

THE
ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1827.

No. XVIII.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

(Concluded from page 183.)

BONAPARTE'S FIRST MILITARY
EXPLOIT.

NAPOLEON'S first military exploit was in the civil war of his native island. In the year 1793, he was despatched from Bastia, in possession of the French party, to surprise his native town Ajaccio, then occupied by Paoli or his adherents. Bonaparte was acting provisionally, as commanding a battalion of National Guards. He landed in the Gulf of Ajaccio with about fifty men, to take possession of a tower called the Torre di Capitello, on the opposite side of the gulf, and almost facing the city. He succeeded in taking the place; but as there arose a gale of wind which prevented his communicating with the frigate which had put him ashore, he was besieged in his new conquest by the opposite faction, and reduced to such distress, that he and his little garrison were obliged to feed on horse-flesh. After five days he was relieved by the frigate, and evacuated the tower, having first in vain attempted to blow it up. The Torre di Capitello still shows marks of the damage it then sustained, and its remains may be looked on as a curiosity, as the first scene of *his* combats, before whom

———"Temple and tower
Went to the ground,——"

A relation of Napoleon, Masserio by name, effectually defended Ajaccio against the force employed in the expedition.

The strength of Paoli increasing, and the English preparing to assist him, Corsica became no longer a

safe or convenient residence for the Bonaparte family. Indeed, both Napoleon and his brother Lucien, who had distinguished themselves as partisans of the French, were subjected to a decree of banishment from their native islands; and Madame Bonaparte, with her three daughters, and Jerome, who as yet but a child, set sail under their protection, and settled for a time, first at Nice, and afterwards at Marseilles, where the family is supposed to have undergone considerable distress, until the dawning prospects of Napoleon afforded him the means of assisting them.

Napoleon never again revisited Corsica, nor does he appear to have regarded it with any feelings of affection. One small fountain at Ajaccio is pointed out as the only ornament which his bounty bestowed on his birthplace. He might perhaps think it impolitic to do any thing which might remind the country he ruled that he was not a child of her soil, nay, was in fact very near having been born an alien, for Corsica was not united to, or made an integral part of France, until June, 1769, a few weeks only before Napoleon's birth. This stigma was repeatedly cast upon him by his opponents, some of whom reproached the French with having adopted a master, from a country from which the ancient Romans were unwilling even to choose a slave; and Napoleon may have been so far sensible to it, as to avoid showing any predilection to the place of his birth, which might

bring the circumstance strongly under the observation of the great nation, with which he and his family seemed to be indissolubly united. But, as the traveller already quoted, and who had the best opportunities to become acquainted with the feelings of the proud islanders, has expressed it,—“The Corsicans are still highly patriotic, and possess strong local attachment—in their opinion, contempt for the country of one’s birth is never to be redeemed by any other qualities. Napoleon, therefore, certainly was not popular in Corsica, nor is his memory cherished there.”*

The feelings of the parties were not unnatural on either side. Napoleon, little interested in the land of his birth, and having such an immense stake in that of his adoption, in which he had every thing to keep and lose,† observed a policy towards Corsica which his position rendered advisable; and who can blame the highspirited islanders, who, seeing one of their countrymen raised to such exalted eminence, and disposed to forget his connexion with them, returned with slight and indifference the disregard with which he treated them?

The siege of Toulon was the first incident of importance which enabled Bonaparte to distinguish himself in the eyes of the French government and of the world at large. Shortly afterwards he was appointed chief of battalion in the army of Italy, and on the fall of Robespierre, Bonaparte superseded in command. At the conflict between the troops of the Convention under Napoleon, and those of the Sections of Paris under Damican, the latter was defeated

with much slaughter, and Bonaparte was appointed general-in-chief in command of the army of the interior.

BONAPARTE’S FIRST MARRIAGE.

MEANTIME circumstances, which we will relate according to his own statement, introduced Bonaparte to an acquaintance, which was destined to have much influence on his future fate. A fine boy, of ten or twelve years old, presented himself at the levee of the general of the interior, with a request of a nature unusually interesting. He stated his name to be Eugene Beauharnois, son of the *cidevant* Vicomte de Beauharnois, who, adhering to the revolutionary party, had been a general in the republican service upon the Rhine, and falling under the causeless suspicion of the committee of public safety, was delivered to the revolutionary tribunal, and fell by his sentence just four days before the overthrow of Robespierre. Eugene was come to request of Bonaparte, as general of the interior, that his father’s sword might be restored to him. The prayer of the young supplicant was as interesting as his manners were engaging, and Napoleon felt so much interest in him, that he was induced to cultivate the acquaintance of Eugene’s mother, afterwards the empress Josephine.

The lady was a Creolian, the daughter of a planter in St. Domingo. Her name at full length was Marie Joseph Rose Tascher de la Pagerie. She had suffered her share of revolutionary miseries. After her husband, General Beauharnois, had been deprived of his command, she was arrested as a suspected person, and detained in prison till the general liberation, which succeeded the revolution of the 9th Thermidor. While in confinement, Madame Beauharnois had formed an intimacy with a companion in distress, Madame Foutenai, now Madame Tallien, from which she derived great advantages after her friend’s marriage. With a remarkably graceful person, amiable manners, and an in-

*Benson’s “Sketches of Corsica,” p. 121.

†Not literally, however: for it is worth mentioning, that when he was in full-blown possession of his power, an inheritance fell to the family, situated near Ajaccio, and was divided amongst them. The first consul, or emperor, received an olive-garden as his share.—SKETCHES OF CORSICA.

exhaustible fund of good-humour, Madame Beauharnois was formed to be an ornament to society. Barras, the Thermidorien hero, himself an ex-noble, was fond of society, desirous of enjoying it on an agreeable scale, and of washing away the dregs which Jacobinism had mingled with all the dearest interests of life. He loved show, too, and pleasure, and might now indulge both without the risk of falling under the suspicion of incivism which, in the Reign of Terror, would have been incurred by any attempt to intermingle elegance with the enjoyments of social intercourse. At the apartments he occupied, as one of the Directory, in the Luxemburg Palace, he gave its free course to his natural taste, and assembled an agreeable society of both sexes. Madame Tallien and her friend formed the soul of these assemblies, and it was supposed that Barras was not insensible to the charms of Madame Beauharnois,—a rumour which was likely to arise, whether with or without foundation.

When Madame Beauharnois and General Bonaparte became intimate, the latter assures us, and we see no reason to doubt him, that although the lady was two or three years older than himself,* yet still being in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and extremely agreeable in her manners, he was induced, solely by her personal charms, to make her an offer of his hand, heart and fortunes—little supposing, of course, to what a pitch the latter were to arise.

Although he himself is said to have been a fatalist, believing in destiny and in the influence of his star, he knew nothing, probably, of the prediction of a negro sorceress, who, while Marie Joseph was but a child, prophesied she should rise to a dignity greater than that of a queen, yet fall from it before her death.† This

* Bonaparte was then in his twenty-sixth year, Josephine gave herself in the marriage contract for twenty-eight.

† A lady of high rank, who happened to live for some time in the same convent

was one of those vague auguries, delivered at random by fools or impostors, which the caprice of fortune sometimes matches with a corresponding and conforming event. But without trusting to the African sibyl's prediction, Bonaparte may have formed his match under the auspices of ambition as well as love. The marrying Madame Beauharnois was a mean of uniting his fortune with those of Barras and Tallien, the first of whom governed France as one of the Directors; and the last, from talents and political connexions, had scarcely inferior influence. He had already deserved well of them for his conduct on the Day of the Sections, but he required their countenance to rise still higher; and without derogating from the bride's merits, we may suppose her influence in their society corresponded with the views of her lover. It is, however, certain, that he always regarded her with peculiar affection; that he relied on her fate, which he considered as linked with and strengthening his own: and reposed, besides, considerable confidence in Josephine's tact and address in political business. She had at all times the art of mitigating his temper, and turning aside the hasty determinations of his angry moments, not by directly opposing, but by gradually parrying and disarming them. It must be added to her great praise, that she was always a willing and often a successful advocate in the cause of humanity.

They were married 9th of March, 1796; and the dowry of the bride

at Paris, where Josephine was also a pensioner or boarder, heard her mention the prophecy, and told it herself to the author, just about the time of the Italian expedition, when Bonaparte was beginning to attract notice. Another clause is usually added to the prediction—that the party whom it concerned should die in an hospital, which was afterwards explained as referring to Malmaison. This the author did not hear from the same authority. The lady mentioned used to speak in the highest terms of the simple manners and great kindness of Madame Beauharnois.

was the chief command of the Italian armies, a scene which opened a full career to the ambition of the youthful general. Bonaparte remained with his wife only three days after his marriage, hastened to see his family, who were still at Marseilles, and, having enjoyed the pleasure of exhibiting himself as a favourite of fortune in the city which he had lately left in the capacity of an indigent adventurer, proceeded rapidly to commence the career to which fate called him, by placing himself at the head of the Italian army.

The renowned Italian campaigns occupy the remainder of the third, and some part of the fourth volume, to which we now proceed. It will be remembered that the war in Egypt being triumphantly concluded on the part of Great Britain, the news of the contest reached France some time before the English received it. Napoleon, on learning the tidings, is reported to have said, "Well, there remains now no alternative but to make the descent on Britain."

PROPOSED INVASION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

As the words of the first consul appeared to intimate, preparations were resumed on the French coast for the invasion of Great Britain. Boulogne and every harbour along the coast was crowded with flat-bottomed boats, and the shores covered with camps of the men designed apparently to fill them. We need not at present dwell on the preparations for attack, or those which the English adopted in defence, as we shall have occasion to notice both, when Bonaparte, for the last time, threatened England with the same measure. It is enough to say, that, on the present occasion, the menaces of France had their usual effect in awakening the spirit of Britain.

The most extensive arrangements were made for the reception of the invaders should they chance to land,

and in the meanwhile, our natural barrier was not neglected. The naval preparations were very great, and what gave yet more confidence than the number of vessels and guns, Nelson was put into command of the sea, from Orfordness to Beachy-head. Under his management, it soon became the question, not whether the French flotilla was to invade the British shores, but whether it was to remain in safety in the French harbours. Boulogne was bombarded, and some of the small craft and gun-boats destroyed—the English admirals generously sparing the town; and not satisfied with this partial success, Nelson prepared to attack them with the boats of the squadron. The French resorted to the most unusual and formidable preparations for defence. Their flotilla was moored close to the shore in the mouth of Boulogne harbour, the vessels secured to each other by chains and filled with soldiers. The British attack in some degree failed, owing to the several divisions of the boats missing each other in the dark; some French vessels were taken, but they could not be brought off; and the French chose to consider this result as a victory, on their part, of consequence enough to balance the loss at Aboukir;—though it amounted at best to ascertaining, that although their vessels could not keep the sea, they might, in some comparative degree of safety, lie under close cover of their own batteries.

The preliminaries of peace, however, were signed, and the treaty was confirmed at Amiens, on the 27th of March, 1802. Napoleon still prosecuted his ambitious projects, extended his power in Italy, and caused himself to be appointed consul for life, with the power of naming his successor.

SCHEME OF INVASION RENEWED.

It must be in the memory of most who recollect the period, that the kingdom of Great Britain was seldom

less provided against invasion than at the commencement of this second war; and that an embarkation from the ports of Holland, if undertaken instantly after the war had broken out, might have escaped our blockading squadrons, and have at least shown what a French army could have done on British ground, at a moment when the alarm was general, and the country in an unprepared state. But it is probable that Bonaparte himself was as much unprovided as England for the sudden breach of the treaty of Amiens—an event brought about more by the influence of passion than of policy; so that its consequences were as unexpected in his calculations as in those of Great Britain. Besides, he had not diminished to himself the dangers of the undertaking, by which he must have staked his military renown, his power, which he held chiefly as the consequence of his reputation, perhaps his life, upon a desperate game, which, though he had twice contemplated it, he had not yet found hardihood enough seriously to enter upon.

He now, however, at length bent himself, with the whole strength of his mind, and the whole force of his empire, to prepare for this final and decisive undertaking. The gun-boats in the Bay of Gibraltar, where calms are frequent, had sometimes in the course of the former war been able to do considerable damage to the English vessels of war, when they could not use their sails. Such small craft, therefore, were supposed the proper force for covering the intended descent. They were built in different harbours, and brought together by crawling along the French shore, and keeping under the protection of the batteries, which were now established on every cape, almost as if the sea-coast of the channel on the French side had been the lines of a besieged city, no one point of which could with prudence be left undefended by cannon. Boulogne was pitched upon as the cen-

tre port, from which the expedition was to sail. By incredible exertions, Bonaparte had rendered its harbour and roads capable of containing two thousand vessels of various descriptions. The smaller sea-ports of Vimreux, Ambleteuse, and Etaples, Dieppe, Havre, St. Valeri, Caen, Gravelines, and Dunkirk, were likewise filled with shipping. Flushing and Ostend were occupied by a separate flotilla. Brest, Toulon, and Rochfort, were each the station of as strong a naval squadron as France had still the means to send to sea.

A land army was assembled of the most formidable description, whether we regard the high military character of the troops, the extent and perfection of their appointments, or their numerical strength. The coast, from the mouth of the Seine to the Texel, was covered with forces; and Soult, Ney, Davoust and Victor, names that were then the pride and the dread of war, were appointed to command the army of England, (for that menacing title was once more assumed,) and execute those manœuvres, planned and superintended by Bonaparte, the issue of which was to be the blotting out of Britain from the rank of independent nations.

