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ANTOINE AUGUSTIN THOMAS DU F——.

AN AUTHENTIC AND AFFECTING NARRATIVE. BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

THE following affecting and well related story will, we presume, be acceptable to our readers; and it ought to be the more so, when they are assured, that it is a true one. It will prove to our friend Senex, that we intend to profit by his remarks. A relation of such interesting incidents having actually occurred on the stage of life, excites a feeling infinitely keener, and more attractive than, to use Senex's expression, all "the wire drawn" tales of mere fancy ever written could possibly excite.

MISS WILLIAMS begins her sixteenth letter from France, in 1790, with the following story, which she assures us wholly true:—

"Antoine Augustin Thomas du F——, eldest son of the baron du F——, counsellor of the parliament of Normandy, was born on the 15th of July, 1750. His early years were embittered by the severity of his father, who was of a disposition that preferred the exercise of domestic tyranny to the blessings of social happiness, and chose rather to be dreaded than beloved. The endearing name of father conveyed no transport to his heart, which, being wrapt up in a stern insensibility was cold even to the common feelings of nature.

"The baron's austerity was not indeed confined to his son, but extended to all his dependants. Formed by nature for the support of the ancient government of France, he maintained his aristocratic rights with unrelenting severity, ruled his feudal vassals with a rod of iron, and considered the lower order of people as a set of beings whose existence was tolerated merely for the use of the nobility. The poor, he believed, were only born for suffering; and he determined, as far as in him lay, not to deprive them of their natural inheritance. On the whole, the baron

acted as if it were the great purpose of human life to be hated, and perhaps no person ever attained that end more completely than himself.

"His son discovered early a taste for literature, and received an education suitable to his rank and fortune. As he advanced in life, the treatment he experienced from his father became more and more intolerable to him, as, far from inheriting the same character, he possessed the most amiable disposition, and the most feeling heart.

"His mother, feeble alike in mind and body, submitted with the helplessness, and almost with the thoughtlessness of a child, to the imperious will of her husband. Their family was increased by two more sons, and two daughters; but these children, being several years younger than Mons. du F——, were not of an age to afford him the consolations of friendship; and the young man would have found his situation intolerable, but for the sympathy of a person, in whose society every evil was forgotten.

"This person, his attachment to whom has tintured the colour of his life, was the youngest of eight children, of a respectable family of Bourgeois at Rouen. There is great reason to believe that her father was

descended from the younger branch of a noble family of the same name, and bearing the same arms. But, unhappily, some links were wanting in this chain of honourable parentage. The claim to nobility could not be traced to the entire satisfaction of the baron; who, though he would have dispensed with any moral qualities in favour of rank, considered obscure birth as a radical stain, which could not be wiped off by all the virtues under heaven. He looked upon marriage as merely a convention of interest, and children as a property, of which it was reasonable for parents to make the most in their power.

“The father of Madame Monique C—— was a farmer, and died three months before the birth of this child; who, with seven other children, was educated with the utmost care by their mother, a woman of sense and virtue, beloved by all to whom she was known. It seemed as if this respectable woman had, after the death of her husband, only supported life for the sake of her infant family, from whom she was snatched by death, the moment her maternal cares became no longer necessary; her youngest daughter, Monique, having, at this period, just attained her twentieth year. Upon the death of her mother, Monique went to live with an aunt, with whom she remained only a very short time, being invited by Madame du F——, to whom she was well known, to come and live with her as an humble companion, to read to her when she was disposed to listen, and to enliven the sullen grandeur of the chateau, by her animating vivacity.

“This young person had cultivated her excellent understanding by reading, and her heart stood in no need of cultivation. Monsieur du F—— found in the charms of her conversation, and in the sympathy of her friendship, the most soothing consolation under the rigour of parental tyranny. Living several years beneath the same roof, he had constant opportunities of observing her disposition and character; and the pas-

sion with which she at length inspired him, was founded on the lasting basis of esteem.

“If it was ever pardonable to deviate from that law, in the code of interest and etiquette, which forbids the heart to listen to its best emotions; which, stifling every generous sentiment of pure disinterested attachment, sacrifices love at the shrine of avarice or ambition; the virtues of Monique were such as might excuse this deviation. Yes, the character, the conduct of this amiable person, have nobly justified her lover's choice. How long might he have vainly sought, in the highest classes of society, a mind so elevated above the common mass!—a mind that, endowed with the most exquisite sensibility, has had sufficient firmness to sustain, with a calm and equal spirit, every transition of fortune; the most severe trials of adversity, and perhaps what is still more difficult to bear, the trial of high prosperity.

“Monsieur du F—— had been taught, by his early misfortunes, that domestic happiness was the first good of life. He had already found, by experience, the insufficiency of rank and fortune to confer enjoyment; and he determined to seek it in the bosom of conjugal felicity. He determined to pass his life with her whose society now seemed essential not only to his happiness, but to his very existence.

“At the solemn hour of midnight the young couple went to a church where they were met by a priest, whom Monsieur du F—— had made the confidant of his attachment, and by whom the marriage ceremony was performed.

“Some time after, when the situation of his wife obliged Monsieur du F—— to acknowledge their marriage to his mother, she assured her son that she would willingly consent to receive his wife as her daughter, but for the dread of his father's resentment. Madame du F——, with tears of regret, parted with Monique, whom she placed under the protec-

son of her brothers : they conducted her to Caen, where she was soon after delivered of a son.

“The baron du F—— was absent while these things were passing ; he had been suspected of being the author of a pamphlet written against the princes of the blood, and an order was issued to seize his papers, and conduct him to the Bastile ; but he found means to escape into Holland, where he remained nearly two years. Having made his peace with the ministry, he prepared to come home ; but before he returned, Monsieur du F—— received intelligence that his father, irritated almost to madness, by the information of his marriage, was making application for a *lettre de cachet*, in order to confine his daughter-in-law for the rest of her life ; and had also obtained power to have his son seized and imprisoned. Upon this Monsieur du F—— and his wife fled with precipitation to Geneva, leaving their infant at nurse near Caen. The Genevois seemed to think that the unfortunate situation of these strangers, gave them a claim to all the offices of friendship. After an interval of many years, I have never heard Monsieur or Madame du F—— recall the kindness they received from that amiable people, without tears of tenderness and gratitude.

“Meanwhile, the baron, having discovered the place of his son’s retreat, obtained, in the name of the king, permission from the cantons of Berne and Friburg, to arrest them at Echalans, near Lausanne, where they had retired for some months. The wife of le seigneur Bailliff, secretly gave the young people notice of this design, and on the 28th February, 1775, they had just time to make their escape, with only a few livres in their pockets, and the clothes in which they were dressed. Monsieur du F——, upon his first going to Switzerland, had lent thirty Louis to a friend in distress. He now, in this moment of necessity, desired to be repaid, and was promised the money

within a month : mean time, he and his wife wandered from town to town, without finding any place where they could remain in security. They had spent all their small stock of money, and were almost without clothes : but at the expiration of the appointed time, the thirty Louis were paid, and with this fund Monsieur and Madame du F—— determined to take shelter in the only country which could afford them a safe asylum from persecution, and immediately set off for England, travelling through Germany, and part of Holland, to avoid passing through France.

“They embarked at Rotterdam, and, after a long and gloomy passage, arrived late at night at London. A young man, who was their fellow passenger, had the charity to procure them a lodging in a garret, and directed them where to purchase a few ready-made clothes. When they had remained in this lodging the time necessary for becoming parishoners, their banns were published in the church of St. Anne, Westminster, where they were married by the curate of the parish. They then went to the chapel of the French Ambassador, and were again married by his chaplain ; after which Monsieur du F—— told me, \**Les deux epoux vinrent faire maigre chere a leur petite chambre.*”

“Monsieur du F—— endeavoured to obtain a situation at a school, to teach the French language ; but before such a situation could be found, his wife was delivered of a girl. Not having sufficient money to hire a nurse, he attended her himself. At this period they endured all the horrors of absolute want. Unknown and unpitied, without help or support, in a foreign country, and in the depth of a severe winter, they almost perished with cold and hunger. The unhappy mother lay stretched upon the same bed with her new-born infant, who in vain implored her succour,

\* The new-married couple kept a fast in their little apartment.

want of food having dried up that source of nourishment. The woman, at whose house they lodged, and whom they had for some weeks been unable to pay, after many threatenings, at length told them that they must depart the next morning. Madame du F—— was at this time scarcely able to walk across her chamber, and the ground was covered with snow. They had already exhausted every resource; they had sold their watches, their clothes, to satisfy the cravings of hunger; every mode of relief was fled—every avenue of hope was closed—and they determined to go with their infant to the suburbs of the town, and there, seated on a stone, wait with patience for the deliverance of death. With what anguish did this unfortunate couple prepare to leave their last miserable retreat! With how many bitter tears did they bathe that wretched infant, whom they could no longer save from perishing!

“Monsieur and Madame du F—— were relieved from this extremity of distress at a moment so critical, and by means so unexpected, that it seemed the hand of Heaven visibly interposing in behalf of oppressed virtue. Early in the morning, of that fatal day when they were to leave their last sad shelter, Monsieur du F—— went out, and, in the utmost distraction of mind, wandered through some of the streets in the neighbourhood. He was stopped by a gentleman whom he had known at Geneva, and who told him that he was then in search of his lodging, having a letter to deliver to him from a Genevois clergyman. Monsieur du F—— opened the letter, in which he was informed by his friend, that, fearing he might be involved in difficulties, he had transmitted ten guineas to a banker in London and intreated Monsieur du F—— would accept that small relief, which was all he could afford, as a testimony of friendship. Monsieur du F—— flew to the banker's, received the money as the gift of Heaven, and then, hastening to his wife

and child, bade them live a little longer.

“A short time after, he obtained a situation as French usher at a school; and Madame du F——, when she had a little recovered her strength, put out her infant to nurse, and procured the place of French teacher at a boarding-school. They were now enabled to support their child, and to repay the generous assistance of their kind friend at Geneva. At this period they heard of the death of their son, whom they had left at Caen.

“Monsieur and Madame du F—— passed two years in this situation, when they were again plunged into the deepest distress. A French jeweller was commissioned by the baron du F——, to go to his son, and propose to him conditions of reconciliation. This man told Monsieur du F—— that his father was just recovered from a severe and dangerous illness, and that his eldest daughter had lately died. These things, he said, had led him to reflect, with some pain, on the severity he had exercised towards his son; that the feelings of a parent were awakened in his bosom; and that if Monsieur du F—— would throw himself at his father's feet, and ask forgiveness, he would not fail to obtain it, and would be allowed a pension, on which he might live with his wife in England. In confirmation of these assurances, this man produced several letters which he had received from the baron to that effect; who, as a farther proof of his sincerity, had given this agent seven hundred pounds to put into the hands of Monsieur du F—— for the support of his wife and child during his absence. The agent told him, that he had not been able to bring the money to England, but would immediately give him three drafts upon a merchant of reputation in London, with whom he had connections in business; the first draft payable in three months, the second in six, and the third in nine.

“Monsieur du F——long deliber-

ed upon these proposals. He knew too well the vindictive spirit of his father, not to feel some dread of putting himself into his power. But his agent continued to give him the most solemn assurances of safety; and Monsieur du F—— thought it was not improbable that his sister's death might have softened the mind of his father. He reflected that his marriage had disappointed those ambitious hopes of a great alliance, which his father had fondly indulged, and to whom he owed at least the reparation of hastening to implore his forgiveness when he was willing to bestow it. What also weighed strongly on his mind, was, the consideration that the sum which his father had offered to deposit for the use of his wife, would, in case any sinister accident should befall him, afford a small provision for her and his infant.

“The result of these deliberations was, that Monsieur du F—— determined (and who can much blame his want of prudence?) to confide in a father!—to trust in that instinctive affection, which, far from being connected with any peculiar sensibility of mind, it requires only to be a parent to feel—an affection, which, not confined to the human heart, softens the ferociousness of the tiger, and speaks with a voice that is heard amidst the howlings of the desert.

“Monsieur du F——, after the repeated promises of his father, almost considered that suspicion which still hung upon his mind, as a crime. But, lest it might be possible that this agent was commissioned to deceive him, he endeavoured to melt him into compassion for his situation. He went to the village where his child was at nurse, and, bringing her six miles in his arms, presented her to this man, telling him, that the fate of that poor infant rested upon his integrity. The man took the innocent creature in his arms, kissed her, and then, returning her to her father, renewed all his former assurances.—Monsieur du F—— listened and be-

lieved. Alas! how difficult is it for a good heart to suspect human nature of crimes which make one blush for the species! How hard is it for a mind glowing with benevolence, to believe that the bosom of another harbours the malignity of a demon!

“Monsieur du F—— now fixed the time for his departure with his father's agent, who was to accompany him to Normandy. Madame du F—— saw the preparations for his journey with anguish which she could ill conceal: but she felt that the delicacy of her situation forbade her interference. It was she who had made him an alien from his family, and an exile from his country. It was for her, that, renouncing rank, fortune, friends, and connexions, all that is esteemed most valuable in life, he had suffered the last extremity of want, and now submitted to a state of drudgery and dependance. Would he not have a right to reproach her weakness, if she attempted to oppose his reconciliation with his father, and exerted that influence which she possessed over his mind, in order to detain him in a situation so remote from his former expectations? She was, therefore, sensible, that the duty, the gratitude she owed her husband, now required on her part the absolute sacrifice of her own feelings: she suffered without complaint, and endeavoured to resign herself to the will of Heaven.

“The day before his departure, Monsieur du F—— went to take leave of his little girl. At this moment a dark and melancholy presage seemed to agitate his mind. He pressed the child for a long while to his bosom, and bathed it with his tears. The nurse eagerly enquired what was the matter, and assured him that the child was perfectly well. Monsieur du F—— had no power to reply: he continued clasping his infant in his arms, and at length, tearing himself from her in silence, he rushed out of the house.

