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VIOLANTE ; A TALE FROM THE GERMAN.

A CONSIDERABLE time before the inn on the summit of Mount St. Bernard had attained its present magnificent form, a stormy winter night led several travellers to seek the shelter of the small dwelling which friendly hands had erected on that spot. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth, and the company, which consisted of young men of rank, or at least of fortune, who were all more or less acquainted, having often before met on both sides of the Alps, gathered round it, to enjoy, over some flasks of old wine, the conviction of having escaped from serious danger. The inspiring liquor soon raised the spirits of the guests, and the snow-storm, which continued to drift against the windows with great violence, became the subject of laughter. The song went round, and every individual gave a specimen of the language and manner of his country, for which indulgence, or rather praise, was bestowed on him by the others, who, for similar communications, met with the same friendly return. This happy harmony caused, at last, the eyes of all to rest upon the only person who seemed unsusceptible of it. It was a young German nobleman, who thrust his discord into the cheerful chorus. Bernwald was his name, and he was known to all the company either personally, or by the favourable reputation which his manly character and noble manners had every where obtained for him. To press such a guest with indiscreet questions,

or to make his silence the subject of mirthful jests, was not deemed advisable ; but the wish to learn what had thrown the youth, formerly so cheerful and social, into this deep dejection, increasing in every breast, some of his more particular friends ventured to ask him, in a sympathizing tone, why he would not to-day enliven their joy, by sharing it.

Raising his head with an expression of mild sadness in his countenance, he seemed astonished to find the social rejoicing silenced, and the eyes of all present fixed upon himself ; he therefore, after a short pause, thus addressed them :—
“ My friends, my melancholy aspect has interrupted your joy ; I feel that I owe you some indemnification for it ; will you accept as such the communication of the extraordinary circumstance which has cast this gloom over my mind and my countenance ? It cannot affect you so powerfully as it has affected me, who was partly involved in it, and who am most intimately connected by the ties of early friendship with him to whom this occurrence happened ; nevertheless, it may move your sympathy to hear how the delusions of the world brought destruction and grief on the noblest love.”

The company having expressed their approbation of Bernwald's proposal, he began as follows ;—“ Some of you have known the young Count Lindan, and have loved him for his worthy mind, his affectionate disposi-

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tion, and, above all, for his poetic genius, which first allured him out of his dear old Germany into this country. Notwithstanding his travels and his wanderings, a strong attachment for the place of his nativity, for its customs, its legends, and its poets, ever filled his heart, and he often expressed this feeling in songs which he used to accompany with the guitar. One evening, as he was seated on the fragments of an ancient temple on the sea shore, in the neighbourhood of Naples, he was singing one of his favourite songs, and I was stretched on the fragrant grass by his side, listening to him, when two veiled females glided past us, one of them seeming, by her dress, her figure, and her manner, to be a high born lady. She stopped a moment, as if arrested by Lindan's song, but when surprise at the apparition silenced him, she turned away in disappointment, and vanished amongst the shrubbery. Some soft chords from Lindan's guitar followed her, and I said, in a laughing tone, 'She looks like a Nausica here on the beach, my friend, for whom one would willingly submit to an Odyssean shipwreck, and a ten year's wandering into the bargain, for the pleasure of being comforted by her, and having no Penelope at home, to marry her, if possible.' Lindan had but half heard my speech, he repeated, 'Shipwreck! wandering! our whole existence is perhaps no better, and the love even of this sorceress may lead to the same end.'

"He resumed his song, but as if seized with a prophetic feeling of approaching grief, he gave it a more tender and more melancholy expression, until a melodious female voice from a neighbouring bower, interrupted him. The singer scolded him, in sweet Italian sounds, that he could venture to awaken, with foreign and even lamenting tones, the echo of the Parthenopean shore. Lindan, familiar with the cheerful art of the improvisatore, was replying in a similar manner, when we perceived the fe-

male figure who had first passed us, leave the bower, and advance towards us. Yielding to the entreaties of my friend, she raised the veil which hid her face, and we discovered the beautiful Violante, the daughter of a Neapolitan nobleman, and the most celebrated beauty of the land. We had never before had an opportunity of closely admiring her charms, my friend's excursions and searches after old lore and legends among the country people having excluded us from the gay world: but she now, after asking our names and rank, invited us to follow her to her father's villa, that she might introduce us to him. We gladly accepted the offer, and have lived since that evening under the magic spell of the lovely apparition. We entered, in the meantime, into closer connexion with the world, and my friend strove, by the tenderest attentions, to gain the heart of Violante for himself, and for his country. He soon succeeded, as far as regarded himself; his handsome figure, his pleasing and affectionate manner, shortly gained him the love of his fair mistress; but Violante heard every proposal to go to Germany with decided aversion. A strife began between the lovers, wherein—may every foreigner in this assembly excuse the expression!—the German depth and purity of feeling carried the point against Violante's Italian pride, and her effeminate disinclination for the uncouth sounds of a northern language. She submitted to the task of learning the German from her friend; and whilst he was making her acquainted with our poets and our philosophers, new and wonderful blossoms germinated in her breast. It afforded great delight to observe the progress of these northern flowers and tendrils in this southern garden; and the attentive gardener, my good and pious Lindan, fostered his beautiful love-blossoms in silent happiness, without forming for the moment another wish. Violante was the first to suggest the necessity of securing their union;

Every thing was accordingly prepared for Lindan to make a formal proposal to her father. He thought with trepidation of the important day: not that he had any cause to apprehend a refusal, against which his rank, his fortune, and his faith in the Roman Catholic religion, protected him, but he dreaded the ceremonies of a court presentation, and all that follows such a step. Poor Lindan, thou wast spared all these formalities, but in a far, far different way from what thou hadst anticipated or wished! Some time had elapsed since a young Frenchman had been introduced to Violante's father. We at first overlooked him in his commonplace courtliness; but he soon succeeded, by means of some pretty canzonettes, and some stale jokes, the emptiness of which constituted their most prominent quality, to raise himself into notoriety. Lindan met this new apparition with friendly affection, his cheerful and unassuming disposition reflecting every new formation of the human mind to its best advantage. Nevertheless, the foreign youth soon became troublesome to us. The commonplace courtliness, which had at first modestly stood back, raised itself to higher and more assuming positions, until it gained, no one could tell how, the highest place in the assembly, and circumscribed and suppressed every expression of genius as well as originality, under the pretence of gratifying all, whilst it, in reality, gratified but its own spokesman. Lindan grew silent and reserved in company; a song from Violante, a solitary walk with her, recompensed him for many a tiresome hour spent in the now monotonous circle. He scarcely noticed the young Frenchman's wish to gain Violante's love, and when he did, he merely smiled at it, as an extravagant undertaking. I felt differently. I saw but too clearly how much the stranger gained in Violante's eyes, and how much the sweet plants, which Lindan fostered in her mind,

lost thereby. Daily one of the tender blossoms faded, and at last there sprung up so many Parisian tulips, that a German forget-me-not, and a proud Italian rose, could but seldom raise their heads. Lindan, for a long time, shut his eyes, as if intentionally, to this melancholy change. One evening, however, he sought me after leaving the circle, and his eyes were filled with tears. 'I fear, Bernwald,' said he in a low voice, 'I have lost her!' I was silent, but a deep sigh escaped my troubled breast. 'And yet,' continued he, 'I must strive for her as long as I am able. Such a paradise is not so easily resigned.'

"After this, Lindan's behaviour towards the Frenchman grew serious, nay, almost hostile. He openly attacked his pitiful shallowness, but the adversary always effected his escape. The circumstance, that most of the phrases which the smatterer uttered, passed his lips without being understood, and left his heart without being felt, was as great an advantage to him, as oil to smooth the body is useful to the wrestler, while it prevents his antagonist from obtaining any where a secure hold of him. We lived melancholy, annihilating days!

"One fine mild evening assembled us all on the terrace in front of the Villa. The night rose so majestically out of the sea, spreading slowly over the yet faintly illuminated earth, while a few stars were smiling down upon us from the azure sky, that we all, wrapped up in deep admiration, unconsciously grew silent; even the Frenchman's indefatigable tongue ceased for a moment its exertions. Lindan was seated next to Violante; an ardent desire after the love he had lost, and the happy days that had gone by, coming over him, he asked the beautiful girl for a German song, which she formerly was wont to sing with great emotion.

"The general silence caused the Frenchman to overhear his words; and, without waiting for Violante's

reply, he expatiated on the barbarity of expecting such beautiful lips to utter such Gothic sounds. 'The answer of my fair neighbour is the only one that I can accept of,' said Lindan, mildly; but when the Frenchman continued his gibes, Lindan would have retorted, had not Violante, perceiving his intention, endeavoured to prevent it, by adding, while her face was yet brightened with smiles, called up by the French jokes, 'Indeed, my dear Count, if it be doing you a great favour, I will sing the song; but as to pleasure, it really does not afford me any. You are going to scold, my good teacher; but you must confess, that you laid my poor lips under some restraint, by teaching me your German language. If ever I found any pleasure in it, you must ascribe it to the charms of novelty, and I now return to the nationality which is natural to me; nevertheless, should any thing foreign be required, you will allow me, that the pretty chansons which the chevalier has taught me are better qualified for general amusement.'

" 'Yes, yes, if that was the meaning!' replied Lindan, in a depressed tone of voice, and sunk into deep abstraction, without noticing even the triumphant exclamations of the Frenchman. I held the German cause and myself in too high estimation to make any reply to this verbal abstract of Boileau and Bateux. He consequently let his suada take its free course, and concluded by deriding his vanquished foe's vain attempt to make the beautiful Violante *Tedesca*. 'Yes,' he added; 'every nation must have its particular poetry; but to introduce boorish songs into the boudoirs of high-born beauties, marks a boorish education.'

"I was going to speak, when Lindan stopped me, and said, in German, 'This is my concern, my brother; by thine honour, and by our friendship, thou shalt prepare it for me.' He then arose, bowed to

the company, and withdrew. Violante was struck, the others were embarrassed, and the Frenchman seemed unconscious of any thing but his triumph, until I took a favourable opportunity of whispering to him, 'Count Lindan expects you to meet him to-morrow morning at five o'clock, with a second and a pair of pistols, on the small island which you here see before us.' A sudden paleness spread over his features; but, true to the dictates of old French chivalry, he immediately recovered his presence of mind, and accepted the challenge with the best possible grace. I withdrew.

"The following morning we met at the appointed hour. The chevalier was accompanied by a surgeon and an elderly French gentleman, who tried to speak of a reconciliation, but was prevented by the youth, who observed Lindan's serious and determined silence. They agreed to fire in advancing, the Frenchman having disputed Lindan's right to the first shot, an advantage which Lindan was as unwilling to give up as to contend about. They stood opposite to each other. I gave the word to fire. They advanced. The chevalier fired,—a struggle in Lindan's body told me he was wounded. Blood streamed from his side, yet he advanced a few paces. His shot entered the chevalier's breast, and stretched him on the ground. The surgeon declared the wound to be mortal; and as Lindan was only hurt by a grazing shot, I hastened to save him from the dangers which the chevalier's near connexion with the Ambassador of his country might occasion to us.

"We went to Rome, and there weekly received accounts of the chevalier's state of health. My friend's mind was oppressed with grief at the destruction of his happiness, and darkened by the thought that the stranger had received a mortal wound from his hand. He recollected his having sometimes mentioned his mother; every trifling expression

draw. Violante was now revived, and clad in tenderness, by Lindan's soft disposition. He represented to himself the unknown female, in the most melancholy and distracted state, and reproached himself as the cause of all her distress.

"He lives!" cried he, one day, entering my chamber with a letter in his hand, and his countenance beaming with delight,—'he lives! and is able to go about again!' We now finished the perusal of the letter, of which Lindan had, in the hurry, but glanced over the first lines. What news were there in store for my poor friend! His correspondent, anxious to give valid comfort, wrote, that entire reliance might be placed in the chevalier's recovery, as he was, in the course of eight days, to celebrate his nuptials with the Countess Violante.

"We for sometime looked at each other in silence, at last Lindan said, with a faint smile on his pale countenance, 'What better could we expect? It is not now that I first lose her. But let us go home to Germany, my friend! Oh, for the dear oaks around my parental castle! How much shall I have to tell them!'

"We set out, but Lindan's health declined, partly on account of his wound having been neglected, but more so on account of the deep dejection that preyed on his mind. In this manner we reached a small country-seat, in the Milan territory, which I had sometime ago purchased with a view of often re-visiting Italy. We intended to return home from hence through Switzerland, where Lindan had some near relations and friends; but a serious indisposition stretched my friend on a sick-bed, and the doctor's orders kept him a prisoner at my seat for several weeks after his complaint was removed.

"Amongst our former acquaintances in Naples there was one particularly remarkable for his insignificance and dulness; the most ordinary and open situations and relations of his neighbours were to him impenetrable. This inoffensive being hap-

pened one day to claim the rights of hospitality at our quiet dwelling; and while we were scarcely bestowing a due degree of politeness on his presence, fate would have it, that he should thrust the sting of the deepest anguish into the heart of my friend.

"He related, that, as a friend of the family, he had been present at Violante's nuptials. Every thing had been conducted with great magnificence, according to the general custom, and nothing had tended to damp the expectations of the guests, save the pale and quiet appearance of Violante, a circumstance which the narrator, however, imputed to a natural timidity becoming such an occasion. The bridegroom, after delighting the company with a burlesque execution of a German song, requested Violante to sing a similar one seriously, that the guests might decide whether her bewitching lips were able to lend harmony to such barbarous compositions. He asked her for the song of the terrace, by which our friend suspected he meant to designate some particular evening. Violante cast an expressive look upon her betrothed, and said, after a short silence, with marks of great astonishment, 'If you wish it!'—She then sung; and sung with always increasing emotion, until all present were affected; at last her eyes overflowed with tears, and she rushed from the apartment with audible sobs. She has not been seen since. A report was spread that she had been taken ill, but no doubt was entertained that she had vanished from her father's house, without leaving any trace behind.

"Lindan's wounded spirit was unable any longer to conceal the source of its distress, and the stranger left us that very evening. My friend and I sought the shades of the park to divert our minds; he at last broke our long silence, saying, 'That marriage evening of Violante's has made me so sad, that I could fancy I heard the lovely sacred dove cooing to us from yonder pines.'

“He had scarcely finished these words, when we actually heard soft lamentations and animated talking from that quarter: yea, drawing nearer, we could distinguish German sounds, which induced us to stand and listen what was to be confided to an Italian evening sky in tones to us so familiar.

“‘Dont weep, dont weep,—my dear friend,’ said a lovely voice, which vibrated but too sensibly in Lindan’s heart. ‘I tell you I am now all your own again, as the song has it; do you remember it? I once refused to sing it to you, but I now sing it in my dreams, and when I am awake——’—Then suddenly interrupting her own song, she whispered, ‘The Frenchman is not near us, I hope—he cannot be here,—you know I dread his gibes, but love you nevertheless as warmly as ever. Do bear with me patiently!’

