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Engd by C. W. Tarbell

THE RIGHT HONORABLE
GEORGE CANNING,

First Lord of the Treasury.

Engd for the Academic Magazine 1827.

THE
ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

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FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

*BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE CANNING.*

[WITH A LIKENESS.—ENGRAVED FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.]

AMONG the men of genius and ability, who at the present time exist in the known world, perhaps there are none whose characters in public life are stamped deeper with the lasting insignia of fame, than the Right Honourable George Canning. Of his oratory, the frequent reports given in the papers of the day are sufficient to convince us that he is a perfect master of that art. Of his extensive knowledge, we can best judge by referring to the speeches, which have been, from time to time, delivered by him in the House of Commons; and of his superior judgment, by the arguments therein contained. And when we view the beauty of his style, and the pertinacity of his reasoning, we cannot refrain from deciding at once in the words of Lord Byron, that he "is a genius, almost an universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, and a statesman."

His father, George Canning, Esquire, was descended from a respectable family in Ireland. He was married early in life to a beautiful and highly accomplished young lady, but of no fortune. His parents being displeased with him respecting this union, he left the land of his nativity, and proceeded to London, where he resided on an allowance by his father of not more than £150 per year.— He entered himself in the society of the Middle Temple. He was the author of several well written pam-

phlets, on "public liberty." Some verses supposed to have been written by Lord William Russel to Lord William Cavendish on the night before his execution, were also composed by him; the epistle was dated from Newgate, on the night of Friday, July 20th, 1683, and begins thus:

"Lost to the world, to-morrow doom'd to die,
Still for my country's weal my heart beats high.
Though rattling chains ring peals of horror round,
While night's black shades augment the savage sound,
'Midst bolts and bars the active soul is free,
And flies, unfetter'd, Cavendish, to thee,
"Thou dear companion of my better days,
When hand in hand we trod the paths of praise;
When leagu'd with patriots we maintain'd the cause
Of true religion, liberty, and laws,
Disdaining down the golden stream to glide,
But bravely stemm'd corruption's rapid tide;
Think not I come to bid thy tears to flow,
Or melt thy gen'rous soul with tales of woe.
No; view me firm, unshaken, undismay'd,
As when the welcome mandate I obey'd;
Heavens! with what pride that moment I recall!
Who would not wish, so honour'd, thus to fall?
When England's genius hov'ring o'er inspir'd
Her chosen sons, with love of freedom fir'd,
Spite of an abject, servile, pension'd train,

Minions of power, and worshippers of gain,
To save from bigotry its destin'd prey,
And shield three nations from tyrannic
 sway."

The fond affection which was
cherished between Lord and Lady
Russel, is highly characterized in the
parting address to her Ladyship.

"O! my lov'd Rachel! all accomplish'd
 fair!

Source of my joy, and soother of my care!
Whose heavenly virtues and unfading
 charms,

Have bless'd, through happy years, my
 peaceful arms!

Parting with thee, into my cup was thrown
Its harshest dregs, else had not forc'd a
 groan!

But all is o'er—these eyes have gaz'd
 their last—

And now—the bitterness of death is past."

There were several other pieces
of considerable merit by Mr. Can-
ning. He was a gentleman of talent,
and no doubt would have distinguish-
ed himself as such; but he died soon
after he was called to the bar, and
before an opportunity was afforded.
His remains were interred in Mary-
le-Bone new burying ground; and
the following inscription written by
his accomplished widow, is engraved
on his tomb:—

"Thy virtue and my woe no words can
 tell!

Therefore a little while, my George, fare-
 well!

For faith and love like ours, Heaven has
 in store

Its last, best gift—to meet and part no
 more."

The Right Honourable George
Canning who was born a short
time previous to the death of
his father, was put under the pro-
tection of an uncle, a respectable
merchant in London. He was sent
to Eton School, where he speedily
distinguished himself, and continuing
to improve by such rapid and brilliant
successes, that at the age of fifteen he
was one of the senior scholars.

A work supported chiefly by the
scholars was published in weekly
numbers, and entitled "*The Micro-
cosm*;" the first number of which
was issued from the press on the 6th
November, 1786. The second num-
ber contained twelve articles all writ-
ten by Mr. Canning, then only fifteen
years of age. He was at that early
period of his life, much attached to
the cause of the Greeks; which at-
tachment is forcibly and beautifully
characterized in the following poem,
on

THE SLAVERY OF GREECE.

Unrivall'd Greece! thou ever honour'd name,
Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!
Though now to worth, to honour all unknown,
Thy lustre faded, and thy glories flown,
Yet still shall memory with reverted eye
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh.

Thee freedom cherish'd once with fostering hand,
And breath'd undaunted valour through the land,
Here the stern spirit of the Spartan soil,
The child of poverty, inur'd to toil.

Here lov'd by Pallas and the sacred nine,
Once did fair Athens' tow'ring glories shine.
To bend the bow, or the bright falchion wield,
To lift the bulwark of the brazen shield,
To toss the terror of the whizzing spear,

The conqu'ring standard's glitt'ring glories near,
And join the mad'ning battle's loud career.

How skill'd the Greeks; confess what Persians slain
Were strew'd on Marathon's ensanguin'd plain;
When heaps on heaps the routed squadrons fell,
And with their gaudy myriads peopled hell.

What millions bold Leonidas withstood,
And sealed the Grecian freedom with his blood.

Witness Thermopylæ! how fierce he trod,
How spoke a Hero, and how mov'd a God!
The rush of nations could alone sustain,

While half the ravaged globe was arm'd in vain,
Let Leuctra say, let Mantinea tell,
How great Epaminondas fought and fell!
Nor war's vast art alone adorn'd thy fame,
'But mild philosophy endear'd thy name.'
Who knows not, sees not with admiring eye,
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?
To bend the arch, to bid the column rise,
And the tall pile aspiring pierce the skies,
The awful scene magnificently great,
With pictur'd pomp to grace, and sculptur'd state,
This science taught; on Greece each science shone,
Here the bold statue started from the stone;
Here warm with life the swelling canvas glow'd;
Here big with thought the poet's raptures flow'd;
Here Homer's lip was touch'd with sacred fire,
And wanton Sappho tun'd her amorous lyre;
Here bold Tyrtæus roused the enervate throng,
Awak'd to glory by th' inspiring song;
Here Pindar soar'd a nobler, loftier sway,
And brave Alcæus scorned a tyrant's sway;
Here gorgeous tragedy with great controul
Touch'd every feeling of the impassion'd soul;
While in soft measure tripping to the song
Her comic sister lightly danc'd along—
This was thy state! but oh! how changed thy fame;
And all thy glories fading into shame.
What! that thy bold, thy freedom breathing land
Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command?
That servitude should bind in galling chain,
Whom Asia's millions once opposed in vain;
Who could have thought? who sees without a groan,
Thy cities mouldering, and thy walls o'erthrown.
That where once tower'd the stately solemn fane,
Now moss grown ruins strew the ravag'd plain,
And unobserv'd but by the traveller's eye,
Proud, vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie,
And the fall'n column on the dusty ground,
Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.
Thy sons (sad change) in abject bondage sigh;
Unpitied toil, and unlamented die,
Groan at the labours of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glitt'ring tyranny of Othman sons,
The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones,
Has awed their servile spirits into fear,
Spurn'd by the foot they tremble and revere.
The day of labour, night's sad, sleepless hour,
The inflictive scourge of arbitrary power,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murderous stake, the agonizing wheel,
And (dreadful choice) the bowstring or the bowl,
Damps their faint vigour, and unmans the soul.
Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompt the mournful sigh;
When to the mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame.
So some tall rock, whose bare, broad bosom high,
Towers from the earth, and braves th' inclement sky;
On whose vast top the black'ning deluge pours,
At whose wide base the thund'ring ocean roars;
In conscious pride its tall gigantic form
Surveys imperious and defies the storm,
Till worn by age, and mould'ring to decay,
Th' insidious waters wash its base away,
It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,
And spreads a tempest of destruction round.

The *Microcosm* is said to reflect much credit on the young men who conducted it ; and when it is considered that the application required in a public school, having afforded them but little leisure, the employment of their time in this way, in preference to such amusements as are generally engaged in by youths, was highly praiseworthy.

In 1788 Mr. Canning was removed from Eton to the University of Oxford, whither his fame for talents had preceded him. By unremitting attention to his studies, he rapidly improved ; and his Latin productions were, in particular, highly distinguished for classic elegance. He became acquainted with Mr. Jenkinson (now Lord Liverpool) and several other young men of rank. After having obtained his Bachelor's degree, he left the University and proceeded to London, where he entered himself of the Middle Temple, for the purpose of studying the law. He was admitted a member of a debating society, which met in Bond-street, and was distinguished by his practice there, for ease and facility of public speaking. His acquaintance with some of his former school-fellows and fellow students was soon renewed ; and at the table of his uncle he was introduced to Sheridan and Fox. Mr. Canning entered under the protection of the former upon the career of politics, and was nominated, through the influence of that celebrated man, in 1793, member of the House of Commons for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, Sir Richard Worsley having vacated his seat for the purpose of making room for him. At this period, Mr. Sheridan having caused his talents to be made known, every statesman and politician evinced great anxiety to witness a specimen of his eloquence ; and no opportunity was neglected in order to induce him to take a part in the debates. But the day at last arrived, on which the public curiosity was gratified, and on the 31st of January, 1794, Mr. Canning delivered his first speech in the

House of Commons ; the treaty between his Britannic Majesty and the king of Sardinia was the subject under discussion. In this speech he expressed himself warmly in favour of the war in which England was then engaged, and concluded by declaring that " considering the treaty as an essential part of an extensive system for bringing the war to a fortunate conclusion, it should have his support." And to him the administration of that day was much indebted. Mr. Canning, from this period, took a part in every debate of any importance.

On the third reading of the bill for vesting new powers in the government, on the 17th May, 1794, Mr. Canning entered the list against Mr. (now Earl) Gray, who found him a powerful opponent.

In 1796, Mr. Pitt, wishing to attach him to his administration as under Secretary of State, and on the dissolution of parliament, he was returned for Wendover. He continued to support the administration of Pitt, and declared himself hostile to the slave trade, which he warmly opposed. The vehemence of his eloquence and pertinacity of argument, distinguished him as an able debater, and it may be said, there was no member in the House except Mr. Pitt, who so often came in contact with the powerful opposition of that period. On the resignation of Mr. Pitt, and at the dissolution of his administration, Mr. Canning followed his great patron into temporary retirement. Although he disapproved of the treaty of Amiens he took no part whatever in its discussion. But after being returned in 1803, member of the House of Commons, for a town in Ireland, he warmly opposed the treaty, and was an obstinate adversary of the administration of Mr. Addington, he assailed his administration with great force, and by a succession of spirited attacks, he threw such odium on it as mainly contributed to its overthrow.

On the resignation of Mr. Addington

Mr. Pitt returned to the ministry, and Mr. Canning succeeded Mr. Tierney, as treasurer of marine, and was so honoured with a seat at the Council Board, where Mr. Pitt found him a powerful ally; and soon after, Mr. Canning was appointed principal secretary of state for foreign affairs. While in this situation an altercation took place between the late Marquis of Londonderry (then Lord Castlereagh) upon the subject of the expedition of Walcheren, which ended in a duel between the two statesmen; the challenge was given by his Lordship. On the 21st September, 1809, at six o'clock, they met near the telegraph, Putney-heath. The Marquis of Hertford was the second to Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Ellis attended Mr. Canning. The ground being taken, the parties fired by signal, and ceased; they exchanged shots a second time, when Mr. Canning was wounded in his thigh by his opponent; but as he remained on his feet, and no symptom appearing, the seconds were not aware of the result, and while in readiness to give or receive further satisfaction, Mr. Ellis perceiving blood on Mr. Canning's leg, the seconds immediately interfered. He was taken to his house, Gloucester Lodge, at Brompton, where he was for some time confined; but as the bone of his thigh was not fractured, he recovered sufficiently to attend the levee, on the 11th October, when he retired from public affairs. In 1815 Mr. Canning was returned member of the House of Commons for the city of Liverpool. The Catholic question he has not ceased to support, and neither family connexions, oppositions, or any persuasion, have, in any way induced him to change his principles respecting this momentous subject. He was appointed ambassador to Lisbon in 1816, at which place he resided until the following year, when he was nominated president for the Bureau of Controul for India affairs, a situation in which he displayed an intimate acquaintance with the affairs

of Hindostan and the nature of our power there.

In 1822, on the 16th March, Mr. Canning was appointed Governor-General of India, but on the eve of his leaving England to assume his important trust, a vacancy occurred in the British Cabinet by the death of the Marquis of Londonderry, and, as was anticipated by the public, he was nominated Secretary of State for foreign affairs. In this office he conducted himself with much honour to himself and advantage to Great-Britain.

To trace further the political career of the Right Honourable George Canning, would be highly unnecessary, the events being of so recent a period that every circumstance of importance, connected with his administration, must be fresh in the minds of the reader.

"As an author," says a recent writer, "Mr. Canning will not reap his full measure of fame in his lifetime; for, with the exception of his juvenile efforts in 'The Microcosm,' and his political satires in the 'Anti-Jacobin,' he has furnished few opportunities of identifying him. The satires of Mr. Canning are now only considered as brilliant effusions of wit and humour, but when they first appeared, they possessed considerable political importance; and while they rendered a few grave politicians extremely ridiculous, they combated with great force a more formidable enemy—French jacobinism.*"

Mr. Canning married a daughter of the late General Scott, by whom he has had several children. One of his daughters was lately married to the Marquis of Clanricarde. His eldest son died on the 31st of March, 1820, in the 19th year of his age; and an epitaph, displaying deep feeling and exalted genius, was written on the occasion by his highly talented and distinguished father. In all the relations of domestic life Mr.

*Poetical Works of the Right Honourable George Canning, comprising the whole of his Satires, Odes, Songs, &c.

Canning is allowed to be one of the most amiable of men: in person he is tall and well made, his step quick and firm, his voice harmonious, his utterance quick but distinct, and his emphasis strong without effort.

* * * The writer deems it proper to say that for the materials with which this memoir is composed, he is chiefly indebted to articles written on the same subject, and particularly to the pages of the *London Mirror*. Y.

ANTICIPATION.

A LETTER.

