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GREECE.—ALI PASHA.

WE recommend the careful perusal of the following piece to the particular attention of our readers, for two reasons: It is interesting to the general reader, as an authentic historical account of an individual, whose power, influence, and exploits, in our own days, have been much famed throughout Europe and Asia, and which have been seldom surpassed by the most celebrated heroes of antiquity. To the politician it will prove, that the Turkish Government is by no means so powerful as was generally supposed, when the Governor of a single province could oppose, with success, its united force so long, reduce the Sultan to such mean shifts to conciliate his favour, and at last compel him to resort to the most dishonourable expedients to rid himself of one whom he could not conquer, and dared not trust. If the Greeks had possessed a leader like Ali Pasha, and been united in their counsels, they would, long ago, have been an independent people.

THE true author of the Greek insurrection was Ali Pasha. This man's ambition, intercourse with Europeans, and fierce and oriental catastrophe, have thrown all circumstances of his life and character into public knowledge. His birth was honourable among his barbarian countrymen; he was the descendant of a long line of warrior robbers, lords of some of those small districts into which a mountain-country is naturally divided. A remote ancestor, and robber, Muzzo, had made himself master of Zepeleni, a town on the left bank of the Voiussa. Mouktar Bey, Ali's grandfather, was a distinguished soldier, and slain at the siege of Corfu. Veli Bey, the youngest of Mouktar's sons, and father of Ali, had been Pasha of Delvino, but driven from his Pashalik, and reduced to his original lordship, he died of grief. At this period, Ali was but fourteen. He had been born at Zepeleni in 1748. The death of his father exposed the town to the rapacity of all the surrounding clans.—Khamco, his mother, a true barbarian heroine, instantly threw aside the distaff, sword in hand, rallied the dependants of the family, and repel-

led the invaders. In one of these attacks, she and her daughter Shunitza were taken prisoners by the people of Gardiki, who treated them with the indescribable insults of a robber's victory. They were released at the end of a month by ransom; but the insult sunk deep into Ali's spirit, and he treasured it for almost half a century, till it was wiped away in the blood and ashes of Gardiki.

Ali had all the restlessness and craft of a savage, mingled with the rapacity of the robber, and the native activity and bravery of the Greek mountaineer. From the age of sixteen he was a soldier and a plunderer, continually engaged in brief expeditions against the neighbouring tribes, carrying off cattle, or making descents among the richer population of the valleys. Success and defeat, were for a while alternate, but at length he was on the point of ruin. An attack near the sources of the Chelydnus had been followed by the total dispersion of his wild troop, and Ali fled alone to Mount Mertzika, so reduced that he was compelled to pledge his scymitar to buy barley for his horse. He made the attempt again with a force

of six hundred men, and was again beaten. Khamco, for whom he had always felt a singular homage, had commanded him, in almost the words of the Spartan mother, "Never to come back but dead, or a conqueror." As he gathered the remnant of his soldiers from this disastrous field, he went into the ruins of a church, near Valera, to rest and think over what was to be done. There, in his agitation, he stood, unconsciously striking his stick into the ground. It at last struck upon something that returned a sound. He dug up the spot, and, to his astonishment, found a box filled with gold coin. He had now found the true way to barbarian victory. It would be a fine juncture for the pencil to seize upon the figure of this mountain warrior at the moment; the countenance lighted up with the wild exultation and fiery foresight of the whole long career of triumph, that burst upon him in the discovery. The accessories, too, of the picture would be powerful. The military equipments, stained and purpled by toil and battle; the sacred ruin round him, with its broken altars and weedy columns; the remnant of his defeated troops covering the hill side; the brilliant mountains and sky of Greece above all.

With this treasure, Ali raised an army of two thousand men, renewed the campaign, swept the enemy before him, and returned to Zepeleni, a conqueror, never to be repulsed again from the way to sovereignty.

On his triumphant return, he by force or persuasion, induced his mother to resign Zepeleni. The heroine retired to the Harem, where she soon after died. Ali, now furnished with the means of indulging his natural impulses, indulged them to the utmost, and became the most renowned among the marauding chieftains of the hills. He threw troops into the principal passes of the chain of Pindus, and was thus master of the whole traffic of Thessaly and Macedonia. Merchants, caravans, public convoys, all fell into the hands of

this young and enterprising lord of the "Robbers." The slow vigilance of the Turkish government was at length roused, and Kourd Pasha, the Dervendji Pasha, or "Governor of the Passes," the officer appointed to protect the communications, was ordered to crush the less licensed plunderer. But Ali's dexterity evaded an open encounter with the Sultan, and the attack which was to have been his ruin, ended in an alliance with the Pasha, and a marriage with the daughter of the Turkish governor of Argyro Castro. A succession of mountain conquests rapidly raised him into higher notice, until the next "Governor of the Passes" found it the wiser policy to make Ali his deputy. The old craft of the Greek was not forgotten. The deputy, instead of extinguishing the Klephts, sold licences for plunder to the amount of 150,000 piastres. The story reached Constantinople. The Pasha was recalled, and beheaded for his neglect or corruption. Ali, still dexterous and fortunate, bribed the ministers, and at once escaped punishment and fixed an interest in the Seraglio.

His character as a leader was now distinguished, and he was summoned to take the command of a body of Albanians in the war with Russia. Ali had now first come within the circle of European politics, and his ambition was suddenly awakened to the more brilliant object of independent power. The purpose of Russia was to assail Turkey at once on the north and south, to penetrate to Constantinople by an army from Moldavia and a fleet from the Mediterranean. To detach the Albanian chieftain became important. The capture of one of his nephews gave an opening for a correspondence with Potemkin, and it seems authenticated that there was a twofold conspiracy, by which Potemkin, at the head of the Russian army, was to make himself sovereign of Constantinople, and to confer on Ali the kingdom of Epirus. But the war ceased in the

midst of Russian victories. Potemkin, the most powerful subject in the world, sunk into shade, probably from the detection of his designs, and Ali's dream vanished for the time. Yet his sagacity saw where his own strength and the weakness of Turkey lay; and from that period he kept up a correspondence with Russia until he was master of Epirus without its aid; and if he had nothing to fear from its hostility, he had nothing to hope from its friendship.

Human nature may justly shrink from the mingled ferocity and cunning, the contempt of faith, and the furious passions, that characterise the career of this memorable barbarian. But it is impossible not to be struck by the display of vigorous and original ability, that throws a kind of sullen splendour over his whole gloomy and precipitous track. His purpose from the beginning is power; he is repeatedly baffled, but he rises again from the ground with fresh resolution; he hunts his prey through every difficulty with the fierce stanchness of a bloodhound. Treachery and valour, bribery and generosity, are alike unsparingly his instruments; where craft and labour will carry him through, he is perfidious without measure; but when he cannot wind round the rock, he tries some bold expedient, he blasts the rock, and finally makes a royal road to the throne.

By his conduct at the head of the Albanians, Ali had gained eminence as a soldier with both the Russian and Turkish armies. His reward was a Pashalik of two tails. He chose his new province with that political eye whose keenness never failed him.—He was appointed to the government of Triccala in Thessaly. This appointment showed at once the habitual blindness of the Porte in its remoter possessions, and the unwearied sagacity of its new favourite.—Triccala was chosen with the skill of a first rate tactician. By its position on the Great Passes between Western Greece and Constantinople, it

threw the corn trade into its viceroy's hands. It equally intercepted the commerce of the districts of Joannina and the whole mountain country of the west. Ali was in fact master of Thessaly, the most productive province of Greece; and by the same step was raised within sight of the sovereignty of the whole western dominions of the Ottoman. He now lost no time in the consummation of his bold project.

The Beys in the neighbourhood of Joannina, whether from their native turbulence, or, as is equally probable, excited by his intrigues, had burst into sudden tumult. Assassination, robbery, and open conflict, raged through the country. The people groaned under the multitude of petty tyrants, and grew ripe for the authority of one. In the midst of the perpetual sound of battle and misery, Ali's trumpets were heard from the hills. The civil conflict ceased, for the rival Beys knew that when he advanced all were equally a prey. They joined their troops, and fought a fierce battle with the invader at the head of the Lake of Joannina. The discipline of Ali's Albanians broke their irregular force, and after a long struggle, they were utterly defeated, and driven into the city. But it was among the characteristics of this extraordinary man never to run an unnecessary hazard. The walls of Joannina, garrisoned by a dispirited army, would probably have been mastered by his troops, however untrained to sieges. But he had a more secure, though a more circuitous way to victory. By threats and money he formed a party in the country, and induced them to send a deputation to Constantinople, proposing him for the government. The Beys, aware of the mission, instantly sent to deprecate the appointment. They succeeded. Ali's talents had already rendered him formidable at Constantinople, and his deputation returned with a Firman, commanding him to the bitter measure of withdrawing from the prize already within his

grasp, and even disbanding his army. Nothing could have been more anxious than the alternative. Resistance would have been rebellion and ruin, soon or late. The dismissal of his troops would have been, on the Ottoman principles, probably followed by the loss of his head. But by an act of more than Punic skill, he evaded this formidable dilemma, and actually triumphed. He had received intelligence of his failure, and of the Firman, from an agent who had rode some days in advance of the deputation of which he was one. The agent was immediately sent back to rejoin it. The deputation was received in pomp by the Beys, who advanced beyond the gates of Joannina, to receive the Sultan's order with becoming homage. It was solemnly opened in the assembly, each Bey first touching it with his fore head in token of that submission for life and death, which is due to the will of the great King of the Moslems. To the astonishment and alarm of all, the Firman declared Ali lord of the Pashalik of Joannina! This daring forgery was instantly exclaimed against; but the forger was not a man to leave time for the growth of opposition. He instantly marched upon the city, now thronged with his partizans, augmented by those who either believed the reality of the Firman, or looked for some personal advantages from the known profusion of the invader. Ali's conduct in this crisis was politic; he lavished money on his friends and the populace; he disclaimed all revenge, and pledged himself to the protection and advancement of the Beys, who still continued in the territory. His chief opponents had fled to the hills on the entrance of his army, and all was peace and popular acclamation. Yet in the midst of this public revel, he provided against a reverse with the coolness of a veteran politician. He marched a strong force into the citadel, and thus placed himself out of the power of public change. But Constantinople was still to be propi-

tiated. Without loss of time, he sent a deputation of the principal inhabitants to the Porte, bearing his own account of the transaction, and bearing the still more irresistible argument with a Turkish ministry, of large means of corruption. It was felt too, that he was now in possession of a power which it must take a war to break down; the policy of the Porte, furious and vindictive as it is, has always been to temporise until it can destroy; and the Pashalik was finally confirmed to its dexterous and daring usurper.

Ali was now a King in all but the name, and his kingdom extended over a number of provinces that still touch us with noble classical recollections. The Pashalik of Joannina comprehended Locris (Ozolæ), Ætolia, Acarnania, Thesprotia, Molossia, Chaonia; and among the towns of those provinces were Actium, where the Empire of the Roman world was once decided; and Dodona, the great central oracle of ancient superstition. And this was the achievement of a barbarian, unfurnished with the knowledge or politics of civilized states; probably unable to read or write; unsustained by alliance; and forced to fight his way foot by foot under severities of fortune worse than the storms of his own inclement skies, and still more perilous, under the remorseless and subtle jealousy of the Ottoman.

The great scale of European ambition—the magnitude of the triumph—the magnitude of the means, throw exploits like those of Ali among his mountain tribes into the shade. But, (throwing morality out of the question,) in the innate materials that constitute the superiority of the man as the conqueror and the ruler;—in the distant and eagle-eyed vision with which he fixed on his purpose from the beginning:—in the resistless activity of his pursuit;—the inexhaustible dexterity of his intrigue; and still more, in that unhesitating turn, from the most creeping subterfuge to the fiercest and most daring violence,

the singular mixture of the wildest craft that belongs to cowardice, with the boldest risk that makes the character of heroism ; Ali, Pasha of Joannina, has had in our time neither equal nor rival but one—Napoleon, Pasha of the European world.

The Russian and Austrian Alliance now issued in a war against Turkey. A secret treaty has been framed between Catharine and Joseph the Second, during the celebrated progress to the Crimea in 1787, for the dismemberment of European Turkey. The strength of the attack was to have been thrown on the western frontier ; agents were dispatched to prepare the Greeks ; engineers in disguise took plans of the country ; and the people were taught to look up to Austria as their natural protector. The Turks, impatient of insults, struck the first blow, and plunged into the war. They lost Belgrade and Ockzakow ; but one of those interpositions which have so often and so signally saved the Porte, stopped the tide of Russian conquest ; the Emperor Joseph died ; Potemkin's views of sovereignty transpired, and Catharine, probably alarmed at treason so near the throne, suddenly checked her long-predicted march to Constantinople,

Ali had been commanded to join the Vizier with his Albanians ; but he had gained his object. Hazard was now misplaced, and he had other views than those of mingling his blood with the nameless carnage of a Turkish field. He is said to have seen scarcely more than even the smoke of the Russian outposts, when he returned to his dominions to indulge in safer conquests for the aggrandizement of his personal power.

To be master of the whole of Western Greece was the grand object of his ambition. He attacked the Suliot tribe in 1791, and it is one among the many instances of the power to be found in poverty and valour, that those mountaineers resisted, and often defeated, the trained troops and regular and vast resources

of the great Pasha. But twelve years of battle and privation, an extraordinary period for either attack or defence, at length wore out the brave population ; and the remnant of the Suliot palikars, which had never exceeded three thousand soldiers, was reduced to capitulate in December 1803, on the terms of emigrating where they pleased. The conditions were atrociously violated, and the greater part of this valiant tribe were slain on the road to the coast. Some passed into the Russian service, and formed an Albanian battalion.

During this entire period Ali was exerting his restless sagacity in balancing between the various European interests that were alternately springing up along his borders. The victories of Napoleon made the Pasha a partizan of France for the time. The possession of the Ionian Isles by the Russians instantly converted him into a sworn friend of the Autocrat. The battle of Leipsic, and the hoisting of the British flag in Corfu, changed his policy once more, and his great passion was an intimate alliance with the Lords of the Seas. Difficult as it was to steer through those opposing interests, Ali continued his perilous navigation, perpetually obtaining some personal advantage, till he had placed himself in a state of power, which wanted only virtue to have made him monarch of Greece, in scorn of Emperor and Sultan. His knowledge of the Porte, and the skill with which he baffled its perpetual machinations against him, were admirable. In the campaign against Passwan Oglu, the Grand Vizier summoned Ali to meet him in full divan, for the purpose of receiving some signal honour for his services. The Pasha well knew what fatal honour the Porte would have conferred on a subject so prosperous. But policy compelled him to attend the divan. He approached the Vizier's tent, but it was at the head of six thousand of his Albanians. The Vizier received this formidable guest

with well-dissembled courtesy, and Ali returned to his quarters in open triumph, and secret scorn.

Another memorable instance of his eluding the vengeance of his suspicious court, occurred in 1812. He had seized the neighbouring Pasha of Delvino, and flung him into prison, where he soon died, as was presumed, of hunger. Ali had long been obnoxious to the Porte, and he doubtless felt that this new murder would not be forgotten in the register of his crimes. His expedient to prove himself the victim of evil reports, was incomparable. Ibrahim Pasha, an old rival, had fallen into his hands, and after some time had disappeared. Some obscure circumstances, and the character of his conqueror, made the report of his murder universal. Information of it had reached the Porte, and even the French Consul had sent the intelligence by a courier to his Minister at Constantinople. The Porte instantly despatched a public officer to Joannina, commissioned to make inquiry into the assassination, and probably, as is the established Turkish custom, to bring back the head of the offender. On his arrival and introduction to Ali, the Pasha was all astonishment, and bade the officer follow him. He led the way to an inner apartment, where, to the utter surprise of the Turk, he showed him the supposed victim, sitting surrounded by Oriental luxury, in the midst of his family. Ali now triumphed in his turn. The refutation of all previous charges was of course included in the falsehood of this. The *Capidgi Bashi* returned to Constantinople, secured by bribes, and carrying with him the means of confirming the Pasha's interest at court; and Ali was more firmly seated than ever!

