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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE  
DUKE OF YORK.

WITH A LIKENESS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

[Engraved expressly for the Acadian Magazine.]

IN our last, we published two pieces, both well written, relating to his Royal Highness the late Duke of York, &c. The following Memoir, accompanied with a likeness, engraved expressly for the Acadian Magazine, which in STRIKING EXPRESSION, does not come short of the productions of the most celebrated English artists, will, we are persuaded, be acceptable to all our readers. Nova-Scotia is fast improving in Literature and the Arts; and the Proprietors of the Acadian Magazine are desirous, though at a considerable expense, of aiding that improvement: and they are well assured, that the present attempt will be duly estimated.

PRINCE FREDERICK, second son of George III., and brother to his present Majesty, George IV., was born on the 16th of August, 1763, and was elected bishop of Osnaburg, February 27, 1764. His Royal Highness, at a Chapter of the Bath, held on the 30th of December, 1767, was invested with the ensigns of that most honourable order, and installed in Henry VII.'s chapel, as first and principal companion, June 15, 1772. He was elected a companion of the most noble Order of the Garter on the 19th of June, 1771, and installed at Windsor the 25th of the same month.

In 1775, while their Majesties passed their summer at Kew, the mode of living adopted by them, and the treatment received by the children from their royal parents, are thus sketched:—

“At six in the morning their Majesties rose, and enjoyed the two succeeding hours, which they called their own. At eight, the prince of Wales, Duke of York, the princess royal, and princes William and Henry, were brought from their several houses to Kew-house, to breakfast with their illustrious relations. At nine, their

youngest children attended to lisp or smile their Good-morrrows; and whilst the five eldest were closely applying to their task, the little ones, with their nurses, passed the whole morning in Richmond-gardens. The king and queen frequently amused themselves with sitting in the room while the children dined; and once a week, attended by the whole number in pairs, made the delightful tour of Richmond-gardens. In the afternoon, the queen worked, and the king read to her; and whatever charm ambition or folly may conceive to await so exalted a situation, it was neither on the throne, nor in the drawing-room, in the splendour or toys of sovereignty, that they placed their felicity: it was in social and domestic gratifications, in breathing the free air, admiring the works of nature, tasting and encouraging the elegancies of art, and in living to the approbation of their own hearts. In the evening, all the children again paid their duty at Kew-house before they retired to bed; and the same order was observed through each returning day. The sovereign was the father of his family; not a grievance reached his know-

ledge and remained unredressed, nor a character of merit or ingenuity disregarded: his private conduct was as exemplary as it was amiable.

“Though naturally a lover of peace, his personal courage could not in the smallest degree be impeached; he exercised his troops himself, understood every martial manœuvre as well as any general in his service, and had the articles of war at his fingers’ ends. Topography was one of his favourite studies; he copied every capital chart, took models of all the celebrated fortifications, observing the strong and weak sides of each, and knew the soundings of the chief harbours in Europe.

“Exercise, air, and light diet, were the grand fundamentals in the king’s idea of health and sprightliness; his Majesty lived chiefly on vegetables, and drank little wine. The tradesmen’s bills were regularly discharged once a quarter; and the whole household was judiciously and happily conducted.

“The prince of Wales and duke of York promised, however, to excel the generality of mankind in learning, as much as they were their superiors in rank; eight hours’ close application to the languages and the liberal sciences, was daily enjoined them, and their industry was unremitting: all the ten were indeed fine children, and it did not appear that parental partiality was known at court.”

On the 27th of November, 1784, his royal highness was created duke of York and Albany, in Great Britain, and earl of Ulster, in Ireland.

An event occurred in 1789, which involved the court in much anxiety, and created a general feeling of alarm for the safety of one of the princes of the blood-royal: we allude to the duel between the duke of York and colonel Lenox. The following is a faithful narrative of this affair of honour:—

On the 18th of May, 1789, colonel Lenox sent a circular letter to the members of Daubigny’s Club to the following effect:—That, “A report

having been spread, that the duke of York had said some words had been made use of to him (colonel L.) in a political conversation, that no gentleman ought to submit to,” colonel L. took the first opportunity to speak to his royal highness before the officers of the Coldstream regiment, to which colonel L. belongs; when he answered, “that he had heard them said to colonel L. at Daubigny’s, but refused at the same time to tell the expression, or the person who had used it; that in this situation, being perfectly ignorant what his royal highness could allude to, and not being aware that any such expression ever passed, he (colonel L.) knew not of any better mode of clearing up the matter than by writing a letter to every member of Daubigny’s Club, desiring each of them to let him know, if he could recollect any expression to have been used in his (colonel L’s) presence, which could bear the construction put upon it by his royal highness; and in such case, by whom the expression was used.

None of the members of the club having given an affirmative answer to this request, and the duke still declining to give any further explanation than he had done before the officers of the Coldstream regiment, colonel Lenox thought it incumbent on him to call upon his royal highness for the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another. The duke at once waived that distinction of rank of which he might have properly availed himself, and consented to give colonel Lenox the meeting required. The following is the account of the affair, as published by the two seconds, lord Rawdon (the late marquiss of Hastings) and lord Winchelsea:

“In consequence of a dispute already known to the public, his royal highness the duke of York, attended by lord Rawdon, and lieutenant-colonel Lenox, accompanied by the earl of Winchelsea, met on Wimbledon-common. The ground was measured at twelve paces, and both parties

were to fire at a signal agreed upon. The signal being given, lieutenant-colonel Lenox fired, and the ball grazed his royal highness's curl; the duke of York did not fire. Lieutenant-colonel Lenox observed that his royal highness had not fired. Lord Rawdon said it was not the duke's intention to fire; his royal highness had come out upon lieutenant-colonel Lenox's desire, to give him satisfaction, and had no animosity against him. Lieut. Colonel Lenox pressed that the duke of York should fire, which was declined, upon a repetition of the reason. Lord Winchelsea then went up to the duke of York, and expressed his hope that his royal highness could have no objection to say, he considered lieutenant-colonel Lenox as a man of honour and courage. His royal highness replied, that he should say nothing; he had come out to give lieutenant-colonel Lenox satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him; if lieutenant-colonel Lenox was not satisfied, he might fire again. Lieutenant-colonel Lenox said he could not possibly fire again at the duke, as his royal highness did not mean to fire at him. On this, both parties left the ground.—The seconds think it proper to add, that both parties behaved with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity.

“RAWDON.

WINCHELSEA.”

As soon as this affair of honour was concluded at Wimbledon, two letters were sent express to town, one to the prince of Wales, and the other to the duke of Cumberland, giving them an account of the proceedings; and at the instant of the duke of York's return, the prince of Wales, with filial attention to the anxiety of his royal parents, set off to Windsor, lest hasty rumour had made them acquainted with the business.

Such was the caution observed by the duke of York to keep this meeting with colonel Lenox a secret from the prince of Wales, that he left his hat at Carleton-house, and took a hat belonging to some of the household

with him. During the whole of the affair the duke was so composed, that it is difficult to say whether his royal highness was aware of being so near the arm of death. One remarkable thing connected with this duel was, that the earl of Winchelsea, the second of colonel Lenox, was one of the lords of the bed-chamber to his majesty; and his mother, lady Winchelsea, was employed in rearing his royal highness.

This was the first instance of a prince of the blood in England being challenged by a subject. The case however occurred in France only a few years before, when the prince de Conde fought an officer of his own regiment.

The prince, in a violent passion, gave the officer a blow; the officer sold out; but with his commission he did not quit the nicest sense of wounded feelings. He followed the prince every where; and on all occasions, public or private, was constantly before his sight. The prince took the alarm, apprehending that the officer meant to assassinate him: he accordingly asked him, what were his wishes, and what his intentions? “I have a claim to reparation for my injured honour,” said the officer. “I will give it you,” replied the prince; “follow me.” The swords were drawn and measured. The officer touched the point of that of his adversary, and instantly dropped his own. “My prince,” said he, “you have condescended to fight me; it is enough; I am satisfied. The blow you gave me no longer rankles in my breast—it is fully expiated.”

The prince of Conde, to mark the high sense he entertained of the officer's conduct, restored him his commission, and soon gave him promotion.

In consequence of the recovery of George III. from his lamented indisposition, the king's birth-day, in 1789, was celebrated with unusual splendour. The king, however, was not present during any part of the day, owing to the shock occasion-

ed by the duel so recently fought between the duke of York and colonel Lenox. In the evening a most splendid ball was given; and notwithstanding what had so recently happened, and the established etiquette, that no person should stand up at country dances, who had not danced a minuet, colonel Lenox appeared in the circle with lady Catharine Barnard. This the prince of Wales did not perceive until he and his partner, the princess royal, came to the colonel's place in the dance; when, struck with the impropriety, he took the hand of the princess, just as she was about to be turned by the colonel, and led her to the bottom of the dance. The duke of York and the princess Augusta came next, and they turned the colonel without notice or exception. The duke of Clarence with the princess Elizabeth, came next, and his royal highness followed the example of the prince of Wales. The dance proceeded, however, and colonel Lenox and his partner danced down; but when they came to the prince and princess, his royal highness led his sister to the chair by the side of the queen. Her majesty then, addressing herself to the prince, said, "You seem heated, sir, and tired."—"I am heated and tired, madam," said the prince, "not with the dance, but with dancing in such company."—"Then, sir," said the queen, "it will be better for me to withdraw, and put an end to the ball."—"It certainly will be so," said the prince, "for I never will countenance insults given to my family, however they may be treated by others." At the end of the dance, her majesty and the princesses withdrew, and thus the ball concluded. The prince, with his usual gallantry, afterwards explained to lady Catharine Barnard the reason of his conduct, assuring her ladyship, that it gave him much pain to be under the necessity of subjecting a lady to a moment's embarrassment.

Although his royal highness thus vindicated his honour. on the autho-

rity of the subsequent statement given in the *Percy Anecdotes*, we learn that the duke maintains strong aversions to the practice of duelling:—

"A stronger proof of the hold that duelling has obtained in the present state of society could not be furnished, than that a prince of the blood, and the heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, yielded a ready obedience to its mandate. But although his royal highness the duke of York did not hesitate for a moment, in giving satisfaction to an officer, who conceived it necessary to vindicate his honour by such an appeal, yet his royal highness is known to have a strong aversion to duelling, and has on more than one occasion, publicly expressed his disapprobation of this absurd custom. As the head of the British army, he has, it is true, felt how necessary it was to preserve in it a nice and delicate sense of honour; but wherever an officer engaged in a duel, has in the slightest degree violated that honour, his royal highness has expressed his disapprobation, either by reprimand, suspension or dismissal from the army, in proportion to the extenuating or aggravating circumstances of the case. In one instance, where a lieutenant had killed a brother officer in a duel, and was dismissed from the army, a general officer interceded with the duke of York for a mitigation of the offence, saying, it was merely an affair of honour. "Rest assured, general," said his royal highness, "there is no honour in killing a fellow-creature in a private quarrel."

On the 29th of September, 1791, his royal highness was married, at Berlin, to the princess Frederique Charlotte Ubrique Catharine, eldest daughter of his majesty, the king of Prussia. On their arrival in England they were remarried at St. James's; and on the 23rd of December, received at court in great splendour.

Her royal highness was born May 7, 1767; her stature was somewhat below the common height, and her figure formed in proportionate deli-

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cacy and slightness. Her complexion was fair; her hair light; her eye-lashes long and nearly white; and her eyes blue. By this princess, who was a most exemplary lady, his royal highness had no issue.

On the 19th of December, 1791, the duke and duchess of York received the congratulations of the lord mayor, sheriffs, and common council of the City of London, on their marriage; to which his royal highness returned the following answer:—

“I return you my most hearty thanks for this address, so full of sentiments of attachment to the house of Brunswick and to me.

“Your expressions of joy on the occasion of my marriage give me the highest satisfaction, and the city of London may rely on my unabating zeal for their welfare and prosperity, and on my constant endeavours to preserve their affection and regard.”

His royal highness was now called into actual and severe public service. Troops were embarked for Holland, and the Duke of York was appointed commander-in-chief of the army on the continent. On the 4th of September, 1793, his royal highness was defeated by the French near Dunkirk. Nothing particular transpired till the 3d of May, 1794, when the French attacked him, but were driven back; the enemy, however, quickly re-appeared in the field, and gave a second battle to the duke's forces at Turcoign, whom they defeated with great slaughter. It was in the year 1794, at the battle of Tournay, that his royal highness narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. It was a singular affair, and is thus related:—

“In the battle of Tournay in 1794, the English army was quite surrounded by the French, and no resource was left but to cut their way through an enemy infinitely superior in numbers; this was no sooner thought of than measures were adopted for the purpose. The French, however, not daring to oppose so brave a band, made a lane

for them to pass through, and coolly received them on each side with showers of musketry.

“In this movement, his royal highness the duke of York narrowly escaped being made prisoner. Accompanied by an Austrian general, and two other officers, he reached a village which had been taken the preceding day from the enemy, and, supposing it still in the hands of the allies, they rode through it at full gallop. In turning the corner of one of the streets rather sharply, they discovered that the village was then in the hands of the French, and a column of the enemy facing them; the latter supposing the duke was at the head of a body of troops, at first fled, after having fired a volley at them, which killed the Austrian general by the side of his royal highness. Recovering, however, from this error, the French pursued the duke and his two companions until they came near a river. The duke threw himself off his horse, and so did one of the officers, and they waded through the river, the third taking the water with his horse. All this was done under the fire of the French, who had brought a six-pounder to bear upon them. On the other side of the river, the duke fortunately met with a led horse of captain Murray's, which he mounted, and thus arrived in safety at Tournay.”

