in the New World, over a population of no less than a hundred millions.

The following sketch affords a striking proof how inseparably envy fol-

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lows merit. It is a simple narrative, almost wholly in the language of the original annals, of the actions of John Smith, a man comparatively unlettered, yet of prophetic sagacity and penetration, worthy to be held in remembrance, as one of the few master spirits, who are able to anticipate the decisions of time and experience. In circumstances of extreme poverty and difficulty, he displayed talents for command, and a fertility of resources, which, had they been exercised on a wider theatre, would have attracted, as they have deserved, the admiration of mankind.

A Napoleon in the desert, self-supported and alone, is to me more interesting than Nap at St. Cloud, lacquered by kings.

The year 1607 is remarkable for the arrival of the first permanent colony on the Virginian coast. On the reception of the patent from King James, several persons of consequence in the English nation undertook the arduous task of planting the southern colony. Having chosen a treasurer, and appointed other officers, they provided a fleet of three ships, to transport the emigrants, one hundred in number, to Virginia.—The charge of this embarkation was committed to Christopher Newport, already famous for his skill and industry, in the western navigation, who sailed from the Thames on the 12th day of December the preceding year, carrying with him the royal instructions, and the names of the intended colonial council, carefully concealed in a box.

To this singular policy may be attributed the dissensions which soon commenced among the leaders, and which continued to distract them during a voyage long and disastrous.

Being driven by a storm, to the northward of Roanoke, the commander steered directly into the spacious bay of Chesapeake, which seemed to invite his entrance. Thirty men, going ashore for recreation, were suddenly attacked by five Indians, who wounded two of them very se-

verely. At night the box was opened, and the orders were read, in which Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin, and George Kendall, were named to be of the council, and to chuse from their number a president. The adventurers were employed in seeking a place for settlement until the 13th of May, when they took possession of a peninsula on the north side of the river Powhatan, called by the English James River. To make room for their projected town, they here began to cut down trees of the forest, which had for centuries afforded shelter, and food to the natives. The code of laws, hitherto cautiously concealed, was at length promulgated. **T**he council was sworn: Wingfield was chosen president; and now commenced the rule of the most ancient administration of Virginia, consisting of seven persons, and forming a pure aristocracy.

The members of the council on the most frivolous pretences, excluded from a seat among them, Smith, famous in colonial annals, though nominated by the same instrument from which they derived their authority. Animosities arose. Appeased in a degree, at length, by the prudent exhortations of Mr. Hunt, their chaplain, Smith was re-admitted into the council; and receiving the communion next day, they all turned their attention to the government of a colony feeble in numbers, and enterprise, which was thus planted in discord, and grew up in misery. In honour of King James, they called the town, which they now built, JAMES TOWN. This was the first permanent habitation of the English in America.

Newport and Smith sent, with twenty men, to discover the head of the Powhatan River, arrived in six days at a town of the same name, the principal, and hereditary seat of Powhatan, emperor of the country. Although they received kind treatment

during this excursion, yet, on their journey to James Town, they found seventeen men hurt and a boy slain, by the Indians. But before the close of the year the settlement received an accession of one hundred persons from England, making about two hundred in the whole colony. These accessions consisted of many gentlemen, a few labourers, several refiners, goldsmiths, and jewellers. The various denominations of these men evince the views of the whole. The ships were at length sent back, loaded with cedar, and a glittering earth, which, they vainly hoped, contained golden metal: these are recorded as the first Virginian products, as constituting the first remittances, and as indicating the earliest pursuits of an infant people. Little did they know of the true sources of wealth. Little did they imagine that a despicable plant (tobacco) would at a future period, enrich the inhabitants of this very territory, which they were ready to pronounce unfit to be inhabited, unless it were found to contain latent treasures of the precious metals.

Shortly after the sailing of the ships, Smith, while attempting to discover the head of the Chicohourin river, was taken prisoner twenty miles in the desert, by a party of two hundred Indians, who tied him to a tree with an intention of shooting him to death. Already had they assembled around him with their deadly weapons; but Opechancanough, brother of Powhatan, and commander of the party, holding up a compass that Smith had given him, they instantly laid down their bows and arrows. They conducted their prisoner in triumph to various Indian tribes. Their order was this; drawing themselves all in file, their commander, in the midst, had all their arms borne before him; Smith was followed after him by three great lubbers, holding him fast; on each side went a file, with their arrows nocked. At length they brought him to Wewocomoco, where Powhatan then

resided in barbarian state. He was a prince of eminent sense and abilities, deeply versed in all the savage arts of government and policy—penetrating, crafty, insidious, it was as difficult to deceive him, as to elude his own stratagems. But he was cruel in his temper and showed no regard to truth or integrity. Smith found him surrounded by a strong guard of Indians. Before a fire he sat on a seat like a bedstead, covered with a great robe of racoon skins, with the tails hanging down: on each hand sat a young woman of 16 or 18 years of age; along each side of the house stood two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with all their heads and shoulders painted red, many of their heads decked with the white down of birds, every one adorned with something, a great chain also of white beads hung about their necks. When the prisoner entered the apartments of the Sovereign, all the people gave a shout. The Queen Appamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another person brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them. They feasted him in their best manner; and he thought they intended to fatten and eat him. They then held a long consultation, at the close of which, two great stones were brought before Powhatan. As many of the Indians as could, laying hands on the devoted prisoner, dragged him to the stones, on which they placed him, with the intention of beating out his brains with clubs. At this moment Pocahontas the king's favourite daughter, (her entreaties and tears not availing to rescue the captive from execution) rushed between him and the executioner, took his head in her arms, and laid her own upon it to ward off the blows. The father was subdued, and the victim was spared. Two days afterwards, Powhatan sent Smith, accompanied by twelve guides to James Town.

In the summer of the ensuing year, Smith, in an open barge, with four-

teen persons, and a scanty stock of provisions, explored the whole of that great extent of water, from Cape Henry, where it meets with the ocean, to the river Susquehannah: trading with some tribes of the Indians, and fighting with others. He discovered, and named many small islands, creeks, and inlets; and after sailing about three thousand miles, returned to James Town.—Having made careful observations during this excursion of discovery, he drew a map of Chesapeak bay, and the rivers, annexing to it a description of the countries, and of the nations inhabiting them. This map he subsequently sent to the council in England, and with such admirable exactness was it made, that it is the original from which all subsequent descriptions of Virginia have been copied. The superior abilities of Smith obtained at last the ascendancy over envy and faction. Although he had been refused a seat at the council-board, he was now, at the request of the settlers, invested with the government of the colony, and ere long received letters patent to be their president. The wisdom of his administration infused confidence; its vigour commanded obedience. The military exercises which he obliged all to perform, struck the Indians with astonishment and inspired them with awe.

It was not until sometime afterward that Smith set out with two ships for North Virginia. He arrived on the last day of April, at the island of Monahigon. After building seven boats, he in one of them ranged the coast east and west from Penobscot to Cape Cod, and bartered with the natives for beaver and other furs. By this voyage he made a profit of nearly £1500. From the observations which he now made on shores, islands, harbours, and headlands, he formed a map, which he presented to Prince Charles, who, in the warmth of his admiration, declared that the country should be called **NEW ENGLAND**. It appears

that our hero had become intent on settling a plantation in this country. "Of all the uninhabited parts of the world, that I have yet seen," says he, "I would rather live here than any where, and if we could not maintain ourselves, after we were once indifferently well fitted, let us starve."—Thus early did this very intelligent and penetrating observer form a high opinion of New England. He had the greatest expectations from the fishery of the coast; and time has proved the exactness of his judgment. Before any settlement was formed, he made this remarkable discrimination; "The country of the Massachusetts is the paradise of all these parts." In this voyage his discoveries were many, and he distinguished them by peculiar names. The northern promontory of Massachusetts bay, he called Trajabizanda, in honour of a Turkish lady, to whom he had been formerly a slave at Constantinople. The three small islands, at the head of the promontory he called the three Turks' Heads, in memory of his victory over three Turkish champions; and to another cluster of islands he gave his own name, "Smith's Isles."

In the year 1609 a systematic design was meditated against the colony of James Town, by the restless sovereign of the wilderness; but it was providentially discovered, and frustrated. Pocahontas, the tutelary angel of Virginia, went, in a very dark and dreary night to the English settlement, and at the hazard of her life, disclosed the secret to the president, of a plot of her father, to kill him and all his people. Some incidents still further contributed to their preservation, which occurred shortly after.

An Indian, apparently dead through the effects of a charcoal fire in a close room, was, on the application of vinegar and spirits, by the president reanimated. This supposed miracle with the explosion of gunpowder, which killed two or three Indians, excited such astonishment, mixed with such admiration, and art of the

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English, that Powhatan and his people came to them with presents of peace, and the whole country, during the remainder of Smith's administration, was entirely open to the unmolested use of the colonists. But the infant colony was still destined to calamities; and the very accession to its numbers, which should have added to its security, heightened its danger. A second supply of sanguine emigrants, many of them people of distinction, arrived from England. Of them John Laydon was soon after married to Ann Burras; and this was the first marriage in Virginia. Smith calls the new comers "a lewd company of unruly gallants, sent from home by their friends to escape ill destinies. These described as labourers were for the most part footmen, and gentlemen's attendants, who had never known what a day's work was. All the rest were poor gentlemen, and libertines, ten times more likely to spoil a commonwealth, than either to begin one, or help to maintain it." To these persons he imputed the confusion that soon pervaded the colony. Many of them, dissatisfied with his discipline, wandered to Nawsamond, and offended the Indians, who killed most of them; and the few who escaped, returned in despair, to beg the protection of that authority which they had lately contemned.

But the president was again destined to meet with the usual reward of merit,—ingratitude; and enfeebled by an accident to his person from an explosion of gunpowder, he returned in disgust to England, towards the close of the year; leaving three ships, seven boats, nearly five hundred persons, twenty-four pieces of cannon,

three hundred musquets, and a competent supply of live stock provisions, and working tools. Nothing could have been more inauspicious to the colony than Smith's departure.

The Indians, finding that the person whose vigour they had often felt, no longer ruled the English people, revolted, and destroyed them wherever they were found. The provisions of the colony being imprudently wasted, a dreadful famine ensued, and prevailed to such an extremity, that, of nearly five hundred persons, left by the late president, sixty only remained at the expiration of six months.

I could wish to close this narrative gracefully. But your fair readers will excuse me, if the truth of history compels me to inform them, that the destiny of the excellent Pocahontas, after the departure of Smith, was quite opposed to all the etiquette of romances. According to the laws of poetical justice she ought to have been united to the accomplished president, and died on his bosom, or lived to close his eyes. She did, indeed, die in a far foreign land, with her father's curse heavy on her soul. She married a Mr. Rolfe, and having accompanied him to England, was taken sick at Gravesend, where she died, at the age of about twenty-two years.

No stone marks the place of her repose, nor has poetry yet shed one tear over her ashes. "But she died as she had lived," says Smith, with affectionate energy, "a christian." She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, whose posterity was respectable, and inherited lands in Virginia, by descent from her.

#### A WITTY SCHOOLBOY.

A SHOPKEEPER having an empty cask, which he wished to dispose of, placed it before his door, and with chalk wrote upon it, "For Sail." A wag-gish schoolboy, passing that way

"shortly afterwards, and perceiving the mistake of the vender of wares, immediately wrote underneath, "For freight or passage, apply at the bungalow."

## FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

## THE FAIRIES' ISLE;\*

OR, AN IMAGINARY EXCURSION TO LOCH-LOMOND.

Deign Muse to leave th' Idalian bowers,  
 And with imaginations powers  
 Possess my mind;—then as a friend  
 My course to distant scenes attend.—  
 And now methinks we onward stray,  
 At close of some soft summer day,  
 Among old Scotia's hills and moors,  
 Until we reach Loch-Lomond's shores.  
 Then in a skiff we venturous glide,  
 O'er the blue lake's capacious tide,  
 And view with fancy's roving eye,  
 The numerous isles that 'round us lie.  
 See there Inch-Murrin's groves appear,  
 In which repose the fallow deer;  
 While here Inch-Caillach's yew trees  
     wave,  
 Shading Clan-Alpine's ancient grave: †  
 Now the last bursts of sunshine throw  
 On every hill a sudden glow;  
 And lo! Inch-Cruin we behold,  
 It's summits bright as burnish'd gold:  
 Yet melancholy are it's shades,  
 No woodman's hut peeps from yon glades,  
 Those solitary walls contain,  
 The soul-distracted and insane. ‡  
 But farther westward let us row,  
 And near yon lonely islet go.  
 Sweet comes the zephyr, wafted o'er  
 The wild flowers on its verdant shore,  
 Whose lowly crescents, here and there,  
 Bright birches in profusion bear,  
 By Twilight to the eye displayed,  
 Like silver pillars in the shade.  
 We cannot dry-shod land to view  
 Its charms, for scarce could light canoe  
 Skim o'er the shallows, that surround  
 This fav'rite spot of elfin ground,  
 This ISLE OF FAIRIES, as 'tis call'd,  
 Where often, (at the sight appall'd,)  
 The fisherman hath watch'd the band  
 Of little sprites, who hand in hand,  
 Dance lightly 'round the knoll of green,  
 Where sits enthron'd their fairy queen,  
 But if an oar's splash they hear,  
 Then quick as lightning disappear  
 There 'mongst these folk of peace, 'tis said,  
 Lives a fair child, a mortal maid,  
 Born near the banks of Inversnayde.  
 Oft in her father's fragile boat,  
 By moonlight o'er the lake she'd float;

And one still eve, 'twas years ago,  
 She from the strand did gaily row,  
 Her parents fearless heard the oar,  
 That swift impell'd her from the shore;  
 Softer and softer came its clang,  
 And fainter fell the lay she sang,  
 Until the bark so far had sped,  
 That 'though the moon her brilliance shed,  
 No longer to their sight she gave  
 The silvery spangles of the wave.  
 An hour elaps'd, the boat did reach  
 Once more the low and pebbly beach;  
 But in that little skiff I ween,  
 At its return, no child was seen,  
 And the fond parents listen'd long  
 To hear again her sprightly song.  
 For weeks the Loch did roll and roar,  
 Like stormy sea on Scotia's shore;  
 Nor was the body ever found,  
 Tho' strict the search o'er Lomond's  
     bound.  
 Long afterward, some small white bones,  
 Found bleaching 'mongst the sand and  
     stones,  
 Were in the village grave yard laid,  
 As the remains of that young maid.  
 The parents, of their child bereft,  
 Thought these the raven's beak had left:  
 Yet this small solace of their grief  
 Was not of many the belief.  
 The dwellers on that mountain shore,  
 From youth well vers'd in fairy lore,  
 Had oft at night distinguish'd well  
 Her childish voice's gentle swell,  
 When, sailing through the moon's clear  
     light,  
 The unseen fairies wing'd their flight,  
 And charm'd the shepherds with their  
     song,  
 As Tynedrum's moors they swept along,  
 Adown to sweet Dalmally's burn,  
 Where frowns thy ruins, sad Kilchurn.  
 Aged the lost child's parents died;  
 But no such change can her betide;  
 As young and fair to human sight,  
 As when she left her home that night:  
 Yet those who see her plainly trace  
 A shade of sadness on her face,  
 A paleness too, as if she pin'd  
 The playmates of her home to find.

