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ROSALIE BERTON.

WHILE passing some time in the south of France, I spent a few days at S——, a town on the banks of the Loire, situated in that province, which, from its fertility and beauty, is usually designated the garden of France.

S——, I had been informed, was a place famed alike for its vineyards and its pretty girls, a coincidence certainly natural, since it fairly may be supposed, that the sun which ripens the richest fruit in nature, should alike mature its sweetest flowers, and perfect the beauties and the charms of that sex, which is literally "like the fair flower in its lustre." As the friend, by whom I was accompanied, was well known in the place, we were soon introduced to a circle of respectable families; and among others, to that of Berton, consisting of the father, mother, and daughter.

Rosalie Berton was the *belle* of S——, or to borrow the far prettier French phrase, she was "*la perle de ville*." And a sweet and lovely girl she was, as ever the eye of affection hailed with delight. Her charms had something of a peculiar style and character; for, with the bright black eyes, and fine dark hair of the south, were united the fair complexion and delicately tinted cheek of a northern beauty. Her face was of a somewhat more pensive turn than usual, and her meek, mild features, and soft dark eyes, bore traces of tender feeling and of gentle thought; while so expressive was her countenance, that it responded, at will, to her feelings, and the eye and the cheek which

were one moment impressed with melancholy, beamed forth the next with all the warmth of intelligence, affection, or delight. Her accomplishments were really of a superior kind; she walked with more than the usual elegance of her country-women, and danced with equal animation and grace. But her most attractive charm consisted in her voice, which, though not particularly powerful, had a sweetness and a melody which were perfectly delightful; so that never methinks have I heard a softer strain, than when that fair girl was wont to sing to her guitar the simple ballads and sweet romances of her native land. And her musical talents were enhanced by her gentle, complying disposition, and by the readiness with which she obeyed every call on her exertions. From her music-master, who was a native of Italy, she also learnt Italian, which she spoke with more fluency and correctness than is usual among the French; she drew, moreover, with considerable taste. So affectionate and so amiable was she, that she deserved all the encomiums of her friends and even their hyperbolic compliments were scarcely extravagant when applied to her. She was literally "*douce comme un ange, jolie comme les amours*;" and, as the *ne plus ultra* of merit in France, she was "*tout a fait gentille*." She possessed also, considerable dramatic skill and tact, and would, I think, have proved a delightful acquisition to the stage, from the skill she displayed in those little playful scenes, with which

the French delight to embellish life.

We were favoured with a specimen of her talents in this way, on the evening of our arrival. It was the fete day of madame, the mother of Louise, and we were invited to be present. After some time passed in taking refreshments, varied by dancing, conversation, &c., the little ceremony of the evening commenced; the door opened, and a small but gay procession entered the room. It consisted of several young persons, all friends of the family, headed by Louise, who was charmingly dressed, and looked altogether most lovely. She bore her guitar across her bosom, and the instrument was encircled with a wreath of flowers. Each individual carried some little offering, such as bottles of wine and liqueurs, conserves and sweetmeats, flowers and fruit, &c. &c.; and these were placed on the table, the whole group forming a circle round Rosalie, who advanced to her mother, and sang to the guitar the well-known verses consecrated to such occasions.

Madame c'est aujourd'hui votre fete,
C'est aussi celle de nos cœurs ;
A vous chanter chacun s'apprete !
Et veut vous couronner de fleurs !

The lovely girl then loosed the garland from the lyre, placed it with light hand on the brow of her mother, and sank into a graceful bending attitude to receive her parent's blessing. She was instantly raised, fondly embraced by both her admiring parents, and with a repetition of the song, the whole party left the room. The scene is long past, but I have often recalled it since; and in many an hour of fancy and of thought, have again beheld that fair girl kneeling to her mother, again beheld her clasped to that mother's heart. Nor was the above the only instance of her skill, every day presented some fresh instance of her feeling and of taste.

A *plaisanterie* which proved very successful, was arranged as follows:—We were sitting one evening up stairs, when we were attracted by

the performance of three musicians, who were singing in the *cour*. The party consisted of two young men, and a female, who wore a veil; they accompanied their songs by playing on the guitar; their performance was evidently of a superior character; the music and the words were Italian, and the voice of the female performer was eminently sweet and touching. After listening some time with great delight—

“Go,” said I to one of the party, “find Rosalie, and tell her to come and listen to a better singer than herself, who will give her a *leçon de chant*.”

This was said in the hearing of the foreign songstress, for whom it was intended as a compliment, while, at the same time, some silver was thrown upon the ground. But what was our surprise, when the lovely girl threw aside her veil, exclaiming—

“He! bien messieurs et dames! sous ne connaissez donc plus votre pauvre Rosalie!”

Such was one of many pleasantries by which we were diverted and amused. Idle fancies these indeed, and such as sterner judgments may deem trifling or absurd, yet not uninteresting, since many of them evidently afford vestiges of classic times and manners, transmitted through the course of ages; nor unuseful, since they tend to smooth and adorn the rugged way of life, and to strew its flinty path with flowers.

With the charms and accomplishments which I have described, (and the sketch can convey but a faint idea of those which she actually possessed,) it cannot be supposed that Rosalie was destitute of admirers. She had, indeed, had several, but their suits were all unsuccessful. She had been addressed in turn by the *medecin* of the place—by the son of the President of the Tribunal du Commerce—and by a nephew to a Monsieur de V——, the seigneur who resided at a neighbouring chateau. But they were all, more or less, improper characters; the *me-*

decin was a gamester ; the president's son a drunkard, a character utterly despised in these parts ; while the nephew to the seigneur, was actually a *mauvais sujet* ! What the French precisely understand by a *mauvais sujet*, I never could exactly make out ; for, when impelled by curiosity to enquire, my queries were always met by such a volley of vituperation, as left one altogether in the dark with regard to the real nature of the charge. On the whole, I presume, we are to consider a *mauvais sujet* as a culprit, compared with whose transgressions, the several enormities of gaming, drinking, and the like, sink into mere peccadilloes.

The parents of Rosalie (the parents settle all these matters in France), on learning the character of their intended sons-in-law, dismissed them one after the other ; and Rosalie acquiesced in their determination with a readiness and a decision, which did equal honour to her affection and her judgment.

So interesting a girl, however, was not likely to remain long without a suitable admirer, and she speedily had another *affaire du cœur*. A young and handsome *militaire*, a sous-lieutenant in the royal guard, aspired to gain her hand, and to replace the vacancy in her affections.

Henri Vancoeurs was a fine, tall, dark, martial-looking young man (the French make fine-looking soldiers), and, with his luxuriant mustachios and the eager glance of his keen black eye, seemed the very *beau idéal* of a modern hero. Born at Mezieres, in the department of Ardennes, he was cradled in the very lap of war, and was yet a mere boy ; when, in the summer of 1813, he joined the corps called the *garde d'honneur*. He made the campaign of Germany, and was present at the battles of Leipzig and of Hanau, in the last of which he received a ball in the right arm. He shortly, however, resumed his post with the army assembled for the defence of

France, and at the battle of Laon received a severe *coup de sabre* on his forehead, the scar of which added much to the martial aspect of his countenance. At the peace he joined the royal guard, in which corps he still continued. He was really a very estimable and engaging young man ; and possessed more candour, intelligence, and good sense, than I think I ever witnessed in a military man among the French. His account of his campaigns was exceedingly modest, unaffected, and intelligent, and his whole conversation and manner were of a superior character. I remember, he spoke with great forbearance of the three principal nations among the allies, the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians ; but inveighed, bitterly, against several of the auxiliaries, who, he said, having received only benefits of the French emperor, embraced the first opportunity offered by a reverse of fortune, to desert and betray him. Of Napoleon, he spoke with enthusiasm as a soldier ; but with detestation, as an intoxicated and deluded tyrant, a rash and desperate gamester, who sent forth his attached and devoted soldiers, to be devoured by the destroying elements, without provision, or scarcely a thought for their natural and indispensable wants.

Such were the character and pretensions of him who was destined to gain the affections of Rosalie. At first, he seemed to have but little chance of success. Old people commonly entertain a prejudice against the character and profession of military men, and are seldom ambitious of such an alliance for a daughter. The parents of Rosalie were prepossessed against Henri on account of his calling ; and, though Rosalie herself early entertained an interest in his favour, yet she was too good and too *sage* to cherish in herself, or to encourage in her lover, an attachment which her parents might disapprove. Henri was, however, admitted as a visiter at the house, and by degrees his amiable manners and correct de-

partment won, first on the old lady, and then on the father, till their scruples vanished, and, indeed, they wondered they could ever have entertained any against so estimable a young man and an officer. He was thus speedily received as the lover of Rosalie, and about the time of my visit was installed in all the privileges of a *bon ami*. He was equally accomplished with herself; spoke German fluently, Italian passably well, and was an excellent performer on the flute and the guitar; so that he was a fit companion for his charming intended, and was able to assist in those refined and elegant recreations, in which she also excelled.

Things were in this state when I visited S——, and the union of Henri and Rosalie, though not positively fixed, was regarded as an event by no means distant. Every one was interested for the young and handsome couple, and wished for their espousal. Rosalie's friends longed for the day when she was to wed the young and handsome Henri; and Henri's comrades were perpetually urging him to cement his union with the lovely Rosalie.

We left the place with every kind wish for the young betrothed pair. I have not since revisited S——, but by letters from my friend, I have been informed, that this commencement of their loves had a sad and melancholy sequel.

After our departure, it seems, the lovers continued equally attached; arrangements were making for their union, and it was intended that Henri should leave the army previous to their marriage. But just at this juncture, and as he was about to leave his corps, rumours of war were circulated, the enterprise against Spain was projected, and the royal guard was one of the first corps ordered for service. Henri, with the natural enthusiasm of a soldier, felt all his former ardour revive; and longed to mingle in the ranks of glory, ere he left them for ever.

He, doubtless, felt severely the separation from Rosalie; yet his feelings were described to me as being of a joyous character, and as if evincing that he felt happy that the opportunity of joining his brethren in arms, and of signalizing himself perhaps for the last time, had presented itself previous to his marriage and his quitting the service.

The enterprise against Spain, he considered as the French army commonly did, to be a mere excursion of pleasure, which, while it led them into a country which many of them had never visited before, would also afford them the occasion of gathering laurels which might serve to redeem somewhat of their lost glory. He therefore looked forward to the expedition, on the whole, with feelings of ardour and delight, and even longed for its approach. Not so Rosalie! She looked on war and bloodshed with the natural apprehensions of her sex; and saw in the projected expedition, and in its prospects of glory, only danger and death to her lover! Her spirits received a severe shock when the intelligence was first communicated—she gradually lost her cheerfulness and spirits; the song, the dance, had no longer charm or interest for her, and she could only contemplate the approaching separation with sorrow and dismay.

Henri perceived her depression, and endeavoured to combat and remove her fears by arguments fond, but unavailing. It was only, he would urge, a jaunt of pleasure; it would admit his speedy return, when he would come to lay his services at her feet, and claim the hand which was already promised to his hopes; and surely, then, Rosalie could not regret his obeying the call of duty and of honour; or like her lover the worse, when crowned with victory in the cause of his country. To these and similar assurances, Rosalie could only reply with the mute eloquence of tears; and nothing could divest her of the appre-

hension with which she ever regarded an enterprise which she seemed to consider from the first as fatal.

The time however drew on, the dreaded period arrived, the Royal Guard left its quarters, and departed from S——. Henri took a fond and passionate adieu of his betrothed; and Rosalie, having summoned all her fortitude to her aid, went through the parting scene with more firmness than could have been expected from her, though her feelings, afterwards, were described as of the most agonizing kind.

Such is the difference between the ardent feelings of man, and the tender and gentle sympathies of woman, that while his sorrow is alleviated by a thousand mitigating circumstances of ardour and excitement, which relieve his attention, and soothe, though they do not annihilate his grief; she can only brood over her feelings, and suffer in silence and in sorrow. Henri marched out with his regiment in all the vigour of manhood, and with all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of war," while Rosalie could only retire to her chamber and weep.

Time passed on; letters were received from Henri, which spoke in ardent terms of his journey, and of the new and singular scenes unfolded to his view. He adverted also to his return, mentioned the war as a mere pastime, and as an agreeable jaunt, the termination of which he only desired, because it would once more restore him to his Rosalie. It was remarked, however, that she never recovered her cheerfulness; to all her lover's assurances she could only reply with expressions of distrust, and with feelings of sorrow; and when she wrote, it was to express her fears of the campaign, and her wish that it were over, and that they were again united in safety.

And constantly did the good and pious girl offer up her prayers for her lover, as she repaired to the church of the Holy Virgin at S——, to perform her daily devotions.

The season advanced: the French marched through Spain, and reached Cadiz. At this last hope of the Constitutionalists, a strong resistance was expected, and Henri had written from Seville, that his next letter would announce the termination of the campaign. Alas! he never wrote again! Time flew on; the journals announced the fall of the Trocadero; the surrender of Cadiz, and the restoration of Ferdinand; yet there came no news from Henri! Then did the gentle girl sink into all the despondency of disappointment; and as day after day passed and brought no tidings of her lover, her beauty and her health suffered alike, she languished and pined till she scarce retained the semblance of her former self.

At last came a letter; it was from Spain, but it was written in a stranger's hand, and its sable appendages bespoke the fatal nature of its contents. It was from a brother officer of Henri, stating that his regiment had been foremost in the attack, and that the Trocadero, the last resource of the Constitutionalists, had been carried with the loss of but few killed; but, alas! among that few was Henri! He was shot through the body while leading his men to the assault. He fell instantly dead, and the writer expressed his desire that the sad intelligence should be conveyed as gently as possible to Rosalie.

Unhappily, by one of those chances which often occur, as if to aggravate misfortune, it was Rosalie who received the fatal letter from the postman's hands! She tore it open; read its dreadful contents; and with a wild and frenzied shriek, fell senseless to the ground! She was borne to her bed, where every care and attention was bestowed; but her illness rapidly assumed a threatening and a dangerous character. A fever seized her frame; she became at once delirious; nor did reason again resume her throne; and it was not till after months of suffering and agony, that she recovered, if that

could be called recovery, which gave back a deformed and hapless lunatic, bereft of intellect and of beauty, in place of the once gay and fascinating Rosalie. The dread aberration of intellect was attributed by her medical attendants to the fatal and sudden shock which she had sustained, and to its effect on a mind weakened by previous anxiety and sorrow; while they feared her malady was of a nature, which admitted no hope of the return of reason.