“When the morning of his departure came, Madame du F——, addressing herself to his fellow-travel-

ler, said to him, with a voice of supplication, 'I entrust you, sir, with my husband, with the father of my poor infant, our sole protector and support!—have compassion on the widow and the orphan!' The man, casting upon her a gloomy look, gave her a cold answer, which made her soul shrink within her. When Monsieur du F—— got into the Bright-helmstone stage, he was unable to bid her farewell; but when the carriage drove off, he put his head out of the window, and continued looking after her, while she fixed her eyes on him. When the carriage was out of sight, she summoned all her strength, and walked with trembling steps to the school where she lived as a teacher. With much difficulty she reached the door; but her limbs could support her no longer, and she fell down senseless at the threshold. She was carried into the house, and restored to life and the sensations of misery.

"Monsieur du F—— arrived at his father's chateau in Normandy, in June, 1778, and was received by the baron, and all his family, with the most affectionate cordiality. In much exultation of mind, he dispatched a letter to Madame du F——, containing this agreeable intelligence; but his letter was far from producing in her mind the effect it desired. A deep melancholy had seized her thoughts, and her foreboding heart refused to sympathize in his joy. Short, indeed, was its duration. He had not been many days at the chateau, when he perceived, with surprise and consternation, that his steps were continually watched by two servants armed with fuses.

"His father now shewed him an arret, which, on the fourth of June, 1776, he had obtained from the parliament of Rouen against his marriage. The baron then ordered his son to accompany him to his house at Rouen, whither they went, attended by several servants. That evening, when the attendants withdrew after supper, the baron, entirely throwing

off the mask of civility and kindness, which he had worn in such opposition to his nature, reproached his son, in terms of the utmost bitterness, for his past conduct, inveighed against his marriage, and, after having exhausted every expression of rage and resentment, at length suffered him to retire to his own apartment.

"There the unhappy Monsieur du F——, absorbed in the most gloomy reflections, lamented in vain the fatal credulity which had led him to put himself into the power of his implacable father. At the hour of midnight his meditations were interrupted by the sound of feet approaching his chamber; and in a few moments the door was thrown open, and his father, attended by a servant armed and two \* cavaliers de marseilles, entered the room. Resistance and supplication were alike unavailing. Monsieur du F——'s papers were seized; a few Louis d'ors, which constituted all the money he possessed, were taken from him; and he was conducted in the dead of night, July the 7th, 1778, to St. Yon, a convent used as a place of confinement near Rouen, where he was thrown into a dungeon.

"A week after, his father entered the dungeon. You will perhaps conclude that his hard heart felt at length the relentings of a parent. You will at least suppose, that his imagination being haunted, and his conscience tormented with the image of a son stretched on the floor of the subterraneous cell, he could support the idea no longer, and had hastened to give repose to his own mind by releasing his captive. Far different were the motives of his visit. He considered that such was his son's attachment to his wife, that, so long as he believed he had left her in possession of seven hundred pounds, he would find comfort from that consideration, even in the depth of his dungeon. His father, therefore, had intended to remove an error from the

\* Officers of justice.

kindness, and of his son, which left the measure of his woes unfilled. Nor did he choose to yield to another the office of inflicting a pang sharper than activity; but himself informed his son, that the merchant, who was to pay the seven hundred pounds to his father, was declared a bankrupt.

A short time after, the baron du F—— commenced a suit at law against that agent of iniquity whom he had employed to deceive his son, and who, practising a refinement of treachery of which the baron was not aware, had kept the seven hundred pounds, with which he was entrusted, and given drafts upon a merchant who he knew would fail before the time of payment. Not being able to prosecute this affair without a power of attorney from his son, the baron applied to him for that purpose. But Monsieur du F—— being firmly resolved not to deprive his wife of the chance of recovering the money for herself and her child, would by no entreaties or menaces be led to comply. In vain his father, who had consented to allow him a few books, ordered him to be deprived of that resource, and that his confinement should be rendered still more rigorous; he continued inexorable.

“Monsieur du F—— remained in prison without meeting with the smallest mark of sympathy from any one of his family, though his second brother, Monsieur de B——, was now eighteen years of age; an age at which the sordid considerations of interest, how much soever they may affect our conduct at a more advanced period of life, can seldom stifle those warm and generous feelings which seem to belong to youth. It might have been expected that this young man would have abhorred the prospect of possessing a fortune which was the just inheritance of his brother, and which could only be obtained by detaining that brother in perpetual captivity. Even admitting that his inexorable father prohibited his visiting the prison of his brother,

his heart should have told him, that disobedience, in this instance, would have been virtue: or, was it not sufficient to remain a passive spectator of injustice, without becoming, as he afterwards did, the agent of cruelty inflicted on a brother.

“Where are the words that can convey an adequate idea of the sufferings of Madame du F—— during this period? Three weeks after her husband's departure from England, she heard the general report of the town of Rouen, that the baron du F—— had obtained a letter de cachet against his son, and thrown him into prison. This was all she heard of her husband for the space of two years. Ignorant of the place of his confinement, uncertain if he still lived, perhaps her miseries were even more poignant than his. In the dismal solitude of a prison, his pains were alleviated by the soothing reflection that he suffered for her he loved; while that very idea was to her the most bitter aggravation of distress. Her days passed in anguish, which can only be conceived where it has been felt, and her nights were disturbed by the gloomy wanderings of fancy. Sometimes she saw him in her dreams chained to the floor of his dungeon, his bosom bathed in blood, and his countenance disfigured by death. Sometimes she saw him hastening towards her, when at the moment that he was going to embrace her, they were fiercely torn asunder. Madame du F—— was naturally of a delicate constitution, and grief of mind reduced her to such a deplorable state of weakness, that it was with infinite difficulty she performed the duties of her situation. For herself, she would have welcomed death with thankfulness; but she considered that her child now depended entirely on her labours for support; and this was a motive sufficiently powerful to prompt her to the careful preservation of her own life, though it had long become a burden. The child was three years old when her

father left England; recollected him perfectly; and, whenever her mother went to visit her, used to call with eagerness for her papa. The enquiry, in the voice of her child, of, 'When shall I see my dear, dear papa?' was heard by this unhappy mother with a degree of agony which it were a vain attempt to describe.

"Monsieur du F—— was repeatedly offered his liberty, but upon conditions which he abhorred. He was required forever to renounce his wife; who, while she remained with her child in a distant country, was to receive from his father a small pension, as an equivalent for the pangs of disappointed affection, of disgrace and dishonour. With the indignation of offended virtue, he spurned at these insulting propositions, and endeavoured to prepare his mind for the endurance of perpetual captivity.

"Nor can imagination form an idea of a scene more dreadful than his prison, where he perceived with horror that the greatest number of those prisoners who had been many years in confinement, had an appearance of frenzy in their looks, which shewed that reason had been too weak for the long struggle with calamity, and had at last yielded to despair. In a cell adjoining Monsieur du F——'s, was an old man who had been confined nearly forty years.—His grey beard hung down to his waist, and, during the day, he was chained by his neck to the wall. He was never allowed to leave his cell, and never spoke; but Monsieur du

F—— used to hear the rattling of his chains.

"The prisoners, a few excepted, were generally brought from their cells at the hour of noon, and dined together.—But this gloomy repast was served in uninterrupted silence. They were not suffered to utter one word, and the penalty of transgressing this rule was a rigorous confinement of several weeks. As soon as this comfortless meal was finished, the prisoners were instantly obliged to return to their dungeons, in which they were locked up till the same hour the following day. Monsieur du F——, in his damp and melancholy cell, passed two winters without fire, and suffered so severely from cold that he was obliged to wrap himself up in the few clothes which covered his bed. Nor was he allowed any light, except that which, during the short day, beamed through the small grated window in the ceiling of his dungeon.

"Is it not difficult to believe that these sufferings were inflicted by a father? A father! — that name which I cannot trace without emotion; which conveys all the ideas of protection, of security, of tenderness; that dear relation to which, in general, children owe their prosperity, their enjoyments, and even their virtues!—Alas! the unhappy Monsieur du F—— owed nothing to his father, but that life, which from its earliest period his cruelty had embittered, and which he now condemned to languish in miseries that death only could heal.

(Concluded in our next.)

#### ENGLISH MANNERS AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

It is amusing and instructive to see ourselves, as in a glass, in the accounts of foreigners. Persons cannot see themselves so well as they are seen by others. No nation has a higher opinion of itself than the English. Foreigners, however, take the liberty to speak of us as we do

of them—as they find us; and though it may not in all cases be gratifying to hear what they say of us, it is always amusing, and often affords a valuable lesson.

*Stephen Perlin*, a French ecclesiastic, who was in England in the reign of Edward VI., and who wrote with

all the prejudices of his countrymen, is extremely scurrilous :—" One may observe of the English," says he, " that they are neither valiant in war, nor faithful in peace, which is apparently by experience ; for although they are placed in a good soil, and a good country, they are wicked, and so extremely fickle, at one moment they will adore a prince, and the next moment they would kill or crucify him.— " They have a mortal enmity to the French, whom they conceive to be their ancient enemies, and in common call us French dogs—but they hate all sorts of strangers. It displeases me that these villains, in their own country, spit in our faces, although, when they are in France, we treat them like divinities. But herein the French demonstrate themselves to be of a noble and generous spirit." He afterwards tempers his abuse with some compliments, particularly to our females :—" The men are large, handsome, and ruddy, with flaxen hair, being in a northern latitude ; the *women*, of any estimation, are the greatest beauties in the world, and as fair as alabaster, without offence to those of Italy, Flanders, and Germany be it spoken ; they are also cheerful and courteous, and of a good address." Of the country, he says, " In this kingdom are so many beautiful *ships*, so handsome are hardly to be seen elsewhere in the whole world. Here are also many fine islands and plenty of pasture, with such quantities of game, that in these islands (which are all surrounded with woods and thick hedges) it is not uncustomary to see at one time more than 100 rabbits running about in one meadow." He speaks, perhaps, in just terms, of what was a great fault in our national character then, and is even too much so now—our fondness for drinking. " The English are great drunkards. In drinking or eating, they will say to you a hundred times, ' *I drink to you*,' and you should answer them, in their language, ' *I*

*pledge you*.' When they are drunk, they will swear blood and death, that you shall drink all that is in your cup. But it is to be noted, as I have before said, that in this excellent kingdom there is no kind of order, for the people are reprobates, and thorough enemies to good manners and letters, and know not whether they belong to God or the devil."

*Hentzner*, the German traveller, who was here in the reign of queen Elizabeth, is far more candid, and rather laughs at, than censures us. He says, " The English are serious, like the Germans, and lovers of show : they excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French ; they cut their hair close on the middle of the head, letting it grow on either side ; they are good sailors and better pirates, cunning, treacherous and thievish ; about 300 are said to be hanged annually at London ; they give the wall as the place of honour ; hawking is the general sport of the gentry ; they are more polite in eating than the *French*, devouring less bread, but more meat, which they roast in perfection ; they put a deal of sugar in their drink ; their beds are covered with tapestry, even those of the farmers ; they are often molested with scurvy, said to have first crept into *England* with the *Norman* conquest. In the field they are powerful, successful against their enemies, impatient of any thing like slavery ; vastly fond of great noises that fill the air, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells ; so that it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go up in some belfry and ring the bell for hours together, for the sake of exercise. If they see a foreigner very well made or particularly handsome, they will say *it is a pity he is not an ENGLISHMAN*."

*Le Serre*, who attended *Mary de Medicis* to England, when she visited her daughter *Henrietta Maria*, the queen of Charles II., and who par-

took of all the hospitalities of the English court, (whatever he might think) speaks of us in the most enthusiastic terms. Our ladies he describes as perfect divinities; and the country and inhabitants generally, as worthy the highest admiration. To be sure, he was writing the description of a most splendid spectacle, of which he was the witness, where the people were all dressed in their holiday clothes, and as the same kind of ceremony attended the queen's mother, all the way from her landing at Dover, he may be said to have seen the best side of us.

*Jorevin de Rochford*, another French traveller in the time of Charles II., says—"This nation is tolerably polite, in which they, in a great measure, resemble the French, whose modes and fashions they study and imitate. They are in general large, fair, pretty well made, and have good faces. They are good warriors on the land, but more particularly so on the sea: they are dexterous and courageous, proper to engage in a field of battle, where they are not afraid of blows. And the honour of understanding the art of ship-building beyond all the other nations of Europe must be allowed to the English. Strangers in general are not liked in London, even the Irish and Scots, who are the subjects of the same king. They have a great respect for their women, whom they court with all imaginable civility. They will always sit at the head of the table, and dispose of what is placed on it by helping every one, entertaining the company with some pleasant conceit or agreeable story. In fine, they are respected as mistresses, whom every one is desirous of obeying, so that to speak with truth, England is the paradise of women, as Spain and Italy is their purgatory."

The above travellers, it will be recollected, are describing our forefathers, and drawing a picture which, in some respects, is as new to us as it was to them. The next is a traveller of comparatively modern

days—a man of information, and apparently good nature. He speaks, as indeed almost all foreigners do, of the same extreme rudeness of the lower orders of English, but bestows every praise on the higher ranks, as well as on the country generally. The person we allude to is *M. Grossly*, who wrote his *Tour* in the year 1772.—Our custom of shaking hands, he describes very ludicrously:—"To take a man by the arm," says he, "and shake it until his shoulder is almost dislocated, is one of the grand testimonies of friendship which the English give each other, when they happen to meet. This they do very coolly; there is no expression of friendship in their countenances, yet the whole soul enters into the arm which gives the shake; and this supplies the place of the embraces and salutes of the French."

The following sketches of London were drawn by Mr. Karamsin, a Russian traveller, about the year 1798:—

"I sent for a barber, and they brought me a thick phlegmatic Englishman, who, having first unmercifully flayed my face, plastered my head with flour and tallow. 'Alas, I am now no longer in Paris,' I said to myself, with a sigh, 'where the powder-puff of the ingenious lively Rulet played like a gentle zephyr around my head, and strewed it with a resplendent white aromatic rime.' To my complaints that he was flaying me, that his pomatum stunk, and that his hair-powder was only coarse flour, the unpolished English barber sullenly answered, 'I don't understand you, Sir!'"