\* See the first article in Blackwood's Magazine, No. 117.

† \_\_\_\_\_ rods of yew,  
 Whose parents in Inch-Caillach wave  
 Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave.

LADY OF THE LAKE, Canto 3d, St. 8.

‡ An Asylum for lunatics.

And when the silver orb of night  
Sheds o'er yon isle a gleam of light,  
And gives to view the fairy court,  
As on the green they gaily sport,  
Then ever is the maiden seen,  
Sitting beside the gracious queen.  
'Tis known that there are words of power  
Which, whisper'd at the proper hour,  
Would quickly break the magic chain,  
That binds her to the elfin train:  
Then, from the world of shadows free,  
Blythsome on earth again she'd be.  
But round about that fairy bower,  
Small centinels keep watch each hour,  
And if a human breath draw near,  
They sound a warning shrill and clear:

And then the phantoms melt away,  
Like dew-drops in the sun's bright ray;  
While, mix'd with winnowing of wings,  
O'er head their little laughter rings.  
For when they cleave the yielding air,  
Invisible's their empire there:  
And only when they touch the flowers,  
Or herbage of this earth of ours,  
(In whose lone places they delight,)  
Are they expos'd to human sight:  
At all times else their being seems  
As unexistent as our dreams.

ARION.

Kentville.

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 THE FIRST OF APRIL.

FROM "BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON."

SIR,—As I know many of your readers "love fun," in the hopes that I may contribute to the frolics of the day, and afford some useful hints to the admirers of practical jokes, I send you a short sketch of my own sport on the 1st of April last:—

Got up early, and placed a large basin of cold water close to my wife's side of the bed, laid down on the hearth rug, and screamed ten thousand murders. Poor Betsy seeing me, as she thought, in dreadful agony, jumped out to my assistance, when popping both her feet into the basin in her alarm, she overturned the unexpected bath; slipped on her back, and was completely soured. Scrambled up laughing, and ran out crying, "April fool!" Rushed up stairs, and calling the cook, told her, her mistress was in a fit; and desired her to go to her assistance. Down ran the cooky *en chemise*, and rushing into the room, received the empty basin full in her face, intended as the "*retort courtois*" for me. Her nose was split, the basin broke, and I had to pay the doctor's bill—but then I had my joke. Went into the parlour, and seeing my brother's boots at the fire, dropped an egg in each.—Was delighted to see him crack them both, and draw out his feet covered with the yolk.—Laughed heartily and exclaimed, "April fool."—Threw his

boot at my head, but dodging, the iron heel smashed a pier glass."—"Who's the fool?" cried Jem. Heated the handle of the poker, and told Molly to stir the fire.—In ecstasies at seeing her drop it with about four inches of skin off her fingers. Unfortunately, it fell on a valuable China plate filled with toast—the former was broken, and the latter spoiled; but then it was the first of April. Looked demure when my wife came to breakfast. Said nothing, but thought it was very bad. Took another cup, and complained, when Betsy consoled me, by observing, that it was the first of April, and she thought a little *jallop* would do me good. Did not relish such jokes. Heard an old Irish woman crying *mackerel*. Called her several times. Highly amused to see her turn round, and scream, "coming." Twigg'd me at last, and flung her patten at the window, to the detriment of two squares. Wrote a note to Alderman Gobble to dine with his friend Thomson, who I knew was in the country. Gobble took the bait, but unfortunately, finding Thomson abroad, he just "dropped in" upon me at dinner time, and nearly devoured a whole dish of smelts, which I had got as a treat for self and rib. Met Mrs. Williams: asked if she had heard of her son's accident.—"Good God! no," said

she, in great alarm; "what is it?" "He has broke——" "Broke what! in the name of heaven?" she shrieked with increasing alarm. "His walking stick," said I and trotted on in a roar of laughter; but, not noticing where I was going, stepped into a milk pail, to the great injury of my black silk stockings, as well as to the annoyance of the vender, who called me all the FOOLS she could lay her tongue to. Went into Batson's, called for a basin of soup—drank it, emptied the ink bottles into the basin, and then asked the waiter how he could bring me such stuff. He begged pardon, and I left him to find out his mistake. Sent my son with a bottle to Apothecaries' Hall, for six-penny worth of pigeon's milk. Came back in half an hour, and said they had none made. "Where's the sixpence," said I; "I spent it in oranges," said the young rogue, and had the grin of me. Brushed into my neighbours, and told him I was sure there was a fire in his house. Dreadfully alarmed, he ran into every room on the premises, but returned with an assurance that I was mistaken. Called him "April fool," and bid him look in the kitchen. Sent Molly to Spital-square to see a master silk-weaver roasted. Came back in a hurry, and said he was only "in a stew." Vexed with Alderman Gobble about the smelts.—Asked him to take a glass of Madeira, and accidentally, on purpose, poured him out a glass of vinegar. Burst into a snort of laughter to see his wry face. My own wine went the wrong way, and I was nearly choked.—Filled a blind nut with cayenne pepper, and gave it to my wife to crack. Had her a second time. I thought she would have spit out her eye teeth in getting rid of its effects. Knew my brother was going out to an evening party, and had soaped the soles of his shoes. Was delighted to hear him come bump down on his crupper, overhead. Went up to have my laugh, and found him crying with a sprained ankle, the soap having giv-

en him a prime slide. Ran down to send for the doctor, but nobody would go, believing I only meant to make them "April fools." Went myself, and came all haste back with Doctor Bolus. Found a cat tied by the tail to the knocker, kicking up a precious clatter.—Couldn't go near for fear of my eyes. At last, she worked the skin off her tail, and bolted. Cook opened the door; all consternation. Scrambled up stairs to my brothers room, with Bolus at my heels, but he was not there.—Came running down again; trod on some peas which my son Jack had placed to overturn the maids, was launched forward like a seventy-four, and rose majestically with all the skin off my back. Limped into the drawing-room, and found my brother had only been gammoning. Made a virtue of necessity, and laughed with tears in my eyes, and pains in my bones. Not done yet. Sent cook to the linen-draper for two yards of ell wide pack-thread. Came back, and said, "they an't got none so narrow." Had another hearty laugh; but changed my tone on old dripping coming back, and saying she had left the door ajar while she was gone for the ell wide pack-thread, and some fool or other had walked off with my great coat and Alderman Gobble's hat. No such fool either, thought I. Wanted to get rid of Gobble, and told Jack to tell Tom to get some one to say that his mother was dead. The news came, but Gobble took it very easy. "I know it," said he, "for I was at her funeral when I was fourteen."—"No go," and he had the smile of his favour. Determined to be even with him, and after supper filled the kettle with gin, and put a bottle of the same on the table. Swore it was fine strong spirit, and tried in vain to weaken it with water from the kettle. Got blind drunk, played the devil with the Turkey carpet, and I was obliged to send him home in a coach. Slipped slyly up stairs while my wife was gone to see a right in the kitchen, and made "g"



ple-pie" with the sheet by turning it up half way with the tail towards the head. Thought I should have died a laughing to see her getting in.— Called me an old booby, and got out to make the bed again. Put out the candle, and got in myself, but found to my great dismay, that there were

two sorts of bed-pies, for Betty had actually placed a large dish of hare-pies under the clothes, into which I jumped, but was very well content, in the end, to find it was nothing worse.

Yours, &c.

AN OLD JOKER.

### ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

A LITERARY Frenchman being in company with the celebrated Dr. Wallis, was boasting of the superiority of the French language in regard to euphony, and challenged the doctor to produce any thing in English equal to the following lines:—

Quand un cordier, cordant, veult corder  
une corde,  
Pour sa corde, corder, trois cordons il ac-  
corde :  
Mais si un des cordons de la corde dis-  
corde,  
Le cordon discordant fait discorder la  
corde.

The doctor, with promptitude, immediately translated the very words into English, only substituting for the French word *corde*, the pure English word *twist*. The reader will find that the first four of the following lines exactly correspond with those of the Frenchman; the next four were added by the doctor by way of completing his triumph. The remaining lines were not written till some time after. Dr. Johnson was so pleased with the above anecdote,

that he gives the whole twelve lines in his folio Dictionary, to show into how many twistings and bearings the words *twist* and *twister* may be twisted:—

When a twister a twisting will twist him  
a twist,  
For the twisting his twist he three times  
doth entwist ;  
But if one of the twists of the twist doth  
untwist,  
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the  
twist.

Untwisting the twine that untwisteth be-  
tween,  
He twines with his twister the two in a  
twine ;  
The twist having twisted the twines of  
the twine,  
He twisteth the twine he had twisted in  
twain.

The twine that in twisting before in the  
twine,  
As twines were untwisted, he now doth  
untwine ;  
Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine  
more between,  
He twisteth his twister, makes a twist of  
the twine.

### ANTOINE AUGUSTIN THOMAS DU F——.

AN AUTHENTIC AND AFFECTING NARRATIVE. BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

(Concluded from Vol. I. page 456.)

"A YOUNG gentleman, who was confined in a cell on one side of Monsieur du F——'s, contrived to make a small hole through the wall; and these companions in misfortune, by placing themselves close to the hole, could converse together in whispers. But the monks were not long in discovering this, and effectually deprived them of so great an indulgence, by remov-

ing them to distant cells. These unrelenting monks, who performed with such fidelity their office of tormenting their fellow creatures, who never relaxed in one article of persecution, and adhered with scrupulous rigour to the code of cruelty, were called, \* "*Les freres de la sainte charite.*"—

\* The brothers of the holy charity.

One among them deserved the appellation. This good old monk used to visit the prisoners by stealth, and endeavour to administer comfort to their affliction. Often he repeated to Monsieur du F——, \**“ Mon cher frere, consolez vous ; mettez votre confiance en Dieu, vos maux seront finis !”*

“ Monsieur du F—— remained two years in prison without receiving any intelligence of his wife, on whose account he suffered the most distracting anxiety. He had reason to apprehend that her frame, which had already been enfeebled by her misfortunes, would sink beneath this additional load of misery, and that she would perhaps be rendered unable to procure that little pittance, which might preserve herself and her child from want. At length one of his fellow-prisoners, who was going to regain his liberty, took charge of a letter to Madame du F——, and flattered him with the hope of finding some means of transmitting to him an answer.

“ The letter paints so naturally the situation of his mind, that I have translated some extracts from it.

“ “ My thoughts (he says) are unceasingly occupied about you, and my dear little girl. I am forever recalling the blessed moments when I had the happiness of being near you, and at that recollection my tears refuse to be controuled. How could I consent to separate myself from what was most dear to me in the world? No motive less powerful than that of seeking your welfare, and that of my child, could have determined me—and alas! I have not accomplished this end. I know too well that you have never received that sum of money which I thought I had secured for you, and for which I risked the first blessing of life. What fills my mind with the greatest horror, in the solitude of my prison, is the fear that you are suffering difficulties in a fo-

\* My dear brother, be comforted ; place your confidence in God, your afflictions will have an end.

reign country. Here I remain ignorant of your fate, and can only offer to heaven the most ardent vows for your welfare.

“ “ What joy would a letter from you give me! but I dare not flatter myself with the hope of such sweet consolation. All I can assure myself of is, that though separated, perhaps for ever, our souls are united by the most tender friendship and attachment. Perhaps I may not find it possible to write to you again for a long while: but be assured that no menaces, no sufferings, no dungeons, shall ever shake my fidelity to you, and that I shall love you to the last hour of my existence. I find a consolation in the reflection that it is for you I suffer. If Providence ever permits us to meet again, that moment will efface the remembrance of all my calamities. Live, my dearest wife, in that hope. I conjure you preserve your life for my sake, and for the sake of our dear little girl! Embrace her tenderly for me, and desire her also to embrace you for her poor papa. I need not recommend my child to the care of so tender a mother; but I conjure you to inspire her mind with the deepest sense of religion. If she is born to inherit the misfortunes of her father, this will be her best source of consolation.

“ “ Whatever offers may be made you by my father, I exhort you never have the weakness to listen to them, but preserve your rights, and those of my dear little girl, which, perhaps, may one day be of some value. If you are still at Mrs. D——’s boarding school, tell her that I recommend my wife and child to her compassion.—But what am I saying? I am ignorant if you are still with her, ignorant whether the dearest objects of my affection still live! But I trust that Providence has preserved you. Adieu! May God Almighty bless you, and my child! I never cease imploring Him to have pity on the widow and the orphan in a land of strangers.’

“ You, my dear friend, who have felt the tender attachments of love and friendship, and the painful anxieties which absence occasions, even amidst scenes of variety and pleasure; who understand the value at which tidings from those we love is computed in the arithmetic of the heart; who have heard with almost uncontrollable emotion the postman’s rap at the door; have trembling seen the well-known hand which excited sensations that almost deprived you of power to break the seal which seemed the talisman of happiness: you can judge of the feelings of Monsieur du F—— when he received, by means of the same friend who had conveyed his letter, an answer from his wife. But the person who brought the letter to his dungeon, dreading the risk of a discovery, insisted that after having read it, he should return it to him immediately. Monsieur du F—— pressed the letter to his heart, bathed it with his tears, and implored the indulgence of keeping it at least till the next morning. He was allowed to do so, and read it till every word was imprinted on his memory; and, after enjoying the sad luxury of holding it that night on his bosom, was forced the next morning to relinquish his treasure.