Her mind, it was stated, remained an entire blank. Imbecile, vacant, drivelling—she appeared almost unconscious of former existence; and of those subjects which formerly engrossed her attention, and excited her feelings, there were scarcely any on which she now evinced any emotion. Even the name of her lover was almost powerless on her soul, and if repeated in her hearing, seemed scarcely to call forth her notice.

One only gift remained, in all its native pathos, tenderness, and beauty—her voice, so sweet before her illness, seemed, amid the wreck of youth, and joy, and love, and all that was charming and endeared, to have only become sweeter still! She was incapable or unwilling to learn any new airs, but she would occasionally recollect snatches of former songs or duets, which she and Henri had sung together, and she would pour the simple melodies in strains of more than mortal sweetness!

This, alas! was the only relic of former talent or taste that she retained; in all other respects, her mind and body, instead of evincing symptoms of recovery, seemed to sink in utter hopelessness and despair; and an early tomb seems to be the best and kindest boon which heaven, in its mercy, can bestow, on the once fair and fascinating Rosalie!—*Tales of all Nations.*

MY MOTHER.

BY MRS. HOF LAND.

Ah! never may that thoughtless, heartless thing,
The painted gossamer of Fashion's bow'r,
Presume to take the hymeneal ring,
Or dare usurp a mother's tender pow'r!
Enough for her to "roll the giddy eye,"
To dance and sparkle in the midnight hour,
Unheard her feeble infant's pleading cry,
Unmark'd the withering of that blighted flow'r.

Canst thou to menial vice and skill-less care
Leave the sweet babe that nestling seeks thy breast,
Its home, its being, fragile as 'tis fair,
And in its own endearing weakness blest?
Canst thou do THIS, and smile? nay, canst thou live
Beneath the sense of such deep guilt oppress'd?
Guilt which one sinner only can forgive,
The pander parent, whom e'en friends detest.

Unhappy in thy error! know, to thee
(For thou art human) pain and age advance;
That blooming cheek shall fade, those bright eyes see
New beauties far outshine their waning glance;
Disease on those light limbs her hand shall lay,
(That stern destroyer of life's young romance)
And time compel thee, with the old and gray,
To take thy place in death's terrific dance.

Ah! hope not then, that kindly pious friend
Shall soothe thy suff'ring hour with precept mild,

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That o'er thy couch in sympathy shall bend
 The tender husband, or the sorrowing child :
 Far other guests on that dread scene encroach,
 (No longer now neglected or revil'd),
 Regret, remorse, and ceaseless self-reproach,
 There howl in fierce revenge their descant wild.

THE LATE EXPEDITION OF CAPTAIN FRANKLIN.

VOYAGES and expeditions to remote parts of the world, even when they are unsuccessful with regard to their grand object, are not altogether fruitless or destitute of public benefit; and they are sure to afford interesting intelligence.

“ The principal object of the expedition (says an associate of the adventurous captain) was to discover a navigable passage, westward from the mouth of the Mackenzie river to Behring's Strait; and his majesty's ship Blossom was dispatched round Cape Horn, for the purpose of meeting it at Icy Cape, or in Kotzebu's Sound. If Mr. Franklin's means permitted, he was directed also to send a detachment to the eastward, to survey the coast between the Mackenzie and Copper-mine Rivers, and to return over land from the mouth of the latter to the establishment on Bear-Lake. By the skill with which his arrangements were made, he was enabled to descend the Mackenzie and visit the Arctic Sea, within six months of his departure from England, and to return seasonably up the river, to our destined winter-quarters at Fort-Franklin. In the mean time I had sailed round the lake, and ascertained the distance between its eastern extremity and the Copper-mine River. The knowledge of the country, gained by these excursions, tended much to perfect the plan of the ensuing operations; and the liberal supplies of provisions furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company in the spring, enabled the captain to equip both parties. Three boats were built in England for the service, of mahogany, a wood considered to be well adapted for the purpose. They were necessarily small,

and of a light construction, that they might be more easily carried over the numerous portages which occur on the route from York-Factory to Bear Lake; and from the care bestowed in building them, they reached that place without material injury, and answered even better than they were expected to do. A fourth, of a similar size and form, was built at Bear-Lake, of fir, and proved as good as the others.

“ The main part of the expedition, which was to proceed to the westward, under Mr. Franklin's immediate command, consisted of lieutenant Back, eleven British seamen, marines, and landmen, and two Canadian voyagers. Of the eastern detachment, comprising Mr. Kendal, assistant surveyor, one seaman, two marines, and six landmen, Dr. Richardson undertook the charge.

“ We left our winter quarters on the 21st of June, and descended the Mackenzie as far as Parting-Point, where the river divides into a number of widely-diverging branches, separated from each other by low and partially-flooded lands. It was determined that the two divisions of the expedition should separate here, and that each party should follow the channel which accorded best with its respective route. Captain Franklin, in the preceding autumn, had descended a middle channel, and reached the sea at Garry's island. He now entered the most westerly arm, which winds round the base of the rocky mountains, and reached its mouth on the 7th of July. Its outlet is so barred by sand-banks, that the men were compelled to drag the boats for miles, even at the top of high water. In this unpleasant situation they were

visited by a large party of Esquimaux, who at first behaved quietly, and carried on a barter in an amicable manner; but at length, prompted by the desire of plunder, and confiding in the superiority of numbers, on a preconcerted signal, about 250 stout fellows, armed with long knives rushed into the water at once, and seizing the boats, dragged them on shore. The judicious measures pursued by the captain, however, well seconded by the prompt obedience and determined conduct of lieutenant Back and the crews of the boats, rescued the provisions and all the property of consequence from the hands of these freebooters, and the boats were ultimately set afloat without a shot having been fired, or any personal injury received on either side. The same party came twice that night and the next day with hostile intentions, when the expedition had put ashore to repair the rigging of the boats, which had been cut in the affray; but the posture of defence in which Mr. Franklin drew up his small force, deterred them from renewing the attack. The smaller parties of Esquimaux that were subsequently met with on the sea-coast, behaved in a friendly manner.

“ On the 9th, the captain was stopped by ice, unbroken from the shore; and from that date up to the 4th of August, he could advance only as the separation took place, and seldom more than a mile or two in a day. In this tedious way he reached the 141st degree of longitude, by which time the ice had given way so as to allow a passage to the boats; but other obstacles of a most serious nature now opposed his progress. The coast was so low and difficult of approach, from the shallowness of the water, that a landing on the main shore was affected only once after the passing of the 139th degree, though it was frequently attempted, by dragging the boats for miles through the mud. On all other occasions he had to land on the naked reefs that skirt the coast, where,

after the departure of the ice, the party suffered severely from the want of fresh water, and once passed two days without that necessary article. Thick fogs and heavy gales of wind prevented the expedition from quitting this inhospitable part of the coast, and it was detained on one spot for eight days by a fog so dense, that all objects were obscured at the distance of a few yards, stormy weather prevailing all the time.

“ Notwithstanding these almost insurmountable obstacles, the resolution and perseverance of the captain and his party enabled them to reach nearly the 150th degree of longitude by the 18th of August. They had then performed more than half of the distance, along the coast, to Icy Cape; had plenty of provisions, boats in good order, and an open sea before them; and, although fatigue had somewhat impaired their strength, their spirit was unbroken; but the period had now arrived when it was the captain's duty, in pursuance of his instructions, to consider the probability of his being able to reach Kotzebue's Sound before the severe weather should set in; and, if he did not expect to attain that object, he was prohibited from hazarding the safety of the party by a longer continuance on the coast. It would have been the extremity of rashness to attempt to reach Kotzebue's sound by traversing an unknown coast at that advanced season, even had he been certain that the Blossom had reached that place; but the uncertainty attending all voyages in high latitudes made it extremely doubtful whether that vessel was actually at the rendezvous or not.* It was therefore in conformity with his usual judgement, and the almost paternal anxiety he has always evinced for the safety of those who have served under his command, that he decid-

* It appears that captain Beechey was punctual to his appointment, and seriously regretted the non-appearance of Mr. Franklin's party.—EDIT.

ed upon commencing his return to Bear-Lake, after he had reached the 71st degree of northern latitude. It was a matter of the deepest regret to himself and his whole party, that they turned their backs upon an unsurveyed part of the coast. The only feeling that will be excited in the minds of others will be surprise that he was able to surmount obstacles to the extent that he did. The propriety of his determination was evinced by a succession of stormy weather, which speedily set in; and by intelligence received from some friendly Esquimaux lads, that their countrymen were collecting in numbers about the mouth of the Mackenzie, and that a large body of the mountain Indians were on the march to intercept him, on account of his having come, as they supposed, to interfere with the trade of the Esquimaux.

"The other party pursued the easternmost channel of the river, which is that by which Mackenzie returned from the sea, and is accurately and ably described by him. They reached the sea on the 7th of July, in the latitude of 69 and the longitude of 138 degrees, having on that day fallen in with a party of Esquimaux, who endeavoured to seize the boats, no doubt for the purpose of plunder. The attempt however, was not participated in by the whole horde, and was instantly frustrated by the cool courage of Mr. Kendal, without the necessity of having recourse to violence.

"The coast, for a considerable space, consists of islands of alluvial (or perhaps, in the present language of geologists, of diluvial) origin, skirted by sand-banks running far to sea-ward, intersected by creeks of brackish water, and separated in part by wide estuaries, pouring out at that season of the year large bodies of fresh water. These lands are inundated by the spring floods, and covered with drift timber, except a number of insulated mounts of frozen earth, which rise considerably above the highest water-mark,

and are analogous to the frozen banks or icebergs described as bounding Kotzebue's Sound. Between them and the main shore there is a very extensive lake of brackish water, which perhaps communicates with the eastern branch of the Mackenzie, and receives at least, one other large river. This party subsequently tracked a rocky and bolder shore, rounded Cape Parry, entered George the Fourth's Coronation Gulf, and then steered for the Copper-mine river. They suffered some detention on this voyage, from bad weather, and had on several occasions, to cut a passage through tongues of ice with the hatchet, and to force a way for the boats with much labour and hazard. The ice attains a great thickness in that sea, some of the floes being aground in nine-fathoms' water: but, under the powerful radiation of a sun constantly above the horizon, in the summer months, it decays with an almost incredible rapidity. As the boats drew only twenty inches of water, the party were on several occasions enabled to sail through shallow canals, worn on the surface of these floes by the action of the waves, when, from the ice being closely packed on the shore, they could find no passage between the masses of which it was composed. They had fortunately clear weather for these attempts. Had they experienced the fogs which captain Franklin met with to the westward, they must have remained on shore. Notwithstanding the quantity of ice they encountered thus early in the season, they were convinced that toward the end of August there is a free passage for a ship along the northern coast of America, from the 100th to the 150th degree of west longitude; and to the eastward of the Mackenzie there are some commodious harbours, although there is not one on the part of the coast surveyed by Mr. Franklin to the westward. The whole difficulty in performing the north-west passage in a ship seems to be in at-

taining the coast of the continent through the intricate straits which lead from Baffin's or Hudson's Bays. The flood-tide was found setting every-where along the coast from the eastward. The rapids, which obstructed the navigation of the Copper-mine river, prevented them from bringing their boats above eight miles from the sea, and they therefore left them there with the remainder of their stores, as a present to the Esquimaux, and set out overland to Fort Franklin, carrying (exclusive of instruments, arms, and ammunition, and a few specimens of plants and minerals) merely a blanket and ten days' provisions for each person.

They arrived on the eastern arm of Bear-Lake on the 18th of August, and at the Fort on the 1st of September, in excellent health and condition."

The two branches of the expedition have thus surveyed the coast through upwards of thirty-six degrees of longitude, and the Arctic sea is now pretty well known as far the 150th degree of west longitude. There remain only 11 degrees of unknown coast between that and Icy Cape, and captain Beechey has traced a portion even of that in the Blossom, so that a complete discovery of the north-west passage is now brought within very narrow limits.

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FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

SCRAPS OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

NO. II.

"Durius in Terris nitril est quod vivat aurante ;
Nec, modo si sapias, quod minus esse velis."—PROPERTIUS.

"Of all the woes on human kind that wait,
None is more direful than the lover's state.
Or rack'd with anguish, or with pleasure cloyed,
He sure is wisest who can best avoid."

WERE there nothing worse in the effects of love than that humiliation of which I have treated, it could not be justly reckoned one of the chief causes of human calamity. The dignity of man is an ennobling thought ; but to have that dignity lessened, is not, positively speaking, an acquirement evil. And when we take under our view, that the humiliation of a lover is not debased by being reckoned mean and disgraceful, the most submissive admirer is not an object of such pity as we feel for the distressed.

But, whoever has experienced the passion of love in a strong degree, will acknowledge that he has felt sensations infinitely worse than mere humiliation, even though pride has struggled against it. For, love immediately or consequentially affects the mind with every painful feeling of which it is susceptible.

As there is a degree of heat which produces only an agreeable warmth, and approaches not in its effects to the torments of burning, so we all know that there is a degree of love so gentle as to be truly pleasing, and far distant from the excruciating gloom of violent passion. This species of love we must allow to be most general, and it is this which is meant in the greatest number of pretty little songs, and pieces of pastoral poetry, and is represented emblematically by dove-billing, and cooing Cupids, with festoons of flowers, and many other gay devices.

This, however, when compared with the passion of love in its full force, is like infancy compared with manhood, or shrubbery with the oak ; and, indeed this last comparison has been often very properly made, to console those of humble stations in

life with the blessings of security, by reminding them that the lowly shrub remains in security, whilst the oak, being exposed by its loftiness, is rent by the storm.

It is the violent passion of love which is the subject of my lucubrations. For the truth is, that a person of a melancholy temperament rarely knows a milder species. I am aware of the justness of a remark which a friend, who himself used to be afflicted with melancholy, once made to me: "A man," said he "whose mind is clouded with melancholy, when he falls in love, is apt to ascribe to that passion, a wretchedness which he would have suffered without it, and which is inherent in his temper at the time." I believe this imputation of misery is often true in a great variety of instances, as in politics, nay, in religion itself; so that a great deal of the grumbling at men in higher situations than ourselves, and of the morose zeal against the opinions and practices of those who differ from us, arises from melancholy fixing itself upon external objects, as smoke will rest upon any objects within its reach, and make them black and dismal. Fielding makes one of the ludicrous personages in his "Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great," exclaim: "This surely must be love, or the wind-cholic.