Far from being alarmed at this formidable demonstration of force, England prepared for her resistance with an energy becoming her ancient rank in Europe, and far surpassing in its efforts, any extent of military preparation before heard of in her history. To nearly one hundred thousand troops of the line, were added eighty thousand and upwards of militia, which scarce yielded to the regulars in point of discipline. The volunteer force, in which every citizen was permitted and invited to add his efforts to the defence of the country, was far more numerous than during the last war, was better officered also, and rendered every way more effective. It was computed to amount to three hundred

and fifty thousand men, who, if we regard the shortness of the time and the nature of the service, had attained considerable practice in the use and management of their arms.— Other classes of men were embodied, and destined to act as pioneers, drivers of waggons, and in the like services. On a sudden, the land seemed converted to an immense camp, the whole nation into soldiers, and the good old king himself into a general-in-chief. All peaceful considerations appeared for a time to be thrown aside; and the voice, calling the nation to defend their dearest rights, sounded not only in Parliament, and in meetings convoked to second the measures of defence, but was heard in the places of public amusement, and mingled even with the voice of devotion—not unbecoming surely, since to defend our country is to defend our religion.

Beacons were erected in conspicuous points, corresponding with each other, all around and all through the island; and morning and evening, one might have said, every eye was turned towards them to watch for the fatal and momentous signal. Partial alarms were given in different places, from the mistakes to which such arrangements must necessarily be liable; and the ready spirit which animated every species of troops where such signals called to arms, was of the most satisfactory description, and afforded the most perfect assurance, that the heart of every man was in the cause of his country.

Amidst her preparations by land, England did not neglect or relax her precautions on the element she calls her own. She covered the ocean with five hundred and seventy ships of war of various descriptions. Divisions of her fleet blocked up every French port in the channel: and the army destined to invade our shores, might see the British flag flying in every direction on the horizon, waiting for their issuing from the harbour, as birds of prey may be seen floating in the air above the

animal which they design to pounce upon. Sometimes the British frigates and sloops of war stood in, and cannonaded or threw shells into Havre, Dieppe, Granville, and Boulogne itself. Sometimes the seamen and marines, landed cut out vessels, destroyed signal posts, and dismantled batteries. Such events were trifling, and it was to be regretted that they cost the lives of gallant men; but although they produced no direct results of consequence, yet they had their use in encouraging the spirits of our sailors, and damping the confidence of the enemy, who must at length have looked forward with more doubt than hope to the invasion of the English coast, when the utmost vigilance could not prevent their experiencing insults upon their own.

During this period of menaced attack and arranged defence, Bonaparte visited Boulogne, and seemed active in preparing his soldiers for the grand effort. He reviewed them in an unusual manner, teaching them to execute several manœuvres by night; and experiments were also made upon the best method of arranging the soldiers in the flat-bottomed boats, and of embarking and disembarking them with celerity. Omens were resorted to for keeping up the enthusiasm which the presence of the First Consul naturally inspired. A Roman battle-axe was said to be found when they removed the earth to pitch Bonaparte's tent or barrack; and medals of William the Conqueror were produced, as having been dug up upon the same honoured spot. These were pleasant bodings, yet perhaps did not altogether, in the minds of the soldiers, counterbalance the sense of insecurity impressed on them by the prospect of being packed together in these miserable chouloupes, and exposed to the fire of an enemy so superior at sea, that during the chief consul's review of the fortifications, their frigates stood in shore with composure, and fired at him and his suite as at a mark. The

men who had braved the perils of the Alps and of the Egyptian deserts, might yet be allowed to feel alarm at a species of danger which seemed so inevitable, and which they had no adequate means of repelling by force of arms.

A circumstance which seemed to render the expedition in a great measure hopeless, was the ease with which the English could maintain a constant watch upon their operations within the port of Boulogne. The least appearance of stir or preparation, to embark troops, or get ready for sea, was promptly sent by signal to the English coast, and the numerous British cruisers were instantly on the alert to attend their motions. Nelson had, in fact, during the last war, declared the sailing of a hostile armament from Boulogne to be a most forlorn undertaking, on account of cross tides and other disadvantages, together with the certainty of the flotilla being lost if there were the least wind west-north-west. —“As for rowing,” he adds, “that is impossible.—It is perfectly right to be prepared for a mad government,” continued this incontestible judge of maritime possibilities; “but with the active force which has been given me, I may pronounce it almost impracticable.”

Before quitting the subject, we may notice, that Bonaparte seems not to have entertained the least doubts of success, could he have succeeded in disembarking his army. A single general action was to decide the fate of England. Five days were to bring Napoleon to London, where he was to perform the part of William the Third; but with more generosity and disinterestedness. He was to call a meeting of the inhabitants, restore them what he calls their rights, and destroy the oligarchical faction. A few months would not, according to his account, have elapsed, ere the two nations, late such determined enemies, would have been identified by their principles, their maxims, their interests.

The full explanation of this gibberish, (for it can be termed no better, even proceeding from the lips of Napoleon,) is to be found elsewhere, when he spoke a language more genuine than that of the *Moniteur* and the bulletins. “England” he said, “must have ended, by becoming an appendage to the France of *my* system. Nature has made it one of our islands, as well as Oleron and Corsica.”

It is impossible not to pursue the train of reflections which Bonaparte continued to pour forth to the companion of his exile, on the rock of Saint Helena. When England was conquered, and identified with France in maxims and principles, according to one form of expression, or rendered an appendage and dependency, according to another phrase, the reader may suppose that Bonaparte would have considered his mission as accomplished. Alas! it was not much more than commenced. “I would have departed from thence [from subjugated Britain] to carry the work of European regeneration [that is the extension of his own arbitrary authority] from south to north, under the Republican colours, for I was then Chief Consul, in the same manner which I was more lately on the point of achieving it under the monarchical forms.” When we find such ideas retaining hold of Napoleon’s imagination, and arising to his tongue after his irretrievable fall, it is impossible to avoid exclaiming, Did ambition ever conceive so wild a dream, and had so wild a vision ever a termination so disastrous and humiliating!

It may be expected that something should be here said, upon the chances which Britian would have had of defending herself successfully against the army of invaders. We are willing to acknowledge that the risk must have been dreadful; and that Bonaparte, with his genius and his army, must have inflicted severe calamities upon a country which had so long enjoyed the blessings of

peace. But the people were unanimous in their purpose of defence, and their forces composed of materials to which Bonaparte did more justice when he came to be better acquainted with them. Of the three British nations, the English have since shown themselves possessed of the same steady valour which won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt, Blenheim and Minden—the Irish have not lost the fiery enthusiasm which has distinguished them in all the countries of Europe—nor have the Scots degenerated from the stubborn courage with which their ancestors for two thousand years maintained their independence against a superior enemy. Even if London had been lost, we would not, under so great a calamity, have despaired of the freedom of the country; for the war would in all probability have assumed that popular and national character which sooner or later wears out an invading army. Neither does the confidence with which Bonaparte affirms the conviction of his winning the first battle, appear so certainly well founded. This, at least, we know, that the resolution of the country was fully bent up to the hazard; and those who remember the period will bear us witness, that the desire that the French would make the attempt, was a general feeling through all classes, because they had every reason to hope that the issue might be such as for ever to silence the threat of invasion.

The next most important occurrence that claims our notice in this volume, and which fully delineates the nature and character of this wonderful and ambitious individual, is the account of his declaration as Emperor of France, and his subsequent coronation.

CORONATION OF NAPOLEON.

MEASURES were taken, as on former occasions, to preserve appearances, by obtaining, in show at least, the opinion of the people, on this radical change of their system. Govern-

ment, however, were already confident of their approbation, which, indeed, had never been refused to any of the various constitutions, however inconsistent, that had succeeded each other with such rapidity. Secure on this point, Bonaparte's accession to the empire was proclaimed with the greatest pomp, without waiting to inquire whether the people approved of his promotion or otherwise. The proclamation was coldly received, even by the populace, and excited little enthusiasm. It seemed, according to some writers, as if the shades of D'Enghien and Picbegrü had been present invisibly, and spread a damp over the ceremony. The Emperor was recognised by the soldiery with more warmth. He visited the encampment at Boulogne, with the intention, apparently, of receiving such an acknowledgment from the troops as was paid by the ancient Franks to their monarchs when they elevated them on their bucklers. Seated on an iron chair, said to have belonged to king Dagobert, he took his place between two immense camps, and having before him the Channel and the hostile coasts of England. The weather, we have been assured, had been tempestuous, but no sooner had the Emperor assumed his seat, to receive the homage of this shouting host, than the sky cleared, and the wind dropt, retaining just breath sufficient gently to wave the banners. Even the elements seemed to acknowledge the imperial dignity, all save the sea, which rolled as carelessly to the feet of Napoleon as it had formerly done towards those of Canute the Dane.

The Emperor, accompanied with his Empress, who bore her honours both gracefully and meekly, visited Aix-la-Chapelle, and the frontiers of Germany. They received the congratulations of all the powers of Europe, excepting England, Russia, and Sweden, upon their new exaltation; and the German princes, who had every thing to hope and fear

from so powerful a neighbour, hastened to pay their compliments to Napoleon in person, which more distant sovereigns offered by their ambassadors.

But the most splendid and public recognition of his new rank was yet to be made, by the formal act of coronation which, therefore, Napoleon determined should take place with circumstances of solemnity, which had been beyond the reach of any temporal prince, however powerful, for many ages. His policy was often marked by a wish to revive, imitate, and connect his own titles and interest with, some ancient observance of former days; as if the novelty of his claims could have been rendered more venerable by investing them with antiquated forms, or as men of low birth, when raising to wealth and rank, are sometimes desirous to conceal the obscurity of their origin under the blaze of heraldic honours. Pope Leo, he remembered, had placed a golden crown on the head of Charlemagne, and proclaimed him Emperor of the Romans. Pius VII. he determined should do the same for a successor to much more than the actual power of Charlemagne. But though Charlemagne had repaired to Rome to receive inauguration from the hands of the Pontiff of that day, Napoleon resolved that he who now owned the proud, and in Protestant eyes profane, title of Vicar of Christ, should travel to France to perform the coronation of the successful chief, by whom the See of Rome had been more than once humbled, pillaged, and impoverished, but by whom also her power had been re-erected and restored, not only in Italy, but in France itself.

Humiliating as the compliance with Bonaparte's request must have seemed to the more devoted Catholics, Pius VII. had already sacrificed, to obtain the Concordat, so much of the power and privileges of the Roman See, that he could hardly have been justified if he had run the risk of losing the advantages of a treaty

so dearly purchased, by declining to incur some personal trouble, or, it might be termed, some direct self-abasement. The Pope, and the Cardinals whom he consulted, implored the illumination of heaven upon their councils; but it was the stern voice of necessity which assured them, that except at the risk of dividing the Church by a schism, they could not refuse to comply with Bonaparte's requisition. The Pope left Rome on the 5th of November. He was everywhere received on the road with the highest respect, and most profound veneration; the Alpine precipices themselves had been secured by parapets wherever they could expose the venerable Father of the Catholic Church to danger, or even apprehension. Upon the 25th of November, he met Bonaparte at Fontainebleau; and the conduct of the Emperor Napoleon was as studiously respectful towards him, as that of Charlemagne, whom he was pleased to call his predecessor, could have been towards Leo.

On the 2nd of December, the ceremony of the coronation took place in the ancient cathedral of Notre Dame, with the addition of every ceremony which could be devised to add to its solemnity. Yet we have been told that the multitude did not participate in the ceremonial with that eagerness which characterizes the inhabitants of all capitals, but especially those of Paris, upon similar occasions. They had, within a very few years, seen so many exhibitions, processions, and festivals, established on the most discordant principles, which though announced as permanent and unchangeable, had successively given way to newer doctrines, that they considered the splendid representation before them as an unsubstantial pageant, which would fade away in its turn. Bonaparte himself seemed absent and gloomy, till recalled to a sense of his grandeur by the voice of the numerous deputies and functionaries sent up from all the several departments

of France to witness the coronation. These functionaries had been selected with due attention to their political opinions; and many of them holding offices under the government, or expecting benefits from the Emperor, made up, by the zealous vivacity of their acclamations, for the coldness of the good citizens of Paris.

The Emperor took his coronation oath, as usual on such occasions, with his hands upon the scripture, and in the form in which it was repeated to him by the Pope. But in the act of coronation itself, there was a marked deviation from the universal custom, characteristic of the man, the age, and the conjuncture. In all other similar solemnities, the crown had been placed on the sovereign's head by the presiding spiritual person, as representing the Deity, by whom princes rule. But not even from the head of the Catholic Church would Bonaparte consent to receive as a boon the golden symbol of sovereignty, which he was sensible he owed solely to his own unparalleled train of military and civil successes. The crown having been blessed by the Pope, Napoleon took it from the altar with his own hands, and placed it on his brows. He then put the diadem on the head of his Empress, as if determined to show that his authority was the child of his own actions. *Te Deum* was sung; the heralds, (for they also had again come into fashion,) proclaimed, "that the thrice glorious and thrice august Napoleon, Emperor of the French was crowned and installed." Thus concluded this remarkable ceremony. Those who remember having beheld it, must now doubt whether they were waking, or whether fancy had framed a vision so dazzling in its appearance, so extraordinary in its origin and progress, and so ephemeral in its endurance.

The very day before the ceremony of coronation, (that is, on the 1st of December,) the senate had waited upon the Emperor with the result of the votes collected in the

departments, which, till that time, had been taken for granted. Upwards of three millions five hundred thousand citizens had given their votes on this occasion; of whom only about three thousand five hundred had declared against the proposition. The vice-president, Neufchateau, declared, "this report was the unbiassed expression of the people's choice. No government could plead a title more authentic."

Sir Walter occupies his sixth volume with details of the celebrated battles that were fought between the French and English armies in the Spanish territories, and which are told with great truth and develop the extraordinary powers of this celebrated writer. The divorce of Josephine, and marriage of Maria Louisa, commence the succeeding volume. The sterility of Bonaparte's wife was now an irremediable evil; and political motives were to supersede the ties of endearment, affection, talents, and virtue. Fouché the minister of police, made Josephine the means of suggesting to Napoleon, the measure of her own divorce, and subsequently Napoleon made Josephine acquainted with the cruel certainty, that the separation was ultimately determined upon.

