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THE QUADRATURE OF A CIRCLE DETERMINED BY  
ITS SUPERFICIES.

*To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.*

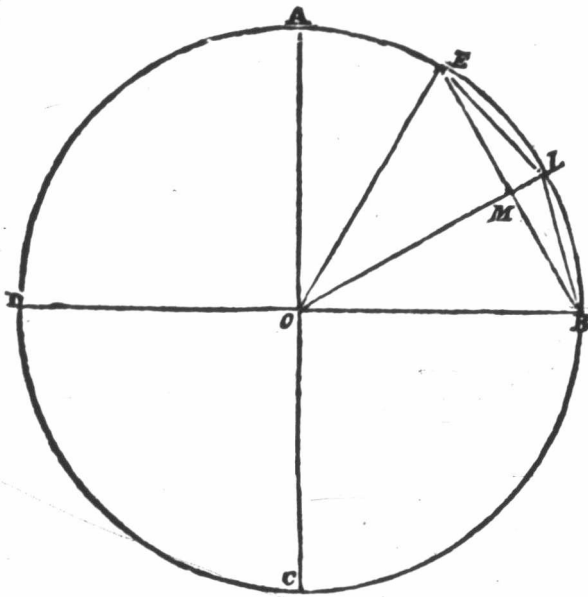
SIR,

IN your Magazine of July last, I observed a communication signed  $\Delta$ , said to be "A new and correct method of finding the Quadrature of a Circle." The title together with the plan adopted by your correspondent, excited in my mind no little curiosity, to know whether his hypothesis would stand the test of a strict investigation. His assumption is, that the quadrature of a circle is equal to a square described upon the chord of three-fourths of a quadrature of another circle, whose radius is the side of a square inscribed in the first circle. Or upon the same principle, the quadrature of a circle is equal to a square inscribed in another circle, whose radius is the chord of three-fourths of a quadrant of the first circle. It is obvious that the result of either method will be the same as that of the other, and that in the figure the chord  $NH$ , of the quadrant  $NH$ , is equal to chord  $AR$ , of three-fourths of the quadrant  $ASB$ , (which accounts for the analogy in the triangles  $COE$ ,  $ADR$ ) but that either  $NH$ , or  $AR$  is equal to the quadrant  $CFB$ , is a point which remains highly problematical. The circumstance of  $NH$  being made radius, and describing a circle upon the same centre, and finding the chord of the quadrant to be the side of a square, without the first and within the second circle, has no influence in support of the hypothesis, as that must

take place whatever may be the radius in the first circle, for as circles are to each other, in the duplicate ratio of their diameters, so squares are to each other in the duplicate ratio of their sides, and by 47.5. Euclid, the square of the subtense of the quadrant  $NH$ , is equal to twice the square of the radius  $ON$  or  $OH$ , and consequently when  $NH$  is made radius, it will describe a circle, the subtense of whose quadrant squared, will be equal to twice the square of the subtense of the quadrant, within the first circle. Hence it appears that a square inscribed within a circle is equal in magnitude to half the square described about it, and a circle described about a square is double that inscribed within the square. From these analogies it is obvious that the chord  $YV$  must be the side of a square within the circle  $YV$ , and without the circle  $NH$ , and can have no bearing in the present question. But are there no criterion by which your correspondent's theory can be established or overthrown? He alleges there are none except actual measurement. But if he intends, by actual measurement, the application of a measuring line or rule, to the periphery of the circle, the inaccuracy of the plan must still leave the question unsettled.

But as the magnitude or superficial contents of circles are equal to the radius, multiplied by half the circumference, consequently if the

magnitude of a circle can be found by any criterion, independent of the circumference, the circumference will also be given.



With radius equal to 1 describe the circle A B C D, and draw the diameter A C, B D, perpendicular to each other, in the quadrant A B, draw the chord E B, equal to radius, and join O E, then will the arc E B =  $60^\circ$ , and the sector contained between the two radii (O E, O B,) and the arc E B, equal in magnitude to one-sixth part of the circle A B C D, from the centre O let fall upon the chord E B, the perpendicular O M, the chord (E B) is bisected in M, produce O M to L, the arc (E B), is bisected in L, draw E L, L B, and each will be the chord of half the arc, E B, and the lines E M, M B, (each equal to half the radius) will each be equal to sine of half the arc E B, and the lines O M, M L, equal respectively to the co-sine and versed sine of half the arc E B, it also is obvious by inspection, that the versed sine (M L) is equal to radius (O L) minus the co-sine (O M). These things being premised let R, S, Cos, VS, represent the Radius, Sine, Co-sine, and Versed Sine respectively, then will the magnitude or superficial contents of the circular sector E O B =  $R \times S 30^\circ + S \times V S 15^\circ \times 2 + S \times V S 7^\circ 30' \times 4 + S \times V S 30^\circ 45' \times 8 + S \times V S 1^\circ 52' 30-2 \times 16 + S \times V S 56' 15-2 \times 32 + S \times V S 28' 7-2 30-3 \times 64 + S \times V S 14' 3-2 45-3 \times 128 + S \times V S 7' 1-2 52-3 30-4 \times 256$

$+ S \times V S 3' 30-2 56-3 15-4 \times 512 + S \times V S 1' 45-2 28-3 7-4 30-5 \times 1024 + S \times V S 52-2 44-3 3-4 45-5 \times 2048, \&c.$

It will be observed that the above sines may be continued *ad inquiturn*, and that no finite number of the terms will be equal to the circular sector E O B, which is literally true; yet when the arc E B, has been subdivided by 12 bisections, the last found arc (being something less than one minute of a degree) will so nearly coincide with its chord, that the cosine of half the arc may be esteemed equal to radius, and consequently the versed sine will vanish. But should it be necessary to extend the sines in the present question, the results may be obtained without the tedious process of calculating the sines, &c.— For it will be observed in the process, that the product of each term is but a very small fraction above the product of the term immediately preceding it. In the resolution of the premises (having calculated the sines, co-sines, and versed sines upon trigonometrical principles to twelve places of decimals, and extended the foregoing sines as far as would effect any of the figures within these limits) I have found the magnitude or superficies of the circular sector (E O B) to be equal numerically to 523598733797, which number multiplied by 6, gives the magnitude of the circle A B C D = 3.141592402782, the radius by hypothesis being = 1. if the diameter is taken = 1. the circumference will be = 3.141592402782. Dr. Hutton in his treatise on mensuration, gives the diameter to the circumference in the ratio of 1. to 3.141592653589, making the circumference greater than the above calculation .000000250807, but by your correspondent's theory the diameter to the circumference is found to be in the ratio of 1: 3.142798314380, making the circumference of a circle (whose diameter is = 1.) greater than is usually supposed in the amount of .0011982976, and although this (abstractedly considered) is but a small fraction, yet in a circle equal to the

earth's annual orbit, it would exceed 24 millions of miles, and make the earth's hourly motion in that orbit, greater than the common mode of calculating by 260 miles. But however little your correspondent's differs from the common plan (the foregoing investigation warrants the conclusion that) it is all that little farther

from the truth, and should your correspondent  $\Delta$ , be convinced of the truth of this assertion, I trust he will not withhold the proffered reward.

Musquodoboit, }  
Sept. 24, 1827. }



A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

LATE in the evening of a summer's day, in the year 1527, two travellers were seen approaching Florence from the south. As they descended the hills, and the Etrurian Athens, with its fair white walls lay before them, bathed in the glorious light of an Italian sunset, whose magic hues still hovered over the tops of the distant mountains; while the woods that skirted them stood out with their deep and solemn shadow, in rich harmonious contrast against the glowing sky,—the elder of the travellers, whose bearing rather than his dress proclaimed him the superior, reined in his horse, and sat motionless, absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before him. The other checked his steed likewise, rather, it should seem, from respect to his companion than from admiration of the landscape; for he cast an indifferent eye around, and then began muttering an Ave Maria, that the time might not be altogether thrown away.

“By St. Anthony, this is a glorious sight!—what thinkest thou, Giascopo?”

“Aye, Signor, it is well enough,” replied Giascopo: “but I think that as it is a good half league to Florence, we had better prick on our horses, or the gates will be closed.”

“You are right,” said the other, rousing himself, and putting his horse to speed.

They reached the city just in time to gain admittance that night. The travellers alighted at the first inn, and seated themselves on a bench before the door, where two or three

of the better sort of the citizens were eagerly discussing the affairs of the republic over their wine-cups. The street in which the inn stood, presented an animated and pictorial effect, as the eye rested on the long perspective of houses, built after the old Italian fashion, with their deep embayed windows fantastically carved, and now gilded with the last rays of the setting sun; the groups of citizens in their picturesque dresses, some sitting before their doors, singing to the accompaniment of the lute—others in passionate discourse on the rival factions, whose discord at that time set all Italy in a flame, presented countenances and attitudes worthy of a Raphael.

“Your Florence, Signori, wears a different aspect from some of the cities I passed through in my way hither,” said the elder traveller, at length breaking silence.

“You are a traveller, then Signor,” said one of the persons addressed. “Perhaps you can tell us whether it be true that Charles of Bourbon is to be joined by the Regent of Naples, in his attack upon Rome.”

“I have heard so.”

“Shame,” rejoined the other, with flashing eyes, “that one who bears so noble a name should league with felons and murderers in laying waste his native land!”

“Felons and murderers!—these, methinks, are strange names to apply to the followers of Charles, among whom may be reckoned some of the noblest in Italy.”

“ You cannot deny that the Duke has such in his service ; and as to his nobles, I hold them little better in espousing such a cause.”

The cheek of the traveller was flushed with crimson as he involuntarily grasped the dagger beneath his cloak ; but he stifled his emotion, and said calmly—“ A large number of your fellow-citizens, then, Signor, are like to fall under your evil report. It is said that the Emperor has as many well-wishers as the Pope, in Florence.”

“ He lies most foully who says so !” said the Florentine, starting fiercely from his seat.

“ Gently, good Antonio,” said a third, who had hitherto remained a silent listener, “ this cavalier does but repeat what he has heard, doubtless, without giving it credit.”

The traveller’s eye glanced at the speaker, as if he suspected a snare in the moderation of his words. He was a man advanced in life, with a watchful eye, and a cool, wary countenance ; which did not greatly please the inspector.

“ You are right, Signor,” he rejoined, with an air of indifference. “ I meant no offence, but your friend is somewhat fiery.”

“ He is young,” said the other. “ You and I, who have seen more years over our heads, can talk without quarrelling, though we may differ in opinion,”

But the traveller seemed to have no inclination to accept the implied invitation to a prolonged discussion. He arose, and adjusting his cloak, ordered his servant to bring out the horses, and bade them good evening.

“ There goes a spy of the Ghibeline faction ; but I will watch his motions,” muttered Antonio between his teeth ; and snatching up his sword, he followed in the same direction. For some time he kept the horsemen in sight, till his progress was impeded by the crowd following in the train of the Gonfalonier, who was returning from council, in state. Before he extricated himself they

were gone. Still, however, Antonio, who was a youth of fierce passions, and hated the opposite faction with an intensity known only to the parties in a civil discord, kept up the chase till the night was far advanced. While he hesitated whether to continue the pursuit, or return home, two persons suddenly issued from a low door near the church of the Annunziata, near which he stood, and remained for some time in deep consultation. The street was dark, but the lamp burning in a niche before an image of the Virgin, discovered to Antonio’s eager gaze the countenances of the elder traveller, and a person whom he knew to be in the service of a nobleman suspected of a correspondence with the Emperor. Presently the former drew a purse from his bosom, and gave it to the other, who took it hastily and disappeared. The stranger turned also to depart ; but Antonio sprung forward, and crying “ Traitor !—Spy !—Ghibeline !” —attacked him so vigorously, that the other, taken by surprise, had scarcely time to draw his sword before Antonio’s furious outcry attracted several persons to the spot ; who, on hearing the exclamation, joined in the fray. The stranger planted his back against the wall, and defended himself with such superior skill, that had the odds been less against him, must speedily have secured the victory. As it was he began to feel exhausted by so unequal a contest ; when an auxiliary appeared in the person of a youth, who, shocked by the unfairness of the combat, ranged himself on the side of the stranger, and bestowed his blows with such right goodwill, that the assailers, in their turn, began to give ground. Amid the confusion caused by the raised voices and clashing swords, they did not heed the approach of half a dozen men, clothed in crimson, and carrying halberds, till their swords were struck, and they themselves arrested in the name of the republic. “ The city guard, by St. Peter !” exclaimed

the stranger's ally, "Follow me, Signor:" and with a dexterous jerk, he threw down the man nearest him, leaped over the crossed halberds of the guards, and fled with the speed of lightning. Both ran till the cries of the pursuers died away in the distance. They stopped to take breath; and the youth suddenly faced round on his companion, and said, with a look of recollection:—"And now, Signor, that we are safe, will you tell me what you were fighting about?"

"A proper question, after risking your life," said the other laughing: "I think you should have asked before."

"I had not time; but, Signor, you are hurt."

"A mere scratch, which I will speedily cure. I am a stranger in this city—can you direct me to the house of one Bertuccio, a notary?"

"Bertuccio!" ejaculated the youth,—"what would you with him?"

"I have business."

"Oh, if you have business, well: but if you seek a kind Samaritan to bind up your wounds, you will not find one in Messer Bertuccio."

"You know him then?"

"Ay, Signor—so well, that I wonder how any one should willingly seek him; seeing that I have dwelt in his house some years, and long for nothing so much as to run away from it."

"You are his relation, or perhaps his apprentice?"

"Neither, by the blessing of Heaven. Some years ago, when the Emperor's troops laid waste Perugia, I was left sprawling amid the ruins of a sacked town, as neither worth killing nor carrying away. Messer Bertuccio was then journeying in Perugia, and his wife would have him take care of me; which he was willing enough to do, while the price of the jewels about me answered the charge twice over, and his wife lived. She is dead, and I——"

"And you," said the stranger, who had listened to him with deep

interest—"are you, who have given this night such proof of a gallant spirit—are you content to waste your youth at the desk of a pitiful notary, when all Italy is in a flame; and when valour may win a prize worthy an Emperor's crown?"

"Content!" said the youth, with a cheek of flame, and dashing from him with violence the ink-horn at his girdle, which had revealed his profession to his companion—"is the eagle content to perch with the carrion crow? No: but I am content to herd with swine, till Messer Bertuccio can no longer say that I owe him aught; and then I will, with my sword, carve out a fortune for myself, that the noblest in Italy may envy. Signor, this is the house you seek."

