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CHRONOLOGY.

Thoughts on a few Events of the first five Centuries of the Christian Era.

THE most hasty view of the historical notes of olden time, affords to the studious mind matter of deep and instructive interest. If History gives the form and pressure of departed days, if it is as the body itself embalmed with exquisite skill, and forming a study at once fit for the connoisseur, the moralist and the scholar; Chronology which gives dates and mere concatenation of facts, seems the valuable skeleton of the departed giant; if not so picturesque as the embalmed figure, it is less deceptive, and gives the mechanism, and the proportions of events with admirable and most satisfactory accuracy.

The years which in the present chapter lie before us, as recalled shadows in a magical glass, possess many incidents of peculiar concern to the Briton and the Christian.—In the free and rather fancy sketch which we here give—the stern spirit of the era, its politics and its wars, are not the first to catch the imagination;—we recollect that at its opening the Christian's Lord and Master became Emanuel; and at this commencement of the visible reign of the Spirit of Spirits among men, the comparatively sordid and paltry concerns of mere monarchs yield a moment's precedence. The Poet and the Christian will join us in treating the Roman's grasp at the sceptre of ocean, which was about this time made; and the ravages of that power over Europe, when the warriors of the "eternal city" erected fortress along the beautiful Rhine, and still unsated, directed their falchions against the painted savages of Britain, as secondary incidents—

while we look on a softer, a more simple and more dignified picture. "The decree went forth from Cesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed, and all went to be taxed, every one to his own city." This is the note which introduces our better theme, and before proceeding to muse on the pomp of the Roman, or the degradation of the Jew, we gaze delightedly on the infant King, who amid the turmoil of earth lay in a manger; and who gave his name as 'one having authority to all future years. We glance at the simple travelling of the Holy family, and the progress of Cesar is forgotten; Bethlehem, surrounded by its gardens and sheep cotes, displaces Rome; the Shepherds and the Babe and the Virgin, and the Wise Men, give us Raphael ideas, and places far in the back-ground the thunder of the Captains, and the shouting of the armed men. Naturally indeed does the Christian dwell on these topics, an hundred thousand fanes now rise to *him*, who then found not room in an inn. The sceptre which was then a mockery, is now verbally acknowledged as in some mystical sense the source of all power, though its real dominion is yet a stumbling block; for the empire of the mind is one of impalpable powers, and the sceptre of the Prince of Peace refuses the paltry sphere of outward pomp, and of physical might. Go on thou better than Aaron's Rod, until the magicians of earth are constrained to acknowledge thy supremacy; as other sceptres become most decayed and crumbling to the touch, thou buddest and blossometh as the rose; thine empire is to everlasting, and it will eventually engulf all others, and be alone every where supreme, as it was before the world revolved.

About the middle of the first century, a few years after the crucifixion of our Lord at Jerusalem, London is supposed to have been founded. The foundation of the modern Babylon was laid under Roman auspices, and little did the improving conqueror know, what immortal germs he was then casting into the earth. Well did the Queen of Cities advance with that Gospel which is about coeval with her, and which she early espoused; until looking at her in the present day, the supposition of her first rude lines would seem as involved in the mist of time, as the original formations from Chaos. London, the beautiful, and the might

ty—whose merchant sons are literally princes—and whose tone and tint are the index for the world's commerce and wealth—where the din of business and pleasure, is as eternal as the murmurs of ocean—and where the Roman knight is glad to play the fool before his acknowledged masters.—For London, such as we now see her, to be compared to the rural wild which her site once was; and to the village which the Roman marked out and called “Londonia,” affords strong contrast indeed, May her future state never hold such a foil to her present pride, as the descendants of her founders do, to the ancient Roman. In the first century we also find that Agricola the Roman governor discovered Britain to be an island! The white cliff'd Albion, which is now emphatically, and above compare “the Island”—which as the heart of earth, is isolated and distinct as well by its importance, as its ocean, and sends life and vigour to every extremity of civilization—was discovered to be an island by the adventurous governor of the colony. It requires little stretch of the imagination to compare this boasted exploit of navigation, and geographical discovery, with what Britoas have since accomplished or attempted on the great deep. The circumference of earth is now the high road for British navigators, and they have proved our planet to be an island in space, as Agricola proved England to be a gem of ocean, by sailing round it. Agricola sailed round Britain exploring its lonely inlets, its desolate capes, its impenetrable woody shores, and descrying the unknown mountains of the inland—and now, from every point of its foam-bound circumference, the white sailed leviathans depart to distant lands, as so many beams from an orb of immortal light and energy; her every valley is replete with human song; the watch fires of civilization gleam from every cape; her woods, are but groves for musing philosophers; and her mountains are the fairy land for her poets and literary magicians. The proud Roman sailed round the degraded isle in his gilded galley, impelled by labouring slaves, and guarded by the glittering spear and shield of a warrior group; but look now, where the gallant frigate sweeps on her own wings, firm and tractable as a thing of life, with Jove's thunder in her grasp, and bearing a crew which

belong to that race, peculiar to Britain and the deep, and whose motto is "we never shall be slaves!"

Britain indeed seems, as many say, to be the designed depository and fortress of Christianity. She has grown up with the religion of the Cross until the world seems too small a sphere for either. They were alike despised at the epoch which we contemplate in the present chapter—one was in subjection to foreign task masters; but she burst the bonds, and catching the sword from her conqueror's grasp, won imperial laurels for her own brow;—the other was planted amid woe, and darkness, and death, on Calvary; but its leaves now overshadow the earth, giving shade, and healing, and life to the nations. No wonder that Britain should be peculiarly "the land of Bibles," and should expend princely revenues in publishing the laws of that Prince with whose empire she is so identified. Such seems to have been the seed from which herself grew; and it is meet that she should sow it for the growth of miniature Britons in every latitude under heaven. She may tremble for her empire when the doctrines with which she sprung up, are cast off as unnecessary trammels; when the fastidiousness of her citizens, and the ferocity of her warriors, despise generally, the simple and sublime religion which is part and parcel of the laws of her land.

Soon after the recording of the founding of London, we have the dreadfully concise account of the destruction of Jerusalem. One hundred thousand prisoners led away from their pleasant land into captivity; and 1800,000 given as victims to famine, fire, pestilence and the sword! Well might the philanthropic God weep over the city, and exclaim, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" his prophetic eye rested on the future academa, the horrible cries of rapine and murder rose from the womb of time on his tortured ear, and all the attributes of the Prince of Peace lamented at the shadow of the approaching evil. It was indeed an awful rending of the sceptre from Judah—with the old rites and ceremonies, which ended in the cross, the old and favoured nation was swept away, and, oh inspiring thought! the

honour of the visible glory's residence seemed transferred to the rude Briton. Unlikely, as that the cross should put down Jupiter and the Gods, was it, that the despised new Island of the west, should infinitely outshine the laurel and the diadem of imperial Rome—yet such results are now inscribed on the page of history, a warning and a guiding star for all the nations of earth. Let Britain value her privileges, and make common cause with the doctrines which produced her grandeur, and be the invincible, the adamantine line which incloses morality, philanthropy and religion—so shall the Angel who swears, that time is past, be the only herald of the gallant Island's extinction; and her sons, immortal as their creed, shall but pass from glory to glory—from being the honourable of earth to be the beatified of the New Jerusalem. The Jews, sometime after the first destruction of their city, were aroused to rebellion against their powerful masters—Adrian built a Temple to Jupiter, and those who had renounced Jehovah in heart, could not bear a visible rival to his worship in the city of David; they rose at the indignity and the sacrilege, and again the curse fell heavily on their devoted land. Not one stone indeed, was left on another, of the beautiful Temple, for its very foundations were rooted up by the ploughshare; nine hundred towns were demolished; myriads of human victims were again offered to the infernal god; and hordes of captives were sent to Spain, as to a fiery furnace, where even yet the lives of their descendants, exhibit one disgusting and appalling ordeal. So was the murder of Mount Calvary avenged.