"I put on my Parisian frock, be- thought me of dear France with a sigh, and walked out in a very melancholy mood. But the cloud that darkened my soul soon vanished at the sight of the beautiful illumination, which presented itself to my wondering eyes.—Though the sun was scarcely set, all the lamps in the streets were lighted up. There are thousands of them, and whichever way I turn I behold a fiery string, as

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it were, extended through the air ; I had never before seen any thing similar to it, and I no longer wondered at the mistake of a German prince, who on making his entry into London, imagined that it was an illumination provided on purpose to welcome him with peculiar marks of honour. The English are fond of light, and they spend millions to supply, by artificial, the want of the solar rays—an indubitable proof of the national wealth.

“Whoever calls London noisy must either never have seen it, or must have no correct idea of what a noisy city is. London is populous it is true ; but, compared with Paris, and even with Moscow, it is extraordinary quiet. The inhabitants of London seem to be either half asleep, or overcome with lassitude from their excessive activity and exertion. If the rattling of the carriages did not, from time to time, shake the auditory nerve, a stranger might frequently suppose he had become deaf, while passing along some of the most populous and most frequented streets. I stepped into several coffee-houses, where I found from 20 to 30 persons reading the newspapers, and drinking their port ; while the profoundest silence reigned in the room, except that perhaps every quarter of an hour, one hears a solitary ‘*Your Health Gentlemen!*’ Can it then excite wonder, that the English are such deep thinkers, and that their parliamentary orators know not when to leave off, when once they have begun to speak ? it would seem as if they were tired of, and willing to make amends for their usual taciturnity.

“But if my ears thus enjoy rest and quiet, my eyes are the more busily engaged. In London, too, the women are very handsome, and they dress with tasteful simplicity ; they are all without either powder or paint, and wear hats, which seem to have been invented by the Graces

themselves ; they seem rather to fly than to walk ; their neat little feet which peep out from under their snow-white muslin robe, scarcely touch the pavement. Over their white corset an Indian shawl is spread, on which their fair hair descends in charming ringlets : for to me at least, it seems that the greater part of the English women have fair hair : the most beautiful of them, however, are brunettes. The physiognomies of the men may be arranged under three classes ; they are either surly, good-natured, or brutish. I can safely swear, that in no other country have I seen so many brutish faces as here ; and I am now convinced that Hogarth drew from nature. Such physiognomies are, it is true, only to be met with among the populace ; but there is so much variety, so much characteristic expression in them, that ten Lavaters would scarcely be able to point out the bad qualities and propensities which they indicate.”

Besides these, we have had Dr. WENDEBORN’S view of England ; a very flattering and well-tempered account of our manners, characters, and institutions, in the middle of the reign of George the third. Afterwards, M. VON ARCHENTOLTZ drew a picture of England ; he praised the nation, and held it up as an example to others. But, during the last war, one PILLET, a Frenchman, published a most disgusting portrait of England, caricatured and libelled our women, and represented the men as universal and habitual drunkards.

In every respect it is useful, as a means of improvement, and as a corrector of vanity, to read and study these notions of foreigners. Like English travellers in other countries, they make their own habits the standards of perfection : but their criticisms enable us to make comparisons, and rub off the rust of our own prejudices.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE following lines were written in early life, and experience and observation have served only to confirm, in the mind of the writer, the value that they express for that virtue, which gives to every other its loveliest grace :—

## ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

Daughter of Truth ! to thee belong  
The fire and energy of song,  
The speaking glance, the artless smile,  
The feeling heart, unknown to guile !  
With every grace around thee waving,  
And every power for sweet enslaving,  
Sure, if a charm on earth there be,  
That charm, SIMPLICITY ! is found in thee.

Thy form, in modest beauty drest,  
Thy varying eyes, by SOUL imprest,  
Thy brow, with rustic garlands crown'd,  
Thy voice, with music in the sound,  
In streams of sweet persuasion flowing,  
Conviction from the wild notes growing,  
The senses charm, control the mind,  
And, with a potent spell, the heart in rapture bind.

Beloved of Nature ! round thy cell  
The Virtues with the Graces dwell,  
Thy sister Liberty is there,  
And there the infant Loves repair—  
And, as the same benignant power  
Warms rolling worlds, that spreads a flower,  
So, while soft Beauty clings to thee,  
On thy chaste bosom rests Sublimity !\*

To thee my heart its tribute pours ;  
From thee, sweet nymph ! one boon implores,  
Within that trembling heart to live,  
And all thy fearless fervour give ;  
Thou every real charm possessing,  
The Sage's pride, the Poet's blessing,  
Deprived of thee delight is o'er,  
And life's best pleasures can enchant no more.

DAPHNE.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

BY PETER AND PAUL.

No. II.

WHEN Paul and myself formed a connection, with an intention of laying our literary productions before the public conjointly, we made no bargain reciprocally to applaud each other's performances : and although we have come to no such agreement, we shall occasionally, I apprehend, be under the necessity of subjoining remarks to some of the articles,

\* Burke, in his Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, has declared Simplicity to be necessary to the existence of both.

which we purpose bringing forward for the good of the *whole world*, and for the advancement of the interests of *all mankind*. However, we shall not adopt the plan pursued by the learned Editors of a certain newspaper, formerly published in Halifax; and why? because those gentlemen with the most satirical diffidence, and ironical modesty, applauded each other, notwithstanding their great merits, beyond all bounds.—How disinterestedly generous they were!!! The following “OPINION OF CRABBE,” was written by Paul, my literary colleague; and in introducing the performance to public notice, I beg leave humbly to make a few general remarks.—In the first place, we have an undoubted right to exhibit our own nonsense to the observations of the illiberal if we choose.—In the second place, nonsense is one of the *characteristics* of this country.—In the third place, it is more generous to expose ourselves to ridicule, than to place others in that not altogether delightful predicament: and therefore, we have thought proper to bring our own infirmities before the public first, so that others may not complain if we should think proper to practice the same discipline with them. I say, reader, is not that good Logic?

Criticism is one of the traits of literary refinement, and the attempt, no matter how indifferent the execution may be to embark in that department of literature, manifests that Nova-Scotians are not dead to every thing like a love for letters. These considerations induce us to lay the following before our readers as one of the *characteristics or specimens of Nova-Scotia* talent with regard to literature.

PETER.

#### CRABBE'S POEMS.

To appreciate rightly and justly the works of Crabbe, we cannot pursue him through the delightful mazes of lofty and powerfully drawn poetical inspiration; with him we cannot issue forth into the stern and wildest ele-

ments of physical nature; nor yet are his merits, worth and excellencies, to be found in the polished elegance of diction, or in the bewitching harmony of smooth and musical versification: but to do this original poet justice, we must resort to the experience of modern civilized man, for his poems are a not to be mistaken portraiture of manners in the less exalted sphere of English society.—He appeals not to the romantic, but bewildering enthusiasm, which exists in a greater or less degree in almost every human heart; but he speaks to our understandings;—nor does he speak in vain, for he is invariably and universally understood. There is a tincture of romance inseparably blended with our mental nature, and its essence may be drawn forth by the “magical wand” of a particular species of genius. A peculiar and almost indescribable charm is thrown over the face of the earth; the starlighted canopy of heaven; clouds, suspended midway in a summer-sky; cultivated grounds, and flowery landscapes; are objects of general and unexceptionable admiration:—and when they are delineated by the hand of “a master,” the hidden embers of romance, which are concealed in our bosoms, kindle into a flame of vivifying warmth, and excites visionary sensations of a character, not to be defined by language, but such as are felt and recognized in the mind.

Instead therefore of depicting customs and social habits as they really are, poets have usually recurred to the indescribable something, which I have just pointed out, to stir up the feelings of their readers; but Crabbe disdains to have recourse to what only exists in the unreal phantoms of the mind. He exhibits but few of the rainbow colours of fancy which soon vanish, when viewed by the eye of experience, and examined through the microscopic organ of unenthusiastic philosophy. In youth we are prone to consider the world as one vast landscape of beauty, ornament-

ed with fragrant and fadeless flowers, enlivened and warmed by everlasting sunshine, and serenaded increasingly by the most exquisite melody. But a person, who has seen much of life, no matter how splendid and successful may have been his career is aware of its bitterness, which he must necessarily have quaffed even from the cup of pleasure: yea, he must often have trodden upon the briars of life, where he in youth only expected to find flowers. Novelty pleases for a while; but how soon! very soon, it loses the charm which at first delighted, and yielded such eagerly-devoured rapture. The resident of the city, who has been reading all his life of the contentment and happiness of rural pursuits, consider, the lot of both the cotter and the shepherd as peculiarly enviable; and nothing, in his imagination, on the score of peace, tranquility and comfort, can equal the pleasures they feel in contemplating the meadows, gardens, streamlets and verdant shades, which poets have beautifully, yet falsely depicted. Little is he aware of the privations, wants, and necessities, of those individuals, who, he has been taught to believe, experience the sweetest of earth's enjoyments. But the country swain, takes but a limited satisfaction in rural beauty and grandeur; because, to them, it exhibits no novelty, and they are doomed to toil and sweat beneath the fairest sunbeams of summer: nor does their half-recompensed labour cease amid the storms and inclemencies of winter. To add to their miseries, they daily see the pride of elevated rank and the children of luxury, from whom they experience the haughtiest contempt, and the most supercilious treatment; yes, poor labourers, whose hands are the support of wealth, meet the most soul-debasing marks of arrogance, from those who labour for scorn and cruelty. Notwithstanding the dazzling gloss, which poetry may have spread over humble life, it admits of but few enjoyments, except the en-

dearments of family affection and love. Crabbe has viewed the degraded children of poverty as they are, and has delineated them with unexaggerated correctness, infinitely better than any other poet that ever made the attempt.

Goldsmith, in his "Deserted Village," has drawn a picture of the happy condition of English peasantry; and though his exhibition may please the reader for a time; yet by recurring to experience, we are certain that the portrait he draws is far from being either just, or applicable to the things he means to represent. The schoolmaster, the clergyman, the alehouse, and the like, are no doubt well portrayed, but when he touches upon the misery or happiness of the villagers, he seems to have thought that they never tasted sorrow 'till they left their native homes. He had seen humble life in the time of youth, when his bosom was free from care, undisturbed by vexation and unembittered by disappointment. With that glow of spirits, incident to that romantic period of life, he had seen and enjoyed pleasure in the village; and therefore imagined that *all* its inhabitants were blessed as himself:—but could he have penetrated the bosoms of those of riper years, he might have discovered many cares and annoyances.—He was absent from the spot so dear to him for a considerable space, and was deceived by the faithless, and disgusted by the ungenerous character of mankind.—In all his troubles, travels and difficulties, he no doubt threw many interesting recollections back upon the spot, where he lived perfectly happy in his early years: indeed he alludes to his home, while composing his "TRAVELLER" in a distant land, with a glow of extacy.—This love for the scenes familiar to him in childhood, and endeared to him, by the most exquisite associations, undoubtedly enhanced by the peace, quiet and pleasure which he there had enjoyed in childhood, and not because every one around was as

blessed as he describes. But after he returned and saw the same village, he deplores the change he supposed it to have undergone, although perhaps the only change was in his own care-worn bosom. We admire that excellent poem, because it reminds us of happier days, and revives the remembrances of scenes, which time cannot obliterate: for the poet makes his readers feel what he felt, and owing to the same cause.

Goldsmith and Crabbe have both endeavoured to paint the characteristics of humble life, the former more

beautifully, but the latter far more justly and correctly. The manner in which the author under consideration has treated his subject, does not admit of lofty ideas and dignified, polished language; but on the other hand, he always writes like a philosopher, and acute observer, and one familiar with the human heart. At times however, when his subject will allow of it, he throws off a paragraph, which is not only descriptive, but truly sublime and elegant. Upon the whole, he must be considered no inferior poet.

PAUL.

—◆—

*To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.*

SIR,—By inserting in your useful, and increasingly interesting Magazine, the following from the MIRROR of March 3d, you will confer a great favour on many of your female readers, as well as your *constant* reader and admirer.

ADINA.

“Our poetical friends” says the Mirror, “will doubtless be pleased to learn that a most delightful performance, entitled *Evenings in Greece*, the poetry by Thomas Moore, and the music by Bishop, has been ushered into the literary world during the past week. We shall take an early opportunity of making our readers fully acquainted with the beauties of this charming volume, and

we now give an extract, regretting that our limits compel us to be brief.”

THE TWO FOUNTAINS.

I saw, from yonder silent'cave,  
Two fountains running side by side,  
The one was mem'ry's limpid wave,  
The other, cold oblivion's tide.  
“Oh Love,” said I, in thoughtless dream,  
As o'er my lips the Lethe pass'd,  
“Here, in this dark and chilly stream,  
Be all my pains forgot at last.”

But who could bear that gloomy blank,  
Where joy was lost as well as pain?  
Quickly of mem'ry's fount I drank,  
And brought the past all back again;  
And said, “Oh, Love! whate'er my lot,  
Still let this soul to thee be true—  
Rather than have one bliss forgot,  
Be all my pains remember'd too!”

—◆—

TO-MORROW.

See where the falling day  
In silence steals away,  
Behind the western hills withdrawn:  
Her fires are quenched, her beauty fled,  
With blushes all her face o'erspread,  
As conscious she had ill fulfill'd  
The promise of the dawn.

Another morning soon shall rise,  
Another day salute our eyes,  
As smiling and as fair as she,  
And make as many promises:  
But do not thou the tale believe,  
They're sisters all, and all deceive.

—◆—

THE WAY TO RISE.

FROM HEAD-PIECES AND TAIL-PIECES.