NAPOLEON DIVORCED FROM JOSEPHINE.

WHEN this sentence had finally dissolved their union, the emperor retired to St. Cloud, where he lived in seclusion for some days. Josephine, on her part, took up her residence in the beautiful villa of Malmaison, near St. Germain. Here she principally dwelt for the remaining years of her life, which were just prolonged to see the first fall of her husband; an event which might have been averted had he been content to listen more frequently to her lessons of moderation. Her life was chiefly spent in cultivating the fine arts, of which she collected some beautiful specimens, and in pursuing the science of botany; but especially

in the almost daily practice of acts of benevolence and charity, of which the English *detenus*, of whom there were several at St. Germain, frequently shared the benefit. Napoleon visited her very frequently, and always treated her with the respect to which she was entitled. He added also to her dowry a third million of francs, that she might feel no inconvenience from the habits of expense to which it was her foible to be addicted.

BONAPARTE MARRIES MARIA LOUISA.

THIS important state measure was no sooner completed, than the great council was summoned, on the 1st of February, to assist the emperor in the selection of a new spouse. They were given to understand that a match with a grand duchess of Russia had been proposed, but was likely to be embarrassed by disputes concerning religion. A daughter of the king of Saxony was also mentioned, but it was easily indicated to the council that their choice ought to fall upon a princess of the house of Austria. At the conclusion of the meeting, Eugene, son of the repudiated Josephine was commissioned by the council to propose to the Austrian ambassador a match between Napoleon and the archduchess Maria Louisa. Prince Schwarzenberg had his instructions on the subject; so that the match was proposed, discussed, and decided in the council, and afterwards adjusted between plenipotentiaries on either side, in the space of twenty-four hours. The espousals of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, were celebrated at Vienna, 11th of March, 1810. The person of Bonaparte was represented by his favourite Berthier, while the archduke Charles assisted at the ceremony, in the name of the emperor Francis. A few days afterwards, the youthful bride accompanied by the queen of Naples, proceeded towards France.

With good taste, Napoleon dispensed with the ceremonies used in

the reception of Marie Antoinette, whose marriage with Louis XVI., though never named or alluded to, was in other respects the model of the present solemnity. Near Soissons, a single horseman, no way distinguished by dress, rode past the carriage in which the young empress was seated, and had the boldness to return, as if to reconnoitre more closely. The carriage stopped, the door was opened, and Napoleon, breaking through all the tediousness of ceremony, introduced himself to his bride, and came with her to Soissons. The marriage ceremony was performed at Paris by Bonaparte's uncle the Cardinal Fesch. The most splendid rejoicings, illuminations, concerts, festivals, took place upon this important occasion. But a great calamity occurred, which threw a shade over these demonstrations of joy. Prince Schwarzenberg had given a distinguished ball on the occasion, when unhappily the dancing-room, which was temporary, and erected in the garden, caught fire. No efforts could stop the progress of the flames, in which several persons perished, and particularly the sister of Prince Schwarzenberg himself. This tragic circumstance struck a damp on the public mind, and was considered as a bad omen, especially when it was remembered that the marriage of Louis XVI. with a former princess of Austria had been signalized by a similar disaster.

As a domestic occurrence, nothing could more contribute to Bonaparte's happiness than his union with Maria Louisa. He was wont to compare her with Josephine, by giving the latter all the advantages of art and grace; the former the charms of simple modesty and innocence. His former empress used every art to support or enhance her personal charms; but with so much prudence and mystery, that the secret cares of her toilette could never be traced—her successor trusted for the power of pleasing to youth and nature. Josephine mismanaged her revenue, and

incurred debt without scruple. Maria Louisa lived within her income, or if she desired any indulgence beyond it, which was rarely the case, she asked it as a favour of Napoleon. Josephine, accustomed to political intrigue, loved to manage, to influence, and to guide her husband; Maria Louisa desired only to please and to obey him. Both were excellent women, of great sweetness of temper, and fondly attached to Napoleon. In the difference between these distinguished persons, we can easily discriminate the leading features of the Parisian, and of the simple German beauty; but it is certainly singular that the artificial character should have belonged to the daughter of the West Indian planter; that marked by nature and simplicity, to a princess of the proudest court in Europe.

Bonaparte, whose domestic conduct was generally praiseworthy, behaved with the utmost kindness to his princely bride. He observed, however, the strictest etiquette, and required it from the empress. If it happened, for example, as was often the case, that he was prevented from attending at the hour when dinner was placed on the table, he was displeased if, in the interim of his absence, which was often prolonged, she either took a book, or had recourse to any female occupation,—if, in short, he did not find her in the attitude of waiting for the signal to take her place at table. Perhaps a sense of his inferior birth made Napoleon more tenacious of this species of form, or what he could not afford to relinquish. On the other hand, Maria Louisa is said to have expressed her surprise at her husband's dispensing with the use of arms and attendance of guards, and at his moving about with the freedom of an individual; although this could be no great novelty to a member of the imperial family of Austria, most of whom, and especially the Emperor Francis, are in the habit of mixing familiarly with the people of Vienna, at public

places, and in the public walks.

From this date may be traced the declination of Napoleon's greatness. In the field he was generally unsuccessful, and occasionally murmurs of discontent were whispered by citizen and soldier. The plot thickens in the eight volume, and his abdication of the throne of France, and subsequent journey to Elba, are feelingly narrated by our author.

RETURN OF MARIA LOUISA TO HER FATHER, AND DEATH OF JOSEPHINE.

MARIA LOUISA made more than one effort to join her husband, but they were discouraged on the part of Napoleon himself, who, while he continued to ruminate on renewing the war, could not desire to have the empress along with him in such an adventure. Shortly afterwards, the emperor of Austria visited his daughter and her son, then at Rambouillet, and gave her to understand that she was, for some time at least, to remain separate from her husband, and that her son and she were to return to Vienna along with him. She returned, therefore, to her father's protection.

It must be also here mentioned, as an extraordinary addition to this tale of calamity, that Josephine, the former wife of Bonaparte, did not long survive his downfall. It seemed as if the Obi-woman of Martinico had spoke truth; for at the time when Napoleon parted from the sharer of his early fortunes, his grandeur was on the wane, and her death took place but a few weeks subsequent to his being dethroned and exiled. The emperor of Russia had visited this lady, and showed her some attention, with which Napoleon, for reasons we cannot conjecture, was extremely displeased. She was amply provided for by the treaty of Fontainebleau, but did not survive to reap any benefit from the provision, as she shortly after sickened and died at her beautiful villa of Malmaison. She was buried on the 3d of June, at the village of Ruel. A vast number of the

lower class attended the obsequies ; for she had well deserved the title of patroness of the poor.

The residence at Elba, the return, the treachery of Ney, the arrival at Paris, and Napoleon's repossession of the throne, now occupy the page. The battle of Waterloo is briefly, but finely described, and indeed the whole of the ninth volume, to which we have now arrived, is deeply interesting.

CONDUCT OF NAPOLEON ON HIS WAY TO SAINT HELENA.

UPON the Northumberland crossing the line, the emperor desiring to exhibit his munificence to the seamen, by presenting them with a hundred louis d'or, under pretext of paying the ordinary fine, Sir George Cockburn, considering this tribute to Neptune as too excessive in amount, would not permit the donative to exceed a tenth part of the sum ; and Napoleon, offended by the restriction, paid nothing at all. Upon another occasion, early in the voyage, a difference in national manners gave rise to one of those slight misunderstandings which we have noticed.— Napoleon was accustomed, like all Frenchmen, to leave the table immediately after dinner, and Sir George Cockburn, with the English officers, remained after him at table ; for, in permitting his French guests their liberty, the admiral did not choose to admit the right of Napoleon to break up the party at his, Sir George's own table. This gave some discontent. Notwithstanding these trifling subjects of dissatisfaction, Las Cases informs us that the admiral, whom he took to be prepossessed against them at first, became every day more amicable.— The emperor used to take his arm every evening on the quarter-deck, and hold long conversations with him upon maritime subjects, as well as past events in general.

While on board the Northumberland, the late emperor spent his mornings in reading or writing ; his evenings in his exercise upon deck,

and at cards. The game was generally *vingt un*. But when the play became rather deep, he discouraged that amusement, and substituted chess. Great tactician as he was, Napoleon did not play well at that military game, and it was with difficulty that his antagonist, Montholon, could avoid the solecism of beating the emperor.

During this voyage, Napoleon's *jour de fete* occurred, which was also his birthday. It was the 15th of August ; a day for which the Pope had expressly canonized a St. Napoleon to be the emperor's patron.— And now, strange revolution, it was celebrated by him on board of an English man-of-war, which was conducting him to his place of imprisonment, and, as it proved, his tomb. Yet Napoleon seemed cheerful and contented during the whole day, and was even pleased at being fortunate at play, which he received as a good omen.

Upon the 15th of October, 1815, the Northumberland reached St. Helena, which presents but an unpromising aspect to those who design it for a residence, though it may be a welcome sight to the seaworn mariner. Its destined inhabitant, from the deck of the Northumberland, surveyed it with his spy-glass. St. James' Town, an inconsiderable village, was before him, enchased, as it were in a valley, amid arid and scarp-ed rocks of immense height ; every platform, every opening, every gorge, was bristled with cannon. Las Cases, who stood by him, could not perceive the slightest alteration of his countenance. The orders of government had been, that Napoleon should remain on board till a residence could be prepared suitable for the line of life he was to lead in future. But as this was likely to be a work of time, Sir George Cockburn readily undertook, on his own responsibility, to put his passengers on shore, and provide in some way for the security of Napoleon's person, until the necessary habitation should

be fitted up. He was accordingly transferred to land upon the 16th of October; and thus the emperor of France, nay, wellnigh of Europe, sunk into the recluse of St. Helena.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

DURING the 3rd of May, it was seen that the life of Napoleon was drawing evidently to a close; and his followers, and particularly his physician, became desirous to call in more medical assistance;—that of Dr. Shortt, physician to the forces, and of Dr. Mitchell, surgeon of the flag-ship, was referred to. Dr. Shortt, however, thought it proper to assert the dignity belonging to his profession, and refused to give an opinion on a case of so much importance in itself, and attended with so much obscurity unless he were permitted to see and examine the patient. The officers of Napoleon's household excused themselves, by professing that the emperor's strict commands had been laid on them, that no English physicians, Dr. Arnott excepted, should approach his dying bed. They said, that even when he was speechless they would be unable to brook his eye, should he turn it upon them in reproof for their disobedience.

About two o'clock of the same day, the priest Vignali administered the sacrament of extreme unction. Some days before, Napoleon had explained to him the manner in which he desired his body should be laid out in state, in an apartment lighted by torches, or what Catholics call *une chambre ardente*. "I am neither," he said in the same phrase which we have formerly quoted, "a philosopher nor a physician. I believe in God, and am of the religion of my father. It is not every body who can be an atheist. I was born a Catholic, and will fulfil all the duties of the Catholic Church, and receive the assistance which it administers."—He then turned to Dr. Antommarchi, whom he seems to have suspected of heterodoxy, which the doctor, however, disowned. "How can you

carry it so far?" he said. "Can you not believe in God, whose existence every thing proclaims, and in whom the greatest minds have believed?"

As if to mark a closing point of resemblance betwixt Cromwell and Napoleon, a dreadful tempest arose on the 4th of May, which preceded the day that was to close the mortal existence of this extraordinary man. A willow, which had been the exile's favourite, and under which he had often enjoyed the fresh breeze, was torn up by the hurricane; and almost all the trees about Longwood shared the same fate.

The 5th of May came amid wind and rain. Napoleon's passing spirit was deliriously engaged in a strife more terrible than that of the elements around. The words "*tete d'armee*" the last which escaped his lips, intimated that his thoughts were watching the current of a heady fight. About eleven minutes before six in the evening, Napoleon, after a struggle which indicated the original strength of his constitution, breathed his last.

HIS FUNERAL.

BONAPARTE was buried on the 8th of May, in a small secluded recess called Slane's, or Haine's Valley, where a fountain arose, at which his Chinese domestics used to fill the silver pitchers, which they carried to Longwood for Napoleon's use. "All the troops were under arms upon the solemn occasion. As the road did not permit a near approach of the hearse to the place of sepulture, a party of British grenadiers had the honour to bear the coffin to the grave. The prayers were recited by the priest Abbe Vignali. Minute guns were fired from the admiral's ship. The coffin was then let down into the grave, under a discharge of three successive volleys of artillery, fifteen pieces of cannon firing fifteen guns each. A large stone was then lowered down on the grave, and covered the moderate space now sufficient for the man for whom Europe was once too little."—*Lon. Mirror*.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Liverpool Albion professes to have picked up the words of the following pleasing Scotch song (hitherto unpublished) among the mountains of Galloway. It seems to have been intended as a pendant to "the Yellow Haired Laddie."

THE YELLOW-HAIRED LASSIE.

In simmer when blue-bells blaw saft in the vale,
And ilk little flower spreads its breast to the gale,
The yellow-haired lassie sits sewing her seam,
Beneath the green willow that waves o'er the stream.

Wi' melody melting mair saft than a flute,
She sings while the birds in the branches sit mute;
Yon high rugged rock is sae charmed wi' her strain,
That, enraptured, it echoes the theme back again.

At evening, when dew-drops begin to distil,
And mixed wi' the breeze is the sound o' ilk rill,
The yellow-haired lassie will steal frae the thrang,
Enjoying saft silence the woodlands amang.

The moon, as she rises, looks blithe in her face,
Her shadow the wide-spreading waters embrace;
Amazed wi' sic beauty, awhile they would stay,
And murmur "farewell" as they glide on their way.

O, tell me ye winds, that rave round her at will,
And tak' frae her lips o' sweet kisses your fill,
The secrets ye learn as ye wanton alang,
Tell me who—tell me who is the theme o' her sang.