Three hundred years after the founding of London, Paris, the capital of France, is first mentioned. It was then but a castle on the River Seine; romantic perhaps, and lonely. Julian made it his winter quarters—and the grouping of Gauls and Romans before its walls may well contrast the Parisian population of the present day. As London is now the centre of earth for political power, for commerce, wealth and philanthropy—so is her fair rival Paris, the centre for fashion, politeness, and the more superficial refinements. What noble ant hills can pigmies raise, when acting in concert, and perseveringly! The coral insect

builds Islands amid ocean solitudes—and man creates Babels whose fame fills the earth, whose base seems firm as the everlasting hills, and whose summits, were he wise, might reach to heaven, in the best meaning of the phrase.

A minor incident, amid the ruins and foundations of cities and empires, we find mentioned in this era. It is, that, "about the year 400, bells were invented by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola in Campania." Simple as is this incident, it appears possessed of interest sufficient to demand a passing notice. Rude as the instrument of sound, here mentioned, may be, monotonous as is its clanking music, there is perhaps more to arouse most minds in its very name, than there is in all the recollections of its gorgeous helpmate, the sacred and majestic organ. "Those who have been where bells have knoll'd to church" can well imagine the inspiring melody of this Sabbath day music. Whether the burst of the lively chimes comes gladly from an hundred spires, seeming to ripple the glassy Thames; and rousing with their sudden peal, the citizen who saunters along bank-side, enjoying the partial repose of the summer mornings Sabbath;—or whether, the tone of the village bell, coming tremulously from the little ively'd tower, starts the sparrow and martin from their seats, and gliding over meadow and corn field, falls like manna on him who strolls church ward, beneath the blossoms of the green lanes;—to all who have dwelt mid congregated christians the *bell* in its various offices, has become a sacred instrument. To every civilized and unsophisticated ear, those brazen summoners to devotion have endearing associations. They are to the Christian, as the trumpets of the year of Jubilee were to the Jew—they tell of the departed slavery, mental and bodily, of the week; they announce the holy day which sets all persons alike before the Creator; and they speak to the few whose ears are alive to heavenly music, of the peace, and freedom, and joy which await the sincere worshipper. Could Paulinus hear the united peal of Christendom on the day of worship, at the present time—would he not feel a rapturous joy at the proud advance of his early invention; and at the contrast between the time when

Campania's bell sent its tone lonely amid the earth, and now, when a million spires raise this emblem and herald of worship, above the clustering dwellings of men. But we leave this simple topic. The origin of this summoner to the altar and the grave—this bidder to the marriage and the funeral feast, gives place to a more important theme.

In the fifth century the Roman Empire, so long the wonder and dread of earth, shook to its base, and its ruins, still valuable as the fragments of a golden statue, astonished the nations. The seat of Government removed from Rome to Constantinople—the empire divided between the sons of Constantine—Britain and other extreme points given up—and hordes of barbarians hasting like locust swarms to batten on the imperial plains—were the foregoing shadows of events, which simple, though above controul as the revolutions of the stars, were to eclipse the light of the imperial sun. Lamentable is the consideration, that arts and sciences, and civilization, and high soul'd honour, and god-like state, were trampled under the feet of half humanized swarms. “Alas the lofty city!”—

“She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climb'd the Capitol.”

But were there not many blots on the character of this mistress of earth?—blots, which rise trumpet-tongued to our imagination, as worthy of being erased by blood? The grasping of the robber after the wealth of every nook of earth—the murderous blow, which fell like the thunder of heaven, when independence and living at ease were the only offence—the low depravity of manners, and at length the venality of the universal despot—were some of the plague spots, which as the carcass calls the ravens to the wilderness, lured the barbarians to their prey amid the very temples and thrones of the Cesars. Those thoughts temper our commiseration, and we can see the discomfiture, without any strong emotion, if those brigands, whose habits were so incongruous, and who alike were famous for cruelty and honour, for science and sensuality, for bravery and low debauchery,

for literature and the crushing despotism of absolute will. They traversed earth to flesh their remorseless though brilliant arms—and they led captive the bold barbarian to be “butchered to make a Roman holiday” as an atonement for the audacity which defended his humble home. As deep and irremediable as was the Roman’s ruin, be the ruin of every gigantic tyrant, whether splendid or abject—deep as is meet for his own punishment—irremediable, as a warning to all future observers. Before the golden cup of Rome’s iniquity was full, we find that cruel despotism pervaded all ranks; easily as the patrician could satiate his passion by the destruction of his slave, could the Emperor satiate his love of blood by the destruction of the patrician. An intoxicated pride, and that dreadful mistake which makes deeds of arms a pleasure, not a necessity, impelled them to pastimes of horror, and to cruelty and death as matters of sport. Well was such sport set aside, when the vain-glorious and bloody masters of earth were forced to bow, and the avenging plough-share went over their own imperial glory. As a proof of those pleasures which were only fit for the amphitheatre of hell, we find, that the morning spectacles consisted of combats between human wretches and wild beasts—so disgusting and unequal, that some of the more philanthropic of the base population turned in horror from the exhibition; but went to the meridian spectacles which consisted of forced human combats, “in the hope of meeting somewhat of *mirth* and *diversion* to sweeten the humours of those who were glutted with the morning’s blood.” But we find that the latter amusement was worse than the first. When the wild beast and the barbarian met in the arena, little mercy could be expected from either combatant. If the dreadful bound was evaded, the sword was sheathed in the monster’s entrails, and the active wretch with his reeking weapon was again prepared, firm and fleet as his antagonist, to evade a second attack, or to meet it with a crashing mortal blow—or mayhap to be himself struck to the ground, while the talons and teeth of his enemy disfigured the human face divine. This was to be expected when men fought with the forest monsters—but when opposed manly breast to breast, forced to fight without any natural in-

ocentive, and induced to torture each other to the death as past-time for their brutal conquerors—nature could not but sometimes rebel in the breasts of the spectators, at such cruel waste of bravery and blood, and at such heartless trampling of every noble and generous feeling of human nature. One who witnessed and could appreciate such exhibitions, writes—“The whole business was only murder upon murder, the combatants fought naked, and every blow was a wound. They do not contend for victory but for death; and he that kills one man is to be killed by another. By wounds are they forced upon wound, which they take and give upon their bare breasts”—Dreadful sport—the great enemy of man wanted not pandemonium for his infernal revels, while the accursed Coliseum presented its abominable rites. And how do the humane spectators take the dreadful exhibition? the court, the camp and the city, send their swarms to fill the innumerable seats; how does so brave, and learned, and fair an audience agree with the appalling spectacle? “Burn that rogue,” they cry; “what! is he afraid of his flesh? Do but see how sneakingly that rascal dies.” Such as these were the ejaculations, which excited, and taunted, and tortured the gasping wretches in the arena. Well did a writer of antiquity exclaim, “Look to yourselves, my masters, and consider on it; who knows but this may come to be your own case—wicked examples seldom fail of coming home at last to the authors.” And well did a later writer exclaim, after exquisitely painting the gladiators’ dying scene,

“ Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise! ye Goths and glut your ire!