The British tourists through Greece have given us a more familiar knowledge of the habits and resources of this extraordinary man, than Europeans had hitherto obtained of any of the Turkish governors. It is honour-

able to the intelligent curiosity of our countrymen, that they alone should have, through all the opposing difficulties of distance, the ocean, and, more formidable than both, the war, obtained for us within these few years a more complete knowledge of Continental Greece, and its sovereign, than had been acquired by the whole multitude of the French and German literati, military officers, or diplomatists, though planted on the very frontier of his dominions, embarked in public relations with his government, and even in some instances resident in his capital. How little do we know, even now, of the Turkish governments in the interior—from the borders of Hungary to the Black Sea! Paswan Oglu fought the Porte for twenty years of our time, and the sound of the cannon of Widdin was scarcely beyond the ears of the Austrians, yet his history was left in almost the obscurity of an Arabian tale. Even of the half-Christian provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia, constantly as they were the seat of European battle and diplomacy, and constantly pervaded by French, Russian, and German agents, the only intelligible account has been given a few years since, and that by an Englishman. Of the vast line of country, lying on a parallel from the western frontier of Turkish Croatia to the shores of the Euxine, including Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria, we are almost totally ignorant, though they run along the edge of the Austrian kingdom of Hungary. Of the whole mighty mass of country lying to the southward from the Dalmatian frontier, and known by the barbarous names of Herzegovinia and Rumelia, we are acquainted with scarcely more than a few miles inwards from the Mediterranean. To the Englishman, distance, loss of time, and ignorance of the language, must be serious obstacles to the inquiry. To the German those must nearly vanish, overlooking, as he does, the immense region below, and able, by his various facilities, to traverse the

whole country in little more than the time of the voyage from England. It is impossible to doubt, that there must be found in this huge and magnificent territory, a vast unopened volume of human nature—fine qualities, however crushed by suffering and situation—curious pictures of superb Oriental caprice, mingled with the rugged virtues and bold defiance of the dweller among the deserts—the human mind, in that mingling of degradation and nobleness, which characterizes barbarian life—society, under that strange aspect of prodigal luxuriance, and abject privation, that belongs to the dominion of the Turk, and which, whether in the gold purple of the Pasha, or the nakedness of his vassal, makes one of the most striking contemplations of the philosopher.

Ali's career was now about to close.

Without penetrating into the deeper sources of the moral, we are often compelled to observe, how near the complete possession of human objects is to a change of prosperity. A Plutarch would have given this prosperous old man eloquently down to us as the parallel to Cræsus or Polycrates. But Ali deserved his fall. His career had been one continued progress of perfidy; even the proverbial treachery of the Porte had been outrun by the dexterous duplicity of the Greek; yet, while his genius was thus engaged, he might have been almost forgiven. But he loved blood. His havoc among his own gallant mountain tribes was merciless; his violation of all treaties with their remnant, was worse than barbarian, for savage life does not reject the principle of honour. The heart of all but a tiger in human shape must have shrunk at the sight of the catastrophe of Zalongo, where, we are told, that, a crowd of women and children flying from the ambush into which the Suliote exiles had been betrayed, and finding no resource but death from the insults and horrors of their pursuers, the mothers first flung their children down the

rocks, and then joining hands, and screaming out some of their wild songs, whirled round and round in a dance of despair and madness, till they trod on the edge of the precipice, and all plunged below.

His slaughter of the Gardikiote clan had the stern and relentless perseverance, and the unsparing execution, of a spirit of darkness. He had laid up his resolution of vengeance for forty years. But it never slept. When his time of power came, he at length attacked the Gardikiotes in their citadel. They defended themselves like men who had no alternative but victory or extinction; but, after baffling the first besiegers, a large force was poured in, which carried the walls. The greater part of the tribe perished sword in hand; but their conqueror's vengeance was not yet glutted. The prisoners, to the number of seven or eight hundred, were led to a large Khan on the frontier of their district. There they were murdered. Their bodies were left above ground, and the gateway of the Khan, their sepulchre, was walled up, with the inscription, the solemn Oriental curse, written on its front,—“Thus perish all the enemies of Ali's house!” Gardiki itself was levelled with the ground, and the fierce command issued, that “it should never again become the place of human beings.” It is a striking evidence of the love of gain, compatible with the most atrocious cruelty, that in the midst of this sweeping slaughter, the Pasha seized upon an expedient for raising money, which would perhaps have escaped any other sagacity than his own. The Gardikiotes had extensive commercial dealings with Greece. He seized their books, declared himself the general representative of the dead, and, in the name of the very men whose bodies were reeking under his scymitar, compelled payment of the money due to them, to the last piastre. In 1819, Ali made his final acquisition of territory. The retreat of the unfortunate Pargiunotes left

him without an enemy or a spoil. He was now at the summit of his ambition, and was master of Continental Greece, "from the Attic boundary of Parnes, to the rugged mountains of Illyricum."
(Concluded in our next.)

IRISH HONOUR.

It was in the town of — in the county of — I've forgot the name,
But it was in Ireland, and that is all the same,
A greasy, fat Landlady, so fat, the devil choak her,
Accused Paddy Ponsonby with stealing of her poker !

Now Pat he was a grenadier in what ye call the "Light barse,"
A prettier, tighter, claner lad, upon my shoul there never was,—
He swore out "Blood and Ouns, do you take me for a joker,
That from the devil's fireside, I'd come to steal y'er poker ?"

"Och ! (said she) I value not y'er bullying words at all, at all,
But if its your intention Pat, for to keep up the ball,
You must take your bible oat, without any pother,
That never yet in word or deed, ye knew about the poker."

Then Pat he swore by the hill of Howth and by the holy Fader too,
And by all the shaints in calendar were gathered there together too,
By the hand upon his body and the bread that he broke there,
That neither yet in word or deed, he knew about her poker !

But all that he could say or do, had no effect upon her,
"Because as why ye know, (said she) ye have not pledged your honour,"
With that Pat started back, put his hand behind his cloak there,
"Take my honour, take my life ! there, woman, take your poker ! ! !"

GASPE', CAPE DESPAIR, &c.

(Concluded from page 317.)

The Bay des Chaleurs throughout, is perfectly safe for navigation, and the anchorage every where in it good ; nor is there I believe, a single instance since the memory of man, of a catastrophe by shipwreck, of any, even of their small coasters or fishing smacks within that Bay. Fogs are experienced there as seldom as at Quebec, nor are they very frequent at Perce or in the Bay of Gaspe, and although more so at these places than in the Bay des Chaleurs, they are not considered as prejudicial to agriculture in those parts. The climate however, at Perce and the Bay of Gaspe is damper and more backward, than in the Bay des Chaleurs ; and the difference between them is about the same as that between Quebec and Montreal.—This is probably owing to the behaviour (as the Canadians term it,) of the winds in the gulf and along the coast. The fogs which almost constantly in the summer months brood over the banks off Bay Chaleurs, seldom pass over a line, that may be supposed drawn from Miscou Island to Cape Despair or thereabout, except in very strong easterly or north-easterly winds, a continuance of which sometimes drives them up to the head of the Bay. Beyond this imaginary line, although the fogs may have for days, nay weeks, prevailed, within it the whole coast on either side is enjoying the finest and clearest of weather ; and the transition from heavy fogs to clear weather, is almost certain after passing it. Strong south-westers, south or south-easters, sometimes sweep the fog banks along the mouth of the Bay Chaleurs, from Point Miscou

down upon Perce and Cape Gaspe and the adjacent lands, and from thence up the St. Lawrence towards the Seven Islands, and the North Shore, where they discharge themselves on those desolate and dreary hills extending along the coast.

In settled weather, during the summer months, the Bay of Gaspe enjoys a sea breeze which sets in, at about nine in the forenoon, and continues till near sunset, after which a light land breeze draws down the bay and off the coast until near morning. In this bay the sea breeze at twelve or one o'clock is generally at its height, and blows strong; from hence it sweeps along the coast up to the head of the Bay des Chaleurs, where it only arrives late in the afternoon. It evidently begins at Gaspe, for at Perce it is felt an hour or two later, at Paspebiac, twenty-two leagues from Perce, it hardly ever arrives before one in the afternoon; at Richmond and Carleton it is not expected till two or three o'clock, and, it is generally near evening before it reaches the Indian Village on the Ristigouche, taking from nine or ten in the forenoon until about five or six in the afternoon to travel a distance of fifty leagues; nor does it extend at any great distance from the land, it frequently happening that while blowing almost a gale within the Bay of Gaspe, vessels lying off or at its mouth, are in a dead calm. In this bay the sea breeze never fails in settled weather, and is as certain as the breezes in the West India Islands; which is the more surprising, as this they there say, is the only place along the whole coast of British North America, where such a thing regularly prevails so as to be depended upon.

Among other things worthy of notice may be mentioned the singular *mirage* or reflection, which in the Bay of Gaspe is sometimes in calm and fine weather observable. The whole face of the Coast or side of the Bay, opposite to that upon which the spectator stands is changed and broken up

into the most fantastic appearances, which are continually varying by degrees, until at last the whole move away, and leave the prospect to its natural effect. On those occasions, the remarkable rock, contiguous to Cape Gaspe, called the *Old Woman*, which evidently is a fragment or appendage to the cape, the rock between them having either been worn away by the waves, or rent down by a convulsion, assumes to a person at Douglas Town, a distance of five leagues, the appearance of a ship just rounding the Cape under a heeling breeze; which is improved by a dark speck of vapour or *mirage* resting over the rock, which might be mistaken for her colours.

In this part of the district the admirers of the beautiful and sublime in nature, will have an ample field, nor is it altogether uninteresting to such as delight in romance; for among the descendants of the old French settlers, some very extraordinary stories are told, which if fable in themselves, certainly are connected with matters of historic truth beyond all doubt; as I shall presently shew. The grim aspect of the whole coast of this district facing the Gulf, from Cape Despair* inclusively, carry convincing evidence, that it has in former times been a land of earthquake and volcanoes. The cliffs at Cape Gaspe, Perce and the singular rock of that name, as well as the Island of Bonaventure, shew, if there be any truth in appearances, that the work of devastation has been actively carried on, at these places; and that, a whole country detaching itself from the adjacent mountains has at once fallen into the abyss over which the waters have closed.

* The name of this Cape has been by a singular corruption of D'Espoir converted into Despair. The old French charts call it Cap D'Espoir, but it is at this day called Cap Desespoir in French. That it was originally called Cap D'Espoir, or Cape Hope, there can be no doubt; there being in this city an old chart of 1666, designating the various names of places in Latin, wherein it is Promontorium Fidei.

The appearance of the land behind Perce and its immediate neighbourhood on approaching it by water, from the north-east to south-west, is that of the stupendous ruins of some ancient fortress of super-human structure. The awful height, flat summit, and stooping front of *Table Rouland* seem tottering over, as if ready to be launched upon and overwhelm the village beneath it with the promontory of Mount Jolly, and the adjacent rock Perce. This singular and isolated fragment, pierced (from whence the name Perce) with two ports or arches, resembling at a distance the old portals of a ruined fortification, looks like the remains of some stupendous wall that has stood the disaster by which the adjacent works have been demolished. The spectator may approach it from Mount Jolly on foot at low water without wetting himself. The distance between them may be one hundred and fifty paces more or less.—On coming up to it for the first time, its topheavy appearance fills him with awe and dread of its falling over upon him, from the apprehensions of which he does not easily dissuade himself. Its height is three hundred feet, or more, by I should suppose thirty paces wide at the broadest part; the thickness of the rock over the arches is a mere scale, and apparently scarcely twenty feet through. Besides the two large arches with which the main rock is perforated, there is also, a lateral arch formed by an appendage to the rock on the north-east side, but which, in passing it by water is scarcely observable.—High as is the rock or Split, (it is there so called), it is yet comparatively low when contrasted with the capes adjacent to it, on the north west of Perce village, which tower over each other in pinnacles, as if mountain heaped upon mountain had been cloven down in the middle and one had been submerged, leaving the opposite part a naked and frightful chain or series of precipices of unequal heights. The Island of Bona-

venture, distant from the main something more than a mile, finishes this piece of the picturesque, which is not excelled in all America, according to the information of the best informed travellers who have had opportunities of comparing. The mountainous and precipitous nature of this place renders it peculiarly liable to squalls, and violent gusts of wind, hence some call it the *Land of storms*. It is, in fact, a wonderful spot, and which, if I were disposed to romance, I should choose above all others, as suited to give countenance to marvellous stories, of things supernatural, of visions, spirits, and wonder-working wizards.

The summit of this Split was until six or seven years ago deemed inaccessible, and the seagull and cormorant were the exclusive occupants of it, on which they bred and reared their young in perfect security. A young man of Perce, in frolick one day attempted its ascent over the lateral arch just now mentioned, but his heart failing, as well it might in the attempt, he descended, and resting for a minute or two, made a second trial, and to the astonishment of every one, succeeded with apparent ease; he afterwards planted a small flag staff on either extreme of the summit, and fixing ropes and ladders, it was visited by many others for the sake of the eggs as well as the grass growing upon it, which made excellent hay.—The sea-birds being disturbed, abandoned it, and this was considered as a public loss; the fishermen in returning from their fishing grounds in dark and foggy weather, being always able to explore their way on nearing the rock, by the clamour of the birds inhabiting it, an advantage of which they were by this event deprived, as well as the fresh meat which the young gulls in season afforded to the poor families at Perce. A rule of police by general consent of the inhabitants was in consequence adopted, by which any person ascending the rock during a certain period of the season should

incur the displeasure of the community, and be liable to a beating and imprisonment indefinite. This has been attended with the expected result; the birds have returned to their old station to multiply under the protection of the law, an infringement whereof would most probably be deservedly visited by a sound and judicial cudgelling, under the special direction of the authorities of Perce.

There is hereabout a mixture of the rugged and soft appearances of nature, seldom found so closely contrasted. The face of the country, though uneven, and in many places rising into hills of great height, is well covered with wood, and so it is to the very verge of the dreary cliffs, in some places several hundreds of feet high, against the base whereof the sea beats with unceasing action.

The multitude of fishing barges which, during the fishing season, come at break of day from Perce and the neighbourhood, and cover the adjacent fishing grounds, give to the coast an air of business and industry that is cheering to every one who can take an interest in the rising prosperity of our province, and in those valuable classes of our population engaged in the fisheries, which are there silently, but rapidly increasing. Besides the missions of ancient date, established for the benefit of the Roman Catholic inhabitants in the district of Gaspé, the venerable chief of the established Church of England in this province, has not been unmindful of the happiness of his flock in the same quarter, where two of his missionaries have been employed for the last four years. A neat Protestant Episcopal church has been recently erected at Perce; and another is either built, or in progress, at Gaspé Bay; so that the affairs of the English Church in this section of the district, to the great comfort of the Protestant population, who had long been unavoidably left destitute in this respect, are now in a flourishing condition. In the bay of Chaleurs, things do not go on so prosperously

as could be wished, although at Paspébiac a handsome church is well advanced, and the Protestant inhabitants, having much at heart a respectable church establishment, have already gone to considerable expense in procuring from the opposite side of the bay, a quantity of free stone, for the erection of a comfortable if not elegant parsonage house, but which for the present is delayed, for what reason I shall not pretend to account.

On the Capes or headlands to which I have just alluded, there is cause to believe that many a disaster unheard of beyond the fisherman's hut, has occurred, and which if made public, might have afforded at least a melancholy relief to many an aching heart by removing the pangs of uncertainty and of doubt. We know there have been shipwrecks on Cape Gaspé, of which scarcely a plank has remained, and from which it was utterly impossible for a creature to escape with life. Others have occurred in times so remote and under circumstances so unaccountable, as to appear supernatural or fabulous, were not the remains of them so evident as to set the fact beyond question. Upon Cape Despair, a rock elevated perpendicularly at least forty feet over the highest tides of modern times, within the memory of any living man, and at a short distance in the woods, may be seen the remains of a vessel of considerable burden, according to some, much exceeding, and others, less than 100 tons.— Her timbers are said to be considerably sunk in the earth, and that trees of a large size have grown up through them. When, or by what means this vessel came or was cast thither is a mystery to the oldest inhabitants in the country, and which probably no living person can solve. All they know about it is, that there it has been since their earliest recollection, and that their grandfathers told them they recollected seeing it there from their infancy, and who, they say, imagined it to have been thrown up into

its present situation by some powerful storm, in which the sea had prodigiously exceeded its ordinary limits, and that tradition ever since has characterized it as a *Naufrage Anglais*.

The Cape itself is of a crumbling or sandy stone, which, being worn away and undermined by the beating of the water, frequently falls in huge junks or masses, that lie scattered along its foot until broken up by the working of the sea. The surface stratum, being either of a harder nature than those below it, or less liable to the action of the waves, juts out in many parts round the cape, over the perpendicular face of the rock beneath. This is covered with a thick coat of reddish earth, which furnishes a growth of stout hard wood, and when viewed from a distance, in clear weather, appears a very romantic spot, and would, no doubt, be a very agreeable one, but for the terrific associations connected with it in the mind of the spectator who has heard its story.

Many vague conjectures, as may be supposed, are entertained concerning this mysterious wreck; and as it is really a subject of interest, our readers will probably not be unwilling to indulge us in one of our own, leaving them to form a better if they please. It is to be observed that the Gulf, in the immediate neighbourhood of this cape, is peculiarly infamous for the shortness and violence of its waves, and for certain agitated calms, extremely fatiguing to ships, and which mariners denominate *ground swells*. This they attribute to the uneven nature of the bottom, and to the numerous cross currents hereabouts, caused by the confluence of the St. Lawrence, the Miramichi, the Ristigouche, and other considerable streams falling into *Bay des Chaleurs*.