TEN thousand blessings on that man's head who invented letters! and twice twenty more on his head who invented writing. Familiar advantages are generally understood: thus it is with writing; it is such an optional and common thing, that we never pay it the respect of pausing to admire the pleasures and gratification which it imparts. What can be imagined (when we revolve the matter) more delightful than our capability to cheat distance of separation and absence of forgetfulness? What more convenient than to fold up our minds in a sheet of paper, and send them for the inspection of those friends, to whom thousands of intervening miles prevent our personally unfolding it? Letters are our ambassadors; they represent ourselves—aye, and in the noblest way too. Through them we hold a correspondence with the Nabobs of India; we may travel the world by their conveyances; hint to distant uncles the propriety of securing a will; blow up a well-bred scoundrel, and supply our families with jokes sufficient to keep them laughing till our return. The rag-man, the goose, the ink-merchant, the post-office, postman, the mail-coachman, &c. &c., it is true, conspire in our service with these letters themselves, and all deserve a separate meed of praise; but let them wait, I cannot now bestow it.

“There is a letter in the candle,” for the next week, I anticipate. From whom will it come? from what part of England? what will it contain? good or bad news?—It is impossible for me to answer these questions, and hence my mind will experience a constant jolt between hope and dread. How will the sound of the

postman's distant rap thrill all my nerves, and startle up my cogitations! I throw down my book, pull out the small drawer of my writing-desk, unburden my purse of a shilling, approach the window, and strain my sight in vain down the crooked street, to catch a blessed view of the postman's red coat—pshaw! he has left my street for another. By and by comes the town postman, half-splitting my street door with the short duplicate of his thundering memento; full of the idea of the general post, I gently open the door of my study, prick up my ears to hear the servant's approach—she is not coming it seems—I give my bell an awakening touch that sets half a dozen more to accompany its chiming ding ding. The domestic drops her spoon in her dripping pan, terrified at the sounds, treads on a kitten's tail as she flies through the door way, gallops up stairs like one of Ducrow's horses, bruises her shins over the coal scuttle on the landing place, and then opening my door with a face writhing like a clown's, moans out—“Did you ring, sir?”—“Where's my letter?”—“Your letter, sir, 'twas the tax-gatherer!” Oh! oh! Maddened with disappointment, and still more maddened at my unnecessary anger, I turn round on my chair, mutter “d——n the tax-gatherer,” ferret the hobs with my shoes, and whistle, by way of mockery, at my own caprice, “Go to bed, Tom.” Has the reader ever realized this, or any thing like it? Happier he if he has not!

Of course, while anticipating a letter, the eagerness to receive it, increases as the disappointment lengthens. Fancies pile on fancies, and

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suspicious conjure themselves into a shadowy existence. Perhaps the person from whom you expect it, is dead and buried—drowned or suffocated—or, what you think almost as mortifying, he has forgotten you.—“It is very strange I don’t hear from him,” is the usual family speech at meal-time. Your sisters, if they are partial to teasing, will not fail to pat you on the shoulder, and say with soft impertinence—“Poor boy, he SHALL have a letter;” while your father will lay his knife and fork down very ceremoniously, fix his eyes steadily on your face, and then gravely remark, “I tell you what, Bob, since you are so anxious to have a letter, why not write one to yourself?” How then will his eyes be half-concealed with the merry motion of their lids at this juvenile sally?—Poor disappointed man, I pity you, for let the would-be stoics prate as they please,

“These little things are great to little men.”

I can easily imagine you continually listening to the sound of the street door knocker, putting eternal meaningless questions to all the servants, and seizing hold of every bit of paper, that at the room’s length appears in the corresponding shape of a letter. With what feverish anxiousness do you wait the postman’s hours, fancy the clink of each heel on the pavement to be his, and open your sitting-room door at the least sound in the passage! Perhaps you will enjoy “a brown study” for the first hour after breakfast; the second in measuring your room with Bombastes-like strides—and then the postman’s hour is arrived.—Well, you are in your arm-chair, and your watch is this moment making its appearance from your fob—“Fifteen minutes past one—surely I have made a mistake—the time “must be past.” What a dreadful hubbub your bell has created below: I can almost hear it dinging in my ear: but here’s the footman—“Pray, Thomas, is the postman gone by yet?”—“The

postman!” replies Thomas, with a stare. “Yes, the postman.” You growl in a lion-rage.—“Is the postman gone by, I say?” Thomas stares still more widely; then answers with a soft voice, mingling anger at your anger, with triumph at your disappointment—“‘This hour ago, sir!’” Now, my dear sir, after this excruciating endurance, if I were by you, I should recommend a cold bath, if it were summer, or a walk in your garden at any time of the year.—Woe be to dog or cat that you meet as you descend your stairs!

This continuance of “the hope deferred,” which maketh the “heart sick,” will perhaps last a few days longer. At last, on a certain day, after you have walked the streets in a demi-sulky gloominess of thought, and flung envious glances at every letter you behold in a casual stranger’s hand, you will return home little improved in temper—knock impatiently at the door—Thomas is shaving in his garret—knock harder—here he is, quite out of breath, and his eyes anticipating your anticipation:—“There’s a letter for you, sir, up stairs.” Yes, I can see you plain enough; the letter is come at last, and now, as you walk with attempted composure up stairs, you feel an approaching shame for betraying such anxiety for a letter.—Thus you determine not to evince much pertubating delight in the presence of your family.—That’s right—you shut the door with much philosophical composure.—What! even your gloves off, and no demand for the letter! Why if I were there, I should read it with my hat on.—Oh, now I hear you, with some trepidation, say, “Anne, where’s my letter?”—“Your letter, Bob!—Oh, by the by, there is one for you. The servant took it in: I have it not.” Poor sufferer! you will lose your letter, now, if not very scrutinous. After a half an hour’s search in every corner of your domain, your temper begins to rise, and with somewhat tumid

cheeks, you persist in telling your said sister, that you are certain she has your letter: with one sweep you unload the table of all her silks, ruffles, and serpent-winding ribbons; in performing this angry operation, you fortunately upset her work-box, and there, under its pressure, has calmly slumbered your epistle!! "Tush," you will remark—"tush." And there you are, seated on your sofa, with your back shaped into an inclined plane, your eye-brows fitfully knitting and relaxing, and your fidgety fingers puzzled with the seal.—Still methinks you are disappointed with the hand-writing; however, the letter is opened—your mother has laid aside her spectacles, hoping to hear its contents—your playful sister's needle is stuck contentedly in her muslin, and she too hopes to know its contents.—"No good news, I fear: let me see—A bill, as I am a sinful descendant of Adam:"—

Robert Imagination, Esq.

	to Timothy Wellfit.		
For 3 pair of Wellington Boots	£6	0	0
2 pair of Pumps - - - -	1	2	0
Soling and Heeling three pair			
spring shoes - - - -	0	10	6
	<hr/>		
	£7	12	6
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Timothy Wellfit having a bill to make

up, early next week, will feel obliged to Mr. Imagination by an immediate settlement.

And so this is the letter!!—What a consummation to all your far-travelled dreams and fancies!! Don't think me hard-hearted. Really, if I were by, I should laugh, or do as Æsop's frog did. Pray do not bite your lips for rage. I see your sister, yonder, is provokingly inclined to join with me. Your bewildered mother has taken her spectacles again; and the best recipe I can propose for you is, to retire to your study, bury yourself in that comfortable morning-gown, lolling on a chair's back, and read Boaden's Life of Mrs. Siddons, or Southey's Tales of Paraguay—and a quiet sleep will infallibly be the result.

Need I describe the anticipation of a love-letter?—The lover's restlessness, hope—the window-vigilant eye, the oft repeated question, the everlasting lookout, and more eternal pull at the watch-chain? I have only time to remark, that when a lover is anticipating a letter from his mistress, pens, ink, and paper begin then to be duly estimated; the post office is a mundane Elysium, and the postman a perfect *male-houri*!—*The Inspector.*

MUTUAL HEARTS.

Two mutual hearts are like the rills,
In solitude when single,
That wander from the moorland hills
In river streams to mingle;
And then along the fertile vale,
Their banks with blossoms painted,
They heave their billows to the gale,
Untroubled and untainted.

Two mutual hearts are like the stars
That aid each other's shining,
When gates of day the evening bars,
And roses are declining;

And through the long and lonesome night,
That spreads its pall of sadness,
They mingle their ethereal light,
To fill the world with gladness.

Two mutual hearts are like the flowers
That twine themselves together,
When morning sends the drenching
showers,
Or evening comes to wither;
And though they fall—as fall they must—
They will not, cannot sever,
But sink together to the dust,
Together lie forever.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF THE TURKS AND CHINESE,

It has been my fortune to witness the funeral ceremonies of two of the most singular people on the earth—two nations the most dissimilar to our-

selves—kingdoms, either of which, in point of manners, customs, and religion, may be considered our Antipodes—I mean the Chinese and

Turks. The burials of these two nations not only differ widely from our own, but in many respects from each other, and both have many curious peculiarities, highly descriptive of the manners and customs of the people to whom they refer.

During a residence at Canton, I was witness to many funerals; but my attention was more particularly drawn to one, that of an excellent and upright man, of considerable wealth and importance, with whom I had many dealings. He had died before my third arrival at Canton, but it is the custom to delay the funeral for a long time, and his body was still unburied. I understood there had been a sort of lying in state, something similar, I presume, to what is still practised in Scotland, where the corpse is dressed out in white, and the female friends of the deceased are admitted to view it. I have been informed, that it is the Chinese custom, upon such occasions, to prostrate themselves before the corpse, which is placed in the coffin, surrounded with flowers and perfumes, but I was never present at any such ceremony. The foreman, or chief servant of my deceased friend, informed me, upon my arrival, that I might be admitted to view the coffin, which was closed, but still uninterred, and as I was desirous of doing so, he appointed to meet me at a certain hour, and we proceeded to the house of the deceased. The room into which I was introduced, was one of considerable dimensions, entirely hung round with white, which is the Chinese colour for mourning. In the centre of the apartment was a kind of long table, covered with white, upon which was placed the coffin, also covered with a kind of pall, all white. My companion, after prostrating himself upon the floor, approached the coffin, and withdrew the pall from a part of it, in order that I might observe its neatness and workmanship, and the paintings and gilding with which it was covered. He informed me, that his late mas-

ter had caused it to be made during his life-time, which is, indeed, the practice of even the poorest Chinese. All contrive to spare a sufficient sum to secure a reputable shelter for their lifeless bodies. In the room were several pedestals, all covered with white, and upon them incense and lights were kept burning. The coffin was placed against the wall, and just above it, a scroll was fastened to the white hangings, upon which were emblazoned the name and degree of the deceased. The whole appearance was extremely striking, and affected me very powerfully.

After I had been at Canton about a month, the funeral took place. It is the custom of the Chinese to keep dead bodies above ground for a very long time; the rich people delay the funeral even for a year or longer, and are thereby esteemed to afford proof of their respect and reverence for the deceased. My friend was kept nearly two months. Upon the day fixed for the funeral, a great number of relatives and acquaintances of the deceased assembled at his residence, and were all marshalled in procession as at our English burials. A number of hired musicians, performing slow and melancholy tunes upon a variety of instruments, preceded the corpse, as did also some persons bearing painted scrolls and silken banners, on which were inscriptions indicative of the rank and character of the deceased. Incense bearers followed these, and then under a white canopy, the coffin covered with a white pall was borne by men. Upon each side of it were persons employed in burning pieces of paper and pasteboard with inscriptions upon them; some circular and some cut into curious fantastic figures, all which, it is believed, are wafted upwards with the soul, and accompany it in its new state of existence, either as coin, bread, or whatever else the inscription denotes. After the corpse, came the relatives of the deceased, all in white clothes, soiled, dirty and unornamented, and

therefore descriptive of excessive grief. Some of them howled and exclaimed most vehemently, and every one had a friend on each side to assist him on, and also a servant, bearing over him a huge umbrella with a deep white fringe, which nearly screened the mourner from the public gaze. Some women also followed as mourners, borne in small coaches similar to our sedans, and they were very loud in the expression of their lamentations. After them came a crowd of friends, all walking slowly, and thus the procession closed.

The burying-places of the Chinese are erected in the shape of grottos, without their towns. They are divided into a variety of small cells, in each of which a coffin is laid, and, as soon as the cells are all filled, the sepulchre is closed.

No religious service takes place—the coffin is placed in its receptacle with great solemnity, and then the procession returns.

Funerals in Turkey, which I have observed at Smyrna, are extremely different. Instead of delay, as with the Chinese, the corpse is hurried to the grave within a few hours after dissolution. Instead of the slow step of grief, they go forward hastily, and if the bearers of the body tire, no good Mussulman will refuse to give assistance in a work so holy. There exists a traditional declaration of Mahomet, that whoever bears a dead body forty paces towards the grave, will thereby expiate a great sin, and this opportunity of easy absolution is

by some anxiously looked out for. The male relations follow, but there is no weeping—no grief—nature is so far subdued amongst them that not a tear is shed. Alms and prayers are the modes in which a Mahometan displays grief—to repine for the dead, is considered impious, for the same reason as they inter so speedily, namely, that if the deceased was a good Mussulman, he is entitled to happiness, which ought not to be grieved at, nor ought he, by any delay of interment, to be prevented at once attaining the full enjoyment of it; if, on the contrary, he was not a good Mussulman, he does not deserve to be grieved for, and ought at once to be sent from the world.

The body is, in the first instance, carried to a mosque, where religious service is performed, and from thence to the grave, over which a prayer is delivered by a priest.

The planting of cyprus trees round the grave is practised, because it is imagined that the state of the dead is denoted by the growth and condition of these trees. They are placed in two lines, one on each side of the grave—if only those on the right hand prosper, it denotes happiness, if only those on the left, misery. If all of them succeed, it betokens that the deceased was at once admitted to all the bliss of the houris; if all fail, he is tormented by black angels, until, at some future time he shall be released from torment, at the intercession of the prophet,—*National Magazine.*

IRISH BINDING.