The Goths well arose—the gladiator was well avenged—until the detested but splendid theatre of those exhibitions became a desolate ruin, where instead of the applause of nations, the solitary stranger’s “steps seem echoes strangely loud.” Alaric plundered the boasted “*eternal city*” for several days together—butchered the citizens—and what he found superb palaces, and ornaments of earth, he left a heap of ruins *never* to be rebuilt. Again, Attila, called “the scourge of God,” repaid Rome with dreadful interest; the blows which in her days of wanton power

she dealt too freely to surrounding nations ; Genseric, led his African vandals to her massacre and plunder—Recimar gleaned what former spoilers had overlooked ; and Odoacer dethroned her last nominal Emperor, and took the broken sceptre to himself.—Those conquerors of the conqueror, were the waves which one by one swept over “ the Mother of Empires,” and obliterated her spots and her glory together. Well indeed was the Gladiator, and the Jew, and the early Christian avenged—their proud heartless murderers were forced to partake of their own cup—and not only the supremacy of the mighty Empire was denied, but her existence was abrogated, and her noble sons were scourged into exile.

The scourge which desolated Rome, spread to the provinces, and the wealthiest inhabitants, and the nobility of the cities on the coast, fled in swarms to the Islands of the Adriatic for refuge. This extremity of desolation was the unlikely means of forming a city worthy of being called the second Rome. The group of sandy islands to which the wretched exiles fled, became thickly inhabited ; each important little spot rose like a brave galley, with its animation, order and power, from the ocean—palaces reared their fronts where lately the Heron and Crane alone had their dwelling—and Churches sent their music from spots, which but a short time before, resounded to nothing but the wave and sea bird. In process of time, 430 bridges connected, like arteries, those seats of life—and at length the beautiful, the unique Venice, sent its romantic name and history to the world. With ground barely sufficient for the purposes of shelter—agriculture was unthought “ in the new city ; intersected by numerous canals, Gondolas formed their chariots and waggons ; and so shut in, and secluded from earth, so animated and bold, surrounded by a numerous fleet for fishery, defence and commerce, and inhabited by those who, ill treated on earth, and driven from it, looked to ocean, and ocean shores as their home, —Venice indeed seemed as if sprung ready armed from the deep, a little maritime world, the delight and the dwelling of Neptune and the Tritons. Here Shakespeare laid the scene of

his "Jew," and very appropriately made the citizens converse of their

" Argosies with portly sail,
That overpeer the petty traffickers,
As they fly by them with their woven wings."

But when he makes Lorenzo say

" How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank"—

the scene is removed to the Continent, where the Venetians soon obtained possessions, and where the rich and noble resorted to taste of rural life.

In the notices of events which we find recorded in the Chronology of the early part of the Christian era, the foundation of London, Paris and Venice, and the destruction of Rome and Jerusalem, are prominent features.—Jerusalem is still a bye word, and a degradation, and a comparative ruin—Rome, has little but her ruins to boast of, and her children have become from being examples, to be the scoff of the brave.

" IN VENICE Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear :
Those days are gone."

After 1300 years of freedom and opulence, her splendor and pride are exchanged for degradation and partial solitude.

" empty halls,
Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthalls,
Have flung a desolate shade o'er Venice' lovely walls."

Paris too, though a centre and a standard for refinement and politeness, has been sullied by hostile feet. Her favorite Monarch had to fly from walls powerless to afford him shelter—her streets have clanked, and her silent houses have resounded, with the march of cavalry, which had ere then reddened the hoof in her prostrate chivalry—her palaces have re-echoed with the sound of trumpets, which had but a little before sounded to the

pursuit of her fugitive invincibles !—and she has had a despised race forced on her throne, as though her gallant myriads were so many scourged school boys, unfit to choose their own ruler.—London alone remains of this galaxy of cities, the glorious, the untouched of modern times. Founded in bondage, and long harassed by barbarous invaders—she shook off her shackles with her youth—commenced a career of honour and renown—and she is at the present day, almost without a figure of speech, the key stone of the religion, polity, and philanthropy of earth.

These brief thoughts suggested by Chronological notes of the first centuries of Christianity, are intended to bring into relief some of the fruits of civil life, which were planted with Emmanuel's visible kingdom. They would also endeavour at awakening moral and national reflections, and at contrasting the present, with the olden time. Few topics have been introduced in this desultory chapter, for a short essay could embrace but a few—and if only a little good or pleasure is effected, only a little was hoped to be obtained by so weak an effort on so gigantic a subject.

THE LAND OF FAITH.

[FOR THE HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.]

On ! taunting spirit—tell me where
That vaguely visioned land is laid ?
I've heard it nam'd from year to year,
But cannot pierce its mystic shade.

My father drooped—they said he went
Unto a far, a better land ;
With smiles my boyish tears were bled,
But soon I miss'd his guardian hand.
And oft in dreams his earthly guise,
But only earthly, blest my eyes.

And now I'd fain enquire, is he,
As once I knew him, fond and mild ?
Can his wrapt spirit really see,
With love untired, his wayward child ?
Mingling in other worlds, I'd know
Does his gaze ever rest below ?

My playmates too—the hardy band
Who brav'd with me the fairy tide ;
Or met when evening sport was plann'd ;
Or grouping sought the woodland side—
They're gone—oh ! say dark spirit, say !
Are they in other spheres still gay ?

Or as the heavy dregs of earth
Has bow'd my once elastic powers,
Has dim'd my glow, and hush'd my mirth—
Have they too found more gloomy bowers ?
Awful and grave—o'er mirth or woe,
Say, are my playmates alter'd so ?

And she, my playmate sister friend,
Of milder mein and fairer form,
Who saw too soon the dark cloud bend,
And passed away before the storm.
Oh might I see that glance, that smile
Which still about my heart doth wile !

Spirit disclose that awful shore ;
I only know they found a grave.
Oh ! raise the veil and show me more,
Was their dependence strong to save ?
Or, chilling thought !—is mouldering tomb—
And grassy hill—their unchang'd doom ?