They entered a long narrow passage, on one side of which was a door. The youth pushed it, and admitted his companion into a room about eight feet square; one side of which was occupied by a desk, black with age, and heaped with papers. The floor was covered with huge piles of parchment; and by the faint glimmer of an old lamp, suspended from the ceiling, Messer Bertuccio was discovered poring over a deed. He was a little old man, so pinched with age and avarice, that he resembled an aged ape. At the noise of their entry he raised his head; and fixing his sharp, rat-like eyes on the youth, said, in a querulous tone—"Well, Signor Cesario, what more brawls, anon—there's blood upon thy face!—I would it were from thy heart. I warrapt I must to the podesta again: thou hast cost more scudi than thy brains are worth. Ha! a stranger hast thou brought: some bravo, to murder the old man, for his gold!" And instinctively his shaking hand grasped a dagger that lay beside him.

"Messer Bertuccio, do you not know me?"

"*Sanctissima Maria! ora pro nobis!*" said the old man, crossing himself with a look of affright. "The

Signor Adimari in Florence?—Ha, Cesario! why dost thou linger here?—wouldst learn the old man's secrets, that thou mayest rifle his strong box? Ha!"

"Tush!" said Adimari, "there is no cause to fear Messer Bertuccio: I will answer for this youth; he has done me good service to night, and I will reward him accordingly; but of that anon. Cesario, my friend, leave us now: my business requires despatch—I will speak with thee by and by."

The conference between Adimari and Bertuccio lasted till midnight. During the whole time, Cesario paced up and down the passage with impatient steps. Once or twice he caught the sound of his own name; and this, coupled with the demeanour of Adimari, awakened in his youthful bosom hopes and feelings he could not crush, and yet feared to indulge. When the door opened, and Adimari's voice was heard enquiring for him, his heart's tumultuous throbs almost deprived him of sensation. Adimari smiled as he looked on Cesario's burning cheek and flashing eye. "I would wager," said he, "that thy thoughts anticipate my purpose. What sayest thou, Cesario, to quitting the pen for the sword, and serving with me under the valiant and renowned General, Charles of Bourbon?"

The youth grasped Adimari's hand, in gratitude too big for words. Adimari again smiled. "Be ready then to quit Florence with me tomorrow; and keep this,"—dropping a purse into his hands, as he left the house—"thou wilt find more wants than there are pieces."

"Has he given thee gold, good Cesario?" said Bertuccio, advancing towards him with trembling steps, gloating eyes, and withered shaking hands, extended as if to clutch the glittering bait.

Cesario looked on him for a moment with unutterable scorn. Then taking out a few pieces of gold, he flung the purse to the miserable do-

tard. "Take it Messer Bertuccio—and farewell. Now I owe you nothing."

On the following day, before the sun had risen above the horizon, Adimari, accompanied by Cesario and Giascopo, was far on his way to the head quarters of the Duke of Bourbon's army. Adimari had been employed by the Ghibeline party to negociate with those nobles of Florence who were disaffected to the republican government; and not feeling himself safe in the Florentine territory, did not relax his speed till they were out of it. By the time they reached Bracciano, the army had moved forward, and encamped near the abbey of Farfa. It was a brilliant and enlivening spectacle to see the extended line of tents, far as the eye could reach; the venerable and majestic abbey, with its magnificent woods flanking in the background; the parties of soldiers, in their various costumes, galloping about the fields, their arms glittering in the sunshine; and to hear their cries of joy ringing in the clear air, as they saw the coveted prize—"the Eternal city!" rising before them, in its time-hallowed magnificence. In the midst of the field was the tent of the Duke of Bourbon, distinguished by the Imperial eagle, and white standard, waving proudly over it. The royal leader was surrounded by officers of high rank; but it was impossible to mistake for a moment the noble form of that graceful Prince whose refusal of the proffered hand of a Queen had driven him into rebellion against his sovereign, and well nigh cost him his life. Charles received Adimari with his usual graciousness, and appointed him to an honourable post in his own regiment, which he was to lead in person to the assault. In an army composed, like Charles's, of adventurers of all nations, felons, and banditti, there was little discipline observed. In defiance of the Duke's injunctions, large bodies of the soldiery scoured the country in every direction; car-

rying off the cattle, maltreating, and sometimes murdering the inhabitants, and burning whole villages in mere wantonness. On the evening preceding the assault, Adimari went in pursuit of a party who had strayed beyond their limits; and Cesario's yet incorrupted heart, sickening with the mad riot of the camp, found relief in attending him. As they were returning by the Campo Santo, Cesario lingered to enjoy a scene so new to him, till his companions were out of sight. The moon had risen with a brilliancy unknown in these northern climes, and by her light he could distinctly see the sentinels pacing the ramparts of the Castle of St. Angelo. The wild uproar of the camp, softened in the distance, rose occasionally on the air, as if to make the stillness that succeeded more apparent. Cesario rode slowly on, plunged in those blissful reveries of youth, when fame, and happiness, and glory, seem not phantoms, to lure us to destruction, but visions, "palpable to feeling as to sight;" when he was roused from his dream by rough voices, demanding his name, and what he did there. Four horsemen had approached, unheard on the soft turf, and surrounded him, before he was aware. "A spy of the Bourbon, by the keys of St. Peter!" said one—"I will knock him on the head, and leave his bones to whiten, for an example to the rest;" and he raised his carbine: but Cesario recovering from his surprise, discharged his piece by way of answer, and attempted to dash through them. In an instant his arms were seized and pinioned—his eyes bound; and one of the men taking his horse's bridle, the whole party returned to Rome at full speed. When Cesario was set at liberty, he found himself in a guard-room, filled with soldiers. At the upper end, before a stone table, sat an officer, whose commanding front and stately bearing announced one high in authority. This was the renowned Drazio Baglione, whose valour had nearly made him master of his na-

tive Perugia, and then in the service of the Pope.

One of the soldiers who had captured Cesario began to relate his adventure; but hardly had the word "spy" escaped his lips, when the boy, wresting his own pike from his hand, felled him to the ground, saying, "Noble general, he lies most foully—I am no spy, but a soldier."

"Ha!" said Baglione, "thou art a bold youth; 'tis a pity such a one should be a Ghibeline. How long hast thou served Charles of Bourbon?"

"I have never served at all, yet," replied Cesario; "and by my faith I think I never shall, seeing that I have met with such a mischance at the onset." The tone of boyish petulance with which he spoke, contrasted so oddly with his previous boldness, that Baglione and the soldiers laughed aloud. Cesario looked fiercely from one to the other, guessing that he was the object of ridicule, though unconscious why. "By your leave Signor," said he, "it is neither the part of a soldier nor a nobleman to insult an enemy, whom accident has placed in his power."

Baglione, too generous to be offended at his hardihood, instantly composed his countenance, and questioned him in a more conciliatory tone. "Well, good youth," said he, when Cesario was silent, "I like thine ambition well: it is an honourable one, and shall be gratified, if thou art content to follow Baglione, instead of the Bourbon. In other words, wilt thou flesh thy maiden sword in defence of thy native land, or league with traitors in subjugating her to a foreign power?"

Cesario's face glowed like fire, but he spoke not. His early education in Florence had early enlisted his prejudices to the Guelphic faction; and the riot and debauchery of Charles's camp were such as to fill his youthful mind with horror. His pride, too, was gratified by the question of the famed Baglione; while, on the other hand, he considered his

honour pledged to Adimari and the Duke of Bourbon. The penetrating eye of Baglione read in a moment what was passing in his mind. Without pressing him farther, he committed him to the charge of an officer, with orders to use no more restraint than was necessary to prevent his leaving the city.

As soon as the first faint streaks of light were visible in the east, the cries of the people, mingled with the shouts of the soldiers and the roar of artillery, told that the assault had begun. Cesario followed the officer into the streets, which were filled with the populace; some prostrate before the numerous images, or swelling the train of the Pontiff, as he proceeded in grand procession, carrying the Host, and attended by all the Cardinals in Rome to the church of the Vatican, to implore the protection of heaven. Cesario rushed to the walls with the instinct of a war-horse, at the sound of the trumpet; and in a short time found himself, to his great astonishment, fighting zealously by the side of that very Baglione whom but the day before he expected to meet as an enemy.— Bourbon, conspicuous from his white mantle, was foremost in the attack, encouraging his men, by gesture and example, to fix the scaling ladders, which he was the first to mount.— Scarcely had his foot pressed the step, when a discharge from the ramparts dashed him breathless to the ground. The besieged uttered a cry of triumph, and for a moment his troops fell back in dismay—the next, the charge was renewed with redoubled fury. The assault continued three days. On the fourth, Cesario was sent by Baglione to the castle, with a message to the chief engineer, Antonio Santo Croce. As he was returning, there was a cry—a shout of mingled triumph and despair—that seemed to rend the skies: flying parties of their own troops, and women running hither and thither, with their screaming children, told the appalling truth—the city was carried!

From the quarter of Trastavere, a body of the German auxiliaries, headed by the Prince of Orange, came rushing like a whirlwind, carrying death to whatever opposed them. The soldiers deserted the walls, and thronged the streets, disputing every inch of ground with desperate valour. The yells of the combatants—the deafening roar of the cannon—the maddening shrieks of females, in the grasp of the licentious soldiery, piercing the air with horrid clearness, through all the infernal uproar—the streets and squares heaped with the slain, and running with blood—all the ghastly sights and sounds of a city taken by storm—struck horror and dismay to the bosom of Cesario. All hell seemed open to his view. Still he fought like a young lion at bay, dealing no second blows; and himself, as if by a miracle, escaping almost unhurt, till he reached the square of the Vatican, where the Pope's guards were in vain attempting to defend the entrance to the church. Over gory carcasses, the dying and the dead, Cesario forced his way into the nave, just in time to strike down a Huguenot soldier, who, with a cry of "Down with Antichrist and his supporters!" aimed a furious blow at the head of Baglione. Hand to hand the death-struggle was maintained, till the Pontiff made his escape by a secret passage, to the castle of St. Angelo; and then Baglione, making a desperate sally from the church, Cesario lost sight of him.

The conflict raged till night with unabated fury. To add to the horror of the scene, the enemy, after rifling the houses and churches, set fire to them. Amidst the tumult and the smoke, it was impossible to distinguish friends from foes.

Faint with the loss of blood, and parched with intolerable thirst, Cesario crawled towards one of the public fountains. The fire from a neighbouring palace shed a lurid glare upon the ghastly faces of numbers who had expired in a vain at-



tempt to reach the waters. One miserable wretch had fallen in, and the stream was polluted with his blood. Cesario turned, shuddering, away and sat down on the steps. Suddenly an appalling shriek from a female voice struck on his ear; and a young and lovely woman, with hair dishevelled, and garments torn and bloody, rushed from the burning palace, followed by a soldier. With frantic agony she clasped Cesario's body, and implored him to save her. Before he could reply, the savage sprung upon his victim, with the howl of an infuriated wolf. Inspired, for the moment, with superhuman strength, Cesario disengaged his right arm, and plunged his dagger in the ruffian's heart; then throwing the insensible form of the lady across his shoulder, he made his way back to the church of the Vatican, striking indiscriminately at all he met. It was nearly deserted; with one wild effort, he reached the high altar and the secret door. There nature failed at once, and he sunk, with his burden, to the ground. In the fall, his foot touched the spring, and they fell, together, into the subterranean passage!

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Two years after the sacking of Rome, a splendid festival was held in the Colonna palace. A thousand lamps poured a flood of light upon the gorgeous room, where countless throngs of gallant nobles, and bright dames, moved gaily to the sound of the softest music. But who is she, the fairest where all are fair?—the jewels on whose brow were dim to the eyes that flashed beneath!—whose cheek and lip but mocked the roses twined in her clustering hair!—who half smiling, half blushing, all loveliness, listens, with downcast eye and half-averted face, to the youth at her side, in manhood's earliest prime—who gazed on her with eyes

radiant with love and joy? It was a daughter of the illustrious house of Colonna, and Cesario Baglione—he who, in calling her his bride, had fulfilled his youthful boast, and won a prize of brighter worth than the crown of the imperial Charles.

In the midst of the marriage festival, when all was revelry and joy, a servant approached, and whispered the bridegroom. He started, and changed colour. His lovely Olympia spoke to him with an air of alarmed and timid tenderness: but he heard her not, and quitted the hall.

In an unfurnished chamber, half-lighted by a single torch, a stranger stood muffled in a dark mantle. As Cesario approached, he stepped forward, and dropped it—it was Adimari!

“Signor Cesario Baglione,” said he, “I come to claim your protection. The league between the Pope and the Emperor has made me a beggar and an outcast; and there are many in the court of Rome who seek my life.”

“Fear not, Adimari, my friend, to whom I owe all my present bliss!” said Cesario, rushing to embrace him—“wait my return,”

He hurried to the festal hall. In a few brief sentences, he explained all to his bride—“But for Adimari, my Olympia, I had never known thee!”

It was enough—Olympia went to throw herself at her father's feet, and never rose till he had promised his powerful intercession with the Pontiff.

At that time nothing was refused to Colonna. A few weeks saw Adimari reconciled to the Church; and Cesario whispered to his friend, as he presented him to his bride Olympia—“Did I not prophecy truly when I said, I would carve out for myself a fortune the proudest in Italy might envy?”

#### PRUDENCE AND ECONOMY.

PRUDENCE will direct us to be cautious that they be punctually discharged, what debts we contract; but when otherwise we keep possession while they become due, justice requires another has the right.

THE following beautiful production of the late Mr. Canning, written for the occasion, was sung at a meeting held in commemoration of the birth day of England's greatest Statesman, Mr. Pitt. We have selected it from a newspaper printed nearly twenty years ago.—*New-Bedford Courier*.

*THE PILOT THAT WEATHER'D THE STORM.*

BY MR. CANNING.

It hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,  
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform:  
When our perils are past shall our gratitude sleep?  
No—Here's to the pilot that weather'd the storm!

At the footstool of power let Flattery fawn;  
Let Faction her idols extol to the skies;  
To Virtue in humble retirement withdrawn,  
Unblamed may the accents of gratitude rise.