My yellow-haired lassie is sweet as Hope's tale,
Where fancy's fond dreams in the bosom prevail;
My yellow-haired lassie is dearer to me
Than life to my bosom, or light to mine e'e.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

SCRAPS OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

MR. EDITOR,—A few years ago my Grandmother, worthy woman, left this sublunary world, and as a legacy (the only one she had to leave) bequeathed to me her *Scraps*, among which as she was a very eccentric character I have found a number of essays, whether original, or transcribed from other sources I have not had time to discover, but if you think them worthy of insertion in your useful miscellany, they are at your service. I find by some papers of her's, that it was about this time my grandmother had been near entering again into the matrimonial state, but through some fault, whether on her side or the gentleman's, I have not

been able to ascertain, it was broken off.

"The strings will sound of nought but Love."—COWLEY:

It is truly wonderful that love has given occasion to such an infinite multiplicity of exertions of genius as we find in all languages concerning it. The rude songs of the wildest savages are in a great proportion produced by the amorous passion in its different states of hope, suspicion, disappointment, and other modifications, which are felt in all states of society; and we all know what a profusion of writings both in prose and verse, civilized nations have poured forth, all having love for

their principal object. What novels, what memoirs, what plays, what poems have we, upon the sole foundation of an attachment between the sexes! To be sure when we take a close view of what is *essential* in the subject of any literary composition, we find that it may be comprised within very narrow bounds. For instance, let us think of the history of a war. All that is essential in that, is, that two nations had a quarrel which of them should have a certain tract of country, or certain rights either by sea or land; that in order to decide the difference, they mustered their forces, and for a certain space of time continued in a state of hostility, watching the best opportunities of fighting; that such a number of battles were fought, which were gained all by one of the nations, or some by one of the nations and some by the other, till at last there was such an evident superiority on one side, that the other was glad to obtain a peace upon certain conditions. Thus we see by that, the important public facts of the longest war that ever was carried on, might be recorded in a few pages; yet what volumes may be filled with the relation of a war, when the various events of its progress are traced; the characters of the principal persons concerned in conducting and carrying it on are drawn; reflections upon human sagacity and passion are exemplified in actual incidents, are deliberately made, and compared with other incidents, similar to them, to be found in other histories.

In like manner how soon may we finish the tale of any two lovers, if we insert nothing but what is essential; for how very few lines does it require to mention that a youth was fond of a maid; that he exerted all his powers of pleasing to gain her affections; that either she listened to him with reciprocal fondness, and consented to pass her life with him in the completest union; or that she treated him with disgust or disdain, and married another whom she liked

a great deal better. Yet how easily is the history of a tender passion extended to a considerable length, by describing the diversity of feelings consequent upon the successful or unsuccessful gradations which naturally occur.

That the feelings of lovers are generally exaggerated in the descriptions which are given of them, there can be no doubt; for if all that is said to be felt by lovers were really true, the world would be one great bedlam, and the rational business of life would long ago have ceased for want of reason and attention sufficient to carry it on. The plain matter of fact is, that some minds, of an extreme warmth of imagination, and an exquisite sensibility, have been affected in an extraordinary manner which they have expressed with perhaps some additional force beyond what was actually felt; and from them a sort of fashion in love has been adopted, so that others, who did not feel one-tenth part so much, have thought it necessary to represent themselves as undergoing every species of misery and anguish which they suppose has been experienced by illustrious prototypes of love.

It is peculiar to the passion of love, that it supports with an exemption from disgrace, those weaknesses in a man which upon any other occasion would render him utterly contemptible. Independency is a truly dignified state, and in proportion as a man recedes from it, he sinks into meanness. He who subjects himself to a servile compliance with the will of another, from interested views of obtaining the greatest advantages is justly despised by men of spirit as an abject being. Nay, he who gives himself up to excessive grief, and vents his vexation in sighs and tears, because he has failed in obtaining those advantages, is contemned without even any mixture of sympathetic pity. But a lover is not ashamed to profess himself the most dependent creature that can be imagined, upon the favour of his fair one,

to whom he gives the title of his *mistress*. He glories in wearing her *chains*. He is proud to be her *slave*. He bursts into tears which spring from his *broken heart*; and if she is cruel to him, that is to say, will not love him, or allow him the possession of her *sweet person*, he renounces felicity. He is in despair. He abandons himself to every kind of effeminate dejection: yet for all this, he is not despicable in his own opinion, or in that of the greatest part of mankind.

To quote authorities to prove that this is a true state of the dispensing power which universal consent has permitted to love, would be superfluous, since the whole strain of amorous compositions take it for granted. I will, however, insert one quotation from a theatrical entertainment, "The *Jovial Crew*, or the *Merry Beggars*," which was originally written, I believe, by Broome and Crown, and after lying long dormant, was revived at Covent Garden, I believe, by Mr. Rich. Two young ladies in the country take it into their heads for a frolick to turn beggars for a little, and insist that their lovers shall accompany them. The gentlemen are not a little surprised; but finding them determined in their purpose, they give begging a very pretty turn in several allusions to themselves.

BEGGARS ARE WE NOT ALREADY.
TUNE, "The Spinning-wheel."

We beg, but in a higher strain
Than sordid slaves, who beg for gain,
No paltry gold nor gems we want;
We beg—what you alone can grant.
No lofty titles, no renown,
But something greater than a crown.
We beg not wealth or liberty—
We beg your humble slaves to be.

We beg your snowy hands to kiss,
Or lips, if you'd vouchsafe the bliss,
And if our faithful vows can move,
(What Gods might envy us!) your love;

The boon we beg if you deny—
Our fate's decreed, we pine and die.
For life we beg, for life implore—
The poorest wretch can beg no more.

This delicate and earnest submission to two charming young ladies is exceedingly beautiful, and I own has always pleased me as much as any love address I ever read. But setting aside that peculiar privilege which love has obtained, how unmanly is the conduct of the two gentlemen, who ought certainly to be looked upon as two pitiful fellows! Undoubtedly had any thing else but the favour of the ladies been the object of their anxiety, they must have appeared to us in a very unfavourable light.

This singular exception from the usual effects of the degradation of man from the firmness which is the boast of his sex, is not natural; for we find in the state of society most approaching to human nature, that is to say, in the savage state, that the male maintains an evident superiority over the female sex. Its origin, therefore must be referred to that strange system of manners called *chivalry*, the object of wild Gothic imagination, and of which the amazing prevalence must be held as one of the most astonishing facts in the history of human nature. By that system, love was fancifully made a species of *devotion*, and the woman who was the object of it, a *divinity*. The utmost prostration, therefore, was understood to have nothing more of meanness in it than the profound humility of *religious adoration*. And now, though the system be worn away in the progress of time, a certain degree of its delusion and mode of expression remains, as we find the heathen gods and goddesses introduced into our poems, though we have no belief in the Grecian or Roman mythology. A. N.

WATER is generally deemed perfectly level, if still; but it is certain, from the rotundity of the earth, that a canal, a mile long, having one continue surface, has one of its ends eight inches below the level of the other.

**STRIKING ACCOUNT OF THE HUGE SPECIES OF SNAKE CALLED
THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.**

MR. EDITOR,—On my way to Prince Edward Island a few weeks ago, I visited Pictou Academy. Among a variety of natural curiosities which were there collected, and arranged with a great deal of taste, my attention was particularly directed to the *Boa Constrictor*. One of the objects of his prey (an animal about the size of a large goat) was encircled in his hideous folds, its head having merely entered the mouth of the snake. To one who had never seen the like before, it presented rather a striking appearance; and, as I am rather an admirer of natural history, desirous at the same time, to communicate, as well as to receive, information, it occurred to me that your readers might probably wish to hear something about this interesting animal. In a late periodical publication, I met with the following description; it is at their service, if you please.

SENEX CURIOSUS.

Halifax, November, 1827.

THE Cæsar sailed from the continent of India in 1817. Notwithstanding the crowded state of the ship, two passengers of rather a singular nature, were put on board at Batavia, for a passage to Britain; the one a snake of that species called *Boa Constrictor*; the other an *Ourang Outang*. The former was somewhat small of his kind, being only about 16 feet long, and about 18 inches in circumference; but his stomach was rather disproportionate to his size, as will presently appear. He was a native of Borneo, and was the property of a gentleman residing in Britain, who had two of the same sort; but in their passage up to Batavia, one of them broke loose from his confinement and very soon cleared the decks, as every body civilly made way for him. Not being used to a ship, however, or taking, perhaps

the sea for a green field, he sprawled overboard and was drowned. His companion lately our shipmate, was brought safely on shore, and lodged in the court yard of Mr. Davidson's house at Ryswick, where he remained for some months. At an early period of the voyage we had an exhibition of his talents in the way of eating, which was publicly performed on the quarter-deck upon which he was brought. The sliding door of his cage being opened, one of the ship's goats was thrust in, and the door immediately shut. The poor goat, as if instantly aware of all the horrors of its perilous situation, began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries, butting instinctively, at the same time, with its head towards the serpent, in self-defence.

The snake, which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and turning his head in the direction of the goat, he at length fixed a deadly and malignant eye on the trembling victim, whose agony and terror seemed to increase; for previous to the snake seizing its prey, it shook in every limb, but still continued its unavailing show of attack, by butting at the serpent, who now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the banquet. The first operation was that of darting out his forked tongue, and at the same time rearing a little his head; then suddenly seizing the goat by the fore-leg with his mouth, and throwing him down, he was encircled in an instant, in his horrid folds! So quick, indeed, and so instantaneous was the act, that it was impossible for the eye to follow the rapid convolution of his elongated body.—It was not a regular *screw-like* turn that was formed, but resembling a knot, one part of the body overlaying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, the more effectually to crush its object. During this time he con-

tinued to grasp with his mouth, though it appeared to be an unnecessary precaution, that part of the animal which he had first seized. The poor goat, in the mean time, continued its feeble and half-stifled cries for some minutes, but they soon became more and more faint, and at last expired. The snake however, retained it for a considerable time in his grasp, after it was apparently motionless. He then began slowly and cautiously to unfold himself, till the goat fell dead from his monstrous embrace, when he began to prepare himself for the feast.—Placing his mouth on the front of the head of the dead animal, he commenced by lubricating with his saliva that part of the goat; and then taking its muzzle into his mouth, which, and indeed always has, the appearance of a newly-lacerated wound, he *sucked it in* as far as the horns would allow. These protuberances opposed some little difficulty, not so much from their extent as from their points; however, they also in a very short time disappeared; that is to say, externally; for their progress was still to be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin.—The victim had now descended as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to see the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent—an extent which must have utterly destroyed all muscular power in any animal that was not, like itself, endowed with very peculiar faculties of expansion and action at the same time. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin, stuffed almost to bursting, still the working of the muscles were evident, and his power of suction, as it is erroneously called, unabated. It was, in fact, the effect of

a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth. With all this, he must be so formed as to be able to suspend for a time his respiration; for it is impossible to conceive that the progress of breathing could have been carried on, when the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat, and the lungs themselves (admitting the trachea to be ever so hard) compressed, as they must have been, by its passage downwards.

The whole operation of completely gorging the goat occupied about two hours and twenty minutes, at the end of which time, the tumefaction was confined to the middle part of the body or stomach, the superior parts, which had been so much distended, having resumed their natural dimensions. He now coiled himself up again and lay quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks or a month, when, his last meal appearing to be completely digested and dissolved, he was presented with another goat, which he devoured with equal facility.

Few of those who had witnessed his first exhibition were desirous of being present at the second. A man may be impelled by curiosity and a wish to ascertain the truth of a fact frequently stated, but which seems almost incredible, to satisfy his mind by ocular proof; but he will leave the scene with those feelings of horror and disgust which such a sight is calculated to create. It is difficult to behold without the most painful sensations, the anxiety and trepidation of the harmless victim, or to observe the hideous writhing of the serpent around his prey, and not to imagine what our own case would be in the same helpless and dreadful situation.

ANONYMOUS.

A POSTMASTER in a country town, about thirty miles from London, being awoken by the guard of the mail, actually threw out his *small-clothes* instead

of the bag, which was not perceived by the guard, and they safely arrived at Lombard-street, ere the mistake was discovered.

RISING OF THE MOON.

The moon is rising! silence reigns
Upon the hills, and o'er the plains :
The river's rush alone is heard,
Or rustling wing of nighted bird.

Serenely through the forest boughs
The pure effulgence softly glows,
And shadows out the leaflets there,
Unmoved amid the silent air.

The wild-briar bush, in silver flower,
The hawthorn tree the lover's bower,
Unite their perfume exquisite
With the yellow broom so wild and sweet,

So cloudless is the sky above,
So freshly fair the leafy grove,
So green the sward where daisies pied,
And cowslips blossom side by side.

How beautiful is Nature's face!
How full of harmony and grace!
What countless joys doth she bequeath
To all that live, and move, and breathe!

Where is the mourner? Here his mind
Serenity and peace may find ;
Where is the wanderer? This the road
Backward to happiness and God !

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

Beautiful, sublime and glorious ;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free ;—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

Epithet-exhausting ocean !
'Twere as easy to control
In the storm thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders do unrol.

Sun and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow ;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace,
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey ;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou—stupendous Ocean !
-But, if overwhelmed by thee,
Can we think without emotion
What must thy Creator be ?

AFFECTING HISTORY.

EXTRACTED FROM A LETTER FROM SMYRNA.

ON entering a hotel in Smyrna we found the landlord in a fiery dispute with two English gentlemen, who had just landed from a French brig in the bay. One was a fine-looking young man of about four or five and twenty, but apparently in the last stage of emaciation and disease ; and his companion, rather more robust, was endeavouring to persuade the Italian host to give him quarters in the locanda. This however, he obstinately refused, on the plea of the young gentleman's illness, who was reclining, as we entered, on a sofa, in a state of enfeebled exhaustion, with sunken cheek and lustreless eye ; whilst the debate was proceeding, and the landlord with expressive shrugs unfeelingly pointed to his miserable

appearance, and urged that as a few days must terminate his existence, he should not only have the annoyance of his death and interment, but his establishment would lose its character, in the suspicious climate of Smyrna, by an inmate having expired in it. It was with difficulty that the elder gentleman procured permission for him to remain on the sofa whilst he went to seek more hospitable quarters for him ; he succeeded however, and in the evening the invalid was moved to a house near St. Catherine's Gardens, where he stretched himself on the bed from which he was never to arise, as he expired on the following day. The particulars of his story, as they were related to us by his companion, combined with the cir-

circumstances of his death, contained something peculiarly melancholy and romantic.