“ On the 10th of October, 1780, the baron du F—— came to the convent, and ordered the monks to bring his son from his dungeon to the parour, and leave them together. With the utmost reluctance Monsieur du F—— obeyed this summons, having long lost all hope of softening the obdurate heart of his father. When the monks withdrew, the baron began upbraiding him in the most bitter terms, for his obstinate resistance to his will, which, he informed him, had availed nothing, as he had gained his suit at law, and recovered the seven hundred pounds. Monsieur du F—— replied, that the pain he felt from this intelligence would have been far more acute, had his wife been deprived, with his concurrence, of the money which was promised

for her subsistence, and on the reliance of which promise he had been tempted to leave England. His father then enquired if he still persisted in his adherence to the disgraceful connection he had formed; to which his son answered, that not merely were his affections interested, but that his honour obliged him to maintain, with inviolable fidelity, a solemn and sacred engagement. The rage of the baron, at these words, became unbounded. He stamped the ground with his feet; he aimed a stroke at his son, who, taking advantage of this moment of frenzy, determined to attempt his escape; and, rushing out of the apartment, and avoiding that side of the convent which the monks inhabited, he endeavoured to find his way to the garden, but missed the passage which led to it. He then flew up a staircase, from which he heard the voice of his father calling for assistance. Finding that all the doors he passed were shut, he continued ascending until he reached the top of the building, where meeting with no other opening than a hole made in the sloping roof to let in light to a garret, he climbed up with much difficulty, and then putting his feet through the hole, and letting his body out by degrees, he supported himself for a moment on the roof, and deliberated on what he was about to do. But his mind was, at this crisis, wrought up to a pitch of desperation, which mocked the suggestions of fear. He quitted his hold, and flinging himself from a height of nearly fifty feet, became insensible before he reached the ground, where he lay weltering in his blood, and to all appearance dead.

“ He had fallen on the high road leading from Rouen to Caen. Some people who were passing gathered round him, and one person having washed the blood from his face, instantly recognized his features, and exclaimed to the astonished crowd, that he was the eldest son of the baron du F——. Upon examining his body, it was found that he had broken

his arm, his thigh, his ankle-bone, and his heel, besides having received many violent bruises. He still remained in a state of insensibility; and, while these charitable strangers were using their efforts to restore him to life, the monks hastened from their convent, snatched their victim from these good Samaritans who would have poured oil and wine into his wounds, and carried him to the infirmary of the convent, where he remained some weeks before he recovered his senses; after which he lay stretched upon a bed for three months, suffering agonies of pain.

“His father, who had been the gaoler, and almost the murderer of his son, heard of these sufferings without remorse; nor did he ever see him more. But, though he was sufficiently obdurate to bear unmoved the calamities he had inflicted on his child, though he could check the upbraidings of his own conscience, he could not silence the voice of public indignation. The report that Monsieur du F—— had been found lying on the road bathed in blood, and had in that condition been dragged to the prison of St. Yon, was soon spread through the town of Rouen. Every one sympathized in the fate of this unfortunate young man, and execrated the tyranny of his unrelenting father.

“The universal clamour reached the ear of his brother, Monsieur de B——, who now, for the first time, out of respect to the public opinion, took a measure which his heart had never dictated during the long captivity of his brother—that of visiting him in prison. Monsieur de B——’s design in these visits was merely to appease the public; for small indeed was the consolation they afforded to his brother. He did not come to bathe with his tears the bed where that unhappy young man lay stretched in pain and anguish; to lament the severity of his father; to offer him all the consolation of fraternal tenderness:—he came to warn him against indulging a hope of ever re-

gaining his liberty—he came to pierce his soul with ‘hard unkindness’ altered eye, which mocks the tear it forced to flow!

“I will not attempt to describe the wretchedness of Madame du F——, when she heard the report of her husband’s situation. Your heart will conceive what she suffered far better than I can relate it. Three months after his fall, Monsieur du F—— contrived, through the assistance of the charitable old monk, to send her a few lines written with his left hand. ‘My fall (he says) has made my captivity known, and has led the whole town of Rouen to take an interest in my misfortunes. Perhaps I shall have reason to bless the accident, which may possibly prove the means of procuring me my liberty, and uniting me again to you!—In the mean time, I trust that Providence will watch with paternal goodness over the two objects of my most tender affection. Do not, my dearest wife, suffer the thoughts of my situation to prey too much upon your mind. My arm is almost well: my thigh and foot are not quite cured: but I am getting better.

“‘I could not suppress my tears on reading that part of your letter, wherein you tell me that my dear little girl often asks for her papa.—Kiss her for me a thousand times, and tell her that her papa is always thinking of her and her dear mama. I am well convinced that you will give her the best education your little pittance can afford. But above all, I beseech you, inspire her young mind with sentiments of piety: teach her to love her Creator: that is the most essential of all lessons. Adieu, dearest and most beloved of women! Is there a period in reserve when we shall meet again? Oh how amply will that moment compensate for all our misfortunes!’

“At length the parliament of Rouen began to interest itself in the cause of Monsieur du F——. The circumstances of his confinement were mentioned in that assembly,

and the president sent his secretary Monsieur du F——'s prison, who had now quitted his bed, and was able to walk with the assistance of crutches. By the advice of the president, Monsieur du F—— addressed some letters to the parliament, representing his situation in the most pathetic terms, and imploring their interference in his behalf.

“It is here necessary to mention, that Monsieur de Bel B——, procureur general de Rouen, being intimately connected with the baron du F——'s family, had ventured to demonstrate his friendship for the baron, by confining his son nearly three years on his own authority, and without any *lettre de cachet*. And though Monsieur de Bel B—— well knew, that every species of oppression was annulled at, under the shelter of *lettres de cachet*, he was sensible that it was only beneath their auspices that the exercise of tyranny was permitted; and in this particular instance, not having been cruel *\*selon les regles*, he apprehended, that if Monsieur du F—— regained his liberty, he might be made responsible for his conduct. He, therefore, exerted all his influence, and with too much success, to frustrate the benevolent intention of the president of the parliament, respecting Monsieur du F——. His letters were indeed read in that assembly, and ordered to be registered, where they still remain a record of the unanimity of those men, who suffer under the authority of Monsieur de Bel B—— to overcome the voice of humanity; who acknowledged the atrocity of the baron du F——'s conduct, and yet were deaf to the supplications of his son, while, from the depth of his dungeon, he called upon them for protection and redress.

“May the fate of the captive, in the land of France, no more hang suspended on the frail thread of the caprice of individuals! Justice erect, on eternal founda-

tions, her protecting sanctuary for the oppressed! and may humanity and mercy be the graceful decorations of her temple!

“The baron du F—— perceived that, notwithstanding his machinations had prevented the parliament of Rouen from taking any effectual measures towards liberating his son, it would be impossible to silence the murmurs of the public, while he remained confined at St. Yon. He determined, therefore, to remove him to some distant prison, where his name and family were unknown; and where, beyond the jurisdiction of the parliament of Rouen, his groans might rise unpitied and unavenged. But the baron, not daring, amidst the general clamour, to remove his son by force, endeavoured to draw him artfully into the snare he had prepared.

“Monsieur de B—— was sent to his brother's prison, where he represented to him, that, though he must not indulge the least hope of ever regaining his liberty, yet, if he would write a letter to Monsieur M——, keeper of the seals, desiring to be removed to some other place, his confinement should be made far less rigorous. Monsieur du F—— was now in a state of desperation, that rendered him almost careless of his fate. He perceived that the parliament had renounced his cause. He saw no possibility of escape from St. Yon; and flattered himself, that in a place where he was less closely confined, it might perhaps be practicable; and therefore he consented to write the letter required, which Monsieur de B—— conveyed in triumph to his father. There were, however, some expressions in the letter which the baron disapproved, on which account he returned it, desiring that these expressions might be changed. But during the interval of his brother's absence, Monsieur du F—— had reflected on the rash imprudence of confiding in the promises of those by whom he had been so cruelly deceived. No sooner, there-

According to rules.

fore, did Monsieur de B—— put the letter again into his hands, than he tore it into pieces, and peremptorily refused to write another.

“ Soon after this, Monsieur de B——, the ambassador of the tyrant, again returned to his brother, with fresh credentials, and declared to him, that if he would write to the keeper of the seals, desiring to be removed from St. Yon, he should, in one fortnight after his removal, be restored to liberty. Upon Monsieur du F——’s asserting that he could no longer confide in the promises made him by his family, his brother, in a formal written engagement, to which he signed his name, gave him the most solemn assurance, that this promise should be fulfilled with fidelity. Monsieur du F—— desired a few days for deliberation, and, during that interval found means of consulting a magistrate of Rouen who was his friend, and who advised him to comply with the terms that were offered, after having caused several copies of the written engagement to be taken, and certified by such of the prisoners at St. Yon as were likely to regain their freedom; a precaution necessary, lest his own copy should be torn from his hands.

“ Thus, having neither trusted to the affection, the mercy, or the remorse of those within whose bosoms such sentiments were extinguished; having bargained, by a written agreement, with a father and a brother, for his release from the horrors of perpetual captivity, Monsieur du F—— wrote the letter required.

“ Soon after, an order was sent from Versailles for his release from the prison of St. Yon, and with it a *lettre de cachet*, whereby he was exiled to Beauvais, with a command not to leave that town. Monsieur de B——, acting as a *\*cavalier de la marechaussee*, conducted his brother to this place of exile, and there left him. A short time after, Monsieur du F—— received an intimation,

\*An officer of justice.

from that magistrate of Rouen who had interested himself in his misfortunes, that his father was on the point of obtaining another *lettre de cachet* to remove him from Beauvais, to some prison in the south of France, where he might never more be heard of. This gentleman added that Monsieur du F—— had not one moment to lose, and advised him immediately to attempt his escape.

“ Early on the morning after he received this intelligence, Monsieur du F——, who had the liberty to walk about the town, fled from Beauvais. The person who brought him the letter from the magistrate waited for him at a little distance from the town, and accompanied him on his journey. When they reached Lisle in Flanders, not having a passport, they were obliged to wait from eleven o’clock at night till the next morning, before they could obtain permission from the government to proceed on their journey. Monsieur du F—— concluded that he was pursued, and suffered the most dreadful apprehensions of being overtaken. His companion with some address, at length obtained a passport, and attended him as far as Ostend. The wind proving contrary, he was detained two days in a state of the most distracting inquietude, and concealed himself on board the vessel in which he had taken his passage for England. At length the wind became favourable; the vessel sailed, and arrived late in the night at Margate. Monsieur du F——, when he reached the English shore, knelt down and, in a transport of joy, kissed the earth of that dear country, which had twice proved his asylum.

“ He then enquired when the stage coach set off for London, and was told that it went at so early an hour the next morning, that he could not go till the day after, as he must wait till his portmanteau was examined by the custom-house officers who were now in bed. The delay of a few hours in seeing his wife and child, after such an absence, all

h sufferings, was not to be endured. In a violent agitation of mind, he snatched up his portmanteau, and was going to fling it into the sea, when he was prevented by the people near him, who said, that if he would pay a few pence, his portmanteau should be sent after him. He eagerly complied with their demands, and set out for London. As he drew near, his anxiety, his impatience, his agitation increased. His present situation appeared to him like one of those delicious dreams, which sometimes visited the darkness of his dungeon, and for a while restored his imagination, to those he loved.—He scarcely could be persuade himself that he was beyond the reach of oppression; that he was in a land of freedom; that he was hastening every moment towards his wife and child. When he entered London, his sensations became almost too strong to bear. He was in the very place which his wife and child inhabited—but were they yet alive? Were they in health? had heaven indeed reserved for him the transport of holding them once more to his bosom, of mixing his tears with theirs? When he knocked at the door of the house where he expected to hear of Madame du F——, he had scarcely time to articulate his enquiries after her and his child. He was told that they were in health, but that Madame du F——, being in a situation six weeks from London, he could not see her till the next morning. Monsieur du F—— had not been in a bed for several nights, and was almost overcome with agitation and fatigue. He, however, instantly set out on foot for the habitation of his wife, announced himself to the mistress of the family, who remained in another apartment, and she, after making Madame du F—— promise that she would listen to him with calmness, told her, that there was a probability of her husband's return to England. He heard her words, the exclamations, of his wife with intelligence—he could restrain no longer—he rushed into the room—

he flew into her arms—he continued pressing her in silence to his bosom. She was unable to shed a tear; and it was not till after he had long endeavoured to soothe her by his tenderness, and had talked to her of her child, that she obtained relief from weeping. She then, with the most violent emotion, again and again repeated the same enquiries, and was a considerable time before she recovered any degree of composure.

“All the fortune Monsieur du F—— possessed when he reached London, was one half guinea; but his wife had, during his absence, saved ten guineas out of her little salary.—You will easily imagine how valuable this hoard became in her estimation, when she could apply it to the precious use of relieving the necessities of her husband. Monsieur du F—— went to London the next day, and hired a little garret: there with a few books, a rush-light, and some straw in which he wrapped his legs to supply the want of fire, he recollected not the splendour to which he had once been accustomed, but the dungeon from which he had escaped. He saw his wife and child once a week; and, in those solitary moments, when books failed to soothe his thoughts, he anticipated the hour in which he should again meet the objects most dear to his heart, and passed the intervals of time in philosophic resignation. His clothes being too shabby to admit of his appearing in the day, he issued from his little shed when it was dark, and endeavoured to warm himself by the exercise of walking.

“Unfortunately he caught the smallpox, and his disorder rose to such a height, that his life was despaired of. In his delirium, he used to recapitulate the sad story of his misfortunes, and when he saw any person near his bed-side, would call out, \**Qu'on fasse sortir tous les Francois!*” After having been for some days in the most imminent dan-

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\*Make all the French go out.

ger, Monsieur du F—— recovered from this disease.

“ Six months after Monsieur du F——’s return to England, his family found themselves compelled to silence the public clamours, by allowing him a small annual pension. Upon this Madame du F—— quitted her place, and came to live with her husband and her child in an obscure lodging. Their little income received some addition by means of teaching the French language in a few private families.

“ A young lady, who came to pay me a visit at London, in 1785, desired to take some lessons in French, and Madame du F—— was recommended to us for that purpose. We soon perceived in her conversation every mark of a cultivated mind, and of an amiable disposition. She at length told us the history of her misfortunes, with the pathetic eloquence of her own charming language; and, after having heard that recital, it required but common humanity, to treat her with the respect due to the unhappy, and to feel for her sorrows that sympathy to which they had such claim. How much has the sensibility of Monsieur and Madame du F—— over-rated those proofs of esteem and friendship which we were enabled to shew them in their adversity!—But I must not anticipate.

“ On the 7th of December, 1787, the baron died, leaving besides Monsieur du F——, two other sons, and a daughter.

“ I must here mention, that at the time when Monsieur du F—— was confined to his bed in the prison of St. Yon, from the consequences of his fall, his father, in order to avoid the clamours at Rouen, went for some weeks to Paris. He there made a will, disinheriting his eldest son.—By the old laws of France, however, a father could not punish his son more than once for the same offence. Nor was there any thing in so mild a clause that could much encourage disobedience; since this single punishment, of which the mercy of the law was

careful to avoid repetition, might be extended to residence for life in a dungeon. Such was evidently the intention of the baron du F——: and, though his son, disappointing this intention, had escaped with only three years of captivity, and some broken limbs, the benignant law above-mentioned interposed to prevent farther punishment, and left the baron without any legal right to deprive Monsieur du F—— of his inheritance. His brothers being sensible of this, wrote to inform him of his father’s death, and recal him to France. He refused to go while the *lettre de cachet* remained in force against him. The baron having left all his papers sealed up, which his younger sons could not open but in the presence of their brother, they obtained the revocation of the *lettre de cachet*, and sent it to Monsieur du F——, who immediately set off for France.