His royal highness now retreated to Flanders, where he was soon joined by the earl of Moira, and additional forces. In the same year the duke was defeated at Boxtel, and on this mishap commenced, on the 21st of September, his retreat over the Maese. On the 16th of February, in the following year, he had the additional misfortune of losing all his magazines, which were captured by the French; the duke soon after returned to England.

His royal highness, however, again landed in Holland with 17,000 Russians, on the 13th of September, 1799, where, on the 19th of the same

month, the allies were defeated at the battle of Bergen and Alkmaer, with the loss of 7,000 men. On the 2nd of October following, they were again defeated before Alkmaer, with the loss of 5,000 men; and on the 20th, the duke of York entered into a treaty, by which he was permitted to exchange his army for 6,000 French and Dutch prisoners in England. In consequence, his royal highness sought the shores of Great Britain.

Towards the close of the year 1808, public attention was intensely drawn to circumstances deeply affecting the character of the duke of York. The great question was not only the conduct of his royal highness, but the conduct of every public officer in the disposal of preferments. It is neither our will, nor our inclination, to revive the matter of inquiry which was at the time prosecuted by political parties with much feeling and warmth. With such matters we have nought to do, and we shall merely fulfil our duty as faithful journalists, by referring to the event, and briefly recording the result of the inquiry. Colonel Wardle, on the 27th of January, submitted a motion to the House of Commons on the subject of the commander-in-chief, respecting promotions, the disposal of commissions, and the raising of new levies for the army, which engaged the attention of the British Senate from the 1st of February till the 20th of March following, when it was decided by a majority of 82, that "there were no grounds for charging his royal highness with personal corruption, or connivance at such practices disclosed in the testimony heard at the bar. The duke of York resigned the chief command of his majesty's army, and was succeeded by Sir Laurence Dundas; but the latter held the appointments a very short time, for the king re-instated the duke again, to the joy of the British army.

On the demise of his royal mother, he was appointed by parliament custos to the king, instead of the queen,

with an allowance of £10,000 per annum.

In 1820, the duchess of York expired at Oatlands, in the 54th year of her age. To the poor, she was a kind and attentive friend, and for her benevolence of character and kindness of disposition, she was deservedly respected by all classes. The duchess was fondly attached to the canine tribe, and the grounds at Oatlands display some curious monumental inscriptions to her favourite quadrupeds. The following anecdote is extracted from the *Percy Anecdotes*:

"A company of strolling players having obtained leave to exhibit in a barn at Weybridge, petitioned her royal highness to honour the performance with her presence; to which she consented, and gave tickets to all her servants. Soon after, an itinerant methodist came to preach a charity sermon in the same building, (the barn,) and application was again made to the duchess to visit the place, with which she complied; but the servants desired to be excused, on the plea that they did not understand English. 'Oh!' said her royal highness, 'you had no objection to go to the comedy, which you understood much less, and so you shall go to the sermon.' The duchess accordingly went with all her train, and contributed liberally on the occasion, as well for them as for herself."

As a firm friend to the Protestant cause, his royal highness delivered the following speech in the House of Lords, on the 25th of April, 1825, on the subject of the claims of the Roman Catholics. Our readers are sufficiently acquainted with the nature of our work to know that we introduce the document upon which the opinions of political partizans are so greatly divided, merely to render our biographical memoir complete. With the political belief of any man we interfere not; and in presenting our readers with a sketch of the life of a public character, we record the "simple annals" of the

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individual, and leave the reader to enjoy his own peculiar creed without intruding our own observations upon his attention.

“I hold in my hand a petition from the dean and chapter of the collegiate church of St. George, Windsor, praying that no further concessions may be made to the Roman Catholics. I am sure that any representation from so learned and respectable a body, will be received with the attention it deserves; and therefore I should not have troubled your lordships with any observations in support of it, if I did not feel this was an occasion on which any man may well be permitted to address your lordships. I do this the more readily on the present occasion, because, not having been in the habit of taking part in your discussions, I will not interrupt the progress of the debate on the bill to which the petitioners refer, if it should come into the house. It is now twenty-five years since this measure was first brought into discussion. I cannot forget with what events that discussion was at that time connected. It was connected with the most serious illness of one now no more; it was connected also with the temporary removal of one of the ablest, wisest, and honestest ministers that this country ever had. From that time, when I gave my first vote on this question to the present, I have never seen any reason to regret or to change the line which I then took. I have every year seen more reason to be satisfied with my decision. When the question comes regularly before your lordships, it will be discussed much more fully and ably than I can do it; but there are two or three subjects on which I am anxious to touch; one is that you place the church of England in a situation in which no other church in the world is placed. The Roman Catholic will not allow the church of England or parliament to interfere with his church, and yet he requires

you to allow him to interfere with your church, and to legislate for it. There is another subject still more delicate, on which I cannot, however, help saying a few words. I speak (I beg to be understood) only as an individual. I desire not to be understood as speaking for any body else; but consider, my lords, in what a situation you place the sovereign; by the coronation oath the sovereign is bound to maintain the church established in her doctrine, discipline, and her rights, inviolate. An act of parliament may release future sovereigns and other men from this oath, or from any other oath to be taken; but can it release an individual who has already taken it? I speak, I repeat it again, as an individual, but I entreat the house to consider the situation in which the sovereign is thus placed. I feel very strongly on this whole subject. I cannot forget the deep interest which was taken upon it by one now no more, and the long and unhappy illness in which—(here his royal highness was sensibly affected.) I have been brought up from my early years in these principles, and from the time when I began to reason for myself, I have entertained them from conviction, and in every situation in which I may be placed, I will maintain them, so help me God.”

In conclusion, we may remark, that the British army, under the government of his royal highness, has risen to a state of discipline hitherto unknown in England, and that as commander-in-chief he is deservedly popular, and his attentions have endeared him to every British soldier. To the sports of the field, shooting and racing particularly, his royal highness was greatly attached; but for some months past, the duke was denied the enjoyment of his favourite recreations, in consequence of dangerous and severe indisposition.

We close our memoir with a correct fac-simile of his royal highness's

hand writing, favoured by a valued correspondent :—

*Frederick*

EARLS AND DUKES OF YORK.

A. D. 1190. The first who enjoyed the title of the earl of York, was Otho, duke of Saxony, eldest son of Henry, surnamed the Lion, duke of Bavaria and Saxony ; one of the greatest princes of his time, by the princess Matilda, or Maud, eldest daughter of Henry II. king of England ; he was afterwards emperor of Germany, but died without issue : he was likewise nephew of king Richard I. and king John. It is observable that his youngest brother William, born at Winchester, was the immediate ancestor of his present majesty in a direct line ; so early was the illustrious house of Brunswick allied to the blood-royal of England.

1385. Edmund of Langley, surnamed Plantagenet, fifth son of king Edward III., was earl of Cambridge and duke of York.

1401. Edward Plantagenet, son of the former, earl of Rutland and duke of York, was killed while valiantly fighting at the glorious battle of Agincourt, in 1415, and left no issue.

1415. Richard Plantagenet, ne-

phew of the last duke, and son of Richard, earl of Cambridge, who was beheaded for a conspiracy against king Henry V., 1415, succeeded his uncle as duke of York. He began the fatal contest between the two potent houses of York and Lancaster, and was killed at the battle of Wakefield. His head was placed on one of the gates of York, with a paper crown on it, by way of derision, by queen Margaret, consort of king Henry VI.

1474. Richard Plantagenet, born at Shrewsbury, second son of king Edward IV., was duke of York, and murdered with his unfortunate brother, Edward V.

1495. Henry, second son of king Henry VII., was duke of York : he was afterwards Henry VIII.

1604. Charles, second son of king James I., was duke of York, afterwards the unfortunate Charles I.

1643. James, son of Charles I., was the next duke, afterwards the weak and bigotted James II.

1718. Ernest Augustus, duke of Brunswick Lunenburg, and bishop of Osnaburg, brother to king George I., was duke of York and Albany, and earl of Ulster.

1760. Edward Augustus, grandson of George II., and brother of George III., was created duke of York.

1784. Frederick, second son of George III., and brother of George IV., was created duke of York, earl of Ulster, and bishop of Osnaburg.

DR. BLAIR AND THE REV. R. WALKER.

THE late Dr. Blair, when concluding a public discourse, in which he had descanted with his usual eloquence on the amiableness of virtue, gave utterance to the following apostrophe :—" O Virtue, if thou wert embodied, all men would love thee !"

His colleague, the Rev. R. Walker, ascended the same pulpit, on a subsequent part of the same Sabbath ; and addressing the congregation, said, " my reverend friend ob-

served in the morning, that if virtue were embodied, all men would love her. Virtue has been embodied : but how was she treated ? Did all men love her ? No, she was despised and rejected of men ; who, after defaming, insulting, and scourging her, led her to Calvary, where they crucified her between two thieves !" The effect of this fine passage on the audience was powerful.



## VERNAL REFLECTIONS.

Le doux Printemps revient, et ranime a  
la fois  
Les oiseaux, les zephirs, et les fleurs, et  
ma voix.  
Dans les champs, dans les bois, sur les  
monts d'alentour,  
Que tout rit de bonheur, d'esperance, et  
d'amour !

DE LILLE.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,  
Fair Venus' train appear,  
Disclose the long expecting flowers,  
And wake the purple year !  
The attic warbler pours her throat,  
Responsive to the cuckow's note,  
The untaught harmony of spring ;  
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,  
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

GRAY.

THE multiplicity of beautiful objects in the creation, and the variety and constant vicissitude of the seasons, are less to be wondered at by the Contemplative Philosopher, than the inattention and indifference with which they are too often beheld. A rural excursion is productive of very different reflections in ordinary minds from what wisdom would suggest with admiration, and devotion utter with reverence and awe. Man, as if endowed with no higher faculties than the beasts of the field, "wanders often with brute unconscious gaze," and discerns not "the mighty Hand, that, ever busy," upholds, informs, and actuates the whole.

What Tully has observed on a different occasion, may be applicable likewise to all contemplations on the beauties of Nature and the Seasons, and is a very forcible recommendation of them : *Omnia profecto, cum se a caelestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet* : "The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently, when he descends to human affairs."—They have a tendency to exalt the mind above the low and groveling ideas that enslave the vulgar, the prepossessions of ignorance, and the terrors of supersti-

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tion. By a kind of philosophical necessity, they superinduce a habit of serious and devotional reflection, and, by a happy consequence, a delight in the exercises of piety, benevolence, and virtue. They are productive, also, of the sweetest and most permanent satisfaction ; so well is philosophy, in this respect, entitled to the noble eulogy of Milton :

How charming is divine philosophy !  
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

With the poets in every age Spring has been one of the most favourite subjects. When they would describe the beauties of Paradise, and the felicities of the Golden Age, their Spring flourishes in perpetual verdure, and smiles with everlasting pleasure. Thus Milton adorns his Eden :

Airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove,  
attune  
The trembling leaves, while universal  
Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in  
dance,  
Led on th' eternal Spring.

And Ovid describes his Golden Age,  
Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus  
auris  
Mulcebant zephyri natos sine semine  
fiores.

The flow'rs unsown, in fields and meadows reign'd,  
And western winds immortal Spring maintain'd.  
DRYDEN.

One of the most beautiful ornaments of poetry is the creation of imaginary beings, or the personification of inanimate objects. Such a favourite as the Spring could not, in course, be neglected or forgotten.—It has been described as a youth of a most beautiful air, and shape, but not yet arrived at that exact symmetry of parts, which maturer years might be supposed to give him.

There is such a bloom, however, in his countenance, with such a sweetness, complacency, and pleasure, that he appears created to inspire every bosom with delight. He is dressed in a flowing mantle of green silk, interwoven with flowers; a chaplet of roses on his head, and a jonquil in his hand. Primroses and violets spring up spontaneously at his feet, and all nature revives at his exhilarating aspect. Flora attends him on one hand, and Vertumnus, in a robe of changeable silk, on the other. Venus with no other ornament than her own beauties, follows after. She is succeeded by the Graces with their arms entwined, and with loosened girdles, moving to the sound of soft music, and striking the ground alternately, with their feet. The Months that properly belong to this season, appear likewise in his train, with suitable emblematic decorations.

Pleasure is represented as taking her flight, in Winter to cities and towns, and revisiting the gladdened country in Spring. Mrs. Barbauld has beautifully described this, as well as the gradual progress of the season, from its earliest infant efforts, to the perfection of vernal beauty in the delightful month of May.

When Winter's hand the rough'ning year  
deforms,  
And hollow winds foretel approaching  
storms,  
Then Pleasure, like a bird of passage, flies  
To brighter climes and more indulgent  
skies ;  
Cities and courts allure her sprightly train,  
From the bleak mountain and the naked  
plain ;  
And gold and gems with artificial blaze,  
Supply the sickly sun's declining rays.  
But soon, returning on the western gale,  
She seeks the bosom of the grassy vale :  
There, wrapt in careless ease, attunes the  
lyre,  
To the wild warblings of the woodland  
choir :  
The daisied turf her humble throne sup-  
plies,  
And early primroses around her rise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the glad earth her frozen zone un-  
binds,

And o'er her bosom breathe the western  
winds.

Already now the snowdrop dares appear,  
The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd  
year ;

As Flora's breath, by some transforming  
pow'r,

Had chang'd an icicle into a flow'r :

Its name and hue the scentless plant re-  
tains,

And winter lingers in its icy veins.

To these succeed the violet's dusky blue,  
And each inferior flow'r of fainter hue !

Till riper months the perfect year disclose,  
And Flora cries, exulting, See my rose.

What a wonderful revolution, in-  
deed, in the universal aspect of na-  
ture does the return of this lovely  
season exhibit ! After having been  
long bound up with frost, or over-  
spread with snow, the earth once  
more displays all her variety of plants  
and flowers, is arrayed with the most  
beautiful and enlivening verdure,  
variegated with a numberless variety  
of hues, and exhales odours so exqui-  
sutely pure and fragrant, that every  
sense of every creature is awake to  
inexpressible delight.