“Lindan threw himself into my arms, with great emotion. ‘She is here!’ ejaculated he; ‘she speaks to me,—she still loves me! Oh come, come,—I’ll surprise her with my presence.’ Drawing nearer, we perceived Violante embracing the stem of a pine-tree, and bathing it with her tears. ‘Do not give to the tree what belongs to me, my sweet angel,’ said Lindan, his voice softened with melancholy joy; it comprehends thee not; the rustling of its branches is its only answer; here a true heart speaks to thee through faithful lips.’

“Violante raised herself with an extraordinary degree of embarrassment in her manner. She soon, however, recovered her composure, and came to meet us with all the airs of the gay and the fashionable; she addressed us as strangers, in the French language and spoke to us on the common topics of court conversation. ‘Violante, what ails thee?’ exclaimed Lindan, in German. ‘He whom thou seekest is here,—the Frenchman is far off.’

“‘Non, monsieur,’ said she, in a timid voice; ‘non, monsieur le chevalier, croyez moi, je vous le dis

franchement, jamais je ne serais a vous;’ and hurrying back to the pine-tree, she embraced it, whispering tenderly, ‘Deliver me from his persecutions, my dear German friend. He is so troublesome, and I cannot get rid of him. He must shun thy valiant arm—make him begone!’

“The evening breeze now shook the foliage of the-pine tree, ‘Entendez vous ce qu’il dit monsieur?’ resumed Violante; ‘je vous prie de vous menager, et de vous retirer, cela vous fera du bien.’

“Alas! what I had anticipated, proved but too true. Her accomplished mind was deranged, and continued so in spite of all endeavours to cure it. When Lindan tried to approach her, she flew from him with loud screams; but though she never could be allured into the house, she never passed the boundary of the grounds. Whenever she was prevailed upon to answer my friend, she always did so in the French language,—made use of the choicest phrases, and continued in the melancholy illusion that she was speaking to the chevalier; she, on the other hand, lavished the sweetest caresses on trees, shrubs, and statues, mistaking each of these objects for the ardently wished-for Lindan.

“My poor friend allowed his deep distress to prey upon his vitals, and the rapid decay of his strength proved his only comfort for the insurmountable separation from a mistress who lived under his own eye, and continued to love him with the tenderest affection. He caused a tomb to be constructed for Violante and himself; ‘Here, at least, we shall find rest together!’ exclaimed he, looking at the finished edifice, and consecrating it with a plenteous offering of pious tears. Violante one day finding him alone in this place, shewed him less timidity; she even began to talk German to him, and said at last, ‘If you would not think me mad, my dear sir, I could almost feel inclined to tell you that you remind me of my dear, oh, so-much-be-

ved Lindan.' A ray of hope glimmered in his soul ; but dark distraction suddenly spreading its infatigating wings over her poor mind again, he flew from him, uttering a scream of terror. This same thing has often happened since ; and Lindan spends whole days near the tomb, in order to catch on this spot, which the approaching sacrifice seems to have allowed ; the few bright moments which flash through Violante's mind. "Called to Germany on business of importance, I took leave of him, as

if for ever. Poor Violante will have found rest long ere my return. Already her tender spirit strove painfully to free itself of its earthly bonds, and to fly to where eternal truth and love for ever reign."

Bernwald ceased, and a melancholy silence prevailed throughout the company, when something was heard rustling against the window ; the person nearest to it threw open the sash, and a beautiful white dove was seen looking in, and then directing its flight straight towards heaven.

THE OWL.

Here sat an Owl in an old Oak Tree,
Hooping very merrily ;
He was considering, as well he might,
Days and means for a supper that night :
He looked about with a solemn scowl,
Not very happy was the Owl,
For, in the hollow of that oak tree,
Were sat his Wife and his children three !

He was singing one to rest,
Mother, under her downy breast,
When trying his voice to learn her song :
The third (a hungry Owl was he)
Crept slyly out of the old oak tree,
And peer'd for his Dad, and said, " You're
long ;"

But he hooted for joy, when he presently
Saw
His sire, with a full-grown mouse at his
Claw.

What a supper they had that night !
He was feasting and delight ;
Who most can chatter, or cram they strive,
They were the merriest owls alive.

What then did the old Owl do ?
Not so gay was his next to-who !
He was very sadly said,
After his children had gone to bed,
He did not sleep with his children three.
For, truly a gentleman Owl was he,
Who would not on his wife intrude,
When she was nursing her infant brood ;
Not to invade the nursery,
He slept outside the hollow tree.

When he awoke at the fall of the dew,
He called his wife with a loud to-who ;
Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,
And our joys live from the death of day."
He call'd once more, and he shudder'd
When
His voice replied to his again ;
He still unwilling to believe,
That Evil's raven wing was spread,

Hovering over his guiltless head,
And shutting out joy from his hollow tree,
" Ha—ha—they play me a trick," quoth
he,
" They will not speak,—well, well at
night
They'll talk enough, I'll take a flight."
But still he went not, in, nor out,
But hopped uneasily about.

What then did the Father Owl ?
He sat still, until below
He heard cries of pain, and woe,
And saw his wife and children three,
In a young Foy's captivity.
He followed them with noiseless wing,
Not a cry once uttering.

They went to a mansion tall,
He sat in a window of the hall,
Where he could see
His bewildered family ;
And he heard the hall with laughter ring,
When the boy said, " Blind they'll learn
to sing ;"
And he heard the shriek, when the hot
steel pin
Through their eye-balls was thrust in !
He felt it all ! Their agony
Was echoed by his frantic cry,
His scream rose up with a mighty swell,
And wild on the boy's fierce heart it fell ;
It quail'd him, as he shuddering said,
" Lo ! the little birds are dead."
—But the Father Owl !
He tore his breast in his despair,
And flew he knew not, reck'd not where!

But whither then went the Father Owl,
With his wild stare and deathly scowl ?
—He had got a strange wild stare,
For he thought he saw them ever there,
And he scream'd as they scream'd when
he saw them fall
Dead on the floor of the marble hall.

Many seasons travelled he,
 With his load of misery,
 Striving to forget the pain
 Which was clinging to his brain.
 Many seasons, many years,
 Number'd by his burning tears,
 Many nights his boding cry
 Scared the traveller passing by;
 But all in vain his wanderings were,
 He could not from his memory tear
 The things that had been, still were there.

One night, very very weary,
 He sat in a hollow tree,
 With his thoughts—ah! all so dreary
 For his only company—
 —He heard something like a sound
 Of horse-hoofs through the forest bound,
 And full soon he was aware,
 A Stranger and a Lady fair,
 Hid them, motionless and mute,
 From a husband's swift pursuit.

The cheated husband passed them by,
 The Owl shrieked out, he scarce knew
 why ;
 The spoiler look'd, and, by the light,
 Saw two wild eyes that, ghastly bright,
 Threw an unnatural glare around
 The spot where he had shelter found.—
 Starting, he woke from rapture's dream,
 For again he heard that boding scream,
 And "On—for danger and death are nigh,
 When drinks mine ear yon dismal cry"—
 He said—and fled through the forest fast ;
 The owl has punish'd his foe at last—
 For he knew, in the injured husband's foe,
 Him who had laid his own hopes low.

Sick grew the heart of the bird of night,
 And again and again he took to flight ;
 But ever on his wandering wing
 He bore that load of suffering!—
 Nought could cheer him!—the pale moon,
 In whose soft beam he took delight,
 He look'd at now reproachfully,
 That she could smile, and shine, while he
 Had withered 'neath such cruel blight.
 He hooted her—but still she shone—
 And then away—alone! alone!—

The wheel of time went round once more,
 And his weary wing him backward bore,
 Urged by some strange destiny
 Again to the well-known forest tree,
 Where the stranger he saw at night,
 With the lovely Lady bright.

The Owl was dozing—but a stroke
 Strong on the roof of the sturdy oak
 Shook him from his reverie—
 He looked down, and he might see
 A stranger close to the hollow tree!
 His looks were haggard, wild, and bad,
 Yet the Owl knew in the man, the lad
 Who had destroyed him!—he was glad!
 And the lovely Lady too was there,
 But now no longer bright nor fair;
 She was lying on the ground,
 Mute and motionless, no sound
 Came from her coral lips, for they
 Were seal'd in blood; and, as she lay,
 Her locks, of the sun's most golden gleam,
 Were dabbled in the crimson stream
 That from a wound on her bosom white—
 (Ah! that Man's hand could such impress
 On that sweet seat of loveliness)—
 Welled, a sad and ghastly sight,
 And ran all wildly forth to meet
 And cling around the Murderer's feet.

He was digging a grave—the Bird
 Shriek'd aloud—the Murderer heard
 Once again that boding scream,
 And saw again those wild eyes gleam—
 And "Curse on the Fiend!" he cried,
 and flung
 His mattock up—it caught and hung—
 The Felon stood a while aghast—
 Then fled through the forest, fast, fast,
 fast!

The hardened Murderer hath fled—
 But the Owl kept watch by the shrouded
 dead,
 Until came friends with the early day,
 And bore the mangled corse away—
 Then, cutting the air all silently,
 He fled away from his hollow tree.

Why is the crowd so great to-day,
 And why do the people shout "huzza!"
 And why is yonder Felon given
 Alone to feed the birds of heaven?
 Had he no friend, now all is done,
 To give his corse a grave?—Not one!

Night has fallen. What means that cry?
 It descends from the gibbet high—
 There sits on its top a lonely Owl,
 With a staring eye, and a dismal scowl,
 And he screams aloud, "Revenge
 sweet!"
 His mortal foe is at his feet!

A SCHOOLMASTER OF THE OLD LEAVEN.

THE good old race of flogging school-
 masters, who restrained the passions
 by giving vent to them, and took care
 to maintain a proper quantity of fear
 and tyranny in the world, are now
 perhaps nearly extinct; at least are
 not replenished, as they used to be
 with a supply of bad blood in the

new ones. Education has assumed the graces fit for the calm power of wisdom. She sits now in the middle of smiles and flowers, as Montaigne wished to see her. Music is heard in her rooms; and health and vigor of body being cultivated, as well as of mind, neither master nor scholars have occasion for ill humour.

I knew a master of the old school, who flourished (no man a better rod) about thirty years back. I used to wish I was a fairy that I might have a handling of his cheeks and wig.

He was a short thickset man about sixty, with an aquiline nose, a long convex upper lip, sharp mouth, little cruel eyes, and a pair of hands enough to make your cheeks tingle to look at them. I remember his short coat sleeves, and the way in which his hands used to hang out of his little tight waistbands, ready for execution. Hard little fists they were, yet no harder than his great cheeks. He was a clergyman, and his favourite exclamation (which did not appear profane to us but only tremendous) was "God's my life!" whenever he said this, turning upon you and opening his eyes like a fish, you expected (and with good reason) to find one of his hands taking you with a pinch of the flesh under the chin, while with the other he treated your cheek as if it had been no better than a piece of deal.

I am persuaded there was some affinity between him and the deal.—He had a side pocket, in which he carried a carpenter's rule (I don't know who his father was), and he was fond of meddling with carpenters' work. The line and rule prevailed in his mode of teaching. I think I see him now seated under a deal board canopy, behind a lofty wooden desk, his wooden chair raised upon a dais of wooden steps and two large wooden shutters or slides projecting from the wall or other side to secure him from the wind. He introduced among us an acquaintance with manufactures. Having a tight little leg (for there was a horrible succinctness about him, though in the priestly part he tended

to be corpulent), he was accustomed, very artfully, whenever he came to a passage in his lectures concerning pigs of iron, to cross one of his calves over his knee, and inform us that the pig was about the thickness of that leg. Upon which, like slaves as we were, we all looked inquisitively at his leg; as if it had not served for the illustration a hundred times.

Though serious in ordinary and given to wrath, he was "cruel fond" of a joke. I remember particularly his delighting to shew us how funny Terence was, (which is what we should never have found out); and how he used to tickle our eyes with the words "Chremis' Daater."

He had no more relish of the joke or the poetry than we had; but Terence was a school-book, and was ranked among the comic writers; and it was his business to carry on established opinions and an authorised facetiousness.

When he flogged, he used to pause and lecture between the blows, that the instruction might sink in. We became so critical and sensitive about every thing that concerned him, watching his very dress like the aspects of the stars, that we used to identify particular moods of his mind with particular wigs. One was more or less peevish; another Neronian; a third placable and even gay; most likely the one he wore on going out to a party. There was a darkish one, old and stumpy, which

————— From its horrid hair
Shook pestilence and tasks.

Never shall I forget the admiration and terror with which we beheld M—— one summer's afternoon, when our master nodded in his chair, and we were all standing around, make slow and daring approaches upward between his wig and the nape of the neck, *with a pin!* Nods of encouragement were given by some, *go it* was faintly whispered by one or two. It was an unknown thing among us, for we were orderly boys at all times, and frightened ones in school. "Go it," however, he did.

Higher, a little higher, a little more high. "Hah!" cried the master, darting round; and there stood poor M—— all his courage gone, fascinated to the spot, the very pin upright between his fingers! I forget what task he had: something impossible to achieve; something too long to say by heart at once, and that would ruin the whole of his next holidays. So much for fear and respect.

I could tell tales of this man's cruelty and injustice, almost inconceivable in many such schools as we have at present. Our greatest check upon him, or hope of a check, (for it was hopeless to appeal against a person of his great moral character and infinite respectability,) was in the subjection he himself lived in to his wife: a woman with a ready smile for us, and a fine pair of black eyes. She must have been the making of his family, if he left any. When she looked in at the door sometimes, in the midst of his tempest and rage, it was like a star to drowning mariners. Yet this man had a conscience,

such as it was. He had principles, and did what he thought his duty, working hard and late, and taking less pleasure than he might have done, except in the rod. But there it was. With all his learning, he had a nervous mind and untrained passions; and unfortunately the systems of education allowed a man at that time to give away to these and confound them with doing his duty.

He was a very honorable man in his day, and might have been rendered a more amiable, as well as useful one in this: but it is not the less certain (though he would have been shocked to hear it, and willingly have flogged you for saying so) that with precisely the same nature under another system of opinion, he would have made an inquisitor.

So dangerous it is to cultivate the antipathies instead of the sympathies; and so desirable for master, as well as scholars, are the healthier and cheerfuller roads to knowledge, which philosophy has lately opened to all of us.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Father of truth! who dwell'st in light,
Where sinks in endless day, the night—
Where Jesus reigns 'midst joys untold,
Shepherd of Heav'n's dear little fold!
Where the blest pilgrim dries his tears,
His home through never ending years;
Fix thou my soul's chief joy above,
The object of a mortal's love.
Lead me to bend in faith, the knee,
And turn adorer, Lord—of Thee!