ABOUT sixty years ago, there dwelt in the town of Greenelm, on the western coast of Scotland, a merchant named Duncan Menzies, its most distinguished inhabitant. He

was a trader in extensive business, having the entire ownership of two coasting vessels, beside a large share in a three-masted West-Indiaman, that was seen regularly once a year,

sweeping up the river, laden with the produce of another zone, and putting to shame with her white lofty sails, as she drew in toward the quay the humbler craft, whose uncouth-looking hulls and sooty canvass crowded the port. He was not only the richest merchant, but had attained the highest civil dignity in the place,—that of baillie or chief magistrate; he was also an elder of the kirk,—an office, as it is managed in Scotland, of no small ecclesiastical dignity; and withal held the military rank of captain in the Greenelm militia. These honours, however, were not all of the baillie's seeking; they rather devolved upon him as a necessary concomitant of his rising fortune, and he submitted to their infliction accordingly. We do not mean to say that he was not proud of all and each of them; but there were some points attending them,—and more particularly the time those different duties deducted from what was formerly devoted to his peculiar affairs, which, to use his own expression, were *fashions*. Even at the proudest of his official moments, too, there was a feeling of awkwardness he could not overcome, which damped the satisfaction he might be expected to feel. It was, for instance, with something amounting almost to shame, that he made his way through the crowd of urchins assembled at the door to see the Baillie issue forth in his regimentals, when the militia were on duty; and on such occasions it was observed, that he frequently reached the rendezvous in a more profuse perspiration, than either the weather or the distance accounted for. Neither was he at perfect ease, when, in the magisterial character, he was marshalled to church on the Sabbath, by two halberdiers dressed in red coats, the council following at a respectful distance, and the procession brought up by the town crier.—Even when standing with the plate in his capacity of elder, there was something annoying in being stuck up for the

gaze of the public, when every other Christian was allowed to pass quietly on, and in being constrained for half an hour, with the polite humility deemed decorous in a servant of the poor, to bob his head to every dull tinkle which the halfpence made as they descended into the pewter basin. But the counting-house was his proper element: there he found himself at home; and with his short thick pen firmly compressed between his lips, his squat figure in a well-worn short coat of a snuff colour, and a ruler in his left hand, which it was his custom to retain even after leaving the desk, he felt himself a man of more consequence, and actually commanded more respect, than when surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of official dignity.

There was at that time only one quay in Greenelm, which ran out from the side of the wharf to a considerable distance in the sea, and, forming a curve toward the end, confined the shipping in a commodious basin. At the entrance of the quay, and only separated from it by the breadth of the street, stood the baillie's house, a large three-storied tenement, about two-thirds of which were devoted to business, and the remainder to domestic purposes. It was distinguished from the rest of the houses in the street, by its greater height, and by a huge beam, which projected from the highest window of the warehouse, somewhat in the form of a gallows; from this beam depended a thick rope, which to the eye of an inlander, must have added to the sinister appearance of the machine; but in the iron clicks at the end, and the blocks at the upper part, a denizen of the coast might recognise that sort of tackle by which heavy goods are hoisted into a warehouse. The affairs of the counting-house were managed, under the master's superintendence, by a youth whose name was Wat Lee, a distant relative of the late Mrs. Menzies (for the baillie was now a widower), and who was permitted to look for-

ward to a share in the concern. The domestic concerns were under the sole direction of an only daughter. May, who was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, clear-complexioned Scottish lassie, as gay as the lark singing in the morning sun, and as sweet and modest and graceful as the primrose of the spring, was indeed the light of her father's eye, and the pride of his heart; and so complete was her dominion over his affection, that, in the common phrase, she could have turned the old man round her finger. Her power over the baillie was often a source of great comfort to Wat Lee, who, although clever and steady in the main, was apt to take 'camstee-rie fits,' as his master termed them. In fact, he was somewhat self-willed on all occasions; but, except in the said fits, contrived to gain his end by artful manœuvres rather than open rebellion,—so as frequently to appear to accede with unwillingness to schemes which he had himself suggested.

The firmness of the youth's character, at length, in some measure, got the mastery over the milkier soul of his master, except on great occasions, when the wrath of the latter was raised to a pitch, which the clerk did not think prudent to tempt farther. May was rather the mediator between rival powers, than a pleader for mercy in favour of the weaker party. Her mediation very seldom failed of its effect; for she was as powerful with Wat Lee as with her father. Whether it was gratitude for her kind offices, which had ripened into a warmer attachment, or

Accident, blind contact, or the strong  
Necessity of loving,

I know not; but Wat did love his cousin, (twenty times removed,) with a vehemence proportioned to the turbulent strength of his character.

The baillie was not perfectly satisfied with the evident partiality of the young people. Wat, to be sure, was come of gentle kin, and was a

shrewd, active fellow, and by this, almost indispensable in the business; but his whole income amounted to no more than fifty pounds *per annum*, and even that, together with his future prospects, depended on the baillie himself. The father, too, was proud of his daughter, and thought, perhaps with good reason, that she might aspire to a much higher match: she was the admiration of all the young men of the town, who toasted her health in huge bumpers of rum toddy, after the fashion of Greenelm; and even the strangers, he observed, whom business already brought from far and near, to this rising port, threw 'sheep's eyes' at her as she tripped along. More than one of his mercantile correspondents too—good men and warm—who had experienced his hospitality, remembered in their letters the sweetness of the May-flower, as they gallantly termed her, and inquired warmly after her health. No positive declaration, however, had yet been made by any of her admirers, and the baillie left the affair to chance or destiny. Wat was not discouraged either by his own poverty, or the baillie's sour looks; he was secure of May's affection, and determined to marry her. Of this he did not make any secret, but took every opportunity of insinuating his purpose to his employer. This produced much dissension between them, but at length answered the knave's purpose completely; the wrath of the baillie became less bitter every time, and at length the dose was repeated so frequently, that it ceased to be offensive, and, by degrees imperceptible to himself, he came to look on Wat as his future son-in-law.

Matters were in this position when the West-Indian argosy arrived, and for a while drove all thoughts of his daughter's marriage out of the baillie's head. Even Wat was so completely engrossed, by the multiplicity of business which this event produced, that he saw very little of May

till after the discharge of the vessel. At length the bustle was over, and things subsided into their usual state; the ship was laid up in the dock to undergo some repairs; the cargo was shipped off by coasters to other ports, or hoisted into the warehouse; and the counting-house assumed its accustomed appearance of quiet industry. It might almost have been forgotten that such an event had occurred, so totally were all vestiges of its effects removed or concealed, but for one troublesome memento, which now began to give Wat no little uneasiness. In addition to her usual freightage of rum, coffee, and sugar, the good ship had been charged with a West-Indian planter, returning to his native country, to breathe the cooler air of the Scottish coast for the brief space it might be his fate to breathe at all. He had gone out to push his fortune when very young, and, from the meanest offices undertaken by Europeans, had risen to be the possessor of a very considerable plantation, with a sufficient complement of the black cattle used in that quarter of the world for its cultivation.

This planter became a rival, and his riches secured the baillie, who, however, found great difficulty in deciding how to get rid of the contumacious Wat. The stranger advised a dismissal of the clerk; but this was a measure more easily talked of than executed. The baillie tried it over and over again in his mind: but the difficulty was to manage it so as to have some color of justice on his side; without this it could not be thought of,—the whole town would cry shame on him. It at last occurred to him, that it would be a very easy matter for him to push some of the disputes, that were of almost daily occurrence between him and his self-willed clerk, just a step or two beyond the point at which they had hitherto terminated. ‘His blood will then be up,’ said he; ‘and, if I am no mista’en in Wat, he’ll give me cause enough to pack him about

his business.’ Whether it happened that May got some intimation of the line of action, determined by the confederates, and gave her lover the hint, or that the honest baillie went too inartificially about it, we cannot very well say; but the next morning, when his employer walked into the counting-house, with a stately step and a sour visage, and sat down on the opposite side of the desk, to watch for cause of offence, he found the usually rampant Wat in a temper so perfectly angelic, that no Christian could have said a cross-grained word to him. In vain he tried to start some subject on which they might have the good fortune to differ; Wat was of his patron’s opinion in every thing. He even ordered him to make an entry which he knew to be wrong, in the books; but Wat, without so much as arguing the matter, although on these points he was particularly ticklish, obeyed without a murmur, and, when the baillie affected to discover the error, took the whole matter on himself, blaming his own precipitation, and erasing the entry with much apparent contrition. In short, the enemy was fairly baffled, and Wat maintained his stool in triumph.

A plan for sending him to the West Indies succeeded no better; and the planter, desperate with disappointment, had his rival way-laid by a press-gang, from whose clutches he made a most gallant escape to the shore, the house and his mistress. May was sitting alone in the parlour, when her lover stalked into the room hatless and shoeless, like the apparition of a drowned man; his face pale with cold and fatigue, and his sandy locks hanging over his brow like a pound of candles. ‘Wat Lee, what has come over you?’ cried his terrified mistress; but he, without answering, sat down beside her, all dripping as he was, and putting back his hair with his blue fingers, that he might see and hear distinctly, turned himself on the chair so as to front her, and fixed his watery eyes on

ber face. 'May,' said he, at length, 'do you remember that your father wanted to turn me out of the business, after a long and faithful service, and that I endured daily the torments of the damned in keeping my tongue between my teeth, when he came on with his blethers just to try the fortitude of my patience—and all for love of you, May?'—'To be sure I do,' said May: but what has that to do?'—'And do you remember,' said he, 'that I was nearly shipped off to the West Indies, as innocent of all thoughts or desires thereto, as a bale of Osnaburghs; and that, to escape, I was fain to lie eighteen hours on my back without turning, and to swallow clouts of such stuff as it makes my soul sick but to think of—and all for love of you, May?'—'To be sure I do, dear Wat; yet, you know, the doctor said you were all the better, body and spirit, for the screed of castor-oil you got from him, and of doctrine from the minister—but what has that to do?'—'Then know now,' cried Wat, impatiently, 'that my life and liberty have been attacked! single-handed I fought for three hours, against sixteen murderers, set on me by your father and your new wooer; and, when they found they could not kill me so easily, they bound me hand and foot, and carried me out into the roads, and put me on board a ship bound for Africa, from which I escaped in a way little short of a miracle, swimming all the way below the water till I gained the shore—and all for love of you May!' Almost screaming with surprise and horror, she heard this dreadful narrative, which it would have been impossible for her to believe, but for the irrefragable evidence before her in Wat's person, dripping with the very water through which he had swum, and bruised with the very blows he had suffered.—Her eyes filled with tears, and, regardless of the damage her dress might sustain by the contact, she threw herself into his arms. 'O what shall we do?' cried she; 'that hateful old villain will murder

you before my eyes—I almost wish you had gone to—' 'Hush, hush!' exclaimed Wat, 'I'll tell you what we shall do—you shall run away with me!'—'A likely story indeed!' said May, raising her head coquettishly from his shoulder. 'I know the baillie,' continued her lover; 'when all is over, and cannot be helped, he will rather be glad, honest man, to have got over the fash he has between me and old Sneldrake: at any rate I cannot stay here to be turned out of doors, transported, poisoned, stabbed, or drowned—I am off to-night.'—'To-night!'—'Ay to night,' said Wat, in his most peremptory tone; and then lowering his voice and taking May by the hand, added softly, and looking fondly in her face, 'Will you go with me, May?'—She still said, 'A likely story!' but in a less decided tone.—'I have a plan,' said Wat, not seeming to doubt of her consent, 'by which we shall have the start a whole night. Now I will contrive to be locked into the warehouse to-night, where you can easily join me by the door, which communicates with the dwelling-house, and which is never locked. You shall then, for want of a better mode of egress, just make the venture you did when you were a lassie, descend into the street from the upper window, by the crane, only I will take care to fasten a chair to the clicks, and tie you well on. As for myself, I can slide down the rope after you, as I have often done.'

Unfortunately this plan was overheard by the planter, who, to disappoint them, resolved to watch, but grew somewhat sleepy. In this predicament, afraid to rest on the damp ground, for fear of the rheumatism, and determined not to quit the rope, by which the hopes of his love and hate seemed to be suspended, he was fain to carry a stave from the shed, and, fastening it by the middle, to the iron click of the important rope, to rest his weary limbs by sitting on it astride, while he embraced the hempen comforter with his arms.

It was in this singular and most unaccommodating posture, that he was pointed out by Wat to his trembling mistress. We do not presume to follow the thoughts of the worthy gentleman, while he sat taking his rest in so unusual a fashion; but it is probable that they may have been somewhat disturbed by certain associations, connected with the article he hugged so closely in its union, with the projecting beam above; otherwise the swinging motion he was obliged to undergo, from the rope having already reached its utmost length, and his short legs being, in consequence, almost entirely raised from the ground, would assuredly have set him fast asleep. As it was, he could not properly be said to be either asleep or awake, his thinking faculties remaining in that cloudy state, which is the twilight of the mind, sometimes experienced in the heavy dose which we endure rather than enjoy, after too much sleep, or when disease or care prevents the approach of sound sleep at all.

Great was the consternation of the intended fugitives at seeing so unexpected a difficulty in their way. Wat's first thought was to drop a bag of his own cotton on the officious West-Indian; but, fearing that this might do rather more than stun him, he abandoned the idea. His next scheme was to slide rapidly down on his shoulders and gag him; but a single cry, he remembered, would bring up all the men from the quay. The hour, in the mean time, was stealing away, and May stood weeping and wringing her hands beside him. At length his determination was taken. Holding strongly by the rope where it was fastened to the windlass, that no diminution of security might be felt below, he caused May to undo the fastening, and remove the end altogether from the roller, thus making the block, or large pulley at the end of the projecting beam, the only supporter. Then fastening a thick piece of wood

to the liberated end of the rope, on the plan adopted by his enemy below, he fixed himself resolutely astride on this apparently-precarious seat, which would have been really dangerous to one less accustomed to such feats, and by dint of persuasion, assisted by main strength, seated May on his knees, and they commenced their descent. As one end of the rope descended, the other of consequence rose; but the whole was managed so quietly, and Wat continued to hold so firmly by the end to which Sneldrake was appended, allowing it softly and gradually to slide through his hands, that the West-Indian was far up in the air, before, in the confused state of his intellects, he became conscious that he had taken his departure from the earth. When he at length perceived his actual situation, rising into the air, the horror of the miserable man was indescribable, and the hollow groan which at first issued as if from the pit of his stomach, and then rose gradually, keeping pace with his ascent, into a desperate shout, expressive at the same instant of astonishment, dismay, expostulation, and furious resentment, was so loud and woeful, that all idea of the ludicrous, which such an exhibition was otherwise well calculated to inspire, must have been for the present forgotten. Even Wat was in some sort astounded by the dismal noise; and a 'Lord preserve us!' was devoutly mingled with the execrations in the name of an opposite power, which his fear of its raising the house prematurely against him elicited. There was no time to lose, however; and he made the rope spin through his fingers so rapidly, that in an instant the two parties met mid-way, and the eyes of the upward-bound, who still held on like grim death, glared on those of his enemy with a look of rage, so absurdly mingled with deprecation, that Wat, alarmed as he was, could hardly forbear from laughing outright. After losing hold of the ascending rope, their descent, from the great superiority of weight

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on their side, was incessantly rapid; but Wat broke the shock with his feet, and in a moment they stood in safety on the ground.