A tradition prevails amongst the oldest descendants of the first French settlers in the vicinity of Cape Despair, and amongst the Indians, who time out of mind have fished and hunted along that coast, that when

their grandfathers were very little boys, it was visited by an awful storm, the like of which had never before, nor has since been known. Its effects were deplorably felt by the fisheries, which even then were carried on in the Gulf, by the *Armateurs*, or fishing vessels from the ports in France, to an extent so considerable, as, were it not well attested, would be scarcely credited. Its approach was as sudden and unexpected as its results were disastrous, for taking them by surprise, it is said that scarce a single fishing boat or barge escaped destruction, and that for weeks after the calamity, the coast at Perce, *L'Ance a Beau-fils*, the Cape and its neighbourhood were strewed with wrecks, and that such were the numbers of the drowned cast ashore, that the living did not suffice to bury them. The sea is represented to have far exceeded its usual highest bounds. All the huts and fishing establishments along the beaches, were swept away, and the wretched inhabitants were compelled to retire to the higher grounds and the woods, for safety, from the angry elements, whose joint action was spreading havock and desolation around them. This is the only event of which there is any certain tradition, whereby it is at all possible to account, how the hulk alluded to could have been thrown to the extraordinary height where it lies. The many eligible spots in the vicinity for the construction and launching of vessels, and the utter impossibility of ever launching any craft in safety, from such a place, and down such a precipice; (for in reality, I should from its appearance, rather think it eighty than forty feet,) absolutely precludes all rational conjectures of its having been constructed there. Yet nothing is more certain than its existence, and which any who doubt the fact, may very easily ascertain, by ocular demonstration if he prefer it, or by enquiry from persons living near who have seen it, or who, if they have not really seen it, no more

doubt, nor have cause to doubt its existence, than any of my intelligent readers not having actually seen, would have cause to doubt the existence of the Egyptian Pyramids.

The oldest inhabitants, as already mentioned, concur in relating that this terrible visitation took place when their grandfathers were yet very young; allowing then, the oldest of the present generation, to have been born about the period of the conquest, sixty-five years ago, fifty years will not be too much for the growth of the two preceding generations, and this will take us to 1715, but they say it was earlier, and there are some who pretend to fix the precise time at 1711. Be this as it may, the event forms an epoch in the traditional annals of the old fishermen, the rude historians of the coast, who in the long autumnal evenings terrify the listening children and assembled rustics with their dismal stories. Not being able to trace the history of these remains beyond that period, they conclude that the wreck must have been left there by the same storm, which is known otherwise to have committed such havock.

There is also a prevalent notion among them, that this is the wreck of an English vessel, and therefore it has, time out of mind, gone by the name of *Naufrage Anglais*, without being able to assign any other reason for it than tradition, which reports her to have been an enemy's ship, with reference of course to the time when she was wrecked, and the existing relations between the two powers.

Now we know, to a certainty, that an expedition, consisting of a strong squadron of ships, commanded by Sir Hovendon Walker, sailed from Plymouth early in May, 1711, with five thousand men, afterwards increased at Boston, by two regiments of provincials, under the command of Brigadier General Hill, against Canada; and that on the 21st day of August, meeting a tremendous gale of wind in the Gulf, it was so crippled

as to be unable to persevere in the enterprise. Eight transports were driven upon the rocks at Egg Island, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, not far above the Seven Islands. The armament in consequence of this disaster, was broken up; and the shattered fleet having rendezvoused at Spanish River Bay, in the Island of Cape Breton, it was there determined at a council of war, that as the fleet and forces were provisioned for ten weeks only, and as a supply of provisions from New-England could not be depended upon, to relinquish the enterprise.

Accordingly, after the fatal occurrence, the carcasses of 8 large vessels, as we learn from *Charlevoix*, were found by persons sent from Quebec by Vaudreuil, the Governor, to reconnoitre; and the bodies of near three thousand persons, who perished in the shipwrecks, among whom were several in Scottish uniform, and in the dress of the Queen's Guards, of which it seems there were two companies, according to the same author. The knowledge that such an armament was fitting out, and its appearance in the Gulf, very naturally filled the inhabitants of this colony with consternation and bustle. The warriors sprung to their arms to be ready for the impending attack, and the ladies went fervently to prayers, and invoking, made a vow to some Saint of their own sex, the anniversary whereof, known as of *Notre Dame de Victoire*, is, I believe, observed to this very day in Quebec.—Whether owing to the intercession of the ladies, to the mismanagement of the Admiral, or to accident alone, I shall not make it my business to enquire, it is quite certain that a number of our brave but unfortunate countrymen perished by shipwreck at the luckless place mentioned; and there is reason to believe that other ships of the same squadron, which must have been scattered over the Gulf by the same gale, may have met a similar fate at other points. Comparing all these circumstances of authentic

facts and probable traditions, I am disposed to believe this to be really the wreck of some vessel of that unhappy fleet, which, separated from the squadron by accident in the Gulf, may have been overtaken by the blast so fatal to the other ships; and which tumbling the Gulf to its very bottom, may have whirled the hulk to the place where it still remains. The coincidence of circumstances, and the tradition of its being a *Naufrage Anglais*, are the ground-work of my inference, of which the reader will judge for himself. It is, I willingly own, as likely to be wrong as right, but may not be deemed wholly absurd.

Having offered my own conjectures, the reader will forgive me, if I relate one of those supernatural stories, current among the fishermen on the coast, and which many of them consider as conclusive evidence that this was an English vessel, engaged in some warlike pursuit, when cast away upon this place. In relating it I do not mean to work upon the credulity of the reader, much less attempt to account for those extraordinary appearances, which many men of superior understanding, have not disdained to credit, upon the testimony even of ignorant persons. I vouch for nothing but the currency and credit of the tale, at the place from whence it comes.

The Cape, as already observed, from *Cap d'Espoir*, has taken the corrupt but in truth more appropriate English name, of *Cape Despair*. It is, indeed, a most desperate place, for judging by appearance, the stoutest ship going upon it in a gale of wind, would that instant go to pieces. Near it, on either side there are good coves and safe anchoring ground in moderate weather, but in gales of wind from sea, vessels at anchor must heave up, and away in time. From these places, and from the habitations on shore, there is a full view of the Cape, where, whether owing to the *mirage* already mentioned or to supernatural causes, or to the pure illusion

of a disordered imagination in the beholder, the most wonderful sights are sometimes witnessed, and reported by different persons with an unvarying precision as to time and circumstance which certainly have the semblance of truth, and which to hear is enough to freeze the blood. They are said to occur in the fairest and finest of weather. The Gulph off the Cape suddenly assumes a terrific appearance; the sea rises into tremendous breaking waves, which roll forward with prodigious force and velocity. A dense and dismal cloud sweeps the surface of the raging element, and drives along towards the Cape against which the collected and increasing mass of cloud and wave tumble with a furious precipitancy that threatens to annihilate it. The trees along the verge of the Cape, seem to bend like twigs, and the exhausted waves dash in among them. In the midst of this awful uproar, a bark, half-buried and reeling over the mountain wave with tattered canvas, is seen at first indistinctly, driving broadside on towards the dreadful cliff, at one moment bare and the next overwhelmed with the surf; her shrouds and weather railing seem covered with the wretched victims devoted to inevitable destruction, who cling to them with gestures of distraction and despair. At the mizen peak a red cross is seen flying, and the people on board appear to be for the most part dressed in red. Onward she drives almost on her beam ends until on the point of dashing against the Cape, when the spectator raised to a dreadful pitch of anxiety for the horrible catastrophe which is that instant to ensue, is in the twinkling of an eye relieved by the instantaneous and total dispersion of the vision. The Cape again basks in sunshine, the sea seems almost asleep round its base, the horizon is clear, and not a trace of the apparent commotion is visible. This terrific scene is generally succeeded by one of a more agreeable and soothing nature. On some of the many juts formed by

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the surface stratum of the rock, as already mentioned, over-reaching the Cape, two men are distinctly seen, whose features some have approached them near enough to distinguish. At first they are usually seen seated, and seem engaged in earnest conversation. The one from description is evidently a British Tar. The other a Young Soldier. The tar is to appearance turned of thirty, a middle sized, broad set, brawny fellow, of an open manly countenance improved by dark eyes, dark curly hair made into a cue hanging down the whole length of his back, and a bushy pair of black whiskers. He is dressed in sheeting trowsers, a striped Jersey frock fitting close to his body, and a low crowned hat of tarry canvas.— The other is represented as a tall and stately form, dressed in white small clothes, and black leggings or gaiters with pewter buttons, reaching his knees, a clean linen shirt with ruffles, a black kerchief or neck stock with a small blue foraging Cap on his head, but without coat or waistcoat, of a fair complexion, prominent light blue eyes and sandy whiskers, and to appearance twenty-five years of age or thereabout. In a word, a figure which one may suppose to have been some native of the British Isles, recently transferred from the plough to the ranks, and sent abroad to fight the battles of his country in the quality of a British Grenadier. After an apparent colloquy of some length in which the Tar and the Soldier seem deeply concerned, and at moments to be moved to tears, the latter, (both having risen up) draws from his bosom a flageolet, upon which, accompanied by the fine and full voice of his companion, he is heard for a spell to pour out a strain of melody improved by the song, which they who have heard it, represent as fit to touch the core of the very rock upon which they are standing. They sometimes disappear, and in a moment after, are seen upon some other part of the Cape, at a distance from where they stood a moment before.

They are also occasionally seen for a few minutes below the Cape. Accounts differ as to the subject of the song, which may not, however, always be the same. Some represent it as relating to war and conquest, others, to their beloved and remote country, and some, to shipwreck and their own disaster. The circumstances under which the spectator is placed generally seem to be such as to enable him to receive the full effect of the music, but not so as to collect the entire sense of the song, which, however, all represent to be in English. It is remarkable in the story of these visionary inhabitants of the Cape, that no mortal has ever succeeded in approaching them nearer than the distance there may be between the summit of the cliff and a few paces below it, the precipice being invariably interposed between them and the spectator. When the latter is below they are seen above and *vice versa*. When seen below, they are generally seated or standing on one of those massive fragments, detached from the Cape, which in rough weather serve to diminish the force with which the waves rush upon its face. The personage figuring in the military garb, and therefore by the fishermen called the soldier, is said to vary his dress, as well as his music, and there are some who represent him as a fine highlander in kilt and tartan hose, and a highland bonnet, but always in his shirt sleeves without coat or waistcoat. On these occasions he is said to entertain his hearers with a bagpipe whose martial strains echo along the Capes and incumbent woods with fine effect, as if rallying the ghosts of departed warriors from their recesses, to some approaching phantom fight. From this circumstance he is called the piper of the Cape. The fishermen with a deduction not absurd, every thing considered, infer these ghostly companions to be the apparitions of *Englishmen*, and connecting them with the semblance of shipwreck which precedes their appearance, they sup-

pose that the hulk remaining on the Cape must have been some English vessel, or to use their own words a *Naufrage Anglais*. Persons actually upon the Cape at the time when these tumultuous visions have taken place, say they were unconscious of any thing extraordinary around them, except sultriness of atmosphere, so oppressive, as almost to overcome them.

Would it not be worthy of the curious and intelligent Canadian antiquarian to cause some researches to be made on this extraordinary matter, such as examining the position, the build, the irons, or the timbers of the carcass in question? Something peculiar about it might be found or remarked which might lead to some probable, if not certain conclusion.— A scientific person on examination of the Cape and adjacent lands, the thickness and nature of the soil, and the wood growing upon it, would be able to form a reasonable conjecture whether some terrible tempest accompanied by an extraordinary rise of the waters on the coast may have cast the wreck high and dry to where

it lies, or whether the land itself may not have been hove up by an effort of nature, subsequent to the period when the wreck may have gone ashore. Of this latter possibility, there is however, neither record nor tradition, and we are well assured, that for the last two hundred years the appearance of that part of the coast has undergone no change by earthquakes or other causes.— The former, is not altogether improbable nor irreconcilable with the traditionary accounts of the great storm and rising of the sea in that quarter. This for aught we know, may have been the result of some sub-marine commotion in the bed of the gulf, which imparting a sudden movement to the superjacent waters has impelled them to an extraordinary height against the surrounding shore, and being attended by a tempest, as in such cases is not unusual, may have left the wreck where we find it. That the cause must have been uncommon, is as certain as the fact itself, nor ought any one who can shed a ray of light upon the subject withhold it.

THE DISASTERS OF MANSIE WAUCH, THE TAILOR, AFTER RETURNING FROM THE FUNERAL OF MUNGO GLEN, HIS LATE APPRENTICE; WITH MUNGO'S LINES, ENTITLED, "THE RUSTIC LAD'S LAMENT."

It is an auld proverb, and a true ane, that there is nae rest to the wicked; so when I got hame, I fand business crying out for me loudly, having been twice wantit to take the measure for suits o' claes. Of course, kenning that my twa customers wad be wearying, I immediately cut my stick to their houses, and promised without fail to have my wark dune against the next Sabbath. Whether from my hurry, or my grief for puir Mungo, or maybe frae baith, I fand, on the Saturday night, when the claes were sent hame on the arm o' Tammy Bodkin, whom I was obliged to hire by way of foreman, that some most awfu' mistake had occurred—the coat o' the ane having been made

for the back o' the ither, the ane being lang and tall, the tither thick and short; so that Maister Peter Pole's cuffs didna reach aboon half way down his arms, and the tails ended at the sma' of the back, rendering him a perfect fright; while Maister Waty Firkin's new coat hung on him like a dreadnought, the sleeves coming ower the nebs o' his fingers, and the haunch buttons hanging down atween his heels, making him resemble a mouse below a firloot. Wi' some perswadgion, however, there being but sma' difference in the value of the cloths, the tane being a wast o' England bottle-green, and the ither a Manchester blue, I caused them to niffer, and hushed up the business,

which, had they been obstreperous, would have made half the parish of Dalkeith stand on end.

After puir Mungo had been aneath the mools, I daresay a gude month, Benjie, as he was ae forenoon diverting himsel' dozing his tap in the room where they sleepit, happened to drive it in below the bed, where scrambling in on his hands and feet, he fand a half sheet of paper written ower in Mungo's handwriting, the which he brought to me; and, on looking ower't, I fand it jingled in meeter like the psalms of David.

Having nae skiel in these matters, I sent up the closs for James Batter, who, being a member of the fifteen pence a quarter subscription book-club, had read a pour of all sorts of things sacred and profane. James, as he was humming it ower with his specs on his beak, gied now and then a thump on his thigh, saying, "Prime, man, fine, prime, good, capital," and so on, which astonished me muckle, kenning wha had written't—a callant that sleepit wi' our Benjie, and couldna have shapit a pair o' leggins, though ye had offered him the crown of the three kingdoms.

Seeing what it was thocht of by ane wha kent what was what, and could distinguish the difference between a B and a bull's foot, I judged it necessary for me take a copy o't; which, for the benefit of them that like poems, I dinna scruple to tag to the tail o' this chapter.

THE RUSTIC LAD'S LAMENT.

Oh wad that my time were ower but,
Wi' this wintry sleet and snaw,
That I might see our house again,
I' the bonny birken shaw!—

For this is no my ain life,
And I peak and pine away,
Wi' the thochts o' hame, and the young
flow'rs
I' the glad green month o' May.

I used to wauk in the morning
Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,
And the whistling o' the ploughmen lads,
As they gaed to their wark;
I used to wear in the young lambs
Frae the tod and the roaring stream;
But the world is changed, and a' thing now
To me seems like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me
On ilka lang dull street;
Yet, though sae mony surround me,
I kenna ane I meet.
And I think on kind, kent faces,
And o' blithe and cheery days,
When I wander'd out, wi' our ain folk,
Outower the simmer braes.

Wae's me, for my heart is breaking!
I think on my sisters sma',
And on my brithers greeting,
When I came frae hame awa;
And oh! how my mither sobbit,
As she shook me by the hand;
When I left the door o' our auld house,
To come to this stranger land!

There's nae place like our ain hame;
Oh, I wish that I was there!—
There's nae hame like our ain hame
To be met, wi' ony where!—
And, eh! that I were back again
To our farm and fields so green;
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
And was what I hae been!

That's poor Mungo's poem; which me, and James Batter, and the rest, think excellent, and no far short of Robert Burns himsel', had he been spared. Some may judge otherwise, out o' bad taste or ill nature; but I would just thank them to write a better at their leisure.

A HEARTY COCK.

A CURIOUS circumstance is related of the Colossus, at the battle of Trafalgar, in which she suffered so severely.—In the heat of the action, one of the hencoops being shot away on the poop, a cock flew on the shoulder of Captain Morris, then severely wounded; and, as if his pugnacious spirit had been roused by the furious con-

flict he witnessed, flapped his wings, and crowed lustily in that situation, to the no small encouragement of the seamen; who, determined not to be outdone by the gallant little biped, swore he was true game, and giving him three cheers, continued the engagement with redoubled alacrity.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

ALMANZOR THE MOOR; OR THE FALL OF GRANADA.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 324.)

"In peace love tunes the shepherd's reed;
 In war he drives the warrior's steed;
 In courts, in gay attire is seen;
 In hamlets dances on the green:
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above,
 For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love!"

Lady of the Lake.

