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*THE BRIDAL OF ST. OMER.**

A TALE.

JACQUELINE folded up her embroidery, and sighed as she deposited the work in a drawer of an antique cabinet which stood in her chamber; for her hitherto obedient needle refused to trace those flowers which were wont to spring up beneath her creative fingers. She wandered into the garden, but its plants and blossoms no longer delighted her: the sickly tints of autumn had saddened the face of nature, and every surrounding object reminded her of her own faded hopes. Returning into the house, she sat down, and listened with anxious yet despairing ear for some stir or tumult, betokening the arrival of news; but no unusual sound disturbed the calm of the silent streets. The French soldiers basking in the sun in the front of their guard-room, now and then broke the stillness by snatches of old tunes, a fragment of some ancient romance chaunted to a national air, or the light laugh which occasionally followed a jest uttered in too low a tone to be heard beyond their own circle. It was evident, from the careless gaiety of these men, that although the king of England was laying siege to Boulogne, they had no fear of being disturbed in the fortress so fraudulently wrested by Louis XI. the predecessor of the present monarch of France, from the house of Burgundy. Jacqueline's melancholy thoughts naturally turned upon the fallen fortunes of that luckless family. She herself retained a lively recollection of the beautiful orphan

heiress, the Princess Mary, at the period of her deep distress, when by the death of her gallant father, Charles the bold Duke of Burgundy, she was left to the mercy of the factious citizens of Ghent, and exposed to the hostility of her most inveterate enemy, the cruel and crafty Louis.— Jacqueline's heart burned with indignation as she reflected upon the disgraceful reverses which the Burgundians had sustained, from the period of their gallant sovereign's last fatal campaign in Germany; and she marvelled at the supineness displayed by Maximilian, in suffering the territories of his wife and her son (to whom, upon the decease of Mary, he had been constituted guardian) to remain in subjugation to the crown of France. The maiden gazed upon her delicate white hands as they hung listlessly over the arms of a high-backed chair on which she was reclining, and wished that they could be endowed with a giant's strength, to burst the fetters imposed by foreign power. She thought upon the heroic deeds achieved at Orleans by a frame as weak, and she almost fancied that she could welcome the fate of Joan of Arc, to be, like her, the deliverer of her country. Suddenly the French guard sprang up from their recumbent attitudes, and the ponderous mail of the men at arms clashed as they rose in haste to salute their commanding officer Count Bertrand de Montmorenci, the governor of St. Omer. For a moment Jacqueline hoped that he

brought intelligence of the approach of the English or the Burgundians ; that Boulogne had fallen, and that the town was threatened by a hostile force ; but this expectation was soon dissipated : a few trifling orders, given with his usual affectation, sufficed to display the soldier's attention to his military duties. In another moment she heard the boisterous and hearty greetings offered by her father, and the interview was inevitable.

Ushered into the apartment by his friendly but unpolished host, Count Bertrand, attired in the extreme of the last Parisian fashion, advanced to pay his respects to the provincial rustic whose beauty and whose wealth had attracted him despite her country breeding. Jacqueline was an inattentive listener to her noble admirer's florid compliments, and little interested in the account of the hoods and wimples, the long training gowns, and flowing head-dresses, worn by the gay dames of the French capital, since she never desired to exchange her national costume for foreign vanities ; and was only roused to animation when the conversation turned upon the politics of the day.

"The English have forgotten the art of war," cried Montmorenci, "or love to fight only upon their own soil. A French herald is now in their camp, and when he can strike a bargain with these trading islanders our master will be free to pursue his conquests in Italy."

"And where then is Maximilian ?" exclaimed Jacqueline ; will he look tamely on, and see the only chance of recovering his son's inheritance bartered away for a few paltry pieces of gold ?"

"Know ye not," returned Montmorenci, "that the German beast is dull and slow of foot ? Where was the recreant knight when Charles VIII. carried away his affianced bride, the heiress of Bretagne ? Where is he now, when he should spur on his English allies to action ? Engaged in some pitiful broil at home,

he keeps aloof, giving Henry of Lancaster an excuse to follow his own sordid inclinations, and gather ducats instead of laurels in his wars." Jacqueline, was grieved and angry at this disdainful mention of the king of the Romans, but felt that the reproach was but too just ; she therefore remained silent, listening with wounded ear to the remarks of her father, who, devoted to France, rejoiced over the declining state of the Burgundian affairs.

Arnold von Rothfels, though descended from a noble family, had soiled his fingers by trade. His love of gain had in the first instance overcome his pride ; but a latent spark still existing in his breast, he was dazzled by the prospect of uniting his daughter in marriage with the heir of the illustrious house of Montmorenci. The brilliant expectations which Count Bertrand's offer held out, effected an entire revolution in Arnold's sentiments. He forgot that he was by birth a Fleming ; that he owed allegiance to the Duke of Burgundy ; and that he had promised the hand of Jacqueline to one of Maximilian's most trusty knights, Maurice Waldenheim, the son of a deceased friend. The memory of the fair heiress of Von Rothfels was, however more tenacious ; she fondly recalled those happy days which she had spent at the court of Margaret, the dowager duchess of Burgundy, where Maurice Waldenheim, had carried off the prizes at the tournaments, and laid them at her feet ; and where she had embroidered a fair blue banner as the reward of his prowess, which the young soldier vowed, during a solemn banquet at which Maximilian carved the pheasant in person, should wave in proud victory over the French standard, now so exultingly floating above the towers of St. Omer. It was not in the power of the finical and haughty Montmorenci to banish these tender reminiscences. Jacqueline believed that her lover would religiously perform every iota of his promise ; and

there was little danger that her patriotic feelings would be subdued by the representations of Von Rothfels, of the superior advantages to be derived from living under the French dominion, while they were associated with the image of Maurice Waldenheim.

Count Bertrand after he had sufficiently betrayed his contempt for both father and daughter, which, notwithstanding his pretended deference to the latter, was exceedingly obvious to Jacqueline's discriminating mind, at length took his leave; and depressed in spirits by the assurance of a speedy peace between France and England, the object of this accomplished courtier's unwelcome homage threw a mantle around her, and ascending the ramparts, endeavoured, in the charms of the adjacent scenery, to dissipate those unpleasant sensations which clouded a mind until now a stranger to sorrow. The sun was still high in the heavens, and the whole landscape was bathed in its golden glories; it lit up the towers of Dunkirk and of Calais, as they rose to the right and left on the distant coast; threw an effulgent blaze of light upon the yellow sands between Dunkirk and Gravelines, and cast a strong illumination upon the dark walls of that gloomy fortress. The woods of Cassell were deeply embrowned with the hues of autumn, and a tempestuous night had stripped the trees which skirted the broad road across the flat country leading to the Netherlands so completely of their foliage, that every object proceeding from that quarter might be discerned at a considerable distance. It was the least interesting part of the landscape, yet thither Jacqueline continually directed her eyes: all was silent and solitary: vainly did she seek for the flash of the polished lance in the sun, and the waving of plumes and pennons: the naked branches of the trees alone met her view, or showers of dead leaves, borne by the breeze, swept like small clouds through the empty

space. Wearied with watching, she bent her steps to a home no longer sacred to felicity. A painful scene awaited the gentle girl. Unaccustomed to dispute a parent's will, she could only oppose tears and entreaties to the stern behest of Von Rothfels, when he commanded her to receive the Count de Montmorenci as her destined husband. She wept and prayed unavailing, and her sole hope of escaping a union which she abhorred, rested in the speedy fulfilment of Waldenheim's oath. Jacqueline trusted that a token despatched by a wandering minstrel to the Burgundian knight had made him acquainted with her perilous situation; and soothing her terrors with the fond idea that love would discover the means of preserving her from a fate she dreaded, she sought her couch, and obtained a transient oblivion from the cares which oppressed her burthened heart.

The next day, at the hour in which Montmorenci was engaged with the troops under his command, Jacqueline again repaired to the battlements, and again turned her expectant eyes towards the road leading to the Netherlands. An occasional traveller, a herd of cattle, or a peasant conveying the produce of his farm to market, were for some time the only objects that enlivened the scene. Still she continued to gaze; and just as the declining sun warned her of her long absence from home, her parting glance caught the gleam of spears in the distance. She paused,—looked again,—she was not deceived; and presently a body of archers and men at arms, accompanied by a squadron of *landznechts*, made their appearance, defiling in good order between the trees. Jacqueline's heart beat high. From the direction in which these soldiers marched, she had little doubt of their being Burgundians, led perchance by Waldenheim. In another instant she became convinced of the truth of her surmise; for, extended by a light breeze to its utmost length, the

blue banner streamed along the martial line. Hope,—exultation,—joy,—sparkled in her eyes, and thrilled through her frame; but a chilling damp checked those delightful emotions, as with a feeling of bitter disappointment she contemplated the small number of warriors who followed Waldenheim's standard. Yet again was despondency banished from her sanguine breast, when she reflected that it was probably only the advanced guard who were now approaching the town; and if this brave band should dare attack, unsupported, a fortress rendered unusually strong both by nature and art, still fortune might and would befriend adventurous spirits, or all that she had read of desperate enterprises crowned with glorious success, were false and deceitful legends, idle dreams treacherously framed to betray the trusting heart to ruin.

The garrison of St. Omer soon caught the alarm; and Jacqueline, compelled to retire from the walls, heard only that a trumpet,—for Waldenheim's armament did not boast a herald,—had arrived before the gate of St. Omer, formally demanding the surrender of the town in the name of Maximilian, a requisition which had been received with a laugh of deriding scorn.

The Burgundians pitched their tents at a convenient distance from the outworks, and made preparations for a regular seige. All was bustle and activity within the town; every street was filled with the din of arms; squires and lacqueys were seen burnishing the steel cuirass and the polished helm; the clink of the armourers' hammers resounded from all quarters; and soldiers hurrying to and fro hastened to relieve each other on the walls.

Suffering every alternation of bounding hope and the most chilling despair, Jacqueline, restless, anxious, impatient, now revolving some impracticable scheme of affording assistance to the besiegers, in the next moment sickening at the impossibili-

ty of becoming an active agent in their service, could only still the tumultuous sensations of her throbbing heart by prayer. She flew to the neighbouring cathedral, and poured forth her whole soul in supplication before the shrine of the virgin, listening, at the conclusion of every Ave, for the brazen roar of those dreadful engines which she concluded the enemy would bring to bear against the strong bulwarks of the fortress. But her vigil was not rewarded by the thunder of the deep-mouthed gun. Waldenheim then—and her heart panted with redoubled emotion at the thought—would venture to attack the walls armed only with the arrow, the battle-axe, and the lance; a momentary thrill of terror shot across her mind, but it was instantly dissipated; she could not link the idea of defeat with the stout Burgundian soldier, and she rejoiced at a circumstance which would enhance the glory of his victory. Despite of these heroic feelings, Jacqueline could not contemplate the thought of the ghastly objects which she would, in all probability encounter in her return home without horror; she feared to meet some mangled remnant of mortality borne, writhing in convulsive anguish, from the walls, to see blood flowing that she could not staunch, and to hear the deep groans wrung by torturing agony from a soul struggling in the pangs of death. Whilst absorbed in these painful anticipations a burst of merriment greeted her astonished ear; the soldiers who had rushed in the morning to man the walls were returning leisurely to their quarters unhurt, not with the shout of triumph which would have followed a successful engagement, but humming, as usual, the lays of the Troubadours.

Annoyed and confounded by this unlooked for result of a day which she confidently expected would have been marked by some signal event, Jacqueline sought her own home. Montmorenci stood smiling at the portal, his dainty white plume

unsoiled and not a single fold disarranged in the silken mantle which flowed gracefully over his stainless and undinted armour.

"In faith, fair lady," he exclaimed, "these awkward Burgundians have played us a clumsy joke, doubtless the braggart knaves think it a fine thing to have detained a cavalier of France for the space of six hours in harness under a hot sun, but, par-die, a warm bath and a little Hungary water will repair the damage."

"Did not Walden——, did not the enemy," returned Jacqueline, correcting her hasty speech, "make any attempt to scale the walls."

"No," cried Montmorenci, "nor did they adventure within a bow-shot of the garrison. By mine honour and St. Denis, if the Lombards give us not exercise for our good swords, they are like to grow rusty in these campaigns with the English and their timorous allies."

"So thought the Mareschal des Cordes," said Jacqueline, rather scornfully, "yet the fall of Dixmude taught him another lesson. This is but a feint of the besiegers to draw you out into the open field, for never yet did the Burgundian chivalry quail before the arms of France."

Hastening up to her chamber Jacqueline relieved her full heart by a flood of tears. Though persuading herself that the craven conduct displayed by Waldenheim's soldiers was prompted by some deep-laid artifice, yet she could not avoid feeling very painful misgivings. The force which her lover had brought against St. Omer was certainly inadequate for the capture of so strong a town; Maurice would, perchance, imagine that he had redeemed his pledge by merely appearing before the frowning ramparts, and had probably no intention of endangering either life or limb in her service. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the besieged during the following day; the anxious maiden saw Montmorenci armed at all points, preparing to make a sortie on the foe, and, from

an upper window, she watched him as he returned in the same gallant array, not a feather broken from the plume that waved over his casque, his armour without spot or blemish, and his mantle still undisordered and stainless. Pleading a head-ache Jacqueline refused to join the count and her father, and thus was spared the disgraceful taunts which the haughty Frenchman cast upon a knight once ranked among the flower of Maximilian's chivalry.

Two more days elapsed, and, perceiving that de Montmorenci no longer led his soldiers in person to the ramparts, the now desponding Jacqueline emerged from her seclusion to learn the cause.

"The Burgundians have retreated," said she, as she saw Count Bertrand lounging idly in her father's hall.

"Not so," replied Montmorenci, "they tilt with the air in yonder plain, taking especial care to keep beyond the reach of our cross-bows; come to the walls and you shall see the cooks and scullions of St. Omer, armed with their spits and basting ladles, drive these redoubtable assailants like a flock of geese before them to the entrenchments of their camp."

"I will not," cried Jacqueline, "do the soldiers of Maximilian so much wrong as to witness so base an indignity."

"Then," exclaimed Montmorenci, "I will condescend to lead the attack again, trusting that the animating sight of beauty may inspire the degenerate Waldenheim with the spirit of a knight. To stir the lazy current of a dastard's veins, and to kindle a blaze of martial ardour in a clod of mere dull earth, will be an exploit worthy of the loveliest maid who ever smiled upon a warrior's suit." The count then calling for his armour, sallied out of the gate as Jacqueline ascended the rampart.