The first step of the adventurous cavalier, was to fasten the end of the rope to the iron railing, so that Snell-drake might remain suspended in the air till relieved by his friends, whom his terrible cries would no doubt speedily bring to his assistance, and whose attention would thus be engaged till the lovers should get clear off; for it was not reasonable to suppose that Snell-drake would enter into the cause of his elevation, before he had safely descended. They then left him to his fate; and well it was for them that no farther delay occurred; for they were scarcely out of sight, when not only the bailie and his family, but every person in the street, rushed to the spot.

The first emotions excited in the spectators, were horror and commiseration; for it seemed to them that some unfortunate man was really suspended in the usual fashion; *videlicet*, by the neck; but speedily the truth appeared. When in a few minutes a lighted candle was held from the warehouse, exhibiting, with its yellow light struggling amidst the faint moon-beams, the rueful countenance of the West-Indian,

peeping through the handkerchief which covered his hat, and was tied under his chin in the style of an old washerwoman, a shout rose from the crowd, that might have awakened the inhabitants at the most distant part of the town. As for the bailie, he was too much ashamed of the figure cut by his son-in-law elect, to enjoy the laugh at his expense; and in fact it seemed to him, as he stood there in so near a relation to the aerial voyager, that a part of the ridicule must attach to himself and his family. Snell-drake, by the assistance of the by-standers, was now on his descent; but this, perhaps on purpose, was managed so clumsily, that the swinging of the rope transferred the sickness of his heart to his stomach, which instantaneously discharged its vengeance on the heads of the jesters. The bailie could stand no more; he returned into his house, packed all to their beds, and, locking the door, betook himself in disgust and mortification to his own dormitory. In two hours after this adventure, Mr. Snell-drake took French leave of Greenelm and its inhabitants. The next day the fugitives returned man and wife, and were received by the bailie as kindly as if every thing had taken place with his own concurrence.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT, THE AVOWED AUTHOR OF THE  
WAVERLEY NOVELS.

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THE *Great Unknown*, as he has been often denominated, has at last unveiled himself to the world. The conjectures of many have, for a long time back, attributed the inestimable Novels by the Author of *Waverley*, to Sir Walter Scott; but without *data* sufficient to give the public full assurance that he was the author. He has now openly acknowledged it; and though the account of this circumstance has already appeared in the public prints in this province, we should think our periodical, (not the least valuable, and far the least perishable of the literary productions of Nova-Scotia,) deficient, if its pages did not record a circumstance, which has employed the conjectures of, not the learned only, but of readers of all descriptions, for a great length of time.

To meet in so conspicuous a place, in such good company, without being put to the necessity of using a *red hot poker* in his own defence, our long admired friend, Baillie Nicol Jarvie; pledged too, not by the rebellious highland lairds, but by the Great (no longer) Unknown himself, affords us

real pleasure ; and the more so, as we are sure our readers will partake with us in the enjoyment which such a scene affords.

We wish some of our correspondents would furnish us with brief critiques on his novels, giving the comparative merits of each ; and, if possible, without making large extracts, if any, as they are in the hands of so many of our readers. Those forwarded before the 12th June, and judiciously written, however brief, will be inserted in our next number.

[From the London Mirror.]

AT the celebration of the Annual Theatrical Edinburgh Fund Dinner, on the 23d February, Sir Walter Scott presiding as chairman, the *Great Unknown* rose, and made himself known to the public as the highly gifted author of the whole of the series of the Waverley Novels. It was a most interesting moment—and we shall preserve the following brief notice of the important occurrence in the columns of the Mirror.

Lord Meadowbank begged to propose a health, which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received, not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak to him in terms which his heart prompted ; and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But it was gratifying at last to know that these clouds were now dispelled, and that the *Great Unknown*—the mighty magician—(here the room literally rung with applauses, which were continued for some minutes)—the minstrel of our country, who had conjured up, not the phantoms of departed ages, but realities, now stood revealed before the eyes and affections of his country. In his presence it would ill become him, as it would be displeasing to that distinguished person, to say, if he were able, what every man must feel, who recollected the enjoyment he had had from the great efforts of his mind and genius. It has been left for him, by his writings, to give his country an imperishable name. He had done more for his country, by illuminating its annals, by illustrating the deeds of its warriors and

statesmen, than any man that ever existed, or was produced, within its territory. He had opened up the peculiar beauties of his country to the eyes of foreigners. He had exhibited the deeds of those patriots and statesmen to whom we owed the freedom we now enjoyed. He would give the health of Sir Walter Scott, which was drank with enthusiastic cheering.

Sir Walter Scott certainly did not think, that in coming there that day he would have the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender ; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of "Not proven." He did not now think it necessary to enter into reasons of his long silence. Perhaps he might have acted from caprice. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. (Long and loud cheering.) He was afraid to think on what he had done. "Look on't again I dare not." He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant when he said that he was the author, that he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. They would allow him further to

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say, with *Prospero*, "Your breath it is that has filled my sails," and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of those novels; and he would dedicate a bumper to the health of one who had represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend *Baillie Nicol Jarvie*, (loud applause;) and he was sure that, when the author of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* drank to *Nicol Jarvie*, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman had always been accustomed, and that they would take care that, on the present

occasion, it should be *prodigious!* (Long and vehement applause.)

Mr. Mackay spoke with great humour in the character of *Baillie Jarvie*.—*My conscience!* My worthy father the deacon could not have believed that his son could have had sic a compliment paid to him by the Great Unknown.

Sir Walter Scott.—Not unknown now, Mr. Baillie.

Mr. Mackay.—He had been long identified with the Baillie, and he was vain of the cognomen which he had now worn for eight years, and he questioned if any of his brethren in the Council had given such universal satisfaction. (Loud laughter and applause.)

### THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

So many years I've seen the sun,  
And call'd these hands and eyes my own,  
A thousand little acts I've done,  
And childhood have, and manhood known:  
O what is life! and this dull round  
To tread, why was a spirit bound?

So many airy draughts and lines,  
And warm excursions of the mind,  
Have fill'd my soul with great designs,  
While practice grovell'd far behind:  
O what is thought! and where withdraw  
The glories which my fancy saw?

So many tender joys and woes  
Have on my quivering soul had pow'r;  
Plain life with height'ning passions rose,  
The boast or burden of their hour:  
O what is all we feel! why fled  
Those pains and pleasures o'er my head?

So many human souls divine,  
So at one interview display'd,  
Some oft and freely mix'd with mine,  
In lasting bonds my heart have laid:  
O what is friendship! why imprest  
On my weak, wretched, dying breast?

So many wondrous gleams of light,  
And gentle ardours from above,  
Have made me sit, like seraph bright,  
Some moments on a throne of love:  
O what is virtue! why had I  
Who am so low, a taste so high?

Ere long, when sov'reign wisdom wills,  
My soul an unknown path shall tread,

And strangely leave, who strangely fills  
 This frame, and waft me to the dead :  
 O what is death ! 'tis life's last shore,  
 Where vanities are vain no more ;  
 Where all pursuits their gaol obtain,  
 And life is all retouch'd again ;  
 Where in their bright result shall rise  
 Thoughts, virtues, friendships, griefs, and joys.

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*THE POET AND THE NIGHTINGALE.*

A nightingale's music was heard in a grove,  
 Where wandered a bard deeply dreaming of love ;  
 His thick-stirring fancies new vigour receive  
 From the air's fragrant breath and the stillness of eve :  
 Whilst sweetly the strain on his ear rose and fell,  
 He pondered what meaning its language would tell.

Is it passion-born sorrow that prompts the soft tale,  
 And fain would o'er flint-hearted beauty prevail ;  
 Is it joy too abundant, which borrows relief  
 From its foe, and appears with the emblems of grief,  
 Is it distance, or presence, or favour, or scorn,  
 Or a smile killed by coldness, that dies when 'tis born,—  
 Which the minstrel describes in this eloquent strain ;  
 Or does dark-brooding jealousy, fond of its chain,  
 Court even's deep shadows to hear it complain ?

As he spake, the bird ceased ; when a dryad drew near  
 To the dream-haunted poet, and whisper'd his ear :  
 " Learn, drivelling mortal, the slave of a pen,  
 That nightingales are not such blockheads as men ;  
 In love they ne'er whimper, nor bluster nor whine,  
 And vent not their pains in such jargon as thine."

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*A VISION OF LUCIFER.*

ON my return from my first voyage,  
 I had no inclination to live ashore,  
 for I had quarrelled with every body  
 in London, and near it, and I gladly  
 accepted an offer made me by the  
 captain of an East Indian free trader,  
 lying in the river, to sleep in his  
 ship, and take charge of her. This,  
 you know, is a practice with ship-  
 owners when in port ; and the cap-  
 tain being proprietor of the Mar-  
 vel, bid me live at his expense, al-  
 though I would willingly have been  
 content with the lodging. One rea-  
 son for his liberality was, his wish to  
 retain me as his watchman ; for, from  
 a story having got afloat that the  
 Marvel was haunted, it would have  
 been difficult to procure a trusty fel-  
 low to look after her ; and even then  
 he might run away, in case any  
 rogue should personate a ghost to  
 alarm him.

I was aware of the report gone

abroad about the spirit of the mate,  
 who hanged himself in a fit of phren-  
 zy, appearing to those who slept on  
 board ; but I was not in a humour to  
 care about goblins, nor even Beelze-  
 bub himself ; at least so I thought.—  
 I accordingly took possession of the  
 ship, and established myself in the  
 cabin, where I lived like a hermit,  
 upon what I found in the store-room.  
 I was, indeed, some such a recluse as  
 the rat who retired into a hollow  
 cheese, to avoid the temptations of  
 the world, for I had wherewith, in a  
 fluid as well as a solid shape, to con-  
 tent any lover of good things ; but I  
 should have been satisfied with a  
 biscuit and a slice of bacon, had not  
 these luxuries offered themselves to  
 my hand.

For the first week of my residence  
 in the Marvel, no signs of superna-  
 tural visitors were given, although I  
 once or twice fancied I heard foot-

steps, or something like them, traversing betwixt decks ; but then I was satisfied, that if any feet caused these sounds, they could not be the feet of ghosts, who walk not, but glide along without noise, and I always convinced myself that it was nothing real, by going towards the place wherever my fancy startled my ears. Besides, I always took such care to fasten down the hatches and the companion-door, that I was certain no one could get down below, without giving me sufficient notice of his intentions. The middle of the second week arrived, and found me laughing at the fears of others, and free from any of my own, when one night I was awakened by a strange sensation, as if of a cold hand laid upon my face ; and as my consciousness increased, I was almost certain I felt it distinctly withdrawn. I fancied, too, that I heard a faint gliding sound rustle across the state-room, and die away beyond the bulk-head that formed the end of it, and I strained my eyes in that direction, through the intense darkness, to try if I could distinguish any object. My belief was that somebody had entered the ship, and laid his hand on my face, in search of plunder, not knowing that any one slept aboard ; but on turning out and examining the door, I found it fastened on the inside, as I had left it ; and on going out into the cabin, every thing was in its place, for I struck a light on purpose to be certain.

During the interval of a week, I was disturbed from my sleep three times, in a similar manner, and always without further elucidation of the cause. Once I thought I heard a kind of tittering whisper uttered, as the cold hand was passed across my face, but I could distinguish no words, and I vainly endeavoured to grasp hold of any thing that might be near, by extending my arms round about my bed. I attempted to account for the annoyance, by supposing a mouse or a rat paid me a visit, for there were several holes by

which they could enter, although there was nothing in the state-room to tempt their appetites. Still, there was something in the application of the touch, not like the patting of a rat's paw, for though the feet of those vermin are very cold, they are but small, and could not have conveyed the sensation of a broad heavy hand laid over my eyes, which was the feeling I experienced. Besides, I more than once perceived the withdrawing of the strange limb, and, from several little circumstances, I deduced that the whole arm was placed on my pillow, and suddenly snatched away. Without being superstitious, I naturally began to grow curious, as well as somewhat uneasy about this nocturnal visitation, and I endeavoured to keep awake for two or three hours after retiring to bed, in hopes of gaining some clue to the mystery. I could not well doubt that it was something real, but I could ascribe no cause for its reality, and I was averse to suppose the hand of the suicide mate's ghost was pressed upon my face, especially as it was too heavy for a spirit to be lawfully possessed of. While I continued awake, I burned a light, which I extinguished when about to resign my senses to forgetfulness, for fear of accident ; and I was never disturbed while I kept watch, although I maintained it long past the usual hour of the visit ; but, as soon as I was asleep, which was immediately after I put out my candle, the cold chilly touch weighed for a moment on my eyelids, and glanced off when I awoke, followed by the same deadened rustling sound and the half-whispered titter.