Forth in the pleasing Spring  
His beauty walks, His tenderness and  
love.

Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is  
balm ;

Echo the mountains round ; the forest  
smiles ;

And every sense, and every heart is joy.

THOMSON.

None of the other seasons can vie  
with Spring in loveliness and amenity.  
It has the same order among them  
that the morning has among the divi-  
sions of the day, and youth among  
the stages of life. It may be called  
the favourite season of harmony ; for  
the warbling of the feathered tribes  
has been observed to have now a  
peculiar wildness and sweetness of  
melody. Nor is its sweet influence  
confined to the songsters of the  
groves : it pervades the whole ani-  
mal creation. But I must confine  
my observations to its influence on  
man, that I may not be led to exceed  
the limits of this paper. Thomson,  
in his inimitable Seasons, has left  
nothing on this subject for future po-  
ets to describe.

In the opening of spring, and the subsequent renovation of nature, how very sensibly is the human soul exhilarated by that sense of pleasure, which inspires the birds with melody, and the whole creation with joy. In this season, when we contemplate the smiling scenes around, those secret overflowings of gladness are diffused over the soul, which compose what Milton expressively calls "vernal delight," and which I have heard denominated, with no less beauty and propriety, "the smile of Nature." What an exquisite sense of this does the virtuous philosopher experience! The creation, particularly in this lovely season, is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man. From all that he beholds, he receives instruction and delight.— Providence has adorned the whole creation with such a variety of beautiful and useful objects, that it is impossible for a mind, not imbruted by mere sensual enjoyments, to contemplate the scenes around without some of the sweetest internal sensations of which man can be susceptible. But when to the delightful satisfaction which rural objects afford, we add an occasional attention to the studies of natural philosophy, our relish for the beauties of the creation is quickened, and rendered not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding; and it is an unquestionable truth, that the man who extends his enquiries into the works of Nature, multiplies, in some degree, the inlets to happiness. The philosopher is not content with the lulling murmur of brooks, or the enlivening melody of birds, with the shade of embowering woods, the verdure of fields, or the embroidery of meadows. He will reflect, on the contrary, on the infinite variety of benevolent purposes to which they are all subservient, and the wonders of that Divine Wisdom of which they all exhibit such impressions. While the pleasures of the eye, in course, are heightened, his soul is exalted to that rational admi-

ration, which insensibly leads to love and adoration; and while he "walks superior amid the glad creation, musing praise, and looking lively gratitude," with a kind of sacred ecstasy he exclaims,

These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good,  
Almighty, Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then!  
Unspeakable!

MILTON.

While unusual sweetness thus inspires the whole creation with a purer joy, the moral philosopher is led to inquire into the natural effects of this delightful influence, not only on the frame, but on the heart of man. The affections, he is fond to imagine, are all attuned to benevolence, and each discordant passion soothed to serenity and peace. This beautiful idea is adopted by Thomson:

Can fierce passions vex his breast,  
While every gale is peace, and every  
grove  
Is melody?

With what a generous satisfaction too will humanity reflect on the restorative effects of Spring! The convalescent, so lately wretched, so long oppressed by the heavy load of pain, and languor, and disease, now feel, as it were, a new creation; and sweet are the cheering sensations, sweet the unwonted joys, that now recall them to the exertions of strength and the happiness of health.

Fair the face of Spring,  
When rural songs and odours wake the morn  
To every eye; but how much more to his  
Round whom the bed of sickness long  
diffus'd  
Its melancholy gloom! How doubly fair,  
When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales  
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun  
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life  
Chasing oppressive damps and languid  
pain!

AKENSIDE.

But as the human mind is not universally the same, the renovation of spring sheds not on all alike its enlivening influence. Some persons,

at times, experience sensations very different from that gaiety which is supposed to be inseparable from the vernal season. Amid the bright verdure of the earth, the gay variety of trees and flowers, and the serenity of the blue concave, a kind of tranquil melancholy enters into all their solitary moments, which the beauties of the landscape, and the melody of the birds, will rather soothe than overcome. Among the various reasons that may be given for the occurrence of such pensive ideas, is the recollection, perhaps, that the spring brings back with it the remembrance, but not the return of our youthful scenes of hilarity and strength; and that while Nature, in regular vicissitude, is renewed in youth and beauty, man hastes apace to that wintry state of infirmity and decrepitude, when the brightest spring must cease to charm, and life itself expire, under the pressure of accumulated years. Indulging such sentiments as these, one may be disposed to address Spring in the words of Mirtillo, in the Pastor Fido of Guarini, the turn of which has been so beautifully copied in the following lines:

Thus with the year  
Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or  
morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

MILTON.

Parent of blooming flowers and gay desires,  
Youth of the tender year, delightful  
Spring  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Again dost thou return, but not with thee,  
Return the smiling hours I once possess'd.

LYTTLETON.

Let then considerations of this kind inculcate some useful lesson, and they may, at times, be innocently, if not too frequently indulged. Let them teach the young and gay the necessity of making use, at the same time, of the spring of the year and the spring of life; of acquiring, while their minds may be yet impressed

with new images, the love of innocent enjoyments, and a passion for useful and virtuous wisdom. In fine, let them remember, as a fine writer has expressed it, "that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only introduced by Nature as preparatives for autumnal fruits."

To persons advanced in life, true wisdom will not fail to administer the noblest motives for manly consolation and rejoicing hope. A good man will reflect, that since it is impossible for his declining years to return to their first spring of health and vigour, it is yet in his power to soften the inconveniences he may feel, by the cultivation of such virtues, and the enjoyment of such pleasures, as have a natural tendency to produce an easy and contented mind. Taught to look into himself, he will wisely reflect on the vanity of setting his heart on external enjoyments. He will feel nothing of that unsocial disposition which the gloom of austerity excites. On the contrary, a pensive tenderness, a serene but not unpleasing melancholy, will be diffused over his soul, inspiring the sweet tranquility of benevolence, yet awake, at the same time, to all the active energy of goodness. Hence the charms of virtuous life, and of a devout intercourse with the God of Seasons, "the Great Arbitrator of life and death:" for he knows "that his Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after his skin worms destroy his body, yet in his flesh shall he see God." Hence he looks forward, not merely with a serenity of soul, but with the aspirations of piety, and the triumph of anticipating faith: he looks forward to that blissful period, when the vicissitude of seasons shall be no more; when "the spirits of the just made perfect" shall enjoy the society of angels and archangels, resplendent in celestial beauty, and happy in perpetual Spring.

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## FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

## CURSORY THOUGHTS AND LITERARY REMINISCENCES

NO. III.

THE overweening importance which the passion of Love holds in modern polite literature, is perhaps what would strike an ancient first and most. It has created one department, which was utterly unknown to him, novels and romances, and engrossed it almost entirely; and another, which he well knew, the tragic drama, can scarcely find an admirer without its aid. He would soon perceive indeed, that woman in modern, and woman in ancient times, occupied very different places in society; but how, on that account, she was any way essentially altered, so as to give the passion of love more importance in the intellectual world, he would be puzzled to tell. The actual intellectual intercourse of the sexes, he would easily ascertain, prevails fully as little in modern London and Paris, as in ancient Rome and Athens; and the real intellectual importance attached to woman in the former cities, he would find much about the same as was in the latter. In short I question much if he would not candidly declare, that woman, as maid and matron, maintained a less respectable station in society in modern than in ancient times, and that she was of course only fictitiously the object of the intellectual interest among us that she appears to be. Indeed, when we consider how little influence the passion of love really exercises over our general existence, it is evident that had it not been for peculiar circumstances, created in a peculiar state of society, this passion would never have obtained the pre-eminent rank it has in our literature. These circumstances, I am inclined to think, and this peculiar state of society existed in full vigour when modern literature arose. This was in the age of the Crusades—those wars which, if devotion to God gave

them birth, entailed on all who engaged in them no less devotion to the ladies. And this was very natural. We have only to consider immense numbers of men engaging on a war-like expedition, to countries the nature of which, and their inhabitants, and their distance, were wholly unknown—the impulse of it, nothing but the wildest enthusiasm—we have only to consider these circumstances, and join to them all that these men left behind to draw the conclusion. It was not the emigration of Scythian or Tartar hordes, with their wives, and families, and all they possessed, driven forward by threatened destruction, but hordes, almost as numerous, leaving, of their own accord, all these behind them, in hopes of their return. Would not this give birth to the most extravagant hopes and ideas of love and constancy in woman, of friendship and fidelity in man, for on these depended all that could bless their return? Such masses of men, never before, and in all likelihood never will again, unite and agree voluntarily, for such an object, to place such dependence on such foundations. Of the few who returned to prove their dependence, and praise it, these were consequently powerful, and they who were not, were their retainers; and that on their return, woman's love and constancy, man's friendship and fidelity, though in a less degree should become the favourite theme of Europe, is no subject of wonder. Father, husband and lover, brother, friend and Lord, were all alike interested. That to these circumstances (requiring of themselves, considering the numerous matter they contain, a long disquisition) woman in a great measure owes the station and the freedom of action she possesses in European society, appears to me

very clear, and that till very lately, some States in Europe did not admit her claim to them, is only another proof to the point, for these States were never Crusaders.

The influence that the passion of love, thus introduced into paramount importance, has had on the drama, is more striking than any other part of our literature, except that which it created, novels and romances. And this influence, though as Sir Roger de Coverley says, "much may be said on both sides," I would presume to think has been radically bad. If to instruct is allowed to be the great end of all literary composition, the drama of all others possesses the greatest power of good or evil.—Other compositions, be their good or bad merits what they may, must undergo a long and tedious probation before they can materially affect the public mind, and even then they affect only the reading and thinking public, but with the drama it is far otherwise; for it is directed at once to the eye, the ear, and the understanding, and that in the most seductive manner, of the young and the old, the foolish and the wise, the learned and the unlearned, the good and the bad. The Athenian prisoners in Sicily, found favour and obtained liberty, through their knowledge of the plays of Euripides; Schiller's "Robbers," in Germany, and Gay's "Beggar's Opera," in England, are said to have created highwaymen; and "George Barnwell" is still acted every Christmas in London to deter apprentices from crime. If the power of the drama be then so great—if in free and moral England it requires the highest official character in the kingdom to watch it, lest it poison the minds of the people, whatever useless obstruction, engendered by a vitiated taste, or a prejudiced idea of its requisites, is thrown in the way of the genius of those who might otherwise wield its powers, I hold to be pernicious. And such an obstruction is the idea, so generally entertained, that the

great agent in every drama ought to be Love. To say that the ancients had no such idea is nothing; for we are not the ancients: but it is surely of some weight, that the confessedly greatest master of the drama the world has ever known, Shakespeare, had no such idea. In none of his numerous plays is love the agent upon which the incidents depend, and into which they resolve themselves, like effects into causes. He knew well that love has very much influence in the great drama of life: that it seldom interferes, when the great powers of any mind are in full action:—that it invariably gives place to them, when brought into opposition:—that it is of itself inactive, as to the concerns and interests of the general world:—that, in short, to use his own emphatic words, "men have died and worms have eat them—but not for love." Now, the drama is only useful when it brings before us men as they act, and are acted upon, in the real jostle of life, with and by passions, the possession, or the want, the scope, or the conquest of which, is good or bad, for the individual, or society. Some individuals, in all countries, and in all ages, have possessed passions, the exercise of which may, in some respects, have been peculiar to themselves, but as, in consequence of this, they could interfere but little, or transiently with the world at large, they can form no subjects for the drama, which ought to deal with common humanity, and thus serve and be understood by common humanity wherever it exists. To modify a passion to time and place, and present it so modified, may, of itself, be very cleverly done, but it is not dramatically done, inasmuch as it is insulated. Now when love is made the principal agent of a drama, upon which the whole plot turns, it must follow that every incident must be made subservient to this purpose, and all extraneous matter carefully avoided—that love alone must hasten or delay the catastrophe—that

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no thought must intrude which does not plainly conduce to it, and no action, how natural soever, interfere with this great design. And for what is all this done? For that with which common humanity is little if at all concerned. But it may be said that this is the case with every drama, and the interest raised altogether fictitious. I reply, it is not the case with the dramas of Shakspeare, nor is their interest fictitious; for I find none of his characters that do not come intimately home to my own bosom, as one of a common family, and speak and act, exactly as I conceive I would do, in similar situations. They are men and women, such as I see every day around me, under certain modifications:—they are neither heroes nor heroines. When love interferes with any of them, I see it produce no wonderful alteration upon them;—that under its influence they neither act nor talk contrary to their natural manner, but perform all they have to do in the common way. It is on this account that his plays will always maintain their supremacy, into whatever state society may be moulded; for the passions of men will always remain essentially the same, how much soever their political situation may change. It is this strict adherence to nature—allowing nothing to be of any importance but what nature and habit render important, that has enabled him to leave the world the greatest mass not only of the highest poetry, but the richest knowledge that any individual has ever done or can do again. The works of other men in time and fashion may render of less importance, but his will always remain an imperishable manual of wisdom for man, in almost every possible situation he can be placed either by fortune or by genius.

It may be thought curious then, that with such an example before them, our succeeding dramatists should have laboured so pertinaciously to confine the drama, which naturally possesses so wide a territory, to

a corner so small, and so easily exhausted as love. But this, to any one who will examine the political and literary history of our country from Shakspeare's days, downwards to our own times, will not appear so difficult to solve. It is well known that the Puritans were no friends to the stage, and the Restoration, the best blessing of which was its abandoned king, to force the nation to think of the Revolution, totally altered the literary taste of the English. The stern, but noble minds of the Commonwealth could, only in secret, meditate "Paradise Lost," while the profligate court inundated the nation with all the spawn of their admired neighbours the French. We do not hear of one of the *genuine* dramas of Shakspeare finding its way on the stage during this lamentable period; and only one or two of them altered and revised by Dryden, to suit the courtly fashion. His own worthless tragedies, stalking in rhyme, and his great rival's Shadwell, "outheroding Herod," were the favourites of the countrymen of Shakspeare. Congreve and Otway, the latter indeed superior infinitely to the former, made a feeble stand and it was a feeble one against the prevalent taste from a half-Frenchified battery, composed of Mourning Brides and Venetian Bravos. Addison followed next, (for I mention only the names of note,) and, in conformity to the reigning taste, made the fall of the Roman republic depend on a love plot, and chose the hall of Cato for its scene.