The plain below was enlivened with the careering steeds of Waldenheim's men at arms, as, with pennons

flying and trumpets sounding, they advanced to the walls. The long blue banner floated majestically over the well-appointed troop, and its fair embroideress, as she contemplated the martial appearance of her lover's followers, again felt her hopes revive, and stood in strong expectation that they would on this day wipe off the deep stain which sullied their honour: but her wishes and her prayers were alike fruitless; the Burgundians awaited not the shock of de Montmorenci's battle-axe; he no sooner approached them, than, like affrighted deer, away ran the whole of the squadron, Waldenheim foremost in the disgraceful flight, and the blue banner trailing in the dust behind him. The heart of the knight's betrothed beat high with indignation. Had she beheld her lover fairly vanquished in open fight she would have felt respect and admiration for him in his defeat; but to see him act a coward's part, retreating thus dishonoured without daring to hazard a single blow, she could not endure the shame, the ignominy of such a spectacle. Oh! rather, much rather, would she have gazed upon his bleeding corse borne from the field, secure in a warrior's death, from the reproach which now must cling to his name for ever. Jacqueline's heroism, and her affection alike, failed her in this trial. Had Waldenheim acquitted himself like a soldier, or even like a man, the convent or a grave would have afforded her an asylum from the hated Montmorenci; but while she brooded over his fall from honour, her resolution was shaken; she could not wound, or, perchance, break a doating parent's heart, for the sake of one so worthless, so utterly undeserving love which should only be lavished on the brave; and, though she would have gladly buried herself and her sorrows in a monastery, duty forbade the indulgence of her wishes, and, with a dejected air, streaming eyes, and listless steps, she returned to her home, listened with mute indifference to the

addresses of Count Bertrand, and allowed her father to promise that she should meet him at the altar at the expiration of six days, without offering a dissentient word.

Nothing was heard of the Burgundians, and if a faint spark of hope was ever re-kindled in Jacqueline's breast, it was now entirely quenched. Vainly did returning love suggest an excuse for Waldenheim's conduct, or endeavour to point at the means by which he might retrieve a reputation now sunk below scorn; he had refused to meet Count Bertrand, singly in the field, and even if at the head of a reinforcement he should, at some future period, triumph over the arms of France, such a victory could not efface the indelible stain of cowardice, the disgrace branded upon him in that fatal retreat before the paltry force brought out by Montmorenci to oppose him. Jacqueline prepared for her approaching marriage,—for the sacrifice of every chance of happiness,—with a feeling of melancholy satisfaction. She knew that she was condemned to be the slave of a tyrannical and contemptuous husband; to misery which, under any other circumstances, would have been too bitter for endurance; but now, perfectly reckless of the destiny that awaited her, she experienced some consolation in the thought that the morbid feelings and blighted affections of a joyless heart would not destroy the happiness of one, who in seeking her reluctant hand, only strove to enrich himself. Could jewels and splendid apparel have reconciled Jacqueline to her fate, she must have been perfectly content. The taste and the magnificence of Count Bertrand were lavishly displayed in the bridal paraphernalia, and every citizen of St. Omer was employed under his immediate inspection in executing some new and brilliant device. The hour of midnight was appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, and the spirits of the bride sank as the time approached; a thousand tender re-

collections crowded upon her mind, and subdued the stern determination which had hitherto supported her. As noon advanced she stole away from her garden, and, under the friendly screen of a tall buttress, cast an anxious glance towards the Burgundian camp. But nothing, save the long grass and the boughs of the naked trees, was stirring in that quarter; the rampart on which she stood was deserted; a postern gate left negligently open, and the guard dispersed about the town, surveying the preparations for the evening festivities. Jacqueline felt strongly tempted to seize the favourable moment for escape, and to fly from a union which, despite of all her efforts, she regarded with horror. Where, however, could she go, and for whom should she forfeit the treasure of an unstained name? Alas! Waldenheim was unworthy of the sacrifice; he had abandoned her, or, if still lingering in the vicinity of St. Omer was too indifferent even to reconnoitre the place, and to take advantage of the carelessness of the garrison to communicate with one so ready to listen to his justification, and to discredit the evidence of her senses against the warm and eloquent pleadings of the man she loved. Successfully combating her weakness, the afflicted Jacqueline quitted the dangerous spot and sought for protection from her own rebellious heart under the paternal roof. Evening came, and with it the bride-maids and tire-women; the rich and massy chain, the satin robe lined with costly furs, the broidery of gold-smiths' work, and the sparkling circles inlaid with pearl and precious stones, vainly courted admiration from their unhappy wearer's averted and tearful eyes; but, rallying her failing energies, she prepared to accompany the procession to the church, and, nerving her trembling limbs, advanced towards the altar with an unflinching step; but there Jacqueline's courage and fortitude melted away; she feared that she had been too pre-

cipitate in breaking those vows so solemnly pledged to Waldeuheim, and she would have given worlds to have recalled the promises she had made to her father. The nave of the cathedral was brilliantly illuminated, but the vast edifice presented many distant aisles and extensive recesses involved in deep gloom, and, as her eyes wandered restlessly around, she almost fancied she could perceive the frowning countenance of the man she had forsaken in each dark and empty space. 'Twas only the vision of a distempered imagination. The light danced upon waving plumes, glittering tunics, and faces beaming with joy. Pleasure seemed to rule the hour, and Jacqueline alone, pale, sad, and motionless, offered a contrast to the gay throng who crowded round the steps of the altar. The ceremony was about to commence, the officiating priest had opened his missal, and the bridegroom, anticipating the moment in which he should place the ring on the finger of the bride, had stretched out his hand to clasp that of his trembling companion, when a whisper ran through the outer circle: a short pause ensued, but the alarm, if such it were, subsided; all was profoundly quiet, and the solemnity commenced. In another instant, a shout, a din of arms, groans, shrieks, and cries of terror, were distinctly heard; but ere the bridal party could look around them, all other sounds were stifled in one wild acclamation. The doors of the church were burst open, and the whole of the interior filled with Burgundian soldiers: numbers of the wedding guests were stretched bleeding on the ground; de Montmorenci, torn from Jacqueline's side, would have fallen a sacrifice to the fury of four assailants, but for the opportune appearance of Waldenheim, who, springing from a monument over the heads of his *landznechts*, interposed his authority, and stayed the work of devastation,

"Now, Count Bertrand," he cried; "now shall my trusty sword vindi-

cate the honour which you have dared to stigmatize; we meet on equal terms:" and throwing off his helmet, his coat of mail, and all other defensive armour (the bridegroom being arrayed in a vest and surcoat of velvet), the two knights drew their gleaming falchions, and encountered each other with deadly animosity; fire flew from their clashing weapons, and every stroke seemed the herald of death. Jacqueline, speechless and clinging to her father's arm, gazed, with intense anxiety, on the sanguinary conflict. Both fought with untiring and desperate energy; at length the arm of the Burgundian appeared to relax, but in the next moment, he charged again with redoubled fierceness, and Montmorenci, disarmed and beaten to the ground,

received the boon of life from his generous antagonist. The terror-stricken bride saw not the termination of the combat; her senses fled ere Waldenheim had gained the vantage ground which he had so nearly lost, and she was only restored to animation by the passionate exclamations of her lover, and the assurance that Bertrand still lived.

The strenuous exertions of Waldenheim preserved the town from pillage. On the following morning, after a solemn mass, he offered the blue banner at the altar of the cathedral, and received the hand of Jacqueline, who was now convinced that, with his slender force, it was only by lulling the garrison into security that he could have hoped to win the strong towers of St. Omer.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

To ANNA ———

Say who can count on woman's love
Since woman's love is bought?—
Or who can trust in woman's vows
Since woman's vows are naught?—
Cupid indeed, may keep the bow
And sharpen well the dart;
'Tis fickle fancy draws the string
And levels at the heart.—

Though the heart beat high and love be
warm,

Though Anna smile and sigh,—
Soon fancy finds a second charm,
The first must fade and die :—
The changing goddess of the night
An emblem well may be
Of woman's love—her vows are vain
Her truth—inconstancy.

MARO.

Halifax, September, 1827.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

FRAGMENT.

" ——— Woman's love—
Like ivy where it grows 'tis seen
To wear an everlasting green;—
Like ivy too, 'tis found to cling
Too often round a worthless thing."

————— we may well compare
The clinging ivy to the lovely fair;
For as the ivy binds the tottering wall,
Or clasps the mouldering column in its fall,
So woman's love, man's rugged bosom
 strains,
Tempers his joys and mitigates his pains.
Too oft the oak, the ivy binds so tight,
Is black at heart, tho' beauteous to the
 sight,
Too oft within its rotten bosom rest
The horrid lizzard in its slimy nest;—
The ruined tower, which the ivy binds

With sinewy fibres and with fondness
 twines,
Full often shades within, a noisome
 brake,
Where lurks the adder and the venom'd
 snake :—
Too often woman's love entwines a heart,
Where rankling passions only have a
 part,—
Where vice enthron'd, assumes supreme
 controul
And drowns the generous virtues of the
 soul.—

“ Like some tall column pointing to the sky,”
 (Whilst all around in waste and ruins lie,) Whose summit bare, time’s ravages deface
 And strive to hurl it headlong from its base,
 Man seems alone ;—when woman’s love he tries,
 See ! what fair prospects open to his eyes :—
 From the bleak plain the verdant ivy springs,
 Surrounds the base—and to the pillar clings,

In spiral circles winds its way apace
 And clasps the fabric in its close embrace ;—
 The mouldering shaft, destructive time had riven,
 Feels the support and lifts its head to heaven,
 Braves the tornado and Sirocco’s rage,
 “ The wars of elements ” and lapse of age.

MARO.

Halifax, September 1, 1827.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND, BY THE HON. GEORGE KEPPEL. 4to. 1827.

AN over-land journey (as it is called) between England and India, was formerly considered as a very hazardous enterprise ; but our officers now “ think nothing of it.” Though many have undertaken it, however, some of the intervening countries are very imperfectly known, and strange sights and romantic scenes may be expected to occur to the spirited adventurer.

It seems unnecessary, if not absurd to call this, in particular, a *personal* narrative. Every narrator of the incidents of a journey, naturally and necessarily, speaks of the countries through which he passed, and of what happened to him personally ; and did the honourable captain mean to do this more than any other tourist ?

The captain sailed for England from Bombay ; and, after touching at Muscat, disembarked at *Bussorah* (Basrah), and ascended the Tigris ; from Bagdad, he made a short excursion to the reputed ruins of Babylon, on the banks of the Euphrates ; and passing through Kermanshah to Teheran, the present capital of Persia, pursued his way to Bakoo on the Caspian Sea, and thence, by land, to Petersburg, whence he finally took shipping for England.

In speaking of Persian and Arabian life and manners, he notices the discordance which subsists between the nations ; but it appeared to him to be greater than other observers

have found it to be. He gives the following instance of it.—“ We were much amused with the son of an Arabian sheik, a child three years old, whose spirited answers were strong indications of the manner in which his father was bringing him up. I asked him, among other questions, if he was an Arab or a Persian. Indignant that there should be a doubt upon the subject, his little hand grasped the dagger in his girdle, as he replied in an angry tone, ‘ God be praised, I am an Arab ! ’ an example how early a mutual hatred is instilled into the youth of these rival nations.”

The concluding scene of a betrothment at Bussorah, still more amused him.—“ We witnessed the curious ceremony of a Turk and a Jew dancing together to celebrate the betrothment of a Christian—a circumstance remarkable in a country so distinguished for religious rancour to those of a different persuasion. The exhibition was truly pantomimic and highly entertaining, as it served to contrast the bustling activity of the European with the steady demeanour of the Asiatic. The dance was meant to represent a fight for a fair lady. It commenced with diverse gliding movements, and at last ended in an open-handed sparring match, in which both turbans were discomposed : not so the gravity of the wearers, who during the dance, which lasted a quarter of an hour, moved

not a muscle of their features. At a late hour we retired to rest, attended by a numerous host of servants carrying linen lanterns, which, reflecting on the mingled group of Europeans and Asiatics, had a very picturesque appearance; so, not having, like the inhabitants, the fear of a halter before our eyes for keeping late hours, we placed the drummer and fifer in the van, and returned to the factory, singing and dancing all the way, our sounds of merriment breaking in upon the dead silence of the streets."

In the same neighbourhood, a temporary spirit of antiquarian research (for the captain does not appear to possess the permanent zeal of a profound antiquary) led him to the following survey.—"Mr. Hamilton, two naval officers, and myself, went to Zobeir, to examine some ruins in the neighbourhood, supposed by some to be those of the ancient city of Bussorah. Within two miles of Zobeir, the remains of a wall can be traced; and here commence the ruins, which are very extensive. Large fragments of stone pillars lie scattered in every direction; many of these, remaining in the original position, show that the former buildings were spacious, and supported by colonnades. About a mile west of Zobeir, the remains of buildings are much more indicative of former splendour than elsewhere. Our guides informed us, that this quarter was formerly inhabited by the wealthy Barmecides, of whom mention is made in the Arabian Nights. This noble family was of Persian extraction; but, settling afterwards in the cities of Bagdad and Bussorah, its members enjoyed the highest honours of the state. The portion of a handsome arch, containing a Cufic inscription, was pointed out to us as the tomb of Ali the Barmecide. Near this tomb is a small mosque, covered with glazed tiles, containing the tomb of Zobeir, an Arab chief, from whom the neighbouring town derives its name.—This town has regular streets, and an air of cleanliness that must strike

every one coming from the stinking city of Bussorah. It was built a century ago, by some Arabs, who fortified themselves in it against the attacks of that desperate gang of Mahometan dissenters—the Wahabees, so called from their leader Wahab."

He entertains no doubt of his having seen the genuine ruins of Babylon—we shall only say that we have strong doubts upon the subject.

In the deserts of Mesopotamia, he met with a variety of animals, calculated to afford sport to the hunter and the fowler.—"We stopped at a patch of brushwood and jungle, where nearly all the boatmen and guard went to cut wood for fuel. In the midst of this employment, one of the party disturbed a lion that was sleeping under a bush. He was greatly frightened, and speedily communicated his terror to his comrades, who hastened on board. The lion stole away, and the trackers, who had to walk through the same jungle, continued their work without making any objection. Game of every description was abundant throughout, which reminded us that we were in the ancient kingdom of Nimrod, that 'mighty hunter before the Lord.' The spot we were now passing, was quite living with the immense quantities of animals of all descriptions. At every step, our trackers put up pelicans, swans, geese, ducks, and snipes; numbers of hogs were seen galloping about in every direction; a lioness strolled toward our boat, and stood staring at us for two or three seconds; when within thirty yards, Mr. Hamilton and myself fired at her; but, as we used only small shot, we did her no injury; the noise of our guns made her turn quietly round, and she went away as leisurely as she came. We also saw a numerous flock of small birds, which presented the appearance of a large whirlwind, and literally darkened the air in their flight: they were birds of the ortolan species."