Suppliant at thy feet I fall,
On thy name I humbly call!
Oh, Sun of Righteousness! impart
Thy warming influence to my heart,
Arise! and let thy beams divine
Into my soul with healing shine;
First lead me by their light to see
And feel my heart's depravity—
And then with sorrow to confess
My soul's exceeding sinfulness.
Probe deep the wound, increase the smart,
And reach the bottom of my heart,
Open the sluices of my breast,
Nor give my wounded spirit rest,

Until contrition have no sigh,
The windows of my soul be dry;
Until th' appointed hour draw near,
The Lamb upon the Cross appear,
Then lead me to his bleeding side,
Then be that cleansing blood applied;
There bid me from my slumbers rise,
And be with Thee in Paradise!
Grant, not I only, but the world
May see thy banner—love, unfurl'd,
Each one may see thy shield outspread,
To cover his defenceless head—
Each feel thy love, and make it known,
That Thou—that Thou—art Lord alone!
Thus, may thy Kingdom spread abroad,
Till all mankind confess Thee—God!

Plac'd in this troubled world of care,
Of sorrow, man his part must bear,
Pursuing follies every day,
He thinks not that his soul's astray,
And drifting o'er life's stormy deep,
He careless lulls himself asleep,
Nor dreams that he, so far from shore,
May sudden sink to rise no more:

But when there comes some storm of
 strife,
 Or other ills which chequer life,
 Then—then he feels such pains, such woes,
 To wake him from his false repose.
 To afflict the blow that all must feel,
 And e'en the soul from Heav'n steal,
 Then, cries he 'Saviour, save my soul—
 Heal it!' yet he thinks 'tis whole.

Too, in this world of sorrow,
 Am to pass life's weary day!
 How feel happy, on the morrow
 See my happiness decay—
 When I'll look not here for pleasure,
 Earth hath nought this soul can love,
 For I've found a lasting treasure,
 And that treasure is above:
 All that is on earth below,
 Prove no real joy is there;
 Gold brings fear, and honour's show
 Only fills the breast with care!
 Then, Oh Lord! I cast my sorrow
 On the bosom of thy love,
 And from earth no comfort borrow,
 But rest all my hope above—
 At while here—Oh! may I even
 Do thy will, as done in Heaven!

Long as I'm doom'd to wander here below,
 O Lord, thy choicest gifts bestow!
 Grant that my hung'ring soul be daily fed
 With truth, Sincerity's unleaven'd bread;
 That my food be such as Angel's eat,
 To do thy will—my only drink and meat;
 Thus my soul rais'd above the world, shall
 Live
 In the enjoyment Heav'n alone can give.

Caught in the world—that school of strife,
 Whose lessons all with sin are rife,
 We learn'd with nicety to scan
 The follies of my fellow-man,
 But have not learn'd to scan my own,
 So me they ever were unknown;
 And will be, lest thou Lord, in love,
 Look down propitious from above;
 Open my eyes that I perceive
 My own, and others' faults forgive,
 Given as thou to me hast given
 Pardon, and also promis'd Heaven.

The reason Lord, I sigh and moan,
 Is not that I am all alone,
 Mankind surround me—but I sigh
 To think, that not a friend is nigh.
 When I've a still, a peaceful mind,
 I look around, a friend to find
 To tell my joys to—but I sigh
 To find, that not a friend is nigh.
 When sins within my soul molest,
 And doubts disturb my anxious breast,
 I think that to a friend I'll fly,
 But find that not a friend is nigh.
 'Tis true, some with me seem to smile,
 But ah! I knew that all that while
 They hate me: and it makes me sigh
 To feel, that not a friend is nigh.
 'Tis true, some with me seem to share
 In all my sorrow and my care,
 But ah! I know they're foes, and sigh
 To feel, that not a friend is nigh!
 Satan, the world, the flesh combin'd
 Against me are, and as I find
 No refuge in the fallen race,
 I'll seek another hiding place.
 Jesus, my Saviour, Father, God!
 I've tasted, and I kiss thy rod,
 Glad I accept thy proffer'd grace,
 Accept Thee as my hiding place.
 Then, through temptation's keenest hour,
 When foes exert their ev'ry power
 To rob me of that given grace,
 I'll rest in thee my hiding place.
 My hopes within the veil I cast,
 Till life's rough storm be overpast,
 Through which, I resting in thy grace,
 Am safe in thee my hiding place.
 And shall be safe until I see
 Thee all in all, and all in thee:
 Then I'll behold thy Father's face
 Through thee, my only hiding place!

Hail! then, thou glorious Lord of Heaven,
 To thee be praise and glory given,
 For thine's the Kingdom, thine shall be,
 Through time and through Eternity:
 Glory to Him whom Saints adore,
 For ever and for evermore!

R—y.

Cape Breton, Sept. 1826.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

"GIVE me some companion," says
 Sterne, "in my journey, be it only to
 remark to, how our shadows lengthen
 as the sun goes down; to whom I may
 say, how fresh is the face of nature!
 How sweet the flowers of the field!
 How delicious are these fruits!"
 What object, in all nature, can be

so beautiful, as that of two young per-
 sons, of amiable lives and tempers,
 uniting before the altar in vows of
 mutual constancy and love—and af-
 terwards proceeding through all the
 vicissitudes and accidents of life, as-
 suaging every evil, and increasing
 every good by the most unaffected

tenderness? If it be true, that our pleasures are chiefly of a comparative or reflected kind—how supreme must be theirs, who, “thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,” continually reflect on each other, the portraiture of happiness! I know of no part of the single or bachelor’s estate, more irksome than the privation we feel by it, of some friendly breast in which to pour our delights, or from whence to extract an antidote for whatever may chance to give us pain. How tranquil is the state of that bosom, which has, as it were, a door perpetually open to the reception of joy, or departure from pain, by uninterrupted confidence in, and sympathy with, the object of its affections! The mind of a good man, I believe to be rather communicative, than torpid:—If so, how often may a youth, of even the best principles expose himself to very disagreeable sensations, from sentiments inadvertently dropped, or a confidence improperly reposed. A good heart, it is true, need not fear, the exposition of its amiable contents:—but, alas! it is always a security for us, that we mean well, when our expressions are liable to be misconstrued by such as appear to lie in wait only to pervert them to some ungenerous purpose? The charms, then, of social life, and the sweets of domestic conversation, are no small incitement to the marriage state. What more agreeable than the conversation of an intelligent, amiable, and interesting friend? But who more intelligent than a well educated female? What more amiable than gentleness and sensibility itself? Or what friend more interesting than such an one as we have selected from the whole world, to be our companion, in every vicissitude of seasons, or of life? “Oh that I had,” says the song of the Hungarian peasantry, “a large garden well stocked with fruit; a farm well stocked with cattle; and a young and beautiful wife.”

If either of the parties be versed in music, what a tide of innocent delight must it prove,—to soothe in ad-

versity,—to humanize in prosperity,—to compose in noise,—and to command serenity in every situation.—If books have any charms for them—(and must they not be tasteless if they have not) what a transition is it, from what a Shakspeare wrote—to what a Handel played!—From the melodious versification of Addison and Milton, to the notes of Mozart and Corelli! How charming a relaxation from the necessary and time-serving avocations of business! “Of business do you say?”—Yes; for I number this too, among the pleasures of the *happily married*.—Let the lady find agreeable employment at home, in the domestic oeconomy of her household—but let the gentleman be pursuing, by unremit- ted and honest industry, new comforts for her—for his children—and for himself. Is there not some pleasure too, in reflecting, that the happiness of the married state, is more secure and permanent, than that of all others?—It is the haven of a sea of gallantries, of turbulence, and fears. Other friendships are seen to fade, to languish, and to die, by removal of abodes, by variance of interest, by injuries, and even by mistakes: but this is coequal with life: here our education is completed—all the sympathies and affections of the citizen, the parent, and the friend have their fullest spheres assigned them, and when each falls off, one after the other, like the “sere yellow leaf,” the transition to Heaven will be neither difficult nor strange; for that is the *home* to which the best improvements of social life are only framed to conduct us.—

“Evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour’d more, as more remembrance
swell

With many a proof of recollected love;
Together down they sink in social sleep
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal
reign.”

CECIL.

St. John, N. B.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

Ere now the Poet's harp I've dared to try,
 When sorrow reign'd, or love my bosom fir'd,
 But all my inspiration was a sigh,
 And with that sigh my short-liv'd song expir'd.
 But other, dearer hopes my heart hath felt,
 (A humble vot'ry at the Muses' shrine,)
 And when upon the poet's grave I've knelt,
 Have wish'd his immortality was mine.
 I would not be forgotten, when this head
 Shall rest in peace, upon its last, cold bed ;
 O ! fain from such oblivion would I save
 One little flow'r to blossom on my grave,
 To claim the pledge of feeling (priz'd most dear)
 From kindred hearts—a sympathetic tear.

St. John, N. B.

CECIL.

Selected.

ALI, OR THE FORTUNATE PRODIGAL.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

IN Cairo lived a very rich dealer in precious stones, named Hassan. He had an only son named Ali, whom he educated with the greatest care. When he was upon his death-bed, he sent for his son, and gave him these admonitions : " My son, this world passes away, and no one remains ; all that lives becomes the prey of Death. I feel that he approaches me, and I wish to bestow on you the last counsels I shall ever offer, I leave you, my dear son, rich—so rich that you may spend five hundred ducats a day, without hurting your fortune. But, my son, never forego the fear of God and his prophet ; do good, associate with upright people, avoid bad company, be not avaricious, indulge not in immoral pleasures, and cherish your wife who is now pregnant—adieu ! For the little time that is left me, I will pray to God that he will be pleased to guard you from every obstacle, which may prevent our meeting again before his throne."

Ali wept bitterly : his father embraced him for the last time, and soon afterwards expired. The house resounded with cries of mourning ; the corpse was washed and interred with

the customary solemnities ; and Ali passed forty days in doors, reading the koran and excluding all visitors. After this period a party of young men called upon him ; they were the sons of merchants and the companions of his youth ; they rallied him for such extreme indulgence of his grief, and persuaded him to mount his mule, and take an airing with them. He consented, and was easily induced to spend the day in their company in festive enjoyment ; other days were passed in a similar manner, and he was completely immersed in gaiety. His wife reminded him of his father's dying admonitions, that he should avoid bad company.

" My companions," he replied, " are all respectable men, the sons of merchants, and of sound principles ; they are social and joyous, it is true ; but that is no fault even in the opinion of men of rigid rectitude."

After some weeks had elapsed in this manner, Ali's companions persuaded him that it was now his turn to be entertainer, and they knew him to be a man of too much spirit to wish to be excused. The logic was irresistible, and precipitated young

CECIL.

Ali into excesses which could not fail to bring him to the ground at last. Every day he gave magnificent parties upon the Nile or at Randa, or in the island gardens which the Nile forms at Cairo: this was continued for three years, by which time every thing that his father had left was dissipated; money, jewels, houses, gardens, lands, all went to wreck, except the mansion in which he dwelt.

Thus destitute of resources, he became distressed even to provide sustenance for his wife and children, a boy and a girl, whom his wife had borne to him since his father's death. She was not sparing of her reproaches, and desired him to go and solicit the companions of his pleasures for succour. Ali accordingly applied to them, but from every house he was sent away with excuses, and sometimes with contempt. He came home as he went, empty-handed. His wife was sorely grieved at the disappointment, but in her turn applied to her friends and neighbours, and one of these gave her enough to keep them all for a year. "God be praised," said Ali; "but this cannot always last. I must bestir myself, and see whether I can get any thing by my own exertions." He set out, therefore (he knew not whither, nor for what purpose), and arrived at Bulach: there he found a vessel bound to Damietta, in which he embarked. When he arrived there, he visited a friend, who was about to take a journey to Bagdad. Ali embarked with him in a ship bound to Syria, and thence accompanied a caravan going from Damascus to Bagdad. Within a few days' march of Bagdad, the caravan was attacked by banditti, and plundered; the tenders escaped as well as they could, and Ali fled to Bagdad. He reached the city at the very moment when the gates were closed, but prevailed on the warden to give him a lodging for the night; in the morning he went to an eminent merchant, a friend of his father's, and announced himself as the son of Hassan: the

merchant received him in a friendly manner, and offered him a house for his residence. Ali, having accepted his offer, was led to a handsome street in which there were three empty houses belonging to his friend, who desired him to take his choice of two of them. "And why not of the third?" said Ali. "Because," replied the merchant, "it is infested by ghosts and evil spirits, and they kill such as are fool-hardy enough to pass the night in that mansion." As Ali desired nothing more than to be liberated from a miserable existence, he immediately requested permission to tenant the haunted house; and it was in vain that the merchant labored to dissuade him from so unreasonable an intention. In short, he entered upon possession, taking with him what was necessary for his accommodation. He performed his ablutions with the water of a well in the front court. A slave brought him his evening meal and a lamp, attended at table, and, after removing the dishes, wished him well through his adventure, and withdrew.

Ali took the lamp, and mounted the staircase to explore the upper apartments, in which he found a magnificent hall, the roof of which was of gold, and the floor of marble; here he spread his bed, trimmed his lamp, and sat down to peruse the koran. He had read a few chapters when on a sudden he heard a loud voice saying, "Ali, son of Hassan, come hither." "Come hither, yourself," answered Ali. He had scarcely uttered the words when a shower of gold fell on every side, until the hall was filled. Then Ali, taking the koran in his hand, said,—"I invoke thee, invisible spirit, by the name of God, declare what this means."—"This gold," replied the voice, "was enchanted, and thus has been preserved through many years for you. The words I addressed to you I have addressed to all who have come hither, but no one answering to the name, they feared, and I broke their necks; as soon as you com-

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manded me to approach, I knew you to be the true master of the treasure, which I immediately resigned to you. A treasure still more considerable is preserved for you in Yemen. Now give me my liberty, and let me depart."—"By the power of God," exclaimed Ali, "I will not give thee thy liberty till thou shalt have put me in possession of the treasure in Yemen."—"I will bring it you, but swear I shall then be free," "I swear it; but I have something else at heart in which thou mayest assist me."—"Let me hear."—"I have a wife and children at Cairo, and will that thou bring them to me."—"Your will shall be obeyed, and they shall come to Bagdad suitably provided. Ali then began to collect the gold, and put it into bags which he found near him; he next employed himself through the rest of the night in secreting the treasure in a subterraneous chamber which he discovered open, and, having done so, he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Toward the morning the slave of the owner, of the house knocked at the door, and was astonished to find Ali alive and well: he immediately set off to carry the news to his master, who, highly rejoiced, repaired to visit his guest. He congratulated Ali on his escape, and asked him what he had seen during the night. Ali assured him he had not been disturbed. "I passed the night," he continued, "in reading the koran, and that probably kept the evil spirits, who assailed your former visitors, at a respectful distance.