One of the most delicate and just descriptions of serious love is Lord Lyttleton's little song, the burthen of which is, "Tell me my heart if this be love." I once thought of inserting it in this paper, and of attempting a commentary upon it. But, upon a more close consideration, I was convinced that it was not in my power to add any thing to the reputation of what is so universally known and admired.

If we consider the principal of utility when speculating on the passion of love, we shall be at a loss what conclusion to draw from the observations which we make. Marriage is unquestionably the great support

of civil society; and so far as love conduces to the advancement of that state it is beneficial. But although love in a calm and moderate degree is the safe conveyance to the matrimonial harbour, a violent passion, even when it brings us to what we vehemently desire to attain, most commonly produces fatal effects, as a ship driven violently on shore by a tempest is shattered to pieces, or otherwise damaged. Besides, we must keep in mind that a storm sometimes drives a ship from her moorings into the ocean, so love not unfrequently loosens the conjugal anchor, and sets its victims adrift on the waters of licentiousness.

Could marriage be entered upon with the same cautious prudence and forethought with which people enter upon other contracts; as for instance, permanent co-partneries in trade, it may be thought there would be fewer disappointments in that state, and that the advantages which the parties propose to themselves would be more constant and durable. But such is the constitution of our natures, that the advantages of the conjugal copartnery, consist in the gratification of the passion of love; at least these are the advantages which affect the imagination so strongly, as to induce people to engage themselves in an indissoluble contract, attended with many certain inconveniencies, and at the risk of many more. Without love therefore there would be very few marriages; since it is but a small proportion of mankind who have wealth enough to marry principally with a view to join stocks, so as to have the comforts and elegancies of life more at command, by an union of their different powers.

Whatever respect I have for the institution of marriage, and however much I am convinced that it upon the whole produces rational happiness, I cannot but be of opinion that the passion of love has been improperly feigned, as continuing long after the conjugal knot has been tied.

Milton, who should be allowed to be a very competent judge of the felicity of marriage, as he engaged himself no less than three times in that state, has given us a most enchanting picture of wedded love, and represented the connubial bed in all the alluring description of Arabian fancy, says,

“Here love his golden shafts employs—
here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple
wings,
Reigns here and revels,—”

Yet there is no doubt that experience affords sufficient conviction that all the rapture, when rapture has been felt, is very transient. I do not limit its existence to any precise portion of time, either with the poet that the day of marriage is the tomb of love; or with the proverbial expression, that it lasts no longer than the honey-moon. But it is surely very short.

That there should be love at first between those who are to be united for ever by marriage seems very necessary. Warmth of passion being as requisite for coalescence of minds, as heat for the cohesion of metals. But they are ill prepared for happiness, who delude themselves with hopes that what is the compound effects of distance, restraint, and novelty, should subsist in intimacy, freedom, and sameness. It is to those who indulge such unreasonable expectations, that Flatman's Poetical Reflection is applicable:

“Wedlock puts love upon the rack,
Makes it confess 'tis still the same
In icy age, as it appeared
At first when all was lively flame.”

The mutual complacency and kind attachment to which married people may attain, will be found to produce more happiness than the agitation of the passion of love.

To return to the passion of love with all its feverish anxiety, that being the principal subject which I have in view in this paper; it is to be observed in it that there is no mixture of disinterested kindness for

the person who is the object of it. We have indeed many poetical instances of an affectation of this, when a rejected lover prays for blessings on his Delia, and hopes she shall be happy with a more deserving swain. But we may be certain these are false expressions; for the natural sentiment in such a situation is hatred, and that of the most bitter kind. We do not feel for her who is the object of our amorous passion, any thing similar to the natural affection of a mother for her child, of which so fine a test is related in the judgment of Solomon, where the true mother, with melting tenderness, entreated that her child should be delivered to a stranger, who contended with her for the right to it, rather than it should be destroyed. On the contrary, the fondness for the object of our love is purely selfish, and nothing can be more natural than what Lucy says to her dear Captain Macheath, “I love thee so, that I could sooner bear to see thee hanged, than in the arms of another.” The natural effect of disappointed love, however shocking it may appear, is to excite the most horrid resentment against its object, at least to make us prefer the destruction of our mistress, to seeing her possessed by a rival. I say this is unrestrained nature, and wherever passion is stronger than principle, it bursts forth into horrid deeds.

I had once a dispute with some gentlemen, whether or not a man, whose addresses have been refused by a woman, should think it a disparagement to him. I maintained that he should not, because it is no more than a proof that he is not agreeable to her particular fancy; and he may have a full conviction that the man she prefers to him is his inferior in many respects. But it was given against me on this medium, that a man who has unsuccessfully attempted to please, has reason to be humbled by his failure, and other women regard with inferiority him, who they know has been rejected.

No wonder then that disappointed love is one of the keenest distresses with which a human being can be tormented; as he who is so unfortunately afflicted, suffers at once the unhappiness of being prevented from the enjoyment of what he ardently wishes to possess, and the pain of having his pride severely hurt, than which nothing shakes the mind more forcibly. Accordingly disappointed love is one of the most frequent causes of madness, as every body may be

Hic quos durus amor crudili tali peredit,
Secreti colant calles et myrtea circum
Sylva tigit; cure non ipsa in morte re-
linquunt.

Not far from thence the mournful fields
appear,

(So called from lovers that inhabit there)
Halifax. November 8th 1827.

convinced, who has had curiosity and firmness sufficient to visit the receptacles of insanity in the mother country, and contemplate human nature in ruins.

Virgil has thought the passion of love enters so deep into the mind, that he has supposed it to go with us to the other world, and to be there one of the distinguished causes of uneasiness; for in his description of the infernal regions, in that great effort of genius, the sixth book of the *Æneid*, we find,

The souls whom that unhappy flame in-
vades

In secret solitude and myrtle shades,
Make endless moans, and pining with de-
sire,

Lament too late, their unextinguished fire.

DRYDEN.

A. N.

THE BULL-FIGHTS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

THE following particulars were communicated to the *Gentleman's Magazine* by a witness to a recent bull-fight in the city of Lisbon. Speaking without reference to its humane character or moral tendency, the writer remarks that no spectacle in the world can be compared, for interest and effect, to a Spanish bull-fight, every part of which is distinguished for striking parade or alarming danger.

The grand sweep of the amphitheatre in Cadiz, Seville, or Madrid, crowded with a gay and variegated mass of eager and shouting spectators, and garnished at distances with boxes for the judges, the court, or the music—the immense area in which the combats take place, occupied with the *picadors* in silk jackets, on horses richly caprisoned, and with the light skipping and elastic *bandarilleros*, carrying their gaudy silk flags to provoke the rage and to elude the attack of the bull, form of themselves a fine sight before the combat begins. When the door of the den which encloses the bull is opened, and the noble animal bursts in

wildly upon this, to him, novel scene—his eyes glaring with fury—when he makes a trot or a gallop round the ring, receiving from each horseman as he passes, a prick from a lance, which enrages him still more—when, meditating vengeance, he rushes on his adversaries, and scatters both horsemen and *bandarilleros*, by his onset, ripping up and casting the horses on the ground, and causing the *bandarilleros* to leap over the railing among the spectators—or when, after a defeated effort or a successful attack, he stands majestically in the middle of the area, scraping up the sand with his hoof, foaming at the mouth, and quivering in every fibre with rage, agony, or indignation, looking towards his adversaries, and meditating a fatal rush—the sight combines every element of interest and agitation which can be found in contempt of danger, in surprising boldness, and great animal force intensely excited. The horns of the Spanish bull are always sharp, and never covered. An animal of sufficient power and spirit to command popular applause frequently kills five or six

horses, the riders taking care to fall over on the side most distant from the enemy, and being instantly relieved from their perilous situation by the *bandarilleros*, who attract his attention: and the bull himself is always killed in the ring by the *matador*, who enters in on foot with his bright flag in the left hand, and his sword in the right, and who, standing before the enraged animal waiting the favourable moment when he bends his head to toss him on his horns, plunges his sword into his neck or spine in such a fatal manner that he frequently falls instantaneously as if struck by lightning. This last operation is as dangerous as it is dexterous. At the moment in which the *matador* hits the bull, the pointed horn must be within an inch or two of his heart, and if he were to fail he must himself be the victim. When he succeeds in levelling to the ground with a single stroke his furious and irresistible enemy, the music strikes up, the applauses of the amphitheatre are showered upon the conqueror, he stalks proudly round the area, strewed with dead horses, and reddened with blood, bowing first to the judges of the fight, and then to the spectators, and leaves the place amid enthusiastic *vivas* for his successful audacity. The field of slaughter is then cleared by a yoke of horses, richly decorated with plumes on their heads and ribands on their manes, to which the dead bull, or horses are attached, and by which they are dragged out at a gallop. That no part of the amusement may want its appropriate parade, this operation goes on amid the sound of a trumpet, or the playing of a military band. The horsemen are then remounted anew, and enter on fresh steeds—the door of the den is again opened—another furious animal is let loose on the possessors of the ring, till ten or twelve are thus sacrificed.

The bull-fights in Lisbon are a very inferior species of amusement to this, though much better than I was led to anticipate. Here the bulls are generally not so strong or so spirited

as the Spanish breed. In the morning of the sport, the tips of the horns instead of being left sharp, are covered with cork and leather. None but one horseman appeared in the ring at a time—no havoc was of course made among the horses; bulls were introduced and baited without being killed, and the *matador*, though he sometimes displays the same dexterity, never encounters the same danger as in Spain. In Lisbon the most interesting part of the sport consists in an operation which could not be practised in Spain, and is conducted by performers who are unknown where bull-fighting is more sanguinary. These performers are what they call here *homens de furcado*, or men of the fork; so denominated from their bearing a fork with which they push or strike the head of the bull, when he throws down a man or a horse. After the bull, not destined to be killed, has afforded amusement enough, these men go up before him, one of them trying to get in between his horns, or to cling to his neck, till the rest surround, master him, and lead him out of the area. The *man of the fork*, who gets between the bull's horns, is sometimes tossed in the air or dashed to the ground, and in this one of the chief dangers of the fight consists. On Sunday one of them was dashed down so violently as to be carried out of the ring in a state of insensibility. Only four bulls were killed out of the twelve exhibited. The rest being reserved for future sport, were either dragged out of the ring in the manner above described, or, when supposed to be too strong to be mastered by the men of the fork, were tamely driven out among a flock of oxen introduced into the area as a decoy. Another peculiarity of the Lisbon bull-fights is the presence of a buffoon on horseback called the *Neto*, who first enters the ring to take the commands of the *Inspector*, and occasionally bears the shock of the bull, to the no small diversion of the lower class of spectators. The

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Spanish bull-fight is too serious an affair for a buffoon: it is a tragedy, and not a farce.

From these few points of comparison it is evident that the Spanish exhibition is a much more splendid and interesting spectacle than that of Portugal, and that there is nearly as much difference as between a field of battle and the sham fight of a review. Probably the Portuguese sport has danger enough to excite common interest, and more than enough to be a popular diversion. The place where these entertainments are given at Lisbon, is a large octagon amphithe-

atre called the *Saletre*, near the public walk behind the *Rocio*. It has what is called a pit, into which the bull sometimes, but rarely, jumps, and on one side two tier of boxes, and is capable of containing about 4,000 or 5,000 spectators. The amusements are always exhibited on Sundays, and are generally attended with great crowds. On Sunday last every part of the amphitheatre was full, and the people betrayed such extravagant marks of pleasure as I could not have expected, from their usual sedate and dull habits.

THE VARIETIES OF LIFE.

Were writing lives to be my task,
From cottagers to kings,
A little book I'd only ask,
And fill it full of wings.

Others, the happiest of their kind,
Should in the ether soar,
As if no care should ever find,
No sorrow reach them more;

Each pair should represent a day;
On some the sun should rise,
While some should bend their mournful
way
Through cold and cloudy skies.

When soon an arrow from below
Should wound them in their flight,
And many a crimson drop should flow,
Ere they should come in sight.

And here I would the light'ning bring
To dart its forked glare,
And there the hallow'd rainbow fling,
Across the troubled air.

Their rapid and abrupt descent,
The stain'd and ruffled plume,
Appear as they were never meant
Their station to resume.

Some faint and heavenly should glide
Their broken flight along.
While some high in the air should ride
Dilated, bold and strong.

But soon their beauty and their force
Sweet hours of rest renew!
Again their bright and varied course
With ardor they pursue.

Some, agitated and adrift,
Against their will should rove;
Some steering forward, sure and swift
Should scarcely seem to move.

Thus they alternate rise and fall,
Through each succeeding day;
And this of any life is all
I should aspire to say.

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

NOTICES* IN NATURAL HISTORY CONNECTED WITH NEW-SOUTH-WALES.

The Flying Fox, Opposum, &c.— The former is a bat of such magnitude, and (says Mr. Cunningham) of such a horrific appearance, that one of cook's honest tars mistook it for the devil, when encountering it in the woods, and ran breathless back to the boat, incapable, from terror, of giving any other description of it, than that it was about the size of a

gallon keg. We have (he also observes) gray ring-tailed opossums, which, in jumping from branch to branch, twist the tail round the one they leap from, and give themselves a swing toward the other;—and white flying opossums, with a web like a bat's wing stretched between their fore and hind feet, to answer the purpose of wings in springing from tree

to tree. The flying squirrels are of a beautiful slate colour, with a fur so fine, that, although a small animal, the hatters here give a quarter of a dollar for every skin. The bandicoot is about four times the size of a rat, without a tail, and burrows in the ground or in hollow trees. The opossum and squirrels are good eating, having much of the taste and flavour of a rabbit, but require to be soaked in water some time previously, to take away the strong aromatic odour of the gum-tree leaves, on which they feed. The bandicoot tastes somewhat like a sucking pig, and makes a delicious dish with a well-prepared pudding in its belly. All these are night animals, and the settlers hunt them in the fine moonlight evenings, when they come out to feed."