“ The baron’s estate amounted to about four thousand pounds a year. Willing to avoid a tedious litigation with his brothers, Monsieur du F—— consented to divide with them this property. But he soon found reason to repent of his imprudent generosity; those very brothers, on whom he had bestowed an equal share of his fortune, refusing to concur with him in his application to the parliament of Rouen for the revocation of the *arret* against his marriage. Monsieur du F—— surprised and shocked at their refusal, began to entertain some apprehensions of his personal safety; and dreading that supported by the authority of his mother, another *lettre de cachet* might be obtained against him, he hastened back to England. Nor was it till after he had received assurances from several of the magistrates of Rouen that they would be responsible for the safety of his person, that he again ventured to return to France, accompanied by Madame and Mademoiselle du F——, in order to obtain the revocation of the *arret*. On their arrival at Rouen, finding that the parliament was exiled, and that the



business could not be prosecuted at that time, they again came back to pass the winter in England.

“At this period his mother died; and in the following summer Monsieur and Madame du F—— arrived in France, at the great epocha of French liberty, on the 15th of July, 1789, the very day after that on which the Bastile was taken. It was then that Monsieur du F—— felt himself in security on his native shore.—It was then that his domestic comforts were no longer embittered with the dread of being torn from his family by a separation more terrible than death itself.—It was then that he no more feared that his repose at night would be broken by the entrance of ruffians prepared to drag him to dungeons, the darkness of which was never visited by the blessed beams of day!

“He immediately took possession of his chateau, and only waits for the appointment of the new judges, to solicit the revocation of the arret against his marriage, and to secure the inheritance of his estate to Mademoiselle du F——, his only daughter, who is now fifteen years of age, and is that very child who was born

in the bosom of adversity, and whose infancy was exposed to all the miseries of want. May she never know the afflictions of her parents, but may she inherit their virtues!

“No sooner had Monsieur and Madame du F—— taken possession of their property, than they seemed eager to convince us, how little this change of fortune was capable of obliterating, for one moment, the remembrance of the friends of their adversity. With all the earnestness of affection, they invited us to France, and appeared to think their prosperity incomplete, and their happiness imperfect, till we accepted the invitation. You will believe that we are not insensible witnesses of the delightful change in their fortune. We have the joy of seeing them, not only possessing all the comforts of affluence, but universal respect and esteem.

“Never did I hear their lips utter an expression of resentment, or disrespect, towards his father; and never did I, with that warmth which belongs to my friendship for them, pass a censure on his conduct, without being made sensible, by their behaviour, that I had done wrong.”

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Quid potest esse tam apertum, tamque perspicuum, cum cœlum suspeximus, cœlestiaque contemplati sumus, quam esse aliquod Numen præstantissimæ mentis, quo hæc regantur?

Cicero.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handy work.

David.

THE study of Natural Philosophy and its application to mechanical and other purposes, have, within less than a century back, been productive of the most beneficial results to human society. In enlarging the mind, elevating the ideas, and purifying the affections and heart, the study of no

branch of natural philosophy equals that of Astronomy. However ignorant the generality of men may be of the true nature, motions and purposes of the heavenly bodies, there is nothing in nature with the general appearance of which they are more familiar, or which more frequently attracts their admiring and wondering gaze. The learned, in all ages, have esteemed the study of astronomy a kind of divine employment, ennobling all who pursued it, and exalting them above the rest of mankind, however insufficient to explain its mysteries their labours may have been. Kings and heroes have been

more proud of their discoveries in astronomy than of all their conquests, and have been more desirous that their names should live in the annals of posterity in connection with those discoveries, than with that of their most splendid victories.

“Belus, king of Assyria; Atlas, king of Mauritania; and Uratus, king of the country situate on the shore of the Atlantic ocean; are severally recorded, as the persons to whom the world owes this noble science; and, among the moderns, Alphonsus, king of Castile, enriched it with those tables that still bear his name.”

The poets have, from the very commencement of that soul-soothing art, been lavish in its praise. We shall furnish a few extracts, chiefly from Young, the sweet poet of the night, “whose sublime muse was more particularly devoted to nocturnal contemplations.”

How is Night's sable mantle labour'd o'er,  
How richly wrought with attributes di-  
vine!

What wisdom shines! what love! This  
midnight pomp,  
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds  
inlaid!  
Built with divine ambition! nought to  
Thee:  
For others this profusion—

This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd  
aright,  
'Tis nature's system of divinity,  
And every student of the night inspires.  
'Tis elder scripture writ by God's own  
hand.

What read we hear?—Th' existence of a  
God?—  
Yes, and of other beings, man above;  
Natives of ether, sons of higher climes!

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,  
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,  
Which set the living firmament on fire,  
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm  
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight  
Rushes Omnipotence?

Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds  
an awe,  
Which gives those venerable scenes full  
weight,  
And deep reception in th' intender'd heart.  
This gorgeous apparatus! This display!

This ostentation of creative power!  
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?  
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,  
For minds of the first magnitude to launch  
In endless speculation, and adore?  
One sun by day, by night ten thousand  
shine;  
And light us deep into the Deity;  
How boundless in magnificence and  
might?

Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing,  
unheard  
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,  
In this his universal temple, hung  
With lustres, with innumerable lights,  
That shed religion on the soul; at once,  
The temple and the preacher! O how  
loud  
It calls Devotion! genuine growth of  
Night!  
—Devotion! daughter of Astronomy!  
An undevout astronomer is mad.

The Solar System denotes the Sun with the planets and comets, which revolve round him, at various distances, but in stated and invariable periods, deriving light and heat from his rays. Of the distant globes which compose this System, the Sun, by far the most conspicuous, and, which is generally supposed to be a large spherical body of fire, about a million of times larger than the earth, is placed in the centre, revolving on its own axis once in twenty-five days and ten hours, and by its beams dispensing light and heat to the different planetary bodies which are within the sphere of its attraction.

The planets which compose our Solar System are, in the order of their distances from the Sun, Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Herschel, with four, lately discovered, moving in orbits between those of Mars and Jupiter, but of such inconsiderable size, in comparison of the others, as to be called Asteroides. The names given to these are Ceres, Pallas, Juno, and Vesta.

As the EARTH, a globe, as far as has been discovered, in all respects similar to the other planets, is inhabited by above eight hundred millions of intelligent beings, and provided with the means of life and enjoyment suit-

able to their nature ; it is reasonable to conclude that the others are also inhabited with beings capable of serving and adoring the Great Creator, and enjoying a portion of his munificence. A comparison of the other globes which compose the Solar System, with that of the Earth we inhabit, their sizes, probable accommodations, and sources of comfort, as these may be drawn from the most correct discoveries of astronomers, will tend to convince us that they are the habitations of intelligent beings.

MERCURY, the planet nearest to the sun, is, in diameter, less than one half of that of the earth, (three thousand one hundred miles;) and its distance from that bright luminary thirty seven millions of miles. On account of his proximity to the sun, and no spots appearing on his disk, his diurnal rotation on his axis, or the length of his day and night, cannot be ascertained. He revolves round the sun, and completes his year in eighty eight days, and moves, in this revolution, at the rate of one hundred and five thousand miles in an hour.

VENUS, the planet next in distance from the sun, (sixty-nine millions of miles,) is nearly as large as the Earth, being seven thousand five hundred miles in diameter. The length of its day and night, from a comparison of the best observations made by the most correct astronomers, is twenty three hours and twenty two minutes ; and its year is completed in about two hundred and twenty four of our days, moving at the rate of seventy six thousand miles in an hour. "When this planet appears to the west of the sun, it rises before him in the morning, and is called the Morning Star ; and when it appears to the east of the sun, it shines in the evening after he is set, and is called the Evening Star."

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,  
If better thou belong not to the dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the  
smiling morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy  
sphere,  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
*Milton.*

Fair Venus shines  
Even in the eye of day ; with sweetest  
beam  
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling  
flood  
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.  
*Barbauld.*

Next to Venus is the EARTH, at the distance of ninety five millions of miles from the sun ; and it is seven thousand, nine hundred and twenty eight miles in diameter. It performs its diurnal rotation in twenty four hours, and its annual circuit round the sun in three hundred and sixty five days, six hours and nine minutes, moving at the rate of fifty eight thousand miles in an hour, which, though one hundred and twenty times swifter than the speed of a cannon ball, is little more than half the velocity of Mercury in his orbit.

Round the Earth, and at the distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles from it, revolves the MOON, a secondary planet or satellite, giving light in the absence of the Sun by reflecting his rays towards the Earth. Its diameter is two thousand one hundred and eighty miles, and it attends the Earth in its course round the Sun, revolving round it in a direction contrary to the daily rotary motion of the Earth on its axis, and completing this revolution in a lunar month or twenty-nine and a half days. By observing that the same side of the Moon is always towards the Earth, it is found that it revolves on its own axis once only during its revolution round the Earth, and consequently that the length of its day and night is twenty-nine and a half of our days. The length of its year is the same as that of the Earth ; and it enjoys the advantage of light reflected from the Earth which serves as a moon to it. The Moon, viewed through a telescope, presents the appearance of seas, continents, and mountains, and it seems more than probable that it is inhabited by intelligent beings

capable of perceiving and admiring the glory and goodness of the Divine Being and of enjoying his rich bounties.

MARS, the next planet, is beyond the Earth's orbit, its diameter above five thousand miles, and its distance from the Sun, (one hundred and forty-five million of miles) nearly double that of the Earth. Its diurnal rotation is accomplished in twenty-four hours and thirty-nine minutes, and it moves round the Sun at the rate of fifty-five thousand miles in an hour, completing its annual revolution in (six hundred and eighty-seven days) a little less than two of our years.

After Mars follows JUPITER the largest of all the planets. His diameter (about 94,100 miles) is about twelve times as great as that of the Earth, and his distance from the Sun four hundred and ninety-six millions of miles. He travels round the Sun at the rate of twenty-nine thousand miles in an hour, and performs his annual revolution in (four thousand three hundred and thirty-two days, fourteen hours, twenty-seven minutes,) something less than twelve of our years. But the rapidity of the motion of this immense planet on its own axis is astonishingly great. It performs its diurnal rotation in less than ten hours, (nine hours fifty-six minutes,) and its day and night are comprised in that short period. It is natural to conclude from its immense distance from the Sun that it must be but scantily provided with light; but to compensate for the disadvantage arising from its distance it is surrounded with several faint substances called belts, which it is probable are a peculiar conformation of its atmosphere, calculated to collect and reflect upon its surface the rays of light and heat which proceed from the Sun. It is also attended by four Satellites or Moons, to give light during the absence of the Sun, to the inhabitants of this enormous globe.— These satellites are frequently eclipsed to us, by the planet passing between them and the Earth. They

have often been found useful in determining the longitude and ascertaining the velocity of light.

SATURN, the next in order, is above nine hundred and eight million of miles from the Sun, and its diameter about seventy-eight thousand miles. Its diurnal motion is performed in ten hours and sixteen minutes; and moving at the rate of twenty-two thousand miles in an hour, its annual circuit round the Sun is performed in about twenty-nine and a half of our years. It is encompassed by a flat, broad, luminous ring, which concentrates, and reflects the rays of the Sun towards its globe, and of course increases their effect. Besides this ring it is also surrounded with several belts similar to those of Jupiter, and evidently intended for the same purpose, the increase of light and heat. In addition to these it is accompanied with no less than seven Moons continually revolving round it and which from their different positions and orbits must almost constantly during the night enlighten that vast world. Notwithstanding the immense distance then of this planet from the Sun, it must be furnished by means of its ring, belts, and moons which collect, concentrate, reflect, and by these means heighten the effect of the Sun's rays, with a degree of light and heat most probably equal, perhaps superior to that enjoyed by the earth. And we may further reasonably conclude that the prodigious rapidity of the diurnal motion of both Jupiter and Saturn is productive of important benefit to the inhabitants of those planets. For notwithstanding the advantage derived from their belts and ring yet the rays of the Sun passing through such an immensity of space must be greatly dispersed before they reach those distant orbs and consequently requiring not only the assistance of the belts and ring to collect and reflect them, but also the speedy return of the Sun to dispel the cold occasioned by his absence during the night and to prevent their globes from being enclosed with perpetual frost.

The planet **HERSCHEL**, the most distant in the system, was discovered on the 13th of March 1781 by Mr. Herschel, who gave it the name of the **GEORGIUM SIDUS**, but it most generally passes by his own name. It is at so great a distance from us as seldom to be seen but by means of a telescope, although its diameter is about thirty-five thousand two hundred miles. Its distance from the sun is one thousand eight hundred and sixteen million, and four hundred thousand miles: it moves in its orbit at the rate of seven thousand miles in an hour, and completes its annual revolution or year, in about eighty two of our years. The length of its day and night, or of its diurnal revolution has not, on account of its great distance, been yet ascertained. Herschel is attended by *six* moons.

Of the four other planets, which, as we have mentioned, are usually called Asteroids from their inconsiderable size, **PALLAS** is the largest, and is about the size of our moon. It revolves round the sun in four years and eight months, at the distance, from that luminary of two hundred and eighty eight millions of miles. The others are so small and so little known, that no account yet given of them can be generally interesting. Still however what is known of them demonstrates them to be worthy of the wisdom of the Creator of

all, in the rich variety of his great creation.

Who, knowing the circumstances now mentioned, can withhold the belief that all these planets are inhabited by intelligent beings? Globes of immense size, some of them as we have seen, far, very far surpassing that of the earth, having day and night, the revolution of seasons, and not only attended with a great number of moons, but also possessing additional means of light and heat, must have been created to be the habitations of beings capable of enjoying the bounties of the Divine Creator, and of adoring Him for the wonderful displays of wisdom and beneficence so conspicuous throughout the whole.

I shall conclude this paper with the beautiful language of Thomson:

With what an awful world-revolving  
pow'r  
Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd  
along  
Th' illimitable void! There to remain,  
Amid the flux of many thousand years,  
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,  
And all their labour'd monuments away.  
Firm, unremitting, matchless in their  
course,  
To the kind temper'd change of night and  
day,  
And of the seasons ever stealing round,  
Minutely faithful: such th' All-perfect  
Hand,  
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady  
Whole. **URANIUS.**  
*Windsor, June, 1827.*

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

### IMPORTANT TO GEOMETRICIANS.

A NEW AND CORRECT METHOD OF FINDING THE QUADRATURE OF A CIRCLE.