And shall not his memory to Britain be dear,  
Whose example with envy all nations behold—  
A Statesman unbiass'd by interest or fear,  
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who when terror and doubt through the universe reigned,  
While Rapine and Treason their standards unfurled,  
The heart and the hopes of his country maintain'd,  
And one kingdom preserv'd midst the wreck of the world.

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,  
While the beams of the sun in full majesty shine,  
When he sinks into twilight with fondness we gaze,  
And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So PITT, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,  
Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall!  
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore;  
Admired in thy zenith, but loved in thy fall!

O! take then—for dangers by wisdom repell'd,  
For evils by courage and constancy brav'd—  
O! take, for a throne by thy counsels upheld,  
The thanks of a people thy firmness hath saved!

And O! if again the rude whirlwind should rise  
The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform,  
The regrets of the good and the fears of the wise  
Shall return to the Pilot that weather'd the storm.

*TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.*

By George Thompson, Esq., for eight years a Resident at the Cape. 4to. 1827.

OUR knowledge of Africa, we may almost say is daily increasing: yet there are parts with which we are little acquainted, even at no great distance from the Cape of Good Hope. The present writer has supplied this deficiency with regard to some important districts, and has paved the way for the procurement of more extensive intelligence.—Whether in the scheme of emigration lately proposed, any part of Africa will be the object of selection, we know not; but we at least know that, within those territories over which the authority of the governor of the

Cape extends, there is a wide scope for ulterior colonization.—“The Cape Colony (says Mr. Thompson) possesses within its boundaries ample means of furnishing a secure and plentiful subsistence to at least five times its present population. It is, no doubt, true, that nearly two-thirds of its entire surface consist of vast ranges of sterile mountains and dreary wastes which no efforts of human industry can render available for the wants of civilized man, and which refuse even drink and pasturage for the herds of the wandering grazier: it is therefore obvious, and admitted by every one, that, throughout a great part of the interior, a dense population can never exist. But the Cape is a country both of very wide extent and of very great diversity of soil and climate; its fertility, in some parts, is not less remarkable than its barrenness in others; and, while a large proportion of its available territory is peculiarly adapted for stock-farming, the remainder is equally well suited for Agriculture.” And Mr. Pringle says. “With all the defects of this country and climate, I am fully satisfied that it is not worse, but a better land to live in than any other British colony.”

The remarks of Mr. Thompson on the partial failure of that colonization which took place in Southern Africa in the year 1820, suggest useful hints to the projectors of a new scheme of that kind.—“The general policy of this emigration, and the conduct of the British government in regard to it, appear to me to have been animadverted on by some writers with an undue degree of severity. That the scheme which the government adopted was in some respects defective, cannot now be doubted; and it is not denied, that the emigrants sent out were in many cases ill-selected. But the propriety of the measure, as a matter of national policy, is equally unquestionable, as that its more immediate purposes were liberal and beneficent; nor can its partial failure,

with any justice, be exclusively ascribed, either to its original projectors, to the characters of the emigrants, or to the unfitness of the country for colonization. A variety of cases combined to produce this unfortunate result. The plan of allotting only 100 acres of land to each family, or each adult male carried out by the heads of parties, was found upon trial to be incompatible with the character of the soil and climate. The emigrants, being selected in a great measure from the class of distressed artizans, and the indigent and unruly population of the great towns and manufacturing districts, were in general ill adapted for the occupation of a new country. The plan of the large joint-stock parties was ill devised, and proved a fertile source of disunion. The heads or leaders were in many instances merely nominal, and neither in property nor intelligence superior to their followers. There were among them also a few presumptuous, litigious, and unprincipled individuals, and almost all had imbibed, in a greater or less degree, far too sanguine notions of the general fertility of the country. All these were circumstances, no doubt, sufficiently prolific of failure and disappointment, and such as the ablest and most experienced magistracy would have found it no easy matter to obviate or overcome. But when to these predisposing causes of dissension and discontent were added the total and repeated destruction of the crops by blight, and the general dissatisfaction of the people with their provincial rulers, it can scarcely excite surprise, that the progress of the new settlement has been little satisfactory to all parties. The marvel is, indeed, all things considered, that matters have not been tenfold worse than they actually are.”

Our author gives an interesting account of his excursion to the eastern frontier of the colony, and to the country of the Boshuanas or Bechuanas.—Great were his sufferings in

this journey, from the heat of the climate, fatigue, and hunger; and he was in constant danger from the ferocity both of men and of beasts.

“When I conversed with Mr. Melville about the Bechuana tribes to the northward, he mentioned that some extraordinary rumours had reached him a few days ago, respecting an immense horde, or nation, who were said to be approaching from the north-east, and who were laying waste the country, and destroying all who ventured to oppose them. Such extravagant details, indeed were mingled with the reports, —representing the invaders as consisting partly of white men with long hair and beards, led on by a giantess with one eye in her forehead, and the like childish absurdities, that Mr. Melville, finding the rumours were derived from the Bechuanas, was disposed to consider them altogether as fables of their own fabrication. We soon discovered, however, that they had a more serious foundation than he had surmised. As we were chatting upon this and other matters, a waggon was announced to be in sight, on the road from Kuruman, or New Lattakoo. On approaching, it was recognised to be that of Mr. Moffat, one of the missionaries resident at that place; and presently he jumped out of it, and came up to us, dressed in a jacket of leopard skin and with a black bushy beard about eight inches long. I was the less surprised at this Jewish fashion, as I had found Mr. Melville wearing a beard of similar dimensions;—for beards, it seems, (probably from those of the natives being so scanty,) are objects of no small respect in this part of the world. As soon as Mr. Moffat had taken a seat, he introduced the object of his unexpected visit, which was no other than to solicit assistance from the Griquas to repel the marauding horde of strange people, who were now plundering and destroying the Bechuana tribes to the northward, and who were fast approaching the country of the Mat-

clapee tribe. The accounts that had reached Kuruman of this savage horde, were scarcely less extraordinary than the more vague rumours which Mr. Melville had just repeated to me. They were represented by the fugitives, who had escaped from the tribes that had been attacked by them, as an immense army of plunderers, led on by several chiefs, and consisting of people of various complexions; the majority black and almost naked, others of a yellow or Hottentot colour, and some perfectly white, with long hair and beards, and dressed in European clothing. Their weapons were said to be clubs and javelins, and a short crooked instrument like a cimeter. They were considered almost irresistible from their great numbers and warlike ferocity. They were accompanied by their wives and children; and, finally, they were confidently affirmed to be *cannibals*. The precise point from which they had originally advanced was not ascertained; but they had first fallen upon a tribe of Bechuanas, called *Lehoyas*, toward the south-east. Thence they had penetrated through the country to the northward, as far as the *Wankeets*, by whom they had been repulsed, and turned back toward the colony. Having defeated and plundered every other people they had encountered, to the number of twenty-eight tribes, their present route was direct upon Old Lattakoo, and their design was to attack the *Griquas*. The appellation by which they were known was that of *Mantatees*.”

The advance of the savage foe was the cause of so much alarm, that, at the time of our author's visit to the Bechuanas, a grand national council was holden upon the subject. At the first rencontre, however, of the *Griquas* with the *Mantatees*, the latter, though exceedingly numerous, were defeated by a very small body of the former, even without the aid of the Bechuanas, who, with the basest cowardice, only watched the con-

flict from the neighbouring heights, and came down like ferocious wolves, upon the field of battle, when they saw that the Mantatees had fled, to plunder the dead and dying.

The Griquas appear to be partly of European breed; and hence we may account for their superiority over the Mantatees. The origin of the latter is thus stated:—"Lieutenant Farewell proceeded with a party from the Cape to Port Natal; and, having obtained a grant of the adjoining territory from Chaka, a Cafir king, he erected a little fort with the view of commencing an establishment to trade with the natives. Notwithstanding the loss of two small vessels on the coast, the prospect of a profitable commerce appears so flattering as to induce the party still to persevere. Mr. Farewell and some other Englishmen recently paid a visit to Chaka, at his chief residence of Zoola, about 140 miles from the English settlement; and from their accounts it appears, that this barbarian has sagacity enough to appreciate the commercial advantages to be derived from a friendly intercourse with Europeans. He cannot, of course, foresee that the admission of a few mercantile adventurers may perhaps ultimately lead to the subjugation of his kingdom and posterity. The despotic power of this savage conqueror is said to be supported by an armed force of about 15,000 men, constantly maintained under his direct command, and prepared to execute, without hesitation, the most hazardous or bloody orders of their chief. Failure and defeat are said to be punished with immediate death; and an instance is mentioned where one of his captains, and a band of four hundred and fifty men, were condemned to indiscriminate execution, for having allowed themselves to be defeated by the enemy. Such, it seems, is the severe discipline by which he drills his soldiery. The whole armed force of the Zoola nation is estimated (though I apprehend on very uncertain data)

to amount to nearly one hundred thousand men, including, of course, every male fit to bear arms. The object of Chaka's wars appears to have been originally the plunder rather than the subjugation of the adjoining tribes. In the present state of these people, territory is indeed of value chiefly for pasturage, and cattle are the only property. Latterly, however, uniform success has puffed up the heart of this despot to such a pitch, that he now avows his determination to destroy every tribe that yet remains between him and the colonial boundary. If he survives ten years longer, it appears not improbable that he may actually succeed in executing this threat; and in that event we shall have on our eastern frontier a far more formidable neighbour than has ever yet been known to the Cape settlement. Chaka seems to want nothing but fire-arms to rival a king of Ashantee in audacity as well as cruelty. The misery, already inflicted by the wars of this barbarian upon the Cafir Bechuana tribes, is incalculable, and is far from being confined to the massacre and destruction directly occasioned by his arms. By plundering and driving out the adjoining nations, he has forced them to become plunderers in their turn, and to carry terror and devastation through the remotest quarters of Southern Africa. In short, the people dispossessed by Chaka, became the marauding and cannibal Mantatees."

The Korannas do not greatly differ in manners or appearance from the Namaquas. Like them, they wear the old sheep-skin dress, and preserve the original customs of their nation, which were described by Kolben a hundred years ago, but which the Hottentots in the colony long ago abandoned. Some of their common customs indicate a very low state of both mental and physical refinement, much lower than that of the Cafirs. They lead an indolent, wandering life, living chiefly on the

milk of their cattle, and seldom roaming far from the banks of the Gariiep and its tributary branches. Their cattle much resemble those of the Bechuanas, being smaller than the colonial breed, or that of the Namaquas.

Passing amidst serious privations through the country of the Korannas, Mr. Thompson reached the vicinity of the Gariiep.—“After suffering so severely as we had done, from the want of water, what a glorious object did this river appear, flowing in a majestic stream, deep and rapid, and five hundred yards in breadth! We hurried down to the channel, plunged our hands and faces into the cooling waters, and assuaged a thirst, which the briny wells of the Korannas seemed at every draught to increase. . . . After all our privations it was no slight satisfaction to me, to have so far accomplished one of the objects of my journey. I had reached the banks of the Gariiep by a route never taken before by any traveller; and had been enabled to add, to the map of South Africa, the distinctive features of the intermediate region, which, dreary and desolate though it may be, is not without a strong interest in the eyes both of the naturalist and the philanthropist. The main and middle branch of the Gariiep, which forms the cataract, traverses a sort of island of large extent, covered with rocks and thickets, and environed by streams. Having crossed the southern branch, which in the dry season is but an inconsiderable creek, we continued to follow the Korannas for several miles through the dense acacia forests, while the thundering sound of the cataract increased at every step. At length we reached a ridge of rocks, and found it necessary to dismount and follow our guides on foot. It seemed as if we were now entering the untrodden vestibule of one of nature's most sublime temples, and the untutored savages who guided us, evinced, by the awe and circumspection with which they trod, that they

were not altogether uninfluenced by the *genius loci*. They repeatedly requested me to keep behind, and follow them softly, for the precipices were dangerous for the feet of men, and the sight and sound of the cataract were so fearful, that they themselves regarded the place with awe, and seldom ventured to visit it. At length all of them halted, and desired me to do the same. One of them stepped forward to the brink of the precipice, and, having looked cautiously over, beckoned me to advance. I did so, and witnessed a curious and striking scene; but it was not yet the waterfall. It was a rapid formed by almost the whole volume of the river, compassed into a narrow channel of not more than fifty yards in breadth, whence it descended at an angle of nearly 45 deg. and rushing tumultuously through a black and crooked chasm, among the rocks, of frightful depth, escaped in a torrent of foam.

\* \* \* \*

“At length we halted as before, and the next moment I was led to a projecting rock, where a scene burst upon me, far surpassing my most sanguine expectations. The whole water of the river, being previously confined to a bed of scarcely one hundred feet in breadth, descends at once into a magnificent cascade of four hundred feet in height. As I gazed on this stupendous scene, I felt as if in a dream. The sublimity of nature drowned all apprehensions of danger; and, after a short pause, I hastily left the spot where I stood, to gain a nearer view from a cliff that more immediately impended over the foaming gulph. I had just reached this station, when I felt myself suddenly grasped by four Korannas, who simultaneously took hold of me by the arms and legs. My first impression was, that they were going to hurl me over the precipice; but it was a momentary thought, and it wronged the friendly savages. Apprehending that my temerity might lead me into danger, they hurried me back from the brink, explained

their motive, and asked forgiveness. I was not ungrateful for their care, though somewhat annoyed by their officiousness.—The character of the whole of the surrounding scenery, full of rocks, caverns, and pathless

woods, and the desolate aspect of the Gariepind mountains beyond, accorded well with the wild grandeur of the waterfall, and impressed me with feelings never to be effaced.”—*Lady's Magazine*.

### SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the author of *Waverley*, has become the biographer of Napoleon Bonaparte; and the deepest interest is excited in the literary world to know how the great master of romance and fiction acquits himself in the execution of his task. In the preface to this elaborate history, Sir Walter, with considerable ingenuousness, informs us that “he will be found no enemy to the person of Napoleon. The term of hostility is ended when the battle has been won, and the foe exists no longer.” But to our task: we shall attempt an analysis of the volumes before us, and endeavour to gratify our readers with a narrative of incidents that cannot fail interesting every British subject, whose history, in fact, is strongly connected with the important events that belong to the splendid career of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The first and second volumes of Sir Walter's history, are taken up with a view of the French Revolution, from whence we shall extract a sketch of the characters of three men of terror, whose names will long remain, we trust, unmatched in history by those of any similar miscreants. These men were the leaders of the revolution, and were called

#### THE TRIUMVIRATE.

DANTON deserves to be named first, as unrivalled by his colleagues in talent and audacity. He was a man of gigantic size, and possessed a voice of thunder. His countenance was that of an Ogre on the shoulders of a Hercules. He was as fond of the pleasures of vice as of the practice

of cruelty; and it was said there were times when he became humanized amidst his debauchery, laughed at the terror which his furious declamations excited, and might be approached with safety, like the Maelstrom at the turn of tide. His profusion was indulged to an extent hazardous to his popularity, for the populace are jealous of a lavish expenditure, as raising their favourites too much above their own degree, and the charge of speculation finds always ready credit with them, when brought against public men.