The Emu.—"Animals of this species (says the same writer) often stand nearly as high as a man, their legs and neck being long, and their body unwieldy. They have neither feathers nor wings, but are covered with something between hair and feathers; with short flaps at their sides like miniature wings. Of course, therefore, they can only run, and are coursed by the dogs in the same way as kangaroos. Dogs, however, will seldom attack them, or even eat a portion of their flesh after killing them, there being some odour about it which often makes that animal sick; while they kick out so powerfully as to drive a dog heels over head, and often kill or seriously injure him at a single blow. The settlers even assert, that they will break the small bone of a man's leg by this sort of kick,—to avoid which the well trained dogs run up abreast, and make a sudden spring at their necks, whereby they are quickly despatched. They run so amazingly fast, that it requires a fleet dog to overtake them. There is little fit for culinary use upon any part of the emu except the hind-quarters, which are of such dimensions, that the shouldering of the two hind-legs

homewards for the distance of a mile, once proved to me as tiresome a task as I ever recollect to have encountered in the colony. The flesh is like beef, both in appearance and taste, and nothing can be more delicate than the flesh of the young ones. At particular periods of the year the emus are bedded round the rump with a prodigious quantity of fat, which is melted down, and much esteemed by the settlers. They often lay six or seven eggs at a time, which are equal in size to those of an ostrich, and of a beautiful dark-green colour. The shell is very strong, and may be converted into a good drinking cup, while the yolk and white may be mixed up into excellent pancakes.—The natives, in fact, almost subsist upon emu eggs during the hatching season."

The Ornithoryncus.—"This remarkable animal forms the link between the bird and beast, having a bill like a duck, and paws webbed similar to that bird, but legs and body like those of a quadruped, covered with thick, coarse hair, with a broad tail to steer by. It abounds in rivers, and may be seen bobbing to the top now and then, to breathe, like a seal, then diving again in quest of its prey. It bears a claw on the inside of its foot, having a tube therein, through which it emits a poisonous fluid into the wounds which the claw inflicts; as, when assailed, it strikes its paws together, and fastens upon its enemy like a crab."

The Guana.—"These creatures are generally of a dirty brown colour, and seldom exceed four feet long. Like their smaller species, the lizards, they become torpid in winter, during which time you will often see them lying about as if dead, becoming in this state a fine prize to the natives; who quickly pick them up by the tail, and have them half roasted before they recover from their sleepy state, their flesh being considered a great dainty. They climb trees, and prey upon the young birds, while mice and other

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vermin prove also an acceptable repast.

The Frog.—"The frogs are of a beautiful dull green, with yellow stripes down the back, and dotted over with black. They climb trees, and often crawl into rooms, creeping up the curtains of a bed, or up the window-sill or corner of the room, until they are perched against the very ceiling, which they readily accomplish by their web-feet adhering like suckers to the substances they apply them to, in the same way as the feet of the fly. It is no unusual thing to hear one of these croaking visitors hail you in the morning as soon as you awake with his hoarse note.

The Snake.—"All the snakes in New-South-Wales, except the diamond snake, are believed to be poisonous, this being the only one eaten by the natives. It sometimes grows to the length of fourteen feet; but few of the others exceed four. The two most venomous snakes, the brown and black, appear to me to be male and female. At a time when I saw two of these together, I had two dogs with me that had acquired the dangerous habit of snake-killing—one being a fine pointer, and the other a kangaroo dog. The pointer seized the black snake first, and was shaking it briskly about, when the brown snake, which had retreated about six feet, suddenly raised its head, darted its long tongue two or three times out, then made a sudden rush at the dog, coiling round his legs and biting at him with the greatest fury. I ran forward to assist with a spade; but, before I got up, the dog dropped the black snake, and seized the brown. To make sure, I chopped the head off the black snake, leaving a bare inch of the neck attached, and then performed the same operation on the brown. The kangaroo dog then made a sudden spring, and looked anxiously round to where his hind-

feet had stood, where lay the head of the black snake, which I thought had merely startled him by his treading upon it, little deeming that it could injure him in that mangled state. The pointer I had set down as dead; but, in a few minutes, I conceived hopes of his safety from his running briskly off on the scent of an emu. My attention, however, was soon attracted to the kangaroo dog, by his suddenly losing the power of his hind-quarters, which incapacity, quickly extending to his fore-quarters also, made him tumble down as if in a fit.—I cut his ears with a knife, which brought him a little round, but he could not rise, and lay panting with his tongue lolling out, and his eyes dim, watery, and glassy. In little more than half an hour from the time I saw him start from the snake's head, he was dead; and I found the pointer dead, swollen, and putrid, a few days after.

"There is a man in this colony named Wilkinson, who has become so familiar with, and fond of, these reptiles, that he seldom travels without having some of the most venomous coiled in his bare bosom, or stuffed into the crown of his hat. He has some constantly crawling about his bed-room, too, and often occupying a portion even of his bed, without his expressing the least apprehension. He says he was taught by a French surgeon to tame these reptiles, which he accomplishes by confining several in a bag together; through which procedure, the snakes soon lose all inclination for biting, permitting themselves afterwards to be freely handled like eels. He at first approaches them cautiously from behind, as they lie basking, seizes them close by the head, presses his thumb under the jaw, and forthwith consigns them to his wallet; and though he has caught some thousands he has never been bitten."—*Lady's Magazine.*

WHAT IS THE BEST MODE OF ENJOYING LIFE?

WHATEVER may be said by bigots and enthusiasts of the effect of original sin, it never was intended, as far as we can judge, that this consideration should preclude all the enjoyments of life, and banish cheerfulness from society. It ought to inspire us with a sense of piety, and stimulate us to the love and the practice of virtue; but we are not therefore to give way to grief and lamentation, as if the gloom of melancholy alone could save us from future perdition. Divines, indeed, represent life as a state of trial and probation, in which we must expect a greater proportion of pain, hardship, and misery, than of pleasure or delight; but there are very few, we hope, who are disposed to recommend an avoidance of all gratification, or an abstinence from every species of enjoyment, as the necessary consequence of that doctrine. Amusements and diversions, when pursued with moderation, cannot justly be deemed reprehensible; nor should mirth be discountenanced when its sallies are untinged with ribaldry, profaneness, or licentiousness.

It is the general opinion that no one can *enjoy* life without diversion; but this idea is carried by some to such an excess, that pleasure seems to absorb all other objects of pursuit. Amusement is thus made the chief *business* of life, whereas it ought only to be an incidental appendage of our existence. Its spirit and its zest are thus destroyed, as that which is very frequently repeated becomes tasteless and surfeiting. Hence arises that *ennui* which, although it does not make the rich miserable, at least obstructs and circumscribes their happiness. One who (in the common phraseology) does not know what to do with himself,—whose *time* hangs so heavily on his hands,

that he endeavours to *kill* it as he would an enemy,—is less to be envied, however high and great may be his rank and opulence, than the man who cannot obtain the means of subsistence without daily labour. The latter, honestly endeavouring to be useful to himself and to society, finds the reward of his industry in the absence of disquieting thoughts, and in the procurement of ordinary comforts. He does not, like the idler or the mere man of fashion, become burthensome to himself, but is both content to work and pleased with recreation. Here, however, it must be observed, that we protest against that severity of labour which tends to exhaustion; for that certainly is not the most desirable mode of enjoying life.

Rowe says, "To be good, is to be happy;" and we say, "To be in general usefully employed, with an occasional recurrence of amusement, is to enjoy life." Idleness, says the proverb, is the root of all evil: it frequently leads to intemperance and to vicious pleasures.—Philosophers may be apparently unemployed, and yet not be altogether idle because their minds are at work; but the generality of people are not fit to be trusted with an excess of leisure, as their thoughts are apt to deviate from the true course of morality. Some kind of employment, therefore is not only beneficial in repressing those uneasy sensations which arise from the ills of life, but also in checking the intrusion of improper ideas. A blessing seems to accompany useful occupation: it keeps a man upon good terms with himself, and consequently in good spirits, in a capacity of pleasing, and of being pleased with every innocent gratification.—*Lady's Magazine.*

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE BURMESE.

SHORTLY after our arrival at Prome we had an opportunity of witnessing some boxing and wrestling matches,

exercises which the Burmahs are very fond of, and which they pride themselves much on excelling in.

The challenge is given by stepping to the front, and with the right hand slapping the right shoulder, at the same time taunting the opponent in order to excite him; the struggle does not last long, and when ended, no animosity remains between the parties.

Another amusement of the Burman youth deserves mentioning on account of its singularity. This is a game at ball, played by six or eight young men, formed in a circle; the ball is hollow, and made of wicker work; and the art of the game consists in striking this upwards with the foot, or the leg below the knee. As may be conceived, no little skill is required to keep the ball constantly in motion; and I have often been much entertained in watching the efforts made by the players to send the ball high in the air, so that it should fall within the limits of the ring, when it is again tossed by the foot of another. The natives of Hindostan are not acquainted with this game, but it is said to be common amongst the Chinese, Japanese, and other nations east of the Ganges. But by far the most favourite amusement of the Burmahs are acting and dancing, accompanied by music, which to my ear appeared very discordant, although occasionally a few rather pleasing notes might be distinguished. The principal instrument used in the Burman bands of music is the *kiezoop*, which is formed of a number of small gongs, graduated in size and tone on the principle of the harmonica, and suspended in a circular frame about four feet high and five feet wide; within which the performer stands, and extracts a succession of soft tones, by striking on the gongs with two small sticks. Another circular instrument (the *boundah*) serves as a bass; it contains an equal number of different sized drums, on which the musician strikes with violence, with a view perhaps to weaken the shrill, discordant notes of a very rude species of flageolet, and of an

equally imperfect kind of trumpet, which are usually played with a total disregard of time, tune, or harmony. Two or three other instruments, similar in principle to the violin, complete the orchestra. To Europeans, there was not much to admire in the sounds produced by these instruments; neither, did our music appear to have many charms for the Burmahs, whom I have seen present at the performance of some of Rossini's most beautiful airs, and of different martial pieces, by one of our best regimental bands, without expressing either by their words or gestures, the least satisfaction at what they heard.

In condemning however the Burman instrumental music generally, I would observe, that some of the vocal airs have a very pleasing effect when accompanied by the *Patola*. This is an instrument made in the fantastic shape of an alligator; the body of it is hollow, with openings at the back, and three strings only are used, which are supported by a bridge, as in a violin.

I chanced one day to meet with a young Burman who had been stone blind from his birth, but who, gifted with great talent for music, used to console himself for his misfortune by playing on this species of guitar, and accompanying his voice. When I expressed a wish to hear him perform, he immediately struck out a most brilliant prelude, and then commenced a song, in a bold tone, the subject of which was a prophecy that had been current at Rangoon before we arrived. It predicted the appearance of numerous strangers at that place, and that two masted ships would sail up the Irrawaddy, when all trouble and sorrow would cease! Animated by his subject, his voice gradually became bolder and more spirited, as well as his performance, and without any hesitation he sung with much facility two or three stanzas composed extempore.

Changing suddenly from the en-

thusiastic tone, he commenced a soft plaintive love-song, and then after striking the chords for some time in a wild but masterly manner, retired. I confess I felt much interested in this poor fellow's performance, he seemed so deeply to feel every note he uttered, particularly at one time, when he touched upon his own misfortune, that it appeared Providence, in ordaining he should never see, had endowed him with this "soul-speaking" talent in some measure to indemnify him.

The Burmahs, generally speaking are fond of singing, and, in some instances, I have heard many very good songs. The war-boat song, for example, is remarkably striking. The recitative of the leading singer, and then the swell of voices when the boatmen join in chorus, keeping time with their oars, seemed very beautiful when wafted down the Irrawaddy by the breeze; and the approach of a war-boat might always be known by the sound of the well-known air.

I have sometimes heard a trio sung in parts by three young girls, with a correctness of ear and voice which would do credit to others than the self-taught Burmahs. Many little songs, amongst others that commencing "Tekin, Tekin," were composed and sung by the Burman fair in compliment to their new and welcome visitors, the white strangers; but these, of course, are long since consigned to oblivion, unless they recollect with pleasure

—"The grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;"

for it is very certain that the Burmahs, considered themselves quite happy, when enjoying the transient glimpse of liberty, and the advantages of a just government, which were offered them during the short stay of the British army at Prome.

The Burman plays do not appear to be remarkable for the number of their *dramatis personæ*. In most there is a prince, a confidant, a buf-

foon or two, and a due proportion of female characters, represented by boys dressed in female attire. The dresses are handsome; and in one which I attended, the dialogue appeared to be lively and well supported, as far as I can judge from the roars of laughter which resounded from the Burman part of the audience. One sentimental scene, in which the loving prince takes leave of his mistress, and another where, after much weeping and flirtation, she throws herself into his arms, were sufficiently intelligible to us; but some, in which the jokes of the clown formed the leading feature, were quite lost upon those who did not understand the language. The place chosen for the representation was a spot of ground outside of our houses, the heat being very great; and here a circle was formed of carpets and chairs, lighted by torches dipped in petroleum, which threw a brilliant flare around, though accompanied by a most unpleasant odour.

Dancing succeeded, and one or two young women were the performers; like the Hindostanee Nautch, it merely consisted in throwing the body and arms into numerous graceful and rather voluptuous postures; at the same time advancing slowly, with a short steady step, and occasionally changing it for a more lively figure.

All this time the drums, cymbals, and clarionets were unceasing in their discordant sounds, and, before long, fairly drove me from the field.

A BURMESE EXECUTION.

THE scene took place at Rangoon, and the sufferers were men of desperate characters, who merited death. At a short distance from the town, on the road known to the army by the name of the Forty-first Lines, is a small open space, which formerly was railed in: and here all criminals used to be executed. On this occasion several gibbets, about the height of a man, were erected, and a large crowd of Burmahs assembled to feast their eyes on the sanguinary scene that was to follow.

When the criminals arrived, they were tied within wooden frames, with extended arms and legs, and the head executioner going round to each, marked with a piece of chalk, on the side of the men, in what direction his assistant (who stood behind him with a sharpened knife,) was to make the incision. On one man he described a circle on the side; another had a straight line marked down the centre of his stomach; a third was doomed to some other mode of death; and some were favoured by being decapitated. These preparations being completed, the assistant approached the man marked with a circle, and seizing a knife, plunged it up to the hilt in his side, then slowly and deliberately turning it round, he finished the circle! The poor wretch rolled his eyes in inexpressible agony, groaned, and soon after expired; thus depriving these human

fiends of the satisfaction his prolonged torments would have afforded them. The rest suffered in the same manner; and, from the specimens I have seen of mangled corpses, I do not think this account overdrawn. Hanging is a punishment that seldom, if ever, takes place.