At the expiration of three days, the genius of the treasure appeared, and announced to Ali that he might go and meet his family, as they were splendidly arrayed, and travelled in handsome conveyances, taken from the treasure from Yemen which accompanied them. Ali invited the principal merchants of the city to accompany him, and proceeded with them to a garden in the suburbs, where he awaited the arrival of his wife and children. They had not

waited long when a large moving mass made its appearance in the distance. It was a caravan of mules and camels, with a numerous train of attendants. The conductor rode up to Ali, and apologized for a delay of four days which had been incurred, he stated, through fear of robbers.—Now Ali had previously made himself known to the merchants of Bagdad, as one of their class, who had come to the city with a caravan of his own, but had been cut off from it by banditti, and compelled to take safety in flight; in concordance with which story, the genius of the treasure had provided these seeming mules and camels, which, with their drivers were all phantoms. The merchants of Bagdad were filled with astonishment at the wealth of Ali, and accompanied him to his dwelling, where their wives were also assembled to meet his wife. All were treated with great civility and a sumptuous regale, and rosewater and perfumes were scattered lavishly about. In their turn they offered presents to Ali, and his family, and nothing was to be seen, but servants with trays of fruit, flowers, confectionary, and rich stuffs. Ali then gave the supposed muleteers and camel-drivers their dismissal, with which they were well pleased. On asking his wife an account of her travels, she told him that she had fallen asleep, and when she awoke found herself in the midst of the caravan. Ali, opening the chests, was surprised at the quantity of gold, precious stones, and rich clothes which they contained; he showed his treasures to his wife, and told her his adventures. "God be praised!" she exclaimed; "this is the result of your father's benedictions. Now follow his advice, and never relapse into the habits into which your former companions seduced you." Ali promised her to reform, and he kept his promise. He placed the brocades and jewels in a magazine, and engaged assiduously in trade.

The reputation of Ali at last came

to the ears of the sovereign of Bagdad, who expressed a desire to see him. Ali therefore repaired to the palace, taking with him four large scarlet trays full of the most valuable jewels. The king received him with great condescension, and, when he saw the present, he was filled with wonder, for its value far exceeded that of the royal treasury. He called his ministers and principal men to look at the trays, and asked them what they thought of the merit of a man who had made so magnificent an offering. "He is a man of the highest worth, no doubt" replied the vizir.—"So I think," said the king, "and I will make him my son-in-law, that is, if my consort and the princess, my daughter, have the same opinion of him that you have, who are a true mine of sagacity." Upon this he ordered the trays to be conveyed into the inner chambers. "Whence came these splendid gems?" inquired the queen. "From Khajeh Ali the jeweller," replied the king; "one of the most opulent merchants in Bagdad, or in the world. We cannot," continued he, "accept these without some return, and what return can we make? The only equivalent would be the pearl our daughter; what say you? Our vizir has declared him to be a man of the highest merit; and, as he is young and handsome, the princess will probably be of the same opinion."

On the same day the king called a general council, to which the principal merchants were invited, that they might express their acknowledgments for the honour to be conferred on their fraternity. The chief *cadi* was also summoned, and commanded to prepare the contract of marriage between the princess and Khajeh Ali, of Cairo. "Your pardon," cried Ali, "how can a merchant become the son-in-law of a prince."—"You are no more a merchant," replied the king; "I make

you of equal rank with my vizir, and a privy counsellor." "Sire, yet one word."—"Speak out without fear." "I have," said Ali, "been married these fifteen years, and have a son fourteen years old; now if your majesty would transfer to the son the grace you design for the father."—"Not a bad idea," said the king; "let us see your son; what is his name?"—"Hassan," replied Ali.—"Hassan!" a very good name for the son-in-law of a king; let him be called."—Ali immediately went for his son, whose graceful person and gentle manners won all hearts the moment he appeared. The queen and the princess gladly assented to the exchange, and the marriage was celebrated with festivities that lasted a whole month. The king had two palaces erected contiguous to his own; one for the young couple, and the other for his new vizir.

So passed many years in the enjoyment of all the pleasures of life. The king became dangerously ill, and, having no son of his own, thought it necessary to provide for the succession; a council was therefore assembled, and the members, who knew his wishes, unanimously declared for Hassan, who was accordingly installed. Three days afterwards the king died, and was buried with the usual solemnities, and a mourning for forty days was observed at court.

Hassan filled the throne with so much propriety, that it might be said he had been called to it from his birth; he was beloved by his people, and reigned in peace and prosperity. His father was vizir, and Hassan had three children, who in the course of time succeeded to the kingdom.

Praised be the power of God, who disposes of kingdoms and thrones at his will, and distinguishes by his favour those who do good to others.

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FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

ON COMPOSITION AND STYLE.

NO. I.

LANGUAGE may be called the picture of our thoughts. Every particular language is a part of universal grammar. Every nation and people having objects of the same kind to name, they must have methods of expressing these peculiar to themselves. Greek and Latin are properly original or mother languages. The Teutonic or German, as it has no connection with any other, may be ranked with the same. From these the French, Italian, Spanish, and a large portion of the English, languages are derived. The latter, however, is more properly connected with the Teutonic.

This language then, is composed of the Saxon, Celtic, French, Latin, and many others, all which have been a common nucleus whence its present form has arisen. That which we now speak is as different from what it was about three centuries ago, as the low Dutch is from the German. Many words have become old and obsolete, and others invented in their room. At the time of the Norman Conquest, the language undoubtedly underwent great alterations. William the Conqueror, we are informed by historians, attempted to introduce the Norman, and in some measure was successful. The origin and progress of language define satisfactorily, the progress of reason. When men are rude in speech, their reason is also unenlightened. By means of this power, the fabric of human society has been raised. Without its assistance, man would be timid and solitary. The art of language is not capable of very rapid improvement, but is acquired from habit and experience. At first, there could be no language: it was to be found out: it was brought to perfection by the labors of many ages. Some have thought, that men

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originally, had no other kind of speech than the inferior animals, and that language is the result of human ingenuity. Others suppose that man was taught it by God. This opinion is partially confirmed by what we read in the book of Genesis. The animal creation was brought in review before Adam, and God instructed him, to give names to each creature.

Men have two kinds of signs by which to express themselves,—natural and artificial. Such for example, are certain tones of the voice. Grief and joy have tones different from each other, as they express two different feelings of the mind. These are natural, and are easy to be understood by all. Every formed language is artificial. Thus the sign *table* might as well signify a human being as the sign *man*. Audible and visible signs are those by which we express ourselves: *Speaking* and *Writing* are such. Action is a branch of natural language. Though we are in possession of an artificial language, still, natural language is of advantage. Mankind have departed from the latter and substituted the former. One great difficulty in tracing artificial language arises from the necessity we are under of referring it to human ingenuity. We can have no proper history of the first, or of the beginning of artificial language, because at that time, it was impossible to commit any thing to writing.

The language of visible signs might serve when there was no need of accuracy, but when men wish to be exact, they must invent some artificial signs. The human voice being capable of many inflections, an artificial method of communication would necessarily spring out of a natural one. We are not to conclude that an *invented* language was introduced all

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at once, but rather by degrees. We cannot suppose that a society of men met together, for the purpose of laying aside their *natural* language: this would be absurd. Though the signs of artificial speech are called arbitrary, still, we ought not to suppose that they were wholly so. A resemblance in sounds would be found, and in the things intended to be expressed. Thus when any one named pleasure, his sounds would be pleasant, and when he wished to ex-

press anger, his sounds would be harsh and disagreeable. It may be remarked also, that the first deviations from a primitive language, would, by no means, be arbitrary.

The common foundation of all language, is that which we call Universal Grammar. But before I proceed to this, I shall make some observations on written language.

ATTICUS.

St. John, N. B.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

INTERROGATORIES.

What was it in my boyish hours,
That thrill'd my trembling bosom so,
When beauty's fingers cull'd fair flow'rs,
And fondly twin'd them round my brow?

What was it thus my heart could stir,
With feelings so divinely sweet,
Whene'er I fix'd my gaze on her,
Who taught the pulse of love to beat?

What was it sweetened all my dreams,
And made my midnight sleep so calm,
That scatter'd love's delicious beams
And roses o'er my soul like balm?

Was it the spirit that removes
The cares of earth from human breasts,
And teaches the young heart, that loves,
To love e'en while in sleep it rests?

What magic in her name was there,
That spread a blush across my cheek,
And could my secrets thus declare,
E'en while my tongue refused to speak?

Was there such music when she spoke
In her soft voice that pleased me so,

And in my flutt'ring bosom woke
Such raptures as few mortals know?

What was there in her witching eye,
That shone so warmly on my heart,
Like sunbeams on a summer sky,
Heav'n's light and splendor to impart?

Why had her cheek that lovely hue,
Which caught my fascinated gaze,
And from my eyes in silence drew
The unspoke eloquence of praise?

Why came her sighs upon my ear,
Soft as the hymns by angels sung,
In Eden's bright, unsullied sphere,
When man and earth were pure and young?

Why was my love-fraught bosom burn'd,
And heav'd wild as the wind-stirr'd
wave,
While she the sacred kiss return'd,
Which I in madd'ning rapture gave?

ANGUS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

WHAT was America three centuries and a half since, and what is it at the present day? Then it was one unbroken forest, inhabited by savage and warlike tribes, ignorant of arts and of civilization, regarding each other as mortal foes, and constantly engaged in fierce and bloody wars, that almost invariably ended in a total extinction of the vanquished tribe. What is America now? From its furthest extremity north, to its remotest point south, the scene of civilized and cultivated life, of science, and of humanity. The ruthless savage no longer roams through the trackless desert, his deadly arrow ready to be shot through the heart of the first human being, who crosses his path, and his scalping knife eager to perform its brutal office. All is happi-

ness and security, at least so far, as the imperfection of human nature (and its most perfect state is imperfection) will allow. To whom shall we ascribe this great change—the glory and honor of peopling one half of this terrestrial globe? To the great and enterprising character, whose name will last when the kings and heroes of the earth shall sink into oblivion—to Christopher Columbus. As every circumstance relating to this wonderful man will meet with attention from the admirers of genius and enterprize, we publish with pleasure the following letter from him to the king of Spain, dated Jamaica, 1503. “It was extracted” says the Boston News-Letter, “from an old book of manuscript in the Island of Jamaica, containing also Venable’s Narrative, with colonial and political discussions and memoirs during the century.” This letter was written during his fourth and last voyage, when, in consequence of the rotten state of his vessels, he was forced to run them on shore, and portrays in vivid colors the miseries he suffered in body, from the gout and other infirmities, and from the hardships and privations to which his situation exposed him, and the afflictions of his mind, from the mutiny of many of his men, the dangers of his son, and sickness of his brother and his friends, and the ingratitude and persecution of the Spaniards. The letter with other papers was carried to St. Domingo, by a faithful servant, in an Indian canoe, the only means his enemies could not deprive him of to inform his friends of his melancholy situation.

“Sir,

“DIEGO MENDES, and the papers I send by him, will show your Highness what rich mines of gold I have discovered in Veragua; and how I intended to have left my brother at the river Berlin, if the judgments of Heaven, and the greatest misfortunes in the world, had not prevented it. However, it is sufficient that your Highness and successors will have the glory and advantage of all, and that the full discovery and settlement are reserved for happier persons than the unfortunate Columbus. If God be so merciful to me as to conduct Mendes to Spain, I doubt not but he will make your Highness and my great Mistress understand that this will not only be a castle and law, but a discovery of a world of subjects, lands, and wealth, greater than man’s unbounded fancy could ever comprehend, or avarice itself covet. But neither he, this paper, nor the tongue of mortal man, can express the anguish and afflictions of my mind and body, nor the misery and dangers of my son, brother, and friends. For here already we have been above ten months lodged on the open decks of our ships, that are run on shore and lashed together.—Those of my

men that were well, have mutinied under the Perras of Seville; my friends that were faithful are now sick and dying. We have destroyed the Indians’ provisions, so that they abandon us all; therefore we are like to perish by hunger; and these miseries are accompanied with so many aggravating circumstances, that it renders me the most wretched object of misfortune this world shall ever see; as if the displeasure of Heaven seconded the envy of Spain, and would punish as criminal these undertakings and meritorious services. Good Heaven, and you Holy Saints, that dwell in it, let the king Don Ferdinand, and my illustrious Mistress Donna Isabella, know, that I am the most miserable man living, and that my zeal for their service and interest hath brought me to it, for it is impossible to live and have afflictions equal to mine. I see, and with horror apprehend my own, and (for my sake) these unfortunate and deserving people’s destruction. Alas! Piety and Justice have retired to their regions above; and it is a crime to have done or have promised too much. As my misery makes my life a burthen to my myself, so I fear the empty titles of Perpetual

Viceroy and Admiral render me obnoxious to the Spanish nation. It is visible enough, that all methods are made use of to cut the thread that is breaking ; for I am *in my old age* oppressed with insupportable pains of the gout, and am now languishing and expiring with that, and other infirmities, among savages, where I have neither medicines nor provisions for the body ; priest nor sacrament for the soul ; my men mutinying ; my brother, my son, and those that are faithful, sick, starving and dying ; the Indians have abandoned us ; and his Grace of St. Domingo, Obondo, has sent rather to see if I am dead, than to succor us, or to bury me alive here ; for his boat neither delivered a letter, or spoke, or would receive any from us. I therefore conclude your Highness' officers intend that here my voyage and life should end. Oh blessed Mother of God ! who compassionates the most miserable and oppressed ; why did not Cenell * Bouvadella kill me, when

* This man, a Spanish Knight, and a favorite at Court, when Columbus was Governor of Hispaniola, was sent out with a commission to inquire into his conduct. He had been represented to his Sovereign, Ferdinand and Isabella, as cruel, covetous, corrupt, ambitious, and tyrannical ; but it was thought his greatest crime was, that of being immensely rich. He was charged with working the gold mines within his jurisdiction clandestinely, and concealing from the officers of the crown those that were the most valuable. As his ruin was predetermined, it was easy to find accusers. He was therefore seized, divested of his government, put in irons, his whole property confiscated, and thus impoverished he was sent prisoner to Spain. Here he found means to get admittance to the royal presence, and was again taken into favor, probably on a promise of making still more valuable discoveries. In pursuit of which, on the 9th of May, 1502, he set sail with four small barks, and touching at the port of St. Domingo, on the apprehension of an approaching tempest, he was there refused entrance ; his knowledge of the coast enabled him to escape its fury by taking timely shelter in a commodious creek ; where he had the satisfaction to learn, before his departure, that his inveterate enemy Bouvadella, with nineteen ships,

he robbed me and my brother of our dearly purchased gold, and sent us to Spain in chains, without trial, crime, or shadow of one ?— These chains are all the treasures I have, and they shall be buried with me, if I chance to have a coffin or grave ; for I would have the remembrance of so unjust and tragical an act die with me, and for the glory of the Spanish name be eternally forgotten. Had it been so (Oh Blessed Virgin !) Obondo would not have found us for ten or twelve months perishing through malice as great as our misfortunes. Oh ! let it not bring a further infamy on the Castilian name, nor let future ages know there were wretches so vile in this as to think to recommend themselves to Don Ferdinand by destroying the unfortunate and miserable Christopher Columbus, not for his crimes, but for his pretences to discover and give to Spain a new world ! It was you, Oh Heaven, that inspired and conducted me to it ! do you therefore weep for me, and shew pity ; let the earth, and every soul in it that loves justice and mercy, weep for me ; and you, Oh glorified saints of God ; who know my innocence, and see my sufferings, have mercy on this present age, which is too envious and obdurate to weep for me ! Surely those who are unborn will do it, when they are told, that Christopher Columbus, with his own fortune, at the hazard of his own and brother's lives, with little or no expense to the Crown of Spain, in twenty years and four voyages, rendered greater services than ever mortal man did to prince or kingdom ; yet was suffered to perish without being charged with the least crime, poor and miserable, all but his chains being taken from him : so that he who gave Spain another world, had neither in that, nor in the old world, a cottage for himself or his wretched family ! But should Heaven still persecute me, and seem

chiefly laden with the property of which he (Columbus) had been robbed, had perished miserably.