A picture of human life, in the desert, is spirited and seemingly

faithful.—“As we continued our shooting excursion over a desert tract, unmarked by human habitation, we approached a boy tending cattle, who, immediately on perceiving us, set up a loud cry, and ran with all his might to a small mount, so gradually elevated as to be scarcely perceptible to us. In an instant, like the dragon's teeth which Cadmus sowed, a large body of men armed with spears appeared on the brow of the hill, and seemed to have grown out from the (till then) unpeopled spot. The men set up a loud shout, in which they were joined by the women and children, who now made their appearance. All, with one accord, rushed impetuously toward us, demanding the nature of our intentions; they were no sooner assured of our pacific disposition, than their clamour ceased and in two minutes we were on the most friendly terms. A little after this, several women, accompanied by a number of children, brought milk, butter, and curds, for sale, and followed the boat for some time. To one of the women from whom we received a vessel of milk, we offered a quantity of dates in return. Not being satisfied with them, she desired to have her milk again. A piastre was thrown to her, which after taking up and examining, she ran off to a considerable distance, dancing and shouting with joy. Another very handsome young woman, with a child in her arms, asked for some cloth to cover her infant's head; we gave her a silk handkerchief, which so delighted her, that she approached the boat, and with her right hand raised to heaven, invoked every blessing on us. The handkerchief appeared to excite great curiosity; for a crowd collected round her, and it was held up and examined in every direction, seemingly with much delight.

“The behaviour of these females formed a striking contrast with the manners of the Indian women, and still more with those of the veiled dames of Bussorah. They came

to our boat with the frankness of innocence, and there was a freedom in their manners, bordering perhaps on the masculine; nevertheless, their fine features, and well turned limbs, presented a *tout ensemble* of beauty, not often surpassed, perhaps even in the brilliant assemblies of civilized life. True it is, their complexions were of a gypsy brown; but, even on this point, there may be some who see “A Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.”

An approach to Bagdad, from the character of its ruler, seemed to be like rushing into a tiger's den.—“The pasha is a Georgian by birth, and was formerly a slave; but, having at an early age abjured Christianity, he assumed the character of a Mahometan devotee, and seating himself at the palace gate, acquired so large a sum by begging, that he was sufficiently rich to be able to purchase the pashalic, and sent in his proposals to the grand signor. His application was answered in the usual way, by forwarding an order for the execution of the ruling pasha; which being put into immediate effect, the mendicant slave stepped quietly into the place of his old master. He had no sooner possessed himself of the pashalic than he threw off the mask of ascetic, and appeared in his true colours.

Convinced that a situation which was gained by blood, “by blood must be maintained,” he has been as reckless of life as any of his predecessors; and I have been informed, that no less than fifteen hundred persons have fallen victims to his ambition or rapacity. He is a good-humoured looking man, apparently between forty and fifty years of age, and of very prepossessing manners. During the interview, I tried to discover in his fine countenance any lines of remorse for such a load of crime; but I looked in vain; and, remembering Byron's descriptive lines on the pasha Ali, found it not less difficult

“to trace
The deeds which lurk beneath, and stain
him with disgrace.”

The very name of Bagdad excites high and splendid associations of ideas:—let us see how our expectations are answered.

“Bagdad is surrounded by a battlemented wall; the part toward the palace as was the case in ancient Babylon, is ornamented with glazed tiles of various colours. The graceful minarets, and the beautifully shaped domes of the mosques, are sure to attract the eye. One or two of these are gaudily decorated with glazed tiles of blue, white, and yellow, which, formed into a mosaic of flowers, reflect the rays of the sun: the variegated foliage of the trees of these numerous gardens, which must probably have given the name to the city, serve as a beautiful background to the picture. But, on entering the town, the vision of beauty is dispelled.

“The walls are of mud: the streets which are scarcely wide enough to allow two persons to pass, are so empty, that a visitant might fancy the inhabitants had died of the plague: he looks upwards,—two dead walls meet his eyes; he now enters the bazaar; and finds that he has no reason to complain of want of population, a mass of dirty wretches render this road almost impassable; with some difficulty he jostles through a succession of narrow cloistered passages, traversing each other at right angles; the light, which is admitted by holes a foot in diameter from the top, gives to the sallow features of the crowd below a truly consumptive appearance, agreeing well with the close, hot, fulsome smell of bad ventilation.

“The interior of a house, however, is much more comfortable than its outward appearance would lead you to expect. The residence of the aga Saikis is not a bad specimen of this; it consists of a succession of square courts surrounded by galleries, each forming a distinct habitation. In the outer court is a room, or rather a recess, forming three sides of a square, and open toward the front; this is the office where

the ordinary business of the day is transacted: the second court is somewhat larger, but of a similar structure, in which is also a recess; this is the audience room. From the galleries are partitioned off several rooms, some of which we occupied, having windows opening to the court, formed of small diamond-shaped panes of glass of every colour, disposed in various fantastic shapes: the interiors of these chambers are decorated in the same style; the ceiling is composed of a kind of trellis work, describing flowers of different colours. The walls are formed into small arched recesses, of the Arabesque order, and are gilded in a gaudy manner. The number of these courts is increased according to the size of the house; the inmost always comprising the harem, or women's apartments. The few windows that look toward the street, are covered with a frame of lattice-work. During the warm weather, the inhabitants sleep on bedsteads placed on the roofs, which are flat, and surrounded by parapet walls. As some of the roofs are more elevated than others, those occupying the highest can observe the women who dwell in the lower apartments; but a stranger will think well before he indulges his curiosity, as a Turk would feel himself justified in sending a ball through the head of his prying neighbour.”

At Teheran, the captain and his friends had the honour of an audience of Fateh Ali, the shah; but we shall omit the ceremonial pageantry and the idle conversation, and only state a remarkable circumstance sometimes attendant on such interviews.—“I must not omit the mention of a circumstance connected with our interview, as it illustrates a piece of etiquette at the court of a despotic monarch. A few minutes before we were presented, we observed two men carrying a long pole and a bundle of sticks toward the audience-chamber. Curiosity led us to ask the Mirza what was the meaning of this.—‘That machine,’ said he, ‘is the bas-

tinado; it is for you, if you misbehave. Those men are carrying it to the king, who never grants a private audience without having it by him in case of accidents.' The pole we saw was about eight feet long; when the punishment is inflicted, the culprit is thrown on his back, his feet are secured by cords bound round the ankles, and made fast to the pole with the soles upmost; the pole is held by a man at both ends, and two men, one on each side, armed with sticks, strike with such force that the toe-nails frequently drop off. This punishment is inflicted upon men of the highest rank, generally for the purpose of extorting money."

An amusing scene occurred at Miana.—"On entering the town, we were witnesses to rather a curious exhibition.—I should first mention that the Persians are in the habit of sleeping on the flat roofs of their houses during the summer months. Day was just breaking when we arrived. As the houses of the poorer classes are generally not more than eight feet high, we had a full view of nearly the whole population in bed. Many were asleep; some few had awoken; others were getting out of bed, to make their morning toilette. The scene was highly entertaining, and brought to mind the story of *Le Diable Boiteux* unroofing the houses for the gratification of *Don Cleofas*."

The folly and ignorance of a man of rank received a proper check from the caution and superior wisdom of the wandering party.—"We met with a native who had expended the greater part of his fortune in search of the philosopher's stone; the ill success he had hitherto met with, far from discouraging him in his pursuit, seemed only to have increased his ardour. The object

of his present visit was to consult Mr. Lamb, whom he believed to be in possession of the secret. He entertained this opinion, in consequence of being told by some one who had been with us, that the learned Englishman was examining stones, and subjecting them to a chemical process. This was true enough; Mr. Lamb being a geologist had been so employed, and the stones and chemical tests lying still on the table, served thoroughly to confirm our visitor in this conviction, which no assurances we could at first give had the power of removing. Finding Mr. Lamb what he deemed obdurate in withholding the desired information, he seized a bottle of acid, with which he had seen him produce effervescence with limestone; and, thinking his phial would open to him the wished-for treasure, implored in the most piteous accent that it might be given him.

"We gathered from his conversation that he had been made the dupe of one of those artful impostors common in this country, who go about preying on the credulity and weakness of those whose avarice makes them easy victims. We informed him that many years ago the principal philosophers of Europe had been engaged in this visionary pursuit, which had now for upwards of a century been abandoned, from a conviction of its being unattainable; and we strongly advised him, on the next visit he received from his philosopher, to satisfy all farther demands by a vigorous application of the bastinado. After an hour's conversation we appeared to have succeeded in somewhat staggering his belief, and his countenance on leaving us conveyed the impression that he would attend to our suggestion." —*Lady's Magazine*.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,

On turning over the leaves of your numbers for July and August, which I received together, a few days ago,

my eye was attracted by an article in the former, entitled, a new method of squaring the circle. Now, as the daily routine of business allows me

scarcely time to con over a newspaper or pamphlet, and believing nearly all the inhabitants of this province to be in a similar predicament, excepting the youth at college, who yet seldom stay there long enough to become profound in the sciences, I was not a little startled on seeing this announcement, that this fugitive atom of the misty mathematics, which had eluded the grasp of Archimedes and Newton, escaped the analytic nets of Euler, and the probing of Hutton, should at length be seized and put forth to the public gaze, by a Nova-Scotian, appeared, at first view incredible. Nevertheless, considering how a careless stroller might chance to stumble on a object which had remained undiscovered by scientific investigation, I commenced with some hope, and no little curiosity, to scan the promising page and imbibe the proffered draught of knowledge: but I must confess, I found not the flagon so generous as the inscription seemed to intimate. This apple of the tree of wisdom left only a craving for more substantial fruit. In short, where the title of the subject had led me to anticipate demonstration, I found only assertion. The preparatory illustration of lines and curves ends but in—assertion. Yet do I not by any means, wish to detract from the ingenuity of your correspondent, I allow him full credit for his discovery, so far as it goes, and hope he will not fail to prosecute the subject, until some way be found of managing the obstinate periphery: and as you, Mr. Editor, profess ardently to desire the improvement of the poor bluenoses of Acadia, I trust you will persuade your correspondent to lay open the inductive process by which he arrived at his discovery. Would he indicate the steps by which he ascended thus far, others would be spared the search for the introductory path, and when once fairly in the route, might labour with him to attain the summit. It would likewise be satisfactory to know on what grounds he forms an opinion of his

discovery; wherefore he conceives the quadrantal chord of his second circle to be really equal to a similar arc of the first. As already observed, he does not demonstrate; and the fact of its approaching near to the measure, on calculation, is no proof. He allows this indeed, and intimates his wish that some one would disprove the proposition if incorrect. In furtherance of this end then, he should signify his reasons for believing it correct, and which, I presume, amount to more than the mere approximation on calculation. To judge by this rule indeed, his proposition cannot be true; because the common mode of calculation, which is allowed to be incorrect is still nearer than his. As his opinion seems to differ on this point, I must beg leave to state the matter. So near the truth is the common mode of calculation, when carried for instance to 100 places of decimals, that the error, it is plain, must be less than 1-10,000 &c. (to 100 cyphers) part of a unit. Now his proposition (by common trigonometrical calculation, it is true) gives the circumference, 942.8+ when the diameter is 300, while the usual mode gives 942.4+, the surplus of his measurement over the common one being more than 3-10, and evidently much too great. It may be said, that the trigonometrical calculation is but an approximation to the measure of the chord, and, that by more laborious methods it might be more exactly obtained. True: but however accurately the measure of that chord be ascertained, still without demonstration, it cannot be known to be the measure of the arc required. In illustration of the subject, I may mention what occurred to me, on examining your correspondent's figure. By trial with the compasses, the side of the inner square appeared to be so exactly 5-7 of the side of the outer square, that I was induced to attempt a calculation on that supposition.—Thus, the side of the outer square or diameter of the circle would be 7-5,

the half or radius, 7-10, its square 49-100, the double of which being 98-100, wants only 2-100 of the real measure of the hypotenuse, or chord of the quadrant, being the side of the inner square, which should be unity by the supposition. Now, had not the 47.1 of Euclid been at hand to detect the error, I might, with equal reason, have maintained my hypothesis to be true. On these considerations, it would be very satisfactory in the absence of demonstration, to know wherefore W. M'K. considers the chord N H, of his figure, to be the measure of the arc A D.

It would also be condescending to inform us secluded mathematicians, or would-be-if-we-could-be-mathematicians, what the Bos. Rec. and Tel. may be, (for my part, I can make nothing of it but a *square cow*, and a *telegraph*!) also, what M. Malacare intends by his "*square to the circle*." It does not appear to signify either the square inscribed or circumscribed; for neither + the semi-diameter, would give 936.4, taking the diameter 300. I may also remark, in reference to the latter part of the communication, that what is said concerning the line Y V, seems to amount to this: that the side of a square inscribed in a circle, is the chord of its quadrant: that the side of a square circumscribing the circle, is its diameter: that the diagonal of this last square is double

the chord of the quadrant of the circle, or side of the inner, or first square; that the diameters of the circles, when repeated, and sides of the squares repeated, are in geometrical proportion, the ratio being V Q; that is they double in every other term or figure; this being also the ratio of the radius to the quadrantal chord, or, in other words, of the side to the hypotenuse of an isoscoles right angled triangle. The triangles also, C O G, and A D R, are similarly situated in quadrants of circles, and must therefore of necessity, be similar triangles. These things, I presume, cannot have escaped the scrutiny of the thousands of mathematicians, who in the flight of ages, have been employed on this subject, from the eagle-eyed Greeks, to the laborious Dutchmen; and who, one cannot but think, would have made something of them, if any thing could be effected by their agency. Nevertheless, let W. M'K. proceed, by all means; and in acceding to the request now made, he might also favour us with a demonstration of the property of the rays from D to the arc C B, which similarly divide it and S B, which for my part I have no time to make. Indeed, the scribbling these few lines has already inconveniently interfered with my regular day's jog-trot—so good-bye Mr. Editor, with good wishes to W. M'K. E**** I.

22d August, 1827.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MANSIE WAUCH.

BENJIE ON THE CARPET.

“It's no in titles, nor in rank—
It's no in wealth, like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
It's no in making muckle MAIR—
It's no in books—it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest.”—BURNS.

It is a maist wonderfu' thing to the e'e of a pheelosopher, to make observation hoo youth get up, notwithstanding all the dunts and tumbles of infancy—to say naething of the spain-ing-brash and the teeth-cutting; and

to behold the veesible changes that the course of a few years produces. Keep us a'! it seemed but yesterday to me, when Benjie, a wee bit smout o' a wean, wi' lang linty locks and docket petticoats, toddilet butt and

ben, wi' a coral gumstick tied round his waist wi' a bit knittin; and now, after he had been at Dominie Threshim's for four year, he had learned to read Barrie's Collection aemaist as weel as the maister could do for his lugs; and was up to all manner of accounts, from simple addition and the multiplication table, up to vulgar fractions, and a' the lave of them.