Since that time our tragic drama has made no advance, notwithstanding the prodigious fecundity of almost every other kind of poetry. Can it be that Shakspeare seized, occupied, and cultivated, to its utmost capability, the whole territory? no; mighty as he was he could not exhaust the human heart; but his successors unlike him viewing the whole human heart at full play, and watching and seizing its tendencies when at full play, like children intent on a baby-house, amid the magnifi-

cence of nature, have overlooked all but the baby passion love. Yet that Shakspeare, when he chose, and with propriety could do it, could write with great fervour, on this subject, the following beautiful sonnet may testify :—

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love,  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove.  
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
Which looks on tempests and is never  
shaken ;

It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown altho' his  
height be taken :  
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips  
and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass  
come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and  
weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of  
doom.  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, and no man ever loved.

Colchester, 1827.

### GREECE.—ALI PASHA.

(See page 368.)

THE obscure rumours of a despotic court assign various causes for the immediate fall of this formidable chieftain. But his notorious assumption of power, was sufficient to have numbered him among those offenders whom the Porte marks for the dagger. Turkey must see with bitterness the Ionian Isles torn from her grasp, even though in the hands of her most honourable ally. The open intercourse of the Pasha with the Government of the Isles, and the knowledge, that in the event of a war with England, he would instantly sacrifice his allegiance for sovereignty and English connection, might have hurried the blow. The Sultan Mahmoud, too, is a reformer ; and the state of the European provinces might well have called for some of that fierce energy which has not spared even the troops of his capital. But the immediate cause is said to have been that greediness for gold which has from the beginning disgraced and stimulated the Ottoman sword.

The palace of Topeleni had been burned down, whether by accident, or by the more probable means of some attempt at plunder. One of the Pasha's hoards was discovered in the ruins. The story of his immense wealth, of itself sure to bring down wrath on the possessor, was urged by an old enemy, Ismael Pa-

sha, at the Seraglio. Ali had grown avaricious with age, and perhaps contemptuous of the Sultan, with increased power. He had diminished the amount of his bribes, and it was determined in the Divan, that he was ripe for the bow-string. Ali received at once the double and alarming intelligence, that his enemy was nominated Capigi Bashee, or Imperial Messenger, and that his second son Veli, was removed from the important Pashalik of Thessaly to the inferior one of Lepanto. Ali was now seventy-eight, but he had lost neither his early arts, nor his early activity. His first step was to send two Albanian horsemen to stop the Capigi's mission. They rode up to his door, under pretence of delivering a letter, and as he came to the window, fired at, and wounded him. They were hotly pursued ; one was taken sixty miles from Constantinople, examined, and after confessing the name of his master, was hung before the Seraglio gate. The Divan instantly issued an order for Ali to attend before " the golden threshold of the gate of Felicity, within forty days, on pain of the wrath of the Brother of the Sun and Moon, and Light, of all the princes of the earth." A curse of excommunication was pronounced by the Mufti, and the more effective instrument of an army was set in motion, with Is-



Ismael Pasha at its head, declared Pasha of Joannina! The old tyrant now felt retribution coming on him in a flood. At another time of life, he might have easily broken the attack even in Constantinople. But avarice had extinguished his prudence; and it had even enfeebled the haughty courage of the famous chieftain of the Albanians. He wavered in his declaration of open war, and was undone. A variety of bold schemes crossed his mind, and he was said to have been once on the point of calling himself a Christian, taking the title of King of Greece, and summoning all the tribes to the renovation of their old glorious name.

Yet he had the means of resistance which might have encouraged a less sanguine spirit to defy the feeble and tardy power of the Porte. He had no less than twenty-five fortresses equipped and garrisoned. He had seventeen thousand of the bravest soldiers of the empire in the field, and one of the most difficult countries of the world for his grand fortification. The defeats of the Ottoman troops in their advances through the defiles of the Pashalik, during the six years of war since, have showed how formidable must have been their defence with a gallant and native army to guard them. But the cruelty and perfidy of the Pasha had alienated all his people; the "true honour, and troops of friends," were not to be found in the circle of his hazardous and polluted councils. As the Turkish armies ascended through the passes, all resistance melted away, like the snow under their feet; the Albanians, instead of defending their mountain ramparts, where a few hundred men might have given over the whole Turkish host to the wolves and vultures, came down and joined them. Omer Brioni, the favourite officer of Ali, carried over his whole division to the enemy. The towns opened their gates, even his own family fled or surrendered, and Ali saw himself,

without a shot being fired, reduced to the solitary fortress of Joannina.

Still he retained the means of making a desperate and even a successful resistance. The castle and fortress mounted two hundred and fifty pieces of cannon; it was garrisoned by eight thousand Albanians, and provisioned for four years. The lake on which it stood was an additional entrenchment, and it was secured by a squadron of gun-boats. But the war was now pressing close upon him, and he had the mortification of seeing his city of Joannina pillaged and set in a blaze under his eyes. He had the still keener mortification of hearing the shouts of the Ottoman army for his old enemy Ismael, as, on the 20th of August 1820, he rode into the city yet burning, and was proclaimed Pasha! Ali furiously answered the proclamation by a heavy fire from all his cannon.

Of all warlike nations, the Turks are the feeblest in the attack of fortified places. But for the destruction of a rival, the new Pasha urged his troops to extraordinary vigour, and before the winter, upwards of five thousand bombs had been thrown into the place. Disaffection, and the habitual fickleness of the Greek soldiery, were, now, however working for the besieged. The levies retired to the hills, or quarrelled in the camp; winter set in, and the passes became impervious through snow, or were blocked up by Odysseus, that bold but dubious partizan who has since figured so largely in the patriotic war.

If Ali, in these hours of his fate, was gratified by the fall of a puissant enemy, the Porte indulged him with it in the dismissal and disgrace of Ismael Pasha. Despotism and democracy meet in their revenge on the unlucky; and the only distinction between Constantinople and republican Paris, was, that the defeated general of the Turk sometimes escaped with life; the guillotine was more prompt and unfailing. The delays of the siege of Joannina

had overthrown Ismael's credit at court; and Kourchid Pasha was ordered to take upon him the almost desperate enterprise of reducing the "Old Lion," as Ali was termed with scarcely Oriental exaggeration.

But his den was not to be entered by such hunters as could be found within the dominions of the Turk, and the war lingered through the greater part of 1821. But an accident accomplished what might have been hopeless to force. In July, a fire had broke out in the castle of Joannina. It had spread to the magazines of provision; and in a wasted country, and in the presence of the enemy, the loss was irreparable. Kourchid Pasha returned with a large additional force, and in November it was announced that all was ready for the assault. The failure of provisions, and the evidence of increased activity in the besiegers, disheartened the garrison, who now saw no prospect but of dying by famine or the Turkish artillery. Desertion took place, and the garrison was soon reduced to six hundred men. A still more alarming omen occurred, in the desertion of the chief engineer, Caretta, a Neapolitan, who increased the value of his treachery by directing the guns of the besiegers to the more vulnerable points of the castle. The island of the lake was soon after seized by a Turkish flotilla. Kourchid, now in sight of triumph, and stimulated by the immense wealth still buried in the fortress, pressed the siege with fierce vigour, until Ali was forced to abandon all the lower fortress, and shut himself up in the citadel with but sixty soldiers. Still the great prize of the war eluded the grasp of the Ottoman general. The countless gold of the "Old Lion" was in the citadel, covered with barrels of gunpowder, and the whole treasures, castle and besiegers, might have been blown into the air at the moment of the storm. Ali's character, old as he was, forbade the idea that, if he were pressed, he would die

but sword in hand, and in the midst of some fierce act of revenge. Kourchid shrank from this extremity, ordered the assault to be stayed, and tried the slower, but not less fatal, way of negotiation.

The last hours of Ali have been variously narrated; but the most authentic account is thus given by Mr. Waddington, as the "Official Statement of the Turkish Secretary of State to the British Minister, Lord Strangford." It is worth preserving, even as a curious instance of a Turkish state-paper.

"Kourchid Pasha sent his Silikdar to Ali to propose to him to surrender at discretion; to restore that part of the citadel which he possessed, and to consign his treasures to this officer; for such appeared, in the extremity to which he was reduced, the only rational determination for him to adopt. He added, that he knew that a report had been spread, that Ali had resolved, in case he should be thrown into despair, to set fire to the powder, and blow up himself, his treasures and all those who surrounded him; but that this threat did not frighten him, and that if Ali did not decide immediately, he would come himself and apply the torch. Ali Pasha replied to the Silikdar that he was well assured that, in his situation, there was no other choice, and that he was determined to surrender as soon as he should be assured of his life.

"The Silikdar undertook to carry his answer to his master; and returned soon afterwards to inform him, in the name of Kourchid Pasha, that the fulfilment of his request depended exclusively on the Sultan; that the Pasha would willingly give him his good offices with his Highness; but that he could not do it with any hope of success, unless Ali should previously deliver up all he possessed; that he proposed to him, consequently, to effect the surrender of the fort, the treasures, the stores, &c. &c. and to retire and await the arrival of the resolution of the Sultan

the small island on the lake near the citadel.

“Ali Pasha asked time at first to reflect on the decision which he would make. At last, after several conversations with the Silikdar, he consented to leave the citadel; and he retired into the island with all his little troop, with the exception of one of his trusty friends, with whom he agreed on a signal, which would instruct him whether he was to set fire to the powder, or give up all that was intrusted to his care to the officers of Kourchid Pasha.

“The Silikdar received Ali Pasha in the island at the head of an equal number of men with that which accompanied the vizier. They paid him all the honour due to his rank; and, after having been treated for several days by Kourchid Pasha with the greatest respect, Ali had confidence enough to order the surrender of all that he had left in the citadel. They immediately made haste to transport the powder into a place of safety.

“Directly afterwards, Ali Pasha requested, that one of his officers, who commanded a small party of a hundred men in the environs of Joannina, might be permitted to join him in the island. Kourchid Pasha consented to this, but sent at the same time a detachment, composed of an equal number of men to keep Ali's troops in awe.

“Different Pashas of inferior rank had been several times to visit Ali. On the 13th day of the moon Djezazial Awwel, (the 5th of February,) Mohammed Pasha, governor of the Morea, offered to procure for Ali every possible comfort, naming particularly provisions. Ali replied to this offer, that he desired nothing more than a supply of meat; he added, however, that he had still another wish; though his unwillingness to offend the scruples of religion forbade him to give utterance to it. Being pressed to name it, he owned that it was wine that he wished for, and Mohammed Pasha promised that

he should receive it. The conversation continued for some time in the most friendly manner, till at last Mohammed Pasha rose to take leave. Being of the same rank, they rose at the same moment from the sofa, according to the usual ceremony; and, before leaving the room, Mohammed Pasha bowed profoundly. Ali returned the compliment; but at the instant of his inclination, Mohammed *executed the will of his sovereign!* and put him to death, by plunging a poniard into his left breast. He immediately quitted the apartment, and announced that Ali had ceased to exist. Some men of Mohammed's suite then entered, and divided the head from the body. The former having been shown to the Sultan's troops, as well as to those who had embraced the rebel's part, a strife followed, in which several men were killed. But the minds of the people were soon calmed, and all discord was appeased by shouts of ‘Long live Sultan Mahmoud, and his vizier Kourchid Pasha!’ ”

Thus perished Ali, by an act of the basest treachery, not palliated by even any supposed necessity, but executed in the mere savage love of craft and murder, that makes, and has always made, the passion of the Turk. The conquest was already secure—the old man was on the verge of the grave—the separation of his revolt from the general Greek cause had long been complete. But no triumph gratifies the Turk in which he cannot dip his perfidious dagger. It must be an indulgence to every feeling of honour and humanity, that this infamous act produced nothing but the fruits of disappointment. The treasures were wasted on the subsequent disastrous campaigns of the Ottoman; they may have even tempted the Divan into those precipitate campaigns which sacrificed so many thousand Turks in the great defiles between Eastern and Western Greece. The Pashalik of Joannina was scarcely

more Turkish in the hands of Omer Vrionis, the new Albanian Pasha. The Divan actually lost in Ali the man, who, of all others, if reconciled to the Porte, would have been the most effectual guard of Western Hellas against the insurrection; and the only return for all those sacrifices, was the barbarian joy of seeing (February 1822) the head of an old man of eighty blackening over the gate of that Azulema, the Seraglio.

In this connection we are strengthened by the testimony of that intelligent observer Colonel Leake, who remarks, "that though Ali may have thwarted all those measures of the Porte which tended to reduce his authority, and in general those which did not originate with himself, or transmitted a larger sum to Constantinople, in the shape of presents to persons in power, than in that of tribute to the imperial treasury; and in the latter respect, he may never have sent as much as would satisfy the wishes of government, nevertheless, it is probable, that the Porte, during his reign, was more truly master of Greece than it had ever been before; and that it derived, upon the whole, as much revenue from the country. While it is certain, that by leaving Ali to oppose the armed Greeks to one another, and to suppress the spirit of revolt by the military strength of Albania, it most effectually secured itself against the bad consequences of foreign intrigues among the Christian subjects of European Turkey; that the concentration of power in Ali's hands was the best protection which the empire could possess on a frontier,

where it was one time endangered by the power of France, not less than the north-eastern side was menaced by the encroachments of Russia. Affairs, in fact became less favourable to the future influence of the Porte after his fall, than they had been under Ali, or than they would have been under the government of his sons."