Teague a true honest soul as e'er trod Irish ground,
Once was sent by his master some books to get bound;
Bibles, essays and poems, and works of VIRTU,
To be decked in gilt letters, in scarlet and blue.
When the artisan eyed them, in terms of his trade,
"Some of these must be done in MOROCCO," he said,
"These bibles in TURKEY; and as for the rest
I think BASIL and RUSSIA will suit them best."
"Faith," says Teague "hould your bother and outlandish stuff,
Sure and won't IRISH binding do well enough?
Why these outlandish elves would you be after troubling
Master told me to get them all bound here in DUBLIN."

THE VETERAN'S REWARD.

If the French revolution has presented to us horrors till then unexampled, it must be owned also to have furnished us with some striking traits of humanity and magnanimity. Many persons of both parties voluntarily risked their lives to preserve those of people, whom the unhappy state of the times compelled them to regard as enemies; and these acts of generous devotion were not uncommon even among the military, who, by their profession and the horrors they witnessed, might be supposed less susceptible than others of the soft feelings of compassion.

During the civil war, in a skirmish that had taken place between the republicans and the Chouans, several of the latter were made prisoners. When the troop halted to take some refreshment, they stopped in a plain near a spring, and forming a circle, placed the prisoners in the midst of it. Their captain, a very young man, who had but lately attained the command, seated himself at some distance, upon the trunk of a tree, and taking some provisions from his knapsack, began to refresh himself. He perceived one of the prisoners speak to his lieutenant, and directly afterwards advance towards him. Delmont remarked, as this unfortunate man drew near, that he had no other clothing than his shirt and trowsers, which were in rags and covered with blood, and that a linen bandage, also stained with blood, covered his forehead and his left eye.

The sight of so much misery sensibly touched the heart of the young officer; and he was still more moved when the prisoner said to him, "M. le Commandant, I have saved the miniature of my wife: will you when I shall be no more, have the charity to remit it to my mother, Madame Duplessis, at Lamballe? My wife and children reside with her." Too much moved to reply to this touch-

ing request, Delmont gazed upon him in silence; and he added, in a tone of more pressing entreaty, "In the name of heaven, do not refuse me! If you do, they must always suffer from their ignorance of my fate, for it is my intention to conceal my name from the court-martial. Thus they will have no means of ascertaining what has become of me; but if they receive the portrait, they will be certain that I would have parted with it only at the hour of death."

Delmont was still silent: in fact, his mind was occupied between the desire of saving the prisoner and the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, which he found of doing it. Duplessis, believing that he had no intention to grant his request, became still more urgent: "In the name of God! in the name of all that is dear to you!——"—"Say no more," cried the other abruptly, the commission is a very disagreeable one, but still I will not refuse it." Taking the miniature as he spoke, he put it into his pocket; and added. "Will you eat a mouthful of something, and take a drop of brandy? it will refresh you."

"I cannot swallow," replied Duplessis; "a fever consumes me, and I am impatient to reach our destination, that I may escape from my misery." These words made Delmont shudder. He looked earnestly in the face of the speaker, and disfigured as it was with dust, sweat, and blood, there was something in the features so noble and touching, that he could not help resolving to risk every thing in order to save him. Listen to me attentively," cried he: "I will give you a chance, which if well managed, may preserve your life. Say that you came to tell me you could not continue to march, and I have refused you any assistance. Go back, and complain of my cruelty to the same officer who has allowed you to come and

“speak to me, and try to act so that he may solicit me to leave you behind with an escort, to wait for a *voiture de requisition*. I will take care that the men who will guard you shall be drunkards; make them drunk, recover your energy and escape.”

“Ah, my God! if it were possible? But you forget I must have money to give them, and I have not a single sous!”—“And unfortunately I have very little, only four *assignats* of five francs each: you will find them under this piece of meat,” continued he, wrapping part of his provisions in paper; “be sure you are not seen to take them out: go, and God speed you!”

Duplessis turned away without speaking; but the tears that started to his eyes were more eloquent than words. He followed Delmont's directions so successfully, that in a few moments afterwards, the lieutenant came to tell the captain, that the prisoner, to whom he had given provisions, could not eat; and that a burning fever rendered him incapable of marching. Delmont replied with feigned harshness, that if the man could not go on, it was better to shoot him at once.

“What!” cried the other indignantly, “shoot a man before you know whether he will be pronounced guilty or innocent by the court-martial. You cannot seriously mean it, captain.”

“Pray then what would you have me do with him? for you know that I cannot remain here to watch him. My orders are to proceed, and I cannot diminish the force of our troop, already too small for a part of the country like this, in order to leave an escort with this man.”

“But look at the state in which he is! Three men would be quite sufficient to guard him, till we can get a *voiture de requisition*, which no doubt may be had to-morrow; and certainly, captain, you will not say that you cannot spare three men?”

“Well,” replied the other with

feigned impatience, “you shall have it your way: but remember I tell you, you are bringing me into a scrape. However, since you will have it so, tell Corporal Gaillard and La Porte and Desmoulins to remain with him: we must now set out.” The lieutenant did not wait for another order; he made the men carry the prisoner, who appeared to be dying, into a hut. Delmont recommended them to keep a strict eye over him, as they would be answerable for him if he escaped; and he set forward. As Delmont had foreseen, the general refused to approve his report, and ordered him to go himself the next day, to present it to the commissary of the Convention. Before he waited upon the commissary, the three soldiers arrived without their prisoner. The corporal declared, that, notwithstanding his appearance of illness, he had tried to escape in the night by a window, but the men being upon the alert, had all three fired at once; he fell dead upon the spot, and they had buried him there.

This tale was told so naturally, that Delmont could not entertain a doubt of its truth: it cost him a great deal to dissemble the pang it gave him; but he dared not manifest any regret, and taking with him the three soldiers and his lieutenant, he went to make his report to the commissary, who, after hearing all the depositions, told him very roughly, that he had done very wrong to expose three brave soldiers of the republic, only to convey a sick rebel more easily to be shot: that, however, as they done their duty by shooting him when he attempted to escape, and had returned safely, the affair should be passed over, but that he might be certain, if such a thing occurred again, his conduct should be sharply enquired into.

The commissary finished by giving him a fresh order to march with his detachment; saying at the same time, “I believe you will be commanded, before your departure, to

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shoot the men whom you have brought with you. I am waiting for the order; and as soon as I get it, I will transmit to you." My readers will believe that this was enough to quicken the motions of Delmont; in ten minutes he had marched out with his detachment, without beat of drum, and they thus escaped the horrible office of executioners.

Delmont's detachment was ordered to march to — : while on the road, he recollected the commission which he had accepted from the unfortunate Duplessis; and as he had to halt at Lamballe, he determined to fulfil it, though he felt an unspeakable reluctance to be the bearer of such news to a widowed mother.

When he presented himself at the house of Madame Duplessis, the servant who opened the door, supposing he was billeted upon them, said to him, "Citizen, my mistress cannot lodge you in her house; but she has arranged with the innkeeper over the way to receive you in her stead."

"It is not a lodging I want; I must speak to your mistress in private."

"The poor girl turned as pale as death, and went with a look of terror to inform her mistress. Returning in a moment, she led Delmont into an apartment, where he found an elderly lady of very prepossessing appearance, and a beautiful little girl of four or five years old at her side. "I would wish my daughter to be present at our conversation, sir," said she: "go Pauline, and seek your mamma."

Delmont would have stopped the child, but she disappeared in a moment; and before he could determine how to begin, a beautiful young woman entered. She looked at him with great emotion; and the old lady then said, "This is my daughter. You have a commission for us, have you not?"—"Alas! yes, a sorrowful one."

"Ah! not so, best of friends, of benefactors—he is saved! Yes," cried the mother in a transport of

gratitude, "I owe you my son's life. Agatha, embrace the preserver of your husband."

Both embraced him with tears of joy. The lovely Agatha brought her infant boy and her little girl, that they might also caress him to whom they owed a father's life. Ah! how delicious were those caresses to Delmont! never in his life had he experienced such pure, such heartfelt pleasure.

"But how is this possible?" said he at last; "did they not fire? they told me they had killed and buried him."—"My dear friend, they were so intoxicated that they would not have been able to kill a fly. God be praised, he is now in safety, and is recovering very fast. Ah; how I wish you could see him! but that must not be. But now tell us are you come to stay at Lamballe?"—"No, I can only stop for to-night."—"Well, at least for to-night you will stop with us!" and Agatha hastened to get an apartment prepared for him.

We may easily believe that he did not refuse their hospitality. They told him their whole situation without reserve. Duplessis had determined to emigrate with his wife and children; his mother resolved to remain behind, in order to preserve the family property. "I shall not repay your twenty francs," said Agatha to him, "nor will I take back my portrait: my husband has desired, that if ever I was fortunate enough to see you, I should tell you to keep it, and to beg you to regard it as that of a sister."

The next morning Delmont was forced to tear himself from this amiable and grateful family, whom he saw no more. Twenty years passed away, and found Delmont, at the time of the restoration, a disbanded officer, who lived with a widowed sister, upon the produce of a little farm which he cultivated with his own hands. One evening, an elderly man, of gentlemanly appearance, dismounted at the veteran's gate, and throwing

himself into his arms, exclaimed, "God be praised, my dear preserver, that I am allowed to thank you once at least before I die!" It was Duplessis returned, after so long an absence, to end his days in his native country. He had entered into mercantile speculations in England, had been fortunate, and was come back rich. Delmont congratulated him heartily and sincerely.

"And you, my dear Delmont, how is it that you are not more fortunate?"

"My friend, I do not complain; I have quitted the service with clean hands and a clear conscience."—"And without promotion?"—"I have not sought it,"—"No, but you have well deserved it: I am not ignorant of the wounds you have received in your various campaigns."—"I only did my duty."

Upon this point, however, the friends could not agree; but Duplessis soon dropped the subject, to talk with his friend upon his present situation. He found that he should soon be compelled to quit the farm he occupied, as it was about to be sold; he did not complain, but it was evident that he felt great reluctance to leave it.

"And what price," said Duplessis to him one day, when they were talking on this subject, "does the owner demand for it?"—"Twenty-three thousand francs (nearly one thousand pounds)."—"That is lucky; for it is exactly the sum you have in Lafitte's hands."—"I! you joke."—"No, indeed, I never was more serious; and so you will find, if you draw upon him to that a-

mount."—"But can you think that I shall rob you?"—"Not at all; the money is yours: it is the accumulated interest of your twenty francs."—"Impossible!"

"I will convince you it is very possible and very true. It is my wife's plan, and this is the manner in which she has executed it. As soon as we were settled in England, she laid out your twenty francs in materials for embroidery and artificial flowers. She worked at these in her leisure hours, sold them to advantage, purchased materials for more, and constantly gave me, every six months, the profits of her work to place in the public funds. We lived retired; and she had consequently much leisure, and worked incessantly. During more than twenty years, this fund at first so small, has been constantly increasing; till it has become the means of rendering your old age easy. But it is not enough that the old age of a brave and virtuous man should be easy; he ought to receive a public recompense for his services, and I bring you one. Means have been found to represent to the king, that your career has not been less distinguished by humanity than by valour; and he shows his sense of your services, by presenting you with the Cross of St. Louis, and the rank and half-pay of *chef-de-bataillon*."

The worthy veteran threw himself into the arms of his friend. It would be difficult to say which was most affected. He still lives in the enjoyment of this noble reward of his humanity—need it be said that he makes a worthy use of it?

—♦—

To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

"Follow peace with all men."—PAUL.

"It is indeed a fine thing to rail at war and sing the praises of peace." Let us continue the song, and see how well the voice of reason, humanity and scripture, accord with the musical strains of your correspondent 'I.'

"To paint a luxuriant landscape, adorned with happy cottages, the scene of warfare, and let the imagination dwell on all that must take place previous to its devastation, is certainly very moving." To hear

the shrieks and groans of the dying thousands upon the field;—to paint in imagination the heart-rending pangs of as many harmless families at home;—to witness whole cities and nations steeping in innocent blood;—and what is still infinitely more awful, to reflect that thousands of immortal souls are thus hurried unprepared into eternity, by the hand of fellow-creatures, are enough to excite the philanthropist to every possible exertion, both to prevent war itself, and remove every thing that might operate as its cause. These and similar considerations induced a prophet long ago to exclaim:—"My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me: I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war. Destruction upon destruction is cried; for the whole land is spoiled;—How long shall I see the standard, and hear the sound of the trumpet?"—with equal distress.

"Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

To say that war is desirable for the good of society, is just as foolish as to say that we ought to encourage the ravages of the plague, or that famine with all its consequences, is desirable. Indeed, king David of old, as a public calamity, preferred suffering the ravages of pestilence, to the destruction of war.

Your correspondent would persuade us, that though war is a present evil, it ought to be viewed as productive of a more than equivalent prospective good. With his assertions, however, I cannot agree.—That war, in a solitary instance, may "coalesce savage tribes, and force them to take that great step towards civilization," and that it may sometimes "give birth to commerce," may be admitted; but that these remarks will generally apply, none will believe, so long as the true origin and progress of society are impartially kept in view. It is an opinion pretty generally received a-

mong philosophers, that savages cannot be savages long. In their first stages, they usually live by hunting. As game fails and population increases, venison is no longer adequate to their subsistence. To supply this deficiency, they must adopt some other plan: the most natural is, to domesticate and feed wild animals for their use. This gives rise to the pastoral state. By this time it is found that they cannot conveniently subsist without vegetable food, Hence originates the agricultural state. For the proper management of agriculture, farming utensils and various other productions of art are requisite. These afford employment to mechanics. The result of their labour, they exchange for the overplus of the farmer's produce. Traffick of this sort increases with the population, till at length it gives birth to extensive commerce. The commerce, which is ultimately established between different countries and nations, combined with the great stimulus to the acquisition of knowledge, which the difficulty of transacting the necessary business of commerce, affords, introduces and cultivates the arts and sciences. All this, and much more, may be effected without war. The commerce and science of the United States, are examples of what a peaceable nation may do.