At the yearly examine o' the school-room by the Preybytery and Maister Wiggie, he aye sat at the head of the form, and never failed getting a clap on the head and a when carvies. Them that are fathers will no wonder that this made me as proud as a peacock; but when they askit his name, and fand whase son he was, then the matter seemed to cease being a business of wonder, as naebody could suppose that an only bairn, born to me in lawful wedlock, could be a dult. Folk's cleverness—at least I should think sae—lies in their pows; and, that allowed, Benjie's was a gey droll ane, being of the maist remarkable sort of a shape ye ever seed; but, what is mair till the purpose baith here and hereafter, he was a real gude-hearted callant, though as sharp as a hawk and as gleig as a needle. Everybody that had the smallest gumption prophesied that he would be a real clever ane; nor could we grudge that we took pains in his rearing—he having been like a sucking-turkey, or a hot-house plant, frae far away, delicate in the constitution—when we saw that the debt was likely to be paid with bank-interest, and that, by his uncommon cleverality, the callant was likely to be a credit to our family.

Mony and lang were the debates atween his fond mither and me, what trade we wad breed him up to, for the matter now became serious, Benjie being in his thirteenth year; and, though a wee bowed in the near leg, frae a suppleness about his knee-joint, nevertheless as active as a hatter, and fit for ony calling whatsoever under the sun. Ae thing I had

determined in my ain mind, and that was, that he should never wi' my wull gang abroad. The gentry are nae doubt pheelosophers enough to bring up their bairns like sheep to the slaughter, and despatch them as cadies to Bengal and the Cap of Gude Hope as sune as theyre grown up; when, lo and behold, the first news they hear o' them is in a letter, sealed wi' black wax, telling how they deed o' the liver complaint, and were buried by six blacks twa hours after.

That was ae thing settled and sealed, so nae mair needs be said about it; yet, notwithstanding of Nanse's being satisfied that the spae-wife was a deceitful gypsey, perfectly untrustworthy, she wad aye hae a finger in the pye, and try to perswade me in a coaxing way. "I'm sure," she wad say, "ane in half an e'e may see that our son Benjie has just the physog of an admiral. It's a great shame contradicting nature."

"Po, po," answered I, "woman, ye dinna ken what yere saying. Do ye imagine that if he were made a sea-admiral, we could ever live to hae ony comfort in the son of our bosom? Wad he no, think ye, be obleeged with his ship to sail the salt seas, through foul weather and fair; and, when he met the French, to fight, hack, and hew them down, lith and limb, with grape-shot, and cutlass; till some unfortunate day or ither, after having lost a leg and an arm in the service, he is felled as dead as a door-nail, wi' a cut and thrust ower the crown, by some furious rascal that saw he was aff his guard, glowing wi' his blind e'e anither way.—Ye speak havers, Nanse; what are a' the honours o' this world worth? No worth this pinch of snuff I have atween my finger and thumb—no worth a bodle, if we never saw our Benjie again, but he was aye ranging and rampaging far abroad, shedding human blood; and when we could only aye dream about him in our sleep as ane that was wandering night and day blindfolded down

the lang, dark, lapless avenue o' destruction, and destined never more to veesit Dalkeith again, except wi' a wooden stump and a brass viril, or to have his head blawn aff his shoulders, mast high, like ingan peelings, wi' some explowding earthquake of combustible gunpowther.—Ca' in the laddie, I say, and see what he wad like to be himsell."

Nanse ran but the house, and straightway brought Benjie, that was playing at the bools, ben by the lug and horn. I had gotten a glass, so my speerit was up. "Stand there." I said; "Benjie, look me in the face, and tell me what trade ye wad like to be."

"Trade," answered Benjie, "I wad like to be a gentleman."

Dog on it, it was mair than I could thole, and I saw that his mother had spoiled him; so, tho' I aye likit to gie him wholesome reproof rather than lift my hand, I broke through this rule in a couple of hurries, and gied him siccan a yerck in the cheek wi' the loof o' my hand, as made, I'm sure, his lugs ring, and sent him dozing to the door like a pirie.

"Ye see that," said I, as the laddie gaed ben the house whinging; "ye see what a kettle o' fish ye hae made o't?"

"Weel, weel," answered Nanse, a wee startled by my strong deceesive way o' managing, "ye ken best, and, I fancy, maun tak the matter your ain way. But ye can hae nae earthly objection to making him a lawer's advocatt?"

"I wad see him hanged first," answered I. "What? do you imagine I wad set a son o' mine to be a Sherry offisher, ganging about rampaging through the country, taking up fiefs and rubbers, and suspicious characters wi' wauf looks, and waur claes; exposed to all manner of evil communication from bad company, in the way o' business; and rousing out puir creatures, that canna find wherewithal to pay their lawful debts, at the Cross, by warrant o' the Sherry, wi' an auld chair in ae hand, and an

eevory hammer in the ither. Siccan a sight wad be the death o' me."

"What think ye then o' the preaching line?" askit Nanse.

"The preaching line!" quo' I—"Na, na, that'll never do. No that I want respect for ministers, wha are the servants o' the Most High; but the truth is, that unless ye hae great friens and patronage o' the like o' the Duke down by, or the Marquis o' Loudon up by, or sic like, ye may preach yoursell as hoarse as a corbie, frae June to Januar, afore onybody will say, 'hae, puir man, there's a kirk.' And if nae kirk casts up—which is mair nor likely—what can a young probationer turn his hand till? He has learned nae trade, so he can neither work nor want. He daurna dig nor delve, even though he were able, or he wad be hauled by the cuff o' the neck afore his betters in the General Assembly, for having the impudence to go for to be so bold as dishonour the claithe; and though he may get his bit orra half a guiney whiles, for holding forth in some bit country kirk, to a when shepherds and their dougs, when the minister himsell, staring in the fat o' gude living and little wark, is lying ill of a bile fever, or has the gout in his muckle tae, yet he has aye the meeseries o' uncertainty to encounter, his coat grows bare in the cuffs, greasy in the neck, and brown atween the shouthers; his jaw-banes get lang and lank, his een sunk, and his head grey wi' vexation, and what the wise Solomon calls "hope deferred;" so, at lang and last, friendless and penniless, he takes the incurable complaint o' a broken heart, and is buried out o' the gate, in some bit strange corner o' the kirk yard."

"Stop, stop, gudeman," cried Nanse, half greeting, "that's an awfu' business; but I daursay it's ower true. But mightna we breed him a doctor? It seems they have unco profits, and, as he's sae clever, he might come to be a graduit."

"Doctor," answered I—"Kay, kay, let that flee stick i' the wa', it's

a' ye ken about it. If ye was only aware o' what doctors had to do and see, atween dwining weans and crying wives, ye wad hae thocht twice afore ye let that out. Hoo do ye think our callant has a heart within him to look at folk bluiding like sheep, or to sew up cuttit throats wi' a silver needle and silk thread, as I wad stitch a pair o' trowsers; or to trepan out pieces o' coloured skulls, filling up the hole wi' an iron plate; and pull teeth, maybe the only anes left, out o' auld women's heads, and sae on, to say naething of rampaging wi' dark lanterns, and double-tweel dreadnoughts, aboot gousty kirkyards, amang humlock and lang nettles, the hail night ower, like spunkies—shoving the dead corpses, winding-sheets and a', into corn-sacks, and boiling their banes, after they have dissectit a' the red flesh aff them, into a big caudron, to get out the marrow to mak' drogs of?"

"Eh, stop, stop, Mansie!" cried Nanse, hauding up her hands.

"Na," continued I, "but its a true bill—it's as true as ye're sitting there. And do ye think that ony yearthly compensation, either goupins o' gowd by way o' fees, or yellow chariots to ride in, wi' a black servant sticking up ahint, like a sign ower a tobacconist's door, can ever mak up for the loss of a man's having a' his feelings seared to iron, and his soul made into whun-stane, yea, into the nether-millstane, by being airt and pairt in sic dark and deevilish abominations? Gae away wi' siccan downright nonsense. Harken to my words, Manse, my dear. The happiest man is he that can live quietly and soberly on the earnings o' his industry, pays his day and way, works not only to win the bread o' life for his wife and weans, but because he kens that idleset is sinful; keeps a pure heart towards God and man; and caring not for the fashion of this world, departs from it in the hope of ganging, through the merits of his Redeemer, to a better."

"Ye are right after a'," said Nanse, gieing me a pat on the shouther; and finding wha was her maister as weel as spouse—"Ill wad it become me to gang for to gie advice to my betters. Tak your wull in the business, gudeman; and if ye dinna mak him an admiral, just mak him what ye like."

"Now is the time, thocht I to mysell, to carry my point, finding the drappikie I had ta'en wi' Donald M'Naughtan, in settling his account for the green jacket, still working in my noddle, and gieing me a power o' words equal to Mr. Blouster the Cameronian preacher,—now is the time, for I still saw the unleavened pride o' womankind whambling within her, like a serpent that has gotten a knock on the pow, and been cast down, but not destroyed; so taking a hearty snuff out of my box, and drawing it up first ae nostril, then anither, syne dighting my finger and thumb on my breek-knees, "What think ye," said I, "of a sweep? Were it not for getting their faces blackit like savages, a sweep is no siccan a bad trade after a'; though, to be sure, ganging down lums six stories high, head foremost, and landing upon the soles o' their feet upon the hearth-stane, like a kitling, is no just sae pleasant." Ye observe, it was only to throw cauld water on the unthrifty flame o' a mither's pride that I said this, and to pull down uppishness from its heathenish temple in the heart, head foremost. So I lookit till her, to hear hoo she wad come on.

"Havers, havers," said Nanse, birsing up like a cat afore a colley. "Sweep, say ye? I wad sooner send him up wi, Lunardi to the man o' the moon; or see him banished, shackled neck and heels, to Botany Bay."

"A weel, a weel," answered I, "what notion hae ye o' the pack-man line? We could fill his box wi' needles and prins, and tape, and hanks o' worsted, and penny thum-mels, at a sma' expense; and, pittin

a stick in his hand, send him abroad until the wide world to push his fortune."

The wife lookit dumbfounded. Howsomever—"Or breed him a rowley-poley man," continued I, "to trail about the countra frequenting fairs; and dozing thro' the streets selling penny cakes to weans, out o' a basket slung round the neck wi' a leather strap, and parliaments, and quality, brown and white, and snaps weel peppered, and gingerbread nits, and sae on. The trade is no a bad ane, if creatures wad only learn to be carefu'."

"Mansie Wauch, Mansie Wauch, hae ye gane out o' yere wuts," cried Nanse,—“are ye really serious?”

I saw what I was aboot, so gaed on without pretending to mind her.—“Or what say ye to a penny-pie-man? 'Ifegs, it's a cozey birth, and ane that gars the cappers birl down. What's the expense of a bit daigh, half an ounce weight, pirlled round wi' the knuckles into a case, and filled half fu' o' salt and water, wi' twa three nips o' braxy floating aboot in't? Just naething ava;—and consider on a winter night, when ice-shockles are hinging frae the tiles, and stamachs relish what is warm and tasty; what a sale they can get if they gang aboot jingling their little bell, and keep the genuine article! Then ye ken, in the afternoon, he can show that he has twa strings to his bow; and hae a when kukies, either new baked for leddies' tea-parties, or the yesterday's auld shop-keepers het up i' the oon again,—which is all to ae purpose.”

“Are ye really in your seven natural senses,—or can I believe my ain een? I could maistly imagine some warlock had thrown glamour into them,” said Nanse, staring me broad in the face.

“Tak a gude look, gudewife, for seein's believing,” quo' I: and then continued, without drawing breath or bridle, at full birr—

“Or if the baking line doesna please ye, what say ye to binding

him regularly to a man-cook? There he'll see life in all its variourums. Losh keep us a', what an insight into the secrets of roasting, brandering, frying, boiling, baking, and brewing—nicking o' geese's craigs—hacking the necks o' dead chickens, and cutting out the tongues o' leeving turkies. Then what a steaming o' fat soup in the nostrils! and siccan a collection o' fine smells, as would persuade a man that he could fill his stomach through his nose! Nae weather can reach such cattle: it may be a storm of snaw, twenty feet deep, or an even-doun pour o' rain, washing the very cats aff the house-taps; when a weaver is shivering at his loom, wi' not a drap o' bluid at his finger nails, and a tailor, like myself, sae numb wi' cauld, that instead o' driving the needle through the claith, he brogues it through his ain thumb—then, feint a hair care they: but, standing beside a ranting, roaring, parrot-coal fire, in a white apron, and a gingham jacket, they pour sauce out o' ae pan into anither, to suit the taste of my lord this, and my lady that, turning, by their legerdemain, fish into fowl, and fowl into flesh; till, in the lang run, man, woman, and wean, a' chew and champ away, without kenning mair what they are eating, than ye ken the day ye'll dee, or whether the Witch o' Endor wore a demety falderal, or a manco petticoat.”

“Weel,” cried Nanse, half rising to gang ben the house, “I'll sit nae langer to hear ye gabbling nonsense like a magpie. Mak Benjie what ye like; but ye'll mak me greet the een out o' my hea!”

“Hooly and fairly,” said I; “Nanse, sit still like a woman, and hear me out;” so, gieing her a pat on the shouther, she sat her ways down, and I resumed my discourse.

“Ye've heard, gudewife, fra Benjie's ain mouth, that he has made up his mind to follow out the trade o' a gentleman; wha's putten sic outrageous notions in his head, I'm sure I'll no pretend to guess at. Having

never myself, been aboon daily bread, and constant wark—when I could get it—I daurna presume to speak from experience: but this I can say, from having some acquaintances in the line, that of all easy lifes, commend me to that of a gentleman's gentleman. It's true he's caa'd a flunky, which does nae sound quite the thing; but what o' that? what's in a name? pugh! it doesna signify a bawbee—no, nor that pinch o' snuff: for gif we descend to particulars, we're a' flunkies thegither, except his Majesty on the throne.—Then William Pitt is his flunky—and half o' the House o' Commons are his flunkies, doing what he bids them, right or wrang, and no dauring to disobey orders, no, for the hair in their heads—then the Yearl waits on my lord Deuk—Sir something waits on Lord somebody—and his tenant, Mr. so and so, waits on him—and Mr. so and so has his butler—and the butler has his flunky—and the shoeblack brushes the flunky's jacket—and sae on. We all hing at ane anither's tails like a rope o' ingans—so ye observe, that ony sic objection, in the sight of a pheelosopher like our Benjie, wadna weigh a straw's weight.