The death of Ali had been preceded by that of his sons. They had strangely given themselves up to the Turks at an early part of the contest, under promise of personal safety. Ali heard of this feeble act with, as may be presumed, a burst of scorn and indignation; and declaring that they were unworthy of him, pronounced his soldiers to be "thenceforth his only children." The captives were taken to Asia, and fixed in temporary governments, probably with some expectation that they might influence their father's war. But the imperial dagger thirsted for their blood; and, in a few months, under pretence of carrying on a correspondence with the Pasha, they were murdered.

This man's career arrests the eye from its vividness, singularity, and success,—from its bringing into the regulated and formal presence of our later age, the barbaric pomp, eccentric grandeur, and fearful and precipitous catastrophes of the feudal times,—and last and most striking from its having been the summoner to the great insurrection which is now shaking the throne of the Sultan. If the Greek war can be traced to the influence or act of man, the trumpet that called its spirit from the tomb was at the lips of Ali.

#### THE WITTY COUNTRYMAN.

A COUNTRYMAN, very much marked with the smallpox, applied to a justice of the peace for redress in an affair where one of his neighbours had ill treated him: but not explaining the business so clearly as the justice expected, "Fellow," said the justice in a rage, "I don't know whether you were inoculated for the

smallpox or not; but I am sure you have been for stupidity." "Why and please your honour," replied the man, "perhaps I might as you say, be inoculated for stupidity, but there was no occasion to perform that upon your worship, for you seem to have had it in the natural way."

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## A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,  
 And myself replied to me ;  
 And the questions myself then put to  
 myself,  
 With their answers, I give to thee.  
 Put them home to thyself, and if to thyself  
 Their responses the same should be,  
 O look well to thyself, and beware of  
 thyself,  
 Or so much the worse for thee.

What are Riches? Hoarded treasures  
 May, indeed, thy coffers fill ;  
 Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,  
 Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What are Pleasures? When afforded,  
 But by gaudes which pass away,  
 Read their fate in lines recorded  
 On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,  
 She her worth can best express.  
 What is moping Melancholy?  
 Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher  
 For the prosperous and the gay :  
 But a safe and wholesome teacher  
 In adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded,  
 Like some beacon's heavenward glow,  
 If on false pretensions grounded,  
 Like the treacherous sands below,

What is love? If earthly only,  
 Like a meteor of the night ;  
 Shining but to leave more lonely  
 Hearts that hailed its transient light.

But, when calm, refined, and tender,  
 Purified from passion's stain,  
 Like the moon, in gentle splendour,  
 Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes, but gleams of bright-  
 ness,  
 Glancing darkest clouds between,

On foam-crueted waves, whose whiteness  
 Gladdens Ocean's darksome green ?

What are Fears? Grim phantoms,  
 throwing  
 Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,  
 Every moment darker growing,  
 If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,  
 Followed but by deeper gloom.—  
 Patience? More than sunshine bright'ning  
 Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is Time? A river flowing  
 To Eternity's vast sea,  
 Forward, whither all are going,  
 On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating  
 On that silent, rapid stream ;  
 Few, too few, its progress noting,  
 Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is death, asunder rending  
 Every tie we love so well ?  
 But the gate to life un-ending,  
 Joy in Heaven! or woe in Hell!

Can these truths, by repetition,  
 Lose their magnitude or weight ?  
 Estimate thy own condition,  
 Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated?  
 Much may still be left to do ;  
 Be not by profession cheated ;  
 LIVE—as if thou knewest them true!

As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,  
 And myself replied to me ;  
 And the questions myself then put to  
 myself,  
 With their answers, I've given to thee.  
 Put them home to thyself, and if to thyself  
 Their responses the same should be,  
 O look well to thyself, and beware of  
 thyself,  
 Or so much the worse for thee.

## STORY OF DANIEL O'ROUKE.

Mr. Editor,  
 THE following highly characteristic  
 and admirably written narrative of  
 Daniel O'Rourke's flight to the moon,  
 fell into my hands lately. I am well  
 persuaded that the subscribers to

your now promising miscellany, will  
 not be displeased at its insertion.

G.

DANIEL had been to a feast of "the  
 master's" on the return of the

"young master" from foreign parts; and thus he tells the story:—

"Well, we had every thing of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master, by the same token, danced with Peggy Barry from the Bohereen, a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsey almost; for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was that I left the place: only I did leave it, that's certain. Well I thought, for all that, in myself, I'd just step to Molly Cornahan's, the fairy woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer that was bewitched; and so, as I was crossing the stepping stones of the ford of Ballyashenogh, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself, for why? it was Lady-day, I missed my foot, and souse! I fell into the water. 'Death alive,' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, on your fair lady's eyes, sir, (with your pardon for mentioning her,) and I looked east and west, north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog; I never could find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my *berrin* place. So I sat down upon a stone which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head, and sing *Ullagone*, when all of a sudden, the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came

with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me, and says to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you,' says I; 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir' says I: 'I only wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go Dan?' says he. 'Tis sir,' says I: so up I got and told him I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the Island; and how I got into the bog, and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it was very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a deacent, sober man, who tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours Dan,' says he, 'get upon my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour is making game of me; for who ever heard of riding horseback on an eagle before?' 'Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog; besides I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuasance: 'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility: and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up—God knows how far he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—

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thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why? I was in his power entirely: 'Sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down abit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down here, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be a joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off an *ould* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but did not speak it, for where was the use? Well sure he kept flying, and I asked him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going sir?' said I to him. 'Hold your tongue Dan,' says he; 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he; so I said no more.

"At length where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping hook sticking out of the side of the moon.

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 'twas so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far, was it I? did I not beg and pray, and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking now Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon, until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit upon the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and split, and smashed all to bits: you are a vile deceiver, so you are,' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he, 'you can catch hold of the reaping hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.' 'I won't,

then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet, 'if you don't, my man, I shall give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage leaf in the morning.' 'Why then I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the like of you,' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took hold of the reaping hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year.' 'Twas true enough for him, but how he found it out was hard to say: 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cock-throw.'"

In spite of all his remonstrances the unconscionable eagle flies away with a loud laugh, leaving poor Dan "roaring out for the bare grief," in which condition he is visited by the man in the moon. This gentleman's hospitality does not much amend his case.

"'Dan,' said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed sir,' says I, 'tis much against my will that I am here at all: but how am I to get back?' 'That's your business,' said he, 'Dan: mine is to tell you here you must not stay, so be off in no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, when you would not give a poor fellow lodging? I'm sure 'tis not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for it is a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he: 'but you'd better let go the reaping hook.'

'Faith, with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why then my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain, and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he, and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him, for it was plain he was huffed, that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word, he gave two bangs to the handle of the reaping hook that was keeping me up, and *whap* it came in two.' 'Good morning to you Dan,' says the spiteful little blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand: 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had no time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me,' says I, 'but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night: I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; and the *ould* gander; who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me. 'Is that you Dan?' I was not a bit daunted at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and because I knew him of *ould*. 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke; how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank

you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same,' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the Island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' says he to me, 'I'll save you; put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though at the time I thought in myself that I don't much trust you: but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.'

The "*ould*" gander's leg serves poor Dan's turn hardly better than the eagle's wing: and the trip ends with being dropped "plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then forever, when a whale walking up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looking me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over with the cold salt water, till there was'nt a dry stich upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying, 'twas a voice I knew too, 'Get up, you drunken brute, off that!' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me; for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own."

#### ANECDOTE OF LORD BYRON.

ONE morning a party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told that his lordship had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady,

loud enough for him to hear the observation. "I am sorry for it, madam," retorted Lord Byron, "but before I ate the tongue, I was assured you did not want it."



FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

## NO. I.

“This is my own, my native land.”

SCOTT.

EVERY man who has that holy spirit of patriotism, which inspires us with an increasing love for our country, is possessed of feelings highly honourable to human nature: for those feelings commence in childhood, become more ardent in youth, and are strengthened in the maturity of manhood—indeed, they are never forgotten. Oh! there is a sanctifying charm, which fastens itself upon the recollection of our early years, when life is new, and before the bright-hued flowers of hope have been blighted! Is there a wanderer, who has not in the solitary hours of his pilgrimage, cherished many endearing remembrances of his native home and the landscape around it? He recollects the cricket-serenaded hearth, where the winter evening's fire glowed brightly—the summer shade, that shielded him from the sunbeams on the footpaths he traced in happier hours the little pond upon whose wave he launched his Lilliputian ship, unafraid of a disastrous voyage—the trees which he climbed, to pluck the fruit that grew on them, or to ransack some tempting bird's nest that had been built on an impending bough—the chamber, where he slept—and what is dearer than all, his playmates, the equally happy participators of his childish enjoyments. Time and distance cannot efface those delicious remembrances. However, as we get on in life, the endearments at home begin to extend over a larger surface of earth; and notwithstanding the mansion in which we have always lived, is paramount in our affections, yet in time the whole country, which we call our own, shares our fondness and our love. Impulses such as these incite us onward in the glorious ca-

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reer of virtuous, honourable, and patriotic ambition: for our *rewards* are commensurate with our toils:—they are the elevation of our country's character, and the anticipated gratitude of posterity. Yea this spirit of enthusiastic country love calls into requisition the precious gems of intellect, which are promiscuously scattered abroad, rescues from chaotic oblivion the valuable effusions of *genius*, and happily unites the unconnected fragments of talent. So much by way of preface.

We now turn to the intellectual and physical state of our country, and without assumed ostentation or empty arrogance, must declare that Nova-Scotia possesses many legitimate sources of pride. Our periodical publications, although we are only in our infancy, are numerous and respectable: for their columns and pages have been adorned with original productions, that would have been read with admiration even in the enlightened land of our forefathers; and although for these highly esteemed traits of literary refinement, we are chiefly indebted to emigrants, yet, (with pride we say it,) our country begins to exhibit a capability for becoming distinguished in various departments of learning. Our young men of talent and ambition have generally applied themselves to the learned professions as the shortest and most honourable pathway to wealth, distinction and preferment. The celebrity of Doctor Bayard, *et alionem* as physicians, the nervous vigour of inspired eloquence manifested at our bar, and the sublime energy of our pulpit oratory, confirm us in the belief, that this is a land of mental fertility. We may also adduce instances of poetical blossoms that have sprung up, like wild flowers in the wilderness. The highly-

gifted songstress of Acadia, the lamented Miss Tonge (though now no more) has left behind her a few imperishable specimens of heaven-born genius ; and we hope, for the honour of Nova-Scotia, that the author of "The Rising Village" has not unstrung his sweet-toned harp forever. "Melville Island" needs no commendation to render it immortal in the land that gave birth to its author. A historical map of this province has been brought before the public ; and notwithstanding its inaccuracies and imperfections, it should be highly appreciated by us, because he who is said to be the author, has been ambitiously led to write the history of his own country : and report says, he has another work of the same character almost ready for the press.

We are convinced that this province is making rapid and accelerated strides in "*the march of mind*;" for the slumbering energies of its intellect are awakened from the degrading torpidity of ignorance. Public efforts are almost daily making in different parts of the country for the extension of knowledge ; and different towns and villages exemplify a praise-worthy determination of rivaling their neighbours in acts of general utility. Libraries are already established in many places, and are exhibiting their usefulness upon the communities which surround them, lighting the path of scientific research : indeed, they seem intellectual chandeliers, intended to illuminate the theatre of mental enterprise in this part of the world. This universal endeavour to arouse the human mind into general action, may be considered a symptom of after greatness : for mind, though it possesses no physical properties, no material substance, and cannot be visibly known, is still capable of elevating man, of aggrandizing the interests and respectability of a people, and of giving strength and beauty to government. Its elements are indestructible, its productions imperishable, and the verdure of its laurels unfading.

A stern and determined tenacity of their own weight and dignity is inextricably connected with the character of Nova-Scotians ; and this characteristic is perceptible in all our political relations. It would perhaps be deemed criminal in one of our representatives to legislate in opposition to the directions of his constituents : for in that case he would be inevitably visited with detestation, which is fully exemplified not only by the loud-tongued clamour whenever a few are met together but also by the highly indignant articles, which pour in upon our newspapers from every quarter. Election is a day of tempestuous retribution to the unfaithful legislator. Every mouth is open, every voice is raised, every bosom is warm, and every tongue has something to say : truth, it is a strange, intermingled indication of partiality, approbation and applause, *vice versa*, vituperation and revenge. When a youth of our country arrives at a legal age and obtains a qualifying right to give a vote, his highest pride is, independence in the exercise of his dearly valued immunity. Paternal authority has little, or but an imperfect influence over the suffrages of those, who look up to it with reverence and respect in everything else : for an unshaken determination to act without the control of others is carried almost to a fault. At our elections it is a transporting sight to the pure and incorruptible patriot, to behold the unsubdued spirit of independence struggling with the cold and almost irresistibly piercing elements of poverty : for neither the appalling apprehensions of a bailiff, nor the peculiarly terrific horrors of a dungeon, can overcome the inflexible firmness of a Nova-Scotian's political spirit. On these occasions, the hustings are crowded with the yeomanry of the country ; and then each individual seems mightily conscious of his own importance, and proudly elated with the glorious and soul-elevating knowledge of his privilege. "The people's rights," and

the country's good," are in every  
 outh. An inquisition is establish-  
 d, and a scrupulous and scrutiniz-  
 g investigation is passed upon the  
 candidates' different characters :  
 and after this rigid examination, they  
 who have passed the party-heated  
 ideal, unconvicted of impropriety,  
 are considered worthy of receiving  
 the suffrages of the people. How-  
 ever different views and opinions ren-  
 der different men acceptable to dif-  
 ferent parties, the truth is, Nova-  
 Scotians esteem the privilege of  
 choosing delegates, to represent them  
 in the legislative councils of the coun-  
 try, their dearest right ; and conse-  
 quently endeavour, (though they are  
 sometimes improperly misled,) to act  
 brightly, judiciously and independ-  
 ently. Young and rising talent is  
 peculiarly acceptable to their taste ;  
 a proof of which, we need only

remind our readers of the result of  
 the late election in this province.  
 Though it may be said that this de-  
 lineation of our political character,  
 is, in many instances, practically in-  
 correct, yet we are certain that a  
 disinterested independence is the  
 elemental principle, by which our  
 political feelings are regulated.