His name was W——, and his father a gentleman in opulent circumstances; is still resident in Dublin, where he was originally destined for the profession of medicine, in the preparatory studies for which he had made considerable advancement. It happened that the hospital in which he was in the habit of attending clinical lectures, and where a considerable portion of his time was spent, adjoined a private establishment for the care of insane patients, and the garden of the one was separated from the grounds of the other by a wall of inconsiderable height. One day, whilst lingering in the walks in the rear of the hospital, his ear was struck with the plaintive notes of a voice in the adjacent garden, which sang the melancholy Irish air of "Savourneen Deelish:" curiosity prompted him to see who the minstrel was, and, clambering to an aperture in the dividing wall, he saw immediately below him a beautiful girl, who sat in mournful abstraction beneath a tree, plucking the leaves from a rose-bud as she sang her plaintive air. As she raised her head and observed the stranger before her, she smiled and beckoned him to come to her; after a moment's hesitation, and reflection on the consequence, he threw himself over the wall and seated himself beside her. Her mind seemed in a state of perfect simplicity; her disorder appeared to have given her all the playful gentleness of childhood, and, as she fixed her dark expressive eyes on his, she would smile and caress him, and sing over and over the song she was trilling when he had first heard her. Struck with the novelty of such a situation, and the beauty of the innocent and helpless being before him, W—— stayed long enough to avoid detection, and then returned by the same means he had entered the garden, but not till she had induced him to promise to come again and see her.

The following day he returned and found her at the same spot, where she said she had been singing for a long time before, in hopes to attract his ear again. He now endeavoured to find out her story, or the cause of her derangement, but his efforts were unavailing, or her words so incoherent as to convey no connected meaning. She was, however, more staid and melancholy while she remained with her, and smiled and sighed, and wept and sang, by turns, till it was time for him to again bid her adieu. With the exception of those childlike wanderings, she betrayed no other marks of insanity; her aberrations were merely playful and innocent; she was often sad and melancholy, but oftener lively and light-spirited.

W—— felt an excitement in her presence which he had never known before; she appeared to him a pure child of Nature, in the extreme of Nature's loveliness. She seemed not as one whom reason had deserted, but as a being who had never mingled with the world, and dwelt in the midst of its vice and deformity in primeval beauty and uncontaminated innocence and affection. His visits were now anxiously repeated and as eagerly anticipated by his interesting companion, to whom he found himself, almost involuntarily, deeply attached, the more so, perhaps, from the romantic circumstances of the case, and the secrecy which it was absolutely necessary to maintain of the whole affair, so that no ear was privy to his visits, and no eye had marked their meetings. At length, however, the matter began to effect a singular change in the mind of the lady, which became every day more and more composed, though still subject to wanderings and abstraction; but the new passion, which was daily taking possession of her mind, seemed to be eradicating the cause, or, at least, counteracting the effects of her malady. This alteration was soon visible to the inmates of the house, and the progress of her reco-

very was so rapid as to induce them to seek for some latent cause, and to watch her frequent and prolonged visits to the garden ; the consequence was, that at their next meeting an eye was on them which reported the circumstance of W——'s visit to the superior of the establishment ; an immediate stop was then put to her return, and the lady's walks confined to another portion of the grounds. The consequences were soon obvious ; her regret and anxiety served to recall her disorder with redoubled vigour, and she eagerly demanded to be again permitted to see him. A communication was now made to her parents, containing a detail of all the circumstances,—her quick recovery, her relapse, and the apparent cause of both ; and after some conferences, it was resolved that W—— should be invited to renew his visits, and the affair be permitted to take its natural course. He accordingly repaired to the usual rendezvous, where she met him with the most impassioned eagerness, affectionately reproached his absence, and welcomed him with fond and innocent caresses. He now saw her as frequently as before, and a second time her recovery was rapidly progressing, till at length she was so far restored that her parents resolved on removing her to her own home, and she accordingly bade adieu to the asylum.

There were here some circumstances which W——'s companion related indistinctly, or of which I retain but an imperfect recollection ; and he who could alone have informed me of them was gone to his long home before I heard his singular story. It appeared however, that after some farther intercourse, he was obliged to be absent from Ireland for some time, and during that interval, the progress of her mind to perfect collectedness continued uninterrupted ; but her former *memory* seemed to decay with her disease, and she gradually forgot her lover. Long protracted illness ensued, and

her spirits and constitution seemed to droop with exhaustion after their former unhealthy excitement, till at length, after a tedious recovery from a series of relapses, her faculties were perfectly restored ; but every trace of her former situation, or the events which had occurred during her illness and residence in Dublin, had vanished like a dream from her memory, nor did her family ever venture to touch her feelings by a recurrence to them.

In the mean time W—— returned, and eagerly flew to embrace, after so long a separation, her who had never passed from his thoughts and his remembrance. Her family felt for him the warmest gratitude and affection, from the consciousness that he had been the main instrument in the restoration of their daughter, but the issue of this interview they awaited with the most painful suspense. She had long ceased to mention his name, or betray any symptom of recollecting him ; he seemed to have passed from her memory with the other less important items of her situation, and this moment was now to prove to them whether any circumstance could make the stream of memory roll back to this distracted period of her intellect. From the shock of that interview W—— never recovered. She received him as her family had anticipated ; she saw him as a mere uninteresting stranger ; she met him with calm, cold politeness, and could ill conceal her astonishment at the agitation and despair of his manner, when he found too truly that he was no longer remembered with the fond affection he had anticipated. He could not repress his anxiety to remind her of their late attachment, but she only heard his distant hints with astonishment and haughty surprise. He now found that the only step which remained for him was to endeavour to make a second impression on her renovated heart ; but he failed. There was still some mysterious influence which attached

their minds, but the alliance on her part had totally changed its former tone, and when she did permit her thoughts to dwell upon him, it was rather with aversion than esteem; and her family, after long encouraging his addresses, at length persuaded him to forego his suit, which with a heavy hopeless heart he assented to, and bade her adieu for ever.

But the die of his fortune was cast; he could no longer walk heedlessly by those scenes where he had once spent hours of happiness, and he felt that wander where he might, that happiness could never return. At length, to crown his misery, the last ray of hope was shortly after shaded by the marriage of his mistress.* W—— now abandoned every prospect at home, and, in order to shake off that melancholy which was gathering like rust round his heart, went to the Continent; but change of scene is but a change of ill to those who must bear with them the cause of their sorrow, and find within, that aching void the world can never fill. He hurried in vain from one scene of excitement to another; society had no spell to sooth his memory, and change no charm to lull it; "Still slowly passed the melancholy day, and still the stranger wist not where to stray;" at length he joined the cause of the struggling Greeks, and his name has been often and honourably mentioned amongst the companions of Lord Byron at Missolonghi. After his Lordship's death he still remained in Greece, but his constitution was too weak to permit him to be of active service as a Palikari. He had, therefore, taken a post in the garrison, which held possession of the castle and town of Nafarino, in the Morea, and was wounded in the action at Sphacteria, in the summer of 1825. The unskilful management of a native surgeon during his confinement in the fortress, previous to its surrender to

Ibrahim Pacha, and a long and dangerous fever from the malaria of Pylos, combined with scanty diet and bad attendance from his Greek domestics, united with his broken spirit to bring on a rapid consumption. It was under these circumstances that Mr. R——, who now accompanied him, had found him at a village in the district of Maina, and had since paid him every attention in his power.— By cautious management and gentle voyages he had brought him to Hydra, where he was enabled to procure him a passage in a French vessel, from whence he hoped to find a British ship to land him in England, where his last moments might be watched by friendly eyes, and his bones rest with his fathers. The particulars of his inhospitable reception here I have already recounted; but we at last saw him fixed under the care of an old French officer at Smyrna, who engaged to pay him every requisite attention, till he should depart for Europe or for another world.

The following day we called to see W——, but we found that human sympathy would soon cease for him; the step of death was already on his threshold. The surgeon of H. M. S. the Cambrian had been to see him, but all prospect of his surviving had fled. The fatigue of his removal from the vessel, his exposure to the sun in the boat whilst landing, and his annoyance at the inn, seemed to have hurried down the few remaining sands of his glass; and he felt himself that time was drawing to a close with him. He was perfectly collected, and, as fully as he could, was giving his last directions to his friend, who had so generously attended him; he spoke much of his family, and gave particular messages to each, pointing out to R—— the various little trinkets he wished to send them as dying memorials of himself; a ring which he still wore on his finger, and which bore the inscription "To the memory of my dear mother," he desired might be buried with him, together with a

* She is at present the wife of a gentleman of eminence at the Irish bar.

locket which was suspended from his neck, and contained a lock of raven hair: he did not mention whose.— But words could not paint the expression of his countenance, nor the sad sublimity of his voice, when, for the last time, he feebly grasped the hand of his affectionate friend, thanked him for all his former kindness, and bade him his last mortal farewell; he shortly after sank into an apparently painless lethargy, from which he never aroused himself. It was evening before he died; there was not a breath of wind to wave the branches of the peach-trees around his window, through which the sunbeams were streaming on his death-bed; tinged with the golden dyes of sunset. It was in a remote corner of Smyrna, and no sound disturbed the calm silent progress of death; the sun went down at length behind the hills; the clear calm voice of the Muezzin from his tower, came from the distant city, and again all was repose. We approached the bed of W—, but his soul had bade adieu to mortality; he had expired but a moment before, without a sigh and without a struggle.

The remains of poor W— were interred in the English burying-ground. The few travellers at the moment in Smyrna attended, and the Janissaries of the Consul preceded the coffin, which was borne by four sailors, covered with an English ensign. In a solitary corner of the cemetery, beside a group of cypresses, his grave was dug by the attendants of the British hospital; and his last remains rested by those of his countrymen who have fallen victims to the climate of the Levant. Mr. Arundel, the chaplain to the factory, read the service of the church over his tomb; and perhaps it never was pronounced under more melancholy circumstances, beneath the calm bright sky of Asia, on an eminence which looked down on the bustle of the city, but was far removed from its din and clamour, and disturbed by no sound save the sigh of his friend, the hum of the glittering insects fluttering in the sunshine, and the hollow rattle of the clay on the receptacle of the wanderer's dust.

THE JOYS OF HOME.

Near yon lone moor, where dewy spring
Can scarce one simple flow'ret bring,
And later summer's warmer sigh
Wakes but the wild heath's purple eye,
Where winter's frozen robe of white,
Betraying oft the wand'rer's sight,
Conceals from his inquiring ken
The deep morass, or deeper fen;
There lies the vale, with pleasure blest,
That nurs'd me on her verdant breast,
What time, in childhood's pleasing dream,
Entranc'd I lay by Teisa's stream.
I then reclin'd in careless ease,
Where simplest charms had pow'r to
 please,
Where fond affection still would roam;
For nature whispers 'tis my home.
Though sometimes dew'd with transient
 tears,
Serenely shone my earlier years;
Delight so mark'd my infancy,
It seem'd in hope's delusive eye,
A covenant with human strife,
The herald of a happy life.

Oh! how remembrance loves to glean
Each feat that mark'd the blissful scene,
When health led on my morning hours,
And fancy strew'd my path with flowers;
When time, that since has chang'd its
 tone,
Appear'd to live for joy alone!
I sported then on pleasure's shore,
Nor heard the distant billows roar,
Nor launch'd upon the boist'rous deep.
In clouds my fav'ring planets sleep,
And leave me wand'ring and forlorn,
Till Fortune wakes a brighter morn.
Yet should the Fates my days annoy,
And cancel ev'ry future joy,
On this lov'd scene, a potent spell,
Delighted thought shall ever dwell,
And long as mem'ry's faithful eye
My native hamlet can espy,
Or anxious contemplation trace
But one faint feature of her face,
So long shall Bernard's vale be dear,
And life's perspective finish here.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

IMPORTANT TO GEOMETRICIANS.

NO. III.

ON THE QUADRATURE OF A CIRCLE.

"What yesterday was fact, to-day is doctrine."

IN our first, we gave an account of what we believe is a truth ; No. II. contains our evidence : but as this was rather of an uncommon kind, we promised our reasons for advancing it, which will be found in what follows. We will then consider in a friendly manner, any objections which have been, or may be made against our sentiments.

When an assertion is made respecting any point of importance, we very naturally ask for proof ; and in our day, calculation or demonstration is always expected on subjects of this nature. But we are inclined to think this has not been *always* and *universally* demanded ; therefore we have resorted to, what we conceive must have been, a custom among our ancestors, that is, proving in mathematics by experiment, what *cannot* be otherwise accomplished. We have already shown, that it is unreasonable, in this case, to expect proof by calculation. But it may be objected, that in all assertions, respecting the proportion of lines and circles at least, we are bound to give a demonstration ; besides, we have promised to do it, "*if necessary.*" Should the last part of this objection be actually offered, we will then give the particular reasons of our failure : in the meantime we answer generally, that no man is bound to do an impossibility ; and to fulfil what the first part requires, is sometimes impossible, even when we have no doubt respecting the truth of the assertion. For example, if a person draw two lines 12 inches long, he might say they were equal ; but if it were denied, and he were asked for a demonstration, what would he do ? He might say much about the 15th def., the 1st 2d and 3d of the

1st B., but he would conclude by taking for granted the thing to be proved. If then, it is impossible to prove that one straight line 12 inches long, is equal to another straight line 12 inches long, much more is it impossible to demonstrate, that one straight line of a certain length, is equal to a curved line, though of the same length. We must not, however, deny the simple truth, for want of a demonstration ; because there is an alternative,—*experiment*. Apply the rule first to one, then the other, and there is *ocular demonstration*.