At length, being resolved neither to give way to the insidious suggestions of superstition, which occasionally crept into my mind, nor to endure the repeated breaking of my rest, the only comfort I at that time enjoyed, I conceived several plans for the detection of the intruder, and the first I put in practice was this :—

In order to render myself watchful,

I spent the whole of one afternoon in trying to sleep, and by means of darkening the cabin, I did sleep for several hours. At bed-time I placed a candle in a dark lantern, which I concealed by my bed-side, so that not one ray of light emanated from it; and I turned in, determined to lie awake all night. However, in spite of my resolution, I dropped into a doze a little before midnight, so strong is the force of habit, as well of the body as of the mind. I did not, however, sleep as soundly as if I had not reposed in the evening, and I was aroused by an indistinct sound, which came from some part of the ship, close to the cabin. Those who have sat up late, and slept in their chair, and awoke suddenly in the dead of the night, may have occasionally experienced a confused, depressed, half superstitious state of ideas, upon first breaking from their slumber, and finding themselves left in the dark by their expended lamp; cold, cheerless, and scarcely conscious of their exact situation. Such were my feelings upon being disturbed from my sleep, heightened by various attendant circumstances, such as the expected visit of a ghost, and the beating of the rising tide at the sides of the ship, which rocked and pitched slightly under the influence of a high wind. It was a cold November's night, and I had not yet got warm in bed. I had refrained from taking my evening's glass of grog, that I might lie awake, and a thousand nameless uncomfortable feelings harrassed me, without any specific distress, or pain, or assignable cause. In fact, to use a common phrase, I awoke in "the horrors;" and the certainty of having heard an unaccountable sound near me did not dispel them. I resolved, however, neither to move, nor to draw breath audibly, that I might run the better chance of entrapping the troublesome spirit, and indeed I felt a disposition to breathe short and lie still, which was very favourable to my purpose. In spite of one's reason, there is a

tendency in the human mind to foster and encourage fancies of supernatural agency, and I perceived it in mine.— I felt chilled throughout, and timid, though determined not to be so, and I was holding my teeth close, that they might not chatter, when suddenly the cold, damp, heavy touch of something like a naked arm was placed across my open eyes, which, upon my shrinking involuntarily, was as suddenly withdrawn. Summoning my courage, I shook off a tremour that seized my frame, and bolting upright in bed, laid hold of my dark lantern, and turned it so as to throw a blaze of light over the state-room; and you may judge of my terror when I beheld, not a ghost, nor a thief, but a tall, dark-coloured serpent standing nearly erect by my bed-side, with its eyes brightly gleaming from a head, frightful and appalling beyond description. Never in my life had I seen such a fearful object, for to the usual hideous and disgusting aspect of a snake, were added features peculiarly its own, and which almost led me to believe Satan himself was present before me, in the guise of this hateful reptile. The light of my lantern, increased in brightness by a polished steel reflector, fell in a glare upon the devilish apparition, and I discerned distinctly that its mouth was wide open, armed with large crooked fangs, and furnished with a long tongue, that vibrated menacingly beyond its jaws. Its head was rather small, but, on either side, its neck was swollen out to an immense size, inflated, as I imagined, with poison, which it was about to inject into my veins, when it should spring and seize hold of me; but what seemed more horrible than all its other deformities was, that in this bloated mass, which bolstered around its collar, were things which appeared like two wide eyes, in addition to the small ones in its head; and this sight almost convinced me that the monster could only be some diabolical spirit, for I knew that no animals but insects have more than a pair of visual organs.—

in a state of mingled awe, doubt, and utter dismay, I remained holding my lantern, and staring at the dire countenance of the serpent, which all the while stood erect, waving its body in the manner of a rope shaken at one end, while its tongue played around its lips, its eyes glittered, and its scales gleamed. I felt, or fancied that I felt, as if fascinated by its glance, and began to give myself up for lost; for I had heard of the power of fascination possessed by snakes, which deprives the victim of the energy to escape or defend itself.— Besides, this creature, serpent, or devil, was not a small enemy of the kind, for it stood nearly four feet from the floor, which, as my bed was fixed down low, brought its head nearly level with my face; and my fear of moving, lest I should provoke it to dart upon me, held me in a state of stillness as complete as if I had been rivetted by the hateful influence of which I was so much afraid. Had it not been for an innate disbelief of the existence of goblins, I should probably have spoken to the dragon who kept me thus at bay, for it had all the characteristics of a demon, as far as the imagination could array an evil spirit in a visible form; but either scepticism or terror kept my tongue quiet, and, while neither of us seemed disposed to do otherwise than stare at each other, my candle, which was nearly burnt out, sunk into the pocket, and the flame expired.

All my horrors before this moment were nothing to what seized me when I found myself exposed, in darkness, to the venomous fury of an unknown, though undoubtedly a dangerous serpent. A long hiss, which it uttered, and which I deemed preparatory to its springing at me, wound up my feelings to a pitch of desperation, and, having nothing else at hand, I dashed my dark lantern to the place where it had stood when the light was extinguished. Whether my missile struck the reptile or fiend I know not, but a horrible hissing filled the state-room, and a rattling and groping

noise succeeded, and in a short time I heard my enemy behind the bulk-head, retreating swiftly, as its repeated sibilations indicated by their growing less audible.

Bathed in a cold sweat, and stiffened with fear as I was, I leaped out of bed as soon as I was assured that the devil was at some distance, and I ran stumbling upon deck as fast as I could, where I remained till day-light. I then called a boat and went ashore, to relate my adventure to the captain.

Captain Y—— heard my relation with great attention, and with a little indication of doubt, till it was nearly ended; but when I came to describe the visage of the apparition, he fell into such a choking fit of laughter, that I fancied he would have expired in an agony of mirth. At length he became calmer, and, while he wiped tears of merriment from his eyes, he told me he believed my vision of Lucifer was nothing else than a large Cobra de Capello, which had belonged to the mate who killed himself aboard the ship. “The mate,” added he, “was the last person who occupied the state-room, for, being disposed to be solitary, he volunteered to reside in the Marvel, as you have done. This serpent he bought of some jugglers in India, who used to exhibit several of the kind to the sailors, and it became his favourite pet, as he was always inclined to singularity of habits and likings. Its visits to you, I dare say, were only the continuance of a custom he had taught it of warming itself in his bed, when it was chilly; and had you received it kindly, instead of staring it out of countenance, you would have found it a very amusing companion.”

“But,” cried I, in astonishment, “the Cobra de Capello is a most poisonous serpent!”

“So it is,” replied my friend; “but the Indian snake-charmers take out their fangs before they teach them to dance, and this had doubtless undergone that operation. What you took for rage and menace, was only

one of the tricks of dancing it had been taught by its first masters, and it was exhibiting its accomplishments before you, to induce you to take it into bed, when you threw the lantern at it. I have seen it do the same thing twenty times by my poor mate's bedside, when it wanted him to let it creep between the blankets."

This explanation was sufficient, and

I could have laughed as loudly as my companion at my own terrors, had not the horror with which the supposed diabolical serpent had inspired me still dwelt in my mind; even now, when I see a snake, I feel some slight renewal of my fears, though I smile to think of the delusion that occasioned them.—*Tales of a Voyager to the Arctic Ocean.*

### THE FRENCH AND BRITISH COURTS.

#### THE FRENCH COURT.

SOME politicians are of opinion that the king of France, while he professes to concur with the British cabinet in checking the interference of Ferdinand in the affairs of Portugal, secretly encourages this bigoted prince in his unjustifiable proceedings. The supposition is not altogether improbable; yet we do not presume to accuse either the patron of the Jesuits, or the northern autocrat, of such clandestine intrigues.

Whatever may be the real sentiments of Charles X. on public affairs, they do not transpire beyond his cabinet. In his drawing-room and his friendly parties, the subject is not mentioned. At these meetings, however, he is not in general dull, but shows considerable remains of that elegant gaiety which distinguished him in his youth: it therefore is not his fault, if the parties are dull. Speaking of this court, a periodical writer says, 'Picture to yourself a drawing-room occupied by twelve or fifteen dukes, and three or four ladies. The company yawn, and know not what to say, while they anxiously wait till the clock strikes eleven, which is the hour for breaking up. In the middle of the room, a pleasant-looking old man, of very polished manners, and somewhat deaf, is seen playing at whist. This is the king. A little slender delicate woman, who is always in motion, and at other times is remarkable for the natural vivacity of her manners, now yawns as if she would dislocate her jaw; but,

like the duchess of Burgundy at the court of old Louis XIV., she contrives occasionally to diffuse an air of gaiety over the party. This is the duchess de Berri. A fat lady is asleep with her arms folded on her bosom. This is the duchess d'Angouleme. She has the harsh voice and the brusque rough manner of the king her father. When her royal highness opens her mouth, her voice drowns any conversation that may happen to be going on.'

#### THE BRITISH COURT.

EVERY thing goes on in the king's residence with the regularity of clock-work. He does not rise at a very early hour, because he does not think it necessary. Immediately after breakfast, he engages in whatever public business it may please him to interfere; and this business he executes with great despatch, and always evinces knowledge and research on the different subjects which are suggested to him, with a firm opinion of his own. He does not entertain much company; but an elegant dinner is every day provided at about half-past 7 o'clock, and he partakes liberally of it: yet two or three glasses of sherry at dinner, and a few glasses of claret after dinner, are the extent to which he goes, as far as wine is concerned. On these occasions he never speaks a word on political topics to those whom he entertains, but his conversation is general, animated, and condescending. The drama forms a frequent theme of conversation, and

Sheridan's name is sometimes mentioned in terms of praise, as holding a high station among the great dramatists. It is asserted, that the royal critic makes judicious comments, upon the literary excellence of the old comic writers, and ludicrously contrasts their labours with those of the authors of the present day. But his taste is not confined to the drama; for it embraces the whole range of the *belles lettres*. His mind is well imbued with those principles of fine taste, which he acquired in early youth under the tuition of Dr. Hurd and Cyril Jackson. He reads most of the current literature of the day, and the works of Sir Walter Scott are in high estimation with him. He is not particularly fond of philosophical and scientific investigations, nor is he attached to mechanical arts and pursuits; but no man is more conversant with painting and architecture. His taste, in this respect, is highly cultivated and refined, and he is justly proud of those embellishments and decorations which

have been planned under his eye in the Metropolis and at Windsor.—At nine o'clock precisely, he retires for a short time to his dressing-room, and, on his return, several card-tables are in readiness, and he most familiarly desires his guests to amuse themselves. To those whom he wishes to have at his own table, he says, 'Come, a game at whist,—Marchioness, do you sit there—My lord, you there—Sir Robert, there.' At a distance, soft music is heard while the game proceeds. The king is an excellent whist-player, and wishes that his partner also should play well; and, when the latter happens to commit a mistake, or a repetition of bad play occurs, his chagrin is very palpable, although he never in his play exceeds shilling-points. He seldom plays more than three rubbers, and at the conclusion he will pay, or must be paid, most scrupulously. He then takes leave of his guests, and retires to rest. In the next day's amusements, the only variety is in the company and the dinner.

### THOUGHTS OF LOVE.

FROM MOORE'S EVENINGS IN GREECE.

As o'er her loom the Lesbian maid  
In love-sick languor hung her head,  
Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,  
She weeping turn'd away, and said,  
Oh, my sweet mother—'tis in vain—  
I cannot weave, as once I wove—  
So wilder'd are my heart and brain  
With thinking of that youth I love !'

Again the web she tried to trace,  
But tears fell o'er each tangled thread,  
While, looking in her mother's face,  
Who o'er her watchful lean'd, she said,  
'Oh, my sweet mother, 'tis in vain—  
I cannot weave, as once I wove—  
So wilder'd are my heart and brain  
With thinking of that youth I love !'

### NARRATIVE OF THE BURMESE WAR,

BY MAJOR SNODGRASS. 1827.

THE late contest with a fierce enemy in India excited greater attention and interest than our wars with the Mahrattas and the Pindarris, on account of the extraordinary character of the people, and the commanding sway which their sovereign exercised over a great extent of country. A treaty of peace succeeded: it was quickly broken; and how long the renewed pacification may continue, no one can pretend to decide.

We shall not give a detail or even an abstract of the war, because it is not within the proper sphere of our miscellany, but shall select various particulars respecting the country itself, and the prevailing manners and customs, from the major's curious narrative.

It appears that the British invaders knew little or nothing of the region to which they were sent. They landed without proper equipments, and

almost without provisions, in the most unhealthy season of the year, in a country where they could not advance, either by land or by water, except under circumstances of the most serious difficulty.

'The rainy monsoon (says the major) was just setting in; and no prospect remained to us but that of a long residence in the miserable and dirty hovels of Rangoon, trusting to the transports for provisions, with such partial supplies as our foraging parties might procure, from time to time, by distant and fatiguing marches into the interior of the country. In the neighbourhood of Rangoon itself, nothing beyond some paddy, or rice in the husk, was found: the careful policy of the Burmese authorities had removed far beyond our reach every thing that was likely to be of use to an invading army.

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'For many days after the disembarkation of the troops, a hope was entertained that the inhabitants, confiding in the invitations and promises of protection that were circulated about the country, would return to their homes, and afford some prospect of local supplies during the time we were obviously doomed to remain stationary; but the removal of the people from their houses was only the preliminary to a concerted plan of laying waste the country in our front, in the hope that starvation would speedily force the army to leave their shores—a system long steadily persevered in, with a skill and unrelenting indifference to the sufferings of the poor inhabitants, that too clearly marked to what extremes a Burmese government and its chiefs were capable of proceeding, in defence of their country. Every day's experience only increased our disappointment, and proved how little was known of the character of the nation we had to deal with.

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'The rains continued during the whole month of September, and sickness had arrived at an alarming

height. An epidemic fever, which prevailed all over India, made its appearance among the troops, which, although in few instances of a fatal tendency, left all those whom it attacked in a deplorable state of debility, accompanied by cramps and pains in the limbs: men discharged from the hospitals were long in repairing their strength; and too frequently indulged in pine-apples, limes and other fruit with which the woods about Rangoon abound, bringing on dysentery, which, in their exhausted state, generally terminated in death. The incessant rains, with severe and indispensable duty, no doubt added to the sickness; and although the climate is perhaps as favourable to Europeans as that of any part of our eastern possessions, they, in particular, suffered most severely, dying in great numbers daily.