Robespierre possessed this advantage over Danton, that he did not seem to seek for wealth, either for hoarding or expending, but lived in strict and economical retirement, to justify the name of the Incorruptible, with which he was honoured by his partizans. He appears to have possessed little talent, saving a deep fund of hypocrisy, considerable powers of sophistry, and a cold exaggerated strain of oratory, as foreign to good taste, as the measures he recommended were to ordinary humanity. It seemed wonderful, that even the seething and boiling of the revolutionary cauldron should have sent up from the bottom, and long supported on the surface, a thing so miserably void of claims to public distinction; but Robespierre had to impose on the minds of the vulgar, and he knew how to beguile them, by accommodating his flattery to their passions and scale of understanding, and by acts of cunning and hypocrisy, which weigh more with the multitude than the words of eloquence, or the arguments of wisdom. The people lis-

tened as to their Cicero, when he twanged out his apostrophes of *Pauvre Peuple, Peuple vertueux!* and hastened to execute whatever came recommended by such honied phrases, though devised by the worst of men for the worst and most inhuman of purposes.

Vanity was Robespierre's ruling passion, and though his countenance was the image of his mind, he was vain even of his personal appearance, and never adopted the external habits of a *sans culotte*. Amongst his fellow Jacobins, he was distinguished by the nicety with which his hair was arranged and powdered; and the neatness of his dress was carefully attended to, so as to counterbalance, if possible, the vulgarity of his person. His apartments, though small, were elegant, and vanity had filled them with representations of the occupant. Robespierre's picture at length hung in one place, his miniature in another, his bust occupied a niche, and on the table were disposed a few medallions exhibiting his head in profile. The vanity which all this indicated was of the coldest and most selfish character, being such as considers neglect as insult, and receives homage merely as a tribute; so that, while praise is received without gratitude, it is withheld at the risk of mortal hate. Self-love of this dangerous character is closely allied with envy, and Robespierre was one of the most envious and vindictive men that ever lived. He never was known to pardon any opposition, affront, or even rivalry; and to be marked in his tablets on such an account was a sure, though perhaps not an immediate, sentence of death. Danton was a hero, compared with this cold, calculating, creeping miscreant; for his passions, though exaggerated, had at least some touch of humanity, and his brutal ferocity was supported by brutal courage.

Robespierre was a coward, who signed death-warrants with a hand that shook, though his heart was relentless. He possessed no passions

on which to charge his crimes; they were perpetrated in cold blood, and upon mature deliberation.

Marat, the third of this infernal triumvirate, had attracted the attention of the lower orders, by the violence of his sentiments in the journal which he conducted from the commencement of the revolution, upon such principles that it took the lead in forwarding its successive changes. His political exhortations began and ended like the howl of a blood-hound for murder; or, if a wolf could have written a journal, the gaunt and famished wretch could not have ravened more eagerly for slaughter. It was blood which was Marat's constant demand, not in drops from the breast of an individual, not in puny streams from the slaughter of families, but blood in the profusion of an ocean. His usual calculation of the heads which he demanded amounted to two hundred and sixty thousand; and though he sometimes raised it as high as three hundred thousand, it never fell beneath the smaller number. It may be hoped, and for the honour of human nature we are inclined to believe there was a touch of insanity in this unnatural strain of ferocity; and the wild and squalid features of the wretch appear to have intimated a degree of alienation of mind. Marat was, like Robespierre, a coward.—Repeatedly denounced in the assembly, he skulked instead of defending himself, and lay concealed in some obscure garret or cellar among his cut-throats, until a storm appeared, when, like a bird of ill omen, his death-screach was again heard.—Such was the strange and fatal triumvirate, in which the same degree of cannibal cruelty existed under different aspects. Danton murdered to glut his rage; Robespierre to avenge his injured vanity, or to remove a rival whom he envied; Marat, from the same instinctive love of blood, which induces a wolf to continue his ravage of the flocks long after his hunger is appeased.

Passing by the horrors of the reign



of terror, we shall close the second volume with a vivid and powerful picture, which we cannot refrain quoting—

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

MEANTIME the convention continued to maintain the bold and commanding front which they had so suddenly and critically assumed. Upon learning the escape of the arrested deputies, and hearing of the insurrection at the Hotel de Ville, they instantly passed a decree outlawing Robespierre and his associates, inflicting a similar doom upon the mayor of Paris, the procureur and other members of the commune, and charging twelve of their members, the boldest who could be selected, to proceed with the armed force to the execution of the sentence. The drums of the National Guards now beat to arms in all the sections under authority of the convention, while the tocsin continued to summon assistance with its iron voice to Robespierre and the civic magistrates. Every thing appeared to threaten a violent catastrophe, until it was seen clearly that the public voice, and especially amongst the National Guards, was declaring itself generally against the Terrorists.

The Hotel de Ville was surrounded by about fifteen hundred men, and cannon turned upon the doors. The force of the assailants was weakest in point of number, but their leaders were men of spirit, and night concealed their inferiority of force.

The deputies commissioned for the purpose read the decree of the assembly to those whom they found assembled in front of the city-hall, and they shrunk from the attempt of defending it, some joining the assailants, others laying down their arms and dispersing. Meantime the deserted group of Terrorists within conducted themselves like scorpions, which, when surrounded by a circle of fire, are said to turn their stings on each other, and on themselves. Mutual and ferocious upbraiding took place among these miserable men.

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“Wretch, were these the means you promised to furnish?” said Payan to Henriot, whom he found intoxicated and incapable of resolution or exertion; and seizing on him as he spoke, he precipitated the revolutionary general from a window. Henriot survived the fall only to drag himself into a drain, in which he was afterwards discovered and brought out to execution. The younger Robespierre threw himself from the window, but had not the good fortune to perish on the spot. It seemed as if even the melancholy fate of suicide, the last refuge of guilt and despair, was denied to men who had so long refused every species of mercy to their fellow-creatures. Le Bas alone had calmness enough to despatch himself with a pistol-shot. Saint Just, after imploring his comrades to kill him, attempted his own life with an irresolute hand, and failed. Couthon lay beneath the table brandishing a knife, with which he repeatedly wounded his bosom, without daring to add force enough to reach his heart. Their chief, Robespierre, in an unsuccessful attempt to shoot himself, had only inflicted a horrible fracture on his under jaw.

In this situation they were found like wolves in their lair, foul with blood, mutilated, despairing, and yet not able to die. Robespierre lay on a table in an anti-room, his head supported by a deal-box, and his hideous countenance half hidden by a bloody and dirty cloth bound round the shattered chin.\*

The captives were carried in triumph to the convention, who, without admitting them to the bar, ordered them, as outlaws, for instant execution. As the fatal cars passed to

\* It did not escape the minute observers of this scene, that he still held in his hand the bag which had contained the fatal pistol, and which was inscribed with the words, *AU GRAND MONARQUE*, alluding to the sign, doubtless, of the gunsmith who sold the weapon, but singularly applicable to the high pretensions of the purchaser.

the guillotine, those who filled them, but especially Robespierre, were overwhelmed with execrations from the friends and relatives of victims whom he had sent on the same melancholy road. The nature of his previous wound, from which the cloth had never been removed till the executioner tore it off, added to the torture of the sufferer. The shattered jaw dropped, and the wretch yelled aloud, to the horror of the spectators.\* A mask taken from that dreadful head was long exhibited in different nations of Europe, and appalled the spectator by its ugliness, and the mixture of fiendish expression with that of bodily agony.

Thus fell Maximilian Robespierre, after having been the first person in the French republic for nearly two years, during which time he governed it upon the principles of Nero or Caligula. His elevation to the situation which he held involved more contradictions than perhaps attach to any similar event in history. A low-born and low-minded tyrant was permitted to rule with the rod of the most frightful despotism a people, whose anxiety for liberty had shortly before rendered them unable to endure the rule of a humane and lawful sovereign. A dastardly coward arose to the command of one of the bravest nations in the world; and it was under the auspices of a man who dared scarce fire a pistol, that the greatest generals in France began their careers of conquest. He had neither eloquence nor imagination; but substituted in their stead a miserable, affected, bombastic style, which, until other circumstances gave him consequence, drew on him general ridicule. Yet against so poor an orator, all the eloquence of the philosophical Girondists, all the terrible powers of his associate Danton, employed in a popular assembly, could not enable them to make an effectual resistance. It may seem trifling to mention, that

\* The fate of no tyrant in history was so hideous at the conclusion, excepting perhaps that of Jugurtha.

in a nation where a good deal of prepossession is excited by amiable manners and beauty of external appearance, the person who ascended to the highest power was not only ill-looking, but singularly mean in person, awkward and constrained in his address, ignorant how to set about pleasing even when he most desired to give pleasure, and as tiresome nearly as he was odious and heartless.

To compensate all these deficiencies, Robespierre had but an insatiable ambition, founded on a vanity which made him think himself capable of filling the highest situation; and therefore give him daring, when to dare is frequently to achieve. He mixed a false and overstrained, but rather fluent species of bombastic composition, with the grossest flattery to the lowest classes of the people; in consideration of which, they could not but receive as genuine the praises which he always bestowed on himself. His prudent resolution to be satisfied with possessing the essence of power, without seeming to desire its rank and trappings, formed another art of cajoling the multitude. His watchful envy, his long-protracted but sure revenge, his craft, which to vulgar minds supplies the place of wisdom, were his only means of competing with his distinguished antagonists. And it seems to have been a merited punishment of the extravagances and abuses of the French revolution, that it engaged the country in a state of anarchy which permitted a wretch such as we have described, to be for a long period master of her destiny. Blood was his element, like that of the other Terrorists, and he never fastened with so much pleasure on a new victim, as when he was at the same time an ancient associate. In an epitaph, of which the following couplet may serve as a translation, his life was represented as incompatible with the existence of the human race:—

“Here lies Robespierre—let no tear be shed:  
Reader, if he had lived, thou hadst been dead.”

The commencement of the third volume introduces us to the family of Bonaparte, who resided in the island of Corsica, which was, in ancient times, remarkable as the scene of Seneca's exile, and in the last century was distinguished by the memorable stand which the natives made in defence of their liberties against the Genoese and French, during a war which tended to show the high and indomitable spirit of the islanders, united as it is with the fiery and vindictive feelings proper to their country and climate.

#### BIRTH OF BONAPARTE.

CHARLES BONAPARTE, the father of Napoleon, died at the age of about forty years, of an ulcer in the stomach, on the 24th of February, 1785. His celebrated son fell a victim to the same disease. During Napoleon's grandeur, the community of Montpellier expressed a desire to erect a monument to the memory of Charles Bonaparte. His answer was both sensible and in good taste. "Had I lost my father yesterday," he said "it would be natural to pay his memory some mark of respect consistent with my present situation. But it is twenty years since the event, and it is one in which the public can take no concern. Let us leave the dead in peace."

The subject of our narrative was born, according to the best accounts, and his own belief, upon the 15th day of August, 1769, at his father's house in Ajaccio, forming one side of a court which leads out of the Rue Charles.\* We read with interest, that his mother's good constitution, and bold character of mind, having induced her to attend mass upon the day of his birth, (being the Festival of the Assumption,) she was obliged to return home immediately, and as there was no time to prepare a bed or bedroom, she was delivered of the future victor upon a temporary couch prepared for her accomoda-

tion, and covered with an ancient piece of tapestry, representing the heroes of the Iliad. The infant was christened by the name of Napoleon, an obscure saint, who had dropped to leeward, and fallen altogether out of the calendar, so that his namesake never knew which day he was to celebrate as the festival of his patron. When questioned on this subject by the bishop who confirmed him, he answered smartly, that there were a great many saints, and only three hundred and sixty-five days to divide amongst them. The politeness of the pope promoted the patron in order to compliment the god-child, and Saint Napoleon des Ursins, was accommodated with a festival. To render this compliment which no one but a pope could have paid, still more flattering, the feast of Saint Napoleon was fixed for the fifteenth August, the birthday of the emperor, and the day on which he signed the Concordat. So that Napoleon had the rare honour of promoting his patron saint.

#### NAPOLEON'S EARLY LIFE.

THE young Napoleon had, of course, the simple and hardy education proper to the natives of the mountainous island of his birth, and in his infancy was not remarkable for more than that animation of temper, and wilfulness and impatience of inactivity, by which children of quick parts and lively sensibility are usually distinguished. The winter of the year was generally passed by the family of his father at Ajaccio, where they still preserve and exhibit, as the ominous plaything of Napoleon's boyhood, the model of a brass cannon, weighing about thirty pounds.† We leave it to philosophers to enquire, whether the future love of war was suggested by the accidental possession of such a toy; or whether the tendency of the mind dictated the selection of it; or lastly, whether the nature of the pastime, corres-

\* Benson's "Sketches of Corsica," p. 4.

† "Sketches of Corsica," p. 4.

ponding with the taste which chose it, may not have had each their action and reaction, and contributed between them to the formation of a character so warlike.

The same traveller who furnishes the above anecdote, gives an interesting account of the country retreat of the family of Bonaparte during the summer.

Going along the sea-shore from Ajaccio towards the Isle Sanguiniere, about a mile from the town, occur two stone pillars, the remains of a doorway, leading up to a dilapidated villa, once the residence of Madame Bonaparte's half-brother on the mother's side, whom Napoleon created Cardinal Fesch.\* The house is approached by an avenue, surrounded and overhung by the cactus and other shrubs, which luxuriate in a warm climate. It has a garden and a lawn, showing amidst neglect vestiges of their former beauty, and the house is surrounded by shrubberies, permitted to run to wilderness. This was the summer residence of Madame Bonaparte and her family. Almost enclosed by the wild olive, the cactus, the clematis, and the almond-tree, is a very singular and isolated granite rock, called Napoleon's grotto, which seems to have resisted the decomposition which has taken place around. The remains of a small summer house are visible beneath the rock, the entrance to which is nearly closed by a luxuriant fig-tree. This was Bonaparte's frequent retreat, when the vacations of the school at which he studied permitted him to visit home. How the imagination labours to form an idea of the visions, which, in this sequestered and romantic spot, must have arisen before the eyes of the future hero of a hundred battles!