Upon searching for a demonstration of the truth we have advanced, that is the dilemma to which we were reduced, and this is the alternative to which we have resorted. If we mistake not, many of the arithmetical and mathematical rules, now in common use, have been established in the same manner. We are even inclined to think, that Euclid had to follow this plan, in making discoveries. One thing however, seems evident, i. e. *that the most, perhaps the whole of his demonstrations, depend upon a principle which cannot be demonstrated*. This must either be taken for granted, or proved by experiment. Were it to fail, all his works would be mere *verbiage*. If it stand the test, *they are built upon the foundation of truth, which is more firm and durable than the globe on which he studied them*. This principle, and the one we have advanced, possess so many similar qualities, that we beg leave to compare them. The first is, "the radii of a circle are equal." (15th def. 1st B.). Now, when we say "the quadrature of a circle is equal &c." these assertions have the same proof. They are both true, yet equally indemonstrable. We

grant that the first is a definition, and if the second possess the necessary properties, it ought to have the same appellation. Let us observe then, what are the necessary properties of a definition, or what is a definition? It is an assertion respecting any object which holds universally true, and distinguishes it from all others. According to Johnson, "a decision," "a short description of a thing by its properties." Bailey,— "the essential attributes of a thing." Now all these definitions of a definition, will apply to the assertion respecting the quadrature, as well as the one respecting the radii of a circle; because, it is universally true, it is a decision,—a property,—an essential attribute of a circle; or we are wrong.

Let us now consider what reason we have to believe that "the radii of a circle are equal," for Euclid has taught us to be so scrupulous about reasons for our belief, that it is but fair, not to take any thing from himself without a reason. In our opinion then, there is neither higher authority, nor stronger proof for any of his definitions, than if he had said, *I, the Prince of Geometricians, have determined, that a point is so and so,—that a line is so and so,—that a square is this,—that a circle is that,—but, by the way, I find, that all straight lines, drawn from the centre to the circumference of a circle are equal.*—Very well Mr. Euclid; with regard to your first four determinations, we have no objections, and probably would not have any, though you had transposed the order of the terms; because we know, that, on your part it is arbitrary, on ours, optional. But how, in the world, did you happen to make the last discovery? We cannot pass over this so slightly; because, it is neither an arbitrary, nor an optional matter; but a property, an essential attribute of a circle. Though it is a truth, it is not an intuitive truth, or why did

you not place it among the axioms? We would like very much to know, whether you established this as a rule, in consequence of having measured it a few times with a chord, a rod, or a scale, or in consequence of having observed, *that the distance between the points of your golden compasses, was neither increased nor diminished in drawing a circle.* We have no hope of having our curiosity satisfied on this point, nor is it necessary, though we think the last by far the most probable; but one of these plans, we conceive, he must have taken, and this is sufficient for our present purpose of showing that, *it was by experiment.*

From this view of the subject, we confess it does appear to us, that if Euclid had known any rectilinear figure which was either equal, or bore an exact proportion to the quadrature of a circle, he would either have made it a separate definition, or added it to the 15th as a beautiful appendage: but, to give a demonstration of such a fact, even his genius would have been inadequate, though almost unparalleled. We imagine that we have been so fortunate as to happen upon the discovery of this *grand desideratum*; but we will not presume to give it that station to which we think it entitled, before it receive the sanction of our superiors. At the same time it is hoped that we may be allowed to believe as "*doctrine*," what we have proved to be "*fact*," at least till we are convinced of the contrary.

Permit me to conclude with a conjecture. It is granted that the 15th. def. is established; the 1st of the 1st. B. is a consequent; the 2d is unavoidable, and so on. *Now if our assertion be correct, who will ensure us that consequences as great may not follow?*

Δ.

Pictou, November, 1827.

P. S. Our Musquodoboit friend will be attended to in order.

SEPARATION.

THERE is perhaps nothing in life, save actual suffering, which unhinges the spirit, and depresses the heart, like the wrenching away of those kindly feelings and affections which have grown and strengthened with us during years of happiness and tranquillity. It is sweet to gain a friend, but it is a hundred-fold more bitter to lose one. The welling out of new sensibilities, like the bursting forth of an untasted ground spring is an accession of enjoyment; a delight rather of anticipation than of possession; but the withering up of old, and cherished, and kindly emotions, is a sear and a blight to the spirit; an unrivetting of life's roseate chain; a casting forth of the waters of freshness upon sand; a relinquishment of some of the highest privileges of existence. The heart is a volume which has many leaves, and whose every page is a deathless record; it can be inscribed upon but once, and the characters of that inscription are indelible. The gay of spirit may indeed glaze over the surface which bears some outworn or withered sentiment, with the world's varnish, but they can never obliterate the traces of its existence; for evil or for good, it is registered there for ever. The fiery passions, the hot impulses, the reckless transgressions of our youth, the more crafty, calm, and speculative sins of mature life, and the cold off-fallings of decaying nature, each period writes its own character upon the heart's pages, and even the grave fails to outwear the impression. How little do we reckon of this, as day after day, and year after year, we inscribe in letters of fire our own condemnation! Sweeter, gentler, are the records of tenderness, friendship, and affection, written as by the petals of a passion flower; every soft feeling has its niche in the temple of the heart; every beloved one is an idol raised on the pedestal

within that niche; and who could boldly bear the casting down of but one of this cherished row of the heart's statuary? Yet, by how frail a tenure, do we seem to hold our best blessings—how many are the ways by which the friend we have cherished in our spirit's core may escape us! Even when we are smiling at our fancied security in the heart which we have won to ourselves, it may be wrenched from us by one perhaps unworthy to receive it in the rebound; and then comes a train of life's most bitter trials; the cold smile—the averted eye—the soulless laugh—the passionless look—and the icebolt of isolation, fall heavily on the blossoms of the spirit. But how much more dark does this withering of the heart become, when we are torn by the chances and the changes of existence, from among those who have been the sharers of our weal and woe for a long period; first there is the dread of approaching separation, the ingenious self-torture of anticipating regrets; then the actual pang of parting words, and looks, and enfoldings of affection—that lip quivering, whose smile we had been used to watch for, as the wearied mariner looks for the light of morning—that eye clouded, which we had so often seen laugh out in lustre! Those who have not experienced such a separation, have never known the heart's midnight—and almost worse than this (for even the moment of parting has its excitement to counterbalance its misery), is the dreary void which succeeds departure; the feeling of solitude among crowds, the new scenes, new faces, and new pursuits which demand no token of our sympathy and interest, and which, at such a moment fail in their turn to yield any. Dark and cheerless as is this spirit-void, the evil will yet bear augmentation; there still remains another link to wrench away,

another bond to burst asunder, the tie of country. Alone upon the ocean, we have time to think upon our bereavements ; the friendships we had fostered, the feelings we had indulged, the affections we had encouraged, until they had over-run our heart—we feel that the skein of social life is unravelled, and that the end of it has escaped us. As the stately ship speeds majestically on her way, those who linger on the shore to wave their farewell, become a confused and indistinguishable mass ; we know not the friend of our bosom watching our departure in agony of spirit from the stranger to whom our progress is but a pastime ; the breeze fills our sails, and like a sea-bird the vessel spreads her wings to the wind, and hurries on her way. The loved shores of our country become but as a thread of mist stretched along the edge of the vast ocean over which we journey ; we look into our own hearts, and we are—alone ! Then every past enjoyment is enhanced to us by memory ; every friend dearer to us when we are about to part for a time, perhaps for ever, as the marine glow-worm on the coast near Chioggia is ever most resplendent before a storm. We have to form new friendships, to cement new ties, to nurse new hopes ; but these grow slowly on a mind of sensibility ; friends must be proved ere they can be valued ; ties must be tightened by vicissitude, or their tension is unfelt ; hopes must be engendered in awakening spirit, or they will fail to interest.

To the isolated heart, the world is an unexplored country ; and for a while it is a wilderness ; it may contain fertility and pleasaunce, but for

a time they are unexperienced and unenjoyed ; it may be a land of flowers and sunshine, but the dark season comes ere the blossoms expand, or the rays of summer brighten the heart's creation—all is but a chance, for it has its rocks and its quicksands, as well as its bowers and its valleys ; it may prove a future of evil, or it may prove one of good ; we are voyagers cast forth on the ocean without sail or rudder, we know not what wind may impel, what tide may drift us onward. The very feelings which in bygone days have endeared us to fond hearts and gentle spirits, may be perhaps those most calculated to estrange the affections of others ; the animal spirits whose flow may have gladdened a fond circle, fail, or become enfeebled beneath a sense of isolation, and lose at once their elasticity and their effervescence ; the character is formed by circumstances ; they act as a thermometer to inhabit its several changes and gradations ; sickness and sorrow warp the natural impulses, but nothing so effectually lowers the tone of the mind, and damps the energy of the spirit, as the severing of fond ties and kindly affections. Had I an enemy, I could scarcely from my heart's centre wish him such a fate ; and for a friend, I would depreciate it as the mightiest mental misery on earth.

Those who, like myself, have experienced this unclasping of the social chain which had bound them within a circle endeared alike by association and by kindness, will understand my feelings ; and to those who have not, I now say *vale*, trusting that they may ever continue to judge of the subject only by theory.

COMPLAINT OF THE DYING YEAR.

RECLINING on a couch of fallen leaves, wrapped in fleecy mantle, with withered limbs, hoarse voice, and snowy beard, appears a venerable old man. His pulse beats feebly, his breath

becomes shorter ; he exhibits every mark of approaching dissolution.

This is old Eighteen Hundred and Seventeen (1827) ; and as every class of readers must remember him

a young man, as rosy and blithesome as themselves, they will perhaps feel interested in hearing some of his dying expressions, with a few particulars of his past life. His existence is still likely to be prolonged a few days by the presence of his daughter *December*, the last and sole survivor of his twelve fair children; but it is thought the father and daughter will expire together. The following are some of the expressions which have been taken down as they fell from his dying lips: "I am," said he, "the son of old father *Time*, and the last of a numerous progeny; for he has had no less than five thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven of us; but it has ever been his fate to see one child expire before another was born. It is the opinion of some, that his own constitution is beginning to break up, and that when he has given birth to a hundred or two more of us, his family will be complete, and then he himself will be no more."

Here the Old Year called for his account-book, and turned over the pages with a sorrowful eye. He has kept, it appears, an accurate account of the moments, minutes, hours, and months, which he has issued, and subjoined, in some places, memorandums of the uses to which they have been applied, and the losses he has sustained. These particulars it would be tedious to detail, and perhaps the recollection of the reader may furnish them as well or better. But we must notice one circumstance; upon turning to a certain page in his accounts, the old man was much affected, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks as he examined it. This was the register of the forty-eight Sundays which he had issued; and which, of all the wealth he had to dispose of, has been, it appears, the most scandalously wasted. "These," said he, "were my most precious gifts. I had but fifty-two of them to bestow. Alas! how lightly have they been esteemed!" Here upon referring back to certain old memorandums, he found a long list of vows

and resolutions, which had a particular reference to these fifty-two Sundays. These, with a wrinkled emotion of grief and anger, he tore into a hundred pieces, and threw them on the embers, by which he was endeavouring to warm his shivering limbs.

"I feel, however," said he, "more pity than indignation towards these offenders, since they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me.— But there are a few outrageous ones, by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance, that it is difficult to think of them with patience, particularly that notorious thief *Procrastination*, of whom every body has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable father of much of his property. There are also three noted ruffians, *Sleep*, *Sloth*, and *Pleasure*, from whom I have suffered much; besides a certain busy-body called *Dress*, who, under pretence of making the most of me, and taking great care of me, steals away more of my gifts than any two of them.

"As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards my friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promise, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors. My twelve fair children have, each in their turn, aided my exertions; and their various tastes and dispositions, have all conduced to the general good. Mild *February*, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offering of early flowers, was not of more essential service than that rude blustering boy, *March*, who, though violent in his temper, was well-intentioned and useful.—*April*, a gentle tender-hearted girl, wept for his loss, yet cheered me with many a smile. *June* came crowned with roses, and sparkling in sunbeams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors. But I cannot stop to enumerate the good qualities and graces of all my children. You, my poor *December*, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper,

greatly resembling my first-born *January*, with this difference, that he was most prone to anticipation, and you to reflection.

“If there should be any, who, upon hearing my dying lamentation, may feel regret that they have not treated me more kindly, I would beg leave to hint, that it is yet in their power to make some compensation for their past conduct, by rendering me, during my few remaining days, as much service as in their power; let them testify the sincerity of their sorrow by an immediate alteration in their behaviour. It would give me particular pleasure to see my only surviving child treated with respect: let no one slight her offerings: she has a considerable part of my property still to dispose of, which, if well employed, will turn to good account. Not to mention the rest, there is one precious Sunday yet in her gift; it would cheer my last moments to know that this had been better prized than the past.

“It is very likely that, at least after my decease, many may reflect upon themselves for their misconduct towards me. To such I would leave

it as my dying injunction, not to waste time in unavailing regret; all their wishes and repentance will not recall me to life. I shall never, never return! I would rather earnestly recommend to their regard my youthful successor, whose appearance is shortly expected. I cannot hope to survive long enough to introduce him; but I would fain hope that he will meet with a favourable reception; and that, in addition to the flattering honours which greeted my birth, and the fair promises which deceived my hopes, more diligent exertion, and more persevering efforts, may be expected. Let it be remembered, that one honest endeavour is worth ten fair promises.”

Having thus spoken, the Old Year fell back on his couch nearly exhausted, and trembling so violently as to shake the last shower of yellow leaves from his canopy. Let us all hasten to testify our gratitude for his services, and repentance for the abuse of them, by improving the remaining days of his existence, and by remembering the solemn promises we made him in his youth.