PETER & PAUL.

NOTE TO THE PUBLIC.

We deem it necessary to say to the  
 readers of the Magazine, that if the  
 Editor's views correspond with ours,  
 we purpose to sketch something like  
 a picture of the characteristic traits  
 of our Countrymen.—In doing so,  
 however, we intend to laugh when  
 we please, philosophize when we  
 please, be grave when we please,  
 and be ironical when we please.

PETER & PAUL.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

Now o'er the world hath sober ev'ning spread,  
 Her ebon-tinctur'd veil, the stars appear ;  
 The smiling moon, in mildest beauty clear,  
 As on my hand I press my pensive head :

While not on earth is heard one echoing tread,  
 Look thro' the southern up rais'd window near,  
 Down on my cheek tear courses after tear :  
 I think on absent friends, on pleasures fled.

Now all their actions, living in my sight,  
 Awake new, mournful pleasures in my soul,  
 And each memento gives a fresh delight.  
 Do not such joys my fair one's mind controul ?  
 They do, I see th' assenting tear descend ;  
 And she will love this trifle for the friend.

CECIL.

St. John, N. B.

MODERN LITERATURE.

To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

SIR,  
 I AM old, and a lover of antiquity ;  
 and perhaps rather antiquated in  
 my notions. I venerate antiquity,  
 have learned much from the writ-  
 ings of antiquity, yet I would by no

means recommend the retracing of  
 our steps, in all things, back to those  
 of the ancients, as in many things,  
 the moderns have far the advantage.  
 But we are certainly fast degenerat-  
 ing from our ancestors in our writ-

ings : in nothing indeed is their superiority to the present age more evident. I speak not of the dark ages, or of those immediately succeeding them, when men's minds were still fettered by ignorance and superstition, and the belief of the existence of supernatural beings, who nightly harrassed the inhabitants of the earth ; and which induced them to credit relations of so marvellous a nature, as to oppose all the dictates of reason and religion. Review the literature of our country for a century back, and observe the difference at the present day. Though some noble spirits have, in all the departments of writing, soared far beyond their predecessors, yet the great bulk of mankind, if we may judge from the literary works most popular in the present day, have sunk far below them. Tales and dreams wrung with severe press of labour from an overstrained fancy, endeavouring to give a show of probability to what reason declares to be absurd, too often supply the place of real incident and useful and pleasing information.

What is so popular now, as a German Tale of some supernatural mountain monster, who performs prodigies, in general ending fatally for the individual in whose behalf, or on whose account they are wrought ? or contracts with the devil, by disposing to him, of one's shadow, reflection or personal appearance ;—signing, with one's own blood, to follow his direction, in order to obtain some imaginary advantage ? A true story excites little interest, with most readers of the present day. The more far-fetched an allusion or anecdote may be, the more distant from truth and probability, a tale, if it be only well wire-drawn, and fantastically and wittily expressed, the more popular it is. The very refuse of former times seems now to command greater attention than their most pleasing and instructive productions. Are not many of the tales at present so much

admired, inferior to "Mother Goose," "Cinderella," and "Blue Beard," and far below "Whittington and his Cat," "Jack the Giant Killer," and "Sinbad the Sailor." Are not many of our most esteemed and most extensively read periodicals, teeming with such things ?

If this plan of writing is continued but a little longer, the witches, banshees, brownies, fairies, with all the tribes of imaginary beings, which ignorance and superstition formerly conjured up,—the witch of Endor on a broom-stick, and Auld Nick, the piper of Alloa Kirk, riding on Baalam's ass in the van, will wander through the world, at pleasure, and leave no place, not even the humblest cottage, the loftiest castle, or most sacred dome undisturbed by their midnight revels.

I do not condemn tales in the lump ; but those only which are unnatural or improbable, and which invagate the mind by requiring the aid of supernatural beings to give zest to them and thus re-introducing a belief in the existence of those imaginary beings, which the wise among our ancestors have clearly proved to be contrary to reason and Scripture.

How very differently do the moderns apply the knowledge derived from the ancients to philosophy and the arts ? The dimly burning lamps which the latter used to guide them through the small parts of the dark labyrinths of knowledge, with which they were acquainted, the former used only for lighting torches of a brilliance sufficient to direct their steps to deeper, and more valuable mines of scientific lore, than the ancients supposed would ever be within the reach of human ken. Their capabilities in writing would be equally superior, were they instead of consulting popularity among the weak, silly, trifling and vain, to seek the approbation of the wise, the learned and the good, and write from a desire to be really profitable to mankind.

SENEC.

## MAY DAY.

THAT the anticipation of an object, gives greater pleasure than the attainment of it, is a truth which no individual can dispute; and the pleasure we enjoy while contemplating the luxuries which the summer before us will afford are certainly greater, than the actual possession of them will prove to us. What part of the year is better adapted to raise feelings of the happiest tendency, than the month of May? It is admirably calculated to enliven our rowsiest sensations, and infuse into our breasts feelings of anticipation and gratitude. It is a season which both animate and inanimate creation seems to welcome. To the romantic mind, and to those who admire the beauties of nature, how pleasing is the consideration that winter has gone past, and that summer with all its beauties is before us. The fields, which a few weeks ago, were the picture of desolation, are now beginning to look cheerful at its approach: the trees of the forest and the orchard have put on their coats of green, and appear in readiness to blossom, and bring forth their various fruits as the season advances, and as the time of harvest draws near. The farmer is preparing the ground, to deposit therein the seed, in hopes of reaping an abundant harvest; the fisherman, no longer fears the chilling breath of the north-wester, launches his barge, and proceeds to the well-known spot where he draws from the bottom of the ocean that staff, on which his subsistence depends, and which contributes in a great measure to the prosperity of the land of Acadia. In this delightful season, we see every one acting their part on the stage of the world. Every branch of industry is attended to with renewed exertion; plans and speculations are set on foot and embarked in; old houses are pulling

down, and new ones are building, while men employed in other branches of mechanism are busily engaged in their respective occupations, and all seem to hail with joy the approach of spring.

When the last remnant of the preceding month is passed away, in the visions and dreams of our nocturnal slumbers, how delightful is the scene, when we rise from our beds, in the glowing hour of morn, to see that radiant orb, the sun, appearing in the east, and shedding its increasing lustre over the face of the earth! and how pleasant it is to ramble through the fields and forest to gather the sweet scented Mayflower! Our ears are charmed with the warbles of the feathered tribe, attuning their notes in praise of the Great Ruler of the Universe, as they fly from bough to bough and from tree to tree; and what a delightful picture is before our eyes, when, from Point Pleasant Tower, we view the fair daughters of Acadia, shaping their course toward the wood, to decorate their bosoms with that welcome harbinger of Spring; and how attracting is the varied colours of their dress, and the beautiful appearance of the forest scenery! When we have returned from enjoying such pleasing sensations, refreshed by the walk, and benefited by the gentle breeze, which ruffled the calmness of the ocean's surface, and gently waved the boughs of the younger trees of the forest, how acceptable is the first repast of the day. Let those, then, who have enjoyed the pleasures of this morning's excursion, and feel the pleasing sensations which the scenery of the forest, and the morning's amusement have aroused, resolve to make a practice of rising every morning with the sun, and repeat their visits; while the sluggard is slumbering away the best hours of the day;

let them return in time to resume their daily avocations, and they will have every reason to expect, that the improvement of their health, the fresh and enlivening glow of their countenance, and the numerous other benefits derived from such repetitions, will induce them to remember *May-day*; when the infirmities of old age compel them to discontinue their

morning rambles. Thus, having made the experiment themselves, they will be the better qualified to recommend the necessity of it to their younger relatives and friends, and prove to them the justness of the old maxim, that—

“Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and  
wise.” Z.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

*ALMANZOR THE MOOR; OR THE FALL OF GRANADA.*

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 381.)

“It was a glorious sight to see when these two warriors met,  
The one dark as a thunder cloud, in strength and manhood set;  
The other young and beautiful, with light and graceful form,  
But terrible as is the flash that rushes through the storm.

“And eye to eye, and hand to hand, in deadly strife they stood,  
And smok'd the ground whereon they fought, hot with their mingled blood;  
Till droop'd the valiant Infidel, fainter his blows and few,  
While fiercer from the combat still, the youthful Christian grew!”

Time rolled rapidly along upon the golden wings of pleasure, and the halls of Arazan rung with the loud and soul-inspiring songs of minstrels, and the noisy mirth of young warriors, who, now released from the harassing toils of courts and of camps, indulged freely in the unrestrained pleasures of Iberia's land of love. Almanzor had now attained the summit of earthly happiness, basking in the sunshine of fortune and royal favour, and blest in the society of his lovely Saracen, who returned his love with all the confidence and unbounded simplicity of young affection. I have already said that she was beautiful, but oh! how is the force and deliciousness of that beauty increased and kindled into a purer flame, when we behold it in the dearest companion of our hearts: we revere it, we adore it, nay are even afraid to allow the gentlest breath of heaven to fawn upon it, lest it should deprive us of the least particle of that angelic sweetness and look of love, upon which our eyes

feast with such intense delight and heavenly rapture. Days and months passed away in the same round of unsatiated pleasure, when Almanzor prest to his throbbing bosom a dear and hallowed pledge of Gonsala's love. Ah! sweet and thrilling ecstasy what can equal thee? when two beings who doat upon each other with a pure and hallowed fondness, view, robed in smiling innocence, the first dear pledge of their mutual affection, and gaze upon it with a look which baffles words to express. But, alas! these days were drawing to an end—and like every other vision of happiness which mortality builds for itself, were destined to become the sport and play thing of the passing whirlwind; and those halls now loudly and merrily sounding with the gay day dreams of mirth and youthful folly, to become the scenes of bloodshed and the prey of bigot zeal; and *she* the fair flower that bloomed brightly and beautifully, amid the florid and unfrigid daughters of the myrtle-skirted Xe-

nil, to become the causeless prey of each lawless ravisher, unfettered by the ties of honour or of manly faith. Such is mortality's doom—borne aloft and skimming along on the wings of pleasure, we gaze with a disgusted eye upon those whom providence has placed as our inferiors, but, alas! when we are exalted upon the pinnacle of grandeur and bliss, the gulf of misfortune yawns before us, and our hopes and our fears, our loves and our joys are swept along in one mishapen and ruinous mass, and scarce “the baseless fabric of a vision is left behind.” Such was the case with Almanzor,—each prospect was bright before him, but the storms of war were fast kindling around the Saracen throne, and called him from the home of his fathers and the lady of his love. Fortune now began to forsake the infidel banners, and the kingdom of Granada, which had been the seat of opulence, arts and learning, for a period of nearly eight centuries when the rest of Europe was buried in ignorance, darkness and superstition, was fast drawing to an end, and to be numbered among the things that are no more. Beautifully diversified with majestic mountains, extensive plains, and delightful vallies, it had long attracted the ambitious attention of the other powers of Europe, and especially of Ferdinand, the young Monarch of Arragon, who, taking advantage of the dissensions among the Moorish nobles, and cloaking his ambitious and ungenerous designs under the convenient appellation of a holy crusade, poured an immense army into the Moorish territories; and, after repeated and bloody battles, in which the Infidels were always worsted, obliged them to seek shelter within the walls of Granada, which he was preparing to invest, at the period of the commencement of this tale.

It was midnight—the moon was struggling through the clouds that swiftly drifted over her calm countenance, and her light burst in fitful glances upon a mountain stream that rushed, foaming down a rocky steep,

and discharged itself into a broad and beautiful sheet of water, thickly skirted by a luxuriant growth of underwood, at a short distance from the towers of Arazan. Nature slept in a calm and sullen silence, unbroken by any sound, save the brawling noise of the mountain stream, leaping and foaming over its rocky bed; the far distant voice of the fox, raising his discordant howl upon the stillness of night, and the loud bursts of the artillery, that died away in murmurs upon the listening ear. A small island stood in the centre of the lake, adorned by one single solitary tree, which spread its luxuriant foliage gracefully around, and formed a beautiful sylvan canopy beneath its shade, which had long been sacred to the Naiads of the stream, and the soft scenes of whispering love.—Concealed beneath its thick foliage stood the graceful form of a youthful warrior, completely equipt for strife; and the golden cross of the Order of Alcantara, which glittered upon his bosom, denoted him the sworn enemy of the race of the Prophet. He seemed intently watching some object at a considerable distance upon the lake, and the glare of the polished steel that eagerly trembled in his hand, as the moonbeams played upon its clear edge, evinced his ardour to join in the strife of the brave. At length a small skiff appeared upon the almost unruffled surface of the water, and, as it rapidly approached the lonely islet, seemed guided by no boyish hand, for its movement was so quick and constant, that the lake seemed almost unconscious of its presence. It gained the island, and its light prow had scarcely struck the sandy beach, when a stranger, supported by his spear, sprung lightly to the shore, and drawing it still closer, handed out a female, who seemed to follow the steps of her conductor with the most marked aversion. He was richly attired after the fashion of the Moorish nobles; a helmet, adorned with sparkling gems, and shaded by a lofty plume of eagles' feathers, covered

his head; a belt thickly spangled with gold encircled his middle, from which was suspended a scimitar of immense size, and his legs and body were covered with a light chain armour, which while it did not in the least incommode his motions, was sufficient proof against the stroke of a sword. Far different was the appearance of his companion. Contrary to the custom of the Moorish ladies, she was unveiled; and her loose tresses, drenched by the recent storm, hung in wild disorder upon her neck and bosom, and her garments were so torn and displaced, as scarcely to conceal her delicate form from the keen gaze of the young Saracen, who seemed to scan her forlorn appearance with a demoniac satisfaction. Yet the graceful form, the calm dignity of her eye, and the splendour of her now defaced garments, were sufficient evidence that she had seen better and happier days. Whilst he was employed in securing his skiff among the under-wood, she sat dejectedly upon the beach, with her arms folded upon her bosom, and her eyes raised in calm and meek supplication to that Being who alone can save when dangers press around. Reader it was Gonsala, the once lovely and happy spouse of Almanzor!