Bonaparte's ardour for the abstract sciences amounted to a passion, and was combined with a singular

\* The mother of Letitia Ramolini, wife of Carlo Bonaparte, married a Swiss officer in the French service, named Fesch, after the death of Letitia's father.

aptitude for applying them to the purposes of war, while his attention to pursuits so interesting and exhaustless in themselves, was stimulated by his natural ambition and desire of distinction. Almost all the scientific teachers at Brienne, being accustomed to study the character of their pupils, and obliged by their duty to make memoranda and occasional reports on the subject, spoke of the talents of Bonaparte, and the progress of his studies, with admiration. Circumstances of various kinds, exaggerated or invented, have been circulated concerning the youth of a person so remarkable. The following are given upon good authority.\*

The conduct of Napoleon among his companions was that of a studious and reserved youth, addicting himself deeply to the means of improvement, and rather avoiding than seeking the usual temptations to dissipation of time. He had few friends, and no intimates; yet at different times, when he chose to exert it, he exhibited considerable influence over his fellow-students, and when there was any just plan to be carried into effect, he was frequently chosen dictator of the little republic.

In the time of winter, Bonaparte, upon one occasion, engaged his companions in constructing a fortress out of the snow, regularly defended by ditches and bastions, according to the rules of fortification. It was considered as displaying the great powers of the juvenile engineer in the way of his profession, and was attacked and defended by the students, who divided into parties for the purpose, until the battle became so keen that their superiors thought it proper to proclaim a truce.

\* They were many years since communicated to the author by Messrs. Joseph and Louis Law, brothers of General Baron Lauriston, Bonaparte's favourite aid-de-camp. These gentlemen, or at least Joseph, were educated at Brienne but at a later period than Napoleon. Their distinguished brother was his contemporary.

The young Bonaparte gave another instance of address and enterprise upon the following occasion. There was a fair held annually in the neighbourhood of Brienne, where the pupils of the Military School used to find a day's amusement; but on account of a quarrel betwixt them and the country people upon a former occasion, or for some such cause, the masters of the institution had directed that the students should not on the fair-day be permitted to go beyond their own precincts, which were surrounded with a wall. Under the direction of the young Corsican, however, the scholars had already laid a plot for securing their usual day's diversion. They had undermined the wall which encompassed their exercising ground with so much skill and secrecy that their operations remained entirely unknown till the morning of the fair, when a part of the boundary unexpectedly fell, and gave a free passage to the imprisoned students, of which they immediately took the advantage, by hurrying to the prohibited scene of amusement.

But, although on these, and perhaps other occasions, Bonaparte displayed some of the frolic temper of youth, mixed with the inventive genius and the talent for commanding others by which he was distinguished in after time, his life at school was in general that of a recluse and severe student, acquiring by his judgment, and treasuring in his memory, that wonderful process of almost unlimited combination, by means of which he was afterwards able to simplify the most difficult and complicated undertakings. His mathematical teacher was proud of the young islander, as the boast of his school, and his other scientific instructors had the same reason to be satisfied.

In languages Bonaparte was less a proficient, and never acquired the art of writing or spelling French, far less foreign languages, with accuracy or correctness; nor had the monks

of Brienne any reason to pride themselves on the classical proficiency of their scholar. The full energies of his mind being devoted to the scientific pursuits of his profession, left little time or inclination for other studies.

Though of Italian origin, Bonaparte had not a decided taste for the fine arts, and his taste in composition seems to have leaned towards the grotesque and the bombastic. He used always the most exaggerated phrases; and it is seldom, if ever, that his bulletins present those touches of sublimity which are founded on dignity and simplicity of expression.

Notwithstanding the external calmness and reserve of his deportment, he who was destined for such great things had, while yet a student at Brienne, a full share of that ambition for distinction and dread of disgrace, that restless and irritating love of fame, which is the spur to extraordinary attempts. Sparkles of this keen temper sometimes showed themselves. On one occasion, a harsh superintendant imposed on the future emperor, for some trifling fault, the disgrace of wearing a penitential dress, and being excluded from the table of the students, and obliged to eat his meal apart. His pride felt the indignity so severely, that it brought on a severe nervous attack; to which, though otherwise of good constitution, he was subject upon occasions of extraordinary irritation. Father Petrault, the professor of mathematics, hastened to deliver his favourite pupil from the punishment by which he was so much affected.

It is also said that an early disposition to the popular side distinguished Bonaparte even when at Brienne. Pichegru, afterwards so celebrated, who acted as his monitor in the military school, (a singular circumstance,) bore witness to his early principles, and to the peculiar energy and tenacity of his temper. He was long afterwards consulted whether means might not be found to engage the

commander of the Italian armies in the royal interest. "It will be but lost time to attempt it," said Pichegru. "I knew him in his youth—his character is inflexible—he has taken his side, and he will not change it."

In 1783, Napoleon Bonaparte, then only fourteen years old, was, though under the usual age, selected by Monsieur de Keralio, the inspector of the twelve military schools, to be sent to have his education completed in the general school of Paris. It was a compliment paid to the precocity of his extraordinary mathematical talent, and the steadiness of his application. While at Paris he attracted the same notice as at Brienne; and among other society, frequented that of the celebrated Abbe Raynal, and was admitted to his literary parties. His taste did not become correct, but his appetite for study in all departments was greatly enlarged; and notwithstanding the quantity which he daily read, his memory was strong enough to retain, and his judgment sufficiently ripe to arrange and digest, the knowledge which he then acquired; so that he had it at his command during all the rest of his busy life. Plutarch was his favourite author; upon the study of whom he had so modelled his opinions and habits of thought, that Paoli afterwards pronounced him a young man of an antique caste, and resembling one of the classical heroes.

Some of his biographers have about this time ascribed to him the anecdote of a certain youthful pupil of the military school, who desired to ascend in the car of a balloon with the aeronaut Blanchard, and was so mortified at being refused, that he made an attempt to cut the balloon with his sword. The story has but a flimsy support, and indeed does not accord well with the character of the hero, which was deep and reflective, as well as bold and determined, and not likely to suffer its energies to escape in idle and useless adventure.

A better authenticated anecdote

states, that at this time he expressed himself disrespectfully towards the king in one of his letters to his family. According to the practice of the school, he was obliged to submit the letter to the censorship of Monsieur Domairon, the professor of belles lettres, who, taking notice of the offensive passage, insisted upon the letter being burnt, and added a severe rebuke. Long afterwards, in 1802, Monsieur Domairon was commanded to attend Napoleon's levee, in order that he might receive a pupil in the person of Jerome Bonaparte, when the first consul reminded his old tutor good-humouredly, that times had changed considerably since the burning of the letter.

Napoleon Bonaparte, in his seventeenth year, received his first commission as second lieutenant in a regiment of artillery, and was almost immediately afterwards promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in the corps quartered at Valence. He mingled with society when he joined his regiment, more than he had hitherto been accustomed to do; mixed in public amusements, and exhibited the powers of pleasing, which he possessed in an uncommon degree when he chose to exert them. His handsome and intelligent features, with his active and neat, though slight figure, gave him additional advantages. His manners could scarcely be called elegant, but made up in vivacity and variety of expression, and often in great spirit and energy, for what they wanted in grace and polish.

He became an adventurer for the honours of literature also, and was anonymously a competitor for the prize offered by the Academy of Lyons on Raynal's question, "What are the principles and institutions, by application of which mankind can be raised to the highest pitch of happiness?" The prize was adjudged to the young soldier. It is impossible to avoid feeling curiosity to know the character of the juvenile theories respecting government, advocated by

one who at length attained the power of practically making what experiments he pleased. Probably his early ideas did not exactly coincide with his more mature practice; for when Talleyrand, many years afterwards, got the essay out of the records of the academy, and returned it to the author, Bonaparte destroyed it after he had read a few pages. He also laboured under the temptation of writing a journey to Mount Cenis, after the manner of Sterne, which he was fortunate enough finally to resist. The affectation which pervades Sterne's peculiar style of composition was not likely to be simplified under the pen of Bonaparte.

Sternian times were fast approaching, and the nation was now fully divided by those factions which produced the revolution. The officers of Bonaparte's regiment were also divided into royalists and patriots; and it is easily to be imagined, that the young and friendless stranger and adventurer should adopt that side to which he had already shown some inclination, and which promised to open the most free career to those who had only their merit to rely on. "Were I a general officer," he is alleged to have said, "I would have adhered to the king; being a subaltern, I join the patriots."

There was a story current, that in a debate with some brother officers on the politics of the time, Bonaparte expressed himself so outrageously, that they were provoked to throw him into the Rhone, where he had nearly perished. But this is an inaccurate account of the accident which

actually befel him. He was seized with the cramp when bathing in the river. His comrades saved him with difficulty, but his danger was matter of pure chance.

Napoleon has himself recorded that he was a warm patriot during the whole sitting of the National Assembly; but that on the appointment of the Legislative Assembly, he became shaken in his opinions. If so, his original sentiments regained force, for we shortly afterwards find him entertaining such as went to the extreme heights of the revolution.

Early in the year 1792, Bonaparte became a captain in the artillery by seniority; and in the same year, being at Paris, he witnessed the two insurrections of the 20th of June and 10th of August. He was accustomed to speak of the insurgents as the most despicable banditti, and to express with what ease a determined officer could have checked these apparently formidable, but dastardly and unwieldy masses. But with what a different feeling of interest would Napoleon have looked on that infuriated populace, those still resisting though overpowered Swiss, and that burning palace, had any seer whispered to him, "Emperor that shall be, all this blood and massacre is but to prepare your future empire!" Little anticipating the potent effect which the passing events were to bear on his own fortune, Bonaparte, anxious for the safety of his mother and family, was now desirous to change France for Corsica, where the same things were acting on a less distinguished stage.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

Child of the wintry hour! ah! doom'd to trust  
Thy tender beauties to inclement skies!  
First off'ring of the year  
And harbinger of spring!

*To the Snowdrop.—To Fame.*

Cradl'd in friendly greens, how pensive droops  
 Thy nodding head! while in thy bashful eye,  
     As mournful of thy fate,  
     Hangs sad a pearly tear.  
 Companion of adversity! like thee,  
 To dangers rough consign'd, the new-dropt lamb,  
     With unstain'd fleece and soft,  
     Presses thy verdant bank.  
 Alas! in this bad world, nor innocence  
 Secures from biting slander's pois'nous torch,  
     Nor gentleness itself,  
     Her virgin sister meek.

CECIL.

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 FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.
 

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*TO FAME.*

Say, what is Fame? a brilliant empty shade,  
 Like vapours painted by the breath of morn,  
 Which chill the mountain's brow, (in clouds array'd)  
 And starve the head their glitt'ring robes adorn.

Ah! what avails the slow moving hearse,  
 The glow that eulogy is wont to raise;  
 The splendid tomb deck'd with funeral verse,  
 The shout of millions, or the peal of praise?

O! what is Fame? Enroll'd in Glory's page,  
 Pursued in every clime, in every age;—  
 'Tis oft a bubble, that through æther flies,  
 That sports awhile, evaporates and dies.

CECIL.

St. John, N. B.

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 FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.
 

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*IMPORTANT TO GEOMETRICIANS.*

## NO. II.

ON THE QUADRATURE OF A CIRCLE.

“Experiments elicit results, results establish rules—”

In my former communication on this subject, which appeared in July, there is a promise to let you know the result of certain experiments, which were then about to be performed, for the purpose of establishing the truth of what was there asserted: as it is now in my power, it is with pleasure I endeavour to fulfil that promise. You may perhaps not believe me, when I say that it was not an easy task even to devise an experiment by which the truth of this subject might be ascertained, and that it was much more difficult to perform such an experiment; but I

can assure you, that, in measuring the exact circumference of a circle, difficulties will appear which few would anticipate. It would not appear impracticable, for instance, to form a circle of 10 or 15 feet diameter, in a horizontal plane of pine boards: but, in this case, the grain or direction of the fibres of the wood, will defeat all attempts at accuracy, in consequence of its influence upon the sharpest instruments; which influence must be counteracted or prevented; because, the plane ought to be perfect and the circle complete. Again, if we suppose these objects



accomplished, the business is not done, for it must be measured, with the greatest nicety, by a rule which is flexible enough to ply round the circle, yet not apt to contract or expand when extended: and the whole must be finished, before any change occur in the atmosphere; else, every part of the operation will be materially affected. If we proposed the trial upon metals; the workmanship and atmosphere render the measurement no less arduous.— These obstacles, however, we imagine, were surmounted in our experiment, of which the following is an account.

A plane circle was made of dry pine boards, about one quarter of an inch in thickness, and a little more than 30 inches in diameter. A piece of copper was fixed in the centre of the circle, and perforated for the true centre. A steel point was fitted to the centre, and fixed in a small bar of wood.

At the distance of 15 inches, a blade was fixed in the same side of the bar, resembling the point of a lancet.— Then, by applying one end of this instrument to the centre, and the other to the circumference, the circle was reduced to 30 inches diameter, and that with more accuracy than any other plan we could invent.

To measure the circle thus formed, was the next part of the experiment, which we thought would be done in the best manner, by rolling it along a straight line on a plane surface. It then became necessary to divide this line into equal parts, and this also required the greatest accuracy. For these purposes, a plane board was nailed upon a bench; along which a straight line was drawn, and a frame fixed about 2 feet high to keep the circle perpendicular to the plane, and in the same direction with the line below. This line was divided into equal parts, by laying off six lengths of the radius, equal to 90 inches; or allowing it to be on the scale of 10 feet to an inch, it will be equal to 900 feet: and by this

means, it will correspond with our former calculations. One of these lengths was then divided into three parts of 50 feet each, and one of these parts being added to the line already measured off, made it equal to 950 feet. This last 50 feet was divided into 5 equal parts; 4 of which made 40 feet, and the 5th was subdivided into two parts; each of which was equal to 1 foot. These parts might again have been subdivided for the truths; but we thought these could be taken most accurately by the eye, and, as all our measurements lay between 940 and 950, it was unnecessary to divide any more into small parts.