SPAIN! ill-fated and unhappy nation, how unblest thy doom! In vain does the sun, careering amid his blue fields of light, shed his warmest and most genial rays upon thy lovely plains, devastated by thine own indolence and unmanly spirit! In vain do the richest dews of Heaven sparkle, diamond-like, upon thy now neglected fields and fairy bowers of myrtle and of roses!—thy children have tamely, and ignominiously, bended their necks beneath the iron yoke of tyranny and of slavery; and the brave spirits that bounded, lion-like, over the red fields of thy fame, have despairingly returned the blade of death to its scabbard, and now sit in the loneliness of grief, weeping their country's doom. Shame to thee, Spain! once the land of patriots and of heroes, thus inglorious to fall!—Shame to thee, Spain! once the favoured seat of science and of arts, to be thus trammelled in the shackles of ignorance, of civil discord, and of bigot zeal!—but the sun of glory hath set upon thee in darkness, and thy fame is buried amid the wreck of nations! And thou, dark rolling Xenil! sweetest of the rivers of flowery Granada, once echoed to the stern tread of the warrior, and the silent but forward steps of the loves of an eastern clime. And ah! how sweet, in the unclouded stillness of a summer's eve, to press the reluctant, but still yielding lips of thy dark-eyed daughters, amid the dark shades of thy broad spreading pomegranates, and breathe the low

and hurried effusions of a glowing passion upon a bosom which turns not away in unfeeling frigidness, like the fair haired daughters of a chillier land. Upon its banks stood the castle of Arazan, which from its strength and situation was deemed impregnable before the invention of fire arms, and their use in war. It was built upon an insulated rock of immense height and inaccessible on all sides except by a narrow pathway to the south which was defended by a deep moat, a drawbridge, and all the other methods that gave security to the despotic abodes of these earlier times. On that side the view was bounded by a chain of lofty mountains piled upon each other in a pleasing, though irregular manner, and covered to their summits with the venerable monarchs of the forest, whose green and luxuriant foliage, waving with the gentlest gale, gave a gay and sprightly aspect to the scene. To the east lay a deep valley overgrown with stunted and scraggy underwood, and along which rolled in sullen majesty, the dark waters of the Xenil, on whose foam-crested waves might be seen the light skiffs of the retainers darting along with inconceivable impetuosity, and the white swan breasting the rippling surge in the pride of her snowy plumage. Though the towers of Arazan were much dilapidated by the hand of time and the ravages of war, its lofty turrets and broad battlements, still frowned awful, in hoary majesty, from its rocky steep. The exterior presented nothing to charm the eye, either in the architecture or design, and indeed seemed tenantless save the few solitary sentinels stalking slowly between its watch towers, and sometimes a figure appearing at one or

other of the numerous loop holes which were thickly planted in the massy wall, and served the purpose of admitting light into the castle, as well as that of discharging their arrows and other missiles against the assailing foe. The interior was adorned with all that light and gaudy splendour which still characterizes the voluptuous residences of the eastern nobles, and the dungeons, these useful appendages to a tyrant's power, were not forgotten. The rock on which the castle was built contained a natural cavern within its bosom, which was enlarged by art, and appropriated to this horrid purpose, after being secured by every method that the most unfeeling despotism could devise. Thus, immured between bare walls, dripping with unwholesome damps, and marked in every direction with the traces of the noxious reptiles that tenanted these abodes of despair ; surrounded on every side by the various implements that human ingenuity has invented to torture his fellow-man ; without even the wretched comfort of a pallet of straw whereon to stretch his limbs, chilled with damps, and corroded with iron, the unpitied victim of lawless power was doomed to linger away long years of dreary captivity, far from the friends of his youth, and the home of his childhood, till, perchance, the boon was granted him of sinking beneath the blade of a midnight assassin, who smiled with demon glee at the last sigh that heaved his care-worn bosom, and the last throb that trembled in his palsied heart.

Almanzor, the Lord of Arazan was descended from a noble family in the town of Cordova, but, upon the death of his father, found himself obliged to face the ocean of life with little to depend upon, save his good blade. He accordingly entered the armies of Albohassan, who was at that time preparing to make an irruption into the territories of Aragon, and signalised himself in the several battles which ensued.—

Albohassan possessed not the esteem of his subjects. Weak in his designs and unsuccessful in his enterprises ; ruled by favourites, who enriched themselves at the expense of the kingdom, and shutting himself up for days amid the voluptuous recesses of his seraglio, and the blandishments of his Circassian beauties, while the christian armies were committing devastations upon the frontiers, so irritated the minds of his subjects, that the thunders of civil discord were ready to burst over his head, when Almanzor formed the bold design of tearing the diadem from his brows, and placing Abo Abdelli, his eldest son, upon the throne of Granada. The enterprise succeeded, and Almanzor, by humouring the caprices of the new sovereign, raised himself to the loftiest station in the kingdom—commander of the armies of the faithful. Gonsala was the daughter of Abdelli, and the love of Almanzor. She was fair as the Houris of paradise, or the gardens of roses, when they bend their heads, gemm'd with dew before the grateful breath of an Eastern breeze—lovely as the sun, when his earliest beams kiss the white wreaths of snow upon the giant brow of the mighty Mulhacen, and pure as “ the clearest rill that sparkles amid the bowers of bliss.”—Not in lowlier reverence, and adoration, and love, does the humblest of the servants of Alla bend before the shrine of his great Vice-regent, than did the mighty Almanzor before the daughter of his Prince. Gold gained him admittance into the chambers of the Seraglio, and the hours flew past on the silken wings of pleasure. Prophet of Mecca ! could the bliss of the green bowers of thy paradise equal the pleasure of Almanzor pressing the beauteous maiden to his breast, in all the bashfulness of youth and love ? whilst through the loose folds of the thin silken robe that embraced her bosom, he felt the strong throb of a heart, that beat in unison with his own, telling in mute, though eloquent language, what the lips of

modesty dared not to confess ! These stolen interviews could not long be concealed from the emissaries of the court, who envied the greatness of Almanzor, and the ascendancy he possessed over the mind of the Saracen monarch. Every method that malice could devise was put in execution to lessen his reputation, till at last he was treacherously seized by the guards in the chambers of the Harem, and dragged in chains before the judgment seat of Abdelli. The manly frame of Almanzor trembled with agony as the dark and wrathful eye of the Saracen scanned his countenance with a sneering smile, but he trembled for a life still dearer to him than his own. Wherever he turned his eye, cold and disdainful glances met his gaze, and the attendant nobles stood in silent and eager expectation, awaiting the decision of the fate of one who stood so high in elevated power. Favourites of monarchs and parasites of power ! what are ye ? what, but the breath of royalty, the empty bubbles of a moment's birth ! Like the painted insects of a summer's day, ye shine in gay and borrowed lustre, and each gaudy flower opens its rich buds to your embrace ; but when the fickle sunshine of favour is withdrawn, and the cold blasts of neglect assail you, your honours are as the things that never were, and your flatterers rejoice in your fall,

“ For he whom royal eyes disown,
Was seldom yet to courtiers known.”

“ Wise and learned counsellors of my throne (said Abdelli, addressing himself to the surrounding nobles,) your voice has still been my guide in the hour of danger, say, what punishment shall be inflicted on the slave who hath thus transgressed the sanctuary of his sovereign's love, and sullied the fair name of the last branch of the race of the mighty Abdoulrahman ?” “ Let Death be his doom !” was muttered in low and sickening sounds around the hall, and

fell fearful and dread upon the ear of Almanzor. “ Prince of the earth and Lord of my life ! (said Almanzor, prostrating himself before the throne) accept the homage of the lowliest of thy slaves, who bows in silence at thy stern decree. But, sovereign of Granada ! behold this arm, this sword that raised thee to Cordova's throne. I sue not for mercy—Almanzor fears not death ; but give not thy soldier to the bow-string of thy slaves ;—this sword is reddened with the blood of kings ;—then let the blade of Almanzor free his high born soul !” The brow of Abo Abdelli seemed darkened with thought, and his breast heaved with some secret emotion, which even the stern features of a Mussulman, though well accustomed to the arts of hypocrisy, could not repress. Could it be mercy that worked in the heart of the tyrannic Abdelli ? It was !—He remembered the battles of his youth, when Almanzor fought by his side, and covered him with his shield from the darts of the foe,—he remembered the deeds of the hero who placed the royal diadem upon his head, and he could not think of his death. An awful stillness reigned around, as the Saracen arose from his throne, and, descending the golden steps, placed his hand upon the head of Almanzor, who still lay prostrate at his feet. “ Almanzor, Lord of Arazan, (said he,) brave warrior, arise : thy sovereign pardons the rash deed of youthful love. Gonsala is worthy of the hand of the proudest of the princes of the faithful ; but to thy care, above the rest I confide her peace, leader of the host of Abdelli. May the Prophet smile upon your loves, and the race of Abdoulrahman shine in glorious splendour, when the hated name of christian shall have sunk amid the wreck of ages !”—As the bright beams of the morning to the benighted traveller,—as the gentle breath of spring to the leaves of the forest,—as the sight of home to the war beaten and wounded soldier, so were the

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words of Abdelli to the spirit of Almanzor. The gates of Arazan received her in her loveliness; and she bloomed, cherished and adored, the fairest flower in the Harem of Almanzor!

JOHN TEMPLEDON.

March, 1827.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

Mr. Editor,

I RECEIVED the following receipt some years ago, from a Knight of the Thimble; and having changed the names of the parties, I send it to you for publication. M.

Know all men by these presents, that I Samuel Sands, who WHIP THE CAT, Industrious, from door to door, Did make some three months since, or more,
For beau, John Joseph Jenks, Esquire, At his "particular desire,"
A short-coat in the newest fashion, To ride the town about and dash in;—
By which he justly did become Indebted to me, in the sum
Of sixteen twentieths of a pound, Which in my ledger may be found,
And which, on reference had, will there More fully and at large appear.—
But to prevent mistakes, 'twere better To give a transcript,—“ JOHN JENKS, Dr.
To making one short coat, two dollars, (And then a charge for holland follows,)
Three skeins of silk, thread, stay-tape, moulds,

One stick of twist to work the holes;
These, with the padding for the collar,
Amount to six-fifths of a dollar.”
Which several items, added nicely,
Will sixteen shillings make, precisely.
Now be it by these presents known,
From east to west, from zone to zone,
Where'er adventurous mortals roam,
Or where these pithy rhymes may come,
That the said John, without recourse
Being had to lawyer Gripe, or force
Of CAPIAS, hang all that send 'em!
Ycleped AD SATISFACIENDUM,
Or one of those terriffick scrawls,
Which Blackstone FIERI FACIAS calls,
And which the stoutest heart appals,
Th' aforesaid debt has liquidated,
And herewith has th' account receipted,
For work, at his solicitation,
Done and performed in my vocation,
Which men, with noddles dark and
drowsy,
Have stigmatized as being LOUSY.
I say in full of all demands,
Witness my autograph,
SAM SANDS.

Point de Bute, }
March, 1827. }

THE TRICK OF A GERMAN STUDENT.

ROLF, having no remittance from home, and being in want of a good dinner, sauntered about the marketplace of the town in which he resided.—The busy throng had dispersed. A few stragglers only remained, who, with hungry eyes, were viewing the tempting morsels. A sudden thought struck Rolf.—He boldly advanced, and, taking one of the people aside, whispered to him that he was sent at that quiet hour by the celebrated Dr. Addlebrain, to purchase the tail and the two hind hoofs of an ox, as that learned physician had discovered, that, by calcining these substances with the back-bone of an ass, he might obtain a powder which would be an infallible cure for the gout,

palsy, pestilence,—in short, a complete panacea. Before taking out a patent for this wonderful discovery, the doctor wished to make a final experiment, and for that purpose had sent him to purchase the necessary articles. As the butcher was well aware that a gout-extirpating powder would be in great demand, he was overjoyed at the news, and handled the before despised hoofs as if they were shod with gold and studded with nails of silver. He lugged out the whole assortment of tails, and entreated Rolf to take his choice.

With a countenance of immoveable gravity, Rolf examined and criticised them, and at length chose one of a jet black hue, with hoofs to suit.

The rejected tails were laid carefully aside; Rolf's offered payment was declined; and the butcher, slipping a dollar into his hand, begged his interest with Dr. Addlebrain. Rolf gave him a patronising nod; and, having packed his purchase, he took it up, drew his cloak over it, and walked deliberately away.

Sounds of mirth and revelry were still heard in the inn of the Golden Eagle, when Rolf knocked loudly at the door, and the noise brought out the portly landlord and some of his *satellites*. The noble bearing of the student, his free and manly air, impressed his host with the conviction that this new guest was one of Fortune's favoured sons, and already in imagination he fingered the ducats which he hoped would soon be transferred from the stranger's pocket into his own. Snatching up two wax candles, he stepped with officious zeal before the youth, and ushering him into a handsome apartment, offered to disencumber him of his cloak. Rolf waved him off with a haughty air, and, in a deep and solemn tone, pronounced the word SUPPER.

The obsequious landlord disappeared, and soon after returned, bearing a lordly dish of smoking viands, and followed by two domestics loaded with other delicacies. While the servants arranged the repast, Rolf patted his dog, bestowing on him one or two muttered monosyllables of notice; and when all was announced to be ready, he placed himself at table, waved his hand, and said, sternly, "Begone!" Boniface looked at the servants, and the servants at him; but there could be no disputing with one who seemed accustomed to command, and without loss of time they all retired.

As soon as the room was cleared, Rolf directed his attention to the repast, to which he did ample justice; he then gaily quaffed the generous wine, and finished this first act of the farce with smoking a cigar. At the first sound of the bell the obedient

landlord started into the room. Rolf gave a long loud yawn, which was enough for the observant Boniface, who, taking up a pair of candles, marshalled his silent guest into a commodious bed-chamber. Rolf flung himself carelessly on a couch, without noticing that the useful personage called Boots, stood ready to receive his commands. As his silent humour was by this time well known through the whole house, when he threw out a leg, Boots thought it a signal for him to do his duty, and so anxious was he to show his zeal, that Rolf's boot was half off before he seemed to know any thing of the matter. The moment, however, he was aware of the transaction, he gave the man such a hearty cuff, as sent him reeling to the other side of the room, and a single stamp of his foot cleared it of all intruders. Having fastened the door, he indulged himself in an extravagant fit of laughter. Loud and long were the peals, which, contrasting so strangely with his previous taciturnity, froze the blood of every man, woman, and child, within the precincts of the Golden Eagle.

Rolf then went to bed, and slept soundly till a late hour, when he arose and equipped himself for the second act of the farce. Having unfastened the door, he jumped again into bed, and rang the bell violently. When a servant entered the room, Rolf threw one leg out of bed, and called out, "breakfast." As soon as the appalling sight met his eyes, the horror-struck domestic rushed down stairs, nor paused till he found himself in the kitchen, the door of which he bolted behind him.—"What, in the name of wonder, exclaimed the landlady, "is the meaning of this uproar? You come tumbling in here as if Number-Nip* were at your heels."—"Talk not of heels!" ejaculated the servant; "I say he has hoofs!"—"Who has hoofs, block-

*A supposed supernatural being, the object of dread in Germany.

head?" demanded the enraged landlady. "Hast thou been at the bottle already, sot? I must beat this evil practice out of you—a drunkard neglects every thing. Up, booby, and see what the strange gentleman wants—don't you hear how furiously he is ringing? No one rings in the Golden Eagle in that manner without paying for it."—"I will not hold converse with the enemy," said the terrified domestic.—"Dolt! fool! you shall be well punished for this freak. Go up instantly," she bawled to another servant, "and ask what the gentleman wants."—The man obeyed; but by this time Rolf had both legs hanging out of the bed, and his dog growled from beneath it. The servant ran back, yelling with affright.—"I think you are all possessed this morning; such conduct is enough to drive a woman to distraction. Call in my husband."

Boniface appeared, and the matter was laid before him. It might well have discomposed the equanimity of any host in the city to find a pair of unseemly hoofs in his very best bed; and, accordingly, his disapprobation showed itself in his bristling hair, pale cheek, and chattering teeth.—"Heaven grant me patience?" exclaimed the wife. "Are you also frightened by a bug-bear? Go up this moment, or——"—"I am going, my love; I am going, I only wait to change my coat, and put on a better vest, and——"—"Do you hear that nincompoop?" cried the wife, as another peal rang in their ears. "Off with you this instant, before we are all deafened with the noise."—"I am going sweetest, but I must have all the servants with me. If our guest is the person I suspect him to be, he has been accustomed to many attendants." Accordingly the whole posse was mustered. Boniface, in the humility of his heart, wished to resign the post of honour; but his troop used such pressing arguments to induce him to be their leader, that it was quite impossible to resist them. He, therefore, step-

ped slowly on, followed by the three waiters, the hostlers, the stable-boy, and the scullion, all holding by each other's coats. The party paused at the back of the door to take breath, and there came another furious peal. They were just on the point of running down stairs, when the hostess thundered out, "What are you about there? must I come up?"—Boniface cast a rueful glance at his followers, which was as much as to say, "That will never do." A general groan attested their apprehension of their weighty arguments, and driven to despair, the landlord boldly threw open the door.