Columbus quit Europa's strand
To seek a clime imagin'd fair.
If the bold wanderer found no-land
To speck with life the ocean's lair,
How dread upon the mocking sea,
To sail into immensity.

But--dread indeed--when life rude deep
 Is past--to find no bower of bliss.
 Appaling is the sceptic's SLEEP--
 Pah! worm, and clay--and rottenness.
 Detested rest--I will not dream
 That such absorbs our god-like flame.

But still since those I've loved have fled,
 The sluggish YEARS have crept away :
 And now it seems as if the dead
 Were never--or like April ray,
 Just flash'd and faded--vain I seek--
 Their present life--then--spirit speak.

"The coral, which build the low base of the isle,
 "In vain might demand on its splendor to gaze ;
 "The mole cannot joy in the morning's sweet smile ;
 "Nor the owl feel the rapture of Philomel's lays ;
 "Nor Man, while he's veil'd in mortality, find
 "The spirit land ope'd to the glance of the mind.

"And yet there is splendor, and music, and light,
 "And mystical lands where the dead may be found.
 "Those who seek them must travel by faith, not by sight ;
 "And wait for fruition till trials are crown'd.
 "Your friends CANNOT die ; but a veil lies between--
 "Live worthy, and death will demolish the screen."

J.

THE KING OF THE RABBITS.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

"Stranger than fiction."

IN the suburbs of the pleasant town of H—, lived a respectable citizen, Mr. D—. His house was situated half in town and half in the country, as it were--so that the singing of birds, the murmurs of ocean, and the hum of the busy city, made a most soothing medley on his summer afternoon. Nothing very attractive appeared in the mansion to which we allude ; it looked genteel and comfortable,

a screen of young poplar trees shaded its front, and a cropped hawthorn hedge ran parallel with it on each side. But to him, who just escaped from the noise and smoke of the market square, strolled along the *pleasant* street of a summer evening, other attendant features, beside the broad-day ones just mentioned, appeared. Here have I often paused while on my way to the little bridge, where upland and ocean air so delightfully mingles their healthy draughts; and mused with a kind of placid rapture, admiring the happiness of simple nature. Regularly as the moonlight hour came, opposite Mr. D——'s door, a couple of asses were to be met with, whose active gambols and very picturesque forms, were highly attractive to a lover of simple life and beauty. I do not here allude to asses escaped from drawing rooms or stores, and who generally walk on their hind legs, with a cigar where a thistle should be—I mean simply and really a couple of four footed creatures properly called asses, and whose gentle name is often applied to a very inferior tribe in creation. One of those harmless but sly browsers, was a Jenny ass, demure and well behaved during daylight, as if she were taught natural philosophy in a modern lady's seminary—the other was a promising young Jack, whose shaggy coat was as grotesque as several coats which issue from the Herald's office are; and whose improving bray might be well envied by many of the dangles who make sleigh riding vocal. This amiable pair seemed to think the night particularly their own, and often I have translated their side long glance at fashionable loungers, into Moore's beautiful words—

“For purer eyes than thine,
These waves are hush'd, those planets shine.”

They seemed indeed superlatively happy at the arrival of the calm hours which relieved them from flies and boys—and to enjoy their night antics with as warm a consciousness of pleasurable existence, as any group at Almacks, or Mason Hall. Capering about the road, chasing one another, guffawing at a melancholy cow, which was in company but not of it, and rolling about on their backs in imitation of anti-temperance members, was

their constant practice. . And why should they not be happy?—at one side, the town was reposing—at the other, the atlantic waves glistened in the moonshine—their kind master's house rose beside them as a place of refuge—and the whole world of roads lay before them for pasture ground!—no wonder that they enjoyed the genial hour of liberty and of peace.

But alas—with asses or sages, the most unsophisticated joys have an end! They were separated—Sterne would have wept did he witness this untoward, unfeeling event—the old creature submitted to fate, but looked anxiously and full of eloquent passive sorrow after her rugged offspring; and poor Jack, his lank uncombed locks, goat's beard, rabbit's ears, and little grey twinkling eyes, made his "long lingering look behind," a picture worthy of the study of Mr. Jones' school. But they were separated—Jenny staid or went I know not where, and Jack was promoted to the rich glades of an eminent law officer. As it is wise to catch by the tails of rising characters, we will stick to Jack in his exaltation, leaving Jenny to Sir Walter Scott, or one of the "Booby's along Shore." Jack indeed experienced a great change, from being a foot-pad, he became a *field*-marshal, and soon strolled about the rich glades of Mount —, independently as if he had always "scorned the multitude of the city, and the crying of the driver;" some of the finest lawns in Acadia were subject to his tramp, and he had a master, kind hearted and generous as if he were from the green Island of honey and butter-milk.

But there were other queer criters at the Mount, beside the little adopted Ass. Robin was almost as cunning, and quite as rough as the little donkey. Jack was not formally introduced to Robin on his reaching the domain, and there being room enough and to spare, for five hundred asses on the grounds, the latter heard nothing of the former for some time, no more than if it were a Tomtit, which had pop'd over the fence. Such alas! was not always to be the case—and one day as Robin was strolling to the potatoe ground with a spade over his shoulder, and whistling "When I was a Bachelor airy and young," all

at once he made a full stop, as if an hippopotamus or bird of Paradise had crossed his path. It was poor Jack, who quietly browsing among some brushwood met Robin's eye for a first time. "St. Patrick," exclaimed Robin—"what a thunderin' rabbit!—be the pipers o' war, he'd make a pie for George the fourth, I wish I could reach him wid mespade, and Katty and the children would soon be athur making love to his mutton. Whisht!—he cocks his ears, and'il be off in a minet like a lark." A thought struck Robin at this juncture, the spade was flung on the grass, and cautiously, but speedily did he retrace his way—his brogues treading the ground like seven-leagued boots, and his arms protruded before him, like Macbeth clutching the dagger. He soon reached his cottage, and bounded in about the floor like mad. "What in the world ails ye man?" ejaculated his rib. "Arrah be aisy woman," said Robin, "where's me gun this minet; the king of the rabbits is picking a bit over in the wood, and if I can only bring him down, we'll have pork enough for half the winter." Leaving Kitty in a stare, Robin was soon out again, making all the sail he could for the game—it was soon in view—and with compressed body, gun half raised, and almost breathless attention, he stole on his prey, as intensely engaged by the all absorbing object as Mr. T. was when he shot the woodpecker without his gun going off!—Robin halted, the fatal tube was slowly raised, a solemn pause ensued, aim was taken—and flash! pop!—the king of the rabbits got a fair hit, reeled for a moment, and fell. "Hurrah! me jewel" roared Robin, as he sprang three feet from the sod, "I've settled your hash any how." In a moment he was by poor Jack's side, and saw his innocent life given up almost without a struggle. "What a mighty fine Rabbit," said Robin, "he's as big as Larry Connor's calf—'it is not every day Morris kills a cow,' as the sayin' is; but if I could kill such a rabbit as this every day, I'd give up my settled sarvice, and turn gentleman on my own account. But come along my poor fellow;" and laying down his gun, he seized Jack's hind feet, and with a "yea ho," began lugging him through the grass. While thus employed he was met by the venerable master of the domain. "What's that you've there Robin?" said the

old gentleman; "why yer honour," returned Robin, "it must be the *king* of the Rabbits, he's so big, and I'm after shooten him in the wood yonder." "King of the Rabbits! you goose, who told you it was a rabbit?" "Its a rabbit, sure as eggs is eggs your honour," said Robin; "look at its hair as white as silk, and its purty ears, and its little skut of a tail; leave Robin alone for that, he's not fool enough to bite a stone wall yet; its a mighty fine Rabbit, aint it your honour?" "Take it home then," said the hearty old gentleman. "If your honour id like to taste him, I'll bring a bit of him over to the house." "No, no," was answered; "but hark-you! clean a haunch of him, and when you next go to town bring it to Mr R.'s with my compliments." "I'll do all that, your honour, and its no bad ham he'll give either," said Robin as he lugged away his prize.