“Now, loveliest of the lovely of Granada, and proud child of the mighty Abdelli, (said the stranger, addressing himself to Gonsala, who still sat with her head bent upon her throbbing bosom,) let us here, beneath this rich green canopy, and amid these fragrant banks of flowers, enjoy our fill of love, far from the frowns of the minion Almanzor, and from his cringing slaves? Nay, start not, fairest of the daughters of the prophet, I have loved thee, adored thee, even sacrificed the yet unsullied honour of a soldier to gain thy love, thou loveliest in the eyes of Alboacen, and here I swear by Mecca’s sacred shrine, that no power on earth shall henceforth tear thee from my arms.”

There is a something so allied to

heaven, and so angelic in the glance of virtue, that even the man who could riot without remorse amid the vilest scenes of midnight dissipation, and mount o’er ramparts of the slain upon the red field of slaughter, stands abashed and confounded before it. Seduction! thou most unmanly of vices how baneful are thy consequences in society. Hardened must that heart be to every virtuous feeling, and polluted the recesses of that soul, who can, without remorse, betray the young pledge of innocence, and stain the cheek of modesty with tears!—The silent, but dignified and expressive look of Gonsala had well nigh disconcerted the base plans of Alboacen, and a latent spark of that friendship he was about to forfeit, kindled in his bosom; but a recollection of the dangers he had already undergone, in attaining his object; the solitude and security of the place for the accomplishment of his design; and withal the silent and haughty demeanour of his captive again inflamed his mind, and, roughly seizing her arm, endeavoured to urge her towards the interior of the thicket. “Haste thee, daughter of kings (said he) till Alboacen riots upon the last trembling bough of the line of Abdoulrahman. Sweet be our rest in this woodland bower, while the christians’ cannon rattle around the head of Almanzor, and thy father’s throne! Haste thee! lady of my love: lovely are the tears of beauty to a Moslem’s eye, and the throbbings of a virtuous breast increase his flame; then, when thy charms are rifled, scion of royalty! let Almanzor bask beneath these smiles which have ceased to captivate the heart of Alboacen;” so saying he was dragging her towards the thicket, when wide flew his helmet by a sabre stroke, and the young christian stood before him in all the conscious pride of youthful vigour. “Forego thy hold, seed of the unhal- lowed Saracen!—heaven blasts thy base purposes, and thy life is forfeit to my blade, but, heaven forbid it should be unworthily stained in the



ood of the base Moor! thou art  
 ot unknown to me—often when  
 urring my foaming steed amid the  
 nks of thy sovereign, have I be-  
 eld thee, stain of knighthood,  
 rking in the rear. I am thy mor-  
 l foe,—lady retire, Ferdinand of  
 rragon was not in the presence of  
 omen, and now inglorious minion,  
 y sword is thirsting for thy blood.”  
 words cannot express the rage of  
 lboacen, when he saw himself thus  
 warded in his dearest object, and  
 onsala wrested from his power: a  
 roud curl played upon the lip of  
 erdinand, as the Saracen replaced  
 s helmet, and drawing his sword,  
 ined in the deadly strife. Cool  
 nd collected, Ferdinand guarded  
 e furious blows of the Moor, and

returned them with such advantage,  
 that in a short time the garments of  
 Alboacen were reeking with blood,  
 and he dropt exhausted on the  
 ground. “Strike now, dog of the  
 christians, for Alboacen disdains to  
 ask life at thy hands!” “No! be-  
 trayer of innocence, and stain of  
 manhood; live and repent, and tell  
 among the slaves of thy proud mas-  
 ter, that the monarch of Arragon  
 scorned to crush a worm!” So say-  
 ing, he seized Gonsala in his arms,  
 and amid the loud curses of the Sa-  
 racen, placed her in the skiff, and  
 were soon lost to view upon the  
 dark waters of the lake.

JOHN TEMPLEDON.

April, 1827.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

BY MISS LANDON.

nd the muffled drum rolled on the air,  
 Warriors with stately step were there;  
 n every arm was black crape bound,  
 very carbine was turned to the ground:  
 olemn the sound of their measured tread,  
 s silent and slow they followed the dead.  
 he rideless horse was led in the rear,  
 here were white plumes waving o'er the  
 bier;  
 helmet and sword were laid on the pall,  
 or it was a soldier's funeral.

But 'twas something to see its cliffs once  
 more,  
 And to lay his bones on his own loved  
 shore;  
 To think that the friends of his youth might  
 weep,  
 O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's  
 sleep.

hat soldier had stood on the battle plain,  
 Where every step was over the slain;  
 ut the brand and the ball had passed him  
 by,  
 nd he came to his native land to die.  
 'twas hard to come to that native land,  
 nd not clasp one familiar hand!  
 'twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,  
 re he could hear his welcome said!

The bugles ceased their wailing sound  
 As the coffin was lowered into the ground;  
 A volley was fired, a blessing said—  
 One moment's pause—and they left the  
 dead!  
 I saw a poor and aged man,  
 His step was feeble, his lip was wan:  
 He knelt him down on the new raised  
 mound,  
 His face was bowed on the cold damp  
 ground,  
 He raised his head, his tears were done—  
 The father had prayed o'er his only son,

ANECDOTE OF ALPHONSO.

ALPHONSO, king of Arragon, went one  
 ay with several of his courtiers to  
 ee some trinkets at a jeweller's.  
 He had scarcely left the shop when  
 he jeweller hastened after him,  
 complaining that a very valuable dia-  
 mond had been abstracted by one of  
 the party. The king returned to  
 the shop, and ordered a large ves-

sel full of bran to be brought; he  
 then desired each person to plunge  
 his hand, closed, into the vessel, and  
 to withdraw it open; he himself set  
 the example. When every one had  
 put in his hand, he ordered the jew-  
 eller to empty the vase upon the ta-  
 ble; by this means the diamond was  
 recovered, and no one was disgraced.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

**LINES**

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, FREDERICK, DUKE  
OF YORK AND ALBANY.

“ There is a sad, soul-soothing grief,  
When the heart o'erflows, it weeps relief,  
And makes a friend of mere distress ;  
It bends in fancy o'er the grave,  
And sees the funeral poplars wave  
In crowded loneliness.

“ It hears a voice in the whirlwind's sigh ;  
Sees the form it lov'd in the speckless sky,  
And with bodiless visions and phantasies rude,  
Peoples the airy solitude.”

All gallant and young on the proud field of honour,  
I have seen thy high bearing, thou seed of the brave ;  
But thy death knell hath toll'd, and thy bright trophies moulder,  
All silent and dark in the sleep of the grave.

Oh ! keen was the glance of that eye like the eagle,  
And lovely sat royalty's stamp on thy brow,  
And manly thy step o'er the red field of slaughter—  
But the bright star of Brunswick, ah ! where is it now ?

Yes ! where, but enshrin'd in the hearts of the valiant,  
And those whom thy bounty so amply repaid ;  
The war-beaten soldier, the widow and orphan,  
Were contented and gay 'neath thy fostering shade.

A nation bewails thee, with tears freely flowing,  
Great friend of the soldier, and proud Briton's heir ;  
And thy mem'ry be lov'd, tho' the grave's lonely stillness  
Hath clos'd on thy dust—thy dark dwelling is there.

Then peace to thy spirit, thou, dear to our bosoms,  
And lofty thy seat in the mansions of Heaven ;  
And whilst Britain's free Banner waves wide o'er her Army,  
To FREDERICK's great name shall the merit be given.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

South Barracks, March, 1827.

**SLEEPING IN THE KIRK.**

[NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.]

*Tickler.*—What think you Shepherd of the Theatre, Preaching, Politics, Magazines and Reviews, and the threatened Millenium?  
*Shepherd.*—Na, let me tak my breath. What think ye, Mr Tickler, yoursel', o' preachin' ?  
*Tickler.*—No man goes to church more regularly than I do ; but the people of Scotland are cruelly use

their ministers. No sermon could exceed half an hour at the utmost. That is a full allowance.

*North.*—The congregation, if assured that the sermon would stop within that period of time, would all pick up their ears, and keep their eyes open during the whole performance. But when there is no security against an hour, or even an hour and a half, the audience soon cease to deserve that name, and the whole discourse is lost.

*Tickler.*—Then, most ministers do crawl, or drivel, or cant after a very excusable fashion. A moderate degree of animation would carry almost any preacher through half an hour agreeably to an audience—yet it is not true, that, generally speaking, eyelids begin to fall under ten minutes, or from that to a quarter of an hour? Why is it thus?

*Shepherd.*—What yawns have I not seen in kirks! The women, at least the young ones, dinna like to open their mouths verra wide, for it's no becoming, and they're feared the lads may be glowering at them; so they just pucker up their bit lips, draw in their breath, haud down their heads, and put their hauns to their chafts, to conceal a suppressed gaunt, and then straughtenin' themselves up, pretend to be hearkenin' to the practical conclusions.

*Tickler.*—And pray, James, what business have you to be making such observations during divine service?

*Shepherd.*—I'm speakin' o' ither years, Mr. Tickler, and human nature's the same noo as in the ninety-eight. As for the auld wives, they lay their big-bonnetted heads on their shouther, and fa' ower into a deep sleep at ance; yet you'll never hear a single ane among them committin' a snore. I've often wondered at that, for maist o' the cummers hae sonorous noses when lyin' beside the gudeman, and may be heard through a' the house, as regular as clock-wark.

*Tickler.*—Yes, James, the power of the mind over itself in sleep is in-

deed inexplicable. The worthy fat old matron says to herself, as her eyes are closing, "I must not snore in the kirk;" and she snores not—at the most, a sort of snuffle. How is this?

*Shepherd.*—Noo and then you'll see an ill-faured, pock-marked, black-a-vised hizzie in the front laft, opposite the poopit, wha has naething to houp frae our side o' the house, openin' the great muckle ugly mouth o' her, like that o' a bull-trout in Tarrass Moss, as if she ware ettlin to swallow the minister.

*North.*—James, James, spare the softer sex!

*Shepherd.*—But the curiousest thing to observe about the lasses, when they are gettin' drowsy during sermon, is their een. First a glazedness comes ower them, and the lids fa' down, and are lifted up at the rate o' about ten in the minute. Then the poor creatures gie their heads a shake, and, unwillin' to be overcome, try to find out the verse the minister may be quotin'; but a' in vain, for the hummin' stillness o' the kirk subdues them into sleep, and the sound o' the preacher is in their lugs like that o' a waterfa'.

*North.*—Your words, James, are like poppy and mandragora.

*Shepherd.*—Then, a'thegither unconscious o' what they're doin' they fix their glimmerin' een upon your face, as if they were dyin' for love o' you, and keep nid noddin upon you, for great part o' ane o' the dizzin divisions o' the discourse. You may gie a bit lauch at them wi' the corner o' your e'e, or touch their fit wi' yours aneath the table, and they'll never sae much as ken you're in the same seat; and, finally, the soft-rounded chin draps down towards the bonnie bosom; the blue-veined violet eye-lids close the twilight, whose dewy fall it was sae pleasant to behold; the rose-bud lips, slightly apart, reveal teeth pure as lily-leaves, and the bonny innocent is as sound asleep as her sister at hame in its rockin cradle.

*North.*—My dear James, there is so much feeling in your description, that, bordering though it be on the facetious, it yet leaves a pleasant impression on my mind of the Sabbath-service in one of our lowly kirks.

*Shepherd.*—Far be it frae me or mine, Mr. North, to treat wi' levity ony sacred subject. But gin folk wull sleep in the kirk, where's the harm in sayin' that they do so? My ain opinion is that the mair dourly you set yoursell to listen to a no verra bricht discourse, as if you had taken an oath to devour't frae stoop to roop, the mair certain-sure you are o' fa' in' ower into a deep lang sleep. The verra attitude o' leanin' back, and stretchin' out your legs, and fixing your een in ae direction, is a maist dangerous attitude; and then, gin the minister has ony action,—say jooking down his head, or see-sawing wi' his hauns, or leanin' ower, as if he wanted to speak wi' the precentor, or keepin' his een fixed on the roof, as if there were a hole in't lettin in the licht o' heaven, or turnin' first to the ae side and then to the ither, that the congregation may hae an equal share o' his front physiognomy, as weel's his side face, or staunin' bolt upright in the verra middle o' the poopit, without ever ance movin' ony mair than gin he were a corp set up on end by some

cantrip, and lettin' out the dry, dusty, moral apothegms wi' ae continued and monotonous girn—oh! Mr. North, Mr. North, could even an evil conscience keep awake under such soporifics, ony mair than the honestest o' men, were the banns cried for the third time, and he gaun to be married on the Monday morning?

*North.*—Yet, after all, James, I believe country congregations are in general, very attentive.