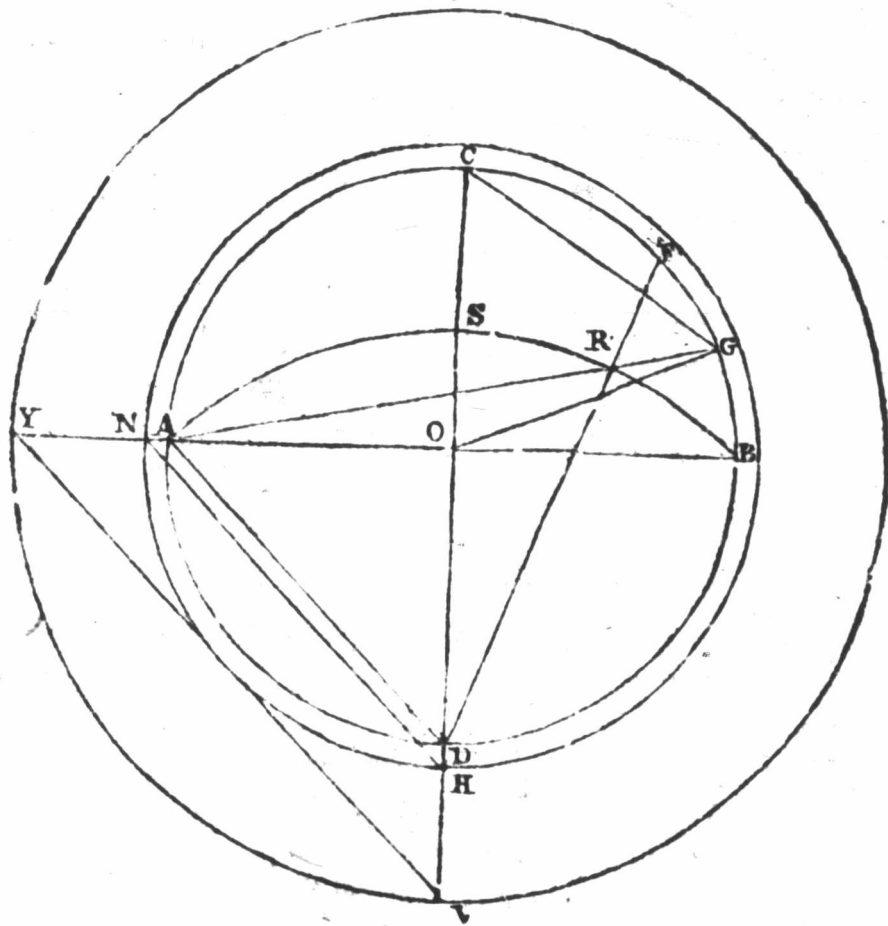
[WE submit the following communication to our learned readers in the full assurance that, if they do not find it, on mature investigation, perfectly correct, they will at least give due praise to the new, ingenious, and learned demonstration of our correspondent, to solve a difficulty which has employed the attention of mathematicians, during many ages. Though, from the shortness of the time we have had to consider it, and other avocations, we cannot be sure that it is absolutely correct, yet we see it displays much deep thinking, extensive knowledge of geometry, and a greater simplicity in demonstration, than we ever saw on the same problem.—We hope it will attract the attention of our learned friends in another part of the province, to whose lucubrations on similar subjects, we shall pay equal respect. We invite our friends to consider it, and transmit us the results of their investigations.]—ED.

THE quadrature of a circle, is equal to a square described upon the chord

of three-fourths of a quadrant (viz. three-sixteenths) of another circle, whose radius is the side of a square inscribed in the first circle. Or upon the same principle,

The quadrature of a circle, is equal to a square inscribed in another circle, whose radius is the chord of three-fourths of a quadrant (viz. three-sixteenths) of the first circle.

I do not expect, Mr. Editor, you can supply your readers with a figure similar to the inclosed; therefore I will endeavour to give such an enunciation of the above rules, as those who choose, may easily construct figures for themselves.\*



In the given circle  $A C B D$  of which, it is required to find a rectilinear figure equal to the circumference, draw the diameters  $A B, C D$ , at right angles; join  $A D$ :  $A D$  is the side of a square within the circle. Next, about the centre  $D$ , with radius  $D A$ , describe another circle, passing through the points  $A, B$ , and cutting  $C D$  in the point  $S$ : then  $A S B D$  is the quadrant of a circle, whose radius  $D A$  is the side of a square within the circle  $A C B D$ . Bisect the arch  $C B$ , in the point  $F$ ; join  $F D$ :  $S B$  is bisected in the point  $R$ . Draw  $A R$ , the chord of the arch

$A S R$ , which is three-fourths of the quadrant  $A S B D$ ;  $A R$  will be equal to the arch  $C F B$ , and, consequently, the square described upon  $A R$ , is equal to the circumference  $A C B D$ .

Or thus, by the second method. In the same figure, bisect  $F B$  (which may be done by producing  $A R$ ) in the point  $G$ : join  $C G$ : about the centre  $O$ , with the distance  $C G$ , describe another circle  $N H$ , and through the points  $A, D$ , of the first circle, produce the diameters to the points  $N H$ , of the second; join  $N H$ :  $N H$  will be equal to the arch  $C F B$ :

\*As we ardently desire the improvement of the inhabitants of Nova-Scotia, in literature, and general and useful knowledge, we have got the figure cut by Mr. Torbett, that the demonstration may be the more easily perceived by our mathematical readers.—ED.

but  $NH$  is the side of a square within the circle  $NH$ , whose radius is  $CG$ , the chord of three-fourths of the quadrant of the circle,  $ACBD$ : consequently, the square inscribed in the circle  $NH$ , is equal to the circumference  $ACBD$ .

I undertook the investigation which led to the above discovery, (if I be allowed the expression till confuted,) in consequence of the following note, which appeared in the Bos. Rec. and Tel. Nov. 3d, 1826. "M. Malacare, an Italian geometrician, pretends to have strictly resolved the famous problem of the quadrature of the circle. His proposition is this: 'the circumference of a circle is composed of three sides of a square to the circle *plus* the semi-diameter.' He offers a reward of three hundred francs to the first person who shall before the first of November next, convict him of an error." As M. M's proposition was to me unsatisfactory, I wished to convict him, (though I should never receive the reward) at least of inaccuracy: so by supposing the diameter of a circle to be 300 feet, the circumference according to M. M's theory, would be 936.4, if I understand him correctly; but by the common method, it would be 942.4; hence I found, that, by all the calculations I could make, M. M's method could not come nearer the truth, than 6 feet from the common plan. M. M. therefore is wrong; he has only *guessed* at the truth, and may transmit his 300 francs when convenient; because, though the common method is not *correct*, it is well known to be much nearer the truth, than any other plan can be, which differs 6 feet from it, in a circle of 300 feet diameter. Thus the common method is a sufficient test for all plans which differ from it materially: but I am now about to disown its authority; because, it is known to be a *little* incorrect, and the plan I here propose differs only a *little* from it; and I am inclined to believe, it is *all that little* nearer the truth. I have

tried it by various calculations and find it would make the circumference of the above-mentioned circle 942.8 feet.

In the investigation, I observed the following truths, which may be matter of speculation to the curious inquirer, and assist him in his calculation or demonstration:—

If the arch  $ACB$ , be divided into any number of parts; straight lines from each division to  $D$ , will divide  $ASB$  into the same number of similar parts. Join  $GO$ , and the triangle  $COG$ , is equiangular and similar to the triangle  $ADR$ . Lastly, for the present, about the same centre with the distance  $NH$ , describe another circle  $YV$ : produce the diameters and join them:  $YV$  is the side of a square without  $NH$ , and within  $YV$ ; and take  $YV$  for radius, the same thing will occur. These things sir, I submit to your consideration.

W. M.K.

The above, Mr. Editor, is the amount of several papers handed to me for a demonstration, before sending them to the public prints. The calculations I think are correct. I have applied demonstration perhaps as far as it can go, and though at first they were bare assertions, I find now they are as clear as any proposition in Euclid, excepting in one point, where both calculation and demonstration fail. *Viz.* where it is said  $AR$  or  $NH$ , *will be equal to*  $CFB$ . You may say, this is the principle point, and if we fail here, all that we have done must go for nothing.

The remark has every appearance of truth, yet I cannot agree with it; for the reasons I am now going to mention. There is no other criterion, by which this proposition can be proved true or false, than actual measurement. If there were any just standard to be obtained; *i. e.* if the true circumference of any circle could be found either by calculation or demonstration; the point would be settled; there would be nothing to discover. Suppose for a moment, the common method of calculation to

be correct ; this itself is the *grand desideratum* in question ; and the above plan is not only superfluous but *incorrect* : because it differs a little from it. But again let the common method be what it is, viz. a little inaccurate and suppose this new method to be correct ; certainly in this case, I have a right to exclaim it is not proper to try a true rule, by a false one. For these reasons, I appeal to actual measurement. Preparations are going on for this purpose, and if the result be favourable,

I pledge myself to let you hear of it, and to give a demonstration of the above theorem, if necessary, as satisfactory as the fifth of the first book of Euclid. In the mean time I submit it to the tribunal of a scrutinizing public : and though I do not offer three hundred francs, it is not from the fear of losing ; yet I will frankly give three hundred thanks to the person who shall convict me of an error.

Δ.

Pictou, June, 1827.

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FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

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LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND AND COMPANION.

On Ocean's bright bosom the moon sweetly beaming  
 Shines brilliant and splendid the blue waves along :  
 And far o'er the billow-tops distantly gleaming,  
 Comes with the breeze wafted, the sailors' light song.

Now onward comes fast and appears through the gloaming,  
 The bark, with her sail set so gallant and gay :  
 But hark ! o'er the wave comes a low sound of moaning,  
 Which borne on the gale passes swiftly away ;

'Tis a low murm'ring sound that creeps over the ocean,  
 And comes from a bosom once gallant and brave ;  
 In his own silent cot he gives way to emotion,  
 While the song of the sailor floats soft o'er the wave.

" Ah ! dear is that home where in childhood I sported,  
 And cull'd the sweet flowers that grew on its shore,  
 Ah ! dear is that home where youth's pleasures I courted,  
 That home my heart whispers, I'll never see more.

" Ah Scotia I love thee though rough be your wildwood,  
 Unlike that rich shore I have left far behind :  
 Fond mem'ry recurs to the scenes of my childhood,  
 And thought rushes forward on wings of the wind.

" How oft o'er thy uplands and dales have I wander'd,  
 When eve's dewy mantle was thrown o'er the scene ;  
 How many sweet hours of life have I squander'd  
 In thy woodlands, while yon moon was shining serene.

" But far from thee Scotia, thy son has departed  
 To search for new beauties o'er the wide troubled wave,  
 Now back to thy shore he returns broken-hearted,  
 And to his own native soil, he comes for a grave.

" Farewell then ye Indies, though great be your treasures,  
 Though luxury reigns in your palaces gay :  
 Though your sons in pavillions soft revel in pleasures  
 While the sweet smelling vines, thro' your treillage play.



“ Yet pestilence lurks in thy sweet smelling bowers,  
And death o'er thy palaces, wide spreads his wings,  
O give me dear Scotia, thy cool breeze and showers,  
My country, with rapture my heart to thee springs.

“ Far dearer to me is the snow-wreath entwining  
Our hills, or the smooth glassy ice on our fields,  
Than all thy rich groves, and thy gay plumage shining,  
Than all the perfumes, thy bright orange-tree yields.

“ But all is delusion, no more shall I viewing  
My country, say proudly there's none like to thee :  
My pillow with tears I am sadly bedewing,  
My country alas I shall ne'er again see.

“ Already I feel the grim monster approaching,  
Already his venom is deep in my heart,  
Upon my weak frame he has long been encroaching,  
And my soul shrinks within me as loth to depart.”

Thus faintly he mourn'd, and whilst on him was pressing  
The hand of affliction, his thoughts were at home,  
That land, where he erst had received every blessing—  
Ah Windham ! from Scotia why didst thou ere roam ?

I've seen thee in life's lightest moments, when sorrow  
Was banish'd our presence, nor dar'd to intrude,  
When none gave a thought or a care of to-morrow,  
When happiness seem'd o'er our path to be strewed.

I've seen thee 'midst beauty's bright circle adoring,  
Thy mirth giving life to the smiles of the fair ;  
But many a fair one thy fate is deploring,  
And many a blue eye is dimmed with a tear.

I saw thee again my lov'd friend, ere forever  
The green turf was piled o'er thy last place of rest,  
From the world thou hast gone, but never, Oh never,  
Shall thy mem'ry or form be erased from my breast.

E. O.

*Halifax, 14th June, 1827.*

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*TRAVELS IN MESOPOTAMIA,*

BY J. S. BUCKINGHAM. (QUARTO) 1827.

MR. BUCKINGHAM is well known as a bold adventurer and an ingenious writer, and his hostility to the ruling power in British India still farther contributed to render his name familiar to the public. We shall say no more on the subject of his contest with the company, than that he defended himself with talent and spirit. He now appears before us as the narrator of the incidents of an extensive and remarkable journey ; and, as his accounts are both amusing and credible, we are confident that our readers will be pleased with the information

which we extract from his volume.

From Aleppo he directed his course to the Euphrates, and proceeded to Orfah (the Ur of the Old Testament,) where he was introduced to a Christian patriarch, whose hospitality was as friendly as his religious zeal was fervent. In his way he met with some Turcoman tribes. To illustrate the character of this race, he mentions a romantic story of “love, jealousy, revenge, fidelity, and heroism,” which, he says, was so well attested, that he firmly believed it.—“Two young persons of the same tribe loved

each other, and were betrothed; their passion was open and avowed, and known to all their friends, who had consented to their union, and even fixed the period for its celebration. It happened, one evening, that they met accidentally alone, but in sight of all the tents: they stopped a moment to speak to each other, and were on the point of passing on, when the brothers of the girl, perceiving it, rushed out with arms in their hands to avenge their disgrace. The young man took to flight, and escaped with a musket-wound; but the poor girl received five balls in her body, beside being mangled by the daggers of her brothers, who had aimed to plunge them in her heart; and, when she fell, they abandoned her carcase to the dogs! The young man gained the tent of a powerful friend, the chief of another tribe, and told his story, begging that he might be assisted with a troop of horse, to enable him to rescue the body of his love from its present degradation. He returned to the spot, and found life still remaining. He then repaired to the tent of her enraged brothers, and asked them why they had done this. They replied, that they could not suffer their sister to survive the loss of her honour, which had been stained by her stopping to talk with her intended husband, on the public road, before her marriage. The lover demanded her body for burial, when her brothers, suspecting the motive, exclaimed, 'What, is she not yet lifeless?—then we will finish the work of death,' and were rushing out to execute their purpose, when the youth caused the troop of horsemen to appear, and threatened instant death to him who should first stir to interrupt his design. The girl was conveyed to his tent, and, after a series of kind attentions, slowly recovered. During her illness, the distracted lover, now expelled from his own tribe, came, under cover of the night, to see her; and, weeping over her wounds, continually regretted that he had been so base as to seek

his safety in flight, and not to have died in defending her. She as heroically replied, 'No! No! It is my highest happiness that I have suffered, and that you have escaped; we shall both live, and Heaven will yet bless us with many pledges of our lasting love.' This really happened: the girl recovered, was married to her empasioned swain, and they are still both alive, with a numerous family of children."