The manner in which slighter punishments are made is peculiar to the Burmans, and as nearly as I can make it out, according to our pronunciation, is called "toug." The delinquent is obliged to kneel down, and a man stands over him with a bent elbow and clenched fist. He first rapidly strikes him on the head with his elbow, and then slides it down until his knuckles repeat the blow, the elbow at the same time giving a violent smack on the shoulders. This is repeated until it becomes a very severe punishment, which may be carried to great excess.—*Two Years in Ava.*

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

GREECE.

" ————— our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen."

Lord Byron.

Ah who the tale of ancient Greece
Can read, (fair Greece the muses' seat,
The nurse of lovely arts in peace,
But matchless in the battle's heat,)
And glancing at her present state,
Feel not a sigh his breast dilate?

Who with a heart which feeling warms
Can view the soil by heroes trod,
The plains renowned for deeds of arms,
Deeds through the wide-earth noised
abroad,
Held by barbarian and by slave,
And feel no tear his pale cheek lave?

Long hast thou struggled well fair Greece,
Though Christendom refused her aid,
And tamely saw thy strength decrease
(But still with spirit undismayed)
Beneath those numerous hordes which
flowed,
Redd'ning thy plains with native blood.

Land of bright deeds and deathless name,
Land of warm hearts and souls of fire,
Nurse of arts, arms, and glorious fame,
Land of the sharp-sword and bright lyre,

Home of the once renowned and free,
Who can refuse to grieve for thee?

Canst thou fair land unmoved behold
The Turkish crescent proudly wave
Victorious o'er those fields, which hold
The tombs of many great and brave?—
Open beneath them lovely land,
Swallow the Pacha and his band!

Thou had'st a friend bright land;—ah!
why
Does the dark silent tomb enfold
The manly breast, the speaking eye
Of one so noble, dim and cold?
And who was fitter to defend
The muses' bowers, than their friend

But he is gone, and thou art left
Too weak the struggle to sustain,
Alas! of friends, of hope bereft
Thou yet may'st bear the yoke again.—
The poet's tear, the poet's line,
All he can yield, fair Greece are thine.

HENRY.

THE REGATTA AT RYDE.—A SKETCH.

GONZOLA. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing.—The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.—THE TEMPEST.

“PUGH! how hot it is!” quoth my fat friend Mr. D——, dragging me along the jetty at Ryde, as a three-decker would tow a cock-boat, “I came here to cool myself in the evening breeze, but find it like the breeze of the bellows, for the harder it blows the hotter the fire: and I am a pretty subject for sunbeams a’n’t I? If people go to heaven by flying, I shall be lost to a certainty, for where will you find wings to carry twenty stone?”

With all this anti-cherubic ponderosity, my friend had the advantage of most unwieldy subjects, for it appeared that the longer he lived the more active he grew, the greater beau, and the more envied favourite of the ladies. The crowds who were languishing under their parasols all brightened up their smiles to respond to his jocularities; and the very creaking of the planks beneath his stride seemed to attract universal admiration. We sat down on the stairs which descended to the water, where a numerous party were admiring the fleet of yachts, all lying ready for the Regatta on the morrow. The light clouds, the white sails, the thousand varied colours, and even the minutest rope, were reflected in the sunny water with a fidelity which reminded Mr. D—— of a world turned topsy-turvy; and the prospect of fine weather, and a sight of the King, set every one upon arranging plans for going to sea; all of which my friend assisted with his counsel, taking it for granted that he was to be included as ballast. In fact, this assumption was chiefly instrumental in organizing a party, the responsible ladies being solely induced to brave the danger from a reasonable confidence that a man of Mr. D——’s compass would undertake nothing hazardous.

Alas! that years of discretion should ever be indiscreet enough to form those galley-slave amusements, called parties of pleasure, from which the utmost good that can be extracted is a disposition to jog on the more contented with things in their ordinary course. In the commencement, it is an even chance but you are afflicted with a *coup de soleil*; in the middle, it is two to one but each individual has a different view of enjoyment, and thinks how happy he could have been without the rest; and then, it is any odds you please that the finale is an accident; for which the only consolation is, “I told you how it would be.” I never gave into a martyrdom of the kind, of which this is not the exact character, excepting in one instance, and from this one I can only deduct the discontent which was banished (from me at least) by a pair of eyes which would have banished the gloom of Erebus. Even now they were sparkling on the jetty stairs, as if to remind me of the hide-and-seek in the wood, and to dare the utterance of my evil forebodings. And then there was Mr. D——, who had rolled down the hill to show us the effect of an avalanche; and then there were the captain and the cornet, who had sent the higher authorities to hunt the hide-and-seek people in a wrong direction. How could I resist an invitation under such circumstances? Above all, there was the cockney cousin Cymon, who had been penetrated by the beauty of Barbara, even through those opaque white starers! One would sooner have expected the sun to shine through the frosty Caucasus; and had I wanted the inducements already mentioned to encounter the fatigues of pleasure, I must needs have gone to relieve Barbara from the

persecutions of this remorseless *rara avis*.

Pretty, pretty Barbara! She was still the same sweet, natural young creature as ever, and conversed upon days gone by with an enthusiasm tempered by an embarrassment which awakened recollections of Arcadia,—of Olympus itself! With the bloom of beauty, she possessed, what was infinitely more fascinating, the bloom of character, and always inspired a sensation akin to that which one feels on greeting the first flowers of the spring, or the first notes of the bird which announces it. The moments which one spends in wandering through the little sequestered retreats of characters like these are of more benefit to our own than the best homilies against evil courses that ever were written. It is quite impossible to plot any thing bad in such an atmosphere, and I am convinced that a renewal of my excursions therein refreshed my virtues incalculably; for if before I only despised Mr. Cymon, I now hated him into the bargain, which was most scrupulously giving him his due.

The next morning we pushed off to the vessel, which Mr. D—— had contrived to borrow, with a concert of lively voices like the carol of a flight of linnets. We found our jovial friend, who had undertaken to be captain, and all the sailors, busily employed in clearing decks; and pronounced the Charming Sally to be no less worthy of admiration than the charming commander. Being determined to exhibit all in character, he had equipped himself for the occasion in a short sailor's jacket and linen trowsers, and appeared, like a toad in his hole, to have expanded to their full dimensions.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "a'n't I a jolly fellow?"

Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas expostulated loudly at there being no sailors, and earnestly entreated to know whether he had ever managed a ship before.

"Ho, ho! that's a good joke!"

Just as if I could not manage such a cockle-shell as this, whether I had or not! Why, here is not water enough in the Channel to drown me! I can swim like a whale, if needs must; and as for a dozen or two of you on my back—Lord, Lord! Hillo, Cornet, let go the moorings. Now for the mainsail—this great rope, I suppose,—Up she goes! Yeo, yeo, yeo!"

Up she went indeed, and up she would have gone had she been a ton heavier.

"Mr. Cymon," he resumed, observing that the vicinity of that ample-headed young person to the gentle Barbara might materially interfere with the convenience of more deserving folks, "you have a pair of fine keen eyes, and therefore I shall employ you upon the con."

"Upon the what?" stared Cymon.

"Upon the look-out, Lieutenant Cymon; so, be so good as go and hide yourself behind the foresail, and see that we don't run over the King."

Poor Cymon endeavoured, with all the vehemence of genuine modesty, to excuse himself from promotion; but was overruled by the general opinion that he was the only person fit for it. Mr. D—— stood jovially singing at the helm, and satisfying the steady ladies (who are always more curious than the giddy ones) as to who was this and who was that; and the rest of our voyagers felt the breeze bring nothing but harmony and blow away nothing but care.

The elements were perfectly impartial in their favours, for all the world seemed to be quite as happy as we, and, as we neared Spithead, we had an excellent opportunity of judging, for every sail of every description, from the Queen Charlotte to the catamaran, consisting of Heaven knows how many hundreds, had congregated into a shoal, which left us scarcely sailing-room. Cymon's post was no sinecure, and his

fears of an accident, had he not occasionally peeped astern to see what I was about, would fully have justified our confidence in him. This tinge of the tender passion, however, (if it somewhat obscured his glory, as it has often done that of greater men) by adding to the perils of our voyage, considerably increased its interest. The flaunting of the stranger pendants over our decks, the shouts of "Keep off!" the discord of divers bands playing divers tunes almost on board of us, and the cries of our respectable passengers, made Mr. D—— laugh like an earthquake. Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas grew more and more nervous, and talked of going home, particularly as there were no signs of the King coming to sea. The only way in which the steersman could pacify them was by promising, as he hoped to grow fatter, that they should hear news of his Majesty from the next man-of-war. Accordingly, with a malicious chuckle, he steered direct for the nearest of some eighteen or twenty, which, with all their yards manned and all their colours flying, were just preparing for a royal salute. We could not have been in a better situation to enjoy the benefit of it, for our flag was brushing the stern of the *Vengeur* precisely as the first match was applied. The explosion seemed to frighten the craft itself, which almost jumped out of water; and as for Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. D—— declared that their stanchions were cut away as clean as if a chain-shot had taken them.

"Ho, ho!" he exclaimed, as they lay prostrate on the deck, "Trafalgar was a fool to this!"

"Oh, Mr. D——!"—and then there was another roar,— "Put us on shore!" and then another, "We shall all be killed!" and then a regular round. Meantime, the batteries were hard at work on either shore, almost every pleasure-boat contributed its loyal effusion of fire and smoke, and the captain and cornet

banged away with a little cannon, which Mr. D—— had brought in his pocket, till it was absolutely red-hot. In short, the whole world seemed to be nothing but one enormous cracker, and all that was visible were the flashes of flame, and the sailors upon the topmost rigging, who appeared to be standing upon nothing.

"Don't be frightened, Aunt John," cried Cymon, who had fled from his post to take refuge in the rear of Mr. D——. "Don't be frightened. There are no bullets in them."

"Ho, ho!" shouted D——, "Officer of the fore-castle desert his post in battle! A court-martial! A court-martial! How now, Mrs. John; is the King coming now?"

At length the wars ended and the wounded were gathered up, and, as the smoke cleared away, their horrors were dissipated by a view of the real royal yacht which was making all sail towards the Needles.

"Ready about!" exclaimed Mr. D——. "Up fore-topsail, sky-scrapers and moon-rakers! We'll catch him though he were king of the Jack-o'-lanterns!" and away we went in full chase, and I might add, in full cry.

The breeze, however, only carried us abreast of Cowes. Our sails rocked for a moment to and fro, and then dropped motionless. All the company, as is usual on parties of pleasure, began to be dissatisfied; the curious that they could not see the King, and the rest, that folks had nothing to do but to listen to what their neighbours were saying. In this agreeable occupation Cymon was particularly conspicuous, and eyed the gentle Barbara just as the jackal would eye the lamb, to see how much the lion (I beg pardon for the magnificent comparison, but I really was a lion to Cymon)—to see how much the lion means to leave him.

"Here we are," said Mr. D——, "just under the line! I don't know what we shall do, unless we tar and feather Cousin Cymon."

"I think," replied Barbara, with

a pretty smile of vengeance, "this would be a good opportunity for the court-martial."

Every one, excepting the culprit, applauded the idea, and Mr. D—swore by Neptune he should have justice. Cymon's wit and courage were pretty equally balanced, and all he could think of to parry the joke was to grin on the wrong side of his face and cry "What nonsense!" But, luminous as this defence was, it could not save him; for he was found guilty of having a white feather, upon which the court sentenced him to go down below and unpack the dinner. Poor Cymon, whatever were his private feelings, was obliged to take it all as a good joke, and, accordingly, tumbled down the cabin stairs to do as he was bid.

Nothing induces patience so much as good cheer; and Mr. D—, whom we had appointed to the commissariat from ancient experience of his capability, had laid in a stock which would have taken us to Gibraltar and back.

"Who cares for the wind now?" quoth he, wiping his head, and preparing to do the honours of the table. "And who cares for the King either? I would not be king if I could, till after dinner. How now White-feather, can't you get room next to Cousin Barbara? Squeeze in next to me, then—I'll promise not to incommode you with my bones. There, hand that to Aunt John, and give me the cork-screw. Ho, ho! There's a fine froth, a'n't it? Captain, my service to you, and chuck that target of lamb here. Cousin Barbara, don't let that young fellow talk you out of your dinner. Cymon White-feather, a glass of Dutch courage.—Pop! Fiz! There's a bottle, Mrs. Thomas!"

Thus, time

"Went merry as a marriage-bell,"

and then the sun sank and the breeze rose, and Mrs. John was for renewing the chase of the king, and Mr. D—swore he would have a dance.

"Cousin Barbara," cried Cymon, "mind you are engaged to dance with me."

"Dance with you!" ejaculated bully D: "not to be heard of!"

'None but the brave, none but the brave, None but the brave deserve the fair.'

So you shall play the fiddle, and give us 'Off she goes,' or some such food of love. Hillo! All hands on deck! Come, Mrs. John, you and I will open the ball. Change sides and back again, down the middle and overboard. Strike up, fiddler, and stick your stern against the rudder, and steer like Arion amongst the dolphins!"

Cymon's Cremona, which he had brought down from London, on purpose to fiddle away the heart of Barbara, had really been smuggled on board, and, as resistance to bully D—was out of the question, he was even constrained to commence operation, though with a face most terribly out of tune. Off went the Colossus with the struggling Mrs. John, who declared in vain that we should all go to the bottom.—"Ho, ho!" he cried, "I'll show you how to dance, if the planks hold together! Right and left, pousette, begin at top, and scrape away, Cremona!" Then followed Barbara and myself, and then another couple, and then another; and, in the midst of the bustle, the King made a tack and passed back under the shores of the Isle of Wight, whilst we were running hard upon Hurst Castle.

"Hillo ho! Hark back! The King has given us the double. Ready about! Helm's a lee! All Arion's fault! Over with him! Chuck him to the dolphins!"

"Oh, Cymon, how could you be so careless!" quoth one.

"How excessively stupid!" ejaculated another.

"How amazingly awkward!" added a third.

Cymon's attempts to excuse himself were all drowned in the overwhelming accusations; and in his confusion, as he was putting the ves-

sel about according to the divers directions of Mr. D—— and three or four more of the party, who kept dancing all the time, he very nearly swept every soul of us overboard with the boom. Before the screaming was over, his way chanced to be impeded by another yacht, and, not knowing exactly which end he stood upon, he first dodged her this way, and then that, and then ran clean on board of her, with a shock which had well nigh split us asunder. Never was the cry of despairing mariners so terrific. The middle-aged ladies flung themselves for safety into the arms of the Leviathan; Barbara allowed me to press her to my bosom and swear I would die with her; the Captain and the Cornet seemed to be employed in an equally despairing manner; and Cymon tore his hair and besought every one in vain to show him which was the way to swim. Still, far above this mortal conflict of sounds was heard the shout of Mr. D——.