The stranger had now thrust out of the bed not only two hoofs, but a long black tail, which he whisked about in a paroxysm of rage; and had any thing been wanting to complete their consternation, it was supplied by Number-Nip, who, counterfeiting the utmost degree of canine vociferation, sprang toward the door. It was too much—the whole troop faced about, and in their flight, Boniface fell upon the waiters, they on the hostlers, the hostlers on the stable-boy, who over-set the scullion, and they all rolled down stairs, fighting and scuffling who should get first into the kitchen. Three stuck in the door-way, but were quickly dislodged by their compeers behind, and they all bolted into the kitchen, and barricaded the door behind them.

Consternation reigned in the inn, from the cellar to the garret. The guests were all ringing to know the cause of the uproar. The landlady railed at the servants, who refused to leave their entrenchments; and Boniface prudently counterfeited a swoon, from which all the kicks and cuffs bestowed on him by his active spouse failed to recal him.—At length snatching up a tray, and exclaiming, "Should he be the devil himself he shall have his breakfast, if he pays for it," this termagant boldly marched up stairs.

On reaching the apartment, she found her guest seated at table wait-

ing for breakfast, who after paying her the compliments of the morning with grave courtesy, motioned her to set down the repast. She obeyed, and, in doing so, glanced under the table; but nothing was to be seen there except a pair of very handsome unbooted legs. Under pretext of adjusting the window curtains, she made a detour to the rear, but with no better success; and she then walked down stairs, thoroughly persuaded that all those marvellous stories had originated in the effect of ale.

Rolf having finished breakfast, slowly descended the stair, and, at the same moment, the carriage of the proud and rich baroness Liebenstein drove up to the door. Instantly all was bustle within the Golden Eagle. Out rushed the landlady, the waiters, and the hostlers; and into the kitchen stepped Rolf, with purse in hand. Boniface stood trembling before him. His proffered payment

was timidly rejected; and in a voice almost inaudible from agitation, Boniface begged him to accept his poor entertainment, adding, that he considered the honour of his company sufficient compensation. "Nay, nay," quoth Rolf, advancing as the other retreated, "this must not be. At least accept this purse—you know not how much it will oblige me."—"Heaven forbid! Tempt me not! Avaunt! I say," cried the horror-struck landlord. On observing our hero's well-feigned astonishment, dropping on his knees, he added, "Your excellency must excuse me; I am under a vow not to touch money this blessed day."—"Nay then, there is no help for it," said Rolf with the utmost urbanity; "but henceforth you may rely on my patronage;" saying which, he gaily bade good-morning, and left the house.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE MISER; A COTTAGE TALE.

"Slaves who ne'er knew mercy;
Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,
Who laugh at human nature."

Rowe.

ON a delightful pleasant afternoon in the middle of summer, Humanus had betaken himself to roving over the plains and through the forests, to enjoy the luxuriant and pleasant breezes. After having roved for some time, he was returning towards his peaceful habitation, which to gain, he was under the necessity of passing along a public road, that lay through a forest.

Pursuing his way, his attention was attracted by an old man of singular appearance. His attire was patched in every part, and very dirty, and he looked like one on whom Poverty had breathed her pestilential breath. He walked from side to side, as if uncertain of his path; eyeing, at the same time, every one who passed him, as though he sus-

pected them of some design against himself.

The curiosity of Humanus being excited, he followed him unobserved. After prying about in every direction, he suddenly turned into a by-road, which led to a thicket. Humanus followed him, but with great caution; keeping at a proper distance, and screening himself behind some bushes.—The old man, after looking about, for a considerable time, with great care, at length dug a hole at the foot of a tree, and drawing from his pocket a bag, deposited it in the earth. "Rest there," said he, "thou precious hoard: thou solace of my life, and fruit of all my labours! Ah! many a weary day and many a heavy sigh hath it cost me to obtain thee. To gain thee, did I deny myself the pleasures of youth—to preserve thee, have I denied myself the comforts of age; and though now possessed of thee, yet do

I walk hand in hand with poverty !” He then began to cover it with the mould he had previously removed ; when suddenly a man masked, rushed upon him, and seizing the bag, was bearing it away. “ Oh, spare my gold !” exclaimed the old man, with trembling limbs and hurried accent ; “ spare it me ! I am a poor old man, and it is all I have.” “ Do-tard !” returned the robber, “ you have too much, and never will enjoy it :—I know you well, for I have watched you long :—give me the bag : Ruin hovers over me :—I am young, and many days are before me :—you are old, and can well spare from your abundance :—therefore, desist and let me go.” He then endeavoured to force the treasure from him, but in the struggle, his mask fell off and discovered his features. “ My nephew !” exclaimed the old man. “ Ah !” returned the other, then there is no alternative ! I know your mercy well—and thou hast lived too long already—die then, thou idolizing fool !” While thus he spoke, he drew forth a dagger, and plunged it in his breast. He fell, and left the other possessed of the bag.

“ Murderer !” exclaimed Humanus, darting from his concealment, “ thou art discovered !—another eye beholds thee beside that of this bleeding victim !” The assassin started back some paces in affright ; but presently recovering himself, he rushed upon him with the yet reeking dagger, and aimed it at his heart. Humanus caught his arm, averted the intended blow, and wrested the weapon from his hand : the other, having now no other means of safety, turned about and fled, like lightning, before him. Humanus pursued ; but fear added wings to the other, who left him far behind. He therefore hastened to examine the unfortunate miser, and found him just expiring. He perceived Humanus, and, fixing upon him his fading eyes,

with interrupted and scarcely articulate accents, said, “ stranger, my murderer is my nephew ; an abandoned youth, and old in the course of evil. Yet however guilty the deed in him, it is *justice* upon me ! I once deprived an orphan of its right !—Yet I grew rich and thrived apace ! But ah ! I never tasted one delight that riches give ! The sweets of life, the bonds of social friendship, and the ties of love, were all unknown to me : and not a soul now lives to mourn my sad departure. Here, take this ring : it is all I have left, and not unworthy thy acceptance. Go then, and be happy—but O ! remember *justice* !” He here ceased ; and the last spark of life issued through his bleeding wound.

Humanus wept at his fate, and loudly condemned himself for having remained so long concealed ; when, by his presence, he might have prevented the fatal catastrophe. “ And yet,” concluded he, “ could my feeble arm avert the hand of *justice* ?” He looked at the dagger, and wiped from its blade the blood, that seemed to call for vengeance. “ I will preserve thee,” said he “ thou instrument of guilt !—*Justice* may one day cast an eye upon thee, and remember thy late possessor !” After contemplating the wretched object before him, and passing some melancholy reflections upon the nature of man, he quitted the tragic scene, and returned to the road ; where, as if the miser’s ring, which glittered on his finger, had transformed him, numbers whom he had never known, hailed and welcomed him amongst them.

He pursued his way, and at length arrived at home, but not without the impressive reflections of the melancholy scene he had just before witnessed, and he endeavoured through the remainder of his life, to keep in view, the dying miser’s request “ remember *justice*.”

W.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Self-flattered, inexperienced, high in hope,
 When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
 We cut our cable, launch into the world,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend,
 All in some darling enterprise embark'd.
 But who is he can fathom life's event?
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,
 Some steer aright: but the black blast blows hard,
 And drives them wide of hope. What hearts of proof?
 Full against wind and tide, some win their way;
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
 Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
 They strike; and while they triumph they expire.
 But, when the gale blows hard, some sink outright.
 O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close:
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
 Others, a short memorial leave behind,
 Like a flag floating, when the bark's engulf'd,
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more.
 One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
 How few, favour'd by ev'ry element,
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
 With all their wishes freighted! Yet e'en these
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain.
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
 They still are men; and when is man secure?
 As fatal time, as storm. The rush of years
 Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
 False confidence beget: their proud success,
 But plants new sorrows on the victor's brow.
 What pain, to quit this world just made their own!
 Their nests so deeply down'd, and built so high!
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

W. M. R.

Halifax, February, 1827.

MOUSTACHE, OR THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.

Arma Canemque Cano.

MONTAIGNE has given a whole essay to war-horses, and celebrated, with his usual talent, the prowess of the various steeds who have, in different ages of the world, "done some service," not merely by bearing their masters through the field of battle, but by executing a pugnacious prowess separately and distinctly their own. If he had lived in our time, he would not assuredly have grudged a page or two to Moustache.

Moustache was born at Falaise, in Normandy, as nearly as can be ascertained, in or about the month of September, 1799. The family be-

ing numerous, he was sent at the age of six months, to Caen, to push his own fortunes, and was received into the house of an eminent grocer, where he was treated in the kindest manner.

But, strolling about the town one day, not long after his arrival, he happened to come upon the parade of a company of grenadiers who had just received the rout for Italy. They were brilliantly equipped—their spirits were high—and their drums loud. Moustache, fired on the instant with a portion of their fine enthusiasm.—He cut the grocer for ever, slunk out of that town, and joined the gre-

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gnadiers ere they had marched an hour.

He was dirty—he was tolerably ugly—but there was an intelligence, a sparkle, a brightness about his eye that could not be overlooked. “We have not a single dog in the regiment,” said the *petit tambour*, “and, at any rate, he looks as if he could forage for himself.” The drum-major, having his pipes to his mouth, nodded assent; and Moustache attached himself to the band.

The recruit was soon found to be possessed of considerable tact, and even talent. He already fetched and carried to admiration.—Ere three weeks were over, he could not only stand with as erect a back as any private in the regiment, but shoulder his musket, act sentinel, and keep time in the march. He was a gay soldier, and of course lived from paw to mouth; but ere they reached the Alps, Moustache had contrived to cultivate a particular acquaintance with the messman of his company,—a step which he had no occasion to repent.

He endured the fatigues of Mont St. Bernard with as good grace as any veteran in the army, and they were soon at no great distance from the enemy. Moustache by this time had not only become quite familiar with the sound of the drums, but of musketry, and even seemed to be inspired with new ardour as he approached the scene of action.

The first occasion on which he distinguished himself was this:—His regiment being encamped on the heights above Alexandria, a detachment of Austrians, from the vale of Belbo, were ordered to attempt a surprise, and marched against them during the night.—The weather was stormy, and the French had no notion that any Austrians were so near them. Human suspicion, in short, was asleep, and the camp in danger. But Moustache was on the alert; walking his rounds, as usual, with his nose in the air, he soon detected the greasy Germans. Their knapsacks, full of

sûrcrout and rancid cheese, betrayed them to his sagacity. He gave the alarm, and those foul feeders turned tail immediately—a thing that Moustache never did.

Next morning it was resolved, *nem con.* that Moustache had deserved well of his country. The Greeks would have voted him a statue; the Romans would have carried him triumph, like the geese of the capitol. But Moustache was hailed with a more sensible sort of gratitude. He would not have walked three yards, poor fellow, to see himself cast in plaster; and he liked much better to tread on his own toes than to be carried breast high on the finest handbarrow that ever came out of the hands of the carpenter.—The Colonel put his name on the roll—it was published in a regimental order, that he should henceforth receive the ration of a grenadier *per diem*, and Moustache was “*le plus heureaux des chiens.*”

He was now cropped *a la militaire*; a collar, with the name of the regiment, was hung round his neck, and the barber had orders to comb and shave him once a week.

From this time Moustache was certainly a different animal. In fact, he became so proud, that he could scarcely pass any of his canine brethren without lifting his leg.

In the meantime, a skirmish occurred, in which Moustache had a new opportunity of showing himself. It was here he received his first wound,—it, like all the rest, was in front. He received the thrust of a bayonet in his left shoulder, and with difficulty reached the rear. The regimental-surgeon dressed the wound which the Austrian steel had inflicted. Moustache suffered himself to be treated *secundum artem*, and remained in the same attitude, during several entire days, in the infirmary.

He was not perfectly recovered when the great battle of Marengo took place. Lame as he was, he could not keep away from so grand a scene. He marched always keeping

close to the banner, which he had learned to recognize among a hundred; and, like the fifer of the great Gustavus, who whistled all through the battle of Lutzen, Moustache never gave over barking until the evening closed upon the combatants of Marengo.

The sight of the bayonets was the only thing that kept him from rushing personally upon the Austrians; but his good fortune at last presented him with an occasion to do something. A certain German corporal had a large pointer with him, and this rash animal dared to show itself in advance of the ranks. To detect him—to jump upon him—and to seize him by the throat—all this was on the part of Moustache, only a *movement a la Francaise*. The German, being strong and bulky, despised to flinch, and a fierce struggle ensued. A musket-ball interrupted them; the German dog fell dead on the spot; and Moustache, after a moment of bewilderment, put up his paw, and discovered that he had lost an ear. He was puzzled for a little, but soon regained the line of his regiment; and Victory having soon after shewn herself a faithful goddess, ate his supper among his comrades with an air of satisfaction that spoke plainer than words.—“When posterity talk of Moustache, it will be said, that dog was also at Marengo.”

I think it has already been observed, that Moustache owned no particular master, but considered himself as the dog of the whole regiment. In truth, he had almost an equal attachment for every one that wore the French uniform, and a sovereign contempt to boot for every thing in plain clothes. Trades-people and their wives were dirt in his eyes, and whenever he did not think himself strong enough to attack a stranger, he ran away from him.

He had a quarrel with his grenadiers, who, being in garrison, thought fit to chain Moustache to a sentry-box. He could not endure this, and took

the first opportunity to escape to a body of chasseurs, who treated him with more respect.

The sun of Austerlitz found him with his chasseurs. In the heat of the action he perceived the Ensign, who bore the colours of his regiment, surrounded by a detachment of the enemy. He flew to his rescue—barked like ten furies—did every thing he could to encourage the young officer—but in vain. The gentleman sunk, covered with a hundred wounds, but not before, feeling himself about to fall, he had wrapped his body in the folds of the standard. At the moment the cry of victory reached his ear; he echoed it with his last breath, and his generous soul took its flight to the abode of heroes. Three Austrians had already bit the dust under the sword of the ensign, but five or six still remained about him, resolved not to quit until they had obtained possession of the colours he had so nobly defended. Moustache, meanwhile, had thrown himself on his dead comrade, and was on the point of being pierced with half a dozen bayonets, when the fortune of war came to his relief. A discharge of grape-shot swept the Austrians into oblivion. Moustache missed a paw, but of that he thought nothing. The moment he perceived that he was delivered from his assailants, he took the staff of the French banner in his teeth, and endeavoured all he could to disengage it. But the poor ensign had gripped it so fast in the moment of death, that it was impossible for him to get it out of his hands. The end of it was, that Moustache tore the silk from the cane, and returned to the camp limping, bleeding and laden with this glorious trophy,

Such an action merited honours; nor were they denied. The old collar was taken from him, and General Lannes ordered a red ribbon to replace it, with a little copper medal on which were inscribed these words:—“Il perdit une jambe a la bataille d'Austerlitz, et suava de

drapeau de son regiment." On the reverse :—" Moustache, chien Francais : qu'il soit partout respecte et cheri comme un brave." Meantime it was found necessary to amputate the shattered limb.—He bore the operation without a murmur, and limped with the air of a hero.

One day a chasseur, mistaking his dog no doubt, hit him a chance blow with the flat side of his sabre. Moustache, piqued to the heart, deserted, abandoning at once his regiment and his family.—He attached himself to some dragoons, and followed them into Spain.

He contrived to be infinitely useful in these new campaigns. He was always first up and first dressed.—He gave notice the moment any thing struck him as suspicious ; he barked at the least noise, except during night marches, when he received a hint that secrecy was desirable. At the affair of the Sierra-Morina, Mous-

tache gave a signal proof of his zeal and skill, by bringing home in safety to the camp, the horse of a dragoon who had had the misfortune to be killed. How he had managed it no one could tell exactly ; and the moment he saw him in the hands of a soldier, he turned and flew back to the field.

Moustache was killed by a cannon ball, on the 11th of March, 1811, at the taking of Badajoz. He was buried on the scene of his last glories, collar, medal, and all. A plain stone served him for a monument ; and the inscription was simply,—

"Cy git le brave Moustache."

The French historian of Moustache adds, but, we hope, without sufficient authority, that the Spaniards afterwards broke the stone, and that the bones of the dog were burnt by order of the Inquisition.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Ah, mouldering monument ! thou fading wreck of time !
 Emblem of things terrestrial ! on thee I still can read
 The dismal truth, " Here is the hallowed spot,
 Where, crumbling into dust, frail mortals' lot,
 The hungry spiral worms, a mother's relics feed."
 Degrading, humbling thought ! and yet it is sublime.

Sublime ? yes surely so, and awful too, to think,
 That man, the noblest work of skill supremely fine,
 Must, one day, lowly lie, and be the food
 Of greedy insects, which he proudly stood
 And trampled on ; to think, the Architect Divine
 To smallest atoms will this glorious fabric sink.

Alas—my mother ! whilst my tear-drops spot thy tomb,
 I think I see thy spirit hovering o'er my head :
 It seems to say, " Weep not, in peace I rest,
 Within th' eternal mansions of the blest,"
 Yet selfishly I wish, O ! that thou had'st not sped—
 Thy way so soon, to scenes which brightest joys illumine.