'Our situation at this time was, indeed truly melancholy; even those who still continued to do their duty, emaciated and reduced, could with difficulty crawl about. The hospitals were crowded, and, with all the care and attention of a numerous and experienced medical staff, the sick for many months continued to increase, until scarcely three thousand duty-soldiers were left to guard the lines. Floating hospitals were established at the mouth of the river, and bread was furnished in sufficient quantities, but nothing except change of season, or of climate, seemed likely to restore the sufferers to health.

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'By the end of October the rains had ceased; and the return of the cold season, at all times so ardently hailed with pleasure in warm climates, could not fail to receive a double welcome from men who had for five months experienced so much misery and inconvenience. It however proved, as it generally does, in countries subject to periodical rains, that the most unhealthy period is that which immediately follows their termination, when the un-

wholesome exhalations from the ground, and noxious vapours from sheets of stagnant water, are pregnant with disease and death. This was felt to be particularly the case at Rangoon; and, in October, the sickness and number of deaths were greater than in any previous month.'

Rangoon was found to be rather contemptible than a flourishing town. We had been so much accustomed to hear Rangoon spoken of as a place of great trade and commercial importance, that we could not fail to feel disappointed at its mean and poor appearance. We had talked of its custom-house, its dock-yards, and its harbour, until our imaginations led us to anticipate, if not splendour, at least some visible signs of a flourishing commercial city; but, however humble our expectations might have been, they must have still fallen short of the miserable and desolate picture which the place presented when first occupied by the British troops. The town, if a vast assemblage of wooden huts may be signified by that name, is surrounded by a wooden stockade, from sixteen to eighteen feet in height, which effectually shuts out all view of the fine river which runs past it, and gives it a confined and insalubrious appearance. There are a few brick houses (chiefly belonging to Europeans) within the stockade, upon which a heavy tax is levied; and they are only permitted to be built by special authority from the government, which is seldom granted: it has ever been the policy of the court of Ava to prevent, as much as possible, both foreigners and natives from having houses of permanent materials, from an idea that they are capable of being converted into places of defence, in which refractory subjects might withstand the arbitrary, unjust, and often cruel measures of their rulers. The custom-house, the principal building at the place, seemed fast tottering to ruin. One solitary hull upon the stocks marked the dock-yard, and a few coasting vessels and coun-

try canoes were the only craft found in this great commercial mart of India beyond the Ganges. One object alone remained to attract universal admiration: the lofty Shoedagon, or Golden Dagon Pagoda, rising in splendour and magnificence above the town, presented a striking contrast to the scene below.

'The houses in Rangoon and Ava, generally, are built of wood or bamboo; those of the former material usually belong to the officers of government, or the wealthier description of inhabitants: the floors are raised some feet above the ground, which would contribute much to their dryness, healthiness, and comfort, were not the space beneath almost, invariably a receptacle for dirt and stagnant water, from which, during the heat of the day, pestilential vapours constantly ascend, to the annoyance of every one except a Burman.

'Herds of meagre swine, the disgusting scavengers of the town, infest the streets by day, and at night they are relieved by packs of hungry dogs, which effectually deprive the stranger of his sleep by their incessant howling, and midnight quarrels.

'Rangoon contains an Armenian and Portuguese church; a strong proof of liberality of sentiment in the government, and of freedom from intolerance and religious prejudice in the people.'

Some parts of the Burmese territory are particularly fine. The country from Pagahm-mew to Ava is most beautiful: extensive plains of the finest land, watered by the Irrawaddy, are interspersed with evergreen woods, only sufficiently large to give beauty and variety to the scenery; and the banks of the river are so thickly studded with villages, pagodas, temples, monasteries, and other handsome buildings, as to give, under one *coup d'œil*, all the charms of a richly-varied landscape, with the more sterling beauties of a populous and fertile country.'

The territory abounds with valu-

able mines,—‘but, as all mines throughout the kingdom form one of the numerous royal monopolies, and are only worked at particular times, by a special order from the sovereign, the nation derives little benefit from their existence. No specie, however plentiful it may be, is permitted to be exported, and this formed one great drawback to the trade with Ava: the merchants, unable to carry off all their profits or returns in produce, were often under the necessity of suspending their sales, even when the demand was greatest, and while the native traders were ready to smuggle the money into vessels at a great risk of seizure and consequent forfeiture. Vast sums are annually expended by the monarch and his court, in building and gilding pagodas, in the middle of which, images of Ghandma, made of solid gold, are frequently buried, particularly in the splendid and sacred buildings of this description in the neighbourhood of the capital.’

The account of a conference, evidently proposed for the mere purpose of gaining time, throws light on the Burmese character:

‘A request was sent from the enemy’s camp, that two men of rank, desirous of conferring with the English general, might be furnished with passports, and allowed to come into Rangoon by water. Leave was immediately granted, and, in the course of the forenoon, two war-boats made their appearance, from which the deputies landed, and were conducted to the house where the British commissioners were waiting to receive them. The principal personage of the two, who had formerly been governor of Bassien, was a stout elderly man, dressed in a long scarlet robe, with a red handkerchief tied round his head, in the usual Burman style. His companion, although dressed more plainly, had much more intelligence in his countenance; and, notwithstanding his assumed indifference and humble demeanour, it soon became evident that to him

the management of the interview was intrusted, though his colleague outwardly treated him in every respect as an inferior.

‘The two chiefs sat down with all the ease and familiarity of old friends; neither constraint nor any symptom of fear appeared about either: they paid their compliments to the British officers, and made their remarks on what they saw with the utmost freedom and good humour. The elder chief then opened the subject of their mission, with the question, “Why are you come here with ships and soldiers?” accompanied with many professions of the good faith, sincerity, and friendly disposition of the Burmese government. The causes of the war, and the redress that was demanded, were again fully explained to them. The consequences of the line of conduct pursued by their generals, in preventing all communication with the court, were also pointed out, and they were brought to acknowledge that a free and unreserved discussion of the points at issue could alone avert the evils and calamities with which their country was threatened. Still they would neither confess that the former remonstrances of the Indian government had reached their king, nor enter into any arrangement for removing the barrier they had placed in the way of negotiation, but urged, with every argument they could think of, that a few days’ delay might be granted, to enable them to confer with an officer of high rank, then at some distance up the river; they were, however, desired to take notice, that delay and procrastination formed no part of our system, and that the war would be vigorously prosecuted until the king of Ava thought proper to send officers, with full authority to enter upon a treaty with the British commissioners.

‘The elder chief, who had loudly proclaimed his love of peace, continued chewing his betel-nut with much composure, receiving the intimation of a continuance of hostili-

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ties with more of the air and coolness of a soldier who considered war as his trade, than became the pacific character he assumed, while his more shrewd companion vainly endeavoured to conceal his vexation at the unpleasant termination of their mission, and the unexpected failure of their arts and protestations. Again alluding to his being no warrior, he hoped that the ships had strict orders not to fire upon him; but, while he said so, in stepping into his boat, there was a contemptuous smile upon his own face and the countenances of his men, that had more of defiance than entreaty in it.

The boatmen wore broad Chinese hats, which sheltered their bodies from the weather, and in some measure softened their harsh, bold, and strongly-marked features. They went off with great speed, rising to their short oars, and singing in chorus, "Oh, what a happy king have we!"

A more important conference is thus described.—The commissioners, with their respective guards, were encamped upon the plain of Neoun-ben-zeik, at the distance of nearly a mile asunder; and in the intermediate space, equidistant from both camps, a house had been prepared as a place of conference. The necessary arrangements and formalities of the meeting were then stipulated, by subordinate officers, with the most scrupulous exactness, tenaciously adhering to the most trivial points of form, and carefully guarding against any thing that might be construed into an acknowledgement of the slightest inferiority. At length, both parties, leaving each camp at the same moment, met in front of the conference-house, where shaking of hands and every demonstration of amicable feeling having passed, the parties entered the house and sat down on two rows of chairs fronting each other: the Wongees, and their suite, in all fifteen chiefs, each bearing the chain of nobility, and dressed in their splendid court-

dresses, evidently doing grievous penance in seats they had never been accustomed to, that no difference might appear, even in the most trifling particular, between the parties.

Sir Archibald Campbell opened the business, by a brief recapitulation of the unprovoked aggressions which had obliged the Indian government, after many fruitless endeavours to gain redress by mild measures, to appeal to arms in vindication of their invaded rights and insulted territory; and of the success that had crowned its efforts by the conquest of the best half of the Burmese dominions. He then alluded to the imposing situation and formidable strength of the British force, concluding with a statement of the terms upon which he was empowered to sign a peace, and at once evacuate the country with his army. The Kee-Wongee and his colleague replied, that the aggressions we complained of were unauthorized by the Burmese government, and entirely owing to the unwarrantable conduct of three bad men who were employed in Arracan, and had kept back the letters and remonstrances of the Indian government from the knowledge of the king; with many other frivolous and absurd excuses, in which a scrupulous regard to truth was little attended to, as was fully proved to them, without, in any way, affronting or offending their feelings—truth being by them scarcely rated as a virtue. They then tried various methods of inducing the British general to withdraw the principal demands; stating the advantages we should derive as a mercantile nation, by a friendly accommodation with them; that it might cost them their heads to show such terms as were offered to the king; and, finally, proposing that the business should be settled, as they had formerly concluded a peace nearly in similar circumstances with the Chinese, by forgetting the past, and pledging mutual friendship for the future; and

that, although the dignity and most sacred customs of the nation alike forbade the king of Ava to accede to any terms imposed upon or dictated to him, yet, when the British army should have left the country, there was nothing we could ask, that he, out of the generosity of his heart, would not cheerfully bestow. When told that history gave a very different termination to the Chinese war, they laughed heartily at being detected by our knowledge of the fact; and after long discussions, and trying every expedient to induce a modification, finding the British general firm and unbending in his proposals, they at last requested that a prolongation of the armistice for twenty days might be granted, to enable them to forward the terms to Ava, and receive his majesty's commands upon the subject.

Nothing was more striking during the conference than the anxiety of the chiefs to show themselves well acquainted with the manners and customs of European nations, and their own claim to rank in every respect as high as any of them in the scale of society—taking every opportunity of repeating the words in allusion to their own country and England, “The two great and civilized nations,” reprobating the putting of prisoners to death, and many other barbarous acts they are in the constant practice of. Upon the whole, however, they conducted themselves with much discretion and good-humour, and we parted on the most friendly terms. They dined with Sir Archibald Campbell, comporting themselves at table with ease and propriety, narrowly observing every motion of their entertainers, and showing amazing quickness in following their example. They freely partook of every thing on the table; a ham in particular seemed to be much relished, and, at the Kee-Wonghee's request, was made over to him in a present; but either from taste, or respect, to the orders of the king, which forbid the use of

wine and spirituous liquors, they drank sparingly, once or twice only filling their glasses to the toasts that were proposed. It may be questioned, whether their lordships would have been so abstemious in private, as the lower orders are so excessively fond of liquor of every description, that they rarely hesitate, when in their power, to disobey an order, the penalty of which is death.'

The portrait of a man of distinction, who acted as general, has both strong lights and deep shades:— ‘The character of Maha Bandoola seems to have been a strange mixture of cruelty and generosity, talent with want of judgement, and a strong regard to personal safety, combined with great courage and resolution, which never failed him till death. The acts of barbarous cruelty he committed are too numerous to be related; stern and inflexible in all his decrees, he appears to have experienced a savage pleasure in witnessing the execution of his bloody mandates: even his own hand was ever ready to punish with death the slightest mark of want of zeal in those he had intrusted with commands, or the defence of any post. Still his immediate adherents are said to have been sincerely attached to him; uncontrolled license to plunder and extort from all who were unfortunate enough to meet Bandoola's men, may, no doubt, have reconciled them to their situation, and confirmed them much in their attachment to their leader.

Our author has well delineated the bold and warlike character of the natives. A subject of the Burman empire is ‘accustomed, from his earliest years, to consider war and foreign conquest as his trade, and the plunder of the countries he invades, as the fair and legitimate reward of his toil: he seldom gives or receives quarter from his enemies; and, while on foreign service, is ever too ready to execute the cruel orders of his chiefs, whose policy it is to extirpate all who are likely to be trou-

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blesome, and to impress those, whom policy leads them to spare, with a wholesome and deep-rooted terror for the Burman arms. Guided by leaders, whose barbarous ideas of successful warfare consist in laying waste an enemy's country, and whose fame and rewards are measured by the numbers of the enemy that are slain or carried into bondage, it too frequently follows, that the soldiers, leaving the best and kindest feelings of the heart in the cottage that contains their family, and forgetting every feeling of humanity as a duty, pursue, with reckless indifference, every species of cruelty and excess, among the unfortunate people who have experienced the awful visitation of a Burmese army. When engaged in offensive warfare, which, in their native quarrels, has generally been the case, the Burmese are arrogant, bold and daring : possessed of strength and activity beyond all their neighbours, and capable of enduring great fatigue, their movements are rapid, and their perseverance in overcoming obstacles, almost irresistible ; possessed, too, of superior science and ability in their peculiar system of fighting, they had seldom met their equals in the field, or even experienced serious resistance in the numerous conquests which of late years had been added to the empire, until the increasing arrogance and aggressions of their government brought them, at last, in contact with an enemy of a very different description from any with whom they had yet contended.'