If it will be of any service to his cause, it may be granted, that war does "call into action the dormant powers of the mind." But, what are these powers?—Powers which ought to lie dormant for ever;—powers which ever have, and will be, disgraceful to human-nature, so long as they continue to be exerted;—they are, in fact, the very powers which advocates of peace-societies would totally eradicate from the mind. The same means and time which are lavished and expended in carrying on war, would call into action and keep alive, many more, and incomparably better principles of the mind, which must lie dormant for ever, in thousands of those unfortunate persons to

whom their parents are not able to afford the means of a liberal and religious education,

Mr. "I." has had recourse to the history of Alexander for examples of his assertions. But, what did Alexander do? With motives entirely ambitious, and caprice his only law, what evil could not his immense power effect? If he did any thing at all worthy of a good and generous prince, it must have been, in a great measure, accidental. If he diffused literature among the barbarians, he introduced, at the same time, his own contaminating vices. If he prepared the way for christianity, by rendering Greek the common language, he did what he had no intention of doing; so that this was not his work, but the agency of a superintending power, who is able to bring good from evil. Besides, this argument would have no weight at all in the present day; because it would be much easier now, by the assistance of modern improvements, to translate the scriptures into different languages, than to conquer a world for the purpose of making one language common. To effect this, see what Bible Societies have already done.

That Alexander's motives were to promote his own aggrandizement, is too plain to be denied; and that the greater part of the bloody wars which destroy mankind, originates in similar motives, is equally obvious. What did he not do merely to be styled the son of Jupiter Ammon?—What did not a late conqueror attempt, to be accounted a modern Alexander? Well may we apply to a conqueror under the influence of such views, the words of a celebrated poet:—

"A public scourge—a murd'rer of mankind."

If ambition, then, is their law, and every thing accounted good or bad as it promotes their selfish views, it is folly—it is madness, to say that war is desirable.

Why need I go so far to discover the absurdity of your correspondent's

assertions? It is requisite merely to shew that war ought not to exist.—Reason informs us that every man has a natural right to life and liberty until they are forfeited, and that we are, by no means authorised to imbrue our hands in innocent blood.—Humanity suggests that it is wrong to fill the world with misery. The scriptures expressly command us to "follow peace with all men." From these considerations, admitting that war may sometimes be overruled for good upon the whole, we are by no means warranted to act contrary to duty. We cannot justify the conduct of Joseph's brethren in selling him into Egypt, notwithstanding all ended well. Even the death of our Saviour, the most important event that ever occurred for the happiness of the human race, was accomplished by men influenced by the worst of motives; and, though this terminated as it did, the conduct of his conspirators was far—very far from being justifiable. Let us then be content to do our duty, and leave the result with the Supreme Being. Let us never so far presume to take the government of the world into our own hands, as to "do evil that good may come."

But, are we not to defend our lives and liberties when they are in danger? by all means: in circumstances like these war is commendable.—The object of peace societies, however, is not only to discourage war and promote peace; but by infusing into the mind of those who delight in war, those liberal, enlightened, and pacific principles recommended in the scriptures, to remove also the very cause of war. When this is successfully accomplished, and men are taught to "lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty," there will then be no aggressor. Let peace-societies, therefore, be patronized by men as they have undoubtedly been by Christ himself, who says: "Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the sons of God."

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If, however, Mr. T be still disposed to maintain and publish his predilection for war, let him recollect the prayer of David and all good men is against him :—" Scatter thou the people that delight in war."--And they will be scattered : the day is ra-

pidly approaching when men " shall beat their sword into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks : nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." P.

Colchester, August, 1827.

A SERENADE.

Day is declining,
The red sun has set ;
The pale moon is shining
On high minaret :
Its diamond beams dancing
Upon the smooth sea,
Like thy bright eye beams glancing,
In sport, love, of me.
Come to me Zaidee, hasten to me,
Leave thy young slumber, love calls
to thee.

Hither my Zaidee,
Thy lover is near ;
Love will upbraid thee,
Should'st thou not come here.
My barque o'er the billow
Will bear thee along ;

St. John, N. B.

Oh ! court not thy pillow,
But list to my song.
Come to me Zaidee, hasten to me,
Leave thy young slumber, love calls
to thee.

Music's soft numbers
Thy light sleep shall break ;
Love never slumbers,
He's ever awake.
Calm silence is reigning
All nature now sleeps ;
Save the night bird complaining
That waking love weeps.
But now thou art coming, my Zaidee,
to me
To gladden a heart that is throbbing
for thee.

CECIL.

LITERATURE IN PARIS.

AMONG the literary *projets* of the French, we have been attracted by one ; the prospectus of a Bibliographical Company for the re-impression of all good, national and excellent foreign works translated into French.

The motto is extremely well chosen :—

" Rome dompta le monde, Athenes l'eclaira ;

Le triomphe a peri, le bienfait restera :—"

and the prospectus is drawn up in rather a striking style : witness the annexed extract. After praising the encouragement given to letters in England, the writer observes—

" The love of books is by no means so general in France as in England ; it is a taste which we are acquiring ; it has not yet become a want ; and we could point out a number of amiable people, respectable merchants, and bankers known for

their enormous fortunes, and who, as if they were only upstarts, do not possess a single volume, and have no other library than their wine-cellar. The time is arriving which will do justice on this affront to letters ; in ten years every man will blush as much to be without a library as he now blushes to be poor.

" A certain prince rallied the good king Robert, who joined in the church service, on his being able to read—a thing quite disgraceful in his eyes ! ' an unlettered prince,' replied Robert, ' is only a crowned ass.' Then, however, the error was pardonable, as it reposed on the prejudices of a *caste*. But, that eminent persons of the present day should exclaim against literature, is inconceivable : we would remind them of the edict of the king of England, who to encourage learning in his states, declared that the culprit who could

read should have the benefit of clergy, and should not be executed. Parents then began to give instruction to their children. 'No one knows what may happen,' said they. And you, are not you aware, that neither exile, captivity, nor solitude are insupportable to those that love books?

"The French princes have always encouraged letters; Charlemagne founded a kind of academy; Chilperic was a good grammarian, though a bit of a tyrant; St. Louis encouraged learning, and was learned himself. Even Louis XI. and the Sorbonne, protected printing in its

infancy against the accusation of magic made by the parliament; Francis I. wrote passable poetry; Henry IV. was not less remarkable for his wit than his courage, and the solid protection which those two princes granted to letters, prepared the age of Louis XIV.; Louis XV. was well informed; Louis XVI. still more so, he translated Walpole's Richard III., and wrote with his own hand the instructions for La Perouse; Louis XVIII. immortal by his character, would have been distinguished as a man of letters."

—◆—

To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

SIR,

I BEG to transmit you the following for publication in the Magazine. It is a lively description of a very imposing ceremony, that of taking the Veil in Catholic countries; a ceremony, the description of which must be interesting to those of all countries, and perhaps more so to those of the fair sex among us, who have never met with it.

Yours, with respect,

PHILOLOGUS.

Liverpool, July, 1827.

THE CEREMONY OF TAKING THE VEIL.
BY AN EYE WITNESS.

Palermo, ———.

My dear M——,

ON Sunday evening last we had an invitation from the Duke and Duchess of Montalba, to the convent of the Sacred Virgins, to see two of their daughters take the Veil. When the daughters of the Sicilian nobility undergo this ceremony, it is customary for the royal family, and the nobility of rank to attend by invitation of the parents. The company so invited, occupy the parlour, or entrance-hall of the convent. The door which leads from the hall to the interior of the convent is always open on these occasions. On each side of the entrance sat the young ladies, who were now soon to renounce the

world, and all its vanities. One of them was extremely beautiful—the other was a fine interesting girl, with a sweet expression of countenance, yet not exactly what an Englishman means when he uses the word *handsome*. They were dressed in court dresses, agreeably to the custom which prevails on these occasions. Both of them wore hoops, and it was the first time I had seen this preposterous fashion here, as these ugly appendages to a lady's dress are not used at the Sicilian court, in the way they are at St. James's.

The eldest daughter wore a pink satin slip, with a lace dress of the same colour thrown over it, which was richly embroidered with silver. Her bosom was nearly covered with diamonds, and her stomacher and bandeau were profusely ornamented with the richest jewels. Her head-dress was tasteful, and elegant, beyond any thing I had ever seen, either in my own, or any other country. Her hair which was dark brown, fell in ringlets down one side of her head and neck, and the whole of her tresses sparkled with diamonds. A white lace veil, embroidered with silver, was fastened on the back of her head with a brooch of diamonds, a little below the first

fastening, the veil was tastefully braided again with diamonds, and from thence fell gracefully over her shoulders down to her feet.

On the front of her head she wore a rich *fedra* of the largest diamonds I had ever seen, which were disposed of in the form of a crown—in short, her head was nearly covered with the most precious stones, save where a few stray ringlets crept from among them over her beautiful forehead. A plume of the bird of Paradise tastefully disposed on one side of her head completed the *coup d'œil* of her dress. The hoop spoiled what would otherwise have been altogether elegant. The other sister was dressed in the same manner, with the exception that her dress was white. Thus adorned, the two victims waited the approach of that hour which was destined to shut out the world, and all its hopes and joys forever. Immediately around the young ladies, sat their mother and sisters, and their nearest friends, all as richly habited as themselves, excepting only the diamonds, which on this occasion, were all literally heaped on the intended nuns. All the visitors were dressed in the same style of splendour. Diamonds glittering and white plumes waving, threw over the whole of this part of the convent a gay and brilliant effect, which was increased by the profusion of lights, and still more by the contrast produced by the simple, sable habits of the nuns, who crowded the interior of the room behind the two sisters, who were thus splendidly decorated and numerously attended like victims for the sacrifice. I wish some eminent painter had been present—the scene altogether was wonderfully imposing, and presented one of the most interesting pictures I ever beheld.

You may probably imagine that this religious ceremony, in connection with the idea of something like an eternal separation from the world, and all we love within it, would have thrown a melancholy sadness over

the party that were here assembled. Nothing could possibly exceed the gaiety and joy that prevailed all around. The elder sister was in particularly high spirits. Her arch eye, and lively countenance appeared but ill adapted to a nun, they would have much better become the coquetish Italian beauty laughing at a world of lovers at her feet. The younger was in good spirits, but she wanted that archness and playfulness, which seemed natural to the elder. Having taken refreshments, we left the parlour of the convent, and proceeded to the church, where the ceremony of taking the veil was to be performed.

On these occasions the churches are ornamented with great splendour. The walls and columns are hung with rich silks which are literally covered with gold and silver embroidery, and festooned with wreaths of artificial flowers. The altars are adorned with similar magnificence. From the ceilings great numbers of chandeliers are suspended, and the churches are full of lights, which, combined with the brilliant and sparkling decorations of the walls and columns, have, on the first entrance, more the effect of enchantment than reality.

Previously to the ceremony commencing, which we had attended to witness, a procession of the nuns of the convent, bearing the cross, and the image of our Saviour, passed slowly along the gallery of the church. They were dressed in black, with a veil of white lawn hanging from the back of the head to the ground, and each nun carried in her hand a lighted torch. As they moved along, they chaunted some melodious strains, that, at intervals, swelled upon the ear, then gradually sunk into a soft and dying close, like the retiring sounds of an Eolian harp—the effect was solemn, and awfully impressive.

Near the high altar, there is a small room in which the ceremony takes place, and a narrow grate is the only communication between

this interior apartment, and the church—behind stand the nuns who take the veil; consequently they are but partially and imperfectly seen. The manner in which the two sisters conducted themselves on this important and trying occasion, was not only calm and serious, but even dignified; though some of their intimate friends were, at the same time, extremely agitated, and in tears.

Here the scene is indeed changed, and the gaiety which had before prevailed in the convent-parlour, was now succeeded by more solemn and sacred feeling. When the young novicates have vowed to quit the vanities of the world and unite themselves to Christ, the elder nuns prepare them for the change they have to undergo. Then rich ornaments and costly clothing, the fit habiliments of a gay and sinful world, are now taken from them, and the plain,

simple dress of the nun, with a rosary of beads, is substituted in their place. Their beautiful ringlets are next cut off, and the head covered with a white lawn veil. A dead and solemn silence now ensues. A funeral pall is now thrown over them, and the death bell tolls their departure from this world of care and woe. I never felt a sound half so solemn and awful as this bell; it “froze the genial current of the soul,” and suspended for a moment the function of life. If all ended here, an impression of grief and sadness would be left upon the mind, but the company adjourn to the convent, the young nuns come to life again, with the difference of dress only, to enjoy a little longer the society of the world, and the evening ends with the same life, spirit and gaiety with which it began.

I am, dear M——

Yours, &c.

H.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE SKY.

Vertitur interea Cœlum.—ÆNEID Lib. II.

Bright arch of heav'n! I gaze upon thee now
 In rapture, for the summer sun hath set,
 And the moon—lovely traveller—wanders slow
 Through thy unclouded loveliness:—as yet
 No stars appear to gem thy canopy
 Drowned in thy golden twilight, while the sea
 Curled by no Zephyr, tranquil and at rest,
 Reflects thy glories in its glassy breast.

Bright arch of Heav'n! how often heretofore
 Have my eyes gazed enraptured on thy light,—
 Still as I wandered on the silent shore
 Just when the day was blending with the night,
 When every sound was hushed, save the shrill cry
 Of the wild sea-fowl:—and thy tints fair sky
 Streaming in lines and curves of richest light,
 Were then, as now, most beautiful, most bright.

But I have looked upon thee, lovely arch,
 When thy fair face a different aspect wore;
 When mountain clouds were chasing in their march
 The heavy mountain clouds which flew before;—
 When the loud angry tempest whistled shrill,
 And our frail barque, now laboured up a hill
 Of warring waters, and now sought a vale
 Of dismal foam, with many a tattered sail.

And I have seen thee when thy face had lost
 That tempest frowning :—and at night's dark noon
 Have looked upon thee, glittering with a host
 Of heavenly gems, undazzled by a moon ;—
 And when my eager spirit tried to bound
 Upward and grasp immensity, she found
 Mortality's cold hand her wing restrain,
 And its voice say, ' look pris'ner on thy chain.'

Bright arch ! and I have gazed upon thee, when
 From Ocean's bosom rose the lord of day
 In all the majesty of light ; and then
 Enraptured have I watched his potent ray,
 Touching and tinting all thy face anew :—
 The dark cloud changing from its mournful hue
 Melted to gold, and the white vapour took
 The rose's deepest blushes from his look.

Fair arch ! I've owned thy grandeur, when there came
 Forth from the low'ring mountain clouds which darkened
 Thy angry face, the light'ning's vivid flame,—
 When mortals trembled, and pale nature hearkened
 To hear the coming peal, nor listened long,
 When crashing deep, the thunder's awful song
 Loud, long, and furious, woke its grandest tone,
 And claimed mankind's attention, all its own.