Yes, fain would I have stayed, forgive me Gracious God !
 Thy early journey, e'en to realms of purest bliss,
 A little longer ; but that ruthless foe,
 Death, heeded not, he bent his iron bow,
 And swiftly shot the shaft, so straight it could not miss,
 Ah ! 'twas unerring sure ! I kneel'd and kiss'd the rod.

Yet, though I humbly bowed to this heart-rending blow
Of Heaven's unchanging will, my nature still would wail
Its loss severe ;—and rational the grief,
For where's the Gilead found ? where the relief
Immediate for a soul sunk deep in sorrows' vale,
And, drinking, to the dregs, the bitter cup of woe ?

Fondest, best of parents ! though long the silent grave,
Invisible, has hid thee, memory holds thee dear :
And when this moss-grown marble fails to tell
What heavenly worth, what goodness with thee fell,
Thy spotless history, on lasting tablets, there,
Your latest offspring will indelibly engrave.

Oh ! scarcely had I ceased to lisp my childhood's prayer
Beside thy knee, and learn'd thy matchless love to prize,
To know thee virtuous, and to feel thee just,
Ere thou wert mingled with thy kindred dust.
But, whence arose that smile victorious o'er the skies ?
It softly whisper'd hope, and gently sooth'd our care.

How many high blest hours, how many halcyon days,
(Cease, busy memory, cease, recall them not to mind !)
With thee, my mother, raptur'd have I spent !
And though, in pity, Providence has sent
A substitute, and she is faithful, good, and kind ;
An altar, in my heart, thy virtues still shall raise.

Come, Resignation, come, and, through my aching breast,
Breathe, breathe thy mildest balm ! hush every bosom'd 'plaint !
Give pale Affliction, musing o'er the tomb,
A ray of comfort to dispel the gloom,
Which clouds her beaten brow: oh ! raise her spirits faint,
And gently lay her griefs, her rising griefs to rest.

And now dear shade, farewell ! but, when the mighty peal
Of the last trump, shall wake the slumber of the grave ;
When, from his throne, the Eternal King shall send
His Heavenly Herald, to proclaim the end
Of all things, may you rise triumphantly, and wave
The banner bright of glory, the flag of holy zeal !

PHILO-CECIL.

Windsor, 13th March, 1827.

SOFALA, THE OPHIR OF THE SCRIPTURES.

To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

SIR,—By reading the "Retrospective History of the West Indies," published in your Fourth Number, I have been induced to send you the following research relating to the Ophir of the ancients. It will confirm, and cast additional light, on the statements there made ; and will illustrate the ancient mode of navigating, in the Southern and Eastern seas, as well as tend to remove many of the difficulties respecting Ophir,

which have perplexed learned men in modern times. Yours,

Q.

MANY doubts have arisen about a port called *Ophir*, whence the immense quantities of gold and silver came, which were necessary at the time, when provision was making for building the temple of Jerusalem. In what part of the world this Ophir was, has not been yet agreed. Connected with this voyage, too, was

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one to Tarshish, which suffers the same difficulties ; one and the same fleet performed them both in the same season.

In order to come to a certainty where Ophir was : it will be necessary to examine what Scripture says of it ; and to keep precisely to every thing like description which we can find there, without indulging our fancy farther. First, then, the trade to Ophir was carried on from the Elanitic Gulf, through the Indian Ocean. Secondly, the returns were gold, silver, and ivory ; but especially silver, 1 Kings x. 22. Thirdly, the time of the going and coming of the fleet was precisely three years, 1 Kings x. 22, at no period more or less.

Now, if Solomon's fleet sailed from the Elanitic Gulf to the Indian Ocean, this voyage of necessity, must have been made by monsoons ; for no other winds reign in that ocean. And what certainly shews this was the case, is the precise time of three years, in which the fleet went and came between Ophir and Ezion-gaber. For it is plain, so as to supersede the necessity of proof or argument, that, had this voyage been made with variable winds, no limited term of years ever could have been observed in its going and returning. The fleet might have returned from Ophir in two years, in three, four, or five years ; but, with variable winds, the return precisely in three years was not possible, whatever part of the globe Ophir might have been situated in.

Neither Spain nor Peru could be Ophir ; part of these voyages must have been made by variable winds, and the return consequently uncertain. The island of Ceylon, in the East Indies, could not be Ophir. The voyage thither is indeed made by monsoons ; but a year is all that can be spent in a voyage to the East Indies ; besides, Ceylon has neither gold nor silver, though it has ivory. St. Domingo has neither gold, nor silver, nor ivory. When the Tyrians

discovered Spain, they found a profusion of silver in huge masses ; but this they brought to Tyre by the Mediterranean, and then sent it to the Red Sea over land, to answer the returns from India. Tarshish, too, is not found to be a port in any of these voyages ; so that part of the description fails, nor were there ever elephants bred in Spain.

These mines of Ophir were probably what furnished the East with gold in the earliest times ; great traces of excavation must, therefore, have appeared ; yet, in none of the places just mentioned are there great remains of any mines that have been wrought. The ancient traces of silver mines in Spain are not to be found, and there never were any of gold. John Dos Santos, a Dominican friar, says, that on the coast of Africa, in the kingdom of Sofala, the main land opposite to Madagascar, there are mines of gold and silver, than which none can be more abundant, especially in silver. They bear the traces of having been wrought from the earliest ages. They were actually open and working when the Portuguese conquered that part of the peninsula, and were probably given up since the discovery of the new world, rather from political than any other reasons.

John Dos Santos says, that he landed at Sofala in the year 1586 ; that he sailed up the great river Cuama as far as Tete, where, always desirous to be in the neighbourhood of gold, his order had placed their convent. Thence he penetrated for above 200 leagues into the country, and saw the gold mines then working, at a mountain called Afura. At a considerable distance from these are the silver mines of Chicoua ; at both places, there is a great appearance of ancient excavations ; and, at both places, the houses of the kings are built with mud and straw, whilst there are large remains of massy buildings of stone and lime.

It is a tradition which generally obtains in that country, that these

works belonged to the queen of Saba, and were built at the time, and for the purpose of the trade in the Red Sea. This tradition is common to all the Cofrs in that country. Eupolemus, an ancient author, quoted by Eusebius, speaking of David, says, that he built ships at Eloth, a city in Arabia, and there sent miners, or, as he calls them, *metal-men*, to Orphi, or Ophir, an island in the Red Sea. Now, by the Red Sea, he understands the Indian Ocean; and by Orphi, he probably meant the island of Madagascar; or Orphi (or Ophir) might have been the name of the continent, instead of Sofala, that is, Sofala where the mines are, might have been the main-land of Orphi.

The kings of the Isles are often mentioned in this voyage; Socotra, Madagascar, the Comorras, and many other small islands thereabout are probably those the Scriptures call the *Isles*. All, then, at last, reduces itself to the finding a place, either Sofala, or any other place adjoining to it, which avowedly can furnish gold, silver, and ivory in quantity, has large tokens of ancient excavations; and is, at the same time, under such restrictions from monsoons, that three years are absolutely necessary to perform the voyage; that it needs no more, and cannot be done in less; and this is Ophir.

Let us now try these mines of Dos Santos, by the laws of the monsoons. The fleet, or ship, for Sofala, parting in June from Ezion-gaber, would run down before the northern monsoon to Mocha. Here, not the monsoon, but the direction of the Gulf changes, and the violence of the South-west-ers, which then reign in the Indian Ocean, makes themselves at times felt even in Mocha Roads. The vessel, therefore comes to an anchor in the harbour of Mocha, and here she waits for moderate weather and a fair wind, which carries her out of the Straits of Babelmandel, through the few leagues where the wind is variable. If her course was now to the East Indies, that is, east north-

east, or north-east and by north, she would find a strong south-west wind, that would carry her to any part of India, as soon as she cleared Cape Gardefan, to which she was bound.

But matters are widely different if she is bound for Sofala. Her course is nearly south-west, and she meets at Cape Gardefan a strong south-wester that blows directly in her teeth. Being obliged to return into the Gulf, she mistakes this for a trade-wind, because she is not able to make her voyage to Mocha, but by the summer monsoon, which carries her no farther than the straits of Babelmandel, and then leaves her in the face of a contrary wind, a strong current to the northward, and violent swell.

The attempting this voyage with sails, in these circumstances, was absolutely impossible, as their vessels went only before the wind. If it was performed at all, it must have been by oars, Ezek. xxvii. 6. and great havock and loss of men must have been the consequence of the several trials. This is not conjecture only. The prophet Ezekiel describes the very fact. Speaking of the Tyrian voyages, probably of this very one, he says, "Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters, (the ocean): The east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas, chap. xxvii. 26. In short, the east, that is, the north-east wind, was the very monsoon that was to carry them to Sofala; yet having no sails, being upon a lee-shore, a bold coast, and great swell, it was absolutely impossible with oars to save themselves from destruction.

At last philosophy and observation together with the unwearied perseverance of man, bent upon his own views and interests, removed these difficulties, and shewed the mariners of the Arabian Gulf, that these periodical winds, which, in the beginning, they looked upon as invincible barriers to the trading to Sofala, when once understood, were the very

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means of performing this voyage safely and expeditiously.

The vessel trading to Sofala sailed, as has been said, from the bottom of the Arabian Gulf in summer, with the monsoon at north; which carried her to Mocha. There the monsoon failed her; by the change of the direction of the Gulf. The south-west winds, which blow without Cape Gardafan in the Indian Ocean, forced themselves round the Cape so as to be felt in the road of Mocha, and make it uneasy riding there. But these soon changed; the weather became moderate, and the vessel, suppose in the month of August, was safe at anchor under Cape Gardafan, where was the port which, many years afterwards, was called Promontorium Aromatum. Here the ship was obliged to stay all November, because all these summer months the wind south of the Cape was a strong south-wester, as hath been before said, directly in the teeth of the voyage to Sofala. But this time was not lost; part of the goods bought to be ready for the return was ivory, frankincense, and myrrh, and the ship was then at the principal mart for these.

In November the vessel sailed with the wind at north-east, with which she would soon have made her voyage; but off the coast of Melinda, in the beginning of December, she there met an anomalous monsoon at south-west, in our days first observed by Dr. Halley, which cut off her voyage to Sofala, and obliged her to put in to the small harbour of Mocha, near Melinda, but nearer still to Tarshish, which we find here by accident, and which we think a strong corroboration that we are right as to the rest of the voyage. In the annals of Abyssinia, we see that Adma Zion, making war upon that coast in the 14th century, in a list of the rebellious Moorish vassals, mentions the chief of Tarshish as one of them, in the very situation where we have now placed it.

Solomon's vessel, then, was ob-

liged to stay at Tarshish till the month of April of the second year. In May, the wind set in at north-east, and probably carried her that same month to Sofala. All the time she spent at Tarshish was not lost; for part of her cargo was to be brought from that place, and she probably bought, bespoke or left it there. From May of the second year, to the end of that monsoon in October, the vessel could not stir; the wind was north-east. But this time, far from being lost, was necessary to the traders for getting in their cargo, which we shall suppose was ready for them.

The ship sails on her return, in the month of November of the second year with the monsoon south-west, which, in a very few weeks, would have carried her into the Arabian Gulf, but off Mocha near Melinda and Tarshish, she met the north-east monsoon, and was obliged to go into that port, and stay there till the end of that monsoon; after which a south-wester came to her relief in May of the third year. With the May monsoon she ran to Mocha within the Straits, and was there confined by the summer monsoon blowing up the Arabian Gulf from Suez, and meeting her. Here she lay till that monsoon, which in summer blows northerly from Suez, changed to a south-east one in October or November, and that very easily brought her up into the Elanitic Gulf, the middle or end of December that year. She had no need of more time to complete her voyage, and it was not possible she could do it in less. In short, she changed the monsoon six times, which is thirty-six months, or three years exactly; and there is not another combination of monsoons over the globe, so far as we know, capable to effect the same.

The celebrated Montesquieu conjectures, that Ophir was really on the coast of Africa; and the conjectures of that great man merit more attention than the assertions of ordinary people. He is too saga-

cious and to be enlightened, either to doubt of the reality of the voyage itself, or to seek for Ophir and Tarshish in China. Uninformed, however, of the particular direction of the monsoons upon the coast, first very slightly spoken of by Eudoxus, and lately observed and delineated by Dr. Halley, he was staggered upon considering that the whole distance, which employed a vessel in Solomon's time for three years, was a thousand leagues, scarcely more than the work of a month. He therefore, supposes, that the reason of delay was owing to the imperfection of the vessels, and goes into very ingenious calculations, reasonings, and conclusions thereupon. He conjectures, therefore, that the ships employed by Solomon, were what he calls *junks* of the Red Sea, made of papyrus, and covered with hides or leather.

Pliny had said, that one of these *junks* of the Red Sea, was twenty days on a voyage, which a Greek or Roman vessel would have performed in seven; and Strabo had said the same thing before him.

This relative slowness, or swiftness, will not solve the difficulty. For, if these *junks* were the vessels employed to Ophir, the long voyage, much more they would have been employed on the short one, to and from India; now they performed this within a year, which was all a Roman or Greek vessel could do; therefore this was not the cause. Those employed by Solomon were Tyrian and Idumean vessels, the best ships and sailors of their age. Whoever has seen the prodigious swell, the violent currents, and strong south-westers beyond the Straits of Babelmandel, will not need any argument to persuade him, that no vessel made of papyrus, or leather, could live an hour upon that sea. The *junks*, indeed, were light and convenient boats, made to cross the narrow gulf between the Sabeans and Homerites, or Cushites, at Azab upon the Red Sea, and carry provisions

from Arabia Felix to the more desert coast of Azab. We have hinted, that the names of places sufficiently demonstrate the great loss of men that happened to the traders to Sofala, before the knowledge of the monsoons, and the introduction of the use of sails.

We shall now consider how far the thing is confirmed by the names of places in the language of the country, such as they have retained among them to the present day.

There are three Mochas mentioned in this voyage, situated in countries very dissimilar to, and distant from, each other. The first is, in Arabia Deserta, in lat. 30 deg. nearly, not far from the bottom of the Gulf of Suez. The second is in lat. 13 deg., a small distance from the Straits of Babelmandel. The third Mocha is in lat. 3 deg. South, near Tarshish, on the coast of Melinda. Now the meaning of Mocha, in the Ethiopic, is *prison*; and is particularly given to these three places, because, in any of them, a ship is forced to stay or be detained for months, till the changing of the monsoon sets her at liberty to pursue her voyage. At Mocha near the bottom of the Gulf of Suez, a vessel, wanting to proceed southward to Babelmandel, is kept here in prison all winter, till the summer monsoon sets her at liberty. At Mocha, in Arabia Felix, the same happens to any vessel wanting to proceed to Suez in the summer months. She may come up from the Straits of Babelmandel to Mocha Road, by the accidental direction of the head of the Gulf; but, in the month of May, the north-west wind obliges her to put into Mocha, and there to stay till the south-easter relieves her in November. After you double Gardesfan, the summer monsoon, at north-east, is carrying your vessel full sail to Sofala, when the anomalous monsoon, takes her off the coast of Melinda, and forces her into Tarshish, where she is imprisoned for six months in the Mocha there. So that this word is very emphatically applied to those

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places where ships are necessarily detained by the change of monsoons, and proves the truth of what we have said.

The last cape on the Abyssinian shore, before you run into the Straits, is Cape Defan, called by the Portuguese, Cape Dafui. This has no meaning in any language, the Abyssinians, on whose side it is, call it *Cape Defan, the Cape of Burial*. It was probably there where the east wind drove ashore the bodies of such as had been shipwrecked in the voyage. The point of the same coast which stretches out into the Gulf, before you arrive at Babelmandel, was by the Romans, called *Promontorium Aromatum*, and since, by the Portuguese, *Cape Gardesui*. But the name given it by the Abyssinians and sailors on the Gulf, is *Cape Gardesfan, the Straits of Burial*.

Still nearer the Straits, is a small port in the kingdom of Adel, called *Mete, i. e. Death*, or, they are dead. And more to the west-ward, in the same kingdom, is Mount Felix, corruptly so called by the Portuguese. The Latins call it, Elephans Mons, the Mountain of the Elephant; and the natives, Jibbel Feel, which has the same signification. The Portuguese, who did not know that Jibbel Feel, was Elephans mons, being misled by the sound, have called it *Jibbel Felix*, the happy Mountain, a name to which it has no sort of title.

The Straits by which we enter the Arabian Gulf, are by the Portuguese, called Babelmandel, which is nonsense. The name by which it goes among the natives, is, Babelmandeb, the Gate, or Port of Affliction. And near it, Ptolemy places a town he calls in the Greek, Mandaeth, which appears to us to be only a corruption of Mandeb. The promontory that makes the south-side of the Straits, and the city thereupon, is *Diræ*, which means the Hades, or hell, by Ptolemy called $\Delta\eta\eta$. This, too, is a translation of the ancient name, because $\Delta\eta\eta$ (or *Diræ*) has no signification in the Greek. A cluster of

islands you meet on the Canal, after passing Mocha, is called Jibbel Zekir, or, the islands of prayer for the remembrance of the dead. And still, in the same course up the Gulf, others are called Sebaat Gzier, praise or glory be to God, as we may suppose, for the return from this dangerous navigation.