The private characters of the people are also sketched with spirit.— At home the Burmese are decidedly lazy, and averse to work, the wife being allowed, or rather compelled, to toil for the support of the family, while the husband passes his time in idleness, smoking, or chewing betel, the favourite pastime of natives of all ranks. His wants, however, are few and simple ; rice and a little pickled fish constitute the chief articles of food, while water is his only drink : naturally good-humoured and

contented, he seems happy and resigned, bearing all the oppressions, to which he may be subjected, with apathy and indifference ; and in his own house he is kind and affectionate to his children. Yet it must be allowed that the Burmese are little guided or restrained in their conduct and actions by any moral principle : selling their daughters, even to strangers, is a common practice among them ; nor does the transaction reflect either disgrace or shame on the parties concerned. Government, upon political grounds, strictly prohibits any woman from leaving the country ; and the unhappy females, who are sacrificed to this disgraceful custom, generally return to their families, in no way slighted or degraded, but more frequently, as objects of envy, from the little stock of wealth they bring back with them.— It has often been objected to the Burmese, that they are given to pilfering, lying, and dissimulation, as well as insolent and overbearing to strangers ; but the remark may be, in a great measure, confined to the numerous government functionaries and their followers, with whom every town and village in the kingdom abound : these are indeed a vile race, who exist by fraud and oppression, and who, upon numerous pretences, are always ready to rob and plunder all who come within the influence of their authority ; the poor people, on the contrary, the best part of the nation, are frank and hospitable, and by no means deficient in qualities which would do honour to more civilized nations. They, very generally, can read and write ; are acute, intelligent, and observing : and, although frequently impressed with high notions of their own sovereign and country, show no illiberality to strangers or foreigners who reside among them. In a word, to sum up their character, their virtues are their own, and their faults and vices those of education, and the pernicious influence of a cruel and despotic government.'

The Burmese seemed to have borrowed their religion from Hindoostan: but they have not so steadily or uniformly preserved their faith and worship as their Brahmin neighbours. In some respects they resemble the Romanists. They are fond of pro-

cessions; they observe a species of Lent, which is followed by public festivity; in praying they use rosaries; and they are addicted (but not the women) to monastic seclusion.—

*Lady's Magazine.*

#### ANECDOTE OF DR. W——, OF CAMDEN TOWN.

THIS Reverend Clergyman, so well known for his researches into the original Greek-Text of the Evangelists, and not more distinguished for his extensive learning, than for his propensity for those amusements which characterized *Parson Adams*, related the following anecdote of himself, to a select circle of friends. The conversation happened to turn upon the folly of some men's wives; "upon which, (said the Doctor,) I will give you an instance of the folly of mine, and, I am persuaded, you must acknowledge it exceeds any thing you ever heard of." He thus proceeded: "You must know, that some time ago the Bishop of London was contemplating a translation of the Four Gospels, and it occurred to his Lordship, that he probably might derive some advantage by consulting me upon the subject. I need not tell you how much attached I am to my pipe, nor what irresistible charms I find in a game of skittles. Now I happened to be enjoying both my favourite amusements at the Wheat-Sheaf, when his Lordship ordered his carriage, and repairing to my house, enquired whether I was at home? Mrs. W——, instead of absolutely denying me, as a sensible woman ought to have done, immediately said I was at the Wheat-Sheaf. The Bishop naturally thought the Wheat-Sheaf might be some corn chandler's where I was disposing of my tythe corn, or the produce of my glebe land.—He said to his coachman, 'John, do you know where the Wheat-Sheaf is?' 'O yes, my Lord,' replied John, 'Well drive there.' John obeyed, and in a few minutes the carriage

stopped at the alehouse, where I was in the height of my glory. The Bishop stared at the appearance of the place, as well he might. However he alighted, and asked the landlord whether one Dr. W—— was there? 'Always at this hour, (returned Boniface) you'll find him in the skittle-ground.'——'The skittle-ground! (muttered his Lordship, as he advanced) what can he be doing there?' He soon discovered me, in the midst of the *profanum vulgus*, who were attending minutely to the circumstances of the gymnastic game. I was the hero of the contest, and was unluckily, at that precise moment, in the very act of endeavouring to tip all the nine. I was stooping down with my pipe in my mouth, the skirts of my coat tucked under my left arm, and a bowl in my right hand; my wig a little awry. I was aiming at the middle pin, and exclaimed, 'Well, here goes at the Head of the Church!' Before the bowl had well quitted my grasp, the Bishop tapped me on the shoulder, saying, 'What, Doctor is it you?' I looked round, and became petrified, as if I had seen the Gorgon's Head. I could not speak for some time, but at last I stammered out, 'Yes my Lord, it is me.' 'I am surprised to see you in such a place,' added his Lordship.—'And I am equally astonished at seeing your Lordship: but you must know, my Lord, that I am afflicted with a pain in the chest, attended, at times, with a difficulty of utterance. Your Lordship may easily perceive how I am affected at this moment.' 'I do perceive it indeed,' rejoined the Church Dignitary. I continued,

for this complaint my physicians order me to use the exercise, in which you see me employed, and they tell me I shall derive great benefit from it.' The Bishop turned upon his heel, and left me with this remark—'Proceed, good doctor, with your game, I wish you all the benefit from it your physicians have promised you; but I am afraid it will never procure you a *Benefice*.'

Now, my friends, I ask you, whether you ever heard of any woman's committing an act half so silly, as a clergyman's wife sending a bishop to a skittle ground in search of her husband?" The company confessed the application of the story, and Mrs. W—— was by common consent, admitted to have, in this instance, exceeded the folly of all their wives.

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*To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.*

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SIR,—As a counterpart to the humorous piece on "Sleeping in the Kirk," published in your last Number, I send you the following, which describes a scarcely less humorous scene. Yours, M.

**THE BOTTLE OF BARM.**

JENNY," said a country woman to her buxom daughter, during one of the warm mornings of last summer, "Jenny, ye'll awa' to the town and bring hame a bottle o' barm wi' you." It was the preaching day with Jenny, and having "trysted to meet her joe," she nodded an assent to her mother's commands, with a beam in her eye that bespoke as much of love as obedience. Having accordingly lost no time in displaying her charms to the best advantage, she plunged a quart bottle in among the sundries which never fail to occupy the capacious receptacle, denominated by country damsels, a side-pocket, and so smartly tripped her way to town, that she was half-way on her return before the sun had reached his meridian.— Whether it was that Jenny had been seized with more than ordinary feelings of devotion, or that the witty god, being in a frolicsome humour, had resolved on playing off one of his pranks upon her, we shall not pretend to say, but certain it is that Jenny, on bending her way homewards, was just passing the kirk as she got a glimpse of her Joe stepping into it. Regardless of the well-corked bottle of barm, Jenny instinctively pursued

the same course, and set herself down beside a blowsy wife from Dollar, who had travelled a dozen miles that morning to hear the word in its purity, if not to retail it still more delectably, on her return, to the drowsy gossips of her parish. Jenny had scarcely time to look about her, till the vacant seat beside her was occupied by an equally ponderous personage, in the shape of a horse couper's wife from the West. Had Jenny been thinking more of her mother, and less of her sweetheart, it is likely it would have occurred to her, that so smart a walk, and so warm a day, were sufficient to have roused to a state of rebellion more quiescent matter than that which dangled by her side, and in this way avoiding bringing its heat to the provoking temperature induced by her person on the one side, and the horse couper's wife on the other. Be these things as they may, the heat which had commenced to seal Jenny's eyes in peaceful slumbers, acted so powerfully on the turbulent properties of the barm, that an explosion was inevitable.— Soon after Jenny had taken her seat the bottle popt its neck out, as if resolved on tantalizing a thirsty cobbler, who sat directly in front, suffering not a little from the libations of the previous evening. The only eye he had was directed to the bottle, as if anxious to be better acquainted with its contents—when suddenly, with terrific report, out flew the cork, followed by a fair portion of the angry

liquid—both pursuing their course so directly towards the unsuspecting optic, that they fairly closed the poor son of Crispin's only inlet to daylight. The cork as smartly rebounded, and striking the nose of a knight of the shuttle, roused him whilst gaping obliviously at the pulpit. The kirk was all in a buzz—and every mother's son, aye and daughter too, with outstretched neck, stared round to ascertain the cause. "The hussy," exclaimed the blowsy wife o' Dollar, "she's poisoned a' my claes."—

"Preserve us, if she hasna stickit the minister," whispered the horse-couper's wife. Jenny, as soon as she discovered the cause of all this confusion, made her thumb take place of the cork—but unluckily proving either too large or too small for a stopper, the enraged barm occasionally made its escape, producing a species of music that kept contemptuous time with the doleful ditty of poor Jenny, as she hurriedly moved off, exclaiming, "preserve me, was ever woman in sic a predicament!"

### IS HE MARRIED?

"WHAT!" I exclaimed, stirring the fire to make a blaze, for I had not ordered candles, "Is it possible?—*With Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomson's compliments*—Charles Thomson married! married! poor fellow! I hastily obtained a candle, opened the packet, and found in it a piece of bridal cake with a few words, written in a small female hand, informing me that "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomson" would be ready to receive visitors on a certain day. I was perfectly astonished. Charles Thomson married? I should sooner have expected snow at Midsummer. Married! we were upon terms of the greatest intimacy; we have dined together, day by day, for several years past; and yet I never even suspected that he was in love. When I last saw him he told me that he was about to visit Tunbridge Wells *on business*. And then to whom is he married? Every body knows Charles Thomson; he is to be seen in every book-shop and at every book-stall and book-auction in London. His days are spent in public libraries, and his nights, for the most part, in his study. For himself he is the meekest, mildest, most unobtrusive and modest fellow in existence, he never can speak to a woman without blushing; and as for wooing—pshaw! the thing is impossible! He must have courted by deputy, and have been married by proxy. I could not

understand it; and when I went out of doors the annoyance was still greater. I was continually met by such questions as "pray, who is Mrs. Charles Thomson?" "Who would have thought Charles Thomson would have married? I never was so astonished as when I heard of it: who is she?" "I don't know." "Nonsense! impossible!" "It is true," said I, surlily, and walked on.

Time, however, passed away as it was wont to do, and the period approached at which the happy couple were expected to return to town.—But a few mornings before that day arrived I was astonished by the usual sudden and abrupt entrance of my old friend Charles into my parlour. "X.," said he, "how d'you do?" I paused a moment, regarding my old friend, whose looks were full of trouble and anxiety, and then kindly inquired "My dear Charles how are you, how—" I hesitated, I would have inquired "how is Mrs. Thomson," but the words would not come forth, and I closed the sentence with "when did you return to town?"

"Only last night; what an unlucky affair this is."

"Ah!" said I, "I was dismally surprised to hear of it. How came you to be led into it?"

"Oh, Lord, I don't know: we are all of us overtaken at times, and I really thought I was doing a kindness."

"A kindness!" echoed I, "yes, but at a very serious expense.— Why didn't you talk to me about it?"

"Oh! I had a sort of presentiment that I should repent it, and I thought you would only laugh at me. But what can I do?"

"What can you do! Why, I suppose, you have already done every thing that can be done; there is no getting out of it now."

"I am afraid not, but I must change my mode of living."

"Ah, that you must; you must give up your old literary pursuits, and attend closely to your profession, and all our comfortable dinners &c.—"

"Ah, those are all at an end."

"But did you get no money at all?" inquired I.

"Not a sixpence," was the answer, "it was purely a matter of accommodation."

"An accommodation! why, zounds man! how could you be such a fool?"

"Oh! I was taken by surprise in an evil moment. But, 'egad it will be a lesson to me, I suppose I must sell Harbour Court!"

"Nay, I hope it's not so bad as that—"

"Indeed, but it is; where think you am I to get £500?"

"£500! Why what are you thinking about?"

"Thinking about," replied Charles, "why about Sillery's bills," producing at the same time, a newspaper with the announcement of his bankruptcy—"What else should I think about?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried I, laughing at the equivoque, "and I have been talking about your marriage."

"Marriage! nonsense! what could put that into your head?"

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed I, "satisfy me that you are not married, and I will make you easy about Sillery's bills. His bankruptcy has been superseded, and I have money in my hands to pay your acceptances."

I then produced my bride cake and its envelope—all turned out to be a hoax—we still have our old literary dinners, and Charles Thomson is *not* married.

### VARIETIES.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE PAMPAS OR GREAT PLAIN ON THE EAST OF THE CORDILLERA.

THE great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about nine hundred miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Aires, the first of these regions is covered, for one hundred and eighty miles, with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches to the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are evergreens, and the immense plain of

grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom.

The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and, though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible, that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change; the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.”—*Head's Journeys across the Pampas and Andes.*

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

By some recent experiments, made

by M. Bertrand it appears that charcoal possesses the power of counteracting the fatal effects of the mineral poisons on the animal body. He enumerates several experiments to prove this fact, the third of which was made on himself. “At half past seven in the morning,” he states, “I swallowed, fasting, five grains of arsenick powder, in half a glass of strong mixture of charcoal; at a quarter before eight I perceived a painful sensation of heat in the stomach, with great thirst. I then drank another glass of the charcoal. At half past nine the oppressive pain ceased in the stomach, and was followed by an uneasy sensation in the viscera.—Being very thirsty, I drank several cups of an infusion of orange flowers, and at 11, was completely well. At noon I dined as usual, without inconvenience, and could perceive no further derangement in the digestive functions. The same experiment was made with corrosive sublimate of mercury with the same result. As we have hitherto been unacquainted with an article capable of rendering the mineral poisons inert, the communication of M. Bertrand of the result of his experiments is of vast importance

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In the *Acadian Recorder* of May 26th, there is a communication from PENNA, with the following Note appended to it:—“I am much obliged to the Editor of the ‘*Acadian Magazine*,’ for conferring on me the title of ‘*Pictou Student*.’ A disappointed correspondent will readily know his own signature, without an addition to it which was never intended.”

In designating Penna a “*Pictou Student*” we had no intention of hurting his feelings much less of casting the smallest reflection on that useful seminary, which has already produced students who are a credit to their teachers, and promise fair to be ornaments to any society in which they may move. Is Penna ashamed of being called a “*Pictou Student*?” If so, it must arise from his having profitted too little by the instruction of his teachers. Is it because he is “a disappointed correspondent” that he is displeased? Why should he be displeased? The *Recorder* has opened its pages to him and certainly it has shown great condescension to such unmeaning stuff as his communication consists of. It really exemplifies his own language when, speaking of the *Press*, he says, “It receives such immense quantities of nonsense and ILL NATURE that every simple school boy supposes himself qualified to be an author—and his TRAD appears in print.”

*Arion* and *Philologus* will appear in our next.

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