*Shepherd.*—Ay, ay, sir. If twa are sleepin', ten are wauken; and seriously think that mair than a half o' them that's sleepin' enter into the spirit o' the sermon. You see they a' hear the text, and the introductory remarks, and the headings, and, fa'in asleep in a serious and solemn mood, they carry the sense along wi' them; neither can they be said no to hear an accompanying soun' so that it wadna be just fair to assert that they lose the sermon they dinna listen to! for thochts, and ideas, and feeling, keep floatin' down along the stream o' silent thocht, and when they awaken at the "Amen," their minds, if no greatly instructed, have been tranquilleezed; they join loudly in the ensuing psalm, and without remembering mony o' the words carry hame the feck o' the meaning o' the discourse, and a' the peculiarities o' the doctrine.

### THE SOLDIER'S BOY.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1776, when the old American war (as it is now familiarly named) raged with unabated vigour on both sides, it was deemed expedient by the legislative authorities of Great Britain to send further auxiliaries to their harassed forces in that quarter of the world; for which purpose his majesty's — regiment of infantry, then stationed in Cork, received orders to proceed thither as soon as possible.

The bustle prevalent on a regiment's leaving its peaceful home for scenes, such as it was likely soon to

be engaged in, is much more easily conceived than described; yet every heart was gay, none felt the slightest emotion at leaving a place so endeared to them all, by ties both of kindred and friendship, save private William Thompson, of Captain D——'s company; on him, and him only, did the summons fall joyless, for on the very day the route was communicated to the corps, his wife, the fond partner of all his griefs and all his joys, after a short but painful illness, breathed her last, leaving him the father of a fine infant, but a few days old,

and the only pledge of their mutual affection.

The dilemma into which the poor soldier was thrown by this melancholy decree of Providence cannot be imagined. To carry the babe with him, was utterly impossible—to leave it behind—"O what will become of my darling child!" he exclaimed, as he wrung his hands in utter hopelessness: "O Mary! Mary! we shall never meet again! O never! never! but our little babe, Mary!" His heart melted within him as he spoke this, and he fell quite exhausted, upon the dead body of his much lamented wife.

All who witnessed this melancholy picture were in tears; and, of course, it would be useless to tell the number of persons frequenting an Irish wake, as all must be acquainted with more or less;—and, indeed, this happened to be no small assembly. As yet no one ventured to disturb the "luxury of woe," in which the poor soldier was indulging, until Peggy O'Brien shook the tear from her eye, and stood erect in the chimney-corner, that undisputed place having been assigned to her on such occasions for nearly half a century. No one could perform the ceremonies or regulate the funeral cry like her, and after sitting up for two or three nights successively, it might be supposed that her vocal powers would become impaired; but it was not so, for when the day of interment arrived, her well-known voice was heard first, soft, and loudest in the ulla-gone.—

"Poor soul," says she, drawing from her pocket a horn box with a rudely adapted wooden stopper, which she tapped gently with her fore and middle finger, ere she opened it, and extracting a pinch therefrom—"poor soul, my heart warms to him, and the dickons be in me if I don't do him a good turn. Bidy Murphy, child," says she, "go across and rouse up the poor jantleman, and tell him, a cush-a, that I wants him, and 'tis not for nothing neither." So Bidy went over to the unfortunate man, and after some time, got him to listen, and

told him Mrs. O'Brien wanted to speak to him in private; so after a few moments, he walked slowly towards her, the room being previously cleared of all its visitors, young and old. "Come hither, my poor soul," says she, as the soldier approached; "come hither, and sit down along side of me, till I tells you how I will do my *endavours* for you, and put you in the way of having your little *granson* provided for." So down he sat; and Peggy thus began—"You must know, sir," says she, "that there is a most worthy man living on the Mall, a Mr. N——, the best friend to the poor and forsaken the city ever produced; O you never *see'd* the likes of him; and if you leave your child at his door, it will be as safe and sound as if your poor woman there, God rest her *sowl!* had the minding of it." "Ah! but Mrs. O'Brien, how could that be done?" "Tut, tut, tut," says she, "very easily: you have only to get a hand-basket and put the child into it, towards the coming on of night, and I'll call for you, and we will go together; and if you *leaves* it all to me, never you fear, I'll manage it, for, as open confession is good for the *sowl*, 'tis not the first small *marchant* I disposed of that way; so you must do as I tells you, as I am *ditarmined* to *serve* you." Poor Thompson expressed his gratitude as well as he could, and readily consented to Mrs. O'Brien's proposal, as a last and forlorn resource. So when evening came she called, according to promise, and, finding every thing ready, they set out together; she carrying the basket which contained the child wrapped up in flannels, and having "James Thompson, a soldier's child," inscribed on a label fastened to its neck. "'Tis a bitter night," says she, as she placed the basket at Mr. N——'s hall door; "'tis as *cowld* as if the *freeze* was come; and I hopes they won't be after leaving the *cratur* long outside, for I'm *sartain* that the *tinder* little thing, *lying down*, could never *stand* such *cowld* as this long. Do you give a loud rap; but first let me

be out of sight ; for you know, child, 'tis away I can't run as fast now as I could thirty years ago, and I'll wait for you on Parliament bridge." The soldier obeyed, and quickly joined Mrs. O'Brien on the bridge, being but fifty yards distant. With what emotions he waited the effects of his knocking I need not say, for the door was soon opened by a female, who started at seeing the basket ; but how much more was she astonished when, in prying into its contents, a fine child was the result of the inspection. Mr. N. was immediately called, and he came to the door, bringing a candle in his hand, and after him came other members of the family, and soon a crowd gathered round the door, amongst which the soldier and Mrs. O'Brien were not the least incurious. They were not long spectators, when they heard Mr. N. giving the child to a healthy-looking woman, who acted as nurse on such occasions, with strict injunctions to let him see it at least once a month. " Didn't I tell you," says Peggy, " 'twould be provided for." " If I thought so," replied the soldier, " I should be happy." " You may be quite *sertain* of it," says Mrs. O'Brien, " as *sertain* as that you and I are here together at this present time." So, after wishing his child every success, and shaking him heartily by the hand, they parted.

The next day found the soldier at his poor Mary's funeral, where Mrs. O'Brien was very busy, and on the following morning, ere sun-rise, he was on the wave. Month after month, year after year, passed away, and still fate kept poor Thompson in distant climes, and oh ! how often did his native land occur to him ; his destitute child ever occupied the fore-

ground of his thoughts ; and even amidst the battle's thundering shock did he not forget him. At length, after an absence of seventeen years, careworn and wounded, he was thrown once more on his own dear shore. Parental feelings, too powerful to be resisted, urged him to visit Cork, and, disabled as he was, he hastened to Mr. N.'s to inquire the fate of his long-lost child. He arrived about noon at the house, and was accosted, on entering the office, by a genteel-looking lad, who inquired whether he could do any thing for him. The soldier answered, " I'm afraid not." He then told him he came from abroad, and was looking for his only child, his son, whom he was obliged, through misfortune, to leave behind, on his going to America. " His name ?" eagerly asked the lad. " James Thompson," replied the soldier with tearful eyes and a shake of his head ; hope and fear took alternate possession of him as he waited for a reply to his inquiries ; but no word escaped from the soldier's boy, for such indeed he was, as he sunk insensibly into his long-lost father's arms. The scene which followed cannot be described. Suffice to say, that Mrs. O'Brien did not wait the soldier's return, having died at a good round age, a few years before. But Mr. N. still lived to witness the beneficial effects which his extraordinary humanity produced ; and after a life spent in doing all the good that man could possibly do, and covered with thousands upon thousands of blessings, he went down to the peaceful tomb ; and to this day the aged citizens of Cork remember him with feelings of the most unlimited esteem.

### VARIETIES.

#### GOSSAMER CLOTHS.

WE took notice some time ago, of the ingenious labours of M. Habenstreet, of Munich, who has succeeded in making caterpillars weave

cloths, finer than the finest that have ever yet been fabricated by the hand of man. Among the articles since manufactured by these mute labourers, are a balloon, four feet high, by two

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in diameter, which weighs only five grains, and a lady's entire dress, with sleeves, but without seam, which M. Habenstreet has presented to the Queen of Bavaria, by whom it has been worn (above another dress) on several occasions. The instinct of these caterpillars, leads them to construct above themselves a covering of extreme fineness, but, nevertheless, firm enough to be almost impenetrable by air; and M. Habenstreet taking advantage of this circumstance, makes them work on a suspended paper model, and in any direction he pleases, by merely touching the limits which ought not to be passed, with oil, for which the animals have such a repugnance, that they will not come in contact with it. Each caterpillar produces about half an inch square of the fabric. The manner of their weaving has no analogy to ours; with us the threads are interwoven, whereas these caterpillar-weavers place their threads one above the other, and glue them together by means of a gummy composition, which they extrude along with the threads. Although the fabrics hitherto produced, have been so remarkable for their fineness, M. Habenstreet says, that he can make them of any thickness he desires, by making his caterpillars pass repeatedly over the same plane. The expense of the manufacture is another point strongly in its favour, a shawl of an ell square, costing only eight francs.—*London Mechanics' Magazine.*

#### ORIGIN OF POETRY.

THE origin of poetry is thus accounted for, in the EDDA, the sacred book of the Scandinavians:—

"The gods formed *Cuaser*, who traversed the earth, teaching wisdom to men. He was treacherously slain by two dwarfs, who, mixing honey with his blood, composed a liquor that renders all who drink of it poets. These dwarfs having incurred the resentment of a certain giant, were exposed by him upon a rock,

surrounded on all sides with the sea. They gave for their ransom the said liquor, which the giant delivered to his daughter *Gunloda*. The precious potion was eagerly sought for by the gods; but how were they to come at it? *Odin*, in the shape of a worm crept through a crevice into the cavern where the liquor was concealed. Then, resuming his natural shape, and obtaining *Gunloda's* consent to take three draughts, he sucked up the whole; and, transforming himself into an eagle, fled away to *Asgard*. The giant, who was a magician, flew with all speed after *Odin*, and came up with him near the gate of *Asgard*. The gods issued out of their palaces to assist their master; and presented to him all the pitchers they could lay hands on, which he instantly filled with the precious liquor; but in the hurry of discharging his load, *Odin* poured only part of the liquor through his beak, the rest being emitted through a less pure vent. The former is bestowed by the gods upon good poets, to inspire them with divine enthusiasm. The latter, which is in much greater plenty, is bestowed liberally on all who apply for it; by which means the world is pestered with an endless quantity of wretched verses."

#### PETER'S WIFE'S MOTHER.

A COUNTRY parson for five successive Sundays preached from the same text, the beginning of which was, "And Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The parson one day passing by the church heard the bell tolling, and being ignorant of the cause, asked a lad who was going by at the same time, why the bell was tolling. "Whoy," says he, "I doant know but as how it may be Peter's wife's mother, for she's been sick of a fever the last five weeks."

#### INSTANCE OF MEMORY.

IT is stated, that *Josef del Castillo*, a Spaniard, who was frequently employed by Philip II. in matters of great importance, in which he ac-

quitted himself with so much probity, as to acquire the appellation of *Ministro verdadero*, possessed the gift of memory to such an astonishing degree, that he knew the bible by heart, and could repeat the entire

works of Seneca with the utmost facility.

An illustrious person told Lord Chesterfield that he had drank six bottles of wine. "That," said his lordship, "is more than I can swallow."

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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WE very particularly request our Correspondents to furnish us with a description of the part of the country in which they severally reside. Such accounts, judiciously done, would be useful to foreigners, as well as to ourselves, and very pleasing to all our readers.

J. I. B. will, we hope, excuse us in not publishing his lines. The Pun, on which he has chosen to exercise his poetical talents, has been too often repeated, and in too many different forms, to excite any interest.

We are sorry to say, that notwithstanding our previous notice, we do not feel ourselves warranted, on re-consideration, to publish Peregrinus. The language is not sufficiently dignified and solemn for the occasion, and there is a too frequent recurrence of phrases and ideas, common to the ballads of the day. In another department of writing, the author is far superior.

Cecil's productions are, on the whole, always acceptable. We must, however, be permitted to remark, that we do not consider his "Cell of Solitude" fully finished. No intimation is given, whether the "Lovely Power," was a ghost, or human being **IN CARNE**. Why had it taken up its abode in that place? or, what light is intended to be cast by the narrative, on the history of the ancient tower in which it has fixed its cell? The language, and mode of expression are very pretty. Will Cecil be pleased to complete it? It would cost him little labour, though it is worthy of much, and completed by himself, would furnish to the world, a piece, that might pass, with applause, the ordeal of the most fastidious.

"A Brother's Love" would be praised in the domestic circle, where the writer without assuming it, was well known, but it is too common-place to interest the general reader.

If Penna, a Pictou Student, would inform us whether he has any purpose in view by his communication, we should inform the public of it, with all readiness, and in less room than his paper would occupy in our pages. We wish to encourage young and aspiring genius; but let them still remember that we wish our work to be able to bear the inspection of not only a first, but also of a second and third reading.

We are obliged to O. O. for his communication, but do not wish to insert it at present, for reasons which we would give him, if we knew his address.

Daphne's "Ode to Simplicity," as it came too late for this Number, is, therefore **SUB JUDICE**, for the present.

We very much respect the candour of Arion, though we do not **ENTIRELY** co-incide in opinion with him. As his communication came late in the month, we shall either publish it, or give him an answer in our next.

Filial piety we wish ever to encourage. Under the influence of this principle; we last month published a piece entitled "My Mother's Grave," written well, though in an uncommon kind of verse. We have now before us, a piece bearing the same title, by W. If W. will assure us that he is the author of those lines, we shall gladly insert them; but if they are selected, he ought to mention it. We have already published a piece with the same signature, which we were long acquainted with, and knew to be good. But we have no intention to publish as Original, what is well known to be Selected and what is original ought to be known as such.

Such of our Correspondents as are not particularly noticed this month, will assuredly hear from us in the next Number.

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

We shall thank them to forward, in time to be received before the 12th, those communications intended for the number then in progress.