Bright arch of Heav'n ! Oh I have looked on thee
 In all thy various moods, dark, bright, or dull ;
 And marked thee changeful as the mighty sea,
 But always grand, and always wonderful.—
 Whether the sunset's light,—the tempest dread,—
 Or midnight's gems thy lovely face o'erspread,
 Whether with Phœbus' light, or lightning's glare
 Thy face be lit, thou still art " passing fair."

Windsor, August, 1827.

HENRY.

To the Editor of the *Acadian Magazine*.

SIR,

THE following letter was, some time ago, sent to a learned gentleman for his inspection ; but, in consequence no doubt of his numerous avocations, I never received an answer. I trust that he will not be displeased, if you should think it worthy of presenting to your readers ; in the event of which, I wish each of them to consider it as addressed to himself. You seem to be pleased with any thing new. This was lately new to me, and, as far as I know, is yet new to many. Such new notions frequently enter my *cranium*, and though I am sometimes laughed at, I cannot avoid them, yet feel very suspicious of their entertainment, till they receive the sanction of my seniors.

J—— B——

Dear Sir,

HAVING lately obtained the promise of your opinion about certain curious points in astronomy, I submit to you the following :—

It is my humble opinion, that, if our globe was completely surrounded with light, though still revolving, as there would then be no night, neither would there be any distinction of days, and of course no names for what did not exist ; neither would there be any necessity for troubling you with this epistle ; because, those two lines which are to be the subject of it, would not be in existence ; the one existing only that we may have a new day, and the other, that we may have a new name for that day.

But the world is not so surround-

ed, because we have only our source of light, therefore we have all the changes of morning, noon, evening and night, which take place every revolution of the earth, and make up one day of twenty-four hours.

Now, as all in the same meridian enjoy the same hour of the day, and moment of the hour, and as each revolution whirls us into a new day; it must be by carrying us past some line of separation from North to South Pole.

This line, fixed by nature, is that under which we pass every night at 12 o'clock; being the meridian directly opposite to that of the sun; therefore, every person in every meridian, as he is carried past this line, commences a new day; and as he leaves it his day advances, until he arrives at the meridian of the sun at noon, and as he is borne away from this meridian, towards its opposite, his day declines, until he again arrives at this said line, where one day is annihilated to him forever, and another commences.

This, then, being necessarily established, for the sake of distinguishing it from the other, we shall call it the nocturnal line.

Now, if people were only to distinguish their days by yesterday, when past, to day, when present, and to-morrow, when to come, and remain stationary on the globe, there would be no necessity for another line; but before they can have a new name for every new day, or even one of seven (for it is the same with respect to division as if they were all new) there must be another line established.

To see the necessity of this, let us suppose that we are sitting here at 10 o'clock on Saturday night, and transporting our minds over the Atlantic to Britain; when about half way, we would meet the nocturnal line above mentioned, on the east side of which, is the morning of another day, viz. the Sabbath, and at London it will be 2 o'clock A. M.

Now if it be Saturday night here,

and Sabbath morning at London, and if there be a line of separation between them, by the east or Atlantic, there must also be another line of separation between these two places, by the west or Pacific; because the names of two different days, cannot run into and lose themselves in one another, like two colours in a picture, therefore this seems also necessary, which we shall call the diurnal line, in opposition to the other, because it must be fixed upon the earth, and of course revolve with it, as the other, like the sun, is fixed in the heavens.

Where this diurnal line is fixed, or by what rule it is to be established, we do not at present enquire; but would only shew that it must exist; and if that be admitted, the following corollaries will ensue:—

1. That there is not a moment of time, in which the names of two different days do not exist somewhere on the globe.

2. That on the east side of the nocturnal line, there is always a new day spreading itself over the world, as the distance between it and the diurnal line increases.

3. That on the west side of this nocturnal line, there is always a part of the world enjoying the old day, which is going out of existence, as the distance between it and the diurnal line diminishes.

4. That when these lines come in contact, which they do every 24 hours, the name of one day is annihilated from the whole world forever, and another commences.

5. That if two persons are on different sides of either of these lines, though near enough to join hands, they must have different names for their days, of those on each side of the nocturnal line indeed, the one will have it night and the other morning, but of those on each side of the diurnal, the time is the same, whether day or night, excepting the difference occasioned by the difference of longitude.

6. That when the lines, with these

persons having their hands joined over them, come near enough that those may join hands who are between them, those between them will be enjoying the old day, nearly annihilated, and the other the new, i. e. if the one on the west side of both, have Sabbath evening, those between them will have Saturday evening, and he on the east will have Sabbath morning.

7. That if the diurnal line pass to the east side, and all again join hands, those between the lines will then have a new day, and those without them the old i. e. if the one on the west side of both have Sabbath evening, those between them will have Monday morning, and he on the east side will have Sabbath morning.

All these things, dear Sir, appear not only compatible with, but neces-

sary for, this general axiom, viz. that all in the same meridian, enjoy the same period of time; and all in different meridians, different: and that all in every meridian, enjoy 24 hours each day, and neither more nor less.

This has appeared a fine-spun, useless theory to some of my acquaintances; but I find no trouble in carrying it about. I have had some satisfaction in musing upon it, and I hope considerable advantage, in composing and arranging the matter contained in this letter, though still very imperfect, but the imperfections, or errors in matter or manner, which dear Sir, you may take the trouble of pointing out, will be gratefully received, by yours, &c.

J—UVENIS B—INOMINIS.

Pictou, August, 1827.

ECCENTRIC TOUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

SIR,—If the following letter being a whimsical description of a country excursion, be worthy a place in your excellent publication, by inserting it therein you will much oblige, Sir, your constant reader,

MALVINA.

DEAR DAVIE,—After partaking of "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen," with "John Roy Stewart," I accompanied him to the "House below the Hill," when two or three of "The merry lads of Ayr," were taking their bottle of punch, having just then arrived from the "Don side." The landlord, "Johnny M'Gill," was glad to see us, and introduced us to "Maggy Lauder," "Mally Ross," "Edinburgh Kate," and "My Nanny O," who were all waiting the arrival of "Lucy Campbell," from "Within a mile of Edinburgh," for you must know, Lucy is to be married to "Johnny Cope;" down we sat to "Cakes and Ale," and were extremely merry, when in consequence of hearing a rap at the door, "Peggy Maun" exclaimed, 'faith that is

"John Anderson my Joe," from "Bonny Dundee." John soon made his appearance, and being known to most of us, was invited to a seat, he took out his violin, being a musician, and was touching over that sweet air, "I'll never leave thee," but was interrupted by "Duncan Gray," who begged he would favour us with "God save the King,"—"the king," says "Charlie Stewart," who was immediately knocked down by "Jack the brisk young Drummer," who, I assure you, is a "Bonny bold Soldier."

In the midst of the scuffle, we had intimation from my friend, "Roy's wife of Auldvaloch," of the arrival of the young couple; when the cog was "Busk ye, busk ye," and "Fy let's awa to the Bridal," by this you will understand that "Johnny's made a wedding o't." We were going, when "Jenny Nettle," hinted that the ale was unpaid, so each gave two-pence, and "Jenny's Bawbee," completed the sum of the reckoning. When we came to the "Back o' the

Change House," where the wedding was held, we were met by "Jack o' the Green," gallanting the "Lasses of Stewarton," who told us that "Lucy Campbell" was "Woo'd and married an a'," however, in we went, and took a peep at the company; the best young man was "Rattling Roaring Willie," the best maid was "Katharine Ogie," who is the "Bonniest Lass in a' the world," except "My Joe Janet;" the dinner consisted of "Roast Beef of Old England," "Lumps of Pudding," "Salt Fish and Dumplins," "Bannocks of Barley Meal," and a "Basket of Oysters;" after dinner we had "Dripples of Brandy," when the whole cry was "Fill the stoup, and haud it clinking," for we were allowed by no means to drink "Hooly and fairly." Dancing came on

next, which was begun of course by the best young man, and was succeeded by "Duncan Davidson" from "Monymusk," "but shame light on his supple snout he wasted Wallie's wanton fling." I danced one reel to the tune of "Green Garters," "Wi' Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," bade "Good night and joy be wi' them a'," and came "Todlin hame," "Not drunk nor yet sober." I could not awaken "Sleepy Maggy" wi' a' my knockin', but "My ain kind deary" heard me, and "She rose and loot me in;" by this time I was "A sleepy body," and went to bed assisted by the light of the "Bonny gray eyed morning."

I am, your's sincerely,

"SANDY O'ER THE LEA."

To "Dainty Davie."

A NIGHT SCENE IN BRAZIL.

He who has not personally experienced the enchantment of tranquil moonlight nights in these happy latitudes, can never be inspired, even by the most faithful description, with those feelings which scenes of such wondrous beauty excite in the mind of the beholder. A delicate transparent mist hangs over the country; the moon shines bright amid heavy and singularly grouped clouds; the outlines of the objects which are illuminated by it, are clear and well defined, while a magic twilight seems to remove from the eye those which are in shade. Scarcely a breath of air is stirring, and the neighbouring mimosas, that have folded up their leaves to sleep, stand motionless beside the dark crowns of the mango, the jaca, and the ethereal jambos. Or sometimes a sudden wind arises, and the juiceless leaves of the *acaju* (*Anacardium occidentale*) rustle, the richly flowered *grumijama* and *pitanza* (two kinds of Brazilian myrtle) let drop a fragrant shower of snow-white blossoms; the crowns of the majestic palms wave slowly over the silent roof which they overshadow,

like a symbol of peace and tranquillity. Shrill cries of the cicada or grasshopper, and the tree-frog, make an incessant hum, and produce, by their monotony, a pleasing melancholy. A stream gently murmuring descends from the mountains, and the *Perdix guyanensis*, with its almost human voice, seems to call for help from a distance. Every quarter of an hour, different balsamic odours fill the air, and other flowers alternately unfold their leaves to the night, and almost overpower the senses with their perfume. Now, is the bowers of *paullinias*, or the neighbouring orange grove; then the thick tufts of the *eupatoria*, or the bunches of the flowers of the palms suddenly bursting, which disclose their blossoms, and thus maintain a constant succession of fragrance. While the silent vegetable world, illuminated by swarms of fireflies, as by a thousand moving star charms the night by its delicious effluvia, brilliant lightnings play incessantly in the horizon, and elevate the mind in joyful admiration to the stars, which, glowing in solemn silence

the firmament above the continent and ocean, fill the soul with a presentiment of still sublimer wonders. In the enjoyment of the peaceful and magic influence of such nights, the newly arrived European remembers with tender longings his native home, till the luxuriant scenery of the tropics has become to him a second country.—*Von Spix's Travels.*

RETIREMENT

When sober-minded evening reigns,
And spreads her mantle o'er the plains,
What time the sun withdraws his ray,
And bears to distant climes the day ;
When clouds, in golden fringed vest,
Adorn the margin of the west,
Impurpled o'er with lingering light,
Whilst in the east comes on the night ;
Then let my steps delighted stray,
Where dusky twilight guides my way,
Across the rich enamelled meads,
And where the grassy footpath leads
Towards the hamlet's peaceful bound,
Whilst breathless silence hems me round ;
(Save when, with sweetly warbling throat,
The nightly songstress tunes her note,
And when the soft refreshing breeze
Whispers the responsive trees ;)
There let me muse with thoughts refined,
And sweet serenity of mind ;
Indulge the holy heavenly hour
Of mild reflection's chast'ning power.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PORTUGUESE.

THE Portuguese were formerly possessed of considerable settlements in the East Indies, and towards the middle of the sixteenth century, knew more of the mathematics than any other people in the world. Indolence and luxury, the sure precursors of decay, have however effected a wonderful alteration in their character, and could a person who had lived two hundred years ago but witness their present condition, he would scarcely believe them to be the same people.

The nobility are called *dons*, and the inferior nobility or gentry, *hidalgos*; of the former a very unfavourable account is given in the *Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, &c.*, where it is stated that they often keep fifty or sixty retainers, by whose assistance they waylay, rob, or assassinate any person who may have incurred their displeasure. Our author relates the following as a fact ;—"A Belgian gentleman, on coming from the opera, in 1800, was pursued by a gang of these heroes, but screening himself suddenly in a part of the arch near Isidro's eating house, they passed the place of his concealment. Failing in their attempt to catch him, they were bitterly upbraided and abused by one

of the party ; and he heard the others answer, 'It is not our fault if he escaped ; your excellency must have seen that we were close upon his heels ; but he has disappeared, Nossa Senora (our lady) knows where.' "

The little care taken in the education of the children of the nobility is truly lamentable. Instead of their time being usefully employed in pursuits that tend to improve the mind, it is wasted in lounging about with a set of "worthless wretches in the stables, tossing up coppers with them in the court yard, playing at *bisca* (a game at cards,) with them on the flight of steps, and learning to smoke cigars in a knowing style, with a whip in the other hand, and the hat, with the true bravo air, cocked up on one side. They also frequent the riding-house, if that name may be given to a place in which they are taught to sit as upright as a poker, not on a saddle, but in a box, out of which it is impossible to be thrown. Yet when securely packed in these wooden cases, the proudest cavalier of Portugal never dare to attempt the mighty hazard of a leap."—*Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, &c.* The *hidalgos* in the evening, principally amuse themselves with gam-

bling, which is carried to the highest pitch ; and their games consist chiefly of rondo and loto. The established religion is the Roman Catholic, but by the new Constitution, other beliefs are tolerated.