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displeased with what I have done, as if the discovery of this new world be fatal to the old, and as a punishment bring my life in this miserable place to its fatal period ; yet, Oh good angels ! you that succor the oppressed and innocent, bring this paper to my great mistress ; she knows how much I have suffered for her glory and service, and will be so just and pious as not to let the sons and brothers of him, who has brought Spain

immense riches, and added to it vast and unknown kingdoms and empires, want bread or alms ! She, if she lives will consider that cruelty and ingratitude will provoke Heaven, and that the wealth that I have discovered will stir up all mankind to revenge and rapine, so that the nation may chance to suffer hereafter for what envious, malicious, and ungrateful people do now.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

FITZAUBORNE.

A BORDER TALE.

(Concluded from page 109.)

The shriek of terror and the ming'ling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell,
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell !

Byron.

Sudden and secret had the band of Fitzauborne approached the fortress of Redburn, completely concealed by the storms and darkness of the night, and succeeded in mastering the few solitary sentinels at the gates, whose voices or groans were alike unheard amid the roar of the elements, and the noisy revelry within. Unclasping the massive iron key from the belt of the warder, who lay weltering beneath his blade, Norman applied it to the grated door, which hoarsely and unwillingly creaked upon its hinges, and admitted the silent but vindictive band into the court yard of the castle. Here, "still as the breeze but dreadful as the storm" they awaited in breathless expectation, the arrival of the brave Chief of Gilnockie ; who, by the assistance of one of his bold marauders, formerly in the service of Sir Roderic, had gained admission by a secret passage from the exterior of the castle, which led, by a circuitous route through the dungeons, to the great hall of the castle.* The entrance

was completely concealed amidst the thick underwood, through which, with some difficulty they effected a passage, and lighting a dark lantern, proceeded along the narrow pass with as much expedition as possible, it being greatly obstructed by fragments of the mason work, which had been thrown from their original situation by the delapidating hand of time. They at length with difficulty reached the lowermost of the dungeons, whose chillness and dreary silence cast a momentary gloom upon the two warriors, and they were hastening forwards, when a deep and hollow groan, as if from one in agony, burst upon the solitary silence of the place, and arrested their steps.— Raising his lantern, Gilnockie beheld a figure chained to an iron bolt in the wall, and standing beside a little damp straw, whose features were so changed by the rigors of confinement, that they scarcely resembled the human. His countenance was pale and squallid ; his eyes, which glared with a wild and unearthly expression, were almost hid in their sockets ; his black and matted beard reached almost to his middle, and his sinews were so shrunk and withered,

*Such were frequent in the ancient castles of the feudal Barons, and served to secure the retreat of the inmates in times of imminent danger.

that he had more the appearance of a disembodied spirit than a creature of earthly mould. He fixed his earnest gaze for a few moments upon Gilnockie, then pointed to a figure stretched in another part of the dungeon, who, till then, had escaped their notice, and uttered in a hollow tone, "Behold thy brother!" Gilnockie started at the long forgotten name, but immediately recovering himself, replied, "Stranger! no brother is mine! Bertram! and brother of my love, short was thy glory's dawn—red in the van of slaughter, and covered with wounds, thou fell before the host of Edward, a willing martyr to thy country's wrongs!"—"Behold thy brother!" again repeated the captive in a louder and more dismal tone than before, and Gilnockie approached the place where the figure lay extended; but, heavens! what were the emotions of his soul when he beheld his long lost brother, cold, pale, and bathed in his blood before his eyes? He raised his hand, but it returned not the friendly grasp—his eyes were still open, but they shone with a glassy whiteness, and God! the dagger was still sticking in his bosom that acted the deed of darkness. Gilnockie dashed away the big tear of fraternal affection that burst from his eye, and, suppressing the deep sigh that staggered in his breast, turned towards the captive, and enquired who was the murderer of his brother. "Roderic of Redburn," was the reply. "Then" said the Chief, withdrawing the dagger and placing it within his folded mantle, "welcome blood of my brother to this bosom; but here, upon thy cold corpse I swear by the eternal powers, that thou, dark Lord of Redburn, though now thou exultest amid the roar of revelry, and in the possession of the daughter of a line, than whom thy noblest sires were menials, shalt breathe thy last upon this same blade; and thou, cold but still beloved clay, shalt have such a funeral pile as befits thy lineage, and thy spirit, still hovering over

this accursed abode, shall smile at the flames of its crackling battlements, and rejoice, as becomes a warrior's soul, at the vengeance due to his shade!"—"Blest be thy words" said the captive, and his sunken eyes assumed a look of animation, as he thought of other times when his sword gleamed foremost in the strife, but the clanking of his chains reminded him of his forlorn situation, and gloomy despondency again usurped its reign. "Pleasant are thy words, gallant chief of the Armstrongs," said he, "they give new life to my soul! When the roar of slaughter reaches my ears, and the flames light with horrid glare this accursed den of my shame, my sunken spirit shall rejoice, and bless the hand that brought me freedom and death! but, warrior! futurity is open before my withered sight—I see the deep wound in a dauntless bosom, and the race of Armstrong shall perish!"—"Then let them perish, so they perish in a glorious cause," said Gilnockie, and rushed from the dungeon, agitated by the deadly passion of revenge. His primary intention was only to observe the number of the foemen, and whether the circling goblet had rendered them incapable of a desperate resistance; but the scene he had beheld rendered him desperate, and, regardless of personal safety, he rushed into the throng, as before related, and stretched Sir Roderic at his feet. The deed was so sudden and unexpected, that no resistance was offered to his escape by the same secret passage at which he had entered. Unacquainted with the secret passage (for he had left his attendant in the dungeon) he mistook the way, and instead of regaining his former inlet, emerged upon the lower battlements, where he stopt for a moment, as well to relieve his panting breast, as to consider how to clear his way from his present perilous situation. The fury of the storm had a little subsided, but the vivid flashes of lightning, every instant darting along the horizon, discovered his dark and gigantic

form to the keen eye of Albert Brandon, who, a few moments before, had challenged the sentinel below, without receiving an answer, and, fearful of some secret treachery, was listening "with eye and ear intently bent" from his lofty station, when the tall stranger struck upon his view.—Speed! Chief of Gilnockie, depart, brave warrior from thy stand of danger—another flash, and the winged messenger of death will seal thy doom in blood!—Albert strung his slackened bow, and, drawing an arrow from his quiver, silently awaited the next flash that would give him a surer aim at his unsuspecting victim, who little reck'd of his approaching doom. Another and a stronger flash darted across the horizon as Gilnockie raised his arm to replace his opened burghanet—the arrow struck sure and deadly in his side, and he sprang with one strong instinctive bound into the court below, amid his own and the vassals of Allanbank, who there still awaited his arrival. Words cannot express the rage and grief of Fitzauborne when he beheld the brother of his name Margaret, the friend of his youth, and the companion of his battles bathed in blood, and stretched lifeless at his feet. "Revenge" cried Fitzauborne as the blade of his father's gleamed high in air, "warriors of Allanbank, unsheath for Scotland's and for Bruce's wrongs!—Burn, slay and destroy, and if any one dareth to sue for mercy, give it with the sword, but if that minion who claims my lineage, and hath caused the fall of the noblest tree of Fitzauborne's ancient and honored line, crosses the path of your destruction, spare her for the sake of her that bare her, On, warriors to the slaughter!"—Then pealed the deep tones of the war-bugle—then proudly rose the standard on the blast, and the gleam of swords and the blaze of torches seemed again to mock the former war of the elements, as the door gave way with a tremendous crash, and they burst, a determined and irresistible strong along the broad and sloping

staircase that led to the hall. Here they were opposed by a party of the retainers of Redburn, who had been stationed in the corridor, as also by these who had been at the banquet, and after a fierce and desperate struggle, the vassals of Allanbank began to give way, but still bravely disputed every inch of the ground, till a rampart was formed of the dead bodies between the contending factions; and they stood gazing in breathless and savage fury upon each other. This pause was a death blow to the English, for, before that time, the Scotch Borderers had also assisted in repelling the invaders, but when the cheering sound Scotland's Bruce, rung upon their ears, the strife was renewed with redoubled vigor, and the Southrons, assailed on all sides, were driven into the hall, whither the terrified females had also fled for shelter, and whose cries added a new horror to the scene. The gallant Fitzauborne was still pressing on amid the thickest of the foes, and spreading slaughter on every side, when an unseen blow struck his helmet from his head, and the next moment beheld him sink lifeless amid the crowd of foes. "Ho! for revenge," and "fire the tower," now resounded from every tongue, and in a few minutes the volumes of flame roaring along the lofty corridors of the castle, obliged the conquerors to retreat, and "resting in weariness upon their swords, all bath'd in blood," they beheld with savage pleasure the crackling of the battlements, and the cries of those who, in vain, pleaded for mercy and deliverance. The unhappy Ellen Fitzauborne was alone saved from destruction, and, along with her mother, spent the remainder of her days in that monastery, which had been the scene of her luckless love, and there, beneath a thick arbor of cypress, her grave is still pointed out to the traveller. The fortress of Redburn was levelled with the ground, and the owl now sings his dreary song from the mouldering turrets of Gilnockie and Allan-

bank, so that the passer by may justly exclaim, as he beholds the still frowning battlements "Alas! how are the mighty fallen, and their glory low in the dust!"

JOHN TEMPLEDON.
Knoydart, Gulf Shore, Oct. 1826.

VERSES FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

Thou dread field of slaughter, Culloden the gory—
Tho' calm now the yellow grain waves on thy bosom,
That morn heard the thrilling cry "Stuart and glory!"
And the thistle of Morven wav'd green in its blossom.

O'er the heath of Culloden the grey mist was straying
And curling its wreaths o'er the rock and the plain—
In the still forest glenwood the red deer were playing,
When the sun shook his yellow locks bright from the main.

Then burst the empty mist free from the battle field,
Red glanc'd his beams on that forest of foes;
And the lance and the claymore, the standard and belted shield
Fierce, from their beds of heath proudly arose.

Loud was the trumpet's swell, louder the slogans' yell,
Dark were the mountain race shadowing the plain—
Loud was the eagles' scream, starting the sleepers' dream,
Whetting his blunted beak and longing for the slain.

Broadswords were gleaming then, life blood was streaming then,
Fierce swell'd the pibroch's note "War thou them a'!"
Breast was opposed to breast, seeking a warrior's rest,
High rose the war shout of "Charloch go brag!"

Vain was thy mountain lance, minion of tyger France,
Tool of a tyrant race nurtured in blood;
High were the hopes of fame, sounding the royal name,
Guided thy youthful steps over the flood!

If mid the din of war, covered with many a scar,
A soldier's death had been thy doom, wanderer o'er the wave,
The warrior's tear of love would fall, upon thy red and stainless pall,
And the laurels bloom in loveliness upon thy lowly grave!

JOHN TEMPLEDON.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

LETTERS OF HABBAKUK COUPLECLOTH, GENT.

NO. I.

"I too puff my Cigar
And I am grown fat."

T. A. G.

"They say, Jack Sprat
Could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
Yet between them both the platter was
licked clean."

BRITISH POETS.

Mr. Editor,

I HAVE the ill luck of having a brace
of cousins who live but to differ from

one another, and speak but to oppose
each other's opinions. The one is
Andrew Clackabout, the other Zach-
arias Stillenough; Andrew is six
feet four, Zacharias three feet two,
the former is constantly moving about,
—the latter constantly sitting still, the
one drinks whiskey without water,
the other water without whiskey.
Clackabout lives in old England, and
of course Stillenough in New England,

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VOL. I.

the one favors monarchy, and the other democracy. Now unfortunately, they had constituted me the umpire of their quarrels, when we all once resided together within the precincts of "auld reeky," and many is the dispute Sir, that has come before me for decision, which would have puzzled even the unriddling Oedipus, and the mathematical Euclid of old, or the wise Dr. Johnson and the philosophical Sir Isaac Newton, or Brunswickus with his *idiosyncrasies*, of more modern days. Yea, verily I think, that almost some of the Nova-Scotian Editors who know, or profess to know all things here below, would have looked wise and scratched their heads in doubt.—To give you an instance of one of their arguments, Andrew declared the world was now in its infancy, Zacharias strenuously affirmed, that it was now in its dotage. "Why Zachy" says Clackabout, "the world must be in its infancy, or how could nature otherwise have formed such a puny pigmy as yourself—how many useful inventions moreover have only just now been discovered, such as casting up accounts, teaching Sunday schools, and making epic poems *by steam*. Is it not lately too, and only lately, that men have been able to educate bears, or write Reviews? And what above all things proves the world to be in its infancy, is the incapacity of mankind to fly, a thing which will most assuredly come to pass, when the world arrives at half its age: for that men will hereafter be born with wings is as true as that they were formerly born with tails, and that is true, for I saw it in print." "Well Mr. Clackabout," replied the diminutive Andrew, "you may talk of pigmies if you please, but depend upon it, when Nature causes such large empty heads as yours to come into this world, it is a certain sign she does not abhor a vacuum, and therefore not abhorring what she ought to abhor, she proves she is getting too old to know what is right, and therefore, I conclude the world is now in

its dotage—and there's an end on it." The cause with all its merits and demerits were left for my decision.—I of course like a true impartial judge, declared that one was right, and that the other was not wrong, and so both were satisfied. This incident will prove to you of what materials they are formed.

Some years have passed since we resided in Edinburgh, and I have since had an opportunity of visiting them both in their new habitations. They still continue to be what they were then. It had been reported that Andrew was busy in collecting materials for a serious work, containing tales, remarks, and sketches of character. Zacharias immediately went to work to manufacture laughable stories, bon mots, and stale puns. They have both finished their books, and have given me each a copy to judge of their merits. If you have no objection, Mr. Editor, I shall make extracts from them, and submit them to the criticism of you and your readers. In each there may be something to amuse one on a foggy day, or a dull evening, and in Andrew's book, now and then you may perhaps discover some moral tendency and some grave reflections. The first I shall select is:

EDMUND SINCLAIR.