“Ho, ho, ho! thank God we are not born to be hanged! I’m glad I had no time to prepare for death, for I never could have taken sufficient advantage of it to be saved. Ho ho! if Cymon is not drowned I’ll haunt him. What a bone for the fish to pick! Mackarel will be as cheap as dirt!”

When we found that we were not actually sinking, tranquillity was in some measure restored. All the damage we had sustained was the loss of the bowsprit, which was broken short off, and hung dangling by its rigging; but, as without this same appendage the vessel would not answer the helm, the disaster was still pretty considerable. Mr. D——, however, was as good as a man-of-war’s crew; and having found the tool-chest and seated himself across the stem, he set bravely to work, with the assistance of poor Cymon, who was assured by every body that he ought to help because it was entirely his fault.

“His fault! Ay, to be sure it was

—Jonas himself! The sledge-hammer, Jonas, and another ten-penny nail—Ugh! ugh! ugh! there it is nothing like a heavy arm to drive a nail:

‘You gentlemen of England, who dwell at home at ease,’—

The saw, Jonas, the saw!—

‘How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas.’

There she is—there’s my bill of a woodcock, ready to pick the King’s eye out, if we could only see him. Jonas, you have lost us two hours good, so you must just stand here and fiddle for the Jetty lights.”

At the earnest entreaty of the ladies, Mr. D—— then resumed the helm, and we continued our voyage with pretty fair hopes of arriving at home somewhere about midnight.

“Barbara,” said I, “are you fatigued?”

“No!” she replied in the same under-tone—but oh, how sweet!

“And have you enjoyed the day?”

“Oh, so much!”

“And what have you found so enjoyable in it?”

“I don’t know!”

“Was it the sea?”

“No!”

“The sights?”

“No!”

“Was it your cousin Cymon’s company?”

“Oh, no!”

“Was it—was it any one’s else in particular?”

Barbara made no reply.

“Will you not answer me? Barbara, I am going abroad to-morrow to stay three years.”

“No!” she said with an earnestness and a touch of her hand which gave me a spasm of real pity for poor Cymon. What exquisite accompaniments to such a murmuring as this would have been the starlighted midnight, the sweep of the winds which blew my boat-cloak around such a pair of shoulders, the sparkling of the spray which seemed

to cast a protecting halo over our prow!—what exquisite accompaniments would they have proved, had it not been for the ungrateful repinings of Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas, who had no sooner been relieved from staring in the face of death, than they began their lamentations for not having ogled his Majesty. Then there was the Polyphemus figure of my friend D——, who bel- lowed his ballads like the Bull of Bashan! As for the degraded Cymon, he sat brooding over his grievances quiet enough at last, forming determinations never again to venture his person and reputation upon the stormy ocean. The rest of the passengers too were as tranquil as could be desired, and therefore it was not necessary to supervise their occupations. But oh!

“Ye stars, which are the poetry of Heaven,”

why cannot love have a pinnacle with no sailors but yourselves?

“Hillo!” cried he of Bashan, “what news a-head, Jonas?”

“I think I see the Jetty lights.”

“Well said Jonas: you’ll be good for something after all. Starboard or larboard, Jonas? To the right or left?”

“To the right—a little more—more still.”

Cymon was really beginning to get some credit for seeing what nobody else could; but his reputation was doomed to be cut off in the bud, for, instead of having seen the Jetty lights, he had all along been bending his optics upon a cottage window two miles short of them; and, in the midst of his praises, we dashed, like a benighted sword-fish into a hard-hearted mud bank.

“Ho, ho, ho!” shouted Polyphemus, “if you are not Jonas now, I am no whale, that’s all!”

“A rock, a rock!” screamed all who were not occupied with softer cogitations.

“No, Mrs. John; no, ho ho! worse than that; we are on the mud;

and once get me on the mud and I’ll defy the devil to get me off again. Give me sea-room—only float me, and all well and good; but here I am like a stranded Leviathan, and push me off who can. Noah’s ark was never more firmly fixed upon Mount Blanc, or Primrose Hill, or where the deuce was it? Nevertheless we’ll try. The boat-hook, Jonas—the boat-hook! Oh for a cedar of Lebanon!”

Alas! he pushed and strained till he almost spitted himself upon the pole, but all to no purpose.

“Firm as Windsor Castle! you’ll never move whilst I am on board. If I was out, indeed, you would bob up like a cork; but then what would become of you without me? I’ll put myself in t’other scale, and see what that will do.”

With that he plunged over the stern into the boat, and began pulling away till the oars cracked again.

“Push away at the bow, my boys, and I’ll tow you out backwards forwards. Lord, Lord! if I could only be in both places at once, I’d make her slip out like a mud eel. Pugh! it’s of no use! The wind is blowing us in harder than ever, and the sea is getting up, and she will be knocked to pieces, and Mrs. John and Mrs. Thomas will never see the King until it pleases Heaven to call him unto all those who have travelled by land or by sea. Ho, ho, ho! to prayers, to prayers, for it is all over with you, unless you take to the boat, or make a raft of my back.”

It was, indeed, high time to take his advice, for the sea became whiter and whiter, and broke violently over us. Mr. D—— ran up a rope as nimbly as a Brobdignag spider.

“Ho ho! Here’s a squalling! To the boat, to the boat!”

‘Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!’

Ho, ho, ho! There’s Jonas in first—he’ll not be drowned if he can help it. Now, Jonas, catch aunt John, for here she comes, cackling like a basket of cocks and hens—Well

stowed, Mrs. John—Now Mrs. Thomas—there you go—Now another—and another,—Jump in, gentlemen all, and take the oars; Jonas will steer you—he's a hand at that."

"Mr. D——! Mr. D——!" shrieked the ladies, "you will not leave us to the mercy of the elements? You will not stay behind?"

"You have got Jonas with you, and he is a host in himself. Pull away my hearties; I must stay and keep house—never desert the good ship in distress; besides, I should sink you, as sure as lead."

Then there was another cry set up—"Barbara! Where is Barbara?"

"God bless you, sweet Barbara!" I whispered: "I did not know what they were about."

"You come with us?"

"Desert my friend in distress, Barbara? Impossible!"

"Merciful Heavens!"

"Bless you, sweet Barbara! Now this step—now that—now jump—'Ministers of grace!' what proportions!"

Considering that the rowers had never handled an oar before, and that Cymon was something worse than nothing, they went off pretty dexterously, and we had not much fear for their safe passage home. When they were fairly out of sight, we began to consider what was best to be done,

"What a jolly day!" said my companion, letting down the mainsail—"never had such fun in my life; but why did you not keep Barbara on board? Whew! there's a sea for you! The tide is coming in—let us heave out the anchor, to prevent her from drifting farther in, and then, if we are not knocked to pieces first, we may be afloat by the time we have done supper. Here she goes—splash! Now come and grope for the tinder-box, and leave the rest to Providence."

There was nothing better to be done, and so to the cabin we descended, and struck a light.

"Ho ho! what land-lubbers we were not to make Jonas put the dishes away! That crack against t'other boat has capsized every thing. Just grope about, and see if you can find the lobster under the table. The wine is safe, that's one comfort; and here's a goose, that's another. Now, draw your chair, and hold your plate."

In spite of the sentimentals, the sight of my friend pulling away tooth and nail at the goose's leg inspired me with a kindred appetite, and, after the first bottle, we cared as much for Neptune as we did for sulky Cymon. At the end of the second bottle, and when bully D. had finished sucking the last claw of the lobster, we felt the sea dashing less violently.

"Slack water," said he, "but still hard and fast."

We went above to make fresh efforts, but to no purpose.

"Here we are then, till morning. What signifies? Better lying in the cabin than in the watch-house, and some of us have done that ere now. The wind is just going down, too—only just enough to lull us to sleep and keep us cool—I'm for turning in."

There was no alternative; so, having gathered together all the cloaks and shawls which had been left behind in the hasty disembarkment, we bade adieu to upper air, and set about making our beds. The Bull of Bashan had done the most labour, and therefore I gave him the most litter; taking care, however, to preserve to myself the shawl of Barbara.

"Ho ho! That's right! make my bed to leeward, for, if I were to roll over you, you would find me worse than a waggon wheel—you'd only be fit to be stuck on paper, and be kept in a portfolio of dried dandelions! Ugh!" he continued, depositing his vast personal property, "I shall sleep like a hunted hippopotamus."

And verily he kept his word, for

the slumber of Boreas himself could not have been more sonorous; nevertheless, I do not accuse him of keeping me awake, for that was the fault of Barbara. I placed her shawl next to my bosom, and made love to it for a whole delicious hour before I could drop off; and then—alas, that dreams are not realities!

At about six o'clock of one of the finest mornings that ever shone upon mortal disappointment, I was awakened by a splash in the water, just as if a Titan had swooped down from the highest Heaven. For a moment there was a dead silence, and then a loud snort. "Ho ho!" cried a jolly voice, "this is delightful! this would cool a salamander!"

I ran up on deck, to see what was the matter.

"Ho ho!" repeated D——, who was evolving in the water, "which am I most like, a whale or a walrus? Jump down upon my shoulders—you shall be captain and I will be ship, and we'll be at home in no time;—or, if you like, I'll give you an airing to the Needles and back, or to St. Helen's, or to Havre de Grace.—Puff! puff! Don't you see, I go by steam? Ho ho! you are afraid! Well then, I'll plumb the depth, and see what chance we have of getting the craft off. Just look now, and see what a whirlpool I shall make as I go down. First, you know, we tread water, and roll this way and that way, like the buoy at Spithead, and then we shut up our fins so, and then—Lord deliver us from sticking in the mud!—down we go."

He went down like a huge diving-bell—the vortex closed over him, the waves subsided, the air-bubbles had all burst,

"But where was County Guy?"

I continued watching the place in the utmost anxiety, but he did not rise. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "what has become of him?" when, to my heart's content, I heard his jovial shout on the other side of the vessel.

"There's a dive for you! Deep as the Bay of Biscay! Lend a hand

here to help me up. We'll have her off in no time—only hangs by the rudder. Hand me my shirt—no, that's the mainsail. Ho ho!"

Having performed his toilet, he set about acting upon his submarine discoveries, by pushing the bow out towards the deep water, which we had before been prevented from doing by the wind. This loosened her astern, where my friend, invigorated by his swim to the strength of a mammoth, gave her but a single push, and off she glided.

"Hurrah! we're afloat! and here comes a breeze just in time. Up mainsail—yeo, yeo!—set the jib—ho ho! worth a hundred of Cymon White-feather!"

And we really got under weigh once more. As we neared the Jetty we perceived all our party, and a great many others, anxiously looking out for us, Cymon having given it as his firm opinion that we were drowned, and the married ladies having averred that we had nobody to blame but ourselves. The majority, however, agreed with Barbara, that nothing could be more admirable than the intrepidity with which Mr. D—— had braved the elements rather than sink their boat, and nothing more noble than the fearless devotion with which I had remained to share the danger of my friend.—Amidst the reiterated expression of these flattering sentiments we made our triumphant landing, receiving all the distinguished appellations from Pylades and Orestes down to Valentine and Orson. Mrs. John, who, notwithstanding her chagrin at having missed the King, had still a sort of woman's love for a hero, hung proudly upon the arm which had wrought such wonders; Barbara blushed and smiled, as though she were quite contented to lean upon mine. The procession was closed by Cymon, who offered his services to a less distinguished beauty, manfully assuring her that he had given up his ungrateful cousin for ever and a day.

"Ho, ho, ho!" finished Mr. D——, "to breakfast—to breakfast! Well done, Damon and Pythias! Well done, Gog and Magog! Our names are up! we shall both marry fortunes, and then I'll build a three-decker."

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

THE approach of the New Year is hailed by the most of people as a day of pleasure and merriment. Business is laid aside, and little is thought of but the amusements of the day. The politician cares not now for the affairs of state. The merchant quits his speculations. The industrious mechanic no more minds the toil of his daily avocations—and the shop-boy is released for once from the tedium of the counter to mix with the general throng, and congratulate each other on the expiration of the old, and commencement of the new year. All is animation—joy prevails;—in some even to excess.

There are, indeed, amid the thoughtless crowd, a few solitary individuals who seem not to participate of the general feeling, and methinks I hear them say:—Can we behold unmoved the close of another year which has gone—and gone for ever, to register, perhaps, little more than time misspent—and the gloomy disasters of "wrecks and graves," which present some of the faint traces of the sweeping but desolating hand of time? Can these awful scenes, presented obviously as they are to our senses, pass without reminding us of scenes of woe that are past—the obscurity—and perhaps the too awfully disastrous obscurity of our future destiny? Who can consider such solemn subjects without a tear for the uncertainty of human fate and the extreme folly of man? Every year dates some sad calamity. Many of last year's rich and great are now in want and obscurity—many whose hopes of future good were high are now blasted and brought low—and many who were among us then, have now gone to their "long home,"

where their fate is concealed from our eyes by a veil which we cannot—and perhaps would not penetrate. Where are the associates of our youth? Where are now the intimates of former days? Where are even the companions of the last new-year's amusements? Not a few of them, alas, are gone—and gone to return no more! Since the commencement of the last year, beside the ordinary incidents which afflict mankind, the unconcerned spectator has witnessed many a soul-subduing scene;—parental tenderness has felt numberless heart-rending pangs;—patients have experienced innumerable and indescribable agonies;—and surviving relations have seen to their sorrow, that the most endearing ties of kindred and affection have, alas, been severed, in consequence of the dreadful ravages of the epidemic with which we have been visited. Even within the bounds of our own narrow circle, few less than a thousand who then mixed in our common diversions, have fallen victims to disease, and are now no more. Who knows the event of other twelve months? Time alone will shew. It may be, ere that period elapse, many of us who are surrounded with plenty will be objects of charity. Numbers of us who now dream of nothing but long life and much enjoyment, may then be laid low in the silent grave. Incessant fluctuations and irreversible changes daily stare us in the face; and should we live as though we were a solitary exception from the universal mutability of nature, and not rather be prepared to meet the worst? Common sense tells us how absurd this would be. A moderate degree of reflection would shew us, too, that

amid the diversity of a new-year's diversions, all these things are but too shamefully kept out of sight.