All the coast to the east-ward, to where Gardesfan stretches out into the ocean, is the territory of Saba, which immemorially has been the mart of frankincense, myrrh, and balsam. Behind Saba, upon the Indian ocean, is the *Regio Cinnamoni-fera*, where a considerable quantity of that wild cinnamon grows, which the Italian druggists call *canella*.

Inland near to Azab, as we have before observed, are large ruins, some of them of small stones and lime, adhering strongly together. There is especially an aqueduct, which brought formerly a large quantity of water from a fountain in the mountains, which must have greatly contributed to the beauty, health and pleasure of Saba. This is built with large masonry blocks of marble, brought from the neighbouring mountains, placed one upon another, without lime or cement, but joined with thick cramps, or bars of brass. There are likewise a number of wells, not six feet wide, composed of pieces of marble hewn to parts of a circle, and joined with similar bars of brass also. This is exceedingly surprising; for Agatharcides tells us, that the Alileans and Cassandrans in the southern parts of Arabia, (just opposite to Azab,) had among them gold in such plenty, that they would give double the weight of gold for iron, triple its weight for brass, and ten times its weight for silver; that, in digging the earth, they found pieces of gold as big as olive stones, and even much larger.

This seems extraordinary, if brass was at such a price in Arabia, that it could be here employed in the meanest and most common uses. However this be, the inhabitants of the

Continent and of the peninsula of Arabia opposite to it, of all denominations, agree, that this was the royal seat of the Queen of Saba, famous in ecclesiastical history for her journey to Jerusalem, that these works belonged to her, and were erected at

the place of her residence; that all the gold, silver and perfumes came from her kingdom of Sofala, which was Ophir, and which reached from thence to Azab, upon the borders of the Red Sea, along the coast of the Indian Ocean.

THE DEFENCE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

THE Spartan king, with his little band of heroic and self-devoted followers, resolved on this occasion to exhibit to the world a memorable example of obedience to the laws of Lycurgus, which prohibited on whatever occasion to desert their post, or to fly from an enemy. The subject of other states might follow the dictates of prudence or expediency; but the Spartans could only hear and obey the voice of glory, and the call of their country.

Placed in the post of honour by the general consent of Greece, they chose rather to die than desert that station, and they determined therefore, though at the expense of their lives, to confirm the pre-eminence of Sparta, to earn immortal fame, and to give an example of patriotism to the last ages of Greece. Animated by the example of their leader, each Lacedæmonian and Thespian, under his command, devoted himself to death; but resolved to die in such a manner as should be glorious to himself, and beneficial to his country. When he ordered them to "prepare the last meal of their lives, and to dine like men, who at night should sup with their fathers," they sent up a shout of joy, as if they had been invited to a banquet.

When Hydarnes, with his detachment of twenty thousand men, had nearly approached to the rear of the Greeks, a chosen band of Persians advanced to the assault in front. To guard the defile, when they must inevitably be surrounded, was no longer an object to Leonidas, and his attendants; but to choose the spot, where, in sacrificing them-

selves, they might make the greatest havoc among the enemy.

Conscious of certain death, it was now time to prepare for the last effort of generous despair. Advancing to the widest part of the valley, they attacked the Persians with the most impetuous valour, spread a scene of carnage on all sides, and in the confusion that ensued, many of the undisciplined barbarians were driven into the sea. Leonidas fell early in the engagement, at the head of his heroic Spartans. The conflict, however, was continued favourably for the Greeks, till Hydarnes attacked their rear. Collected in themselves, though retiring to return no more, they took post behind the wall of Thermopylæ. The Thebans took this opportunity of expressing their early attachment to the Persians, and with outstretched arms begged mercy of the conquerors. Many of them were killed in the act of surrendering themselves; the remainder, being made prisoners, survived only to infamy. The Lacedæmonians and Thespians, continued to fight with all the fury of despair, till the wall was broken down, and the enemy entered by the breaches. It was no longer possible to resist the weapons of surrounding multitudes; this undaunted band perished to the last man, overwhelmed rather than conquered by the Persian arms.

To the memory of those brave defenders of Greece, a magnificent monument was afterwards erected on the spot where they fell, bearing two inscriptions; one in honour of all those who had fallen on that oc-

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es came
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ed from
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casian; importing, that a thousand
Greeks had resisted the progress of
the Persian army, consisting of mil-
lions; the other, to the memory of
Leonidas and his three hundred
Spartans, expressed in a few simple
words by the poet Simonides;
Tell, stranger, at Sparta, that you

wept over the ashes of the three
hundred, who devoted themselves to
death in obedience to the laws of
their country."

Twenty thousand Persians fell in
this engagement; and, among the
rest, the two brothers of Xerxes.
—Rutherford.

ANECDOTES.

LORD HOWE.

DURING the last war with France,
Lord Howe was suddenly awakened
from his sleep by an officer, who, in
haste, told him the ship was on fire
close to the powder-room. His
Lordship coolly replied, — "If it
is so, Sir, we shall very soon know
it." Some minutes afterwards the
lieutenant returned, and told his
Lordship he had no occasion to be
afraid for the fire was extinguished.
"Afraid!" replied Lord Howe, has-
tily; "What do you mean by that
Sir? I never was afraid in my life!"

BENEVOLENCE AND GRATITUDE.

A LETTER received by the Hawke,
lately (1791) arrived from India, re-
lates the following pleasing incident,
which occurred to major Gowdie,
shortly after he entered Bangalore,
with the other assailants. Last war
he had been Tippoo's prisoner and
was confined, with many other gen-
tlemen, in Bangalore, where they
suffered every species of insult, hard-
ship, and barbarity.

A humane and benevolent butcher
whose business led him often to their
prison, saw and felt for their suffer-
ings; they had been stripped of their
clothes, and robbed of their money,
before they were confined. It would
probably have cost the butcher his
ears, perhaps his life, had he disco-
vered any symptoms of pity for the
prisoners before his countrymen.
They were allowed only one seer of
rice, and a pice, or halfpenny per
day, for their subsistence: but the
butcher contrived to relieve their
necessities. Upon opening the sheep
heads, which they frequently bought
of him for food, they were astonish-

ed to find pagodas in the brains.
Upon passing the yard of their pri-
son he often gave them abusive lan-
guage, and threw balls of clay or
dirt at them to testify his hatred or
contempt; but upon breaking the
balls, they always found that they
contained a supply of money for
their relief; and this he did fre-
quently for a considerable length of
time.

Major Gowdie had not long enter-
ed the breach ere he saw and re-
cognized his quondam friend the
butcher; he ran with eagerness to
embrace him, saved him from the
carnage, and led him to a place of
safety; the transports of the two
generous spirits at their meeting
gave the most pleasing sensations to
all who beheld them; it softened the
rage of the soldiers, and made the
thirst of blood give way to the emo-
tions of humanity.

WANTS.

A CERTAIN facetious gentleman, being
asked by an honourable lounge why
he so often played the fool, replied,
"For the same reason that you do;
out of want.—You play the fool for
want of wit, and I for want of money."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

TOBACCO was first brought into repute
in England by Sir Walter Raleigh.—
By the caution he took of smoking it
privately, he did not intend it should
be copied. But sitting one day, in
deep meditation, with a pipe in his
mouth, he inadvertently called to his
man to bring him a tankard of small-
beer. The fellow coming into the
room, threw all the liquor into his
master's face, and running down

stairs, bawled out, "Fire! Help! Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out at his mouth and nose!"

ROBERT THE NORMAN.

THE following curious anecdote may serve both as a proof and illustration of the wit, politeness, and generosity of the Normans.—When Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, was at Constantinople, in his way to the Holy Land, he lived in uncommon splendour, and was greatly celebrated for his wit, his affability, his liberality, and other virtues. Of these, many remarkable examples were related to the Emperor, who resolved to put the reality of them to a trial. With this view he invited the Duke, and all his Nobles, to a feast, in the great hall of the Imperial Palace; but took care to have all the tables, and seats filled with guests before the arrival of the Normans, of whom he commanded to take no notice. When the Duke followed by his Nobles in their richest dresses, entered the hall, observing that all the seats were filled with guests, and that none of them returned his civilities,

or offered him any accommodation, he walked, without the least appearance of surprise or discomposure, to an empty space at one end of the room, took off his cloak, folded it very carefully, laid it upon the floor, and sat down upon it; in all which he was imitated by his followers. In this posture they dined off such dishes as were set before them, with every appearance of the most perfect satisfaction with their entertainment. When the feast was ended, the Duke and his Nobles arose, took leave of the company in the most graceful manner, and walked out of the hall in their doublets leaving their cloaks, which were of value, behind them on the floor. The Emperor, who had admired their whole behaviour, was quite surprised at this last part of it; and sent one of his courtiers to intreat the Duke and his followers to put on their cloaks. "Go," said the Duke, "and tell your master, that it is not the custom of the Normans to carry about with them the seats which they use at an entertainment." Could any thing be more delicate than this refusal; or more noble, polite, and manly, than this deportment?

To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

SIR,—In your editorial department, you must from a respect to the public, and the desire which we readers naturally suppose you to entertain for the success of your work, be often under the painful necessity of rejecting communications from well-meaning correspondents. From your last number, I am induced to expect, that you will be more careful hereafter in that respect, than you have hitherto been. I, and many others of your readers I am sure, will feel gratified if you insert the following "Notice to Correspondents," published only a few days ago, in a paper of this town, very ably conducted. By pursuing this plan you will serve the public as well as yourself, add to the celebrity of your Magazine, and be less pestered than you must heretofore have been, with pieces unfit to appear in the most evanescent periodicals of the day. Yours, A.

"While our patrons are steadily increasing, we have also the satisfaction to find that our Correspondents are becoming more numerous. To one and all we re-

turn our thanks for their contributions, and hope to be often favoured with the offsprings of their leisure hours. We shall ever be happy to give place to original matter that bears a character of usefulness, or is stamped by the hand of genius. But it is a painful part of our editorial duty to reject the well meant, perhaps, but feeble productions we occasionally receive. We assure our correspondents that it goes to our very hearts to condemn the children of their brains: we know with what a paternal eye every man views his own literary bantling, and with what filial affection he regards it, notwithstanding his friends may think it deformed. But in defiance of our tenderness of heart in this respect, we have sometimes to lift the lid of our Balaam Box to deposit a heavy article—for instance, the 'Sighs of Sensibility,' a Tale, in 32 pages of Bath Post, by Miss F—— has this week been consigned to this gloomy receptacle. Silvio's 'Sonnet to a Blue Bird,' has gone to look after it."

THE DUKE OF YORK.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERICK DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY, after a long and painful sickness, which he bore with resignation and christian patience, died on the 5th of January last, much and deservedly lamented by the British nation. The length of time he commanded the Army of Great Britain, the many excellent regulations he introduced for the advantage of both officers and privates, and for rendering the whole more effective in war, make it unnecessary that we should apologize for publishing the two following pieces, though they have already appeared in the newspapers of the town, as they are written in a masterly style, and on a subject, at present, so generally interesting.

[WRITTEN BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

IN the person of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, we may justly say, in the language of scripture, "there has fallen this day in our Israel a Prince and a great man." He has, from an early period of his manhood, performed a most important part in public life. In the early wars of the French Revolution, he commanded the British forces on the Continent, and, although we claim not for his memory the admiration due to the rare and high gifts, which in our latter times must combine to form a military genius of the first order, yet, it has never been disputed that in the field his Royal Highness displayed intelligence, military skill and his family attribute—the most unalterable courage. He had also the universal testimony of the army for his efforts to lessen the distresses of the privates, during the horrors of an unsuccessful campaign, in which he acquired, and kept to his death, the epithet of the Soldier's Friend.

But it is not on account of these early services that we now, as boldly as our poor voice may, venture to bring forward the late Duke of York's claims to the perpetual gratitude of his country. It is as the reformer and regenerator of the British army, which he brought from a state nearly allied to general contempt, to such a pitch of excellence, that we may,

without much hesitation, claim for them an equality with, if not a superiority over any troops in Europe. The Duke of York had the firmness to look into and examine the causes, which, ever since the American war, though arising out of circumstances existing long before, had gone as far to destroy the character of the British army, as the naturally good materials of which it is composed would permit. The heart must have been bold that did not despair at the sight of such an Augean stable.

In the first place, our system of purchasing commissions—itsself an evil in a military point of view, and yet indispensable to the freedom of the country—had been stretched so far as to open the way to every sort of abuse. No science was required, no service, no previous experience whatsoever; the boy let loose from the school last week, might in the course of a month be a field officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were, against whom there could be no complaint of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing to see a commission obtained for a child in the cradle; and when he came from college, the fortunate youth was at least a lieutenant of some

standing, by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, commissions were in some instances obtained for young ladies, when pensions could not be had. We know ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of captain in the — dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who, at that period, actually did duty. For, as we have said, no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers. If they desired to improve themselves in the elemental parts of their profession, there were no means open either of direction or instruction. But as a zeal for knowledge rarely exists where its attainment brings no credit or advantage, the gay young men who adopted the military profession were easily led into the fashion of thinking, that it was pedantry to be master even of the routine of the exercise which they were obliged to perform. An intelligent serjeant whispered from time to time the word of command, which his captain would have been ashamed to have known without prompting; and thus the duty of a field day was huddled over rather than performed. It was natural, under such circumstances, that the pleasures of the mess, or of the card or billiard table, should occupy too much of the leisure of those who had so few duties to perform, and that extravagance, with all its disreputable consequences, should be the characteristic of many, while others, despairing of promotion, which could only be acquired by money or influence, sunk into mere machines, performing without hope or heart, a task which they had learned by rote.

To this state of things, by a succession of well considered and effectual regulations, the Duke of York put a stop with a firm yet gentle hand. Terms of service

was fixed for every rank, and neither influence nor money was permitted to force any individual forward, until he had served the necessary time in the present grade which he held. No rank short of that of the Duke of York—no courage and determination inferior to that of his Royal Highness, could have accomplished a change or so important a service, but which yet was so unfavourable to the wealthy and to the powerful, whose children and proteges had formerly found a brief way to promotion.— Thus a protection was afforded to those officers who could only hope to rise by merit and length of service, while, at the same time, the young aspirant was compelled to discharge the duties of a subaltern before attaining the higher commissions,

In other respects, the influence of the commander in chief was found to have the same gradual and meliorating influence. The vicissitudes of real service, and the emergencies to which individuals are exposed, began to render ignorance unfashionable, as it was speedily found that mere valour, however fiery, was unable on such occasions, for the extrication of those engaged in them; and that they who knew their duties and discharged it were not only most secure of victory and safety in action, but most distinguished at head quarters, and most certain of promotion. Thus a taste for studying mathematics and calculations applicable to war, was gradually introduced into the army, and carried by some officers to a great length, while a perfect acquaintance with the routine of the field day was positively demanded from every officer in the service as an indispensable qualification.

His Royal Highness also introduced a species of moral discipline among the officers of our army,

which has had the highest consequence on their character. Persons of the old school of Captain Plume and Captain Brazen, men who swore hard, drank deep, bilked tradesmen, and plucked pigeons, were no longer allowed to arrogate a character which they could only support by deep oaths and ready swords. If a tradesman whose bill was unpaid, thought proper to apply at the Horse Guards, the debtor received a letter from head quarters, requiring to know if there existed any objections to the account, and failing in rendering a satisfactory answer, he was put upon stoppages, until the creditor's demand was satisfied. Repeated applications of this kind might endanger the officer's commission, which was then sold for the payment of his creditors. Other moral delinquencies were at the same time adverted to; and, without maintaining an inquisitorial strictness over the officers, or taking too close inspection of the mere gaieties and follies of youth, a complaint of any kind, implying departure from the character of a gentleman and a man of honour, was instantly enquired into by the Commander in Chief, and the delinquent censured or punished as the case seemed to require. The army was thus like a family under protection of an indulgent father, who, willing to promote merit, checks with a timely frown, the temptations to licence and extravagance.

The private soldiers equally engaged the attention of his Royal Highness. In the course of his superintendence of the army, a military dress the most absurd in Europe, was altered for one easy and comfortable for the men, and suitable to the hardships they are exposed to in actual service. The severe and vexatious rules exacted about the tying of hair,

and other trifling punctilios (which had been found sometimes to goad troops into mutiny), were abolished, and strict cleanliness was substituted for a Hottentot head dress of tallow and flour. The pay of the soldier was augmented, while care was at the same time taken, that it should, as far as possible, be expended in bettering his food and extending his comforts. The slightest complaint on the part of a private sentinel, was as regularly inquired into, as if it had been preferred by a General Officer. Lastly, the use of the cane (a brutal practice, which our officers borrowed from the Germans), was entirely prohibited, and regular corporeal punishments, by the sentence of a court martial, have been gradually diminished.

If, therefore, we find in the modern British officer more information, a more regular course of study, a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his profession, and a greater love for its exertions—if we find the private sentinel discharge his duty with a mind unembittered by petty vexations and regimental exactions, conscious of immunity from capricious violence, and knowing where to appeal if he sustains injury—if we find in all ranks of the army a love of their profession, and a capacity of matching themselves with the finest troops which Europe ever produced—to the memory of his Royal Highness the Duke of York we owe this change from the state of the forces thirty years since.