A day or two after the aforesaid catastrophe, Robin proceeded to town, "the haunch" carefully laid away in his cart, and an unvarnished preface to the present, ready cut and dry on the tip of his tongue. A few hours more found the best bow made, and the haunch presented. "Venison?" said Mr R——. "Yes sir," said Robin. "its a bit of the king of the rabbits that I shot at the Mount. "King of the Rabbits!" quoth Mr. R——, "aye aye, put it away John."—A few quizzes were indulged in, on Robin's simplicity; and orders were given for his hospitable treatment. Robin thought, that the lunch of Woodil's beef which he ate that day was greatly to be preferred to what he had tasted of the king of the rabbits; and he wondered at Mr. R—— prizing the latter while he had such lashins of the former. "But every one to his taste, as the ould woman said when she kissed the cow"—Robin was satisfied if all the rest were.

The haunch was received, and the next thing to be considered was, how it might be best discussed. A haunch of Nova-Scotia venison was not a thing which a per on runs their head against every day—it was rather a rare bird among the swarm of usual catables; and now when obtained, was not to be put under a bushel. If Goldsmith made a poem on his haunch of venison, where venison was more easily procured, how was this rare

windfall to be dealt with? The wisest thought was not long in finding its way to the pericranium of Mr. R——. If the destinies of Acadia are committed to her legislators, who so fit to partake of her choice productions? “It shall be done,”—and it was done, and B and C, and D and E, and F, were bidden to the feast. The portentous hour arrived, and the haunch was dissected, and dissipated by those who before then had analyzed the law and the gospel of the land. Some kicked against its racy flavour, as that haunch itself was wont to kick in its better days—but the more enlightened and fashionable found their mellow Champagne improved by its wildness and tenacity. All was well—the haunch and the feast were ended, and time began to move in its usual course, when the proprietor of the Mount came to town. It was now enquired of Mr. K—— whether he saw any thing of the haunch of the king of the Rabbits? “Yes, the venison was received in due course;” and it was again gratefully acknowledged. “Venison!” ejaculated the old gentleman, “nonsense! you did not eat it for venison? it was a piece of D——’s Jackass!” Horrible, horrible, thrice horrible explanation! but it came too late. Not all the perfumes in M’Cara’s store could for awhile sweeten the imagination—special plea on special plea was resorted to—but fastidiousness was of no avail—and after a few qualms and execrations, poor Jack’s haunch became a standing joke.

Some sneerers who were not at the feast of exclusives, say, “no wonder if during the winter months certain gentlemens ears appeared particularly long—it was the haunch struggling for exhibition. No wonder if certain mulish tricks predominated in high places, after such an awkward coalition between the Jack ass and Legislative wisdom. The public little knew to what score to chalk up the conduct of a certain committee, and of their opponent. The lion, the whale, the bull dog were referred to, to illustrate the subject, whereas the fact is, that the ass was at the root of the matter.” So say the malicious traducers of the gentlemen concerned—but their friends say, that they have been since the feast just as wise and as dignified, as they were before. I would go between such conflicting authorities,

and taking the side of charity, suppose, that poor Jack was too simple while living, to hurt any one when dead.

And now ill-fated donkey I bid thee farewell—more stupid than thine own, was the head which mistook thee for the King of the Rabbits—may the rascal who shot thee, receive a kick from some relative of thine, which will check his glibness and fun about ass haunches. Hard was the fate which severed thee from thy dame, and from thy pleasant moonlight road—curious the coincidence which brought thy hind quarter, back again, to be dissected opposite the scene of its early gambols. Reared by a respectable citizen—patronized and adopted by an high official—thy life was far above mediocrity; shot for a Rabbit!—thy death was super-tragical; and thy joints finally settled by legislative members, thy rest must surely be peaceful and dignified. Farewell poor Jack—seldom will I pass by the door of thy first master, without pausing, looking opposite, and thinking of thy devourers—lament the sudden transition from gamboling, to being made game.—May no Rough-Robins come to our quiet town, with gun in rest looking for rabbits among asses—or if he do, fate grant me notice, that I may keep in doors, and at least, save my own bacon.

[Such is the little drama of the King of the Rabbits.—The anecdote embodied above, has for some time circulated in *well informed coteries*; and anxious to fix what is new, pleasing and profitable, we take advantage of a correspondent's humour, and transmit it to our pages.]

THE RECESS.

EVENING 2.

Morley, Carroll and Barton seated.

MORLEY—Well met, my friends—my little bower becomes a palace when it joins good society to the peace and beauty of inanimate nature.

CAROLL—The late shower which made the *dumb commissioners* melt like butter before the sun, has heightened the charms

of your garden. See how glossy, and soft, and round yonder currant bushes appear—they remind me of the green velvet pincushion suspended from my grandmother's side, which often delighted me before I knew what good companions and grey hairs were. And see, the fragrant mignonette—its little pearly blossoms are coated with the finest crystal; while every blade of grass looks like a strip of precious emerald, with a diamond of unsullied water gracefully suspended from its waving point.

BARTON—You are poetic Carroll—but why stop at earth?

CAROLL—I am always poetic at times when the veil is visibly dropped from Nature's charms—and my Mistress stands in tears or smiles before me.—Look up, then—has not the shower sweetly dissipated every floating vapour, and insect, and dust; until the arch of heaven is a profoundly glorious sphere, where the mounting soul finds not an atom to stay its adoring flight? Amid the summer's glare, creation is generally one vast theatre, singing, buzzing and chaotic with life, sound and motion—but when the thunder shower has just passed by, we have the enamelled floor below—and the sublime arch above—each beautifully distinct. And the space between pure and vacant as if vapour had never sullied it, since the morning stars sang together, at the first display of its stupendous orbs.

BARTON—You must have read that piece of eloquence, dear Carroll.

CAROLL—I have, but only where it has been written by the finger of Omnipotence—and deciphered by a small spark within which would fain mount when all around is glowing.—But a truce with inspiration—here comes a pail of water or rather vinegar, in the shape of Jeremiah Brown, which will soon involve my little spark as if the deluge had come again.

(Enter Brown)

MORLEY—I would now suggest that our adjourned notice of the Members of Assembly be resumed.