“Then consider, for a moment—just consider, gudewife, what company a flunky is every day ta'en up wi', standing behint the chairs, and helping to clean plates and porter; and the manners he canna help learning, if he is in the smallest gleg in the uptak, so that, when out o' livery, it is the toss up o' a bawbee, whether ye find out the difference between the man and the master. He learns, in fact, every thing. He learns French,—he learns dancing, in all its branches,—he learns hoo to gie boots the finishing polish,—he learns hoo to play at cairds, as if he had been born and bred a yearl,—he learns, from pouring the bottles, the names of every wine brewed abroad,—he learns hoo to brush a coat, so that, after sax months' tear and wear, ane without spentacles

wad imagine it had only gotten the finishing stitch the Saturday night afore,—and he learns to play on the flute, and the spinit, and the piany, and the fiddle, and the bagpipes, and to sing all manner o' sangs, and to skirl, full gallop, wi' sich a pith and berr, that though he was to lose his precious eye-sight wi' the sma'-pox, or a flash o' forkit lightning, or fall down a three-story stair dead drunk, and smash his legs to siccan a degree that baith of them requered to be cuttit aff, aboon the knees, half an hour after, sae far a' right and weel—for he could just tear aff his shouther-knot, and mak a perfect fortune—in the ae case, in being led frae door to door by a ragged laddie, wi' a string at the button-hole, playing, ‘Ower the Border,’ ‘the Hen's March,’ ‘Donald M'Donald,’ ‘Jenny Nettles,’ and sic like grand tunes, on the claronet; or, in the ither case, in being drawn frae town to town, and frae door to door, on a burdle, like a lord, harnessed to four dogs of all colours, at the rate of twa miles i' the hour exclusive of stoppages.—What say ye, gudewife?”

Nanse gied a mournfu' look, as if she was frichted I had grown dementit, and only said, “Tak your ain way, gudeman; yese got your ain way for me, I fancy.”

Seeing her in this Christian state o' resignation, I determin'd at ance to het the nail on the head, and put an end to the hail business as I intended. “Now, Nanse,” quo' I, “to come to close quarters wi' ye, tell me candidly and seriously what ye think of a barber? Every ane maun allow it's a canny and cozie trade.”

“A barber that shaves beards!” said Nanse. “Od, Mansie, ye're surely gaun gyte. Ye're surely joking me a' the time.”

“Joking!” answered I, smoothing down my chin, which was gey rough,—“Joking here or joking there, I shouldna think the settling of an only bairn, in an honourable

way o' doing for a' the days o' his natural life, is ony joking business. Ye dinna ken what ye're saying, woman. Barbers! i'fegs, to turn up your nose at barbers! did ever leev- ing hear sich nonsense; but, to be sure, ane can blame naebody if they speak to the best o' their experience. I've heard tell o' barbers, women, about London, that raid up this street, and down that ither street, in coaches and four, jumping out to every ane that halloed to them, sharpening razors baith on stane and strap, at the ransom of a penny the pair; and shaving aff men's beards, whiskers and a', stoop and roop, for a three-ha'pence. Speak o' barbers! it's all ye ken about it. Commend me to a safe employment, and a profitable. They may gie others a nick, and draw blood, but catch them hurting themsells. They are no exposed to caulds and rheumatics, frae east winds and rainy weather: for they sit, in white aprons, plaiting hair into wigs, for auld folks that hae bell-pows, or making false curls for leddies, that wad fain like to look smart in the course o' nature. And then they gang from house to house, like gentlemen in the morning: cracking wi' Maister this or Madam that, as they soap their chins wi' scented soap, or put their hair up in marching order either for kirk or play-house. Then, at their leisure, when they're no thrang at hame, they can cut corns to the gentry; or gie ploughmen's heads the bicker-cut for a penny, and the hair into the bargain, for stuffing chairs wi': and between us, wha kens—mony a rot- tenger ship has come to land—but that some genty Miss, fond o' plays, poems, and novels, may fancy our Benjie, when he is gieing her red hair a twist wi' the torturing irons, and rin away wi' him, amaisit whe-

ther he wull or no, in a stound o' unbearable love!"

Here making an end o' my dis- course, and halting to draw breath, I lookit Nause braid in the face, as much as to say, "Contradict me if you daur," and "what think ye o' that now"—The man is no worth his lugs that allows his wife to be master; and being by all laws, divine and human, the head o' the house, I aye made a rule o' keeping my putt gude. To be candid, howsomever, I must take leave to confess, that Nause being a reasonable woman, gied me but few opportunities o' exerting my authority in this way. As in other matters, she soon cam, on reflection, to see the propriety of what I had been saying and setting furth. Besides, she had siccan a mitherly affection towards our bit callant, that sending him abroad wad hae been the death o' her.

To be sure, since thae days,— which, alas, and woe's me! are no yeesterday now, as my grey hair and wrinkled brow but ower visibly remind me—sich ups and downs have ta'en place in the commercial world, that the barber line has been clipped of its profits and shaven close, from patriotic competition amang its mem- bers, like a' the lave. Amang ither things, hair-powther, which was used frae the sweep on the lum-head to the king on the throne, is only now in fashion wi' Lords o' Session, and vale-de-shambles; and pigtails have been cut aff from the face o' the earth, root and branch. Neverthe- less, as I have ta'en occasion to mak observations, the foundations of the cutting and shaving line are as sure as that o' the everlasting rocks; beards being likely to roughen, and heads to require polling, as lang as wood grows and water rins.

A PERSON who was famous for ar- riving just at dinner time, upon going to a friend's, (where he was a fre- quent visitor,) was asked by the lady of the house if he would *do as they*

did. On his replying he should be happy to have the pleasure, she re- plied, "*Dine at home, then.*" He, of course, had received his *quietus* for some time at least.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

Midnight was sleeping upon Babylon.
 Its stars were hung, in all their glittering
 brightness,
 Along the sapphire bosom of the sky ;
 The sound of music in the fragrant groves
 Had ceased ; the blushing flowery wreaths,
 The mimic stars that sparkled in their
 green,
 Were gone ; and solitude was sleeping
 there.
 The voice of the loud reveller, and the step
 Of hasty multitudes, no more resounded
 Along the empty streets—all, all, was si-
 lence.
 Belshazzar lay, beneath the canopy
 Of pictured gold, and vainly courted
 sleep.
 That night the cup had flowed, the lute
 had rung
 Its silver notes along the kingly hall ;
 But now, alone, upon his couch reclined,
 Fanned by the musk-wind's soft delicious
 breath,
 Surrounded by the splendours of the east,
 The perfumed lamps a dreamy radiance
 flinging,
 Like the west's fading glory ; now, the
 voice
 Of conscience sounded in his startled ear.
 The God profaned—the altars laid in
 dust—
 And idols reared—these spread before his
 view.
 He rose, and looked out from the curtain-
 ed casement :—
 It was a lovely night—the glorious sky
 Shone in its beautiful and cloudless blue—
 The moon was smiling in her loveliness,
 Clear and unspotted, like a wandering
 spirit
 Watching o'er earth from her bright home
 in heaven.

The grape-leaf twined its verdant green,
 and hung
 Its purple clusters o'er his head ; the
 zephyr,
 Rifling the rose and fragrant cinnamon,
 Played on his brow with soft and dewy
 kiss.
 Within her blooming home the bulbul
 sang
 Her clear sweet notes in mournful melody.
 He saw the silver moonlight playing on
 The Euphrates' mirror, and the branching
 palm
 And myrtle that o'erhung its sparkling
 waters.
 The solitude, the beauty of the scene,
 Spread round his heart a transient glow of
 joy ;
 For e'en the wicked could not view its
 glory
 Without a throb of pure, unmixed delight.
 Hark ! a sound rings along the startled
 air !—
 It is the rustling of the summer gale,
 Kissing the branches and the Euphrates'
 billow ?
 The sound comes rolling louder, deeper
 still !—
 Belshazzar !—'tis the voice of thy des-
 truction !—
 It is the herald of thy doom, proud ty-
 rant !—
 He comes, the Invader ! with his spear
 of fire—
 The spires of nations on his trophied car—
 He comes, with vengeance on his sweeping
 wing !—
 The war-cry rings along the sleeping city.
 The sword is gleaming in the palace halls,
 The Persian banner floats above the tow-
 ers—
 And Babylon is fallen !

THE NEW MINISTRY.

“ When I said I would die a bachelor, I did never think I should live until I were married.”—SHAKSPEARE.

ALL questions and all differences, public or private, during the last month, have been emerged in the grand political question—Are the principles upon which the new Government has been formed, defensible, and is that Government likely to continue ? We think that the Government is likely to continue ; and, without laying claim to a much great-

er share of foresight than belongs to ordinary people, we may afford to say that the arrangements which have lately taken place have done any thing rather than surprise us. The “ impossibility ” of a coalition between any two political parties would scarcely ever strike us as a very decided bar to their immediate junction and alliance. Indeed, we should rather be inclined, generally as soon as we began to hear that such a connexion was “ unnatural ” and

“unprecedented,” to conclude that it was known to be resolved upon. But, besides the ready and ordinarily available manner of effecting political alliances—the sacrificing “principle” to “place”—a means of reconciling differences perhaps more objectionable as unjustifiable in the parties using it, than as likely to be astonishing to thinking people at large—there was another course by which an alliance was capable of being agreed upon between Mr. Canning and the Whig members who have lately gone over to his support, which was no way degrading to either party as men of honour, and highly creditable to both as practical politicians and men of business ;—the Whigs might agree to sacrifice—not “principle to place,” but angry recollections and party feelings to “principle ;” and this is the course which, we think—upon cool examination—it will be found that they have adopted.

The abandonment of a “declaration,” however—even although it be an unwise one—is not a deed which can be performed with perfect impunity ; and, indeed, at first starting, it commonly exposes the malefactor to almost as much attack and ridicule as the desertion of a principle could do. And, unquestionably, it is a state of things extremely laughable, and a good fair illustration of the true value of political and party tirade and invective, to see Mr. Canning now supported, and lauded to the skies, by men who, for years past have been almost nightly engaged in personal hostility with himself, and constantly inveterately opposed to the government with which he was identified. It is not only a fair subject for joke, but a sound lesson of the very cautious reliance which ought to be placed upon the declarations of men who speak and argue for a particular object, when we find the ministerial benches of the House of Commons filled as they are filled at present. When we find that Mr. Tierney, who swore that he “never would take office, unless sub-

ject to the grant of Parliamentary Reform,” joining the government of Mr. Canning, who avows that, as long as he lives, that measure “shall have his opposition.” When Mr. Brougham, who has a great deal more to answer for in the way of “pledge” even than Mr. Tierney, takes his seat behind that right honourable gentleman as First Lord of the Treasury, whom, as Foreign Secretary he accused of “truckling for office,” in such furious and unqualified terms, as induced the right honourable gentleman to retort, in other terms, better suited perhaps to his own warm and rather hasty temper, than to the gravity and decorum of the place in which he sat. And, again, when Sir Francis Burdett, who walked out of the House of Commons but a few years since, when the question of “Catholic claims” came on, because the “touching that question,” unless ministers were prepared to “make a cabinet question of it,” was no better than “a farce,” now supports an administration which refuses to bring on the Catholic Question in any shape at present, and by which the fact that it is not meant at any time to be brought on, as a “cabinet question,” is declared. All these retirements from, or disremembrances of, political “declaration” and “profession” exposed those concerned in them, no doubt, to a certain quantity of obloquy in the first instance, and form a fair subject enough, under any circumstances, for quips and jests—except, perhaps, that it is not a very new one. But the difference between the abandonment of “words” and of “things” is one which we must not allow ourselves to lose sight of ; and one, indeed, which we cannot very easily lose sight of, because it is quickly indicated in the result. The compromise of either, when it takes place, is equally sure to be laughed at ; but the difference is that, where the waiver applies only to the first, with the momentary ridicule, the punishment inflicted ceases. Every man

although he laughs at the dilemma of the party, would think a serious accusation founded upon it a more laughable matter still ; and is perfectly sensible of the difference that exists between the abandonment of party oaths of hatred and hostility, which were never worth intrinsically twopence, and the neglect or desertion of those practical and fundamental principles of general policy which the individual concerned had professed, and which it would be impossible for him, without degrading his personal character, and forfeiting the confidence of his country, to depart from.

Because—

“ Qui n'aime Cotin n'estime point son roi, Et n'a, selon Cotin ni Dieu, ni roi, ni loi ! ”

Who is there, not interested in the misrepresentation of such a question that is not aware that the war between two parties in the House of Commons is—not a war “ for love or money ”—but for both ;—war for the right—war for the wrong—war for anything, or for nothing—but still “ war to the knife ! ”—and always—war !

The creed of the member out of office lies in a nut-shell : “ So long as the right honourable gentleman, Mr. A., and his friends shall continue to sit on the Treasury-bench, so long will I, who sit upon the opposite one—so help me God, and the B. party—oppose every proposition that they bring forward!—unless it happens to be one so absolutely material to the safety and interests of the country, that I dare not, for my life and character, back out of supporting it.”—I have two causes—sound and excellent—of Opposition :—I love my country's good ; and I want to displace the right honourable gentleman who is now at the head of his Majesty's government”—“ So long as he occupies that place, and enjoys the emoluments of it, I hate him,—and every thing about him—from the buckle of his perriwig down to his shoe-tie ! ”—“ Sitting where he does,

on the right hand of the Speaker, what can he be—I ask the House—but a sycophant, a despot, a satrap, and a servile ? ”—“ I see assumption and ambition even in the tone in which he blows his nose ! He looks two ways at once—equivocation and double meaning—every time he puts on his spectacles ! Let the House ask itself, when it sees him dip his finger and thumb into his snuff-box, how much oftener his whole hand is dipped into the public purse ? How he ever pours out a glass of claret at a cabinet dinner amazes me, without seeing the spirit of ‘ wronged and bleeding Ireland ’ rising to put an empty whiskey-bottle into his hand ! He never sucks an orange before he rises to make ‘ a statement, ’ but I think how his ‘ minions ’ are, ‘ day after day, ’ squeezing out the vitals, and property, and interests of the country ! And every thump that he strikes, in the course of his two hours' no-meaning speeches upon the ‘ box ’ of the House of Commons, or on the table—is a new blow given to the rights and to the ‘ constitutional liberties ’ of the people ! ”