Another (but very different) illustration of the manners of the same people, is thus given:—"We passed a party of husbandmen gathering in the harvest.—They plucked up the corn by the roots, instead of reaping it; a practice often spoken of in the Scriptures, though the earliest and most frequent mention seems to be made of reaping. On seeing our caravan, one of the labourers ran from his companions, and approaching us, danced, stood on his hands, with his feet aloft in the air, and gave other demonstrations of joy, when he presented us with an ear of corn and a flower, as an offering of the first-fruits of the year;—another remnant also of a very ancient usage. We returned for it a handful of small tin coin, and answered the shout of joy which echoed from the field, by acclamations from the caravan.

At Orfah, he found the fame of Abraham commemorated by a mosque which bears his name. On the bank of a canal connected with a lake, a square pile of building appears, from which rise three large domes, of equal size, and a lofty minaret, springing up from amid a cluster of tall and solemn cypress-trees. At each end of this central pile, toward the stream, are flights of steps descending to the water's edge, for the ablutions of the pious, each flight occupying the centre of two corresponding open arcades. The wings are terminated by two solid masses of building, perfectly uniform in design, and completing one of the most regular edifices of this kind that can be found, perhaps, in Turkey. Beyond

this is a large garden, filled with mulberry and fig-trees. The lake, from being considered as consecrated by devotion to the patriarch, is visited as well from motives of piety as of pleasure, and seldom fails to have several parties on its banks,"

His progress was at length endangered by the approach of two Arab horsemen, the supposed *avant-couriers* of a formidable tribe of freebooters. "The headmost of our caravan galloped off to meet them, in order to ascertain whence they came and who was their chief. They were mounted on fine mares, which, however, were very wretchedly caparisoned. Their arms were, a sword, a brace of pistols, and a long light lance, twelve or thirteen feet in length. Both were shaved, wearing only mustachios, and one had light blue eyes, a fair complexion, with yellow hair and eye-brows; but neither had a single feature at all resembling those I had been accustomed to see in the pure Arab race. It is impossible to convey an idea of the respect which was paid to these two individuals, by the leader of our caravan, Seid-Hassan, as well as by the hadji Abdalrahman, who was the chief owner of the property it conveyed; and it was from my being really unprepared to do them the homage thus spontaneously offered by my companions, that I was discovered to be a stranger, and soon made to pay dearly for such an omission. At their giving the word, a halt was made, till they could ride round the caravan to survey it; when, one of them remaining behind to prevent escapes, and the other preceding us, we were conducted, like a flock of sheep by a shepherd and his dog, toward an encampment naturally strong, in which the Arabs were as secure as in the most regularly-fortified garrison.—We were now visited by three of the chief's dependents, mounted on beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, and dressed in the best manner of Turkish military officers, with their cloth garments high-

ly embroidered, and their swords, pistols, and daggers, such as Pashas themselves might be proud to wear. Every one arose at their entry, and the carpets and cushions of the hadji, which had been laid out with more care than usual, were offered to the chief visitor, while the rest seated themselves beside him. All those of the caravan who were present, assumed the humiliating position of kneeling and sitting backward on their heels, which is done only to acknowledge superiors. This is one of the most painful of the Mohammedan attitudes, and exceedingly difficult to be acquired, as it is performed by first kneeling on both knees, then turning the soles of the feet upwards, and lastly, sitting back on these in such a manner, that they receive the whole weight of the body, while the knees still remain pressed to the ground. I at first assumed this attitude with the rest; but an incapacity to continue it long obliged me to rise and go out of the tent, on pretence of drinking; which simple incident, though I soon returned to resume my seat, from its being thought a disrespectful liberty to rise at all in the presence of so great a man, without a general movement of the party, gave rise to earnest inquiries regarding a person of manners so untutored. While this grand point was under deliberation, the two horsemen were employed in arranging all the goods and baggage, according to their respective owners, in separating the Christians from the Moslems, and in making the necessary preparations for the levy of tribute from the caravan. A paper was then brought, containing a written statement, drawn up by one of our party, at the command of the surveyors, and by him read to the chief; for neither himself, nor any of his attendants, appeared to be able to read or write. While all the rest humbly knelt around him, this chief stretched himself, with an affectation of contempt, along the carpet on the ground, and threw his legs occasionally in the air. It was

neither the attitude of weariness, nor the rude carelessness of unpolished life, but a barbarian or savage notion of dignity, which consisted only in shewing to those around him how much he despised them. It was at this moment that the hadji presented to him a box containing a rich Cashmir shawl, some female ornaments, an amber mouth-piece for a Turkish pipe, and other articles, amounting in value to at least fifteen hundred piastres, or fifty pounds sterling. These the brutal despot turned over, with a look of as much indifference as he had assumed from the beginning, and neither deigned to praise them, nor to seem even pleased with the gift. The owners of the merchandise were then ordered to pay twenty piastres for each camel-load, fifteen for each horse or mule, and ten for every ass. The leader of the caravan was to pay a thousand piastres, to be levied by him in any way he thought proper on the persons composing it; the merchants were to give a thousand dollars for the members of their class; the pilgrims from Jerusalem were to raise fifteen hundred piastres among themselves; and I was condemned to pay one thousand piastres, instead of five thousand, which it was contended, would have been demanded of me if I had not been under the protection of the hadji.

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“The duty of exacting and paying the tributes occupied all parties very busily until the hour of afternoon prayers. The chief of this robber-tribe had already washed and prayed, with all due formality, beneath the tent, during the time of the pillage; for prayer, among a very large portion of Mohammedans, is not so much performed as a duty of religion, as it is to imply manhood and consequence. What we mean in Europe by *devotion*, namely, a pouring-out of the soul before an invisible Being, as much loved as feared, and a feeling of gratitude for his blessings, is certainly very rare among them,

though there is no people in whose mouths the name of God, or the expression of thanks to him, is more frequent. As soon as all these proceedings were ended, we were commanded, rather than invited, to go up to the camp to supper. When we arrived, we found about a hundred and eighty tents, all of black hair cloth, and of a form neither purely Arab nor Turcoman, but combining the peculiarities of each. They were generally raised on several small poles; some consisted only of one apartment, others of two, and the partitions and outer enclosures were invariably of reeded matting. The tent of the chief was very large, and its roof was supported by at least forty poles: it was of an oblong form, divided into two squares; one of these being enclosed from the outer side, was appropriated to the females; the other was open on the two fronts, and closed at the centre for the harem. We found in this tent two persons superior even to the chief who had visited us below.— These were seated on fine sofas, lol-ling on rich cushions; and one of them, a corpulent man, with a long white beard, was dressed in silk cloths and furs, with a high cap. We knelt humbly around on the earth, and were barked at by large dogs, stared at by dirty and ill-dressed children, and eyed by the women from the openings in the partitions of the tent; the whole presenting a greater mixture of the rudeness of Arab-manners with the luxurious indolence of the Turkish, than I had ever before seen. Supper was served almost instantly after the first cup of coffee had been taken. This consisted of a whole sheep, two lambs, and two kids; the former set before us with its limbs unsevered, the four latter in separate dishes of a large size, cut into pieces, and boiled with wheat in the husk. We had also warm bread, and an abundance of sour milk. The whole was despatched with the haste of beasts devouring their prey, and fearing to lose it by

delay : and as every one, after washing his hands and mouth, poured out the water on the ground before him, without using a towel or a basin, the whole space within the tent was speedily inundated. The earth at length, however absorbed it ; but so rudely was every thing done amidst this abundance, and even luxury, that hands and faces were wiped on the sleeves of shirts, or skirts of cloaks, or else left to dry in the air. Coffee was again served, and as the sun was declining, we prepared to return. We were detained, however, by an affray that was likely to have proved fatal to many, and did indeed end in the wounding of a considerable number. During the supposed moment of security, while we sat beneath the tent of the chief, we observed a party of Turcoman horse, belonging, as it was afterwards said, to another tribe, passing through the camp, leading with them several camels and their lading, taken from our caravan. Immediately, the whole camp became a scene of warfare. Our legitimate pillagers, roused with indignation at the interference of other intruders on their sacred ground, rushed to arms. All the members of the caravan who had come up here by command, some mounted, and some on foot, rushed out to join them. A battle ensued : the horsemen, with their spears and swords, the men on foot with their muskets, pistols, and daggers, were previously engaged hand to hand. Many were pierced with the long lances of the cavaliers, and afterwards trampled under their horses' hoofs ; several were wounded with sabre cuts, and still more had severe contusions and bruises. All were hotly engaged, at close quarters, for half an hour at least, and it fell to my lot to come into grappling contact with three individuals in succession, neither of whom escaped unhurt from the struggle. It ended, however, in victory declaring on our side, in the recovery of the plundered property, and the chasing

of the intruders from the camp."

Diarbeker is one of the principal cities of Asiatic Turkey, and it is well described by Mr. Buckingham ; but we can only quote a part of his account.—“ This city (he says) is seated on a mass of basaltic rock, rising in an eminence on the west bank of the Tigris. Its form is nearly circular : it is walled all around, and is about three miles in circuit.— The walls have round and square towers, at irregular intervals, and being high and strongly built of hewn stone, present an appearance of great strength. The most securely-fortified portion is that on the north, where the towers are very thickly placed, and where a long battery has been added. Satisfied with this degree of defensibility, the governor neglects the citadel, which, indeed before his time, was in a ruinous state. To reach the platform near its centre, we were obliged to mount over rubbish and fallen fragments, and, on gaining the top, we found the desolation so complete, that several of the dismounted guns were more than half buried in the earth, and long grass had grown up around them. Within the enclosure is still the palace of the pasha, which is a commodious rather than a splendid building. Attached to it are extensive stables ; and one place used for that purpose presents the ruins of a handsome and noble edifice, with finely-constructed domes of brick-work, and a beautiful door with columns and pilasters, probably the remains of an old Christian building.

“ Seen from an eminence, the town does not appear to cover so great an extent of ground as Orfah, nor are the houses within it so thickly placed. The aspect is very different, the buildings of Orfah being generally constructed of white limestone, and those of Diarbeker being all built of black basalt for the lower stories, and of dark coloured brick for the upper ones. There are, however, several mosques, towers, and little

gardens with trees, which relieve the sombre colour of the buildings, and the sameness produced by a succession of flat terraces.

“The population is estimated at an extravagant rate by the people of the country; but it may be safely asserted, that at the present moment there are about fifty thousand inhabitants. The great mass of these are Turks, as soldiers, government-officers, merchants, and mechanics. Besides these, the Armenians, who, next to the Turks, are the most numerous, are thought to have a thousand families. The Arab, Turkish, and Armenian followers of the Catholic communion, have five hundred families. The Syrian sect includes at least four hundred families. The Greeks, who are the least numerous among the Christians here, have about fifty. But the Jews have of late so rapidly declined, by emigration to Bagdad, Aleppo, and Constantinople, that there are now not more than a dozen houses of them left.

“There are fifteen mosques with minarets, nine of these having circular shafts and galleries in the Mohammedan style, and the remaining six having square towers, after the manner of Christian churches, which it is generally thought these edifices once were. There are five other mosques, with cupolas only, and several smaller ones without any distinguishing mark. Of the Christian churches, the Armenians have two, one of which is large and richly decorated, while the other is smaller, but more tastefully adorned. The Catholics have a church, and a convent attached to it, in which two Italian Capuchins live with their usual dependents. The Syrians and the Greeks have also a place of worship each, and the few Jews have a small synagogue for their service.

“There are more than twenty baths in the town, and about fifteen khans or caravanserais, one of which

is particularly fine, and superior to any of those at Orfab. In its lower court, the corn-market is usually held. The magazines, within the piazza which runs round this, are generally filled with goods. In the upper galleries are carried on several trades and manufactures, and the rooms around form temporary lodgings. The bazars are not so regularly laid out, or so well covered in, as in the large towns of Turkey generally. They are narrow, often crooked, and mostly roofed over with wood. They are, however, well supplied with goods, and thronged with people. The manufactures of the town are chiefly silk and cotton stuffs, similar to those made at Damascus; printed muslin shawls and handkerchiefs, leather of all colours, smith's work in hardware, and pipes for smoking, covered with muslin, and embroidered with gold and silver thread.

“Among the minarets of the mosques, we noticed some that were highly sculptured, and in several of the square towers were intermediate layers of burned bricks, mixed with stone work, after the manner of the Roman towers in the walls at Antioch, and quite as well executed as the buildings there. Amid the ruins of the castle too, we had seen some fine arches of highly burned bricks, which, from their form, as well as material, looked more like Roman than Saracenic work. In the bazars and baths, however, there are portions of brick work of a similar kind, which are decidedly Mohammedan, as well as the mixture of basalt and limestone in layers of black and white, in the khans and other large buildings; while, among the broken columns of black basalt, which are seen scattered in different quarters of the town, there are several Ionic capitals, which can leave no doubt of their being of Greek origin.”—*Lady's Magazine.*

## HIGHLY INTERESTING LAW CASE.

JOHN JULIUS DANDY, ESQ. vs. MILLICANT MODISH, SPINSTER.

THIS was an action of damages for frightening plaintiff's horse.

John Julius Dandy deposed that about twelve o'clock on Saturday last, as he was riding up Broadway, near Fulton-street, the defendant suddenly turned the corner, having on a fashionable hat, which she had just purchased, from an importation opened that morning by Madame Trumpourie, fresh from Paris. That his horse being raw from the country, became, as the plaintiff verily believes and testifies on oath, alarmed at the sudden apparition of the said hat, abruptly wheeled round, reared up and transplanted him from his back into the gutter, to the great damage of his person and apparel.

Zephyr Silkendale testified that he was a fellow lodger with John Julius Dandy, and that the said Dandy suffered great injury in his apparel, by reason of certain filthy accumulations of mud, as per contract of certain individuals with the Corporation; and further, that said John Julius Dandy kept his bed three days afterwards, as he verily believes in consequence of said disaster.