CAROLL—Might not such freedom, seem entrenching beyond the line of respect, which should divide legislators from common men? For my part, however I may feel on a par with some of the Hon. Gentlemen individually; when they are compounded into "collective wisdom" I crouch before them as naturally as if I was of an inferior species. On entering their gallery my voice falls, and my step softens, and I glide down beside Forrester, as if every glance from below came from a demi-god. I therefore naturally demur to this playing with the lion—and would not hear an allusion to our Recess, from the privileged benches next session, for all the powder in the Speaker's wig. I therefore enquire again, are we not stepping off terra firma in our proposed conversation?

MORLEY—Assuredly not—the very source of your apprehension gives our right—were they of less importance, less public men, less powerful and privileged—it might be thought an un-

warranted license—a license not at all to be allowed if applied to them in their private capacity; but as *Hon. Gentlemen*, they are more a public property—they offer their services to the public—and to gain the honour of such service, they strain every nerve, often to the bursting of the blood vessels of propriety and prudence. In that service, they rough handle the public, and make laws *against* as well as for their employers—they court observation by the admittance of spectators and annotators within their walls—and receive public remuneration for their time and *abilities*—recollecting all this, does not this right of remarking on their *public conduct or capacity*, seem as surely possessed by their constituents, as the right of making laws belongs to themselves?—or as the principal possesses the right of investigating the conduct of his agent? What do you think Mr. Brown?

BROWN.—When the right is denied, roguery and rottenness must be at the core. It is not only a right, but an obligation: the country which has a representative body without inquiring into its character, is not worthy of one—the body so neglected lessens in dignity, value, and probity, according as their proceedings are secret, whether such secrecy is of their own seeking, or proceeds from the stupidity of others concerned. Witness the canker spots of corporations, which in most instances exist but as curses to the communities they affect to govern. Every thing which brings the people acquainted with their rulers is of value to both parties; it adds to the importance and prudence of the one, and helps the other how to discriminate, judge, appreciate, condemn, choose or reject. The greatest enemy of the people and the representative body, would be for establishing Carroll's beautiful line of distinction; and would chuckle, as silent contempt, jealousy, and hate, manœuvred on each border.

BARTON.—To waste no more time than in over proving our point, let us commence acting on it. Which members of our House, last session only considered, do you call our speaking members?

BROWN.—I imagine them as follows:—the Speaker, Messrs. Young, Murdoch, Stewart, Uniacke, Lawson, Roach, Barry, Homer, B. Dewolfe, Dill, Rudolf, G. Smith and Dimock. These seem the only members who attempted, or at least, ought to have attempted, speech making last session—short excellent staves were given by other members, but as to a *speech* of any system or regularity or energy, those mentioned seem the orators of the House.

CAROLL.—Have you not forgotten a couple of talkers by profession, who certainly spoke as much last session as any one cared to listen to? I mean the rays which county Shelburne and Amherst contribute to our legislative sun.

BROWN.—Tut, tut, whatever sagacity and honesty those gentlemen may have, or whatever ability they may yet exhibit, they were as confoundedly dry, monotonous, and of course tedious, in

their sing song about tin-pot matters last session, as if they were competing for a wager. I do not recollect what was the burden of the first gentleman's song, but he waxed warm and spoke low, and looked melancholy on the subject; while the remainder of the House were engaged in chatting, yawning and winking, but eventually voted with him out of complaisance, on a subject which they had been induced to forget by the labours of the hon. supporter. The Amherst partice of "collective wisdom" exhibited, on a question of removal of courts; he stood up, and grasped the back of the bench with his right hand; and bent forward, and moved his head and shoulders slowly and regularly, to and from the chair, like the evolutions of a mandarine image; and kept up a half crying, half singing, half talking kind of a low guttery deluge, that was pitiable if it were not annoying. He was opposed by a one-or-two worded gentleman from River Philip—and the lawyer was again on his legs, and again bent forward and commenced his vibrations, and went through his dirge—until every mouth in the house from the Speaker's at the western wall, to Mr. Hackett's at the eastern wall, seemed engaged in catching flies.

MORLEY.—And yet, if report say true, the first gentleman is gentlemanly, correct, and clever; and the latter is possessed of learning and intellect.

BROWN.—All granted, I only argue, that, from their late oratorical displays, they should not be classed among our speaking members—and scarcely, as far as they have yet shown, among our semi-speakers, for they have exhibited but little tact in throwing light, in ever so small scintillations, on passing questions.

CAROLL.—And do you class a Messrs. Dill and Homer with your speaking members?

BROWN.—Undoubtedly—each of them have frequently poured out the fullness and freeness of their manly souls during the last session, in expressions not always indeed correct or elegant—but always nervous, sententious, and abundant in sagacity and good feeling, Dill and Homer, indeed! they have exhibited as much valuable stamina, as, if divided into parts, would make men of the froth of fifty such as the "tad-pole" representative. They seldom stand up without uttering something well worth the hearing, if not as exactly applied to the subject discussed, as exhibiting the interesting general views and feelings of strong unsophisticated honest minds.

BARTON.—Well then, to proceed to business, the SPEAKER as first on your list, let us consider first. From your principles, but contrary to your usual habits, I expect laudation from you on him whom so many laud. Yet I am prepared to point to some spots on your sun though it should scorch me for my temerity. For instance, recollect his ridiculous and imprudent threats of the Press during the session of 1829, when an endeavour was made to intimidate free discussion, for a whole year

prospectively! Thanks to Nova Scotian spirit, instead of cringing to such assumed tyranny it breasted it the more sternly for being threatened; and the *Speaker's* fulminations passed away despised as a puff of idle wind. Is this paragon consistent in his fervid support of liberty? Did he not become a willing and active instrument to goad Barry into intemperate opposition, when the right of petition, and equal justice, were the sacred principles involved? The best excuse that can be made for such obliquity, is a most miserable one; that dislike to the man, and disgust at his manners, induced the sacrifice of public liberty—that the man and his subject might be crushed together. The Revenue debate produced eloquence—but, was there no wasted eloquence on the Quit Rent question, when the learned Speaker occupied some hours proving what was never questioned, and endeavouring to blink the propriety of commutation out of sight, by haranguing on the king's right of collection? Oh how horror stricken the Speaker then appeared, at Mother Church getting any portion of the mysterious £2000; but as if all other professions were immaculate, he would have restrictions go no farther. How logical was the deduction—"a debtor must not say to his creditor, I will pay you, if you tell me what you intend doing with the money;" "therefore, the House should not ask Sir George Murray, how he intended to expend the commutation in Nova Scotia." Whereas, instead of debtor and creditor, the case stood thus—A, owes B, £3000 per annum; when the expence of collection is defrayed, the debt produces no more than £500 annually, to B, although its exaction greatly harrasses A.—C, steps in, and says, as the friend of A, to B, "if I give you £2000 per annum, according to your own proposition, for what is worth to you but £500, will you explain how the money is to be expended? You propose to expend it among the tenantry of A; but, we wish to know is it for our benefit or detriment, that it should be so expended? we have had some proofs, that it were better money should be cast into the Dead Sea, than be thrown on our shores, for the creation of petty masters who despise the country and are independent of it—therefore, if you refuse telling me, I refuse to compromise my independence—am still your humble friend—acknowledge that A, owes you the sum, abstractedly considered, and bid you collect your £500; although such collection, from several relative circumstances, would be unjust and oppressive." So did not the *patriotic* speaker argue, but so the public argued, and the majority of the House wisely pushed the bait on one side although it was labelled with loyalty and right, and justice. Was there not puerility as well as power in the Revenue speeches, where the All-brilliant made himself the burden of the song? "I gave up the Chief Justiceship of P. E. Island, preferring to live in Nova-Scotia"—where was the but, and but, and but, which should follow this statement? "I wish for no rise of my salary as speaker"—simplicity and delicacy