I do not say, however, that a melancholy disposition ought to be cherished on these and similar occasions. On the contrary they are connected with a variety of cheering considerations to counteract the influence of corroding cares;—to melt us into gratitude to that beneficent Being who has preserved us all along from the multiplicity of dangers incident to human nature;—who has kindly rendered our circumstances what they

are;—who has afforded us resting places to the mind for reflection on what we are and ought to be;—who has given us access to a state of being in which, how dark soever particular events of futurity now appear, we are sure of this: that whatever trouble or misfortune may befall us in this "vale of tears," all will be well with us at last.

This would be joy regulated by a sound judgment: the other is merely the mirth of fools, which lasts for a moment, and satisfieth not.

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To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

SIR,

I AM one of those who much approve your attempt to wake up our eating, drinking, sleepy society, to some taste for literature; and I think you have been quite as successful as, under all circumstances there was reason to expect, and those who make uncandid cavils at the conduct of the work, would do better to support it.

One excellent use, I think, of such a periodical, is to serve as a repository for the first efforts of young persons now in a course of training in our seminaries.

It is a custom at King's College, Windsor, to assign occasionally to the students, in lieu of their weekly themes, some ode of Horace, to be translated into English verse, and in the following week to be returned into Latin, in a different versification from the original. I send you three of the first and one of the second sort, which, if you think them deserving a place they are at your service.

AMICUS.

King's College, Windsor.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE 3.

When midst the chilling blast of woe
Thy fairest hopes have withering died,
With patience bear the heaven-sent blow
And firm in Providence confide.

And when with friends and fortune blest
You pass the joy-enlightened hour,
Let reason rule your prideless breast,
And check each lustful passion's power.

For, Delius, death's unsparing dart
Strikes down each mortal to the tomb,
Nor wealth nor cunning's wily art
Can save thee from the general doom.

Whether in grief you pass the day,
Or on the blooming mead recline,
And speed the festal hour away
Midst cups of ruby-sparkling wine,

Where pine and poplar richly throw
A grateful shade, and living streams
Of purest fountains' bubbling flow
Glittering beneath the solar beams.

Here, whilst impartial fate permits,
Spread the gay rose's softest bloom,
And as the Zephyr by thee flits,
Its airy wing with sweets perfume.

Your lawns, where Tiber's wave of gold
Rolls brightly dimpling 'neath the sun,
Must soon another lord behold,
And feed some careless spendthrift son.

All, all must die; the blow which sends
The wandering beggar to his grave,
Soon on some nobler head descends,
And bows the monarch with the slave.
G. H.

HORACE, LIB II. ODE 3.

Strive to maintain an equal mind
In adverse and in prosperous hour,
Boast not, though fortune should be kind,
Grieve not, though clouds should o'er
thee low'r,
And though your lot be low or high
Remember Delius you must die.

Whether your hours in sorrow pass,
Or whether through the festal day

You press supine the fragrant grass
And sweetly speed the time away,
And free from care and biting pain
The bright Falernian chalice drain,

Where the tall pine and poplar pale
Delight their waving arms to wreath,
Spreading a dim and shadowy veil,
Grateful to him who rests beneath,
And the bright brook with rippling stream
Glides onward like a summer dream.

Here bring the fair but short-lived rose,
Here bring the wine cup sparkling bright,
Here let the perfume as it throws
Its odours forth your sense delight,
In bliss let every moment glide,
Ere the dark Fates your thread divide.

For your tall trees, the forest's pride,
Your lovely villa at whose base
The yellow Tiber rolls his tide,
Must soon be left, and in your place
Your heir with pleasure will receive
The wealth which you are forced to leave.

It matters not, if rich and high,
Of great and kingly parents born,
Or, if beneath th' inclement sky
You wander houseless and forlorn,
Th' unpitied tomb no difference knows
O'er kings' or peasants' heads to close.

We all are driv'n alike by fate,
One urn contains the lot of all,
And thence will issue soon or late
That fearful voice, that dreaded call
Which dooms us to the Stygian wave
However great, however brave,

J. H. C.

HORACE, BOOK II. ODE 3.

Are you by fortune's frowns oppressed,
Be ever patient and resigned,
Or in her downy lap carressed,
Preserve a calm and equal mind.

In sorrow Delius do you pine,
In sorrow waste your frame away,
Or do you with Falernian wine
Joyous beguile the festal day,

While stretched in some sequestered glade
Mid fragrant flowers of loveliest hue,
Where towering pines and poplars shade
The babbling brooks of limpid blue,

That, rippled by the Zephyr's breath,
Murmur melodious as they flow ;—
Reflect that all must yield to death,—
Reflect that all must bear the blow.

Then bring the short-lived rose of red,
Bright sparkling wine and perfume
hither,
Ere Fate shall cut the mortal thread,
Or blooming youth begin to wither.

For all the scenes which round you wear
The fairest, brightest aspect, must
Be left to some exulting heir,
When you shall crumble into dust.

Boast not of noble birth :—alas
My friend ! Irrevocable doom
Compels us all alike to pass
The portals of the dank, cold tomb.

One urn our mingled lot contains ;—
One common track we mortals mark ;—
And exiles for the lurid plains
We all must soon or late embark.

J. L. T.

AD DELIUM.

Ne levis Fortuna animum caducum
Reddat, accedens facie severâ
Et minaci, nec faciant superbum
Fata secunda,

Sive tu vitam trahis in dolore,
Sive festivum celebrare mos est
Tempus, et lætus recubans, amice,
Gramine molli,

Quâ virent pini tremuli, fluitque
Rivulus serpens, trepidatque lympha
Leniter, potare soles sub umbrâ
Dulce Falernum.

Fer, puer, flores nionium breves, et
Nardum odoratum, et mera dum Sororum
Fila dirarum, dederunt, et cetas
Carpere lucem.

DEUS

Arvâ, villam quam Tiberis canorum
Alluit flumen, nitidumque tectum,
Aurum et argentum solidum necesse est
Linquere Deli.

Te nihil refert proavis valentem :
Namque Parcæ nec metuunt potentem,
Sordidum nec despiciunt ; at omnes
Nox manet una.

Omnium sortes tenet urna cœcas
Omnium curses Stygiam ad paludem
Ducit, et cunctos vehet ad profunda
Lurida, Cymba.

J. L. T.

—

JUVENILE MEDITATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.

“After that circle in the heavens, which is called the equator, was known to astronomers, there was nothing more easy than to transfer it to the earth, by which the situation of places was determined according as they lay on one side of the equator or another. *The same may be observed of the other circles of the sphere.*”—FERGUSON.

In a former communication, I endeavoured to show the necessity and use of two imaginary lines (for all astronomical lines are only imaginary) which, together, form a complete circle round the globe, passing through the poles, whenever they happen to be in opposite meridians. One of these, it was also affirmed, must be fixed on the earth; the other moveable on its surface or in the heavens. The situation and use of this moveable or nocturnal line having been determined, respecting it, I have little more to advance; but as the former, of necessity, must be fixed on the earth, and it was not then mentioned, “where or by what rule it must be established,” I now offer my opinion on each of these topics, accompanied with my reasons for this opinion.

Before commencing directly with these points, however, I observe, that it is not by *nature* but *accident* that the situation of this diurnal line is determined. A line is fixed by *nature*, when any natural cause can be produced for its situation.—The equinoctial line, the tropics of cancer and capricorn, the arctic and contractic circles, and indeed all latitudinal lines, are fixed in this manner. A line is fixed by *accident*, when, though its situation is no less certain, no natural cause can be produced for such situation. To this class belong all longitudinal lines; excepting, perhaps, those commonly called *colures* and the nocturnal line above mentioned. With these exceptions, all longitudinal lines have been fixed by certain events of Providence. It has so happened, for example, that the Royal Observatory in Britain, is at Greenwich; therefore, the meridian

of this place, is considered the first to every British navigator. The French do the same respecting the meridian of Paris or the Isle of France. Now, the longitude of any place on the globe, is no less certainly determined than the latitude; though no other reason can be given for it, than what has been stated. A similar, though a much more conclusive reason, will, by and bye, be given for the situation of this diurnal line: the only one that is possible, for no natural reason can be produced. If that imaginary object called *longitude* could be discovered; or, if it were known on what part of the globe, the sun first darted his vertical rays; its situation might, perhaps, have been determined from *nature*: but, peradventure, the former is a phantom; and the latter was never revealed. With respect to the yearly motion of the sun; (for I will occasionally take the liberty of calling his apparent his real motion) that is, his variation of latitude; he does not move in a circle,—his limits are determined: hence, if his declination is known; it can easily be ascertained, what time of spring, summer, autumn, or winter, it is in any part of the world. In like manner, with regard to his daily motion, though he does move in a circle, (a true emblem of eternity) if the meridian to which he is vertical, is known, it can easily be ascertained, what time of the morning, noon, evening, or night, it is, in any part of the earth. But this is all. We could know nothing, precisely about the *name* of a day, or a Sabbath of rest, without the assistance of such a line, as we have been calling the diurnal line. If any of my *curious* readers,

still doubt the necessary existence of this line; let them exercise their imaginative powers, (a pleasing task) by taking the nocturnal line formerly mentioned, (the existence of which will scarcely be denied) with Saturday night on the west side of it, and Sabbath morning on the east; let them follow it a complete course round the globe, and endeavour to bring it to the place of starting, as it really comes, with Sabbath evening on the west side, and Monday morning on the east; and they will certainly see the necessity of halting *somewhere*, in order to change the *names* of the days. But I wander from the point on hand.—

In this investigation, it will be observed, that the Sabbath is frequently mentioned. Any other day of the week, would answer the same purpose; but, this is chosen, that the contrast may be more apparent, and easier understood. To return to the contrast between the yearly and daily motion of the sun. There neither are, nor ever were, any distinct *names* for the years, which would correspond with the *names* for the days of the week; but (what will answer the same purpose, and what has happened) if we suppose there was now a *Sabbatical year*, every seven years in which “the ground was to rest and slaves to be liberated;” and this was not to commence every where at the same moment; but, in a way that is more natural and reasonable, to suit the various seasons on the globe; suppose it to commence after the “ingathering of the fruits of the earth;” it would be a subject of curious speculation, to ascertain the precise time at which it would begin and end on any given part of the globe; but perfectly possible, for the reason already mentioned, i. e. in the yearly motion of the sun, his limits are determined.

Now, in regard to our *Sabbatical day*, and its commencement, and termination on any given part of the earth, the speculation is equally interesting; but it cannot be decided in

the same manner; for another reason already stated, viz. the sun, in his daily course, moves in a circle, without having any limits, with respect to longitude. Though this is the case, however, he is not uniform in every particular; for previous to every time he rises above our horizon, he ushers in a new day with a *new name*: to account for which, in imitation of philosophers, by tendering a reason, was the origin of these meditations.

Having made these preliminary remarks, their principal design of showing where the diurnal line is, will be gradually approached, by pointing out the greater part of the earth, where it is not: and that the reader may have every facility of understanding it, which the subject will afford, he shall have the train of ideas which led to these sentiments.

If the fidelity of memory can be trusted, they had their origin, in reflecting upon the various periods of time, at which christians of the present day, commence and terminate their Sabbath. At London, for example, their Sabbath begins four hours sooner than ours. Go 30 degrees farther east, and as many west; the difference is eight hours. Repeat the operation, and it will be twelve hours. Proceed with the gradation three steps farther; and surely none will deny, that the difference must be twenty four hours. In the first three steps, it is true, the distance between the places is always increasing, but, in the last three, it again diminishes, in the same proportion: because the gradation proceeds in a circle. From this view of the subject, rises a natural enquiry: was the precise times at which the Sabbath should commence and terminate on every part of the globe, established at the creation? That this was the case, no evidence will be advanced: it will therefore not only be interesting, but closely connected with the present design, to notice the origin of the Sabbath, and observe the pro-

gress of its establishment over the whole world.

None will be disposed to deny, that the command to rest on the seventh day, came down from heaven. The Creator of all things, after six days labour, "rested on the seventh," and blessed and sanctified it." From the creation, there is no doubt, that, by some, it was kept as a day of rest, till the flood; and from the flood till the time of Moses? and from his time till the christian era. But it is probable, that, at the flood, it was kept *only* by Noah and his family; and, in the time of Moses, *only* by the children of Israel; and it is more than probable, that, at the advent of our Saviour, it was kept *only* by the Jews; for, when their enemies found, they would not take up arms upon the Sabbath; they made that, the very day of their attack. During the personal ministry of the Author of christianity, also, the establishment of the Sabbath, was very limited; for he was "not sent, but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" but it soon became more extensive; for in his last commission to the apostles, he says, "Go ye, and teach all nations." It was no sooner said than done; for we immediately find them running to and fro, preaching the gospel, planting churches, and consequently, establishing the Sabbath. In the course of a few centuries the Christian religion was extensively professed, both in Asia, Africa and Europe, having the centre of union in Rome. Many of the subjects of the Great Khan of Tartary, who carried his conquests to the farthest parts of India, about the middle of the thirteenth century, were Romans. Soon after this, the Portuguese discovered the passage round the Cape of Good Hope. By these means, the Sabbath has been established in the East Indies; agreeing with that part of the earth, on which it was first established, making allowance for difference of longitude: but there are some places, not much farther east,

of which I would not hazard the same assertion. Of these more by and bye.

In the same manner, towards the west, the christian religion was established in Portugal, Spain, France and Britain, Nor did it rest here; for, in the fifteenth century, Columbus discovered America, by sailing westward. Till which time, I take it for granted, the aborigines knew nothing of a Sabbath. In a short time, however, by the means already mentioned, it was established, generally speaking, over the whole continent: agreeing, by the west, like the East Indies, by the east, with the same exception. But here, also, if a station is taken much farther west, I would not make the same assertion.

For these reasons, I have been forced to conclude, that if a ship sail west, from the most easterly part of the East Indies, to the most westerly part of America, or *vice versa*, comprising more than two-thirds of the globe, her reckoning will always correspond with that of the inhabitants in the same meridian. If this be granted, which I think cannot be denied, *more than two-thirds* of my design is accomplished; because it unavoidably follows, that, if a ship sails east from the East Indies, to the western part of America, or *vice versa*, her reckoning will differ one whole day from that of the inhabitants of the place where she arrives. From the first of these conclusions, I infer, that the diurnal line in question *is not* on that part of the earth to which it refers. The second can be accounted for in no other way, than by such a change of reckoning as may properly be called crossing a line. Thus it shall be left for the present. My next leisure hours shall be devoted to the continuation of these meditations.