The author of the work before referred to, gives the following account of the *Intrudo*, or Carnival—“which lasts for about a fortnight before the commencement of Lent. In the higher classes there is, on these occasions much gaiety, dancing, and playing at round games ; but with the exception of a few masks, who chance to appear in the course of the soiree, nothing particular distinguishes it as a season of merriment. These masks are more calculated to create gloom than to excite gaiety, for they stalk awkwardly into the room without even an attempt, however wretched, to support the character they have assumed ; and if any children be present, they are sure to get pulled to pieces, for children instead of being sent early and wholesomely to bed as in England, are initiated into company at the most tender age, are taught to play at rondo, to enter into every conversation, and to do in every respect as full grown people. The consequence is, that both girls and boys have the most pale, meagre, vigil-like aspects imaginable. In the middling classes, the frolics of the carnival consist in throwing hair powder and water in each other's faces and over their clothes : and pelting the passengers with oranges, lemons, eggs, and many other missiles, besides throwing buckets of water on them. Ladies are not unfrequently seen hiding behind a balcony or window shutter, with a huge syringe in their hands, watching the approach of a gentleman, who may be coming along the street, in order to squirt its contents into his eyes. Many provide themselves with small bottles made of India rubber, having an ivory pipe at the end, which, when the bottle is squeezed, projects the water contained in it to a great

distance. Amongst the rabble there is no low contrivance left untried, in order to vex and plague each other ; and this is what they consider as admirable sport. A blackguard boy will be seen with a long hollow cane in his hand, filled with hair powder, walking behind some poor peasant woman with a basket of fruit on her head, then tapping her on the shoulder with one end of the cane, to make her look round, and applying his mouth to the other, he blows its contents into her face and eyes, giving her a most sepulchral look, which excites the merriment of every one but herself. Other fellows have a stuffed glove smeared over with grease and chimney-black, at the end of a long stick, with which they tickle the ears of passengers, who, if they happen to look round, receive from it a slap in the face. A circumstance which happens to almost every person who dares to walk the streets on the three last days of the *Intrudo*, is having a long cut paper tail hooked on to his dress behind, which is no sooner done than a cry of “*rabo leve*” “he has a tail,” is set up on all sides, and will follow him everywhere, until he becomes aware of the cause of it. Another common trick is to cut out of a piece of old hat, the figure of an ass with very long ears, which being rubbed over with whiting, and slapped upon a man's back, leaves a good and distinct asinine impression, and never fails to excite a hearty laugh at the expense of the bearer. At St. Ubes, the quantity of oranges scattered about the streets on these occasions, by being thrown at people, would suffice at least to load five or six vessels of 200 tons burthen. The bull-fights of the Portuguese are well known, and their barbarity and cruelty to the poor animals are most abominable ; possessing not the slightest spark of that courage, which characterized the bull-fighters of the olden time.

Dancing is much in vogue among these people ; but as in England,

the country dances have given precedence to quadrilles. The superstition of the Portuguese is proverbial; omens, lucky and unlucky days, are universally believed in; and it is even said that the carriers refrain from greasing the wheels of their vehicles, in order that their creaking noise may keep off the evil spirits from man and beast.

“The Portuguese are a commercial people, and in general, (says Jacob Brito,) better turned for trade than the Spaniards; and in their harbours you constantly see a great number of foreign ships, particularly English, who carry on a great trade with them; and a considerable number of English merchants are settled in the country, and enjoy several privileges. Business is generally transacted in this country in the mornings and evenings, and noon is the time of rest, as is usual in other warm climates.”—*Mavor's Universal History*.

The music which the Portuguese play, on their wire-strung guitar, consists principally of waltzes, landums, and the accompaniments of their modinhas. The waltzes are chiefly of their own composition, and are generally very pretty, and strongly tinged with the national languishing expression. The landums are more particularly Portuguese than any other music. Their guitar seems made for this sort of music. To be well played it is necessary that there should be two instruments, one of which plays merely the motivo or thema, which is a beautiful and simple species of arpeggio, whilst the other improvises the most delightful airs upon it. In these, full scope is given to the most musical and richest imagination possible, and they are occasionally accompanied by the voice; in which case it is usual for the words also to be improvised. This kind of music is always of an amorous, melancholy nature; to such a degree indeed, that I have seen it draw tears from those hearers, whose hearts were at

all tender, or who found in the words of the musician something analogous with their own situation.

Their treatment of animals is very barbarous, for they never permit them to lie down, the halter being shortened to prevent their so doing. The uncleanness of these people exceeds all description; Mrs. Baillie, speaking of Lisbon, says, “You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil, garlic, &c., at every turn, mingled with the fœtid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and other horrors, which it is impossible to mention. Wretches, of a lower and more squalid appearance than the most sordid denizens of St. Giles's, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of impurity collected at the doors, while young women hang far out of the windows above, as if they were trying purposely to inhale the pestilence which contaminates the air beneath. Men and women, children, and pigs, dogs, cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, all mingle together in loving fellowship, each equally enjoying what seems to be their mutual element—dirt!”

Nevertheless, the Portuguese are a charitable people, though in a small way. In the course of the day they give to a number of beggars; the gift seldom exceeding a five reis bit, which is rather less than a half-penny. If, however, they are not inclined to give anything, their manner is exceedingly humane towards the petitioner, and calculated to reconcile him to his disappointment, as they move their hats, saying, “God favour you my brother,” upon which the beggar replies, “Be it for the love of God,” and continues his way. The Portuguese are by no means susceptible of cold, and seldom, if ever, keep any fires in the winter, however severe the weather may be. They are very civil to strangers, and it is stated that they will pardon in a foreigner, what nothing less than life can atone for in a native.

Very little ceremony is used at the

funerals of the Portuguese, as appears by the following extract from *A Campaign in Portugal*:—"The corpse was laid on the back, with hands crossed, and tied together; the face quite exposed; the body (overspread with nothing but a shroud) was carried on an open bier with a sort of tester, and thrown into a hole like a dead dog. Instead of any solemnity at the moment of interment, the fellows around were in argumentative conversation; and one of them jumped into the grave, which was but just deep enough to bury the deceased, covered the face with a cloth, and began filling up the hole with the skulls and bones which were torn up in digging it."

"The Portuguese (says a modern writer) observe many little customs, trifling in themselves, but calculated to promote a tendency to devotion, and a continual feeling of gratitude to the Supreme Being. For instance, in the morning early, just as day begins to peep, the bells toll three distinct strokes, which in the convents are a summons to matins; and labourers on their way to their occupations, invariably uncover themselves at this signal, make the sign of the cross upon their breasts, and then pour forth a brief but earnest prayer. At mid-day, the same signal is given; and people of all classes in the streets uncover themselves, make the sign of the cross, and pray. The same custom is observed also at sunset, when thanksgivings are offered up for preservation during the day. However interesting the conversation in which they may have been engaged, it is immediately suspended at this invitation to prayer." The author of *Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, &c.* relates a very curious custom of these people. "If you chance to sneeze in the street, whilst passing several persons deeply engaged in conversation, you will observe them all move their hats to you, accompanying this civility with '*Dominus tecum.*' In a room full of company, if one person sneezes, all

the rest make him a profound inclination, and exclaim as above. I happened to be one day in the college of nobles, at the time when the studies in mathematics were going on. There were, I suppose, about eighty students present, and the professor happening to sneeze, all these gentlemen rose up and bowed to him with respectful '*vivas.*' If, however, the sneeze immediately follows a pinch of snuff, a difference is made, as no compliment is then required; and to prevent it, the snuff-taker exclaims, after his first sneeze, 'Take no notice of it, it is snuff;' after which he might sneeze his nose off without being saluted."

The men are tall, and well proportioned, and naturally of a grave disposition; and the females are very beautiful, with black sparkling eyes, and complexions approaching the olive hue. Their beauty is however of but short duration, and the paints and washes which they use in much profusion, tend rather to disfigure those charms they are so anxious to preserve. When they walk out, they wear long veils, which cover their heads, but leave their engaging countenances open to the gaze of the passenger. They are very agreeable companions, full of life and spirit, but their conduct will not bear the strictest examination as to propriety. Spectacles are much worn both by men and women, "not so much to aid their sight, as to denote their wisdom and gravity." The females wear their hair in beautiful long ringlets, which they ornament with jewels, artificial flowers, &c.

With regard to the character of the Portuguese, they are said to be of a proud, treacherous, and vindictive disposition, but charitable, generous, and in some cases brave to an extreme. They are very witty in conversation, but indolent, "and so fond of luxury, that they spend all their wealth in the purchase of foreign merchandize." The horrid crime of drunkenness is held in ab-

horrence by the Portuguese, and it is stated by an author of repute, that they sometimes abstain from wine for a month together. The most re-

proachful epithet you can bestow on a man in Portugal is *Bebida Engleza*, English sot.—*London Mirror*.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

LEISURE HOURS.—No. 4.

LINES ON A MANIAC.

"The lamp must be replenished, but even then
It will not burn—"

BYRON.

What form is this, that hies across the
glade,
As if of his own shadow 'twere afraid?—
While gloomy madness suddens his dark
face,
On which Misfortune's deep laid marks we
trace?
He is a Maniac! Reason now no more
Exerts o'er him her former active power:
His haggard cheeks and wildly rolling eye
Proclaim his state, and every aid defy:
No more by him fair Reason's part is done—
His sun hath set—his mental race is run:
That sun hath set, and will no more return,
To animate again its mortal urn;
A long and "moonless night" hath risen
on him;
His soul has fled—his mind has long been
dim.
Wilt hear the tale?—Ah! once this mad-
man loved,
And all Love's pains and happier scenes
he proved;
And Fortune smiled—at least she seemed
to shed
Her kindly aid; for he both wooed and
wed;—
She whom he married some few years ago,
Has proved his deadliest curse—his soul-
felt foe.
Another's vows have stole her heart
astray;
Another's hands have led her far away:
Another's heart was tangled in her wiles,
Another's eyes imbibed her wanton
smiles;—
Ah! she whom he had truly—fondly
loved,

Turned traitress, and she faithless—cruel
proved.
Need we then wonder that his tortur'd
mind,
Has fled, and left not e'en a trace behind?
His fairy realm of happiness hath flown;
'Th' ideal world of balmy peace hath gone;
Brief as the lightning's flash, those hal-
cyon days,
When Love and Hope poured forth their
glad'ning rays:
His happy home: his calm, domestic peace
Have fled away, and shall for ever cease;
His eyes are fix'd on Heav'n's revolving
spheres,
Heedless of passing days—or cheerless
years.—
Thus must that form remain—'till Mercy
soar
To beg his breath, and his lost soul restore
To that blest place where Grief shall come
no more.
Had he not hoped—had he not lov'd in
vain,
What had he spared—what years of
madd'ning pain?
Why was Affliction's cup to him thus given,
By which his tend'rest hopes were curst
and riven?
But he who rules the heart, and forms the
mind,
Knows best his own decrees, and why de-
signed.
Oh! mighty Heav'n! who can forbear to
see,
In thy dread acts, unsearching mystery?
MANDEVILLE.

L——, 1827.

THE LIBERTINE RECLAIMED.

(FOUNDED ON AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.)

MANY are the ways of Providence to reclaim the follies of His frail creatures. The subject of this paper, is one which cannot fail to awaken a proper feeling of regard, for those

dispensations which rouse us from a state of insensibility, to the dangers of a sinful course; and restore the abandoned and profligate to that path of life, in which their painful experience

has taught them there is alone to be found substantial happiness. The reader will accept this brief preface, as an introduction to a well known tavern in Fleet-street, London, where the hero of our narrative is seated with his friends and fellow-townsmen, Dick Sempler.

"And so you had been rather on a low key," said Huntley.

"I was low, indeed," Dick replied, "I don't know how it is Huntley, but I am seldom out of sorts, and left to myself, but some unwelcome thought or other is sure to obtrude, and make bad worse."

"Oh! always banish such visitors—or deny them admittance at all—or, better still, give them no countenance, by keeping up your stock of those of a better stamp. I am sure, Dick that you will never do yourself any good by getting into a gloomy fit. You will only be unfit for the world—become despised by every sensible man—and, in the heat of despair, it may be you will end your 'strange eventful history' in the Serpentine."

"This is a highly drawn picture, Huntley, never I hope to be realised. But, seriously, I have it in my mind to be a little less rakish than I have been. It cannot end well, so much of it."

"Pshaw! Dick—this is bordering on what I feared you would come to. Remember the motto of our Ball Ticket—*Dum vivimus vivamus*.—We have our youthful frolics to perform as well as our fathers have had before us. We are in London, let us at least see a little of 'life in London;' and when we return to ———, it will then be time enough to talk of being 'a little less rakish.'"

"We have had our full share as it is, Huntley."

"Share!—by no means. Look at Will Davies—and Tom Tokin—and Bob Newbiggin—and—aye half a score as many more such hearty lads of our own poor parish; we've no little to do yet, to be upon a par with these jolly boys. Share! indeed. Why, you talk as though we had

been in the first circles of life and fashion. But I must away. I have an appointment at eleven at the Blue Posts. I shall just have time to pop into Dover-street and then it will be here."

"Then I will pay for the porter, and the rabbits."

"Well, I hope Dick, says Huntley, I shall see you yourself again when we meet at Davenport's. Good-bye, and do dispel those melancholy notions."

"Good-bye, Huntley, and without taking my promise, do receive my advice to keep a little within bounds, you will find it a better plan."

Thus parted the two friends, which fate had transported from the peaceful vales of ———, to the vices of the British metropolis.

Sempler, it would appear, had experienced some slight remorse; he had felt that the inward monitor—conscience, was opposed to the very tenor of his pleasures and pursuits; and without, perhaps, the slightest impression of a truly religious feeling, was disposed to forsake his career of sin and folly, for one which would restore to him the accustomed serenity of his mind. Interesting as it would certainly be, to trace the future conduct of one who appears just receiving the salutary warning of his better feelings, who is about to have the fatal spell dissolved which ties him, as it were by magic, to a course of infatuated profligacy, the proposed limits of this paper will not permit us to proceed. We must leave Sempler to his merited stings of conscious depravity, and return to the more hardened and dissipated Huntley, who was now within a few paces of one of those hellish haunts of all that is vile and disgusting in human nature, which abound in almost every quarter of London.