We then marked off 942.4 feet: that is, the place to which our circle ought to measure, by the common calculation; and then applying the end of the diameter of the circle, to the end of the line on the plane, we rolled it gently along, and when that diameter came again in contact with the plane, it stood at 942.6 feet; being 2 tenths more than the common measurement above mentioned. But knowing that the smallest deviation from the line in rolling the circle, would make us fall so much short of the truth; we tried it again, directing the circle along the line, and made it 942.7: and by a third trial with yet more care, we found it to be what you may call, *exactly* 942.8, as we formerly asserted. This operation was repeated a fourth and a fifth time, and the *result* was the same.

We had now obtained the principal object of our investigation as will be shown in the sequel, but for our own amusement, and the satisfaction of cursory and superficial readers, we pursued our experiments a little further: though all our other assertions, can be proved either by calculation or demonstration.

To bring our first rule to the test of this experiment, we drew a square within the circle, and having taken one of the sides for radius, we formed a quadrant; the chord of three-fourths of this quadrant, we applied

four times to the line measuring 942.8 parts or feet; and found it to correspond with the greatest nicety. The other is equally true: therefore to say more on that subject, would be superfluous.

I now proceed to show the amount of what we have done by these experiments. The attentive reader must now be aware that our main design was to find the exact circumference of a circle; so that we might know whether or not, the diameter is to this, as 300 is to 942.8. Upon this point we have obtained complete satisfaction: and if the quotation at the commencement of this epistle, be allowed its due force, we have established for a *standing rule*, our "new and correct method of finding the Quadrature of a Circle": and further, we have proved all that differ from it, to be so far erroneous.

This language, we acknowledge, has every appearance of boldness and presumption; but we hope the candid reader will not bring any such charge against us, before we are proved guilty. No man would be blamed for asserting positively, in the face of the world, that two and two are four, or any other simple truth, if a contrary assertion had

been maintained; especially if he avowed himself open to conviction. We are exactly in the situation of such a man. We believe what we have asserted; yet we believe that no mere man is infallible; and are therefore open to conviction. If any *amicus veritatis* would undertake the humble task of conviction, if we are wrong; he will find all the reasons of our belief in what we have already stated, in this and our former communication. These he must either remove or nullify; and that he may know the whole force with which he has to grapple we will next lay before him our vindication of the experiments, with a few other collateral remarks. Δ

Pictou, Sept. 1827.

P. S. Please to give our best wishes to Mr. E\*\*\*\* I. (Eagle-eye) and assure him that all possible attention will be paid to his communication,—that no pains shall be spared on our part, to remove all his doubts respecting the truth of our assertions, to answer all his queries, which the above, and what we intend to follow do not answer. We acknowledge he has looked, as if with an "Eagle's-Eye" let him look still more minutely if possible, for we hope the subject will bear inspection.

### HOPE.

Mark happy childhood's cherub smile,  
And eye with pleasure dancing,  
'Tis Hope that prompts the merry wile,  
Each promis'd joy enhancing.

Enchanting Hope! thy warmest glow  
Gilds youth's delightful season;  
Bids the gay future joys bestow,  
And lulls the voice of reason.

Waft thy gay pinions toward the skies,  
And point thy fairy finger  
To where our every thought should rise,  
While yet on earth we linger.

That smile will ne'er delusive prove  
With heavenly radiance beaming—  
But fix our wand'ring thoughts above,  
And realize our dreaming.

### To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

SIR,

I APPREHEND my intentions in sending you the communication on certain curious points in Astronomy, have not been accomplished. I thought, by publishing it in your Magazine, to remind the gentleman of his promise

to whom it had been previously addressed; to lay before your readers a piece of information, interesting at least for its novelty; to hear their opinions upon it, for my own information, and to lend my feeble aid in the good cause you had under-

taken. A little more time must be allowed, before we decide upon the result of the first three of these intentions; but the last has been frustrated so far, that it has proved one of the principal causes of a bitter invective which lately appeared against you in the *Acadian Recorder*. On this account I consider it my duty, not only to defend my former communication, but to make a few remarks on this invidious criticism.

Though it is practicable, I do not mean to defend the general attack which "*Observer*" has made upon the *Magazine*; because it is unnecessary, for all that I have yet seen against it: therefore, with regard to the first two columns, I advise you just to follow the example of the prince of poets, who says,

"Did some more sober critic come abroad;  
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the  
rod."

He had indeed the appearance of a sober critic, till he commenced the third column; but here he launched into his natural element of raillery and invective; which is easily discerned in the spirit and style of what follows. There is nothing worthy of notice in his remarks upon the "*learned booby alongshore*", "*Atticus*," and the "*author of Mr. Canning's life*" but the supercilious language in which they are expressed. "*P.*" is next introduced, whom he arraigns as a "*wolf under sheep's clothing*." "*Though P.*" says he "*may clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal, and affect a candour which he cannot feel yet with all his care envy will display itself*." This is a true observation, and it is here pressed upon our attention with the double force of precept and example. If this is denied, Mr. Editor, I would ask,—what do you understand by the "*red-head*" so often mentioned here? why is the "*plain Scotchman*" dragged into the fray? what connexion have the various subjects here introduced with your *Magazine*? These questions, I presume, few can answer. They

are all personalities; known only to those on the spot. Such attempts at wit, and personal satire, is wholly incompatible with the character of a respectable critic. In my humble opinion, "*P.*" possesses merit which envy has here in vain attempted to diminish.

The unfortunate J. B. or *Juvenis Binominis*, is next placed at the bar; from whose sentence of condemnation is the following extract which you may put in capitals or italics, for I wish it to stare him in the face, and if Mr. O. does not blush for his ignorance and presumption, before I I have done, I will confess it must be owing to my weakness of expression or his want of shame, and not for want of sufficient cause, "*I have been considerably perplexed*" says Mr. O. "*in endeavouring to discover what this gentleman intended to perform; but with all my study, I am unable to fathom his design. Upon demanding the sentiments of a person on its merits he said 'it is a jargon containing a quantum of very excellent solid ignorance, and it teems with the most absurd reasoning that ever was generated in the cranium of a booby.'*" This is "*judgment without mercy*,"—"*death without benefit of clergy*" he could not be more terrific to the ill-fated J. B. After reading it the first time, I fell back almost senseless upon the chair; and it was by very slow degrees that I recovered from the shock; before my usual powers of action returned, a considerable time had elapsed; during which I had the following reflections.

Since ever I commenced the pursuit of knowledge, I was anxious to acquire, not only all that my equals possessed; but if possible something more. This desire I believe is general and commendable. True it is, I have often been disappointed; but it is not a little gratifying that I have sometimes succeeded. On the above mentioned subject, I flattered myself I had been more fortunate than ever. But if this sentence be just, how am I disappointed and mortified.

I wish it were not true,—methinks I might presume to dispute its veracity—this raises a glimpse of hope, I gain strength, and beg to deny it, yea, I positively condemn it as unjust. Let me now take a peep at the beginning of the extract, and see if I have not so far obtained my desire. Here is a gentleman who has undertaken to criticise the *Acadian Magazine*,—he has apologised for his undertaking and pretends to point out all its defects,—he has tried and condemned the “author of Mr. Canning’s life, &c.” and “P.” merely by his *ipse dixit*,—he has interspersed such misapplied words as “enlightenment” “transmuter” in his communication,—he has dubbed me ironically a Professor of Astronomy,—and after all this he says, “I have been considerably perplexed in endeavouring to discover what this gentleman intended to perform, but with all my study I am unable to fathom his designs,” certainly, methinks, I have gained my object; a person who would pretend to so much, must have had better opportunities than I have had for information, yet “with all his study he cannot fathom,” what I can comprehend with perfect ease. This confession however has by no means satiated my desire, for when I reflect upon the abilities displayed in the whole communication, the compliment seems to be considerably diminished. Well, says I to myself, would a pair of such confessions satisfy you, for he says “upon demanding the sentiments of a person on its merits, he said ‘it is a jargon &c.’” Now I know not whether this was a less or a greater person than the first; but still it is only “the blind leading the blind” and you know the consequence. I also confess I know not what is here meant by “a quantum of very excellent and solid ignorance” but I now venture to pronounce these sentiments a specimen of the most unpardonable ignorance, expressed in the most contemptuous bombast, I ever be-

held in print. It is unpardonable, first, because they possessed the means of information, in language as plain at least as I could make it on an abstruse subject. And second, because they presumed to condemn a subject which they knew nothing about,—which by their own confession they could not fathom,—and all this merely because they could not understand it. Match if you can, such folly and presumption. Loquacity will betray those who “just write to make their barrenness appear.” But he confessed he could not fathom it. No doubt he thought you would infer that it was unfathomable. He wishes you “to explain this matter to gratify many illiterate persons like himself.” I will save you the trouble. No doubt you admire his humility, and give him credit for great learning; I take this expression in its literal meaning and it is perhaps one of the truest he has made. Let it be known then, that if any person is desirous of information on any point which appears dark in that communication; I shall be happy to answer any queries they propose; and if this gentleman still persists in his ignorance; let him know, that he may monopolize the first page of the Recorder every week, if he please, for I am far from thinking either he or his counsellor is lame in “verbiage;” let him expose, if he can, that communication sentence by sentence, and with your indulgence of a few pages of your Magazine monthly; I will undertake to support every sentiment therein advanced, and methinks farther, it would not be impossible, to take “Observer” himself, or any of his former communications, when he had full scope in his natural element, when his ideas and language were not fettered by endeavouring to support the character of a critic; and give them such an exposition as would satisfy any reasonable person, perhaps even “Observer” himself. And after all, confess truth has no cause to exult when it overcomes error.

Finally Mr. Editor he says he was compelled to do this "solely for your edification" this I expect you do not believe, for if it were so, he would have followed a very different course. I would however by no means despise him, or deny his meed of praise, for the poet says,

"E'en such small critics some regard  
may claim,

Preserved in Milton's or in Shakspeare's  
name.

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or  
worms !

The things we know are neither rich  
nor rare,

But wonder how the d—l they got there.

Yours, &c.

JUVENIS BINOMINIS.

Pictou, October, 1827.

### THE COMING OF SPRING.

The frost is gone ! the Robin's glad,  
He seeks his native tree ;  
And his heart, so lately cold and sad,  
Now melts in melody.

His little breast with rapture fills, >  
Right pleas'd he looks around,  
And sings aloud, till all the hills  
Return the joyous sound.

In every hedge, so lately white,  
Peeps forth the freshen'd green ;  
And the hips and haws, all redly bright,  
On their thorny stems are seen.

And slowly down the sloping eaves  
The loosen'd waters run ;  
While the gladden'd earth once more re-  
ceives  
The kisses of the sun.

Each tree puts forth its leaf anew,  
Each hedge its flow'ret shews ;  
All round where'er the eye can view  
With new-born beauty glows.

The Blackbird now, with joy elate.  
Begins to whistle clear ;  
And the Chaffinch warbles to his mate,  
"Sweet, will you, will you, kiss me,  
dear."\*

All hail ! all hail ! thou growing year,  
My spirit greets thee kind ;  
All hail, ye skies, so warm and clear,  
That come to calm my mind.

The tuneful current of my breast,  
By winter frozen long,  
Now waken'd from its icy rest,  
Again shall flow in song.

Again I'll seek my grassy nooks,  
And woods where wild-birds breed,  
And opening Nature's ample books,  
Some useful lesson read.

And gather from her treasur'd heap  
Of minstrel themes a store,  
Content if they but break their sleep  
When I shall be no more.

### PEDANTS.

THAT a man is better able to expatiate on what he knows, or thinks he knows, than on what he knows not, is certain ; but he should recollect that all do not pretend to similar knowledge ; and what gratifies himself may not gratify others ; nor is the pleasure he derives from certain studies, a ground for presuming that they will afford to all equal gratification. The logician, however highly he admires his art, need not invariably speak in syllogisms ; nor the mathematician, however delighted by absolute certainty, support every assertion with a demonstration ; probably the former would be better understood without his logic, and the latter

believed more firmly without the demonstration.

Among the different species of pedants, there are two or three which are most prominent, and which do not claim, but force themselves on our attention. There is the ignorant pedant, and the semi-learned pedant ; all of them have equal assurance, but not equal ability to support it. It is rather difficult to say which of them is preferable ; he who professes to know what he does not know ; he who possessing a little knowledge is always

\* The song of many chaffinches ends nearly in this way. Among bird-fanciers a "kiss me-dear chaffinch," as the term runs, is valuable.

retailing it; or he who is really learned, and withal superlatively anxious that you should know it; who talks of physics and metaphysics with eternal volubility; who despises all who cannot argue, and yet cannot brook to any opposition.

The ignorant pedant is exposed to many disasters; while uttering his counterfeit learning he is often detected by a keen inspector, and sometimes must feel abashed from a consciousness of his ignorance; still, however, he may support his character, by talking unintelligibly, and using a certain bead-roll of scientific terms; indeed, in this the whole art consists. One who pronounces so readily, and so precisely, the terms of science, may well be supposed perfectly acquainted with their meaning; but alas! words and ideas have sometimes no connexion.

The ignorant pedant is somewhat clever in escaping detection, as he employs the whole vocabulary of science (though in a very strange manner) in defence of his opinions; he overwhelms his opponents, not with arguments, but with wonderful words; and they cannot reply, because they really know not what to reply to; thus he gains the victory, and feels emboldened to attempt future conquests.

The semi-learned pedant is one who knows nothing of comparing his intellectual possessions with those of others; he knows a little not generally known, and he thinks himself marvellously wise, so wise that, he is above confutation, and will not degrade himself to refute an opponent, but magnanimously despise him, or inwardly pity his ignorance, while he feels elated with his own fancied superiority of knowledge. Really some of this class are the most obstinate and impenetrable creatures existing; able to trace an argument a little way, but unable to pursue it, they are impervious to conviction, and to submit to be instructed is to admit their own ignorance. Some of these pedants, when they do engage in argu-

ment, employ tactics peculiar to themselves; they wander from one subject to another to perplex their antagonist, and deny the most cogent argument; nay, sometimes ignorantly resist demonstration to startle him. They know little of arguing for truth's sake; all they know is arguing for victory.