JUVENIS BINOMINIS.

Pictou, December, 1827.

P. S. Mr. Editor, you are aware that I had scarcely introduced this subject, when I was very nigh di-

verted from the execution of my plan by a *would-be critic*. If any person had condescended to reason on the subject, I would have been very much pleased; but, I confess, I did not relish Observator's *wholesale condemnation*; because, it evidently proceeded from those two great sources of evil, *envy* and *ignorance*; therefore, I answered his first, *in his own way*. There is now lying before me, a vindication of the justice and innocence of my course, from the acrimonious vituperation of his second, which was intended to follow the above; but I am now convinced, it is entirely unnecessary; because I think his despising "the contemptible progeny of my brain;" will be sufficiently retorted upon his own empty *cranium*, when I have accomplished my design of proving what I have advanced: the truth of which, I can no more doubt, than, that a circle has no end; for the former, I believe, is a consequent of the latter. If I fail, I will not blame the subject, but myself, and, like a philosopher, patiently bear all the contempt which he has, or may heap, upon my devoted head. As for his mean personal wishes, I can now easily look over them, since a few of his allusions have confirmed my suspicions of the *inimical disposition* and Don Quixotical character of the person from whom they proceeded. But, lest he think I pass over him, with too much "silent disregard," I will give you an extract or two from my vindication. "The gentleman" says Mr. O. "has permitted his vanity to transport him considerably beyond his judgment, when he asserts, that the 'principle cause of' my 'bitter invective' was to celebrate the introduction into the world of his *pitiful abortion*." So it seems this is the only particular in which my vanity has exceeded my judgment. Really, sir, if I could believe this, I would console myself with the idea, that "even my failings leaned to virtue's side." If it has appeared any where else, it has proceeded

from a firm persuasion of that truth which Mr. O. so much despises; therefore, I hope, excusable. I expect to show, that Mr. O.'s tongue has outstript his judgment, in several points of much more importance, without again mentioning his name. But it is a *pitiful abortion*. I think, however, there is some life in it yet; and, if it come to nought, I can only say, it is neither an illegitimate nor an untimely birth. I committed no plagiarism for it; and though I called it *new*, it is the result of a *few years'* occasional reflection; or it should *never have seen the light*.

I am requested to "be candid to one whom I" very justly "esteem an enemy." I will be so. He has indeed given me an example of his candour, which I cannot sufficiently admire. Says he, "I laugh to scorn" (the Scribes and Pharisees who used the expression before him were disappointed when the affair seemed much more impossible) his threats about exposing *my former communications*; THEY have their origin in meanness, and are fostered by malignity. This needs *no comment*; therefore, I only add, THEY were matured by *fiery indignation*, and terminated by a dreadful explosion. HALOO! Father of Nova-Scotia critics!! what a *direful catastrophe!!* Why did you retire? You need not have been alarmed. Remember, "if you go free, why then, &c." I hope I have now done with him in this way for ever. I sincerely wish to *follow peace with all men*, but, I do not think it inconsistent with this precept *to defend myself when assaulted*. I do intend to proceed a little farther than I have done, even in an unbeaten path; unless some kind and more skilful guide, find me wandering, and show me where I have missed the way. I have already learned, that I have more enemies to fear, than those who can find me wrong; but, to such, I will not again promise any attention.

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

LORD ORFORD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE
DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

THE rapidity with which our arms had prevailed in every quarter of the globe, made us presume that Canada could not fail of being added to our acquisitions; and, however arduously won, it would have sunk in value if the transient cloud that overcast the dawn of this glory had not made it burst forth with redoubled lustre. The incidents of dramatic fiction could not be conducted with more address to lead an audience from despondency to sudden exultation, than accident prepared to excite the passions of a whole people. They despaired—they triumphed—and they wept—for Wolfe had fallen in the hour of victory! Joy, grief, curiosity, astonishment were painted in every countenance; the more they inquired, the higher their admiration rose. Not an incident but was heroic and affecting! Wolfe between persuasion of the impracticability, unwillingness to leave any attempt untried that could be proposed, and weariness and anxiety of mind and body, had determined to make one last effort above the town. He embarked his forces at one in the morning, and passed the French sentinels in silence that were posted along the shore. The current carried them beyond the destined spot. They found themselves at the foot of a precipice, esteemed so impracticable, that only a slight guard of one hundred and fifty men defended it. Had there been a path, the night was too dark to discover it. The troops, whom nothing could discourage, for these difficulties could not, pulled themselves and one another up by stumps and boughs of trees. The guard hearing a rustling, fired down the precipice at random, as our men did up into the air; but, terrified by the strangeness of the attempt, the French picquet fled—all but the captain, who, though wounded, would

not accept quarter, but fired at one of our officers at the head of five hundred men. This, as he staked but a single life, was thought such an unfair war, that, instead of honouring his desperate valour, our men, to punish him, cut off his *croix de St. Louis* before they sent him to the hospital. Two of our officers, however, signed a certificate of his courage, lest the French should punish him as corrupted—our enterprises, unless facilitated by corruption, being deemed impossible to have taken place.—Day-break discovered our forces in possession of the eminence. Montcalm could not credit it when reported to him—but it was too late to doubt, when nothing but a battle could save the town. Even then he held our attempt so desperate, that being shown the position of the English, he said, “*Oui, je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être.*” Forced to quit his intrenchments, he said, “*S’il faut donc combattre, je vais les écraser.*” He prepared for engagement, after lining the bushes with detachments of Indians. Our men according to orders, reserved their fire with a patience and tranquillity equal to the resolution they had exerted in clambering the precipice—but when they gave it, it took place with such terrible slaughter of the enemy, that half an hour decided the day. The French fled precipitately, and Montcalm, endeavouring to rally them, was killed on the spot. General Monckton was wounded early, and obliged to retire. The fall of Wolfe was noble indeed. He received a wound in the head, but covered it from his soldiers with his handkerchief. A second ball struck him in the belly, that too he dissembled. A third hitting him in the breast, he sunk under the anguish, and was carried behind the ranks.—Yet, as fast as life ebbed out, his whole anxiety centred on the fortune of the day. He begged to be borne

nearer to the action; but his sight being dimmed by the approach of death, he entreated to be told what they who supported him saw; he was answered that the enemy gave ground. He eagerly repeated the question, heard the enemy was totally routed, cried, "I am satisfied!"—and expired.—*Thackeray's Life of the Earl of Chatham.*

CHARACTER OF PITT.

By the late Rt. Hon. G. Canning.

THE character of this illustrious statesman early passed his ordeal. Scarcely had he attained the age at which reflection commences, than Europe with astonishment beheld him filling the first place in the councils of his country, and manage the vast mass of its concerns with all the vigour and steadiness of the most matured wisdom. Dignity, strength, discretion, these were among the masterly qualities of his mind at its first dawn. He had been nurtured a statesman, and his knowledge was of that kind which always lies ready for practical application. Not dealing in the subtleties of abstract politics, but moving in the slow, steady procession of reason, his conceptions were reflective, and his views correct. Habitually attentive to the concerns of government, he spared no pains to acquaint himself with whatever was connected, however minutely, with its prosperity. He was devoted to the state: its interests engrossed all his study, and engaged all his care: it was the element alone in which he seemed to live and move. He allowed himself but little recreation from his labours; his mind was always on its station, and his activity was unremitted.

He did not hastily adopt a measure, nor hastily abandon it. The plan struck out by him for the preservation of Europe was the result of prophetic wisdom and profound policy. But though defeated in many respects by the selfish ambition and shortsighted imbecility of foreign powers, whose rulers were too venal or too

weak to follow the flight of that mind which would have taught them to outwing the storm, the policy involved in it was still a secret operation on the conduct of surrounding states. His plans were full of energy, and the principles which inspired them looked beyond the consequences of the hour. In a period of change and convulsion, the most perilous in the history of Great Britain, when sedition stalked abroad, and when the emissaries of France and the abettors of her regicide factions formed a league powerful from their number, and formidable by their talent, in that awful crisis the promptitude of his measures saved his country.

He knew nothing of that timid and wavering cast of mind which dares not abide by its own decision. He never suffered popular prejudices or party clamour to turn him aside from any measure which his deliberate judgment had adopted; he had a proud reliance on himself, and it was justified. Like the sturdy warrior leaning on his own battle-axe, conscious where his strength lay, he did not readily look beyond it.

As a debater in the House of Commons, his speeches were logical and argumentative: if they did not often abound in the graces of metaphor, or sparkle with the brilliancy of wit, they were always animated, elegant, and classical. The strength of his oratory was intrinsic; it presented the rich and abundant resource of a clear discernment and a correct taste. His speeches are stamped with inimitable marks of originality. When replying to his opponents, his readiness was not more conspicuous than his energy: he was always prompt and always dignified. He could sometimes have recourse to the sportiveness of irony, but he did not often seek any other aid than was to be derived from an arranged and extensive knowledge of his subject. This qualified him fully to discuss the arguments of others, and forcibly to defend his own. Thus armed, it was rarely in the power of his adversa-

ries, mighty as they were, to beat him from the field. His eloquence, occasionally rapid, electric, vehement, was always chaste, winning, and persuasive, not awing into acquiescence, but arguing into conviction. His understanding was bold and comprehensive: nothing seemed too remote for its reach, or too large for its grasp. Unallured by dissipation, and unswayed by pleasure, he never sacrificed the national treasure to the one, or the national interest to the other. To his unswerving integrity, the most authentic of all testimony is to be found in that unbounded public confidence which followed

him throughout the whole of his political career.

Absorbed as he was in the pursuits of public life, he did not neglect to prepare himself in silence for that higher destination, which is at once the incentive and reward of human virtue. His talents, superior and splendid as they were, never made him forgetful of that eternal wisdom from which they emanated. The faith and fortitude of his last moments were affecting and exemplary. In his forty-seventh year, and in the meridian of his fame, he died on the twenty-third of January, one thousand eight hundred and six.

VARIETIES.

STEAM GUN.

On the 29th October, 1826, M. Besetzny, a native of Austrian Silesia, made some experiments at Presburg with a steam gun of his invention, in presence of a great assemblage of military men, who were astonished at its extraordinary power. The furnace of iron plate which contains the steam boiler has the form of an alembic, and holds twenty (pots?). It rests upon a frame having two wheels. This machine, with all its apparatus, and carrying 2,000 balls, can easily be dragged by one man on a level road. The barrel which receives the balls through a funnel is fixed by some mechanism to the right of the furnace. In fifteen minutes the steam is sufficiently raised to bring the engine into play. Each movement of the handle disengages a ball; and the discharges succeed each other so quickly, that they scarcely can be counted. Every one of the balls pierced a plank three-quarters of an inch thick, at the distance of eighty paces; and many pierced a second plank, of the same thickness, at the distance of 150 paces. M. B. expects to bring this machine to a much higher degree of perfection, and the details will be communicated to the public.

THE LATIN AND GREEK LANGUAGES.

It is supposed by many that the only object in learning the Latin and Greek languages is, that the learner may be able to translate them, and to understand the authors who have written in those languages, with as much facility as he can understand those who write in his own. If this were really the only object, then every plan for expediting the acquisition would be received with grateful approbation. Yet if this were the sole object, how superfluous to the greater number of learners the labour of the acquisition, for there is not a single idea expressed by the ancients, and yet to be found, which has not been translated in our own language. The end of learning these languages then must be something beyond, and if this farther object be not considered, the education must be defective.—*Scargill's Essays.*

SWALLOWS.

THE swallows of Sweden, at the approach of winter, plunge into the lakes, and remain there asleep, and buried under the ice, till the return of spring. Then, awakened by the returning heat, they leave the water, and resume their usual flight. While the lakes are frozen, if the

ice be broken in certain places which appear darker than others, the swallows are found in great quantities, cold, asleep, and half dead. If they are taken out and warmed by the hands, or before a fire, they soon begin to exhibit signs of life; they stretch themselves out, shake themselves, and soon fly away. In other places they retire into the caves or under the rocks. Between the town of Caen and the sea, along the banks of the Orne, there are many of these caverns, where, during the winter, clusters of swallows have been found suspended, like bunches of grapes, from the roof of the cavern. The same thing has been long ago observed in Italy.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

THE whole secret of choosing well in matrimony may be taught in three words—*explore the character*. A violent love-fit is always the result of ignorance; for there is not a daughter of Eve that has merit enough to justify romantic love, though thousands and thousands may reasonably inspire gentle esteem, which is infinitely better. A woman-worshipper and a woman-hater both derive their mistakes from ignorance of the female world; for, if the characters of women were thoroughly understood, they would be found too good to be hated, and yet not good enough to be idolized.

EATING SALLADS.

A YORKSHIRE lad who had lately gone to service, having had salad served up to dinner every day for a week, ran away; and when asked why he had left his place, he replied "They made me yeat grass i'th summer,

and I wur afraid they'd mak me yeat hay i'th winter—and I could not stond that, so I wur off."

CURIOUS FACTS.

IN France, servants always walk before their masters. It is otherwise in Italy: masters walk before their servants in summer, on account of the dust, and in winter behind them, on account of the roads.

There is a German invention lately introduced, for printing the name on ladies' name cards in gold, silver, or copper. The ingenious author means, by this method, to imitate the relative attractions of heiresses.

The wealthy classes among the Chinese, allow their nails to grow often one or two inches beyond the ends of their fingers. This is considered as a distinctive mark of riches, implying that the wearer is not reduced to the necessity of manual labour, which, in fact, under such circumstances, would be impossible.

The Japanese are said to have the finest toned instruments in the world. The music they produce is of the most enchanting kind, and there is no European who ever heard their whole band, or gamelan, who does not confess, that it approaches nearer to his idea of the celestial strains than any thing which ever before saluted his ear.

The power which the Dolphin has of exhibiting a variety of colours in the agonies of death, is one of the most remarkable facts in the science of natural history. A traveller mentions that he observed one of the most beautiful of the species in the act of dying, change from yellow to blue and purple.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Q. is received.

M. N.—t is under consideration.

H. Y's request cannot be complied with.

We refer R. O. to Pope's "Elegy to the memory of an unfortunate young lady." Plagiarism of this kind does not give a very favourable opinion of his poetical talents.

To Henry, we must say, that his talents as a poet are respectable. Our American neighbours do justice to the rising genius of Nova-Scotia, by giving publicity to their effusions.