A TALE BY MY COUSIN ANDREW.

But me scarce hoping to attain that rest
Always from port withheld, always distress'd,
The howling blasts drive devious tempest
tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and
compass lost,
And day by day some currents thwarting
force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous
course.

Cowper.

Vulnus alit venis et cœco carpitur igni.
VIRG.

He who has lived long in the world must muse with a degree of melancholy on the spring time of life, when every thing was new, and every

novelty was pleasing. Memory will bring before him pleasures that are passed, and early friends who have long been separated from him, some by death and others by the vicissitudes of life. Perhaps not one of his juvenile friendships have been ripened in mature years, and none who were attached to him in youth, have been his companions in manhood, and yet his mind dwells with a foolish fondness on those persons who gained his love, before selfishness had hardened his heart, and interested notions guided his actions. I must confess for one, that such reflections quite unman me, and that I may not too far betray my weakness, I shall hasten to tell you the simple story which, at this time has given rise to them.

The first years of my life were passed in the country, and in this retirement I anxiously sought for a friend; and my search was not in vain, for near the village where I was born, there resided a family of the name of Sinclair. Edmund, the second son, was about my own age, gentle and mild in his manners, independent in his principles, and romantic in his opinions, he soon acquired an ascendancy over my affections. Reserved as he was, few knew his worth, but of the few who had discovered it, none valued him more highly than myself. I loved him with that earnest attachment, which age may feign, but youth alone can feel. Sitting now as I am, by the dying embers of the fire, a stranger in a strange land, without any to shed a tear for my sorrows, or smile when I am happy, who can wonder that recollection strays back to those early scenes, where Edmund with his book or pencil, and I with my fowling piece or fishing rod, sauntered along some murmuring brook, or climbed some ragged hill? His was a mind where genius and poetry had taken up their abode; exquisitely alive to the beauties of earth and heaven, untaught in the deceitful ways of the world, he viewed every object with

either a melancholy sensibility, or a too lively interest; and forgetting that Providence has placed us in this world, to perform certain duties and endure certain trials, he spent his time sometimes in reading and often—too often for his after happiness, in lonely and mournful musing. But let me not with the fault of most biographers draw a character instead of writing a history.

Seclusion from the world in early life, is certainly a great misfortune. The mind becomes enthusiastic and romantic, from want of intercourse with mankind; diffidence, which is natural to some, by this means is rooted, and the manners (a man having no model to imitate or study from) acquired each successive day, a greater degree of awkwardness. Edmund's friends were fully sensible of this, and resolved to send him from his favorite haunts and his youthful pursuits, into the great theatre of life. Inclination and duty were long at variance in his breast—he would take me to his little study, and speak with that foreboding of evil which young persons always have, when they are for the first time about to leave home. "Here" would he say, while the unbidden tear was in either eye, "here is my all. When I bid adieu to you and this retirement, I bid a long farewell to friendship and happiness." But days passed on, and the hour of departure arrived; the stage-coach which was to convey my friend to Edinburgh was at the door—here was his mother charging him to take care of himself, and above all things to take care of his health, and put on his flannels early in the winter—there was honest Frank the old steward depositing package after package in the coach. Carlo licked his master's hand, as if he was sorry to part with one so dear—all the servants came to bid him farewell, for his amiable disposition had endeared him to all. "God bless you Mr. Edmund" appeared to be spoken with real sincerity, and the forced smile of the party addressed, could but ill

conceal the sorrow within at the thought of parting with so many old and dear friends. He squeezed my hand, and bade me write to him soon and often. To those who have travelled—to those who forget what their first sensations were, when they left the native spot which gave them birth—to those who can part with

old friends as unconcerned as with an old coat—to those I say, and perhaps to many others, this scene may appear trivial and ridiculous. But there are some, and I confess myself among the number, who recall such little incidents with a “sadly pleasing pain.”

To be continued.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

Version of a part of First Chapter Lamentations.

Lo! the city of Zion deserted and lone,
Whose lights through her casements by myriads late shone;
She, that once in her pride rul'd the nations around,
Like a widow with sorrow is bow'd to the ground;
Now deceiv'd by her lovers, deserted by friends,
Down her cheeks roll the tears and her garments she rends.

From Jerusalem honor and beauty have fled,
Her princes in poverty hang down the head,
And fainting like harts that no pasture can find,
They flee without strength, their pursuers behind:
See the daughter of Zion where now is her pride,
She turning away, would her nakedness hide.

Rais'd on high is the sound of the doleful lament,
That wide through the streets of God's city is sent;
For, as in a wine-press, the Lord hath trod down
The daughter of Judah, and crushed her renown:
Her hands she spreads forth, for her lovers she cries,
But they turn from her sorrow, and mock at her sighs.

ARION.

Kentville, October, 1826.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

FITZ AUBERT.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

Continued from page 160.

CHAPTER 5.

“————— Covering your fearful land
“ With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.”

RICH. 2d.

SIR JOHN HOTHAM and our hero performed their journey without meeting with any remarkable occurrence. They found the country much agitated. Parties were to be seen in the more populous districts, marshalled in warlike guise and in constant train-

ing. Many of the smaller towns had established a kind of garrison, while in the larger the strife of the contending parties prevented any decided step, until either should be made to outweigh the other, by the assistance of regular troops. When they

arrived at Hull they found the place in a great ferment. The greater part of the townsmen being of the popular side, had evinced a disposition to make themselves masters of the works and ammunition; but being totally unorganized, they were afraid to make any attempt to dislodge the small body of soldiers that guarded them. Our travellers as soon as they had dismounted, waited on the mayor, and as he was known to be a parliamentarian, they stated the objects for which they had been despatched; and showed him letters from the chief men of the party in London. The subaltern officer in charge of the fortress was immediately sent for, and at first he positively refused to obey the command of the Parliament; but partly by promises and partly by menaces, Sir John induced him to yield up the place, and on the same afternoon had the satisfaction of seeing it occupied by a large body of the citizens, who thronged together with rusty pikes, apologies for guns, &c. but were soon supplied and equipped with all the apparatus that belonged to the foot soldiers of that day, out of the stores that had become the prize of this well judged expedition.

Fitz Aubert after a day or two's rest, left Hull, and journeying through several of the middle counties, made himself acquainted with the state of public feeling. In such places as were well affected to "the cause," he called the chief persons together privately, and communicated to them the positive determination of the leaders in London to bring their great national debate to the decision of the sword. It was about the middle of August that he arrived in Cambridge on his return. He there found Cromwell, who had taken military occupation of the place, and was busied in making prisoners of the royalist professors, and sending them off to London, pillaging the halls of the University of their plate and valuable effects, and driving out the students and fellows to make

quarters for his troops. Fitz Aubert gave Cromwell an account of his tour, and furnished him with lists of the parties well or ill disposed to the cause, that he had an opportunity of discovering in his route, and statements of what provisions and arms were in the hands of the godly at Hull and elsewhere that he had been. Cromwell expressed himself highly pleased with what our hero had performed, and immediately gave him a Captain's Commission, telling him at the same time that he was at liberty to raise a hundred men for his company, and to appoint the inferior officers. For this purpose he gave him open letters to that effect, under the hands of the chiefs of the party, and permitted him to seek his recruits in any part of the country he pleased; and bid him rejoin the corps under his immediate command, whenever he should have raised sixty of his intended band. Fitz Aubert then took his leave of the general, (then colonel,) and having met with his old servant John Dexter, he received him again into his employment; and with this trusty companion he set off for Colchester, in which neighbourhood he understood the greater part of the inhabitants were warmly disposed in favour of the object he had in view. As they left Cambridge late in the day, they were about to put up for the night at Haverhill, in Essex, twenty-one miles from Cambridge. While supper was preparing, Fitz Aubert heard the landlord of the inn tell Dexter of a lady that had been carried as a prisoner through the place, about two hours before their arrival, with a handkerchief tied over her mouth, and guarded by several troopers under the command of an officer. Our hero's curiosity was awakened by this circumstance, and he inquired very minutely of the host respecting her dress and her features; and from his replies, was strongly induced to believe that the person in question was his lovely Catharine. On this occurrence he held a consultation with his faithful

valet, who assured him that their horses were quite fresh, and that as the moon would soon rise they might trace the party of troopers, and most probably fall in with them before daylight, as they were encumbered with heavy arms and baggage; and it was more than possible would not be able to get on as fast in the rough country roads as he (Dexter) could, who knew those parts very well. Eager to procure the safety of his adored girl, Fitz Aubert ordered the horses to be fed immediately, and then got ready; and after tasting a hasty supper, lost no time in departing. They were soon on the road, and after riding at full gallop for some miles through an overhanging wood, they were suddenly greeted by the full light of the moon through the branches of majestic trees, and much to their satisfaction, when they emerged from the shade into an open plain, they found the night was clear and unclouded. As they continued on their way they passed by several small villages and hamlets, without meeting with any cross roads for many miles; but at length coming to a place where two roads branched off from the main one, they knocked at a cottage window, and inquired of the man of the house if he had seen any troopers pass that way. He told them that he had seen several horsemen with a lady in their charge, and that they had taken the right hand road which led in the direction of Ipswich. Having received this intelligence they turned to the right, and spurring their steeds, went at full gallop for many miles. About midnight as our hero and his companion were descending a small hill that had an abrupt descent to a river's bank, with some trees and farm houses on both sides, that darkened the way, they heard the splashing of horses' feet in the ford below, and presently the screams of a female voice, mingled with the grumbling curses of rude soldiery. On hearing those sounds they reined in their horses, and saw distinctly as many as

twenty horsemen cross the ford, with a lady behind one of them on a pillion. The troop ascended the opposite hill slowly, and the riders and horses appeared alike to have been much fatigued. Our hero and Dexter kept in their rear at a considerable distance, near enough, however, not to lose sight of the chace; and after about an hour spent in this way, saw them enter the avenue of a gentleman's country seat. They followed, and observing the whole party stop there, and that they went in and sent their horses to the stables, as soon as the grounds appeared clear of observers they rode up, and tied their own horses to a paling behind some large willows, and then walked cautiously round the house. They distinctly overheard the rough voice of one of the troop who was saying to a companion how much vexed he felt at their being taken away from a scene of plunder to guard this female; and he seemed even more angry, that they should remain perforce to guard her at this precise spot, where they had no chance of encountering an enemy, or meeting with any valuable booty. Having ascertained thus that they would have no further pursuit to make, as the lady was to be a prisoner in the house for some days, our hero and Dexter set about providing themselves with a place of accommodation, that should be as near as possible to the spot, where he supposed his loved damsel lay in prison. They rode up and down in various directions, through the bye-roads in the neighbourhood for some time, without finding any cottage where the inmates were awake; but as daylight broke they observed an old man at the door of his house, getting his mare ready to carry him to market. They accosted him civilly, and said that they had lost their way, and not having slept all night, they would both thank him and reward him more substantially, if he could make room for them and their horses. The old man offered them whatever his poor

house contained, and made room in his stable for their tired animals ; and his old dame gave the travellers a rasher of bacon, some fresh eggs, and good home-brewed ale ; and while they were satisfying the cravings of hunger, she made them two comfortable beds in her largest room. They made a thousand inquiries of her about the mansion house where they had seen the horsemen go ; but all she seemed to know concerning it, was, that it belonged to Sir Michael Livysey, a rich baronet of Kent, and that it was for many years past untenanted, save by an old couple who were permitted to live there by the owner, on condition of airing the

rooms, and making fires in them occasionally, to keep it from falling down. It had the reputation of being haunted by the ghost of Sir Michael's father, who had long lived there, and had unaccountably disappeared, not without suspicion of a tragical end being put to his existence. This was all the information the old dame Howlet could give ; and our hero finding all further questions useless, betook himself to rest, as did his servant, where for the present we will leave them in the close embraces of Morpheus ; and return to the eventful tale of what befel the lovely Catharine Hambden.

—o—o—o—

CHAPTER 6.

It was within a lordly bower
A damsel lay forlorn,
To wither like some slighted flower,—
From eve to dewy morn.

With walls and bars hid from her love
Who sought her sight in vain,
As gazed he on those towers above,
Yet heard her sighs complain.

Old Ballad.

THE Countess of Rivers was a lady most highly accomplished and well informed. Possessed of ample means to do good, her chief occupation was to relieve the distresses of her fellow-beings, and there were few persons in the vicinity of St. Osyth, that could not testify, from experience, the noble qualities that adorned the head and the heart of its beneficent owner. Her husband was long deceased, and her only son, yet a boy, at Eton school. She had passed the middle period of life, yet she was remarkable for matronly beauty ; and a dignified, yet graceful manner, rendered her in appearance, as much as in station superior to the vulgar. Humble and unassuming in her deportment, she did not appear to wish that her inferiors should feel a constant sense of her distinction, while in company with her ; while her gay and cheerful conversation, made her the favourite of all her acquaintance in the same rank

of life.—She was in fact, one of those favoured mortals, in whom fortune hath sanctioned the patent of nobility, which originally emanated in their favour from nature's chancery, and to whose fulness of honour, education has lent her impress, to be stamped on the wax of a pliant and docile understanding. This lady had been a frequent visitor at Mr. Hambden's, in Kent, and was very partial to the society of his niece Catharine, from the latter's early years. This attachment gathered strength, as Catharine ripened into womanhood, and she was often invited to spend a month or six weeks, with the Countess at St. Osyth. She had been at St. Osyth, during the greater part of July, in this year ; and was preparing to return home, when they were greatly alarmed at hearing of many disturbances, that had taken place in the county. The common people had almost every where taken up arms, had seriously ill used several of the clergy, whom they knew to be partisans of the crown, and had broken into, and pillaged different great houses, leaving the owners scarcely the bare walls of their dwellings.—In those excesses, they were supported by many men of note on the revolutionary side, who, with the troops

they were enlisting, took a share in the mischief as well as in the spoil.—Lady Rivers, though she had been quite neutral in the dissensions of the country, yet anticipated that her rank, and the rich furniture and plate of her house, would point out her abode, as a mark for the rapacity of those disorderly insurgents; and yet as the progress of information was so irregular and uncertain, she did not know where she could be in greater safety. However, she directed that horses should be kept in readiness, night and day, and set a watch round the house, to give alarm in case of any sudden attack. She also barricaded the house in every part as strongly as circumstances would admit, and having got together as great a force of servants and faithful peasantry, as she could collect, to the number of forty or fifty men at arms, she waited in painful suspense the attack, which she considered almost certain. She was soon relieved from suspense to be pained by the infliction of the bitter certainty of her losses, for at noon on the day after her preparations for defence or flight were completed, the watch at the outer gate brought word that several troops of horse, accompanied by a body of several thousand foot militia with muskets were advancing up the grand avenue. Lady Rivers ordered every man in the house to his post, and proceeding with Catharine to the front windows of the house she found the intelligence was too true. In a few moments the main body were at the principal entrance, and flanked the building right and left. The hurried threats and execrations, that poured from most of their mouths against the objects of their cupidity and malice, and against each other, produced so mixed and deafening a sound for some moments, that nothing distinct was heard. At length, their commander succeeded in bringing them into something like ranks, and reduced their bellowing to a suppressed and scarcely audible murmur, like that of a wave that has retired to its