There is also the semi-learned pedant in natural philosophy, who is for ever amusing one with deductions, and inductions, and what not. Such pedants are ever ready to seize an advantage to display their abilities, and some are very clever this way; observe that a tea-cup is too large in diameter, you are answered with an account of the diameters of the planets; notice the excessive heat of a fire, you have a dissertation on caloric; remark the brilliant colours of a hearth-rug, you are obliged to listen to a lecture on optics; lament the fate of some one who was drowned, you are directly furnished with a disquisition on specific gravity; you are told that about four pounds of cork will prevent a human body's sinking, and desired to examine the process by which the assertion is proved: talk of the overturning of a coach, you are reminded of the centre of gravity:—indeed, say what you will, you may calculate on a dissertation, and that sometimes of no very limited length.

There are some semi-learned pedants who are metaphysicians, who scorn mere experimenting, and pretend to investigate the mind, and know the causes of its various operations, and the nature of sensation; some of them are rather physiologists than metaphysicians. If you burn your finger, you are told something about the insinuating of the particles of caloric between the animal fibre; and if you cut it you are told of the discerptibility of the same material. But others of this class ascend into higher regions; they talk of the fitness of things, of conservation and volition, liberty and necessity, power and energy; a man tor-

tured by the gout is told that his pains arise from the fitness of things, that he could not but be subject to such gnawings and burnings; for if he had not suffered, the order of nature would have been broken.

There are semi-learned pedants in every branch of knowledge; the orthoepical, who despises him who mispronounces a syllable; and the etymological, who is continually telling you how differently you use words to what their etymology warrants, and how ignorant it is to do so; indeed, what art or science is there exempted from semi-learned pedants, who have great learning, without knowing its rudiments, and profound science, though ignorant of its principles. So true is it, that where there are realities, there also are counterfeits.

The learned pedants are not so numerous as the former; indeed their whole conduct is far more excusable. The semi-learned pedant aspires to the honour without the labour—the learned pedant to the honour after the labour; one expects the victory ere he has fought the battle; the other conquers and is ostentatious of its success. The learned pedant errs from not knowing, or not acknowledging the influence of times and seasons; few indeed are those who can blend amusement with abstruse disquisition, and strew flowers in the rugged path of rigid demonstration. It has been said that a wit can shine only in cer-

tain company, and this might have been observed with equal truth of the profound student, who, however learned, is by some considered a “dull crack-brained fellow,” irksome because incomprehensible. The learned scholar is not warranted in supposing that his auditors are equally as learned as himself, and therefore deeply interested in those subjects which, although so congenial to the philosopher, are disregarded by the generality of mankind. It may not be partial to assert, that the learned pedant's conduct does not arise from ostentation, but rather from an underrating of his own talents, which leads him to believe that all are equally learned and wise as himself.

As to the ignorant pedant he is only deserving of contempt; for not only does he invest himself with unmerited honours, but exposes learning itself to ridicule; and as to the semi-learned pedant, if he would but reflect on those master-minds who have possessed and do now possess, stores of knowledge to which his scanty stock is not worthy to be compared, and remember that others are at least as well-informed as himself, he would abate his arrogance, and finding his intellectual superiority not so vast as he imagined, lower the tone of his colloquies, and talk of other subjects as well as remote history, or abstruse points of philosophy, the substratum of matter or the essence of existence.

### BILLIARDS.

BILLIARDS we admit to be a beautiful game; a man may wile away an hour or two of a winter's evening at them pleasantly enough with a friend; he may also enjoy himself as a spectator, especially where the players are old hands, and wield their tools as magicians do their wands; he may even play for the game—of course there can be little damage in that—with any apparently casual visitant to the room.

If he go further, if he play for a stake, whether he win or lose, let us beseech him never to make a companion of any acquaintance picked up at the billiard-table. Many of its visiters are, it cannot be denied, liegemen and true; but the chance is, that out of ten associates, gathered from such places, nine will prove scoundrels. They frequently are the jackalls of “greater beasts of prey,”

and lead the ardent novice into "dens of destruction."—"Pray you avoid them."

If our reader be young—if he have not yet published a beard—we entreat him to believe, that we feel a fatherly consideration for his welfare, and are influenced by the dictates of experience in what we are about to say to him. Young man—our dear boy—if you are yet no billiard-player, chase from your heart the first incipient wish you feel of being one. Strangle that snake, the ambition of becoming a fine marksman at the balls, in your bosom; or, mark our words, you will rue it. Billiards require a nice hand, an accurate eye, the patience of Job, and unremitting practice; without these you will never be a player. The ascent to perfection at the table is a work of long toil and trouble; when you have reached the wished-for goal—and it

is one thousand chances to one against your so doing—you will look back with bitterness at the time lost and the means used in attaining it.—Ergo, be no billiard-player.

To the man whose hand is familiarized with the cue, we shall not attempt to preach. If we had any desire to wean him from his visits to the green board, we should not attempt to do so; for were we gifted with the eloquence of the silver-tongued Nestor, in eleven cases out of a dozen we verily believe our endeavours would prove abortive; we are too sensible of its infatuations.—Long customs, says Dr. Johnson, are not easily broken: he that attempts to change the course of his own life often labours in vain: and how shall we do that for others which we are seldom able to do for ourselves?—*Every Night Book.*

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

### THE WIND.

"'Twas musical, but sadly sweet  
Such as when winds and harp strings meet,  
And send a long unmeasured tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown."

*Siege of Corinth.—Lord Byron.*

'Twas eve;—upon a lovely scene  
The glowing sun descended,  
But in the twilight hour serene,  
The spreading Elm with foliage green,  
Its graceful arms extended,  
And wooed the summer breeze to stay  
And wanton with its leaves awhile,—  
But the breeze sped lightly on its way  
To a tower old and gray,  
And sighed through the mossy aisle.—  
I silently strayed by that hoary pile,—  
The harp of Æolus was there,  
And Fancy, as its music died  
On my wrapt ear these words supplied  
To that wild and witching air.

#### SONG OF THE WINDS.

The gallant ship is on the main  
But moveth not tho' her wings be spread,  
The sailor wisheth for us in vain  
We are fled:—  
And he watcheth the clouds with an anxious eye,  
But no wind do they prophesy,  
And he thinketh of home, and his fears foretel

A thousand horrid things;—  
But hark! the whistling cordage rings,  
The billows swell  
And the joyful sailor sings.—  
Dark are the sands of Araby  
With the slow moving caravan,—  
The heavy camels with their load  
Toil wearily over the sandy road,  
And man  
Looketh anxiously,  
To see 'mid the sands a spring arise,  
Some "diamond of the desert," where  
he may  
His parching thirst allay,  
Feast his delighted eyes,  
And lay his wearied limbs to rest  
By toil oppressed.  
But hark! from afar he heareth our sound,  
And seeth the sands with wild surprise  
Gathering around,  
And falling on the ground,  
To Allah cries.—  
For the merchant's prayer what care we?  
We are free;  
Leaving his wealth for the sands to hide  
Away on the Simoom's wing we ride.



The ship is on her homeward way  
 And many a sailor's heart is gay,  
 Lightly upon the wave she rides,  
 The streamers play  
 In that bright ray  
 Which gilds the tides.—  
 We come! we come! in our wildest haste,  
 The gallant ship by the waves is chased,  
 The streamers are soiled, the sails are torn,  
 The billows over her sides are borne,  
 And our furious breath on the foamy sea  
 Chills even the sailor's breast,  
 Ah how doth he wish at home to be  
 And at rest!  
 Home shall he never reach,  
 Wife shall he never press,  
 Or child caress;  
 His corse on the beach  
 By the waves shall be thrown  
 Unknown.—  
 We walk the foam of the sea unseen,  
 We sigh through the forests green,  
 Loaded with perfume we slowly blow  
 O'er the "gardens of Gul," and bear  
 The graceful wreaths of snow  
 Through northern air,  
 And play with the lovely curls which fall

From the brow of Italy's daughters,  
 And speed the light canoe  
 O'er Indian waters;—  
 The monarch's hall  
 We wander through,  
 We play with the warrior's dancing crest,  
 Wake the folds of the standard spread  
 for fight,  
 Cool the love-heated breast,  
 And delight  
 To rest  
 O'er those bowers fair  
 Whence the voice of music charms the  
 air;—  
 Those notes which now to silence almost  
 sink  
 With warblings low,  
 Then pour forth wild and high  
 Those cataract floods of harmony which  
 flow  
 Faster than the charmed ear can drink  
 The melody.—  
 The Zephyr bid the harp "good night"  
 And Fancy took her flight.

HENRY.

King's College.

## FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

## EASTERN SCENES.

MR. EDITOR,—The following are extracts of a letter from a friend of mine, whom business lately called from Halifax to reside for a short time at Cape Breton. As it contains some information which would be interesting to the public, as well as to myself, I hope he will not be displeased with seeing it in print. Perhaps on his return he may be able to furnish you with a few sketches upon the interesting village of Truro.

Yours truly,

R. S.—t.

Halifax, October, 1827.

MY DEAR BOB,

"FROM Truro I proceeded towards Pictou. It was one of those moonlight evenings in which a lonely road, in the middle of an extensive forest, with an atmosphere calm and serene, affords a variety of useful reflections to the contemplative mind. Shrubs and trees of diversified size and complexion, everywhere seem to attract your notice.

Infancy, youth and decrepit old age, are here strikingly represented in the shrubbery, the lofty birch and the tottering old pine. And to give a more extensive range to reflection, the stump and half-decayed windfall, remind you of numberless circumstances connected with the history of *mighty that have fallen*. The withering leaves too, dropping occasionally from the branches, contrasted with what they once were, are very naturally associated with the "memory of joys that are past," and the anticipation of what we ourselves must soon be.

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"About nine I arrived at Salmon River inn, where I lodged during night. It is rather a pretty situation—a plain, but very decent sort of house.—Every attention was observed for the comfort of the traveller; and never did I experience that "sleep to the labouring man is sweet" more sensibly than at the present moment. I had indeed been

prepared for it by a day's ride of about forty-eight miles ; besides as I had seldom been beyond the suburbs of Halifax since my arrival at Nova-Scotia, the attractive novelty of country scenes had given more than usual exertion to my mental powers. What a world is this, thought I, on retiring to bed ? excess of toil alone can prepare us for relishing the delights of repose. Every enjoyment, even rest itself, must be bought at the price of a corresponding degree of pain ; and indeed, it is a good deal owing to the circumstance of contrast—from pain to pleasure—from doubtful anxiety, to enlivening hopes, that human life is just as heartsome as it is.

“ Early in the morning I again took the road. I now began to ascend the heights of Mount Tom. As every body knows, it is a hill of several miles ascent. Of what muscular strength, thought I, when struggling with its difficulties, must the first settlers of the province have been possessed, who appear generally to have pitched upon the very highest places that could be found as a situation for roads ? The late arrangements of his Excellency as regards the selection of ground more level as sites for new roads, here and elsewhere, judging from this as a specimen, appear to be highly requisite ; and if these difficult hills can be avoided, as it is said they may, no pains or expense should be spared for the accomplishment of so laudable an undertaking. I soon arrived at the top, however, where in a clear morning such as this was, you may have a beautiful view on the one hand, of Pictou Harbour, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, and the Gulf-Shore ; on the other, immense tracts of forest lands, with here and there a goodly number of small settlements and clearings on every side rising to view. The present scene was calculated to excite in my mind a variety of reflec-

tions : what, said I, may be seen from the same spot two or three centuries hence ? These extensive tracts of land, capable of vast improvement ;—the Fisheries, so convenient and plentiful as they are found to be ; the minerals which lately occupied so much of the public attention ;—the commodious harbour which gives additional value to the whole, promise great things to a rising district. But when to the natural, we add the moral advantages which are enjoyed by this part of the country, in the means of a liberal and unrestricted education, it is pleasing enough to reflect on the prospect of what it one day may be. I was well paid here for my struggles on the side of the mountain.

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“ Business called me to Pictou Town. Having arrived early in the day, I had time enough to look about arranging my necessary affairs. Curiosity excited me to visit the Academy. Having heard various reports about this institution, some which were rather unfavourable, I entered it, perhaps, under the influence of prejudiced views. I was determined however to know for myself. The building is not large, but well planned, and quite sufficient for all the purposes of an infant institution. The library is not the most extensive that I have seen ; but the greater part of the books seemed to be of the best selection. The Philosophical Apparatus, the only one I believe in the Province, far surpasses any thing of the kind that I had expected to see in this country. These with a small collection of birds, and a number of other natural curiosities, were all that I had leisure then to examine. I counted nearly thirty students, all quite respectable in appearance ; and, from the well known abilities of the teachers,—the good order which universally prevailed among the students, and the peculiar advantages which they enjoy in the pursuit of their studies, there appears to

me nothing to prevent their arriving at equal respectability both in knowledge and external deportment, with those who have all the privileges (taken also with the disadvantages) of some of the celebrated universities of Great Britain. They only want the *name*; and it adds no little to the value of these privileges that all may enjoy them without the least regard to religious tenets. I observed none of that useless *magnificence* which we usually see about colleges, either within or without the walls of the building; but the whole, like a well composed sentence, clipped of all useless appendages, expressed neither more nor less than principal design. On leaving the spot I was impressed with the idea that this valuable institution was an ornament to literature in this Province, as well as the building to the small town of Pictou.

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“ You have heard a great deal about the irregularity of the streets and buildings of this place; much of this, I assure you, is true enough. It is in a state of improvement however; a goodly number of houses have lately been built with considerable taste, some of which are of stone. Three churches occupied by persons of different denominations, with the commencement of a Romish Chapel, constitute all the buildings of this description. I could not but admire Mrs. Mortimer’s stone house, situated nearly a mile from the town. It surpasses both in beauty of situation, and elegance of architecture,

any other I had seen in the country.

“ You will excuse my having detained you so long in this little spot, when you recollect that I love to dwell on any thing connected with literature.