This is the intent and spirit of two-thirds of that which is spoken in Parliamentary warfare. Violence, exaggerated profession, and ultra Utopian doctrine have been, since political memory, the admitted rights and properties of an “ Opposition.” Practical men receive all that they say, with a deduction of sixty parts in the hundred, and a very cautious examination of the remainder. Perhaps an Opposition which took, upon the average, one tithe by its motions of that which it went for, would be successful beyond its own comprehension. But we should be disposed to go farther than this. The scope and limitation which we are describing here, we think, is by no means exclusively assumed by the parties in Opposition. The declarations which are now quoted—are so many pledges which they have deserted, and which they were bound to redeem—out of the mouths of the Whig party,

were uttered in the heat of controversy—in the fury, very often, of personal hostility and debate—in long and laboured “speeches,” which were made at least as much for victory over the opponent, as for the truth and fairness of the question; and—that which is still more—made by men, who were aiming to dazzle as much as to convince; who were contending for the prize of wit—of eloquence—of intellectual superiority—far more than for the particular “bill” or “resolution” before the House—excited and urged on by the presence and plaudits of the first assembly in Europe—perhaps the first in all the world! And we believe we might lay it down as a truth not to be controverted, that there scarcely ever was a “crack” oration—a two hours’ speech, full of eloquence and brilliancy—made upon any side of the House of Commons, or upon any subject not purely and essentially, and in detail, one of commerce and “business!”—from the passionate and unrebuked appeals to the House, of the honourable baronet, the member for Westminster—whose addresses of late years are so hasty and incoherent, that even the occasional streams of real eloquence and beauty which burst forth in them would scarcely secure their being listened to, were it not for the high constitutional English spirit with which they are imbued—and that the argument, rambling and disconnected as it is, has always the charm of being obviously fresh and unpremeditated;—from these wild and rash, but never rude or discourteous, cavalry *reconnoissances* of the member for Westminster, to the fierce, storm-menacing, mischief-raising, attacks of the learned member for Winchelsea!—whose war-cry, like the arms of the single soldier who captured his enemies by “surrounding” them, seems to threaten his antagonists always from forty points of the compass at once!—whose charge comes on with the sweeping rush of a cloud of light-

armed Arabs, or a whole nation of tomahawk-armed American Indians—startling, overwhelming, irregular, and remorseless—careless of safety, incessantly various of weapon as of position—unsparing,---unintermitting—from the morning, when the sword is first drawn, to the evening, when the scabbard is looked for (which was thrown away)—and always in attack! whose fire seems to come upon the House, not by broadsides or discharges of platoons—not as the work of one man’s will, or the dealing of one man’s hand—but as the irregular exertion and independent imagination of twenty men at once—making the whole area of the House of Commons, as it were one great field of battle, in which a two-edged sword is whirling round, dealing great gashes right and left—not to speak of a left hand betimes at work with a dagger, or throwing up rockets, shells, grenades, petards—no matter what—but always something of danger; and dealing all so carelessly or desperately, that allies had need to look sharp with shield and helmet, or they (as well as enemies) may chance of some mischief in the melee!—and again, from these extraordinary, almost semi-barbarous, displays of strength of Mr. Brougham—the splendour of which, combined with the eccentricity, renders them perhaps the *most* interesting that are to be witnessed in the House of Commons—to the more scholastic and courtly exhibitions of civilized gladiatorship of Mr. Canning!—whose style and temperament, though equally bold, and even more violent than that of his honourable and learned late opponent and present colleague, has less, outwardly, of bitterness and seeming delight in misanthropic irony than that of the member for Winchelsea in it!—and who sets out in the battle always—not like a partisan, or a Croat or Pandour leader—but as a British general,—who has his self-command entire, and all his arrangements made, to a hair, before he enters the field!—his reserve posted—

his power duly marshalled and distributed—his artillery in front, to meet the enemy's charge—his cavalry ready, to take advantage of their first moment of disorder—and then sounds trumpet to “advance!” as though he felt the eyes of Europe were upon him!—From the harangues of the first of these orators—who never thinks or cares what it is he says; to those of the second—whom opposition, the mere spirit of controversy and contradiction, will lead to say almost any thing; and again, to those of the third, who is betrayed (where he does fail) by the excitation and triumph attendant upon success, and whose imprudent friends may always do him more mischief by their cheers and encouragement, than his open foes will by the hardest and heaviest blows they can deal against him;—throughout the whole career of these three statesmen, from the first to the last, we should doubt if ever a very long and very striking parliamentary speech had been delivered by either which did not contain many statements which the speaker never could abide by:—many things which he would be very glad (the moment his speech was over) to retract—some which he must eventually—having no choice at all about it—abandon; and not unfrequently some, which, having uttered, he cannot retract, but which remain on record, to do mischief, both to himself and to the cause which he has supported.

This is the *real* state of discussion in the great legislative assembly of Great Britain. But, in the midst of all this mass of daily menace and profession, which means almost nothing, and which flies out, partly provoked by party spirit, partly by personal hostility or pique, but very often by the mere spirit of controversy, subject to which a speaker in Parliament must deliver himself,—in the midst of all this, there is still a declared and understood disposition always and opinion about every leading man on every side, with reference to practical questions and gen-

eral principles of policy, from which no set of men can swerve without the loss of personal credit and political reputation. And the question is—Have those leaders or members of the Whig party, who have lately coalesced with Mr. Canning's administration, abandoned or swerved from any such general principles or practical opinions? We think that they have not.

The only point to which the country will look, and the only point really worth looking to, is this—Does that junction which has taken place between the Whigs and Mr. Canning tend to advance those general principles of policy which the Whigs have been in the habit of advocating; or is its tendency to stifle and retard them? It is impossible to answer this question, except by saying that such a junction does tend most materially to advance those principles—some of them, at least, if not the whole; and that it was the only visible arrangement by which they could be advanced, or even kept from retrograding. Upon the face of the affair, indeed, it seems almost absurd to suppose any doubt can exist as to such a question. Is a government composed of Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, Mr. Huskisson, and Lord Plunkett—supported by Mr. Brougham, Mr. Tierney, and Sir Francis Burdett (even supposing the two first of these gentlemen not to take office)—sustained and accredited by Lord Althorpe, Lord Milton, Lord Nugent, Mr. Hobhouse, Sir John Newport, and Sir James Mackintosh—almost every individual of influence belonging to the Whig party in the House of Commons—not to speak of its support (which is pretty nearly, however, undoubted) from the same party in the House of Lords:—is such a government more likely to carry, for example, the question of “Catholic Emancipation,” than a ministry led by the late Lord Chancellor, Mr. Peel, Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Goulburn—persons, tooth and nail,—by every pledge that words or acts can

give—even to the very resignation of office in preference to enduring it—opposed to such a measure? We repeat, that it seems almost like absurdity to put such a question. The argument of Sir Francis Burdett—of Lord Althorpe (whose short speeches in the House of Commons contain more matter than many long ones); the argument of Mr. Brougham—of Lord Nugent—in fact, of the Whigs generally—is unanswerable. “If there was any doubt, on the commencement of the new arrangements, as to which side the Whigs ought to take, Mr. Peel’s own speech, on the first night when the House assembled, must have put an end to it.” The confidence in Mr. Canning’s “liberal” intentions, which compels you—the Tories to go out, *must* make it our duty—the Whigs—to come in. Why have you—Mr. Peel and Lord Eldon—according to your own account, resigned? Why, but because you think the very measures certain to be carried under the new government upon which I—Sir Francis Burdett—have built my faith? Why, then, what contemptible apologists would the Whigs be for legislators! what claim could they ever set up again to the character even of sane and reasonable men, far less of statesmen! if, for the sake of a form, a manner, a ceremony, a degree—for the sake of the *words* in which they have urged their principles—they were to abandon those *principles* themselves!

To rest the case entirely upon this last point—which is, perhaps, the real one. What asses must men be to say,—“Because we cannot get twenty shillings in the pound for the debt (as we consider it) due to the country, therefore we will give up our claim entirely.”—“We cannot get the whole amount at once; and therefore we will not take fifteen shillings in cash—which is tendered to us—without prejudice to our recovery (whenever we can get them) of the other five.” No! as we cannot all, we will have nothing. As

we cannot get “Parliamentary Reform,” we will give up “Catholic Emancipation.” We will suffer the administration of Mr. Canning to break down, because he does not agree with us quite in every thing; in order to let in that of Lord Eldon, who coincides with us in nothing!

This is precisely the condition in which the Whig members who have joined government, were placed; and upon that state of things we are content to take our stand for their entire justification. It is mere nonsense to talk of compelling any set of men, by a reference to *words*—and to words too, taken in their *literal* signification and interpretation, which is very often the most unfair mode of reading them that can be adopted—to do *acts*, which would stamp them as idiots, or compromise their trust to the community. If we did put forth an exaggerated or impracticable opinion yesterday—why, let it be our offence; we will not act upon it to-day. The question is—not what has any body said—but what should be done now for the general advantage. The Whig party, not being able to get the whole of their measures supported, have embraced an opportunity which seems to promise the carrying of the most pressing of them; and the new government refuses to deal with the cause which it particularly desires to promote in that manner which would be quite certain to ensure its destruction;—this is the whole story of the “abandonment of pledge and principle.”

The new administration is not, it is said, to make Catholic Emancipation a cabinet question. Why, grant the fact:—the other parties (as Lord Althorpe very truly observes) *did* make it a cabinet question—“the wrong way.” The new ministers are not disposed to bring on the Catholic Question immediately. Surely not; they must be mad if they were: for they know that the policy of the old ministers, aided by the impatience and absurdity of the

Catholics themselves, has made it utterly impossible that the question should be carried immediately. There exists no difference between the opinions which Mr. Canning professed as to the fit mode of treating the Catholic Question three years ago and that which he gives at the present time. To Mr. Brougham's question in 1825,—“What had a minister to fear (upon the Catholic Question), with that House, those benches (the Opposition) and all England at his back?”—the right honourable gentleman replied by another question,—“What would a minister do with *only* those benches and *no* England at his back?” Mr. Canning knew, or believed, in 1825, that, in the temper of the country, to carry the claims of the Catholics was impracticable. The Catholic cause stands far worse (in England) now than it did in 1825. In that year, a majority of twenty-seven carried the question through the House of Commons : not a month since, a majority of four in the House of Commons voted against it. The only symptom of reasonableness which we have observed for years on the part of the Catholics of Ireland—and it is a symptom from which we augur very favourably—is,—that they have not run away with the absurd supposition that the mere giving of the Treasury votes into Mr. Canning's disposition, could enable him suddenly to carry the question of their claims, in opposition—we state the fact without hesitation—to the feelings of the country.

Even a minister must work by “wit,” and not by “witchcraft.” “Great men” have “reaching hands;” but those hands cannot be all over a country at once, and at work on five hundred different parts of it at the same moment. The new government, whatever its wishes and dispositions may be, must have time to feel its way. A very moderately competent architect, every man knows, can build a church or a palace if we give him time ; but if we

discharge every architect who declines to build our church between sunrise and sunset, we run the hazard never to get it built at all. There must be time for the progress even of “corruption.” There must be time for the stream of patronage (which has hitherto run all one way) to change its course ; and for bishoprics and silk gowns to float down rather to the friends of Catholic Emancipation, than to the known opponents of that measure. Still more, of necessity, there must be time for the power that dispenses these favours to gain consistency—an opinion in the public mind of its duration : Wise men are cautious even of the patronage of a power, that did but come in yesterday—and may go out to-morrow. Time must elapse before sincere and steady opponents can be convinced, or neutralized, or removed. Some little time even before opinions which have been adverse can decently be changed. Perhaps, even a whole year or two, before every tax-gatherer and petty placeman in the country—rather more than one out of every ten persons—and every clerk in office (without exception)—will feel himself as naturally becoming an advocate of Catholic Emancipation,—and with just as much understanding of the value or merits of the question—as he is now opposed to it. At least, this fact is most transparent and certain—Any impatience evinced on the part of the Catholic body now, can have no other effect than that of, at least, deferring the accomplishment of their hopes indefinitely—perhaps of destroying them for ever. Because, whatever their chance of success may be—good or bad—under the present ministers, that is the *only* chance they have. If the existing ministers do not exert themselves strenuously and zealously, with heart and voice, to carry their question, then they will be deeply and treacherously wronged, and their affected advocates will be disgraced ; but they have no iota of ground---at least as yet---for suspect-

ing the intentions of the existing ministers ; and they *know* the opinions of their opponents.

Then, apart from that which seemed, a fortnight ago, the possible folly of the Catholics of Ireland---who might, by an act of desperate folly, have been led to draw their friends along with them into the pit, instead of giving time to the latter to draw them out of it---apart from this peril (which has gone by), of the stability of the New Ministry we should find it difficult to entertain a doubt.

For, unless we were to take in a Whig ministry entirely,---which would not be much more pleasing to the parties now in opposition than the existing arrangement,---where, if we dissolve the existing Administration, is the country to look for another ?

It can scarcely be supposed that Lord Eldon, and Mr. Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Westmoreland, would ever consent to hold office with the present First Lord of the Treasury again. Their going out, as it seems to us, has done nothing but honour to their public principle and their private firmness. And the manner of it---for as to the motive there can be no question---no doubt they would have sustained their policy, and remained in office, if they could have done so, and it would be very new to impute any blame to them for such a desire---the manner of their secession has been most unfairly and scandalously misrepresented. As regards the late Lord Chancellor in particular, the secession of that noble lord has served to shew, that---however desirous he may have been esteemed to hold his place---that desire did not weigh with him one moment, when his political honour and consistency seemed to demand that he should resign it. But, still, for the high Tory party to come back *with* Mr. Canning is hardly possible, and would be hardly creditable ; and of the high Tory party, without his assistance, it would scarcely be possible to form an ad-

ministration which would satisfy the country. Mr. Canning is the best minister of *business* that the political circles of the day can furnish. We do justice to the talents of Lord Eldon, but he is a disciple of a school of politics that has gone by ; and---that which is hardly less to the purpose---his lordship could hardly remain a great while longer available for public duties. The Duke of Wellington, we believe, has been most unfairly judged of---we are sure that he has been most unfairly spoken of---touching both his personal character and his claims upon the country. The affected depreciation which has appeared in some quarters of the noble duke's talents, we hold to be absurd ; the obloquy that has been attempted to be cast upon his feelings and motives in his late secession, is mean and ungenerous. We think that he has a title---if ever any man had, or could have one---to speak, and in direct terms, of the services that he has rendered to this country ; ---but we do not think he could have filled the place of Lord Liverpool. In fact, the duke himself, we suspect, if we had the means of knowing his feelings, will be pretty nearly of this opinion ; and we rely most confidently that he will never allow his opposition to go one point beyond that which he believes to be for the public advantage. It has been asked, by those who are hostile to the new administration,---“ Could Mr. Canning, if a war should arise, after what has happened, expect the Duke of Wellington to accept employment ? ” We feel certain not only that Mr. Canning, or any other minister for the time being, might expect this---but we are sure he would not be disappointed. The Duke of Wellington will not fail to recollect, that, if he has some share of political and personal attack to complain of, yet still, in the main, ample and liberal justice has been done him by the country. Honours, and wealth, and offices have descended upon him, not in greater profusion than his services

merited, but still in very large and copious abundance. He has not, certainly, been personally popular with the country; but he will remember that a character decidedly military is never well calculated to be a favourite with the English people. They are better prepared always to do justice to its claims than to be in love with it. But, in his case, that justice has been most freely accorded. No grants or remunerations, whether in the way of pecuniary rewards or rank, have been viewed with more pleasure, or with a readier sense of their fitness, by the people of England, than those which, from time to time, have been bestowed upon the Duke of Wellington.

But—to return to our argument—passing his grace the Duke of Wellington and the late Lord Chancellor, there is no one left on the high Tory side to do any thing with as a minister but Mr. Peel; and Mr. Peel, although he is a valuable man in the House of Commons, yet still he is not—say in experience alone—at all Mr. Canning's equal; and, moreover his views and opinions upon some subjects have a touch of the fault belonging to those of Lord Eldon: they are of a school of policy that is (in our opinion) upon the wane. Lord Liverpool, the late Lord Chancellor, the late Marquis of Londonderry, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Sidmouth—these were a party of politicians formed to make a ministry of themselves. The Marquis of Londonderry's trust was in steel; in every emergency he was ready always to advise “strong measures;” ---Lord Liverpool could reason upon them plausibly and ingeniously; ---the Lord Chancellor, as a lawyer, would justify them; and the Duke of Wellington, at the head of the troops, would carry them into execution; and Lord Sidmouth---could write to the magistrates. No knot of men could have been better fitted than these, to uphold (as long as it could be upheld) a system of policy which the growing information of the age

was every day more and more rapidly going on to undermine. But their scheme went to pieces as soon as their union was broken. The first blow it received was from the death of the Marquis of Londonderry: there was no man of equal tact and similar principle could be found to fill up his place.