The means of improving the tactics of the British army did not escape his Royal Highness's sedulous care and attention. Formerly every commanding officer manœuvred his regiment after his own fashion: and if a brigade of troops were brought together, it was very doubtful whether they could execute any one combined movement,

and almost certain that they could not execute the various parts upon the same principle. This was remedied by the system of regulations compiled by the late Sir David Dundas, and which obtained the sanction of his Royal Highness.—The one circumstance, of giving a uniform principle and mode of working to the different bodies, which are, after all, but parts of the same great machine, was in itself one of the most distinguished services which could be rendered to a national army, and it is only surprising that, before it was introduced, the British army was able to execute any combined movements at all.

We cannot but notice the Duke of York's establishment near Chelsea for the orphans of soldiers, the cleanliness and discipline of which are a model for such institutions; and the Royal Military School or College, at Sandhurst, where every species of scientific instruction is afforded to those officers whom it is desirable to qualify for the service of the Staff. The excellent officers who have been formed at this institution, are the best pledge of what is due to its founder. Again we repeat, that, if the British soldier meets his foreign adversary, not only with equal courage, but with equal readiness and facility at manœuvre—if the British officer brings against his scientific antagonist, not only his own good heart and hand, but an improved and enlightened knowledge of his profession, to the memory of the Duke of York, the army and the country owe them.

The character of his Royal Highness was admirably adapted to the task of this extended reformation, in a branch of the public service on which the safety of England absolutely depended for the time.—Without possessing any brilliancy, his judgment in itself clear and

steady, was inflexibly guided by honour and principle. No solicitations could make him promote what it would have been inconsistent with these principles to grant; nor could any circumstance induce him to break or elude the promise which he once had given. At the same time, his feelings, humane and kindly, were, on all possible occasions, accessible to the claims of compassion; and there occurred but rare instances of a wise widowed, or a family rendered orphans, by the death of a meritorious officer, without something being done to render their calamities more tolerable.

As a statesman, the Duke of York, from his earliest appearance in public life, was guided by the opinions of Mr. Pitt. But two circumstances are worthy of remark. First, that his Royal Highness never permitted the consideration of politics to influence him in his department of Commander in Chief, but gave alike to Whig as to Tory, the preferment their service or their talents deserved. Secondly in attaching himself to the party whose object is supposed to be to strengthen the crown, his Royal Highness would have been the last man to invade, in the slightest degree, the rights of the people. The following anecdote may be relied upon: At the table of the Commander in Chief, not many years since, a young officer entered into a dispute with Lieut. Col. —, upon the point to which military obedience ought to be carried. "If the Commander in Chief," said the young officer, like a second Seid, "should command me to do a thing which I knew to be civilly illegal, I should not scruple to obey him, and consider myself as relieved from all responsibility by the commands of my military superior." "So would not I," re-

turned the gallant and intelligent officer who maintained the opposite side of the question. "I should rather prefer the risk of being shot for disobedience, by my commanding officer, than hanged for transgressing the laws, and violating the liberties of my country." "You have answered like yourself," said his Royal Highness, whose attention had been attracted by the vivacity of the debate; and the officer would deserve both to be shot and hanged that should act otherwise. I trust all British officers would be as unwilling to exercise an illegal command, as I trust the Commander in Chief would be incapable of issuing one."

The religion of the Duke of York was sincere, and he was particularly attached to the doctrines and constitution of the Church of England. In this his Royal Highness strongly resembled his father; and, like his father, he entertained a conscientious sense of the obligations of the coronation oath, which prevented him from acquiescing in the further relaxation of the law against Catholics. We pronounce no opinion on the justice of his Royal Highness's sentiments on this important point, but we must presume them to have been sincerely entertained, since they were expressed at the hazard of drawing down upon his Royal Highness an odium equally strong and resentful.

In his person and countenance the Duke of York was large, stout, and manly; he spoke rather with some of the indistinctness of utterance peculiar to his late father, than with the precision of enunciation which distinguishes the King, his royal brother. Indeed, his Royal Highness resembled his late Majesty perhaps the most of any of George the Third's descendants. His family affections were

strong, and the public cannot have forgotten the pious tenderness with which he discharged the duty of watching the last days of his royal father, darkened as they were by corporeal blindness and mental incapacity. No pleasure, no business, was ever known to interrupt his regular visits to Windsor, where his unhappy parent could neither be grateful for, nor even sensible of, his unremitted attention. The same ties of affection united his Royal Highness to other members of the royal family, and particularly to its present Royal Head.—Those who witnessed the coronation of his present Majesty, will long remember, as the most interesting part of that august ceremony, the cordiality with which his Royal Highness the Duke of York performed his act of homage, and the tears of affection which were mutually shed between the Royal Brethren. We are aware, that, under this heavy dispensation, his Majesty will be chief mourner, not in name only, but in all the sincerity of severed affection. The King's nearest brother in blood was also his nearest in affection; and the subject who stood nearest to the Throne, was the individual who would most willingly have laid down his life for its support.

In social intercourse the Duke of York was kind, courteous, and condescending, general attributes, we believe, of the blood royal of England, and well befitting the Princes of a free country. It may be remembered that when, in "days of youthful pride," his Royal Highness had wounded the feelings of a young nobleman, he never thought of sheltering himself behind his rank, but manfully gave reparation by receiving the (well nigh fatal) fire of the offended party, though he declined to return it.

During the last years of the worst

momentous war that ever was waged, his Royal Highness prepared the most splendid victories our annals boast, by an unceasing attention to the character and talents of the officers, and the comforts and health of the men. Trained under a system so admirable, our army seemed to increase in efficacy, power, and even in numbers, in proportion to the increasing occasion which the public had for their services. Nor is it a less praise that, when the men so disciplined returned from scenes of battle, ravaged countries and stormed cities, they re-assumed the habits of private life as if they had never left them; and that of all the crimes which the criminal calendar presents, (in Scotland at least), there are not above one or two instances in which the perpetrators have been disbanded soldiers. This is a

happy change since the reduction of the army, after peace with America in 1783, which was the means of infesting the country with ruffians of every description; and, in the prison of Edinburgh alone, there were six or seven disbanded soldiers under sentence of death at the same time.

This superintending care, if not the most gaudy, is among the most enduring flowers which will bloom over the Duke of York's tomb. It gave energy to Britain in war, and strength to her in peace. It combined tranquility with triumph, and morality with the habits of a military life. If our soldiers have been found invincible in battle, and meritorious in peaceful society, when restored to its bosom; let no Briton forget that this is owing to the paternal care of him, to whose memory we have offered an imperfect tribute.

FROM THE ACADIAN.

Sketch of the Military Character of his (late) Royal Highness the DUKE OF YORK, as Commander in Chief of the British Army.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

ALTHOUGH the character of our late beloved and lamented Commander in Chief has already been brought before the public in a biographical sketch, from the pen of a Master Hand, in so concise and impartial a manner, as to leave far behind any adventurer who may attempt to follow in his track, yet, lest it should be imagined that the Garrison of Halifax is insensible of the great loss it has so recently sustained, the humble Individual who now addresses you will, as no abler hand has undertaken the task, endeavour to recall to the memory of his fellow soldiers, and state to the public at large, some of the great benefits which have been conferred on our profession, by the Illustrious Per-

sonage, whose loss we so truly deplore, and which have not been touched on by his far famed Biographer.

With a slight intermission, his Royal Highness has been at the head of the Army for the last thirty years, not one of which has been unmarked by some act tending to its improvement. It is not however, my intention, to enter much into detail, but only to record such benefits as have been most generally felt, and are more particularly engraven on our hearts and recollections. There are scarcely any among us, who served in the Army at the time his Royal Highness first took upon himself the Herculean task of its regeneration; and the first few years of his command,

were more particularly devoted to the correction of the many abuses, which had crept into the profession: thus paving the way for the improvements that followed.

That bond of union, which now subsists between the officer and the Soldier, was then almost unknown; the comforts and wants of the latter were neglected, and, instead of the adoption of wholesome measures for the prevention of crime, severity was universally resorted to.—Great irregularity at this time prevailed in the clothing, and other military departments; and, it is to be feared much fraud was practised, where the system was so open to it. The number of army brokers (a profession now extinct) then practising in London, alone proves how promotion was obtained, and patronage prostituted. All these abuses his Royal Highness speedily corrected: he introduced an excellent system of interior economy in the several regiments, which amply provided for the wants and comforts of the soldier, under the immediate responsibility of his officer. The purchase of commissions was placed on a footing that afforded such as were desirous of advancing by that means, the opportunity of doing so, at a fixed and regulated price; his Royal Highness taking care (where no objection existed) that such promotion should take place according to seniority in the regiment, where the vacancy occurred. It was also during the chief command of the Duke of York, that the pay of the army was augmented: that of the soldier, according to the length of his services. Liberal pensions were also granted to such as should be discharged, either on account of wounds, injuries, or length of services.—At a later period, the gratitude of the officers of the Bri-

tish army was called forth by the liberal provision made by Parliament, for those who had been, or might hereafter be, severely wounded in the service of their country. The recruiting department, which appears formerly to have degenerated into a system of trick and knavery, his Royal Highness completely reformed: the recruit now enters the profession with his eyes open, with the option of engaging to serve only for a limited period, and with the knowledge that if his engagement be for fourteen years, he may, at the expiration of it, retire on a pension—sufficient, with his own exertions, to procure a comfortable livelihood. A portion of the soldier's pay is now daily issued to him, with a regularity unknown in other countries, and he is now never without money in his pocket; enough at least to provide for his little wants and comforts, though not sufficient to lead him into the excesses which generally followed the old monthly payments.

Were I to pursue this subject, I might easily be led into a detail, that would little suit the columns of a newspaper: I must not, however, omit to remark, that no less anxiety was evinced by his Royal Highness for the comfort of the Officers of the Army. It was always his particular desire that the Officers of a Regiment should live together as a family, and knowing that in England the duties on luxuries are so high as to render it inconvenient for many deserving Officers to belong to a military mess, his recommendation procured from his Majesty an allowance sufficient to remedy this evil. We have also every reason to believe, that the last order ever issued by his Royal Highness, was that, which offered such favourable terms of promotion to a most meritorious class of Officers (old subalterns)

who were without the means of purchasing it.

I cannot conclude this sketch, without remarking on the freedom of access his Royal Highness afforded to all ranks; from the Peer of the Realm to the Ensign of yesterday: a similar instance will hardly be found in the annals of the world.—The first Prince of the Blood Royal; and the heir presumptive to the crown of England, condescending to attend personally to the claims, wishes, and grievances, of those so far beneath him; and instituting at all times a strict enquiry as to their merits. Placed, as we are, at such an immeasurable distance from this Illustrious Individual, there is perhaps but one among us, who (from his high rank and great military talents, intimately associating him with his Royal Highness,) has been enabled to form a correct opinion of his character in private, and social life: but, if we may judge by the conduct and ability of the distinguished officers to whom he confided the charge of the several departments of the army, if we may judge by the protection he afforded the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in their country's service: if we may judge by the lenity he has always shewn towards those whose misconduct had brought them into trouble and disgrace, (when such had been the result of error rather than depravity,) we are justified in concluding that in the late Duke of York were centred all those qualities which endear man to man. I have spoken of his Royal Highness as a soldier.

To the faults he committed as a man, liable to error, like ourselves, it would ill become me to allude. Such as they have been, they are already before the public, and let that presumptuous heart that would bitterly arraign him on account of them, recollect that its own insignificance is its protection, for who among us (were our faults exposed to the gaze of the multitude, as must be ever the case with those in exalted stations) who among us I say, would not be found equally in error, and where is the man that would come forward to "cast the first stone." Let then the words of our great poet be inverted:—

"May the GOOD he did live after him,
Let the EVIL lie interred with his
bones."

I have thus indulged in the melancholy pleasure of recalling to myself and others the loss we have sustained; and, at a moment too, well calculated for such reflections, when the slow and solemn roar of the cannon is paying the last sad tribute to departed worth and greatness:—when the emblems of our country's glory, are seen stooping from their elevated station, as if to bewail the loss of him who had so contributed to their exaltation. Such a moment as this, is well calculated to impress us with those feelings of affection, gratitude, and respect, for the memory of one "whose like we ne'er shall look upon again,"—of one whose every action proved him the true friend of the
BRITISH SOLDIER.

*Halifax, North Barracks,
17th March, 1827.*

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL TO HIS CHILD.

Fare thee well! and if for ever
Be the Exile's fated doom—
Then thy eye of blue shall never,
Brighten chill misfortune's gloom.

Child of my bosom! how the life blood,
Curdled round my weeping heart,
As gazing on thy face I stood—
Ah! me, how hard it was to part!

Fondly I hop'd when age's bleaching
Chang'd a parent's locks to gray,
That thou would'st guide my dotage,
teaching
To brighter worlds the radiant way.

Child! I have lov'd thee with a love,
My bosom never knew before,—
Pure as the seraph's dreams above—
My bosom ne'er can know it more!

But ne'er again, thou lovely treasure,
Beam a father's smiles on thee—
And ne'er again with laughing pleasure
Clasp thy little hands his knee!

Chilly the winter storms may pour
Their rage upon my narrow bed,
And hoarse the blustering winds may
roar
Around the turf that wraps my head
W. C.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

O thought! seriously sublime! on which
My mind, oppres'd with deepest sadness,
Painfully pleased with the sick'ning theme,
Mournfully rests, unwooed by every pleasure round.
See yonder infant, late his parents' pride,
In Death's cold grasp, now pale and breathless stretched.
He, visitant of earth a few short weeks,
And tried with pain, is now set free
From that corrupted load of clay accursed,
That binds the soul to earth, and sorrows due
To man's transgressions of Heaven's righteous law.
Where is he now? and what is his employ?
Do infants' spirits, disencumbered of
The load that weighed them down to earth,
To know and relish heavenly converse, e'er
Require a state of pupilage to undergo?
The soul from the Creator's hands comes pure,
Formed for the widest range of heavenly knowledge,
Converse divine, and joys celestial.—
The infant of a day, from cumbering nature freed,
Enters the bless'd assembly of the just,
Full able to appreciate heavenly converse;—
Science divine, surpassing that of mortals,
As far as heaven does earth, to comprehend.
Art thou, sweet babe, so soon delivered!
Rescued, so soon, from cares, and toils, and sin?
So soon, judged worthy to perform a part,
In heaven's grand chorus, and discourse to hold
With Seraphim, and spirits of the just?
Ah! why then, should we mourn thy elevation
From intercourse with groveling mortals here,
To never ending joys before heaven's throne?
Be this consoling truth deeply engraved
On his bereaved, mourning Parents' hearts;
“He died,—for Adam sinned;—
He lives,—for Jesus died.”

A.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

LEISURE HOURS.—No. 3.

“Where is not Death?”

YOUNG.

“WHERE is not death?”—Yes! can I answer it? I have search-
the question is asked, but how ed the brilliant courts of the mo-

narchs of the east, and considered that Death could have no claim to entrance among such splendid festivity. Surely (me thought) gaiety and joy would not revel so voluptuously, so thoughtlessly, if he could mingle in the dance and remain hidden amid the bright glare of the lamps.

I then turned and followed the monarch and his courtiers to their more secret retreats, and heard them consulting how the most surely to enslave the minds and bodies of their fellow-creatures, and how to increase their empire, and thus extend their power. In returning from this scene, my course was arrested by a concourse of persons, who were deeply engaged in consulting about merchandize and commerce, and (viewing the intense anxiety and thought which pervaded each countenance,) I concluded that death was too unwelcome a visitor, to be allowed admission there.

My rambles were not completed until I had viewed the "pomp and circumstance" of power: and had beheld the avarice of commerce; the revels of the drunkard; the carousing of the depraved, and the thoughtlessness of all; how could

I but decide that mankind had determined, that death had been driven from their earth, never again to revisit it?

But let us ask our own experience, the question which commences this communication?—How surely will it be answered, that death pervades all earthly space, and that his dreary kingdom extends to the confines of heaven and hell! Though sin and pleasure may continue to "tread the path which reason shuns," yet

"Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown!"

Let then, the proud and noble disdain to walk through life with that humility which we are directed to pray for; let the profane and the giddy still exclude eternity from their thoughts: and let the worldly man glory in his riches, his talents or his power, but let us recollect that for every ungodly word, and thought and action: "Yea for all these things God will, (at no distant day,) bring us into Judgment."

MANDEVILLE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE feel much encouraged by the number and excellence of the Communications received this month, for the Acadian Magazine. Most of them however reached us after we had arranged the plan of the present number, and are consequently postponed. Besides the death of the Duke of York, exciting such general, though painful interest, has still further induced us to delay Communications which would otherwise have appeared this month.

A Private Soldier of the "South Barracks" came too late for insertion, but will appear in next number.

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

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



Field Marshal His Royal Highness

THE DUKE OF YORK

Commander in Chief of his Britannic Majesty's Forces.

Engraved for the Acadian Magazine.

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