“ Passing the East River I had an opportunity of inspecting the works of the Mining Company. Several large pits have been sunk, and two or three furnaces erected. The flue of one of the furnaces is already above seventy feet high. Eight or ten commodious dwelling-houses have been built on the spot for the accommodation of the artificers. The whole place so to speak, is alive with business. The result of these late operations have been so far successful; and I have no doubt that in a very few years the country at large will extensively experience the beneficial effects. Two favourable results must evidently ensue: the circulation of cash necessary to establish and support the vast machinery, and the reduction of the price of coal and ironware, some of our most necessary and extensive articles. What a pity, thought I, that a weekly newspaper or a periodical of some sort were not published at Pictou! surely there must be sufficient genius among the learned to make respectable contributions; and surrounding objects together with what foreign intelligence might easily be obtained, would do much for the support of a work so necessary, in a place connected with all its other advantages.”

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#### CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

##### THE FESTIVAL OF THE MOON AT MEMPHIS.

THE rising of the moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had she risen upon a

scene more beautiful. Memphis, —still grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through so many centuries,—now, softened by the moonlight that harmonized with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids,

and her shrines, like a dream of glory that was soon to pass away. Ruin, even now, was but too visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert gained upon her like a sea; and, among solitary columns and sphynxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting, till all now flourished around, should fall beneath his desolating hand, like the rest.

On the waters all was life and gaiety. As far as eye could reach, the lights of innumerable boats were seen studding, like rubies, the surface of the stream. Vessels of all kinds,—from the light coracle, built for shooting down the cataracts, to the large yacht that glides to the sound of flutes,—all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and the gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the scene.

As I approached the island, could see, glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd; and passing through a long alley of sphynxes, whose spangling marble shone out from the dark sycamores around them, in a short time reached the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open over-head to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens, moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds, that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings, are dedicated to the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted,—there being but one lamp of naphtha on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a distinct view of the young dancers, as in succession they passed me.

Their long, graceful drapery was as white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the rounded bosom, a dark-blue zone, or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with little silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile,—that flower being accounted as welcome to the moon, as the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are to the sun. As they passed under the lamp, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the East, each wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some by the beat of the castanet, some, by the shrill ring of the sistrum,—which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis,—harmoniously timed the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild, but not an unpleasing harmony.

They seemed all lovely; but there was one—whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it,—who attracted, and at length rivetted all my attention.—*The Epicurean, by Thomas Moore, Esq.*

#### A PERSIAN'S DESCRIPTION OF AN ENGLISH THEATRE.

IN Europe the manner in which plays are acted, and balls and musical parties conducted, is (entirely) different from that of Hindoostan. The people of this country (India) send for the singers to their own houses, where they view the entertainments, and squander away a large sum of money for one night's (amusement.) In Europe it is usual for a few individuals to enter into partnership, (or) as it is called in English, a company. They fit up a house in which dancing girls, skilful musicians, singers, and actors, are

engaged to perform. The audience consists of from three to four thousand people. The lower orders, who sit above all, give one shilling, equal in value to half a rupee; the middle classes, who sit lowest of all, a rupee and a half; and the great folks and nobleman, who sit (round) the middle of the house, give two rupees and a half. Separate rooms (boxes) are allotted for them. The place where the king sits is in front of the dancers. His majesty sits there along with one or two of the princes, and these give each an ashrupee. Now it is to be understood, that a poor man for eight anas, and a rich individual for two rupees and a half, see a spectacle which is fit for royalty itself, and which the people of this country have not even seen in their dreams. In one night the dancers and musicians collect five or six thousand rupees, which cover the expenses, and the audience is sufficiently amused.

It is the aim of this *caste* to accomplish great undertakings at little expense. In Hindoostan, luxurious young men, for seeing a nautch [dance,] squander away, in one night, one or two hundred rupees; and lakhs of rupees of patrimony, which they may succeed to, in a short, time take wing.

How can I describe the dances, the melodious sound of violins and guitars, and the interesting stories which I heard, and (all the things) which I saw? My pen lacks ability to write even a short panegyric.

From amongst all the spectacles, that of the curtains of seven colours (the scenes) is exceedingly wonderful, for every instant a new painting is exhibited. Then people, disguised like angels and fairies, the one moment come upon the stage and dance, and the next vanish from the sight. There is also a man with a black face, who is a kind of devil, and called harlequin; at one time he appears, and at another time hides himself, and sometimes attaches himself to the others, and taking the

hands of the dancing girls, he dances with them; he then scampers off, and taking a leap, he jumps through a window. At seeing this sport I laughed very heartily. In a word, the (whole) entertainment is excellent and wonderful.

Talking is not permitted in the theatre, although the crowd is great, yet there is neither noise nor clamour. When a pleasing story or adventure is heard or witnessed, and they wish to express their approbation, instead of saying *shabash!* [excellent] or *wah! wah!* [bravo! bravo!] they beat the floor with their feet, or they clap their hands, by which they signify their approval."—*Travels of Mirza Itesa Modeen in Great Britain and France.*

#### \* CHARACTER OF HINDOOS.

I HAVE found a race, of gentle and temperate habits; with a natural talent and acuteness beyond the ordinary level of mankind, and with a thirst for general knowledge which even the renowned and inquisitive Athenians can hardly have surpassed or equalled. Prejudiced, indeed, they are, in favour of their ancient superstitions; nor should I think, to say the truth, more favourably of the character, or augur more happily of the eventual conversion and perseverance of any man or set of men, whom a light consideration could stir from their paternal creed, or who received the word of truth without cautious and patient inquiry. But I am yet to learn, that the idolatry which surrounds us is more enthralling in its influence on the human mind than those beautiful phantoms and honied sorceries which lurked beneath the laurels of Delos and Daphne, and floated on the clouds of Olympus. I am not yet convinced, that the miserable bondage of castes, and the consequences of breaking that bondage, are more grievous to be endured by the modern Indian than those ghastly and countless shapes of death which beset the path of the Roman convert. And who

shall make me believe, that the same word of the Most High, which con-signed to the moles and the bats the idols of Chaldee and Babylon, and dragged down the lying father of Gods and men from his own Capitol, and the battlements of his "Eternal City," must yet arrest its victorious wheels on the banks of the Indus or Ganges, and admit the trident of Siva to share with the Cross, a divided empire?— [This testimony is peculiarly valuable.]—*Bishop Heber's Charge to the Clergy of Calcutta.*

#### THE LAPLANDER AND BRUIN.

IN attacking the larger animals, such as bears, the Laplander experiences considerable difficulty and risk to himself, as it is necessary to make a very near approach to the animal, which, if not wounded in a mortal part, and at once disabled, turns immediately upon its antagonist. This, it may be conjectured, must frequently happen, the dependence being on a single ball, not much exceeding a good sized shot.

When this is the case, the animal turns to the place whence the smoke proceeds; and if the ground be favourable to his pursuit, easily overtakes his adversary, who then has little chance of escape, except there should be a tree near, under which he can take refuge, and puzzle the bear by dodging behind it. The skill and address necessary in the

pursuit of the bear, and its comparative scarcity in Finmark, render the killing of one of these animals the most honourable exploit a Laplander can perform; and it is a constant source of triumph to the successful adventurer. The Laplanders have besides exalted ideas of the sagacity and talents of the bear, and treat him in consequence with a kind respect and deference, which they do not pay to any other animal. It is a common saying among them, that the bear has twelve men's strength, and ten men's understanding; and their superstitious ideas lead them to suppose, that it perfectly comprehends their discourse. It is a frequent custom with them to speak to the beast, when about to attack it; and one instance of this occurred during the time I was at Alten, on the mountains above Knafional. A Laplander being in pursuit of wild reindeer with his rifle, suddenly encountered a bear; and his piece missing fire, he addressed it, as Mr. Klerck related, in these words: "You rascal, you ought to be ashamed of attacking a single man: stop an instant till I have reloaded my rifle, and I shall be again ready to meet you." The bear, however, which was a female, thought it prudent not to wait, and made an immediate retreat with two cubs which she had with her.—*A Winter in Lapland.*

#### VARIETIES.

##### SEVERE RETORT.

THE following retort was exceedingly severe; indeed, so much so, that Mr. Sheridan never forgot nor forgave its author, Horne Tooke. It is best to relate the anecdote in the latter gentleman's own words: "Shortly after I had published my *Two Pairs of Portraits of Two Fathers and Two Sons*, those of Earl Chatham and Mr. Pitt, of Lord Holland and Mr. Fox, I met Mr. Sheridan who said with a saucy, satirical air, "So, sir! you are the reverend gentleman,

I am told, who sometimes amuses himself in drawing portraits?" "Yes, sir," I replied, "I am that gentleman; and if you will do me the favour of sitting to me for yours, I promise you I will take it off so faithfully, that even you yourself shall shudder at it!"

##### DRESS OF THE WOMEN IN THE PROVINCES OF HOLLAND.

IN the country round about Amsterdam, the favourite head-dress is a *bandeau*, of silver gilt, encircling the

forehead, with large plates of silver, or silver gilt, at each side of the head over the ear. Those who cannot afford to decorate themselves with this precious metal are contented with imitations of copper or tin; yet so much are silver ornaments coveted that they are frequently found on females in very humble stations of life, purchased with their savings, or handed down from generation to generation. The effect of this head-dress is very much like that of a cuirassier's helmet, except that the Dutch beauty is very anxious to display a great number of little distinct curls over the forehead, which are there secured by the *bandeau*. Their petticoats are short, and when white, rival the lily; the body is red, or some other striking colour; and a lace muslin tucker is modestly drawn over the neck.

#### ADVANTAGE OF IGNORANCE.

AN Irishman hearing there was a letter in the post-office for him, went for it. On being handed to him, he frankly confessed he could not read, and requested the postmaster to open it, and let him know the contents—which he very readily did. After getting all the information he wanted, he knowingly shrugged up his shoulders, thanked him for his politeness, and drily observed, "When I have some change, I'll call and take it."

#### CURE FOR THE EPILEPSY.

LATELY, a woman passing through the streets of Glasgow, was suddenly attacked with a fit of epilepsy. Among the persons attracted to the spot, was a young sailor, who, on seeing the woman, called out for some grains of coarse salt, which he forced into her mouth. This immediately had the effect of restoring the woman's sensation and speech, and her convulsion was at once put a stop to. The young man, who had been at Madagascar and other foreign places, says he has seen this remedy applied in epilepsy with great success.

#### THE DATE TREE.

THE diet of the Arabian tribes in Persia is more frugal than that of any other of the inhabitants of that kingdom. It consists chiefly of dates. But what others would consider a hardship, habit, with them, has converted into an enjoyment; and the Arab deems no food more delightful than that upon which he lives. Some years ago, a woman, belonging to one of the Arab families settled at Abusheher, had gone to England with the children of the British resident at that place. When she returned, all crowded around her, to hear the report of the country she had visited. She described the roads, the carriages, the horses, the wealth and splendour of the cities, and the highly cultivated state of the country. Her audience were full of envy at the condition of Englishmen, and were on the point of retiring with that impression, when the woman happened to add, that the country she had visited only wanted one thing to make it delightful. "What is that?" was the general enquiry. "It has not a date tree in it," said she. "I never ceased to look for one all the time I was there, but I looked in vain." The sentiments of the Arabs who had listened to her were in an instant changed by this information. It was no longer envy, but pity, which they felt for men who were condemned to live in a country where there are no date trees.

#### ROBERT BOWMAN.

THE subject of this brief memoir was born at Bridgewood Foot, near Irthington, in Cumberland, and was a remarkable instance of longevity, for he died on the 13th of June, 1823, having reached the age of 118 years. From early youth he had been a laborious worker, and was at all times healthy and strong, having never taken medicine nor been visited with any kind of illness, except the measles when a child, and the hooping-cough when he was above one hundred years of age.

During the course of his long life he was only once intoxicated, which was at a wedding, and he never used tea or coffee; his principal food having been bread, potatoes, hasty-pudding, broth, and occasionally a little flesh meat. He scarcely ever tasted ale or spirits, his chief beverage being water, or milk and water mixed: this abstemiousness arose partly from a dislike to strong liquors, but more from a saving disposition. With these views his habits of industry and disregard of personal fatigue were extraordinary; having often been up for two or three nights in a week, particularly when bringing home coals or lime. In his younger days he was rather robust, excellent in bodily strength, and was considered a master in the art of wrestling—an exercise to which he was particularly attached. He was of a low stature, being not above five feet five inches in height, with a large chest, well proportioned limbs, and weighing about twelve stone. His vigour never forsook him till far advanced in life, for in his 108th year he walked to and from Carlisle (16 miles) without the help of a staff, to see the workmen lay the foundation of Eden-bridge. In the same year he actually reaped corn, made hay, worked at hedging, and assisted in all the labours of the field, with apparently as much energy as the stoutest of his sons. As might be expected, his education was very limited; but he possessed a considerable share of natural sense, with much self-denial, and passed a life of great regularity and prudence, without troubling himself by much

thought or reflection. His memory was very tenacious.—*Time's Telescope*, vol. xi. p. 162.

#### TENACITY OF LIFE IN FISH.

THE two following instances of tenacity of life in the shark, are recorded by the French traveller, M. L. de Freycinet. A fish of this species, about ten feet long, and from which the head and entrails had been removed, was left upon the deck of a vessel, apparently dead. In about ten minutes, the sailors, who were preparing to wash the deck, seized the fish by the tail, to drag it forward when the creature made such violent efforts, as almost to overthrow the persons around it. In the other instance, the animal had been completely eviscerated more than two hours, but sprang up several times upon the deck, when a sailor laid hold of its tail, designing to cut it off with a knife; a hatchet was necessarily had recourse to for the operation.

#### I WAS SAD.

I was sad in the days of my youth,  
In the fresh-glowing morn of my life,  
When around was all kindness and truth  
And I dreamed not of sorrow or strife.  
There was all I could wish for on earth,  
But my heart was on something above!  
There was food for its wonder and mirth,  
And for all of its feelings but love.

And the days of my youth are gone by,  
And the hope that illumed them is fled,  
Like the hues of the sunset, which die  
When the soul of their brightness is dead.

And now would I fain be at rest—  
But I have not the wings of a dove;  
And the grave's but a desolate nest,  
When we fly not to any we love.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Juvenis is received.

W. F. is under consideration.

A. N. will be inserted in our next: we shall be glad to receive his promised favours. A Constant Reader will see that he is anticipated by Juvenis Binominis.

Corporal Trim is a personal attack; therefore he must excuse our not inserting his piece. He will receive a Note by sending to the office.

M.'s Lines on the death of Mr. Canning, has neither vigour of poetry nor the recommendation of truth.