In fact, the very circumstances which, in our view, render the existing ministry so unquestionably strong, go of themselves to make the formation of any other almost impossible. The present administration--- between those who compose it and those who act with it---embraces almost all the leading talent of the country; and, under such circumstances, it becomes difficult to perceive how even passion and disappointment can lead any set of men to question its stability. The “Opposition” is nothing; and hardly can be anything, because it cannot be united. The parties *out* are a few very stern and scrupulous Whigs, and a body of ultra Tories---men who may not be able to coalesce with the government, but who can still less have any thought to agree with one another. Lord Grey says distinctly, that the Whigs *cannot* oppose. He says, “I am not, by any means, at all points satisfied with the ministry; but that I should act with the ‘Opposition’” (meaning the Tory party) “is impossible. I differ upon some questions, and on some very important ones, of policy, from Mr. Canning; but, from Lord Eldon, I am, on every point, ‘far as the poles asunder!’” In fact, the mere course of the debates in the House since Parliament has assembled, sufficiently shews what must be the event. The strength of the seceding party was tried, and found to be a reed in the beginning and it has been growing weaker and weaker every day. There were four men whose voices commanded attention in the House of Commons the instant that they rose—Mr. Canning, Mr. Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Tier-

ney. All these men are now upon the ministerial benches: five-sixths of the second rate talent of the House support them; and they are opposed, literally—the debates will shew it—by Mr. Dawson, and Sir Thomas Lethbridge! Mr. Dawson is an acute, clever man, as a third-rate politician. Sir Thomas Lethbridge is a gentleman in his appearance and manners, and a man of the most unquestioned personal firmness and honour. But Mr. Brougham gets up, after their fiercest efforts—makes a speech rather for his amusement than troubling himself with the question—and laughs the whole phalanx—such “Opposition” leaders, and their supporters—out of the field.

This is the position of the high Tory party—which is not only a sufficiently embarrassing one, but one which is by no means likely to improve; because they are not merely weak in talent, and, as we believe, in numerical strength; but their hands, are in a great measure, tied—and they will discover this—by their recent different situations. The topic of “past declarations” will be found, we suspect, to form a far more serious object in the way of the Opposition than it can be made (at least at present) in the way of ministers. The Catholic Question, which they would give a hundred thousand pounds to bring on, they cannot bring on—because the object of their touching it would be too transparent. They would give their salvation to have the question tried; but they cannot bring it on merely in order to oppose it. So, again, the new ministry, like every ministry that ever existed, will have a certain number of jobs and shabby transactions to perform; but these otherwise golden occasions will do very little for the present Opposition; for all the first jobs to be done—the current and unfinished ones—will be those in which they themselves, not six weeks since, were personally engaged. And, still again, upon all the ordinary routine points that form the hope of an Op-

position—the money questions, retrenchment, reduction of military force, colonies, taxes, embassies, pensions, sinecure places, and rewards—one eternal bar presents itself to the operations of the ultra-Tories; for, how can they open their mouths upon such subjects, without having their own justification of the very acts that they are impugning quoted against them; and thrust down their throats, amid the laughter of the very Treasury votes that formed their own majorities? And yet these are the people that are proposing to found themselves upon “recorded declarations!”

For these reasons it is, therefore—among a variety of others, which it would detain our readers too long in this place to describe—that we fully believe that the Coalition ministry (with all its sins upon his head) will stand its ground; and that it must be upon the future conduct of the parties *who* compose it, and not upon their past declarations, that the Opposition must find cause to attack it, before it can be attacked with any prospect of success or of advantage. Our own opinion is, moreover, that the public has reason to be well pleased in supporting this state of things; because while we give full credit to the seceding party for their spirit and sincerity, we do believe that the principles professed by their successors are more consonant to the wishes of enlightened people in this country, and more decidedly those which the increased information of the country, and the altered and improving state of Europe, generally demand. Unfortunately, to any departure from a system of policy which was highly advantageous once, but, which, we think, has now ceased to be so, the party that has gone out of power was fixedly and determinately opposed. What the new Ministry will do remains to be proved; but we have their professions at least, in favour of the course which we think beneficial; and we repeat, that it is not their refusal to rush prema-

turely and precipitately into that course which shall lead us hastily to question their sincerity. The ministry is entitled to time ; and with time we trust, it will be disposed to realize its pledges. That it will be able to do so, we hope ; because one of those pledges---the carrying of the Catholic Question---we feel to be of the most vital importance to the interests and safety of this country. That the ministry will have a fair trial and a candid one---looking to the disposition which has been evinced by the independent members of the House of Commons generally---we do not doubt ; and, certainly, if an administration, so constituted and supported, were to fall---(except by its own misconduct)---we should scarcely know what government could ever have a safe reliance. And that the "Opposition" will fall to nothing, we as fully believe ; because an Opposition *cannot* stand, unless supported by the country ; and it is upon a few passing prejudices of the people only---not at all upon these sound principles which are making progress among

them---that the high Tory party has its hold. For the rest, we have rather to regret that, in some of the discussions which have recently taken place in Parliament upon this subject, a tone of more hostility has been occasionally adopted than either the state of affairs, candidly viewed, demanded, or the rules of civilized or courteous warfare should permit. Sir H. Hardinge's reference to the old quarrel between Mr. Brougham and Mr. Canning, was not worthy of that officer's general frank and manly character ; nor was the monosyllable, " Yes," addressed by Mr. Canning, on the other hand, to Mr. Dawson, in the House of Commons, such an answer as a man of Mr. Canning's mind, and sitting in his place, ought to have given to a gentleman who asked questions on the part of the Opposition. There are rules of forbearance and good breeding applicable to discussions, whether in or out of Parliament, which it is painful to see men of intellect and station allowing themselves to violate.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

STANZAS.

I own no gold ! I own no stately dome !
 Plaintive I sing beneath my shadowy yews :
 A humble cottage is my only home ;
 And all my solace is the tender muse.

Yet once I hop'd, that, near my sylvan shed,
 The bay I planted would high tow'ring rise,
 And in my garden, on a fav'rite bed,
 A laurel grew, delightful to my eyes !

But I was doom'd to bleak Misfortune's shade !
 The bay I fondly planted,—soon it died !
 And my sweet myrtle!—soon I saw it fade,
 Ere yet one bloom its cherish'd root supply'd.

Ah ! nothing flourish'd round me ! nothing grew !
 My lovely myrtle sunk into the tomb !—
 The weeping willow and the mournful yew
 Alone remain to soothe me with their gloom !

CECIL.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

CURSORY THOUGHTS AND LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

NO. V.

THE apathy with which the great question of Catholic Emancipation has always been regarded by the body of the people in this community, and the tameness with which they allowed their Representatives, in their last Session, to further the claims of the Catholics by emancipating them here, must arise either from a want of true religious feeling—such a want as induces them to look upon all systems of religion as equally true or equally false,—or it arises from ignorance of the character of the claimants and their claims. What share the former of these causes may have in it, I presume not to say, but that it has some, the uncontradicted statements and slander, the unsilenced abuse and contempt, poured forth on the floor of the House of Assembly last Session, against the Protestant Religion by a Protestant member, bear ample testimony. It is true, the inference that may be adduced from this upon the community at large, may be too much; but surely so many hearing ears and silent tongues from every section of the Province, and so many unwielded pens, among so many independent newspapers, bespeak a very lukewarm interest for the honour of their religion in the Protestant body of the people. That the full emancipation granted the Catholics in this country, by the present House, had this country been independent, would have been a very wise, just, and politic measure, I do not deny; but as granted them by a dependent colony, previous to such a measure being adopted by the parent state, I regard it as unwise, unjust, and impolitic. It may be laid down as a principle that a colony, as a colony, has no right to embarrass the councils of the Parent State, by intermeddling with the constitutional laws, unless it can show

very strong reasons that the existence of these laws is highly prejudicial to its colonial interests. That the constitutional law which excludes Catholics at Home, and in all the Protestant colonies, from all civil and political power, was in any way affecting the prosperity or well-being of this colony, was never attempted to be urged by even the warmest advocates of the emancipating measure. I therefore hold that the legislature of Nova-Scotia had no right whatever to interfere in this great question; because they can show no reasons for doing so, which can bear any weight at all against those that may be urged for their forbearance. The British government, ever since the Catholic Question was brought forward, has always, unless in one solitary instance, opposed, and strongly, the claim, by the united voice of king, lords, and commons; and, in that one instance, it was yielded only by a small majority in the Lower House. This in an empire where such a large body of its subjects are Catholic, and the government of which is founded on every thing but unalterable, and maintained by every thing but inflexible rules,—where reason, moral, religious and political, is allowed to be paramount, would not, and could not, have been done without the most imperious motives. And was it for the obscure colony of Nova-Scotia, and its more obscure legislature, to lift its voice against a measure maintained by the first state in the world, and sanctioned as just, for ages, by the most enlightened legislature on earth? and for what motive? The Catholics here laboured under none of the oppression they complain of in the Parent Country, nor were they complaining. There had been no outcry here about Protestant magistrates, Protestant tithes, and Protes-

tant members of Assembly. Here not one Catholic in the hundred knew that there existed any political distinction between him and his Protestant neighbour, for he felt none. I do not say that the Catholic Association of Ireland cast their keen eyes across the Atlantic, and engaged agents at the extremities of the empire, to further their designs on the heart; nor yet do I say that the promoters of the scheme in the House, were eager to get themselves enrolled in the list of the liberals of this liberal age;—nor do I say that they were actuated by any but just principles;—yet still I consider their measure impolitic, and presumptuously rash, and fatuously blind. It surely becomes, and is the duty of every legislature to abrogate no law before fully weighing every possible consequence of such abrogation, and this can only be done by thoroughly comprehending the situation of the times and people when such a law was made, and the situation of the times and people now, when it is sought to be repealed. No sane person but will admit (if he allow self-preservation to be a governing motive,) that the law, as it lately existed against the Catholics, was imperiously necessary when it was first enacted, and that the wish for its abrogation must arise from a total change having taken place in the times and the people since its enactment. I shall not inquire what peculiarly favourable opportunities the promoters of this bill in the Nova-Scotian legislature, have had of ascertaining what changes have taken place in the United Kingdom and its inhabitants, but take for granted that the legislators there have had fully as many, and are endowed with abilities fully as adequate to discern what changes may require the enacting, or repealing, the mitigating, or enforcing, laws to meet such changes. But then it will be urged, that the repeal of this law in this colony, does not necessarily involve its repeal in the Parent State. Thank God, it does

not; but the desire of its repeal here, lends a great weight to the advocates for it at Home, which they will not be slow in employing. The question then is, are the advantages Nova-Scotia expects to derive from the abrogation of this Constitutional law, sufficient to counterbalance the additional and pernicious weight she has lent to the opposition, against the British Constitution as by law established. What advantages she expects to derive, is to me, I must confess, a complete mystery, and it is perhaps as much so to every one else,—even to its own promoters. All the changes the repeal can make here is bringing forward perhaps a few Catholic members of Assembly, and a few Catholic magistrates, but these are very problematical advantages, if they are any at all. But then such a law being in force here, it is said, was unjust, there being no necessity for it, and I grant that were it to be enacted here for the first time now, it would be so, for that very reason: but that such is far from being the case in the Mother Country, I shall now attempt to show. - -

With the truth or falsehood of the Roman Catholic religion, as christian, I have nothing to do: to point out its tendency as it acts upon civil governments is my only object. - - Every conscientious Catholic is bound to submit his conscience to the superintendence and direction, and surrender it to the judgment of his priest, and that unreservedly and unconditionally, and this priest forms part of a Hierarchy, over which by the canons of the Church, no civil government has any controul. As religion is, or ought to be, the highest and most imperative concern of every rational being, it holds that the maintainance of any civil government should be only a secondary consideration to a religious Catholic, compared with the maintainance of his religion. The Catholic Religion is in the profoundest sense despotic, for it denies and anathematizes the

right of private judgment in every thing connected with religion, which is, only in other words, in all things. It holds then that a civil government maintaining an exclusive established Catholic Church must be a despotic government, otherwise it is anomalous altogether. It is true that in a Catholic country, a free constitution may be established, but it can only be either by the consent, as it is said it has partially been in Portugal, or by the overthrow, as in France, of the Hierarchy. But this consent will, in no case be granted, it is evident, by the sacrifice of any immunities, rights, privileges, revenues, or power, of the church, and these are incompatible with all rational liberty, so that a free constitutional charter, with such reserves, is merely a fine sounding title for an actual despotism. The Head of the Catholic Church, and who alone can command the obedience of his clergy, cannot be expected to command their obedience on any point at war with his own interests, and this interest every civil government, at all independent, must often find itself disposed to withstand. If it does, unless its subjects be more attached to their civil than their ecclesiastical rulers, which unfortunately is not always the case, a rebellion must be the consequence. Moreover, the Head of the Church may be wholly (and he has long been so,) in the power of some particular State, and that State will of course direct his decrees for good or for evil as may serve its own interests. Here then, is an utter discrepancy between the Roman Catholic Religion, when engrafted upon, and forming a part of any Civil Government and Civil Liberty, for as it is by its own nature despotic, it can only be civilly upheld by despotism. And this flows from its infallibility, a doctrine which however it may now, to suit present purposes, be explained away, can never be given up, without subverting the Church altogether. But if the Catholic Religion be, by its na-

ture, in every form, hostile to civil liberty and the just rights of mankind, it must be doubly so when that liberty is Protestant Liberty. Any other secession from the church, such, for instance, as that of the Gallican, when it involves not religious heresy, may for temporal convenience, or advantage, or fear of worse, be overlooked, or infolded in some interpretation of an ambiguous Canon, but a downright denial of the supremacy, both spiritual and temporal, of the church is a very different thing. For this there is no pardon either here or hereafter, except by a recantation. Every good and sound Catholic is therefore bound to regard a Protestant with the deepest abhorrence, for if he does not he cannot be said to have any just sense of his religion. He is bound to endeavour his best to extirpate heresy, under the most awful penalties both in this world and in the next, and when he cannot attempt it openly, to attempt it secretly; even though, in so doing, he violate every other law and duty both human and divine. There are several Bulls of Popes, one of them so late as 1766, and which was extensively acted upon in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, granting "a plenary pardon and indulgence to such insurgents as choose to conform to the Protestant heresy, in order the better to carry on and execute the glorious enterprise to restore the pure and holy Catholic Religion to its full rigour and strength." It is in vain to say that no enlightened Catholic will be induced to act upon such Bulls, or allow his moral principles to be subverted by the latitude they allow, for it is from the most enlightened quarter that they emanate, and every good Catholic is bound to receive them as holy and just, otherwise he is a hypocrite or an infidel. But granting that the more pernicious doctrines of the Roman Church be now allowed to sleep, or are totally disclaimed by its enlightened adherents, that Church still maintains, and enforces at all times, and in all

places, and by every penalty, her whole and sovereign right alone to expound, and confine to her exposition, the oracles of christianity. Here then is all education that may enlighten the mind beyond a prescribed bound,—all diffusion of knowledge that may confirm truth or dissipate error at once closed up, or opened only to such as are interested in keeping the sources of knowledge shut. I grant as it was urged in the House of Assembly, that the monastic institutions preserved to us the literature of the Ancient World, but they preserved it to themselves, and employed it as a very effectual weapon to enslave more strongly the Modern World by the superiority it gave them. I also grant that the Barons, as it was curiously pleaded, who wrested the Great Charter from king John, were Catholics, but the vaunted liberty of that Charter, which no Nova-Scotian would envy, was for themselves not their degraded villians—the mass of the people. King John's own resolution, had these Barons backed him, that "No Roman Priest should tithe and toll in his dominions," breathed far more of the spirit of genuine liberty. I grant too that in many Catholic countries, in the present day, owing to the irresistible impulse of the spirit of Protestantism, a sort of partial cultivation of literature is countenanced, and allowed to all classes, but along with the permission, are regularly published lists of prohibited authors, and these authors exactly such as benighted Catholics require, if they wish to drink at the wells of truth. This then is much the same as a total interdiction of learning. It is, in the language of Milton, "to bring a numb and chill stupidity of soul, and inactive blindness upon the people," for it debars all disputative inquiry. As it is only by the diffusion of knowledge and the discussion of principles, by the comparison of one condition with another and a free choice of what is esteemed, that civil liberty can either be established or maintained, it is evident that a Religion

which prohibits all this is wholly irreconcilable with it. And that such has been, and still is, and must continue, the Roman Catholic is too plain from all history and all experience. - -