out-blushed the red benches, at such an ill-timed assertion. "I have served the country for so many years; my offices have become mine by right; I hold nothing by favour." Where was the humility, and the thankfulness, and the startling surprise, at the recollection of the unexpected prosperity with which the efforts of his life were crowned; and which should have checked, on that head, all egotism, and ill-tempered folly? Honest and single eyed he may be—learned and clever he is—I admire the idolatry which bows to the supporters of rational liberty; but I cannot think the idol all gold, when its iron and clay crumbles before my eyes.

BROWN—No, nor can I allow without expressing my dissent, that the iron and clay by such daubing as yours, should hide altogether the fine gold; daubing I say, for although your colors may be just, and well wrought, they are but the ground, or first tints; and want lights and shades, and concentration, and blending to form a just picture.

BARTON—I merely intended my remarks to induce a just estimate of the Speaker's character, not wishing that evil should be called good, because the actor is popular.

BROWN—My intention was to attempt a sketch of the Speaker's character as to capability, separated from his supposed or apparent springs of action. The insult to the Press, I intended not to meddle with, as the late session was to bound our inquiry; and several errors of the former session, made the House look most nobly inconsistent, at the commencement of the one lately past—for it then left them untouched as unclean things. The perpetrators of former errors showed excellent moral courage, by their tacit apology, and calm procedure to public business, untrammelled by private squabble and pique. In public men it may not be wise to look for entire consistency, but rather to judge of actions on their individual merits; except the clashing of such actions is so glaring and discordant as to argue time-serving corruption. The fastidiousness which holds that one slip spoils the character, is not more dangerous than foolish, as applied to finite beings. And it were fully as wise to poison the sweets of health, by gloating over the throes and imbecility of sickness, as to retard or mortify present usefulness, by recurring to errors which are given up, repented of, and should be forgotten. The conduct of the Speaker on the Quit Rent Question, was perhaps a playing of the Solicitor General, to the disparagement of the "First Commoner." Special pleading, bearable in the one, is I allow very unworthy of the other. Minor weaknesses to which you have alluded, are but weaknesses, and as such perhaps demand no excuse;—the Lords of the Philistines had their house pulled about their ears, while scoffing at the blindness of Sampson; and a little occasional squinting, does not greatly weaken the grasp of the Speaker of Nova Scotia. I may have got into a mood unusually milky; but at present I prefer warming

myself in the sun's rays, or enjoying the silvery moonbeam—to reckoning the spots of the one, or proving that the other has no inherent light.—During the late question—which like Pharaoh's lean kine, unproductive itself, swallows all others—the Speaker's conduct appeared unexpectedly dignified, useful, and brilliant. When we behold a man grown grey in office, and who has one or two splendid steps yet before him, casting off all the unnecessary but usual trammels of his situation, and debating simply and boldly, as if he were merely “one of the people”—the unbolstered dignity of such conduct needs little elucidation. This seems the great stumbling block and cause of surprise and offence to other official characters, and their followers. The Speaker of the House to enter the arena, and give and take blows like the usual gladiators—to marshal his brother representatives, and appear brilliant at the head of the most brilliant band ever possessed by Nova Scotia—leading them to probable loss, and possible defeat, but certain glory! This was unpardonably manly; too, too unsophisticated for men of starch, whose souls and bodies, dignity and importance seemed in a great degree composed of form. For the Solicitor General to aver that “Rule Britannia” was as good a song as “The National Anthem,” and that they who joined them were the best admirers of both, was a kind of political blasphemy which set profound heads a wagging, and “grey hairs” a bristling with horror. For the former councillor to tear the fine spun cobwebs from the sanctum-sanctorum of the other side of the building, to expose its weak assumptions, and to laugh at its covert aim at power, was unkind and very gallant honesty;—he who had not only looked behind, but sat behind the veil, to grasp the tinsel until the rotten wood appeared, and to play with the free masonry until all mystery vanished, was treason to the corps. The spell word of, “His Majesty's Council,” to be defined, and to be deprived of its shadowy influence by His Majesty's official servant, was a bearding of the “old woman” worse than the coarsest touches of Haliburton's razor. This simple boldness, is what makes our Speaker so unpleasant an antagonist, in a ring, long thought too privileged for the mere exercise of common sense. Official honour and emolument were generally thought omnipotent in binding a man to a party, and in making him tremble at every thing like popular and straight forward phraseology—the reverse was a paradox so uncourtly to high places, and their apers, that its solution was not attempted. Had another man taken the Speaker's stand it were a light matter; but for an eminent lawyer to sound the toscin, and to define rights and privileges, and talk of chains although they were but metaphysical, and defend public liberty, although it was attacked very indirectly and from a distance—all this indeed came very annoying, and-unlooked for, to those who were willing to give up all but *four pence* this session, but gave notice, that next session, they would loose and bind in a very general manner.

“When oppression *indeed* comes visibly and to be felt,” said the Speaker’s opponent, “then, and not till then, should the people be roused into opposition.” “No, no,” said the Speaker’s conduct, “we will with heaven’s blessing prevent such last appeals here; we will fight the first appearance of the evil: the curse of the Emerald Isle shall not visit this land of refuge—by defence of public liberty in its extreme and most delicate parts, we will prevent all chance of the bloodshed and misery which might vainly occur, in endeavours to recall freedom if it were once really lost.” Such logic confounded those who had been taught by interest and education, to look through the reverse end of the telescope; and such straight forward undisguised conduct seems the great source from whence popularity and opprobrium have visited the Speaker’s character.

CAROLL—I have been patiently waiting for a description of the Speaker as an orator, and I only get an exhibition of Mr. Brown’s powers in the same line. When I have looked for the Hon. Gentleman’s brains, his wig has been slapped in my eyes; and if I attempted to open my mouth to enquire for his talent, his silk gown has been thrust between my teeth for an answer. Instead of getting traits of the Speaker’s character, we are getting traits of the character of the session; and are treated with an eulogium instead of a definition. Really, Mr. Brown, the unusual milkiness of your nature this evening, has I think carried you on its luscious tide a little beyond the question.