furthest limit of retreat. The countess, when she found there was a chance of being heard outside, lifted the nearest window, and raising her voice to its loudest pitch, exclaimed,—“Gentlemen, and Englishmen, is this the fashion, after which you greet a lonely woman, say, what has brought you in martial array to my poor dwelling? I am now more sensible than ever, that I am a widow, for had my gallant husband been alive, I should have had a hand able to guard me against such unworthy treatment.” Their commander then stepped forward a little from the throng, and waving his beaver with much semblance of courtesy, addressed her thus: “Madam, rely on my word as a gentleman, no mischief is intended you or yours; but I have it in command from the houses of Parliament, to take possession of the domains you are mistress of, and of the valuable goods and furniture that may be found at St. Osyth. If you comply with this demand, I am empowered to offer you personal safety, and any escort you may please to accompany you, wherever you choose to retire.”—“What have I done,” said the lady, “to be punished to so severe an extent?”—“The house, madam,” said the commander, “is offended at your having given shelter to malignants, and you are supposed to have sent aid to the army, which is now raising in the King’s name.”—“I am perfectly innocent of any share or part in these unhappy troubles,” she replied, “I am a woman, and am therefore unwilling to imbrue my hands in civil war. But where is your warrant sir, for what you affirm, for as yet, I have nothing but your own affirmation?” My warrant is very palpable,” he answered, casting his eyes around among the bands that were with him, and at the same time touching the handle of his sword, with his right hand, “Besides” he added, “few have ever heard Michael Livysey promise that, which he did not speedily and fully perform.” After some further par-

ley, the Countess consented with a heavy heart, to the terms he had offered, and ordered the doors to be unbarred. The commander and a select body of his men entered the house, and were, without delay, in full possession of all its outlets. Sir Michael allowed Lady Rivers to take with her a small trunk, containing her family papers and title deeds, and also such wearing apparel and jewels as she selected. She refused positively the military escort he offered her, and she and Catharine, with six of the servants of St. Osyth house, set off towards Melford, a seat of the Countess, in Suffolk. They had the mortification of viewing the pillage commenced, before they left St. Osyth, which she was afterwards informed, had extended to the carrying off of plate, money, furniture, and every thing of value, together, with the destruction of her beautiful park. In short, the loss she suffered on this occasion, was estimated from £100,000 to £150,000 sterling; an enormous amount even in our days, but in that age considered as immense.

They had been but an hour or so on the road, when they found themselves pursued by about twenty troopers, who coming up with them in spite of their exertions to keep ahead, they observed one of the party ride up to them, whom they recognized as Sir Michael Livysey. He stated to Lady Rivers that he had been informed by some of the servants left at St. Osyth, that the young lady in her company was Mr. Hambden's niece, and that he felt himself bound, as she was of a distinguished patriot family, to take her to her relations, and not to suffer her to be "a prey in the hands of Philistines and unbelievers," as he termed the royalist party in the cant of the times. It was in vain that Lady Rivers and Catharine herself begged, and expostulated against this remorseless separation; Sir Michael persisted, and they were compelled to yield to the superior force he had taken care

to bring with him. Catharine was carried back to St. Osyth, while Lady Rivers in tears of heart-rending anguish, was torn from her young friend, and suffered to proceed on her journey.—The appearance of the scene of devastation our heroine witnessed, when she returned to the late hospitable mansion of her kind entertainer, smote her with ineffable anguish, for she had many reasons to conclude that her unrelenting captor had, for the sake of obtaining possession of her person, more than from any motives of gain, been the prime mover of the havoc and ruin of this fair estate: she had known Sir Michael who had paid her great attention, and had made proposals for her hand to herself, and more than once to her family, but she entertained so thorough an aversion for his malicious character, that she had ever rejected his addresses in the most steady manner; and could at times ill conceal the aversion—nay disgust, she felt towards him. Thus circumstanced, she was surprised that he pretended not to know who she was at first, and saw in his subsequent conduct, the marks of cunning and mischievous design. Overcome by the undefined apprehension of ill treatment at his hands, she sunk into a chair, when she was carried back into the great hall of St. Osyth, and fell into a stupor, from which when she had recovered, she found herself behind a horseman with a handkerchief over her mouth to prevent her cries from attracting attention; and she was hurried along in this manner, till after midnight, when she was forced to alight and enter a strange dwelling, in a secluded part of Suffolk. The bandage was then removed from her mouth, and an old woman, remarkable for her deformity, led her into a small chamber, where there were a fire, a bed, a table, chairs and a few books; and informed her that this was to be her apartment. The old woman leaving the room, bolted the door closely after her, and returned in a few minutes with some refreshment, which

he laid before Catharine ; and then took her leave, bidding her be a good girl and go to bed. She heard the door bolted again, and locked by the old woman, and feeling no inclination for food, she threw herself on the bed without undressing, and bedewed the pillow with her tears. Tired nature however soon asserted her power, and she sunk into a profound slumber.

And now my amiable reader, as I have put my hero into a sound sleep at the close of the last chapter, and sealed with poppies the bright eyes of my heroine in this, I think I hear you exclaim " Hang this stupid fellow ! he don't see how sleepy, how sleep begetting his tale is already ; but he must have sleepy lovers, a kind of beings not heard of in the best romances, to render us most completely drowsy. Nay, he even goes so far in his coarseness of conception, as to make his hero, a young romantic lover, quaff large draughts of brown beer, and eat his allowance of bacon and barley bread for lack of better, and sleep soundly ; without introducing any of the usual sighs, moans, invocations of the moon, and long soliloquies, though to be sure he has the decency to make the fair one weep, faint, and quarrel with her bread and butter, for what many would not think much of, viz : being run away with." My dear kind reader pardon those little transgressions, and as soon as I can improve my style, I will make my characters love by rule and method, aye, by steam,

if you, the arbiters of taste, should so be minded. Thus much for our little differences, now for good fellowship—tell me candidly, do you admire the mute reserved way of making love, that Fitz Aubert practised ? Do you think he took the proper course to win the lady's favour by scouring the country on wild political errands, and bracing on his maiden sword to be dipped deep in the sanguine stream of battle ? Oh ! love, how mighty and how mysterious art thou in thy influence over us mortals ; how often when ambition, glory, fame or wealth, honour or dignity are the supposed objects of youthful aspiration, is there some fair lily of the vale, which the aspirant would prefer to the brightest gem that glitters in an imperial diadem ! Yes, love is the most pervading and the universal passion, it is the link that connects frail humanity with superior intelligences, it animates the zeal of the worthy, shames the cowardly and inactive into exertion, and makes heroes of us all.—It is the ornament of prosperity, and the solace of adversity. Such was the pure passion of Fitz Aubert, which burned brightly and unextinguished under all the scenes of distance, doubt, separation, and almost utter despair. It kept him steady in the narrow and dangerous path of duty, or what he conscientiously thought was duty ; so that no temptation was sufficiently powerful to change or weaken the manly purposes of his soul.

To be continued.

Selected.

TITLE-PAGES.

" Perfect within no outward aid require." *Milton.*

I WAS musing one evening, not like Gibbon among the ruins of the capital, but over the ashes of my fire, and indulging in a day dream of literary glory, when, using the bachelor's privilege of soliloquising and speaking

aloud, I cried, " The simple and energetic title shall be, ' A Treatise on the Pike ! ' "

" This will never do," exclaimed my nephew, raising his eyes from a blue and yellow covered book. I started from my reverie, and demanded, with no slight quirulousness of manner,

the reason. The young fellow smiled, half incredulous of the astonishment he had occasioned, and asked why I objected to the critical sentence of the enlightened sages of the north on the excursion—"What, sir, is Mr. Wordsworth to you, or what are you to Mr. Wordsworth?"

I was so much relieved by the explanation, that, in the fulness of my heart, I explained the cause of my alarm. The dog (like Johnson I always nickname those I love) was flattered by the anxiety which his opinion had occasioned, and gave me much instruction on the subject of my reveries "I am thoroughly persuaded, my dear sir," said he, "that there are few things of more importance in the composition of a book than its title-page; and the reason is as plain as analogy can make it. No one ever speaks in public or private, without an earnest endeavor to propitiate his auditors before he opens the subject matter of his communications.—There is an instinctive conviction of the necessity of so doing in every man's breast.—Even Hodge when he has a suit to prefer before a neighboring justice, is careful, as soon as he is ushered into the awful presence, to make a leg and a smirk, to seize his scalp 'by the forelock,' and bring his head by a twitch into the becoming posture of reverence, with a 'servant's your honor,' as the prologue to his prayer; nor until such note of preparation is sounded can he launch into the stream of his colloquy. And why is all this? Because nature and experience have taught him, that if he would get the heart of the great man, he must begin by thawing the ice barrier that guards the approach to it; he knows though he may not know an exordium by its name—that there is no getting forward without one; he would as soon expect to reap without sowing: he screws his face into as good a title-page for his prose as he can. Who ever at an electioneering speech, has seen Mr. Canning button his blue coat to the chin, that the lappels may not interfere with

the points of his jests, and compose the irony of his mouth down to a smile, for the fair part of his audience, will at once perceive that he knows the value of a title-page for his oration, as well as the bookseller who may afterwards publish it.

"But there is no end to illustrations. A man might as well go to court in calamanco breeches; to a fox hunt with none at all, to a meeting of the fancy with silk stockings, or to a rout in top boots; as send a volume into the world with a forbidding title-page.—It will go as hard with him in the high court of Blue Stockings as it does with a villainous countenance at the Old Baily: nothing but the strongest testimonials of previous good character can possibly bring him through it. I remember when I first opened Mr. Hazlitt's volume of *Table Talk* at the title-page, I thought I should never have been able to cut the first leaf of the first paper. '*Table Talk; or Original Essays!*'—these were the naked, sprawling words, yawning across the blank sheet, as if the author had set out with the resolution to entail a folio of gaping upon the hapless beholders. No relief, no shading off into a taking quotation; no by-play was there. The page stared you in the face in its singleness, with all the power of a young Gorgon's head; there was no standing it; and it was not until I had power to recover myself, and to recollect that this was Hazlitt's, that I had courage to peep into its pages. Now, I ask, what would have been the consequence, if we had never heard of Mr. Hazlitt before? Why we would no more attempt to make acquaintance with the book, than with the most ill-looking fellow in the universe. Mr. Hazlitt is one of the cleanest, most straight forward, and hardest bitters of this day; or any other; but let him look to his title-page. Jack Randal is not too proud to toss up with his man for the sun.

"Some of the qualities which a title-page ought to possess, are easily

defined. In human physiognomy, it is usually a man's misfortune and not his crime, if he carry the infirmities or temperament in his aspect. No one can bespeak the look of a good fellow for himself from his birth; and he and his observers must therefore take his features for better or worse, as they come from the great storehouse of nature. There is no mode of putting eyes, noses, and lips together, like the pieces of a dissected puzzle, until they form just the thing one would covet. But with the countenances of literature it is otherwise ordered. It is then the fault of the parent alone if the bantling be not ushered into life with a prepossessing physiognomy; and a fatal error it is to neglect the formation of such a passport to the favor of a capricious world. It may be worth inquiry, what are the principles upon which our author should proceed to avoid this species of literary infanticide—this foredooming of his offspring to an untimely end. There must surely be as good laws for the physiognomy of books as are to be found in the code of Lavater.

“The first desideratum in the countenance of a book is the power of exciting the curiosity of the beholder, until interest ripen into the desire of perusal. This is the most direct and simple mode of appeal to notice; and it is to be made by compressing into the least possible number of words, a flattering promise of the merits of the volume. The old English writers understood this branch of the art of book-making in sufficient perfection, except that they were prone to run into too great lengths for the elegance of a modern title:—‘Within is contained much goodlye and curious matter, touching,’ &c. or words to a like effect, might usually be found among the circumlocutory announcements of contents, in red and black characters, which crowded the initial pages of their venerable tomes. In the glorious black-letter edition of 1575 of ‘Sir David Lindesay, His Dialogue be-

tween Experience and a Courtier, of the miserable State of the World;’ the title proceedeth with ‘solemprie’ gravity and modest warranty of its excellence, to term it ‘a Worke very pleasant and profitable for all Estates.’ Nor was Sir David the ‘parfit gentil knight,’ singular in his generation in the craft of bookery; for a London edition of 1561, of a scarce ‘Historye of Italye,’ setteth forth on the title that it is ‘a Booke exceeding profitable to be red,’ but whether the profit be for the author, the bookseller, or the reader, the said page declareth not.

“But the puff direct would sometimes yield, as it hath ever done, in ingenuity of the puff mysterious. What book-worm of Anno Dom. 1611 could pass the bench whereon was exposed for sale ‘The three crude veins and crudities of Mastir Coryate,’ without lingering in yearning curiosity over the hidden treasures which must be veiled beneath the seductive mysticism of such an appellation? Sometimes the occasion might demand even a stronger stimulant—‘Here bigynnith’ says an old rhyming M. S. ‘ye boke which is iclepid ye Prick of Constience; ye whiche is dyvised in seven partes, treatying of ye begynnyng of manne, of ye unstabulness of yis world, of Purgatory, of ye paynes of Helle, and of ye joyes of ye Heven, &c.’

“Nor were the later days of Puritanism more unfruitful in the raciness of title-pages; and the dram of theological announcement was administered double distilled—of the very proof of alcohol. ‘A fiery flying roll—A word from the Lord to all the great ones of the earth,’ says a pamphlet of 1649. Mercy on us! who could withstand the sound of such a title? it is like the blast of the last trumpet! and that it did absolutely raise the dead, may be inferred from another publication which shortly followed: ‘A reviving word from the quick and dead; or, a breathing of the spirit of life in a

few dry bones, that begin to rise and rattle in and about this city!

“But, alas! these are only a few of the stirring titles which sprung from, and lit up the vigorous imaginations of the worthies of the olden time. Peace to their souls, book-making had a smack of artisanship, even in their days.—I doubt whether, with all our pretensions to superior *finesse*, we have improved upon the quaint allurements which beamed from the honest countenances of their lucubrations.