But dangerous to Civil Liberty as I consider this religion in any country, I view it as doubly so in the United Kingdom, for the following reasons:—In the United Kingdom the clergy of the Roman Church formerly, and that not long ago, held the same station and rank, and indeed a higher, than the clergy of the Established Church now do, and enjoyed the same rights, privileges, and revenues. It is not in our nature, far less in our nature confined by a religious feeling, to view with complacency, or without a lurking spirit of rebellion, a government that upholds, what we must consider, a most unjust usurpation; and much less is it to be expected, that we will inculcate upon those in subordination to us, the duty of obedience and loyalty to it. And yet this the Catholic clergy of the United Kingdom are expected to do;—not only to praise and support a government themselves which has deprived, and persists in depriving, them of all that is most valuable to them as men and clergy, but also enjoin their people to do so. And who are the people they are thus to enjoin? A laity, especially in Ireland, who behold the lands and revenues of their Catholic ancestors in the hands of foreigners, and these foreigners heretics!—that a clergy trained from their infancy, and that generally in a foreign and often hostile country, in principles and ideas (and which, of course, they will, as a duty, inculcate upon their people) at utter war with a free Protestant Government,—with their monasteries and churches laid in ruin around them by that government,—with their honours worn and their revenues enjoyed by another and hostile church supported by that government, can either truly honour and support, or obey, without compulsion, that go-

vernment, is absurd to hope. And it is not only what the Catholics have lost, both clergy and laity, by this Protestant Government, that must stir within them, and deeply, hatred against it, and the desire for its downfall, and their own reascendency.—There are wrongs and oppressions, whether real or not, not only civil but religious, to be revenged; and revenge is a passion which nothing but the utter destruction of its object can satisfy—which no kindness can overcome, and no gratitude extirpate, as the Rebellions of 1641 and 1798 bear bloody and horrible testimony. And though it is scarcely possible, bred up as every Catholic priest and layman must be, for them to forget or forgive the ascendancy of Protestantism, still their feeling of hostility to a Protestant Government may become weak, and even die, I allow, where their numbers are comparatively small to the other subjects, and especially where all religious sects are upon an equality, as to privilege and power. Such is their situation in the United States, where they never were lords of the ascendant. But this is by no means the case in any one point in Ireland. The Catholic population there is said to be as seven to two, and this population sunk in profound ignorance of every thing but what they are taught by their priests, whom they implicitly obey, and some of whom in every insurrection have

been found ringleaders in every enormity: And yet it is for such a population, with every motive to hate the government and its Protestant subjects, which fanaticism, ignorance, superstition, immoral perceptions, and revenge can inspire, that a wider and more secure sphere of action is asked, and every guarantee on their side, even the selection and appointment of their bishops by government denied. It is not yet thirty years since a most atrocious rebellion, in which they sought assistance from the sworn enemies of their country, was put down, when deeds of the most hideous and aggravated cruelty were perpetrated upon the Protestant inhabitants, living in peace and hospitality among them, and since that time have they shown by their moral and intellectual improvement—by the abjuration of any one of their pernicious doctrines, that such deeds would not again take place, were government to relax its vigilance and requisitely severe laws, by putting them on a level with other subjects? We have only to search the prisons of Ireland for an answer, where, by the return to the House of Commons last year 1826, there were 17,492 commitments, of which 538 were for murder. So much for the character and claims of those Catholics who are soliciting Emancipation from a free Protestant Government.

I.

Colchester, Sept. 15, 1827.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE DUTCH.

THE kingdom of the Netherlands is an object of peculiar interest, not only on account of celebrity in ancient history, but for being the site of that glorious battle by which the fate of empires was decided.

The Dutch are governed by a king, William I., a mild and intelligent prince. The established religion is the Protestant; but there exists a perfect toleration of all beliefs. The Dutch are remarkable for their

industry and perseverance. Their love of money is also proverbial; but though they will sacrifice any thing in the pursuit of this favourite object, yet in all their dealings the greatest caution and foresight are manifested.

The Dutch are not very particular in their eating, as the following original information, communicated by a friend, corroborates:—"Having occasion to transact business with the

Dutch government, I and some friends partook of a dinner given by Capt. —, of the Royal Netherland navy, on board the — steam-vessel. On seating myself at table, I perceived to my utter dismay: the almost total absence of those usual requisites at polite tables—*forks*. I, however, fortunately obtained one; but my friend — was obliged to be contented with *two knives*. We had, however, hoped, that the goodness of the viands would amply compensate for this deficiency; but we were wofully mistaken. First came a piece of roast beef *nearly raw*; secondly, a beef-steak almost burnt to a *cinder*, that had been cut off a great hock of beef, which I saw a man drag across the deck of the vessel with his dirty hands. A dish of sliced potatoes, fried apparently in the grease used for the steam-engine, was next presented to our astonished view; and my friend — seeing what appeared a pigeon-pie, proceeded to dissect it, when, to his dismay, he found it to be an *apple-pie*. Another fact worth mentioning is, that the salt was in *huge lumps*, instead of being in powder as is customary at English tables. The wine was, however tolerably good, and it may easily be imagined that we left the table highly dissatisfied with Dutch generosity and Dutch cookery, our fare being in truth *complete starvation*."

Among their amusements, skating is a very favourite one. "It is amazing to see the crowds in a hard frost upon the ice, and their great dexterity in skating, both men and women darting along with inconceivable velocity." Smoking is also very prevalent among these people. "It is curious to observe how naturally a pipe depends from a Dutchman's mouth. He usually smokes without the assistance of either hand; he rides on horseback with a pipe; he drives in a carriage, and even dances with it. He often goes to an astonishing expense in this favourite implement. It is formed of the most

costly materials, and moulded into a thousand fantastic shapes."

In the Netherlands, when a person is indisposed, they place a bulletin before the door of the house, whereby the daily health of the patient can be ascertained without his being harassed by the continual influx of friendly visitors. The houses of the Dutch are remarkable for their cleanliness. "The outside of every habitation, however old and humble, is as clean as water and paint can make it. The window-shutters are usually painted green; the houses are white; and in order to preserve on them the gloss of newness, mops, pails, and scrubbing brushes are in active use every hour of the day, and a little hand engine for the windows is in perpetual requisition. The inside of the house is equally purified, and every article of furniture is kept in a state of nicety, of which few other nations have any conception."

The Dutch are passionately fond of flowers, as their gardens evince, which, however small, are invariably stocked with the most beautiful and valuable plants. Their method of airing linen is singular. "A basket, called *trokenherb*, contains within it a pan filled with burning turf, and the linen is spread over the top of the basket. To air the bed, no warming-pan is used, but the whole of the cumbrous machine just described is put between the sheets."

On the celebration of their marriages, very little ceremony is used; nor is the attendance of a priest required, "the bans being published by a magistrate, who also performs the ceremony." Instead of distributing bride cake, as is customary in England, "they send to each acquaintance two bottles of wine, generally the finest hock, spiced and sugared, and decorated with a profusion of ribands."—Very little pomp is apparent at Dutch funerals. On this subject, the *Belgian Traveller* gives the following information:—"A singular custom prevails among

the country people, and the lower ranks in the cities. Every person who could claim the slightest acquaintance or intercourse with the defunct, follows him to the grave. On their return, they all, often to the amount of sixty or one hundred, pay their compliments to the widow, or the nearest relative, who provides liquor for them, and the glass circulates three or four times. All then depart, except the particular friends of the family, and those who are especially invited, when a feast as sumptuous as the circumstances of the family will admit, takes place.— At this the nearest relative presides. The glass passes briskly round; bumper after bumper is drunk to the repose and welfare of the deceased, and the prosperity of those whom he has left behind him, till their grief is completely drowned in wine. Songs, at first decent, but afterwards boisterous and ludicrous, succeed; the musician is then called in; the widow leads off the first dance, and the amusement continues till the dawn of day separates the merry mourners.”

The dress of the males, in large towns and cities, differs but little from that of the English, except that their clothes are coarser; while on the sea-coasts, that “mighty mass of breeches,” so much ridiculed by foreigners, is still visible among the fishermen and rustics. “The women wear close jackets, with long flaps, and short plaited coloured petticoats, sometimes consisting of more than a score yards of flannel.— The petticoat reaches but a little

below the knee, and usually displays a neat and well-turned leg, covered with a blue stocking. A yellow slipper, without quarters, defends the feet, with large round silver buckles projecting over each side. The cap exactly fits the head, and carefully conceals every particle of hair, except two curious ringlets on the temple, where it is ornamented by gold filagrée clasps; and on this is a hat, almost large enough for an umbrella, and gaudily lined, forming a ridiculous contrast with the cropped, flapless hats of the men.”

In person the males are short and lusty, with pale countenances; and the females are, generally speaking, tall, and sometimes beautiful.

The Dutch are a mercenary, inhospitable, and ill-mannered people; but, on the other hand, are industrious, frugal, and honourable in their dealings. Their love of money exceeds all bounds; every thing they undertake has the prospect of gain in view; they seem to live but to amass riches, and yet are by no means profuse in their expenditure, always living within their income. The females are clean, modest, and humane, and in no country is the dignity of their sex more maintained than in Holland. They are sole mistresses in their houses; and to them is the early education of their children entrusted. Their manners are distant and repulsive to strangers; but it must nevertheless be acknowledged, that in their own circle, more amiable or virtuous creatures do not exist than the Dutch women.—*London Mirror.*

VARIETIES.

PURSE PRIDE.

Of all sorts of pride, purse pride, or the pride of purse, (if one must not coin a word for one's purse,) has the most influence on every day deportment. The object of all pride is to make those around feel their inferiority; to effect which, the purse proud man is, more than any other, reduced to *viva voce* assertions in society.

Pride of family may silently vent itself in its sixteen quarterings on the panels of a carriage, or it may lie quietly on one's table in a *Debrett's Peerage*, with a back like a young tumbler's, broken just enough to shew with ease what is required of it. Or, if it is rather the pride of recent rank than antiquity of descent, it is amply gratified by the direction

on the back of a letter, or a brass plate on a front door.

But the pride of purse is of a much more restless, obtrusive disposition; it cannot satisfy itself with the possession of the outward advantages of wealth, for those are shared by the constant succession of needy spend-thrifts, who each in the course of his ephemeral existence, make as much outward shew. It is only, therefore, by an ostentatious and overbearing manner in society, that the purse proud man can succeed in his object of making himself disagreeable wherever he goes.

There is, however, another distinguishing trait in this description of pride, that amongst its professors there is much more subordination than in any other. A man who is proud of his family, will find some very sufficient reason why he is as good as another, who, nevertheless, numbers several more quarterings; but the wealthy man's pride depends so entirely upon calculation, is so completely a matter of figures, that the man of ten thousand a-year, however bullying to the man of two, would no more dispute about giving way to the man of fifty thousand, than he would think of denying the balance between the two sums if he saw them upon paper.

MILK.

AN English writer, in a treatise on milk, states in his recommendation of it as an article of diet, that the town of Kendall, in England, where more milk is used, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in any other town in the kingdom, furnishes more instances of longevity, and fewer deaths among children, than any other town.

BELZONI.

THIS modest and indefatigable man, it is well known, died in poverty. He had laboured more for fame than for profit, and others reaped the reputation that should be his. There is an empiricism, it seems, in antiqui-

ty hunting and *virtu*, as well as in medicine. No just mention of Belzoni occurs in the British Museum, in enumerating the articles that enrich it through his labours. The Patrician may supply a little money, but then the toil or glory must not be divided. Ingenuity, risk and labour, are nothing to your guineas. Rich men are beginning to find they can buy a name, and the goddess of fame (ever till now charged with corruption) is, it appears, "to be had." But what sort of notoriety is acquired by such means! Those monuments would not have visited England but for Belzoni. Posterity will do him justice; his toil, his sagacity, his skill and perseverance, obtained them. Mæcenas never dreamed of buying the authorship of the writings of Horace; he was content to go down to time as the poet's patron. Poor Belzoni complained to me of the neglect with which he had been treated, and the superciliousness of men who should have been content with the honest fame of aiding his exertions. "I have enemies whenever I attempt any thing," said he; "I fear I shall be utterly ruined, now I am going to try for myself." His prophecy was a true one, and he died the victim of its fulfilment, else he would have proceeded into Africa by a different route. I knew him many years, and a less presuming, kinder, milder creature, uniting moreover true courage and indefatigable perseverance, I never met with. Coming up Bond-street with him one day during the trial of the late Queen, several persons whispered. "There is Bergami:" his gigantic frame and wearing mustachios probably giving the idea of his being the famous chamberlain. "Let us turn into the Square," said Belzoni meaning into that of Hanover; "we shall meet fewer people. I am well nigh tired of England."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mandeville is received.
Circle will appear in our next number.
Altamont is too incorrect for insertion.
J. N's Lines are not original.