HENDERSON.

HYMN.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Rise, oh, my soul, with thy desires to heaven,
 And with divinest contemplation use
 Thy time, where Time's eternity is given,
 And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse;
 But down in darkness let them lie;
 So live thy better, let thy worst thoughts die!

And thou, my soul, inspir'd with holy flame,
 View and review with most regardful eye
 That holy Cross, whence thy salvation came,
 On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die!
 For in that sacred object is much pleasure,
 And in that Saviour is my life, my treasure.

To thee, O Jesu! I direct my eyes,
 To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees;
 To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
 To thee my thoughts, who my thoughts only sees;
 To thee myself, myself and all I give;
 To thee I die, to thee I only live.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE GREEKS.

THE delightful country of Greece, once the finest in the world, is inhabited by a bold and intelligent race of men, whose noble struggles to rescue themselves from an odious servitude has rendered them objects of our esteem and admiration. For more than five years has this unfortunate land been the scene of continual warfare and desolation; and though the attempts of the Turks have been many and great, they have notwithstanding entirely failed in their design,—that of exterminating the Greeks.

The Greeks are of the same religion as the Russians, and, like that nation, have monks and nuns. Great decorum is visible in their churches, the females being excluded from the sight of the males by means of lattices. Their bishops lead a life of great simplicity, as will be seen from the following account of a dinner given by the bishop of Salona to Mr. Dodwell:—"There was nothing to eat except rice and bad cheese: the wine was execrable, and so impregnated with resin, that it almost took the skin from our lips. Before sitting down to dinner, as well as afterwards, we had to perform the ceremony of the *cheironipteron*, or washing of the hands. We dined at a round table of copper tinned, supported by one leg, and sat on cushions placed on the floor. The bishop insisted upon my Greek servant sitting at table with us; and on my observing that it was contrary to our custom, he answered, that he could not bear such ridiculous distinctions in his house. It was with difficulty I obtained the privilege of drinking out of my own glass, instead of out of the large goblet, which served for the whole party. The Greeks seldom drink till they have dined. After dinner, strong thick coffee, without sugar, was handed round."—The strictest frugality is observable in all the meals of these people.

The higher orders live principally on fish and rice, and the common people on olives, honey and onions. The food of the Levantine sailors, according to the Hon. Mr. Douglas, consists entirely of salted olives, called by the Greeks *columbades*. They dress mutton in a singular manner, it being stewed with honey. In a very rare work, published in 1686, entitled, "The Present State of the Morea," is the following account of their manner of thrashing corn:—"They have no barns, but thrashing-floors, which are situated on high grounds, and open to the winds. Here they tread it out with horses, which are made fast to a post, round which the corn is put; the horses trampling upon it make great despatch: they then cleanse it with the wind, and send it home."

The houses of the Greeks are generally built of brick, made of clay and chopped straw; those at Napoli di Romania are considered among the best, and are spacious and convenient. The stranger, on entering, is struck with the singular appearance they present, the lower story being set apart for the horses, while not a bell is visible in any part of the building. When the attendance of a servant is required, it is signified by the master clapping his hands. Most of the houses in the villages have very pretty gardens, with walks round them covered with vines. The Greeks are remarkable for their love of dancing, particularly the *Romaika*, which is thus described by the Hon. Mr. Douglas:—"I shall never forget the first time I saw this dance: I had landed on a fine Sunday evening in the island of Scio, after three months spent amidst Turkish despotism, and I found most of the poorer inhabitants of the town strolling upon the shore, and the rich absent at their farms; but in riding three miles along the coast, I saw above thirty

parties engaged in dancing the *Romaika* upon the sand; in some of these groups, the girl who led them, chased the retreating wave, and it was in vain that her followers hurried their steps; some of them were generally caught by the returning sea, and all would court the laugh rather than break the indissoluble chain. Near each party was seated a group of parents and elder friends, who rekindled the last spark of their expiring gaiety and vigour in the happiness they saw around them."

Though the Greeks are an oppressed nation, yet, as Sir William Gell testifies, they cannot be called uncleanly in their habits. The bath is in constant use among them, and a Greek peasant would on no account retire to rest without having previously washed his feet. The females, generally speaking, are kept very secluded from society, and it is seldom that their marriages are founded on mutual love or attachment. The conduct of the married women in Greece is deserving of our highest praise, both for their great virtue and goodness of heart, while instances of divorce are extremely rare.

The burial-places of the Greeks are situated without the walls of their towns, and round the tombs are a variety of plants, (principally parsley,) which they take great care to keep alive. Numerous ceremonies are observed at their funerals; but the most interesting scene is the last. "Before the body is covered with earth, the relations approach in turn, and lifting the corpse in their arms, indulge in the full pleasure of their grief, while they call in vain on the friend they have lost, or curse the fate by which that loss has been occasioned." The Greeks, when occasion requires it, make use of flowers to express their thoughts. Thus for instance, if a lover wishes to convey any private intelligence to his mistress, he has only to make a selection of certain flowers, the signification of which is perfectly

understood if once seen by the object of his love. The manners of the Greeks in many cases bear a striking resemblance to those of the Turks. Like that nation, they smoke with long pipes, and write with the left hand. The inhabitants of *Napoli di Romania* have still further imitated their oppressors by wearing the turban trimmed with white, together with the red *papouches*, or slippers. The costume of the Greek soldiers is thus described by the author of "Letters from the East:"—"The costume of these soldiers was light and graceful; a thin vest, sash, and a loose pantaloons, which fell just below the knee. The head was covered with a small and ugly cap. They had most of them pistols and muskets, to which many added sabres or *ataghans*." The dress of the females is very elegant; over the head is worn a veil, called *macrama*, and between the eyelid and the pupil is inserted a black powder, named *surme*, which, according to the Hon. Mr. Douglas, gives a pleasing expression to the countenance. On their hair (generally of a beautiful auburn) they bestow great pains, adorning it with a variety of ornaments; and suffering it to hang down in long tresses or ringlets, which present a most graceful appearance. In stature the men are tall and well made; but their countenances, though expressive, have generally an air of dejection, which no change of time or circumstances have power to remove. The Greek women are very beautiful, and remarkable for vivacity and intelligence of mind.

The character of the Greeks consists of a singular mixture of good and bad qualities. They are vain, fickle, treacherous and turbulent; but, on the other hand, are industrious, bold, polite, moderate in their living, with a lively and ingenious disposition. If it be asserted that they are in some cases too much given to wine, it may be replied to in the words of Cicero, *Necessitatis*

crimen est, non voluntatis. When we consider that from the earliest age they are accustomed to witness among the Turks the most disgusting scenes of profligacy and villany, that, like wandering pilgrims, they have

no fixed abode, and are continually subject to all the miseries attendant on war and poverty, can it be wondered if in their character we find something worthy of reprehension? —*London Mirror.*

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

EASTERN SCENES.

MR. EDITOR,—My friend, you see, has complied with my request. As the former extracts were not intended for the press, he hopes every allowance will be made for defects. About the present, too, he is rather delicate; he has consented, however, to favour me with their disposal—and you are welcome to their contents. Yours, &c.

R. S.—t.

Halifax, October, 1827.

MY DEAR BOB,

“PROBABLY you have never been at Truro. Well, imagine yourself on the top of Judge Chipman’s hill, with a most interesting village and the various surrounding scenes lying almost directly below you in full view. Having traversed, as I had done, so many apparently unnecessary windings and turnings, and crossed the rugged heights and precipices of the East, you would account it quite a luxury to find yourself once more in sight of an extensive plain, adorned with a range of neat and happy cottages—the scene of much that is pleasing to the traveller.

“The first object that attracted my notice was the large body of marshes and intervails, on each side of the Bay-head, and at the conflux of the North and Salmon Rivers. It was just at that time of Autumn when the common-fields as they are called, were opened, after the removal of the crops, and hundreds of cattle, horses, and sheep turned in to graze on the fall-feed, and sport upon the luxuries which occasions like this always afford them. To those

who are in the habit of viewing these things every day, they may seem trifling enough; but to me whose habits had been altogether different, they presented an appearance at once novel and interesting.—There was so much innocent and peaceful enjoyment in the sporting herd, and, to the spectator, so much to cherish a contentment and serenity of mind, when contrasted with the din and confusion of a mercantile town, that I almost envied the farmer, and had a secret inclination to leave the counter and yard-stick, for the farm and plough.

“It is rather a striking circumstance to observe, on the stocks, vessels of two or three hundred tons burthen here and there scattered through the marshes, where, at a distant view, there is no appearance of water to convey them from the spot. The passing stranger is not a little astonished at the novelty of the sight; and his surprise is by no means removed at a more narrow inspection, when he learns that the ship is to be launched into a stream of about two yards wide, and not more than a foot in depth, low water. This, I am told, is often practised with little or no inconvenience.

“With an intervention of the Salmon River and bridge, the buildings, in what is called the Upper Village, form a kind of semi-circle. On the north side of the river, the body of houses extends about half of a mile; on the other, something more than a mile. In general, they are neat and tastefully arranged.

“As the buildings are for the

most part on a flat sort of ground, you may naturally suppose that the streets are wet and dirty ; but this is not the case : the soil is of a dry and gravelly nature ; so that they are almost like pavement even in the wettest season of the year. A regular eminence of about ten or fifteen feet, for two or three miles in length appears as if nature had particularly designed to accommodate the inhabitants of this place with convenient and handsome building situations.

“ The loveliness of the spot induced me to stop for a day or two.— In company with an intimate, I rode out a few miles towards the Lower Village. We had to pass the Presbyterian Church. It is situated between the two villages, about a mile distant from each. Surrounded with a grove of small-sized trees, it presents quite a romantic appearance. What a delightful situation, said I to my friend ! Remote from the bustle of the world, it is a beautiful picture of what ought always to occur within. By the peculiar nature of the situation, the devout worshipper, on entering the door of the venerable mansion is silently admonished in reference to all secular thoughts and cares, “ to take those things hence.”

“ On our return we passed the English Church which has lately been erected. This forms an additional ornament to the place. It is not large ; but the neatness of the structure, and its slight elevation above the level of the adjacent buildings, give it rather a pretty appearance. I learned by my friend, that a bell was about to be attached to it very soon. There was something natural in the anticipation of the effect to which the solemn peal of a church-bell would have, for the first time, where, besides the interesting novelty of the thing, “ a Sunday in the country, is so holy in its repose, such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion, in a manner, is charmed down,” and the whole parish are invited, as if with a voice from on high, to assemble in

the church, to meet their Saviour and their God. Anticipations like these crowded in upon my mind ; and I wondered that notwithstanding all these powerful—and almost irresistible inducements, so few—so very few of the villagers are usually seen at the English Church.

“ The whole landscape is bounded on each side by an uninterrupted range of hills and trees, such as to the boy of a few years old always seems like the confines of our world.

“ Uniformity is the striking characteristic of the scenery. Perhaps there is rather too much of it for beauty. The fancy delights to be interrupted now and then with a contrast of diversified objects.

“ There is a sort of charm—I must repeat it—in the contemplation of a scene like this. There is so much of nature—simple—unaffected nature, to inspire you with emotions of the most pleasing kind. Uninterrupted by the tumult of the busy multitude, here you have time for reflection ; and as man, you know, is altogether a creature of circumstances, the peaceful nature of rural scenery,—the habits formed in imitation of nature around—produce a serenity of mind, and a character much more uniform and dignified than could be acquired, where we must be regulated by the caprice and artificial arrangements of fashion, and the diversity of circumstances unavoidably connected with living in a populous town. I am inclined to think, too, that a person is by far less solitary in a country life. In town, true we have our associates and amusements, but the extreme difficulty of discriminating between real and pretended friends, as well as the listless indifference with which we are for the most part received, met, or passed by, has the effect of laying a restraint upon our actions and conversation, which turns society into a dreary solitude. In the country, however, owing to a difference of manners and social intercourse, the case is widely different. Besides, we

have constant opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance with ourselves—of holding converse with nature, and admiring the benevolent designs of nature's God. I am rather of Lord Byron's sentiments in this particular, though I shall not go quite to his extreme :—

“ To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountains all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

“ But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
To roam along the world's wide denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless,
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !”

“ I parted with my friend and Truro—I passed on in silence—I wondered why their muse who occasionally delighted us a few years ago, had so soon fallen asleep—and slept so long—and I was surprised that their Grammar School had so nearly come to nought.”

BRIGADE OF SAILORS.