Sylvia Silverheels deposed on the part of defendant, that the hat sported by Miss Modish was a fashionable hat, such as is now generally worn by all persons of the least pretensions, from the highest ton to the lowest kitchen, and that no horse of any blood or breeding would think of being frightened at seeing it.

Madame Trumpourie deposed that the hat was an exact *fac-simile* of one worn by the Duchess d'Angouleme, the last time she took an airing to Fontainebleau,

John Julius Dandy cross-examined by Mr. Catchall.—Was the horse you rode a blood horse? Can't tell—dout know his pedigree.

Counsel desired the jury to take particular note of this.

So you dont know his pedigree you say? No.

Mr. Dandy, I am now going to ask you a question, which I hope you will consider deeply before you answer. Did plaintiff wear curls when she frightened your horse? She did.

You are certain of that? I am.

Very well—that's sufficient.

Zephyr Silkendale cross-examined.—Did John Julius Dandy actually keep his bed three days after the accident? He did.

Was it in consequence of actual injury sustained, or only from fright? Can't say upon my honour.

Never mind your honour, sir—you are under oath now—might not John Julius Dandy have kept his bed in consequence of the damage sustained by his costume, rather than from any injury received in his person. Had he any second suit of clothes to put on, while the other was repairing?

Here John Julius gave Lawyer Catchall a look that rather staggered the learned counsel, and Mr. Silkendale appealed to the court to know whether he was obliged to answer the question. The court said by all means, unless it would in any way criminate himself. Mr. Catchall then repeated the question.

He had no other suit of clothes.

O ho! then he kept his bed for want of them? Can't say.

Madame Trumpourie cross-examined by Mr. Tongue, counsel for plaintiff.—What was the size of Miss Modish's bonnet? Seven feet three inches round, clear of the trimmings.

Is that the usual size? The sizes vary—if the lady is below the middle size, the hat ought to be proportionably larger; a lady of four feet and an half height should wear a hat twice the circumference of her height.

How many yards of trimming go to the composition of a fashionable hat, Madam? Sometimes more, some-

times less. Sixty or seventy yards is the extent.

How many feathers? About three dozen.

What quantity of flowers? About as much as will fill three band boxes.

How in the name of wonder do the ladies keep such things on their heads? They hold them fast with their hands.

What is the usual price of such a hat? Here Madame Trumpourie made a low curtsie, and declared she never attended to such vulgar matters. The ladies paid just what they pleased.

The testimony being closed, Mr. Tongue addressed the jury with great criticism, in a speech six hours long, five hours broad, and a quarter of an inch deep, by actual measurement by a stop watch. We can only give the skeleton.

Gentlemen of the Jury—It is idle to make laws against flying kites, setting off squibs and crackers, and carrying Paddies about the streets—it is idle to make laws against projecting signs of elephants and obtrusions of bow windows upon the streets—it is idle to prohibit the sober business men of the city from putting out their empty hogsheads and sugar boxes in front of their stores—it is idle to prohibit the ringing of bells at auctions and steam-boats, so long as our *belles* are permitted to encumber the streets, embarrass passengers, and frighten horses, by wearing hats of such singular enormity. To my certain knowledge, Gentlemen of the Jury, several persons besides my client have been put in jeopardy of life and limb by these unlawful projections called hats, and had not their chivalrous gallantry prevented it, the number of actions for damages would have been incalculable. Gentlemen of the Jury, such hats are contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter of the law. There is a law against swine running at large, and why? Because they run between our legs and endanger our lives and limbs. Now, though it is impossible for a lady in a

fashionable hat, to run between any legs but those of a Colossus, still there are an infinite variety of ways in which they may, and do operate to the great danger of the community. They frighten horses, as in the case of my client—they frighten the gentlemen from the interior, who come down in the spring to buy goods, and they frighten the Dutch women from Tappan, Bergen, Flatbush and other places, whereby they are prevented from coming to market, to the great detriment of the city, which suffers in consequence, for want of butter, eggs, wormwood and parsley, peppermint, poultry and pennyroyal.

Gentlemen of the Jury, this is a case of great enormity. Hats were originally devised for the purpose of defending the head and face from the sun and weather; and hands were originally invented, at least ladies' hands, the one to carry a reticule, the other to hold up the train behind. But, Gentlemen of the Jury, what are ladies' hands good for now? For all useful purposes, they might as well be without them—they are continually employed in holding their hats on their heads. No hair pin, nor ribbon, nor skewer, nor any other instrument of modern invention is competent to the task of keeping such hats on such heads as we now see every day in Broadway. You might as well attempt to restrain a balloon with a single hair—brace down the mainsail of a man-of-war with a rope yarn, or make any other impossibility possible, as to restrain the eccentricities of a fashionable bonnet in a moderate breeze. Bless me, how it totters! and capers, and flares upwards and downwards—and this way and that! How it shivers in the wind, and leaps like a vessel in stays! How it impedes the motion of the wearer, and destroys all power of grace of motion! Sometimes the ladies' heads are blown back upon their shoulders by a sudden puff—and at others beat down by the wind taking them all aback, to use a nautical phrase—The hands of the poor



ladies are so monopolized with securing the rigging aloft, that they have no time to attend to what is going on below—whereby men are put into great jeopardy of feet, ankles, &c.

Gentlemen of the Jury, extravagance of dress, especially in the streets, is essentially vulgar. No lady of taste or delicacy will encumber herself in walking, with a quantity of superfluous trumpery, that embarrasses the freedom of her gait, and destroys all grace of motion. Simplicity in dress is not only a refinement, but a virtue. A rage for extravagant ornaments, in time, destroys all distinctions between education and manners, and stupidity and vulgarity, since those who can pass for fashionable elegantes, by the sole aid of the milliner, will dispense with those accomplishments of mind and manners, which, after all, are the only tests of gentility. It rests with you, gentlemen of the jury, to discourage these vulgar and mischievous monstrosities, and to do an act of justice to my injured client.

Mr. Catchall then rose in behalf of the defendant, and made a most powerful appeal to the feelings of the jury.

Gentlemen of the jury, said he, "the age of chivalry is gone!"—a long pause, and the orator resumed. "The age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe is defeated forever!" That in the nineteenth century, a period unequalled in the annals of refinement for taste in dress—for manufacturers of all kinds—for canal and railways—for every species of Eternal Improvement—for the cheapness, beauty and variety of laces, bobbins, bareges, Gros de Naples, French plaids, English razors, Irish gloves, and American muslins—that in such an enlightened and chivalrous period—a gentleman—I say a gentleman, gentlemen—that a gentleman should bring an action against a lady, in any court, except the court of Cupid, is an unequalled barbarian—a barbarian only worthy of those ages of darkness, which—

which—preceded those ages of light—which—gentlemen of the jury, I say a most unparalleled barbarism.

Gentlemen of the jury, where is there to be found, in the common law—the civil law—the canon law—the statute law—the Berhon law—the laws of the Medes and Persians—the laws of the land, the ocean, the air, or the moon;—I say where is there any law putting a lady's hat into superscription or confinement? None. I defy the learned gentleman to produce a single case in point.—But, gentlemen of the jury, the law, as in most cases which occur, has nothing to do with the business.—Custom gentlemen, custom is above the law, because it is the foundation of the law.

Now, I maintain that if it were the custom to wear no hats at all, there would be nothing unlawful in my client going without a hat. Now, gentlemen of the jury, if it is lawful to go without a hat, then it follows *a priori*—that is, it goes before in the argument—that she may lawfully wear a hat as high as a church steeple, and as wide as a church door. The very fact of her being permitted to wear no hat, proves that she may wear a hat of any size she pleases.

Gentlemen, the circumstance of the plaintiff not knowing the pedigree of his horse, is decisive against all claim for damages. For aught we know, the horse might have been a wooden horse, a flying horse, a wild horse, or no horse at all. If a wooden horse, his throwing his rider could not have been an act of volition, proceeding from the sight of the hat. If a flying horse, he ought to have been called a Hypogriff—therefore a misnomer in declaration. If a wild horse, action will be against plaintiff for introducing unlawful animals. Holt. cap. 3d. Raymond, and three thousand others. If no horse at all, a nonsuit as a matter of course.

Another important query occurs, gentlemen of the jury. It is stated

by the plaintiff himself that my client wore curls as well as a hat, and the question naturally arises, whether it was the curls or the hat that frightened the horse. The animal might have taken them for demi culverins, cannonades, or bombs, piled "like artillery, tier over tier;" and if he had peradventure, belonged to a militia officer, he might have had an antipathy to such murderous machines; or he might have taken them for Bologna sausages—and some horses, beyond doubt, have an antipathy to Bologna sausages. In short, gentlemen, if he was in your opinion, frightened at the curls, you must find a verdict for us—the *quo animo* being different from that stated in the case. But, gentlemen, all this is nonsense. The plaintiff is nonsuited, as a matter of course, and in virtue of the legal maxim, *quæ supra nos ni-*

*hil ad nos, anglice*—"the things which are above us are nothing to us." Now, gentlemen, the hat being above the lady's head, it follows that my client cannot be made responsible for any damage from that which was no part or portion of her. You might as well fine her for damage done by a hail stone or any other missile coming from above. I have done.

The court charged the jury, that if they believed the learned counsel for the plaintiff, they would find against the defendant; if they believed the counsel for the defendant, they would find against the plaintiff; but if they believed neither, they would do just as they pleased.

The Jury, after being out three days and three nights, returned a verdict of disagreement, and were discharged.—*N. Y. Enq.*

#### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

##### A LATE VISIT TO THE CAPITAL OF HUNGARY.

ON my arrival at Presburg (says the author of 'Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany,') I could not get a bed, the town was so full; but they gave me as good a shake-down in one of the numerous supper-rooms as they could contrive. I took my supper, however, in the large *salle*, which was crowded with the same sort of figures you meet in all the coffee-houses of Vienna: a loud band at the door, and loud voices in the hall, struggled for the mastery; and I was not sorry to escape soon from both to my *paillasse*. Here, amid the expiring fumes of spilled wine of Ofen and pipe-ashes, near a table with the gravy-stained cloth yet on it, and the empty salad-bowl by its side, I fell asleep. My *domestique de place*, a most active and intelligent man, had watched the earliest departure, and by seven o'clock in the morning I was transferred to a comfortable bed-chamber. It is but forty miles from Vienna to Presburg; but, if the traveller will only walk, at an early

hour, to the large upper market, he may fancy himself four hundred from any spot so civilised. There is an abundant supply of provisions of all sorts; but they are all clumsily and coarsely displayed; there is no attempt at disposing them to advantage, or invitingly: the women behind the heaps, or stalls, are ill clad, masculine, and unclean. The Hungarian peasant has a thick, stout, blue jacket, a strong, heavy, shapeless boot, uncombed hair, and a broad brimmed hat with a low rounded crown. Mixed with these, in very large numbers, are the Slavonian peasants; and, not the least remarkable feature in the scene, on a wide dusty space near the market stand some hundreds of rude waggons, drawn by small wild-looking horses. It is impossible that, in the day when the Romans made war in Illyria, the Slavonian peasant could have been in garb, in aspect, in manners, more completely the barbarian than to the eye he still seems, nor could the waggon in a Scythian camp have been a ruder thing than any of those still crowded

together in the markets at Presburg. I observed one of the Slavonians, a very old man, with grey hairs, which hung, nevertheless, as lank, and waved as wild as the blackest, buying food at a stall where they sold provisions ready dressed. He handled a dozen different pieces of meat or poultry, and, at last, carried off the quarter of a large coarse goose, to tear it dog-like, in a corner. The man who does not feel sorrow when he sees fellow-creatures thus degraded,—who does not feel himself humbled at the sight,—who does not wish to see their moral and political condition improved,—and to see the blessings of civil and religious liberty widely diffused throughout the world,—is a man I pity. “Pshaw!” says a man of the world, “it is their lot, their condition, my good sir. They are very well off, and very happy. Did not you see that old fellow with the leg of a goose? what would you have? And here again, as I live, there are a dozen or two of these wretched Slavonians of yours dancing,—as I live, dancing!” Yes, they dance! When a few paltry pence were given them, at the door of an hotel, for some labour they had performed, they danced, shook their matted locks, and lifted their heavy feet, and shewed their white teeth, and sang something too wild to be called a song!

It is not exactly in passing from a scene like this that the traveller is prepared to be very much enraptured with the free diet of Hungary. In the hall, however, of the Hungarian deputies, it is impossible not to feel a momentary delight, the picture is so new and so startling. I sat in the gallery, which was filled to suffocation before the members took their seats. The hall is merely a long lofty chamber. A chair was raised on a step at the upper end, for the president. Tables ran the whole length of the hall, covered with green cloth, and supplied abundantly with materials for writing. Immediately below, and to the right of the presi-

dent, sat such bishops and dignitaries of the church as have seats in this assembly. The rest of the members, (and there appeared to be more than three hundred present.) wore the national dress of Hungary. It consists of a hussar jacket and pantaloons, of brown cloth, and hussar boots. The ornaments are of black silk lace, plain, warlike and becoming. A very few, indeed, were sheeted in gold lace, and a few more wore a tassel of gold bullion on the boot, and a gold cord fastening the pelisse. The reason of this difference I learned to be, that some were actually in the military service; and the tassal and cord of others were little vain additions, which men dandified by residence in Vienna had ventured to assume; but nothing could be more plain, or in better taste, than the costume of the many. There was a spur on every heel, a sword on every thigh, and by the side of every man, on the table at which he sat, stood the kalpac, with its rich brown fur, and that falling top of crimson cloth, which, when in former times the Hungarian galloped to the field, flew bravely in the wind, giving life and menace to his motion.

It is impossible to gaze down without interest on this belted assembly, the descendants of a race of warriors ever ready to leap into their saddles,—in fact, the vanguard of Europe against the Turk. I cordially hate the Turk, not because he is a Mahometan; I am not so wretched or so narrow-minded a Christian as that; but because all of him that is not slave is tyrant; because he would (if he could) bring back upon the earth a moral darkness. I must admit, indeed, that the Hungarian has something of the tyrant in him,—a haughtiness gotten centuries ago on horseback; and that he has, in his day, lorded it among his vassals, as did the barons of our own country (blessings on their memory, nevertheless!) in the days of king John: but when we reflect that the nobles

and privileged classes of Hungary form, at least, a twentieth part of her population; that, upon the whole, this population has generally been found attached to them; and that the diet has often resisted and defied the crown of Austria, we cannot say that it is composed of slaves. No longer, indeed, can they be said to defy the crown; and in the consciousness, perhaps, that they have sunk nearer to the people, so they feel more with them, and raise their voices more loudly for them.