This brothel was his frequent place of resort, he therefore pulled the bell at the door with the confidence of one who knows he is welcome at any time. The detestable keeper of this nest for all that is lost

vicious, and abandoned in her own sex, and all that is damnable and licentious in the other, met him in the lobby with smiles of unusual satisfaction and delight; and after a few courtesies had been exchanged, and a tete-a-tete of evident interest had been held, our depraved hero advanced to the door of an apartment with eager steps, and anxious looks. He tapped gently at the door, and tremblingly awaited an admission; but his tapping was only answered by deep sobbing and sighing from within. He tapped again; but this repetition seemed but to encrease the mental anguish of the sufferer. He then opened the door, and advanced to a female sitting upon a bed, the very picture of misery and alarm; her face hid in her handkerchief—the tears dropping rapidly down upon her bosom—and her whole frame convulsed with the most heart-rending grief and despair. Huntley felt somewhat appalled at this scene; he had closed the door of the chamber, and now stood staring with hesitating concern upon the distressed object before him, and was about to speak the last comfort he could to his victim, when she threw herself in agony at his feet, “Oh! sir”—she exclaimed in faltering and agonising accents—“Oh! if you have any pity—if you can feel for another’s distress—do have compassion,”—she lifted her eyes from the ground, and shrieking most hideously and frantically, she fell senseless before him. He was much affected—nay alarmed, at her appearance, and at the tragic nature of this interview; and with trembling hands, he raised her apparently lifeless from the floor and placed it on the bed. Her face had the ghastly look of a corpse—her features were awfully distorted—her lips blue—her eye sunk—and her hair dishevelled. Huntley was about to call for assistance, when she shook convulsively, and evincing symptoms of recovery, he lifted her head in his arms; but suddenly, as though electrified, on looking again at her features, he

quitted his hold, and with a deep groan dropped upon the bed without the power to move. The female seemed to receive new life from this shock; she attempted to raise herself from the bed, then with a mad scream cried out “My brother!”—and again fell by his side. The well known voice caught his distracted ear, and seemed to thrill with dreadful feelings through his whole frame. “My sister—my sister—my sister” he exclaimed—and sobbing aloud, threw himself on the ground with the terrific violence of a maniac.

We have dwelt long enough—perhaps too long—upon this afflicting part of our relation. Let it suffice further to say, that their cries had brought, by this time, several of the inmates of the house to the scene; that proper means were resorted to for restoring the suspended reason of the unfortunate Huntleys, and that after the lapse of an hour, a coach was ordered to convey them away, without a syllable of complaint, or enquiry, or explanation being required or uttered on either side. A dead silence seemed to pervade the entire establishment; Huntley and his sister could only sob, and gaze alternately, and they walked to the street without once noticing the several, to him, well known faces which lined the passages.

Huntley and his sister had been seated some time in the coach ere silence was interrupted. At last she spoke, and related to him the brief, though eventful, detail of her miserable introduction to him in that hotbed of sensual depravity. She had come up to London that morning, and was safely landed at her uncle’s, in the neighbourhood of Finsbury-square. Her brother’s residence was at the west end of the town, and being escorted as far as St. Clement’s church by a friend of her uncle’s, she had ventured to proceed alone along the few streets which led from thence to his dwelling. She had turned from the Strand into a wrong street, and enquiring on her way of a well-dress-

ed lady, was decoyed by her into the awful place which we have just left, with the horrid idea of effecting her ruin, and initiating her into the disgusting vices of the establishment.

That such a trial should fail to effect a radical change in the mind of the libertine is not to be doubted.— The wounded feelings of brother and sister, under such circumstances, must have occasioned the deepest remorse, and reflection; and it surely presented an opportunity for improving as well the religious, as the moral condition of the sufferer. Such we

have reason to believe was the beneficial effect of this occurrence. The writer has not a distinct remembrance of the sequel, he has been too long absent from their neighbourhood to give a true picture of their after-life, and his memory fails to furnish him with more immediate particulars. The lesson, however, is unquestionably useful and impressive, and his object in transmitting this to the Magazine will be fully accomplished, if it should happily prove so in the reclaiming of others.

PHILOLOGUS.

MACVIC IAN.*

A TRADITION OF THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

THE Mac-Ians, or Johnsons, of Ardnamurchan, were descended from John, a younger son of Æneas or Angus More, King of the Isles, the fourth in descent and succession from Somerled. The ancient lords of the district of Ardnamurchan were surnamed Connals, and were thus distinguished in the days of Saint Colomba, as appears from his life by Adamnanus.

The Connals having failed in the male line, a confidential person in their service, perceiving that much contention was likely to arise about the marriage of the heiress, wisely resolved on securing his own interest, by negotiating a treaty of marriage, between his young mistress and John, the son of the great and powerful chief of the Macdonalds, though he was aware that her own inclination led to a very different person. This politic Caledonian was named Ernin Clerich, or Edmund the Clerk; and though his offspring assumed the name of Macdonald, they are still distinguished for prudence and address, after the lapse of more than five hundred years.

John erected a castle of very considerable dimensions, the walls of which are perfectly entire at this

day; it stands at the western extremity of the sound of Mull, and is well known to travellers under the appellation of Mingary Castle.

The tribe of Mac-Ians of Ardnamurchan, so termed to distinguish them from those of Glenco, who bore the same patronymic, became numerous and powerful, and in process of time were considered among the most warlike and turbulent septa in the western Highlands. The heads of the elder branches of the Macdonalds being dead, and several of their heirs being under age, this family at one time made an attempt to usurp the crown of the Isles, to which they had very nearly forced their way, by various artifices not reputed very laudable. The contest came at last to an issue in the field, and a bloody battle was fought between the parties at Craiginairgid, in Glendrein, by ancient chroniclers called the conflict of the Silver-rock. It is said that four-and-twenty chiefs in coats of mail fought on this occasion, at the heads of their various clans, and the slaughter was very considerable, as the cairns seem still to attest. The Mac-Ians were defeated after a very hard struggle; and the loss which they

*The son of John's son. The chief is called the Son, and the cadets the Son's sons to this day, in the Highlands.

suffered was so severe, that they never again recovered their influence. This happened in the very beginning of the fifteenth century.

A considerable time afterwards, the young chieftain of Ardnamurchan eloped with a daughter of Maclean, and conveyed her to his castle in safety, though warmly pursued. Like many modern marriages concluded in Gretna Green, this turned out by no means a happy one. The lady was very anxious to have a proper dowry settled upon her, and Macvic Ian at length told her that he would give her all the land which she could see from a very high piece of ground, which he mentioned, if that would satisfy her. The lady cheerfully embraced his offer, and he conducted her to the specified spot, accompanied by witnesses; but, to her great mortification, she found that her view did not in any direction extend a bow-shot. The stone on which she stood is still pointed out, and the valley is distinguished by the appellation of "the Lady's dowry" at this day.

The lady was determined to be revenged; and what will not disappointed ambition do! She taught a tame raven, which she kept as a pet, to express some words not the most pleasant to the Laird of Ardnamurchan. He was a keen sportsman, though sometimes very unsuccessful. His mother's name was Eva; and one day when he came home empty-handed the raven met him in the court of the castle, and to his no little surprise called out—"Eva's son has had no sport! Eva's son has had no sport!" "A blessing on thee; but a curse on thy teacher!" said the angry chieftain. His wife met him sneering, and he unfortunately insulted her—he pulled her nose; a treatment which she appears to have deserved. These circumstances, trifling as they may seem, were productive of very unhappy consequences. Long and bloody feuds between the Mac-Ians and Macleans took their origin from these events; and many a widow and orphan lamented the chattering of the raven.

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

VISIT TO THE HAREM OF THE AGA, AT DAMIETTA.

THE harem of the Aga was situated nearly opposite to the residence of Mr. Faker, on the other bank of the Nile, in a garden, in the Turkish style, that is to say, a piece of ground without trees. I was accompanied by the lady of the Portuguese physician, who understood a little Italian and Arabic, and who was to act as my interpreter. When we arrived at the entrance of the building, we were received by a black eunuch, richly dressed, who invited us to go into a very cool apartment, with latticed windows, and no furniture except a very broad and low divan. He left us to announce us to his mistress; we soon after saw the two wives of the Aga, accompanied by two of his daughters, one of whom was yet a child, and the other mar-

ried to one of the superior officers in the army, and about twenty young slaves. The two ladies, as well as the daughters of the Aga, seated themselves next to me, while the slaves ranged themselves in a half circle before us, with their arms crossed on the breast, and preserving a respectful silence. As all these women spoke only Turkish, we needed a second interpreter, who, in her turn, understood only Turkish, and Arabic, so that what I said in Italian had to be translated into Arabic, and the Arabic into Turkish; thus, to understand each other, we had need of three languages, and two interpreters.

It may readily be supposed that the conversation could not go on fluently, as we depended on the good will and talents of our interpreters: in fact, the *qui pro quo* resulting

from the bad translations of our questions and answers were truly comic, and excited so much gaiety that loud and repeated bursts of laughter soon established a good understanding between us. The oldest of the consorts of the Aga, however, maintained a dignified gravity, while the other, who was much younger, and of an animated and interesting countenance, repeated, with extreme volubility, the most insignificant questions, and did not fail to examine the whole arrangement of my toilette. They asked me many questions respecting the women in my country : as for Europe, I believe they entertained very vague notions of it ; and when I told them that our husbands had but one wife and no slaves, they looked at one another, undetermined whether to applaud or laugh at this custom.

The eldest daughter of the Aga was a young person of the most beautiful and pleasing countenance. She did not enjoy good health ; her extreme paleness rendered her really interesting in my eyes : she resembled a lily languishing, and withered by the burning wind of the desert. She appeared to cherish life from the idea that I, perhaps, possessed the skill to cure her, and earnestly entreated me to prescribe some remedy.

There is something singular in the conviction generally entertained by the Orientals, that all Europeans without distinction, have a knowledge of medicine and necromancy, arts commonly confounded with one another. It several times happened to us in Upper Egypt, to be called to the assistance of persons actually dying, or in so desperate a state that nothing less than a conjuror would have been required to preserve their lives. Without being a distinguished disciple of Hippocrates, it is easy to acquire the reputation of an able physician ; and the really skilful medical man who accompanied us during our tour in Upper Egypt, was accustomed, on such occasions,

that is, when the case was not desperate, in imitation of the celebrated Sangrado, of happy memory, to administer only the most simple remedies, which never failed to produce a prompt and marvellous effect. So much influence has the imagination of these children of nature on their cure.* But to return to my fair odalisques.

They were nearly all natives of Syria, Circassia, and Georgia, and I had thus leisure to survey these beauties who enjoy so much celebrity. They undoubtedly merit their reputation ; I can, however, tell my fair countrywomen, to comfort them, and to do justice to truth, that Europe certainly can boast of beauties equal to those of the East. Those whom I had now the pleasure of seeing, had the most agreeable countenances, and delicate and regular features ; but what most attracted my admiration was their hair, which fell in waving and natural curls down to their waist. They had each preserved their national costume, which agreeably varied this pretty *parterre* ; nor had they adopted the tresses of the Egyptian women, which rather disfigure than improve the figure. They had exquisitely beautiful teeth, but the clearness and bloom of youth were banished from their complexion ; they all had a languid air, and I did not find among them that *enbonpoint* which I had expected to meet. Perhaps their sedentary mode of life, and the destructive climate of Egypt, have contributed to tarnish the lustre of their charms. The climate of Egypt, otherwise so salubrious, exercises a malignant influence upon female beauty, and on the children of European parents.

* * * * *

Refreshments were brought in on a small table of cedar, very low, and

*To work a miracle, it is often quite sufficient to write some words on a piece of paper, or draw some cabalistic figure, which they swallow, or place as a talisman on the part affected.

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ornamented with a pretty Mosaic of ivory and mother-of-pearl ; the collation consisted of confectionary, cakes made of honey and fruits, and sherbet. Meantime, some slaves burnt incense in silver censers, and frequently sprinkled us with rose water ; two others placed themselves at my side ; and every time that I either ate or drank any thing, were ready to hold under my lips a napkin of a coarse quality, yet embroidered with gold. Others, provided with fans, drove away the swarms of insects which the pastry and fruit had attracted around us. In short, each seemed to have a particular function to perform. When the repast was ended, they wished me to pass the night with them, and to take the bath, but having already acquainted myself with this kind of amusement at Cairo, I declined their polite invitation. After going over the house, which did not contain any thing remarkable, I took my leave ; and on departing distributed among the slaves some small gold coins, to which they attach a great value.—*Recollections of Egypt.*

PESTILENCE OF ZARAGOZA.

THE average of daily deaths, from this cause, was at this time not less than three hundred and fifty ; men stretched upon straw, in helpless misery, lay breathing their last ; and with their dying breath spreading the mortal taint of their own disease, who, if they had fallen in action, would have died with the exultation of martyrs. Their sole comfort was the sense of having performed their duty religiously to the uttermost—all other alleviations were wanting ; neither medicines nor necessary food were to be procured, nor needful attendance, for the ministers of charity themselves became victims of the disease. All that the most compassionate had now to bestow was a little water, in which rice had been boiled, and a winding-sheet. The nuns, driven from their convents, knew not where to take refuge, nor where to

find shelter for their dying sisters.—The Church of the Pillar was crowded with poor creatures, who, despairing of life, hoped now for nothing more than to die in the presence of the tutelary saint. The clergy were employed night and day in administering the sacraments to the dying, till they themselves sunk under the common calamity. The slightest wound produced gangrene and death in bodies so prepared for dissolution by distress of mind, agitation, want of proper aliment, and of sleep. For there was now no respite, neither by day or night, for this devoted city ; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza : by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke and dust, which hid the face of heaven ; by night the fire of cannon and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of horrible illumination. The cemeteries could no longer afford room for the dead ; huge pits were dug, to receive them in the streets, and in the courts of the public buildings, till hands were wanting for the labour ; they were laid before the churches heaped upon one another, and covered with sheets ; and that no spectacle of horror might be wanting, it happened not unfrequently that these piles of mortality were struck by a shell, and the shattered bodies scattered in all directions.—*Southey's History of the Peninsular War.*

ZEBUDAH AWAITING THE RETURN OF AHAB.

Ah, whither, whither, Ahab, tarriest thou,
I gaze, but cannot see thy coming prow,
Yet winds are fair, and the wide waters
free ;
Oh what, alas, can keep my love from me.
To night, to night thou said'st thou woud'st
be here :
Source of my life, some ill event I fear.
Thus mus'd the fair one as her deep-blue
eye
Roll'd o'er the waves in wild anxiety,
Till naught descrying through the distant
haze,
In silent vacancy expired its gaze.
Soft play'd the night-wind in her yellow
hair,

That falling kiss'd a breast than snow
 more fair ;
 Or rose, uplifted on its gentle wing,
 Like tendrils round her ivory neck to cling:
 Again her eye the waste of waters sought,
 Till hope decaying faded into naught,
 And sadly from her lips these 'plainings
 'scaped,
 As wild despair a thousand terrors
 shaped :—
 " O Ahab ! whither, whither on the sea
 Stay'st thou from her whose heart is full
 of thee ?
 What keeps thy bark upon the wat'ry way,
 When all who dwell within thy walls are
 gay ;
 When every eye is bright, and bosom glad,
 And not a heart but my lone one is sad ?
 Didst thou not, smiling, say I was the star
 To light thy vessel o'er the wave afar ?
 And is my ray less bright to thee this eve
 Than on the fatal night that saw thee
 leave,
 When thou didst kiss away my parting
 tear—
 Lov'd of my heart, why tarriest thou from
 here ?"
 Thus chiding him, with anguish in her
 look,
 Forth from her window-seat her lute she
 took,
 And as her fairy fingers o'er it rov'd,
 Warbled in sadness to her best belov'd.