REGULARLY every day after their mess (for they messed generally on a green in the village of East Zuburg) they would start off to their “hunt,” as they called it, in parties headed by a petty officer. Then they would leap the dykes, which their poles enabled them to do, and dash through those which they could not otherwise cross ; they were like a set of Newfoundland dogs in the marshes, and when they spied a few riflemen of the French, they ran at them helter-skelter : then pistol, cutlass, and pike, went to work in downright earnest. The French soldiers did not at all relish the tars ; and no wonder, for the very appearance of them was terrific, and quite out of the usual order of things. Each man seemed a sort of Paul Jones—tarred, belted, and cutlassed as they were. Had we had occasion to storm Flushing, I have no doubt that they would have carried the breach themselves. The scenes which their eccentricities every hour presented were worthy of the pencil of Hogarth. Among the most humorous of these, were their drills, musters, and marchings, or, as they generally called such proceedings, “*playing at soldiers.*” All that their officers did, had no effect in keeping either silence or regularity ; those officers, however, were “part and parcel of the same material as the Jacks themselves, and as able to go through the pipeclay regularity of rank and file, as to deliver a sermon on the immortality of the soul.” But the fact is, they were not either expected or intended to be *regular* troops, and their drills were merely adopted to teach them to keep together in line when marching from one place to another ; so that they might not go about the country after the manner of a troop of donkeys. These marches and drills afforded the highest degree of amusement, both to soldiers and officers ; the disproportion in the sizes of the men—the front rank man, perhaps, four feet one, while the rear

rank man was six feet two ; the giving of the word from the "middy," always accompanied by a "G— d— ;" the gibes and jeers of the men themselves. "Heads up, *you* beggar of a corporal there," a little slang-going Jack would cry out from the rear rank, well knowing that his size secured him from the observation of the officer. Then perhaps the man immediately before him, to show his sense of decorum, would turn round and remark, "I say, who made you a fogle-man, master Billy? can't ye behave like a sodger afore the commander, eh?" Then from another part of the squad, a stentorian roar would arise, with, "I'll not stand this, if I do — me ; here's this here — Murphy stickin' a sword into my starn." Then perhaps the middy would give the word "*Right face,*" in order to prepare for marching ; but some turned right and some left, while others turned right round, and were faced by their opposite rank man. This confusion in a few minutes, however, would be rectified, and the word "*March*" given. Off they went, some whistling a quick-step, and others imitating the sound of a drum with his voice, and keeping time with the whistler, "row dididow, dididow, row dow, dow"—

every sort of antic trick began immediately, particularly treading on each others' heels. I once saw a fellow suddenly jump out of the line of march, crying out, "I be d— if Riley hasn't spikes in his toes, an' I won't march afore him any longer," and then coolly fell in at the rear.— "Keep the step," then was banded about, with a thousand similar expressions, slapping each other's hats down upon their eyes, elbowing, jostling, and joking—away they went to beat the bushes for Frenchmen ; and even when under the fire of both the hidden riflemen and the rampart guns, their jollity was unabated. One of these odd fellows was hit in the leg by a rifle-ball, which broke the bones, and he fell ; it was in a hot pursuit which he and a few others were engaged in after a couple of riflemen, who had ventured a little too far from their position, when, seeing that he could follow no farther, he took off his tarry hat and flung it with all his might after them ; "There, you beggars, I wish it was a long eighteen for your sakes." The poor fellow was carried off by his comrades, and taken to the hospital, where he died.—*The Military Sketch Book.*

ON EGOTISM.

On n'auroit guere de plaisir, si l'on ne re flattoit point.

I AM almost ashamed to set it down in English that we find so much pleasure in flattering ourselves ; but so it is. And then, for Egotism, I look upon it as one of the most pleasant things in the world—so time-killing, and so soothing ; a batch of it is more than consolatory, and most ticklish relish to the palate.

It is beyond dispute that we are all, more or less, in love with Egotism. Pope will have it, that "all our knowledge is, ourselves to know:" and, at any rate, we prove most abundantly, how much of our pleasure is derived from thinking and

talking of ourselves. Let us put the case to our consciences, and ask, what friend's society we like the best? The answer honestly is—that one's who will throw his feet across a chair, and chatter with us about our thoughts and feelings—of the loves that throw a spirit of soft romance around our youth—and of the determined and steady resolves that grow out of more sober age. To be serious in a weighty matter, it becomes us to check, as much as possible, the baneful but pleasant propensity to employ so much of our leisure in idle and fruitless speculations—in

that kind of egotistical abstraction, which Locke would call "dreaming awake."

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink—

but sweeter still to hold the green sprigs in our fingers, and tell how they were won. The soldier who has braved but one campaign, will always have a tale of war and wonder to surprise us; in which himself will be, of course the leading character. There is, however, one charm in *military egotism*—it is generally of a plain kind; unaccompanied with that sophisticated gloss, which frequently distinguishes the *lectures on self* of the man of letters. The latter is not at all a pleasant egotist in the way of conversation—he is somewhat better in print.

Amongst literary men, ancient or modern, there is a plentiful sprinkling of the character in question. Rousseau, a considerable egotist, mixes himself up, very often delightfully, with scenes of great pathos and sentiment. I do not complain much of the egotism of Rousseau.

Then we have some desperate cases of the kind in the writers of our own time. Lord Byron is a splendid proof: indeed, he sings of himself so finely, that we seldom hesitate to follow him. It is not exactly so with Wordsworth, for he sometimes tires us with his trifling company. Still it is next to impossible not to be delighted, now and then, with the chaste spirit that accompanies the egotism of Wordsworth.

The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Have been his dearest joy.

And there is not, perhaps, generally speaking, a more pleasant companion than he, with whom to "haunt the water-falls;" provided he be not

allowed to walk too slowly, and thus be left at liberty to indulge in his egotistical trifles. Coleridge is a metaphysical egotist, and that's the very worst class of all. Walter Scott does not display too much of the feeling in question, if we may judge from his writings: indeed, he generally appears as a nice kind of amiable gentleman, who is ever on the best terms with himself; but who on that very account, perhaps, thinks it too much to expect that the world should feel an interest in every trifling circumstance connected with his life. Leigh Hunt is a sad fellow in this respect; for he cannot take a stroll to Hampstead (his paradise,) without giving us an account of his journey. This gentleman's egotism is very peculiar, and perhaps it partakes a little too much of vanity to be tolerated; nevertheless, it is *often* extremely amusing, and *always* original. It is too much trouble for Anacreon Moore to be a considerable egotist.

In noticing as I have done, the egotism of the poets, I must be understood as doing so, because they are the beings with whom I would wish to hold converse; for their's are such pleasant conceits, that surely it is one of the finest things in the world "to live in the light of their fancies."

We were told, a long time ago, that lovers are so fond of each other's company, only because they are everlastingly talking about themselves; and really when we come to think of it, there is a great deal of truth in the remark. The most tolerable sort of conversational egotism is that of the old soldier and the young lady. The one has so much honest enthusiasm to recommend: and the other, so much of bright eyes and playful smiles—of glowing cheeks, and tell-tale blushes.

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

RUSSIAN COACHMEN.

THIS is the place to make mention of the Russian coachman, whose address

and intrepidity deserve to be recorded. Placed upon his seat, and driving four horses abreast, with cords

for reins, which he holds in both hands, a Russian coachman seems to know not what danger is; and, so that the road be not altogether broken up, he dashes along at full gallop, making but a very rare use of his whip, which hangs upon one of his arms, his voice being sufficient to urge forwards his indefatigable steeds. During a stage, which is frequently from twenty-five to thirty wersts, (more than eight French leagues,) he never ceases for a moment speaking to his horses, which appear to understand him; and less despotic with them than his lord is towards him, he never gives them an order or recommendation, without stating the motives. I made the servant, who served us as interpreter, translate some of these perpetual monologues, which are seldom interrupted, and then only by a national song. The Russian coachman varies his discourse and the inflexions of his voice according to the age, physical force, or moral qualities of each of his four horses—he addresses himself to the experience of the oldest, and points out to him the necessity of *showing a good example* to his comrades; he reproaches with idleness one which has remained several days in the stable, and tells him that he should expiate this shameful inactivity by renewed ardour; he observes to the largest, that he must no doubt have too great a heart to allow himself to be surpassed by less vigorous horses; and he tells the youngest, that he is fortunate in being joined to steeds remarkable for the good service they have performed, and that he ought, by an exertion of zeal, to show himself worthy of so honourable an association. Such is the exact meaning of the conversation which the Russian coachman carries on with his horses; his words, sometimes kind and encouraging, and sometimes reproachful, exercise a great influence on these intelligent animals; and when he is perfectly satisfied with them he rewards them by calling them his *little pigeons*.—

This is the most flattering mark of approbation that he can give them, the pigeon being an object of love and admiration to the Russian people. The most affectionate care is taken of these birds, and to kill or eat them is considered a culpable action. — The intrepidity of the Russian coachmen, and their contempt of danger, sometimes puts to a rude proof the courage of the travellers and the solidity of his carriage. To get over the ground as rapidly as possible, is considered by them their first duty; driving at full stretch, they trouble themselves but little with what takes place behind them, all they care for being to arrive at the next stage. There is a story told of a Russian coachman driving up to the post-house with only one-half of the carriage; the other half, with the travellers, having been left a league behind in the middle of the road, the rapid rate at which he drove, and his incessant cries and singing, having prevented him from perceiving the accident. Full of confidence in their address, the Russian coachmen habitually neglect those precautions so often necessary in travelling, and yet it seldom happens that they are at a loss to repair an accident. Their industrious hands turn everything to account. They quickly transform a branch into an axletree, and make a strong rope out of some shreds of beech bark. No matter how serious the accident may be of which you have to complain, the first word of the Russian peasant is, *nitchevau*, (it is nothing;) and he adds, *nebos*, (don't be afraid.) In the villages, these men preserve for a long time the ingenious character of childhood; everything furnishes them an occasion for sport. On arriving at the post-house, you see fifteen or twenty long-bearded peasants assembled before it, who leaving to chance to decide which of them shall furnish horses and drive you to the next stage, take hold of the right trace, and then shifting their hands alternately, he whose hand first at-

tains the extremity of the cord, is the man fixed upon by fortune, and he hastens amidst the noisy felicitations of his comrades to fulfil the task allotted to him by chance.—There is no country in the world where travelling is at the same time so cheap and so rapid. In the interior of the empire, the rate is five kopecks, (one sous,) a werst for each horse, which is about seven sous for each French post, (or five and a half miles.) The *pour bone* to the postilion is not a right, but depends upon the generosity of the traveller, who may be magnificent at a very slender expense. By giving a piece of eighty kopecks, (sixteen sous,) for the whole stage, which is often from twenty-five to thirty wersts, you acquire a right to the most unlimited gratitude, the demonstrations of which are not spared by the postillion; and you have the pleasure of hearing him holloa out as he approaches the post-house, "Make haste, make haste, I bring you eagles," Should the travellers be niggardly, the driver intimates to his brethren of the whip that his fare consists of *ravens*. Who would refuse to pass for an eagle at so cheap a rate.—*Six Mois en Russie, par M. Ancelot, translated for the Atlas.*

LITERARY LABOUR.

IT will be recollected, that many of the arts and sciences which embellish society are the fruits of patient

application; and, therefore, an occasional glance at the silent, but glorious evolutions of the mind, would compel sentiments of lively gratitude. The artificer goes to his daily labour, and by means of his tools and materials constructs the intended piece of mechanism; but he seldom calls to remembrance the skill of the inventor, or the laborious investigation in which he was exercised before he gave his discovery to the light of day. The scholar is enraptured as he passes from one object of study to another, and receives fresh ideas of order, harmony, and grandeur. How numerous the struggles with obscurity! How profound the inquiries! How undivided the attention to logical accuracy, which preceded the formation of the different systems, to whose accurate arrangements he is indebted for the lights and facilities which direct him in his studies. We sit round our family fire-side, and are delighted while we listen to a member of the domestic circle, reading the composition of some superior author; the force of his arguments, the aptness of his illustrations, and the frequent introduction of natural and beautiful imagery, enchain the attention and engage the heart. But how rarely do we pause to consider the midnight toil endured in collecting the materials, in conducting the process of thought, and in diffusing over the whole the colours and visions of poetry.—*Hathaway's Essays.*

VARIETIES.

THE FOLLY OF ENVY.

LOOK not up with envy to those above thee. Sounding titles, stately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich equipages: what are they? They dazzle every one but the possessor. To him that is accustomed to them, they are cheap and regardless things; they supply him not with brighter images or more sublime satisfaction than the plain man may have, whose small estate may just enable him to support the charge of

a simple unencumbered life. He enters heedless into his rooms of state, as you or I do under our poor sheds. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him; he sees them not; as how can it be otherwise, when, by custom, a FABRIC infinitely more grand and finished, that of the UNIVERSE, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the *the everlasting lamps of Heaven* are lighted up in vain, for any notice that mortals take of them.—*Spectator.*

THE BEECH TREE—A NON-CONDUCTOR
OF LIGHTNING.

DR. BEETON, in a letter to Dr. Mitchell of New York, dated 19th of July, 1824, states, that the beech tree (that is, the broad leaved or American variety of *Fagus sylvatica*.) is never known to be assailed by atmospheric electricity. So notorious, he says, is this fact, that in Tennessee, it is considered almost an impossibility to be struck by lightning, if protection be sought under the branches of a beech tree. Whenever the sky puts on a threatening aspect, and the thunder begins to roll, the Indians leave their pursuit, and betake themselves to the shelter of the nearest beech tree, till the storm pass over; observation having taught these sagacious children of nature, that, while other trees are often shivered to splinters, the electric fluid is not attracted by the beech. Should farther observation establish the fact of the non-conducting quality of the American beech, great advantage may evidently be derived from planting hedge rows of such trees around the extensive barn yards in which cattle are kept, and also in disposing groups and single trees in ornamental plantations in the neighbourhood of the dwelling houses of the owners.

INDIAN ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

I HAVE two objections to this duel affair. The one is, lest I should hurt you, and the other is, lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part (the least danger-

ous part) of your body. I could make no use of you when dead, for any culinary purpose, as I should of a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal, to feed on the flesh of men, why, then, shoot down a human creature of whom I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat; for though your flesh might be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which makes and retains salt. At any rate it would not be fit for long voyages.—You might make a good English stew or an American barbacue, it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbacuing anything human in these enlightened times. As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than a year colt. As to myself, I don't like to stand in the way of anything harmful. I am under great apprehension you might hit me! that being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree or a barn door, about my dimensions; and if you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that had I been in the same place you might have also hit me.

AN ignovent young spendthrift wishing to borrow some money as privately as possible, was startled at reading the beginning of the bond, "Be it known to all men," and declared his unwillingness to sign, as it must certainly come to his father's ears.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. N. No. 2, is received.

We regret that we cannot admit Flora's communication.

The "VERSES ON WINTER" are under consideration.

Our Friend R. S—t, is requested to accept our best thanks, for his valuable communications, under the head of "EASTERN SCENES."

We are afraid Telemachus' lengthy Extract, would not interest our readers.

A Subscriber is received, but we cannot admit any personal remarks.

ERRATA.

No XVII. page 185, right hand column, 10th line, for "two parts," read "ten parts." do. 13th ,, for "the truths," read "the tenths,"