The debate was carried on in Latin: numbers spoke, and, in general, they had a ready and fluent command of language, and a very animated and manly delivery. Few of their speeches were more than ten minutes in length, and the greater part still shorter. It is true that, as it has seldom fallen to my lot to hear Latin spoken since, as a youth, I listened to declamations, I cannot pretend to speak of the classical correctness of expressions, or the construction of sentences; but thus far I can say, it was not a bald, meagre, thin Latin, and many of the sentences fell richly rounded on my ear. There was a churchman who spoke rapidly, bitterly, and very well; and there was an elderly deputy with grey hairs, who replied to him most eloquently, with a fire and freedom that surprised me. I could not get fully at the subject, but it was some question connected with a tax that had been imposed, under the late viceroy, on salt, and that was felt and complained of by the people. This fine old Hungarian, in the course of his speech, dwelt proudly upon the ancient privileges of his country, and complained that the spirit of them had been greatly invaded during the late lieutenancy. His loyal expressions toward the person and family of the emperor were warm, and seemed to be sincere; but he returned, quite as bitterly, to his attack on the measure on which he sought to impeach the minister; and, in one part, where he was more particularly pleading the cause of

the people, he cried out, with animation, '*Vox populi, vox Dei!*' It electrified the whole assembly. For a moment I might have fancied myself in a free assembly; but the calm, complacent smile upon the features of a keen-looking president, who is the representative of the crown, reminded me that there was a bridle upon the Hungarian steed, and, although he is suffered to prance loftily in pride and beauty, and to fancy as he gallops that he is running far away, his rider sits laughingly at ease in the saddle, and knows better. The illusion is still more completely dissipated at the doors of this assembly; no fiery horses stand saddled and neighing for their masters; but a long row of mean open carriages, each, however, with a hussar behind it, wait tamely in the street, and such of the spurred members as have one get slowly into it, loll indolently back, and are driven to their lodgings. This, it will be observed, was a meeting of the second chamber; a holding of the full diet, where the *magnates* attend, I was not fortunate enough to see; and I am still left, in spite of all descriptions, a little in doubt as to the picture it would actually present: magnificent it may be, yet, judging from what I did see, the splendour has probably been exaggerated,

#### THE TOWER OF BABEL.

FROM Herodotus we learn that the Tower of Babel, or (what was doubtless the same,) the Temple of Belus, was a stadium in length and breadth, *σταδίου και το μήκος και το ευρος*.\* This, according to Rich's computation, which allows five hundred feet to

\* I have given the quotation, because I am aware that it is a disputed passage. The translating the word *μήκος* "height" instead of "length," has caused much abuse of Herodotus; but Wesseling's edition of that author's works has repaired his injured fame.—*Vide Herod. Wess. p. 85. Note.*

the stadium, would give a circumference of two thousand feet. The temple consisted of eight turrets rising in succession one above the other. Rennel supposes the height to be five hundred feet. The ascent was on the outside, and there was a convenient resting-place half way up. This temple was destroyed by Xerxes. Alexander wished to rebuild it, but died before he commenced the undertaking. All that he did was to employ ten thousand soldiers for the space of two months to remove the rubbish. The ruins of the Tower of Babel are six miles S. W. of Hilleh. At first sight, they present the appearance of a hill with a castle on the top; the greater portion is covered with a light sandy soil, and it is only in ascending that the traveller discovers he is walking on a vast heap of bricks. This mound, like the Mujillebe, is oblong. The total circumference has been found to be two thousand two hundred and eighty-six feet, which gives to the ruins a much greater extent of base than to the original building. The surplus is very great, when one considers the quantity that must have been removed by the Macedonian soldiers, and how much, in the course of ages, must have been taken by the workmen employed in digging for bricks. The elevation of the mound is irregular: to the west it is one hundred and ninety-eight feet high. On the top is that which looked like a castle in the distance; it is a solid mass of kiln-burnt bricks, thirty-seven feet high, and twenty-eight broad. The bricks, which are of an excellent description, are laid in with a fine and scarcely perceptible cement. At regular intervals, some bricks are omitted so as to leave square apertures through the mass; these may possibly have been intended to procure a free current of air, that should prevent the admission of damp into the brick-work. The summit of the mass is much broken, and the fractures are so made as to carry conviction that vi-

olence has been used to reduce it to this state.

Distinct from the pile of bricks just described, and lower down on the north face of the large mound, is another mass exactly similar. Pieces of marble, stones, and broken bricks, lie scattered over the ruin. The most curious of the fragments are several misshapen masses of brickwork, quite black, except in a few places where regular layers of kiln-burnt bricks are discernible; these have certainly been subjected to some fierce heat, as they are completely molten—a strong presumption that fire was used in the destruction of the tower, which, in parts, resembles what the Scriptures prophesied it should become, “a burnt mountain.”

Travellers who have visited this spot, have been struck with the curious appearance of these fragments, and, having only seen the black surface, have altogether rejected the idea of their being bricks. In the denunciation respecting Babylon, fire is particularly mentioned as an agent against it. To this Jeremiah evidently alludes, when he says that it should be “as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah,” on which cities, it is said, the “Lord rained brimstone and fire.” Again, “I will kindle a fire in his cities, and it shall devour all round about him;” and in another place, “Her high gates shall be burned with fire, and the people shall labour in vain, and the folk in the fire, and they shall be weary,”

Taking into calculation the brick mass on the top of the large mound, the ruins are two hundred and thirty-five feet high, which gives nearly half the height of the tower in its perfect state. Rich thought he could trace four stages or stories of this building; and the united observations of our party induce the same conviction.

Wild beasts appeared to be as numerous here as at the Mujillebe. Mr. Lamb gave up his examination, from seeing an animal crouched in one of the square apertures. I saw

another in a similar situation, and the large foot-print of a lion was so fresh, that the beast must have stolen away on our approach. From the summit we had a distinct view of the vast heaps which constitute all that now remains of ancient Babylon; a more complete picture of desolation could not well be imagined. The eye wandered over a barren desert, in which the ruins were nearly the only indication that it had ever been inhabited. It was impossible to behold this scene and not to be reminded how exactly the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled, even in the appearance Babylon was doomed to present; that she should "never be inhabited;" that the Arabian should not pitch his tent there;" that she should "become heaps;" that her cities should be "a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness!"—*Captain Keppel's Travels.*

BAGDAD.

A TRAVELLER coming by water from Bussorah is likely to be much struck with Bagdad on his first arrival. Having been for some time past accustomed to see nothing but a desert, there being no cultivation on that side of the city by which he arrives—he does not observe any change that would warn him of his approach to a populous city. He continues winding up the Tigris through all its numerous head-lands, when this once renowned city of gardens bursts suddenly on his sight. Its first view justifies the idea that he is approaching the residence of the renowned Caliph, Haroun Alraschid, in the height of his splendour; a crowd of early associations rushes across his mind, and seems to reduce to reality scenes which, from boyish recollections, are so blended with magic and fairy lore, that he may for a moment imagine himself ar-

rived at the city of the enchanters.

Bagdad is surrounded by a battlemented wall; the part towards the palace, as was the case in ancient Babylon, is ornamented with glazed tiles of various colours. The graceful minarets, and the beautifully shaped domes of the mosques, are sure to attract his eye. One or two of these are gaudily decorated with glazed tiles of blue, white, and yellow, which, formed into a mosaic of flowers, reflect the rays of the sun; the variegated foliage of the trees of these numerous gardens, which most probably have given the name to the city, serve as a beautiful back-ground to the picture. Thus far the traveller is allowed to indulge his reverie; but on entering the walls, this vision is dispelled.

The walls are of mud; the streets, which are scarcely wide enough to allow two persons to pass, are so empty, that he could almost fancy the inhabitants had died of the plague; he looks upwards—two dead walls meet his eyes; he now enters the bazaar, and finds that he has no reason to complain of want of population; a mass of dirty wretches render his road almost impassable; with some difficulty he jostles through a succession of narrow cloistered passages, traversing each other at right angles; the light, which is admitted by holes a foot diameter from the top, gives to the sallow features of the crowd below a truly consumptive appearance, agreeing well with the close, hot fulsome smell of bad ventilation. The traveller, by this time, has seen sufficient to cure him of the dreams of earlier life; and, on arriving at his destination, he makes a woeful comparison between the reality of the scenes and the picture imagination had drawn. Such, or nearly such, was the impression first made by my arrival in Bagdad.—*Ibid.*

VARIETIES.

MEXICAN MANUSCRIPT.

AN Italian traveller, of the name of Beltrami, has discovered, in an old

convent in the interior of Mexico, a manuscript, which may be regarded as unique, and of the most rare and

interesting description. It is the gospel, or rather a gospel such as it was dictated by the first monks, *conquistadores*, translated into the Mexican tongue by Montezuma, who, alone, of his family, escaped the massacres of the conquest, and *bon gre mal gre*, was converted to the popish faith. It is a large volume in folio, most beautifully written upon manegé or agave paper, as highly polished as parchment, and surpassing papyrus in flexibility. By this great monument of the ancient Mexican language, the learned, by comparing it with the manuscripts in the oriental tongues, may be enabled to throw some light upon the origin of the nations who inhabited these vast countries.—*Month. and Eur. Mag.*

#### BELL OF NOTRE DAME.

In the southern tower of the cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris, is the famous bell called *Bourdon*, which is never rung except on great occasions. It weighs thirty-six thousand pounds English. Cast in 1680, and recast in 1686; it was then, according to the absurd fashion of Popish countries, solemnly baptized, or rather blessed; Louis XIV. and the queen his wife standing as godfather and godmother. It received the name of Emmanuel Louise Therese. The tongue, or clapper, weighs nine hundred and seventy-six pounds. This bell is more than three times the weight of St. Paul's or Tom of Lincoln, which are the two largest in Great Britain.—*Glas. Mec. Mag.*

#### THE BAT.

SOME workmen engaged in opening a vault in our church-yard, were surprised, and, we believe, in some measure startled, by the squeaking of an animal which dropped from the roof of the dormitory, and which, on inspection, proved to be a bat; it appeared lifeless when laid hold of, but, on being brought to the open air, gradually recovered. This circumstance is singularly remarkable, from the fact of the vault having remained unopened for the space of ten

years and upwards, and no crevice or aperture being discovered in its thick-ribbed walls, the creature having, in all probability existed in this confined and tainted region during the whole of that period.—*Bury Gaz.*

#### ANIMAL BODIES PRESERVED FROM PUTREFACTION.

AMONGST the most remarkable curiosities in the city of Bremen, is the extraordinary property of a vault in the cathedral, by which bodies are preserved in the same manner as if they were embalmed. This vault is sixty paces long, and thirty broad. The light and air are constantly admitted to it, by three windows, though it is several feet beneath the ground. Here are five large oak coffins, each containing a body. The most curious and perfect is that of a woman, said to be an English countess, who, dying in Bremen, ordered that her body should be placed in this vault, expecting that her relations would cause it to be carried over to her native country. However, it has remained here two hundred and fifty years. Though the muscular skin is totally dried in every part, yet so little are the features changed, that nothing is more certain, than that she was young and even beautiful. It is a small countenance, round in its contour, the hair as light and glossy as that of a living person. In another coffin is the body of a workman who fell from the top of the cathedral, and was killed instantly. His features forcibly show the painful nature of his death; extreme agony is marked in them; his mouth and eyelids are wide open, the eyes are dried up; his breast is unnaturally distended, and his whole frame betrays a violent death.—*U. S. Review.*

#### MAGNETIC EQUATOR.

THE magnetic observations made by Captain Duperrey, of the *Coquille* sloop of war, which sailed from Toulon, on a voyage of discovery, in August, 1822, and returned to Marseilles in April last, are numer-

ous and interesting. Every body knows that there are on the surface of the globe, a number of spots where the compass ceases to point, and that a line drawn through these spots is called the magnetic equator. This equator must not be confounded with the terrestrial equator, round which it winds, as it were; sometimes passing to the north of it, and sometimes to the south, to a greater or less extent. In the course of his voyage, Duperrey crossed the magnetic equator six times; and the result of his observations renders it extremely probable, that the whole line is moving parallel from east to west, with such rapidity, that, since the year 1780, when its position was ascertained by scientific men in a very satisfactory manner, it has advanced no less than ten degrees towards the west.—*French pap.*

A BROAD HINT.

In the refectory of a black commu-

nity at Rio de Janeiro, the same abuse existed as in those of European friaries. The superior and the elder brethren of the house applying to their own use the choicest viands and most delicate morsels, and leaving the hungry novices at the other end of the table, to break and keep their fast upon the mere scraps and bones of the repast. On one of these occasions a junior brother received as his portion, a hollow bone without any vestige of meat upon it; this he immediately applied to his lips, and as if converting it into a wind instrument, raised a hideous yell through it. The superior, highly scandalized at such conduct, insisted upon knowing the reason of it. "Holy father," answered the novice, "I have read in the Revelation, that at the sound of the trumpet, the flesh will be reunited to the bone: and I have been trying to verify this prophecy, to save myself from starvation."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are obliged to Philologus for the valuable article with which our present number commences, one which we are assured will be acceptable to our readers, and request him to favour us often with similar communications, even though he give them under the modest appellation of **EXTRACTS**, or **SELECTIONS**. Though we have published his remarks on the insertion of the "Anatomie Vivante," we do not agree with him in opinion on that article. It was at the time generally esteemed very interesting.

Such communications as that of  $\Delta$ , will be always acceptable to us: and we hope it will excite others to communicate to the public, through the medium of our Magazine, the results of their meditations and enquiries on any subject useful to society.

Uranus, we trust, will let us hear often from him. His paper is calculated both to please and profit. It is not a little gratifying to observe, that the young gentlemen at the two principal seats of learning in the Province, employ their leisure hours so well, as it appears by the letters from Windsor and Pictou they do.

"Eliza, a Dream," will be received by the author on application at the office. From the talents he displays, we think he could produce something more substantial, and more suited to our pages.

Mandeville is received.—We fear his last communication would too much affect our fair readers. Their nerves are not strong; and we do not wish to try them by so powerful an excitement. He is a gentleman of sense and feeling, and will take our notice in good part. We look for his next with ardent desire: which, we doubt not, from the account of it already received, will please highly.

E. O. deserves thanks for not only writing so well in memory of an amiable young gentleman of this place, but also for the goodness of heart his verses display.

Nash, is altogether inadmissible. Reflections to the injury of respectable individuals, shall never sully our pages. Our object is not to be instrumental in widening the breaches which ill-humour, or ignorance and prejudice may wish to make in society, but if possible, to unite all in the closest bonds of unity, and friendship.

Daphne is received.

We request our Correspondents to be particular in addressing their Communications to Mr. J. S. Cunnabell, Printer of the **ACADIAN MAGAZINE**, to prevent mistakes, as other publications in town, bear the name of "ACADIAN."