SONG.

Far as my anxious eye can see
 Along the waste of waters blue,
 Frequent I gaze in search of thee,
 But fate denies thee to my view.

Whither, O whither dost thou roam !
 Wanders thy bark on yonder sea !
 Or hast thou found a dearer home,
 A happier than thou hadst with me.

O come to me and ease my heart
 Of all its doubts—of all its fears ;
 Say that we ne'er again shall part,
 And hush my sighs and dry my tears.
 Thus sung the fair one in her mournful
 mood,
 Amid the stillness of her solitude.

Ahab, by S. R. Jackson.

A DESERTED CITY.

WHEN the enemy entered Penafiel, the scene was such as to make them sensible how deep was the feeling of abhorrence which they had excited and deserved. The whole city was deserted ; all food, and every thing that could have been serviceable to the invaders, had been either carried away or destroyed. Every house

had been left open ; the churches alone were closed, that the Portuguese might not seem to have left them open to pollution. The very silence of the streets was awful, broken only when the clocks struck ; and now and then by the howling of some of those dogs who, though living, as in other Portuguese towns, without an owner, felt a sense of desertion, when they missed the accustomed presence of men. The royal arms upon the public buildings had been covered with black crape, to indicate that, in the absence of the Braganza family, Portugal was as a widow. Of the whole population, one old man was the only living soul who remained in the town. Being in extreme old age, he was either unable to endure the fatigue of flight, or, desirous of ending his days in a manner which he would have regarded as a religious martyrdom : he placed himself therefore, on a stone seat in the market-place ; there the French found him in the act of prayer, while the unsuppressed expression of his strong features and fiery eye told them, in a language not to be misunderstood, that part of his prayer was for God's vengeance upon the invaders of his country. This was in the true spirit of his nation ; and that spirit was now in full action. It had reached all ranks and classes. The man of letters had left his beloved studies, the monk his cloister ; even women forsook that retirement which is every where congenial to the sex, and belongs there to the habits of the people. But it was not surprising that in a warfare where women were not spared, they should take part. Nuns had been seen working at that battery which defeated the French, in their attempt at crossing the Minho ; and here a beautiful lady, whose abode was near Penafiel, had raised some hundred followers ; and in the sure war of destruction which they were carrying on, encouraged them, sword in hand, by her exhortations and her example.—*Southey's History of the Peninsular War.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN FRANCE.

I WILL endeavour to enable any one to judge, how far it may be worth his while to come to reside in France from motives of economy. With his motives for being economical I have nothing to do; any one may be economical at home who pleases; but it does not please some people to be economical at home; others wish to have more for the same money. The French are sometimes puzzled to make out why the English come abroad; perhaps the English are sometimes equally puzzled themselves; but with reference to economy sometimes the English seem to them to be travelling for the sake of spending money; sometimes to be staying in France for the purpose of saving it. The riches as well as the high prices of England are exaggerated; the latter to a degree that would make the riches to be merely nominal. Then the difference between French and English prices is supposed to be so great, that the saving, by living in France, must be enormous. Many English have, at first, no clearer notions than the French on these subjects.

The price of almost every article, the produce of agricultural or manufacturing industry, has been increased one-third, some say two-fifths, in France since the beginning of the revolution; the taxes have been trebled. We know that, within the last thirty years, prices and taxes have been augmented in England at about the same rates; so that, on both sides of the water, the proportion has been preserved. But the English knew very little of France during the war; whereas the French knew England by their emigrants, who reported truly the high prices then prevalent: thus some unsettled or erroneous opinions on domestic economy may be accounted for. I left England while paper currency was still in *force*, and before prices were lowered, as since they have been; my estimate must be corrected accordingly.

The result of between three and four years' experience is, that about one-sixth is saved by living, not in Paris, but in a provincial town in France, or that a franc will go as far as a shilling. Set against this saving the expenses of the journey, and the saving will not be great to those who do not retrench in their mode of life, but live in France in the same style as at home. The exchange on bills drawn on England may be favourable; but some little money sticks in every hand through which money passes, which balances this advantage.

House-rent is higher in France than in England; fuel much dearer; some manufactured articles, as woolen-cloth for coats, and linen or cotton for shirts, are equally dear; colonial produce, as sugar and coffee, is of a variable price, but not much cheaper; tea is cheaper, as the Americans supply it, or England with a remission of the duty. But there are no assessed taxes, no poor-rates; provisions I found to be cheaper by about one-third than I had left them in England; and my younger children, instead of small beer, with half a glass of wine each after dinner, now drank wine, with discretion indeed, but at discretion. The more numerous my family, the greater was the advantage to me of this diminution of the daily expense of food.

Yet I calculate that at the end of forty-two months, including what the journey to Avignon cost me, and the difference between the price at which my furniture was bought and that at which it was sold, I had spent, within one-twentieth, as much as it would have cost me to live in my county town in England with the same establishment and in the same manner. The smaller the income annually expended, the greater in proportion will be the saving, because it is chiefly on the necessary articles of living that expense is spared; but a man of large, or even of moderate fortune, will hardly think it worth his while to dwell

many years in a foreign country merely for the sake of saving five pounds in a hundred. The less the distance to which he travels and the longer his stay, the more he becomes acquainted with the mode of dealing, and learns what are just prices, the greater proportionably will be the savings of the economizing resident. A saving of five per cent. is at least not a loss. Wise men should not entertain extravagant expectations, and prudent men should know what they are about to undertake. Those who are neither wise nor prudent had better stay at home; I do not write for such, but to give to family men such advice as I found no one capable of giving me; but which, through much toil and cost and peril, I had obtained the faculty of offering to others.—*Four Years in France.*

A MORAVIAN ESTABLISHMENT.

I WENT to visit a Moravian establishment in the town of Sarapta. Opposite the inn formerly stood a house containing eighty bachelors, and near it one containing eighty spinsters. The house of the former has been burnt down; that of the latter has escaped. The females divide their own dwelling with the men, till theirs is rebuilt. When a bachelor is tired of a life of celibacy, he goes next door, chooses one out of the eighty spinsters, and makes her his wife. The pair become members of the general community, and keep a house for themselves. The vacancies are filled up by the children of those who had once been inmates of single blessedness. I was highly gratified with my visit to this human hive. Every thing was in the neatest order; the sisters, as they are called, with their little caps, and uniform dress, remind me of our fair Quakers. The female children were reading and writing; the young women were engaged in domestic employments. The old maids, for there were a few, were occupied in knitting and needle work. All were busy at the occupation best

adapted to their peculiar habits and talents. Nor were the brothers idle; here were shoemakers, tailors, weavers, printers, and book-binders. I was shown a fine collection of the serpents and other reptiles of Southern Russia. I saw also a large collection of antiquities found in the neighbourhood, which proves the former existence of an ancient city on this spot.—*Capt. Keppel's Travels.*

HOLY HEADS.

THERE is a neat cathedral, well hung, as usual, with pictures relating to miracles. One of these is pre-eminent in absurdity, being the representation of two decapitated saints, whose heads appear floating in a little boat, on a most tempestuous sea. The story is, that suffering martyrdom by the axe, their heads were thrown into the sea, and sinking to the bottom, a stone took compassion on them, and being changed into a boat, brought them safe into this friendly port. I need scarcely say, that this parody of the heathen stones of Orpheus and Arion is religiously believed by most of the inhabitants, and that a great fast is kept every year in commemoration of the event.—*Adventures in the Peninsula.*

AN ITALIAN SPRING.

SPRING advanced, and the mountains looked forth from beneath the snow: the chesnuts began to assume their light and fan-like foliage: the dark ilex and cork-trees which crowned the hills, threw off their burthen of snow; and the olives, now in flower, starred the mountain-paths with their small fallen blossoms: the heath perfumed the air; the melancholy voice of the cuckoo issued from the depths of the forests; the swallows returned from their pilgrimage; and in soft moonlight evenings, the nightingales answered one another from the copses; the vines with freshest green hung over the springing corn, and varied flowers adorned the banks of each running stream.—*Valperga.*

VARIETIES.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN
DEATH.

ALL through Ireland, the ceremonial of wakes and funerals is most punctually attended to, and it requires some *savoir faire* to carry through the arrangement in a masterly manner. A great adept at the business, who had been the prime manager at all the wakes in the neighbourhood for many years, was at last called away from the deathbeds of his friends to his own. Shortly before he died, he gave minute directions to his people, as to the mode of waking him in proper style. "Recollect," says he, "to put three candles at the head of the bed, after you lay me out, and two at the foot, and one at each side. Mind now, and put a plate with the salt on it just a-top of my breast. And do you hear, have plenty of tobacco, and pipes enough. And remember to make the punch strong. And—but what the devil is the use of talking to you; sure, I know you'll be sure to botch it, as I wo'n't be there myself."

BLEACHING STRAW.

THE customary mode of bleaching straw for ornamental use, has been to stove it in a cask with burning brimstone; but there is a readier method, if judiciously applied:—Take a solution of muriatic acid, and saturate it with potash until the effervescence subsides. Dip the straw in the solution. Again the oxygenated muriate of lime, which may be had at any chemist's shop, dissolved in water, will bleach straw without the least diminution of its flexibility.—*London Mirror*.

KOTZEBUE.

THE play of this celebrated author, which, on our stage, is called the *Stranger*, produced very contrary effects when it was brought forward on the *Theatre Francois* in Paris, as is

evinced by the two following anecdotes:—A young man being violently in love with the sister of his friend, solicited her hand, obtained his request, and impatiently waited for the day which was to confirm his felicity. On the evening previous to the day fixed upon for the sacred ceremony, he accompanied his mistress, her mother, and brother, to a representation of the piece here alluded to. In all the interesting scenes, the young lover appeared greatly affected; he saw his future brother-in-law shedding tears, and his mother weeping abundantly, while the young lady smiled with contempt at the whole exhibition! After the play was over, he handed the ladies to their carriage, and immediately took leave of them, whispering, as follows, to his constant friend and inseparable companion: "I shall never marry your sister! the woman who can, without being affected, witness the contrition of an honest mind that has erred, is not a fit wife for a man of honour."—Some days after, a gentleman, rather advanced in the vale of life, was at the same play, listening to every sentence with philosophical attention; he happened, however, to cast his eyes into one of the opposite boxes, where he saw a young lady of his acquaintance (whom he was on the eve of marrying) bathed in tears, and visibly moved by the passing scene of woe. The tender interest the young lady took in the representation was attended by bad consequences for her. Her rich admirer wrote to her the next day, and surrendered every pretension to her person.

THE WANT OF MONEY.

THERE is one class of persons who are always in want of money, from the want of spirit to make use of it. Such persons are much to be pitied. They live in want, in the midst of plenty—dare not touch what belongs to them—are afraid to say that their

soul is their own—have their wealth locked up from them by fear and meanness as effectually as by bolts and bars—scarcely allow themselves a coat to their backs, or a morsel to eat—are in dread of coming to the parish all their lives—and are not sorry when they die, to think that they shall no longer be an expense to themselves—according to the old epigram :—

“ Here lies Father Clarges,
Who died to save charges !”
New Monthly Magazine.

CURE FOR THE AGUE.

THE following is a never-failing cure for the ague. The patient, on finding a fit coming on, should take a tea-spoonful of flour of brimstone in a glass of port wine, and immediately go to bed, repeating the dose at the approach of every subsequent fit, which will not exceed two or three at the most.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

EPIGRAM.

Piqued at being single, though averse to shew it,
Cries Deborah, “ I'm determin'd ne'er to marry,”
Now Deborah you've spoken truth, and well I know it,
For while other women live, your point you'll carry.

A TRUE PATRIOT.

IN 1748, when the Austrians were in the possession of Genoa, the republic were in want of money, and to

raise a supply, were about to levy some new taxes. M. Grillo, a citizen of wealth and consequence, on the morning when the edict was to be passed, strewed the lobby of the council-room with pieces of rope. On being asked his meaning, he replied, “ that the people having exhausted all their resources, it was but fair to furnish them with the means of leaving a world which could no longer be worth living in.” “ But,” replied the senators, “ we want money ; the urgency of the state demand it, and where else is it to be had ?” “ I'll tell you,” said Grillo, and quitting the palace, he shortly after returned, followed by porters loaded with 500,000 livres in gold and silver. “ Let every one of you,” he cried, “ follow my example, and the money you want will be found.” The tax was no more mentioned, the nobility made a voluntary contribution, and Genoa, was saved!

INGENIOUS REMARK.

A GENTLEMAN at the table of the great Conde, having related several wonderful stories of a king of Persia, his highness requested him to continue the recital of the life of so great a man ; but the gentleman perceiving the servants had began to clear the table during his narrative, in order to regain his lost time, replied, “ This prince died suddenly.”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WHEN we inserted the last communication of I., we approved of the reasoning therein adduced, and little expected it would draw forth a reply. But as the arguments of P. have much weight in the opposite scale, we have admitted his communication in this number, and shall be always happy to give insertion to any piece of equal importance from his pen.

Some of the extracts sent us by Philologus, we have availed ourselves of, for which we return our thanks, and at the same time would be glad to see some original articles by him.

Henry, has our best thanks.

Our thanks are due to Z. for the article he has sent us ; but we cannot admit it, because it does not excite sufficient interest. To R. the above is equally applicable.

Tickler, had better add a little more sense to his writings, before he can expect them to appear in print.

Junius, is very far deficient in what might be expected from his signature. It would do more credit to his talents to use them in the defence of a better subject.

Mentor, appears to be quite a groveller, and aiming his arrows in the dark.