“Before it be determined how much a title-page shall promise, regard must be had to one circumstance—whether the work be a genuine profit and loss, speculation of trade, or if some value be foolishly ascribed by the author to literary reputation. The latter must be a case of very rare occurrence—books are books, now-a-days, only by their weight in guineas; and manuscripts may at last come to be sold like cheese, by the pound *avoirdupoise*. Then will future Don Juans vie in price with the frankness of Neufchatel; and evangelical sermons banished, with double Gloucester, from the tables of the *recherches*. But to return to the question—Money *versus* Reputation: if the defendant does not suffer judgment to go by default, some caution will be necessary in preparing the setting forth of the title-page. There is nothing like putting a case by analogy; and it is just this:—a man has little character to lose, and wishes to exchange what remains of it for the best sum it will bring; he sets out on a swindling expedition, with the final prospect if he escape a voyage to Australasia, of carrying his earnings to America. He therefore makes a splendid appearance, hesitates at nothing to effect his purpose, profits the fruits of his roguery, and sings the ‘*populus me sibat*’ to the roar of the waters, upon the deck of an American packet. This is one side of the case. Take the other: an individual prizes reputation much, and honesty more;

or, at least, he knows that honesty alone can secure permanent reputation—he is therefore careful to hang out no false colors, and to pass for no more than he is. If this will not apply to the manufacturer of title-pages, there’s an end to all analogy—*Verbum sat*. But, after all, the mere announcement of contents in a title-page, is the rudest portion of the manufacture: it is the tact of awakening pleasing associations, which forms the elegance of the art; and there is an elegance in every art—‘Och! see how *ilegantly* he sends it along,’ said a Hibernian to me at a foot-ball match, as a player, with the frame of a coal-heaver, shot the ball to the skies. I suppose that the poetry of the thing was in ascent of the leathern orb—who after this will deny that there is room for the display of tasteful elegance in the composition of a title-page? There are, indeed, subjects to which it is impossible to refer, without summoning the shadows of romance and enthusiasm from the depths of our souls. The glories of antiquity; the chivalrous splendor which after centuries of musky darkness, beamed on the middle ages; the combats, the loves, the song of the knight and the minstrel; even the cloistered gloom of the convent, and the vaulted roof of the cathedral, all hold the power of enchantment over us, if but a word shall recall them to the imagination. It makes the fortune of a book, if its title have but the most distant allusion to them, be it only well timed.

“Something of this kind is there in the title-page of Mr. Mills’ ‘History of the Crusades;’ and it may form no bad illustration of the magic spell of a word. We pass over the subject matter of the title—‘The Crusades,’—and even therein is embodied many a thrilling conception of all that is imposing, enthusiastic, and brilliant in history—we pass over this for the word lay in the authors path—the feature was ready cut for him, and he could not chuse but stamp it on the physiognomy of his book.

not mark how the whole countenance is moulded; observe how the tale is wound up to a climax:—'The History of the Crusades, for the Recovery and Possession of the
'HOLY LAND.'

"There is a talisman in the very words; their sound is of hooded pilgrim and palmer grey; of deep-toned fervent devotion; of the 'brazen note of Paynim way;' of scorching times, and toilsome wanderings: even the venerable text in which they are clothed, has all the solemn, religious grandeur of the Gothic, and appeals to the sense like its own fritted aisle and pointed window. 'This is a very jewel of a title-page.

"These, then, are some of the associations, which it is highly desirable to call up, if they can opportunely be pressed into the service. But there are others though of humbler character, yet of scarcely less powerful influence over the feelings; such as address themselves to our remembrance of the domestic enjoyments, the ordinary amusements of life, and particularly, to those among them which may be termed national pleasures. For instance, when is there a happier title to string a bundle of essays together, than the 'Winter Nights'?"

"It is perfectly irresistible; no man who loves the warmth, the comfort, the blazing fire of his family circle on a January evening, will refrain from purchasing the book; and yet, where shall we wade through a more insipid mixture of common-places, than the pages to which these terms of fascination are the lure? Though it even stop there, however, there is something in the talent of carving out engaging countenances for books.—'Shakspeare and his Times!' is a fine head from the same chisel, attached to a literary abortion—the head is an Antinas with the body of a Caliban. 'Shakspeare and his Times,' what a glorious title! Wild Will himself, all the host of worthies in the Elizabethan age, pass in array before you in all their gorgeous splendor. If

the division of labor should ever extend into literature, and the composition of title-pages become as distinct a branch of trade as the making of watch-springs, he of the 'Winter Nights, and of Shakspeare and his Times, will stand at the pinnacle of art.

"Enough has been said of the associations which is desirable to rouse; at least, enough to give the book-maker his cue: for, as to an enumeration of them, they are as many, and as various, as the pleasures of this deceitful world, and they are many and various, let the over wise and the grave opine as they may.—It is time, then, on the other hand, to declare what allusions a title-page should shun; and these, again, are as numerous as the pains, and disgusts, and sorrows of life. But neither do they need an illustrative catalogue to mark them. 'Happiness, a Tale for the Grave and the Gay.'—The grave answer that they do not read novels; and the Gay that what is suited for the grave suits not them. Here are ill-timed, ill-paired associations jumbled together; here is running upon both Scylla and Charybdis with a vengeance! Never was a title-page so admirably constituted to please nobody; and for this simple reason, that it has pretensions to please everybody.—Neither 'the grave nor the gay' can banquet on their favorite dainty without swallowing their bairn in the same mouthful.

"I have almost done with title-pages," said my nephew, "not that little remains to be observed, but that I have neither time nor inclination to say it. There is no tearing so important a subject to tatters, be assured my dear uncle. But before I take my leave of thee, if thou desirest to be a maker of books, let me counsel thee, as thou wouldst prosper in thy calling, to slight not even the art of *juxta*-position for the words in thy title-pages. Trust not their arrangement to the compositor; yield not so weighty a matter to another; look to it thyself. A title-page should

be a perfect picture. The brilliant quotation must shed around the splendid and fanciful lights of a Tintoret, or the elegant allusion bestow the holy calm of a Claude upon the piece. Here one part of the subject must be subdued and in shade, there another thrown into broad relief; truth of perspective, fore-ground and distance all must be there. That title-page is worse than useless, which possesses not the power to charm the eye and warm the imagination of the beholder."

My nephew ended; and though he did not, like the angel in Milton, leave his voice so charming in the ear as to make me think him "still speaking," yet family kindness induced me to promise him to record his speech among my lucubrations, and thus give him that immortality which the commentators on Shakespeare enjoy—

"The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there."

A MADIGRAL.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

Translated by Robert Southey, Esq.

Ill hath he chosen his part who seeks to please
The worthless world,—ill hath he chosen his part,
For often must he wear the look of ease
When grief is at his heart;
And often in his hours of happier feeling,
With sorrow must his countenance be hung,
And even his own better thoughts concealing,
Must in stupid grandeur's praise be loud,
And in the errors of the ignorant crowd
Assent with lying tongue.
Thus much would I conceal that none should know
What secret cause I have for silent woe;
And taught by many a melancholy proof,
That those whom fortune favors, it pollutes;
I from the blind and faithless world aloof,
Nor fear its envy, nor desire its praise,
But choose my path through solitary ways.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

By the latest accounts, trade in England is wearing a more favorable aspect. The demand for colonial produce is increasing. More merchandize is shipping for foreign markets than has been shipped for some time past.

The Province of San Juan has admitted a liberal form of government, and enjoys domestic peace.

Advice has been received at Christiana, of the safe arrival of 25 men who sailed from Hammerfest, under the conduct of an Englishman, for the purpose of forming a Colony at Spitzbergen.

The Dey of Algiers has ordered

his ships of war to cruise against the trade of the king of Spain.

On the 26th April a general treaty of amity, commerce and navigation was concluded at Washington, between Denmark and the United States of America, by which the contracting parties agree to treat each other on the same footing as the most friendly nations.

On Monday, 4th September, Lord Gifford the master of the Rolls died at his house, on the Marine Parade, Dover.

Parliament is to meet on Tuesday, the 14th November.

By a late order in Council, the

ports in the British West India possessions, on the continent of South America, in the Bahama and Bermuda Islands, and on the western coast of Africa are to be closed on the 1st December next; and the ports in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and in the islands of Maritius and Seylon on the 1st March next; and those of Van Dieman's Land and New Holland on 1st May, 1827, against the ships of the United States. In consequence of the British vessels from thence, not being admitted to the ports of the United States, on the same terms as those of the most favored nations.

Mr. and Mrs. Canning left London for Paris previous to 19th September. The removal of Lord Wellesly from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland talked of.

Thousands of persons have made application to government for the means of emigration.

The differences between Prussia and the government of the Netherlands, relative to the navigation of the Rhine have been adjusted.

The disturbances excited in Lisbon by the colony of Police have subsided. Papers of 3d September state Lisbon

and the provinces to be in a perfect state of tranquility.

An irruption has been made by the Persians into several parts of the Russian territory. The object of this attack is unknown.

John A. King, Esq. has resigned his situation as American Secretary of Legation, in London, and was to return to America. W. B. Lawrence, Esq. of New-York was to succeed him.

The steam boats built for the Greeks in London remain in a state of incompleteness, for lack of funds.

The troop of the grand Sultan, enlisted under the new order of things, is 100,000, most of whom were to be employed against the Greeks.

Athens is not taken by the Turks, the town has been abandoned by the inhabitants from apprehension of the Turks, but the Acropolis still remains garrisoned by a small Greek force.

The coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, was to take place on the 3d September.

Previous to the adjournment of the Panama Congress, a treaty of amity and alliance was concluded between the Republics of Colombia, Peru, Guatamala and Mexico.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor and suite arrived in town, on the 9th of October, from his tour through the western counties.

The Rev. John Scott has been appointed to the pastoral charge of St. Matthew's church, and is daily looked for.

At a meeting of the Catholic body on the 8th inst. Law. Doyle, Esqr. in the chair—Resolutions were passed requesting the Rev. John Carrol to delay proceeding to Canada, till time be allowed to solicit the influence of the Bishop elect, in aid of their request.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of Pugwash (among others) the follow-

ing resolution was passed "That the name of Waterford be substituted in lieu of Pugwash."

We are happy to announce the safe arrival of our venerable and respected Attorney General the Hon. Richard J. Uniacke, by the Rinaldo from England, accompanied by his son Norman F. Uniacke, Esq. one of the Judges of his Majesty's Supreme Court of Lower Canada.

Governor Ready was to leave England early in September.

A destructive fire broke out in the King's Road, St. Johns, N. F. on the morning of the 26th September, and consumed six or seven houses.

Fires this season have spread from

St. Paul's Bay, situated about sixty miles below Quebec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, to the banks of the River Saguenay, over an extent of ground of near seventy miles.

The potatoe crops throughout the province are represented to be thin.

The brig *Chance* from St. John, N. B. bound to Jamaica, was wrecked near Fire Place, L. I.

Another fire has occurred at Newcastle, Miramichi; the loss is estimated at £400.

James S. Clarke and William Young, Esquires were admitted Barristers of the Supreme Court, in Michaelmas term; and C. T. M'Colla, James Dennison, Thomas Forman, R. B. Dickson, and James Stewart, Esquires, having taken the usual oaths, were admitted Attorneys.

Launches.—A fine copper fastened brig called the *Cornwallis*, of 270 tons, was launched on Wednesday, the 11th Oct. at Scotch Bay, Cornwallis—the largest ever built in the Township. She was built by Mr. W. Starr, for Messrs. Bedell & Brownward, of St. John, N. B.

On the 31st Oct. a fine copper-fastened brig built for Messrs. J. Allison & Co. was launched from the ship-yard of Mr. Leppert, Halifax.

Pictou, October, 17.—Launched, yesterday, for Robert M'Kay, Esq. at his shipyard on the River John, the brig *Earl of Dalhousie*, of 315 tons. Also, on same day, for Mr. Hatton, at the shipyard of Mr. George Walker, in Merigomish, the brig *Henry Teat*, of 157 tons. This day, in the town, for Mr. John Taylor, and from his shipyard, the *Jennet*, of 300 tons; at same time from the shipyard of Messrs. Crichton & Son, the brig *Tay*, 240 tons. All these vessels are copper fastened, and said to be well finished.

MARRIAGES.

September.—At Halifax.—Mr. John Ward, to Miss Mary Burroughs; Mr. Thomas Frazer, to Miss Sophia Housner; Mr. John Collins, to Miss Mary O'Brien; Mr. John Martin, to Miss Margaret Ann Blizard; Mr. William Marshall Lawson,

to Miss Sarah Norman; Mr. George John Creed, to Miss Susan Wellner.

At Horton.—W. B. Webster, Esq. n. n. to Miss Williamina Moore.

At Lunenburg.—Mr. Andrew Meyer, to Miss Elizabeth Bailie.

At Truro.—Thomas Roach, Esq. to Miss Mary Olivia Dickson.

At Kempt Town.—Capt. Wilson, to Miss Louisa Barteaux.

At Wallace.—Mr. John Lyons, to Miss Ann Horton.

At Pictou.—Mr. James Fraser, Junr. to Miss Elizabeth Gordon.

At Chester.—Mr. Henry S. Jones, to Miss Sophia Millet.

October.—At Halifax.—Mr. William Annand Thompson, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Adams; Capt. J. Rutter, to Miss Jean M'Cormack; Mr. John Pryor, to Miss Elizabeth Mary Boggs; Mr. William B. Ives, to Miss Johannah Elizabeth Smith; Mr. James Grace, to Miss Susannah Horen; Mr. Elisha Dewolf, to Miss Mary Eliza Starr; Mr. John Storey, to Miss Caroline Marshall; Mr. Henry Bates, to Miss Mary Ann Malone.

At Wallace.—Mr. Robert Kerr, to Miss Jane Kelt.

At Liverpool.—Mr. Duncan M'Donald, to Miss Sarah Henderson; Mr. John Mullins, to Miss Jannet Melland.

At Barrington.—Rev. William Bennett, to Sophia Sargent.

At Yarmouth.—Mr. George Brown, to Elizabeth Huntingdon.

At Pictou.—Rev. Hugh Ross, to Miss Flora M'Kay.

DEATHS.

September.—At Halifax.—Mrs. Sophia Minns, aged 51; Mrs. Catharine Leppert, 89; Mr. Henry Farnham, 29; Mr. Samuel Black, 35; Rev. Archibald Gray, D. D., 63; John Strang, Esq.; Mr. Sarah Cain, 68; Mr. Alexander Brown; Mrs. Ellen Patterson, 60; Mr. Samuel Rudolph, 90; Mr. W. D. Fraser, 21; Mr. Matthew Mitchell, 40; Mrs. Mary Austen, 75. Mrs. Charlotte Coren, 37.

At Liverpool.—Mr. Samuel Parker, aged 41 years.

At Pictou.—Mrs. Agnes Taylor, aged 41.

At Parrsborough.—Miss Mary Rathburne.

At Shubenacadie, Mrs. Mary Ellis, aged 39 years.

At Shelburne.—Mrs. Elizabeth M'Kinney, aged 56.

At Lake Porter.—Mr. Anthony Kyzer, aged 68.

October.—At Halifax.—Mrs. Sarah Selton, aged 80; Mr. John Meagher, 57; Mrs. Margaret Faulker, 47; Mr. Richard Power, 75; Mrs. Catharine Power, 63; Mrs. Ruth Pendergast, 42; Mr. John Boyd, 69; Mrs. Catharine Smith, 33.