BROWN—True—the Speaker’s oratory then, appears to me, to very closely coincide with his own opinion or description of it. “I do not write speeches,” said he: “it was never my practice; I bring to any question which is before me, such learning as I may have acquired, and such sense and intellect as Heaven has given me; and speak as the occasion, and the spur of the moment may dictate, without previous study.” This seems singularly true—want of system and arrangement, and a fulness of mind and fluency of tongue, are alike visible in most of the Hon. Speaker’s speeches. His principal displays of last session were visibly disjointed and unplanned—a subject was grasped, and treated for a few moments with vigour, dropped for some other which forced itself on the imagination, and again taken up in a distant part of the harangue. This desultory method, and disregard to usual logical rules, were very prominent amid his best passages. This loose manner perhaps occasions in some measure the absence of that kind of eloquence which is most powerful—which climbs with its theme from simple and undisputed points, until it attains an eminence from which its gathered thunder bursts like an avalanche in irresistible majesty. This is not the Speaker’s oratory. The begging of simple premises from which powerful deductions issue sweeping and conclusive, is not his forte; but he exhibits a continued chain of sound and elegant thoughts, all bearing strongly on the question, and giving much placid delight and satisfac-

tion to his auditory. The links of this chain increase but little in size from beginning to end, but each seems perfect, and of proof strength; and it seems more from the time being exhausted than from lack of words or argument, that the end arrives. A pleasing example of this, and of the power of pleasing and attracting attention possessed by the Speaker, was given last session. A debate was protracted until a late hour—the Speaker had been for two hours on his feet—evening came, lights are never introduced into the assembly room, and darkness set in, only relieved by the glow of the coal fires. Still the Speaker continued, nothing but glimpses of the outlines of the members appeared on the benches, the tall figure of the Speaker in his gown was alone erect, and threw its elongated shadow across the carpet. The gallery was crowded to excess, most of the spectators having sat for about five hours—but profound attention was paid, to catch the exquisite sentences which seemed to receive additional softness and strength from the solemnity of the hour. Not an impatient whisper was heard at the unusually procrasted sitting. “They talk of warmth and intemperate conduct,” said the Speaker, “but now that the minority are silent, while I suspend my voice a pin might be heard drop within these crowded walls;” and a suspension of a second or two was made; and the profound stillness amid so much excited life and energy was a most striking proof of his own power to arrest attention. There is a picturesque strength, and a poetic softness in his serious passages which argue a mind powerful in native talent;—while in his humour, there is a playful politz keenness terrible to its subject, but *delightfully* full and racy to those not concerned. As a specimen of the first, there occurs at once to my recollection an example of his beautiful me’hod of expressing a very common place idea: speaking of the early settlements in Nova Scotia, he says—“they were, Heaven knows, like an handful of corn planted with toil and woe on the mountain tops; but now the land is rich in brave men, who know and value their rights; and will defend what their ancestors handed them as their best inheritance.” Again mentioning the secrecy of the council’s conclave, he says—“the sound of our clerk’s voice dies away amid the gilded portraits of kings and queens, and is unproductive, as the last strain of the musician, which satisfieth not.” Among innumerable specimens of his pointed humour, in speaking of Mr. Barry, and the efforts of the Council to control the Assembly, he says—“Mrs. Fitzgerald can return the hon. member for Shelburne, and his duplicate may fill his place here, while himself is at the opposite corner attending to his private concerns; we may all sit to Gillespie, and hang our portraits round the walls, they can do business then as well as we, and the people’s time, and money, and credulity can be spared.” A common speaker in expressing those ideas, would use a greater number of words, entirely divested of the spirited touches which captivate and in-

form as they are at present. Common places expressed with great brilliancy and force, seems the excellence of the Speaker's speeches; things generally known, but not appreciated—or their relative value not seen—are commented on in a calm, lucid, nervous manner; a lively imagination gives poetic interest to the most dry subjects; and a strong perception of natural logic, makes the lightest theme instructive and important. His learning comes into debate by its own force, and seems not at all sought for—he cites few authorities, and makes fewer quotations; but delivers himself as if the Speaker of the House *should have an opinion of his own*—and as if he felt inward assurance that he was a *man* himself, a free agent with a sound mind—not a thing of shreds and patches made of othermen's thoughts. He appears with an independent tone and temper, standing alone, or as a leader, as it may be; but certainly not as a professed and boasted follower of every brilliant mind which had preceded him in creation—from whose legacies of light and knowledge he was satisfied to be a mere pilferer during life. He seems indeed one of the few men who think for themselves, as if Mr. A. and B. now, had as much right to originality and opinion, as Socrates or De Lolme, or any other often mouthed name whose owner had the privilege of speaking before we were born. The secondary quality, of manner, seems every way in the Speaker's favour. A most common feeling with a spectator, when thinking of Mr. Archibald as Speaker, is an enquiry, who else in the House could possibly fill the Chair as well? The eye in vain looks round and contrasts the appearance, and learning, acuteness and manner of the different members, greatly to the advantage of the present occupant of the Chair. In Mr. Archibald's appearance much gravity and dignity of deportment, is joined with an open pleasing expression of feature, which conciliates at once respect and confidence. Imperturbable as a statue, questions known to be dear to him, are discussed without a possible chance occurring of judging by any thing but his close attention, that he hears the debate; or was at all interested in it, except to preserve the order of the House. After he has delivered his sentiments in committee, and poured out a full soul in a really short speech of two or three hours' length, he resumes his seat calmly as if he had just stepped from the Speaker's room; and often endures the extreme mortification of hearing a member misquote and abuse his sentiments, without his having the chance of a reply; and without his seeming to have any concern except to give a full hearing, and to repress the warmth of his friends. His great mildness, firmness and good temper, seem often to have saved the character of the House, just as it was on the bounds of propriety; and seemed about rushing from the legislative dignity, into the bear garden clamour and vulgarity. The thought has again and again occurred, what gentleman in the house beside the present Speaker could at all fill the Chair

as he does?—What a seeming irreparable loss in dignity and usefulness will the House experience, should any event despoil them of him, who certainly is its chief ornament, if not its chief stay. Sometimes there arises an inclination to find fault, when he seems too relax in using his authority, and when entreaty and argument are used, instead of peremptory calls to order; and the dictation which his situation, his learning and ability might so often authorise. The latter although frequently seeming the better mode to a spectator, is scarcely ever appealed to by the Speaker, and many are willing to trust his judgment for more than they can see, and to suppose that the better, although not the most parliamentary or dignified course is followed in those cases. An appearance and manner prepossessing and gentlemanly—and a mind of a very superior order, strengthened and embellished, not weighed down, by learning and reflection—seem the plain, broad characteristics of “the first commoner of Nova-Scotia”—and it is grateful, very grateful, that this title is not an empty one, and that nature and education seem to have done equal parts with the votes of his compeers to bestow the honour.

BARTON.—I acquiesce with many of your sentiments—but hope that the company will bear my objections in mind, as a mode of tempering your rather ornate eulogy.

MORLEY.—I cannot let slip the present moment of expressing *my sentiments*, that his Majesty’s Council however objectionable in constitution, have often acted in such a manner, as to deserve the character of true Nova-Scotians, and real friends of their country.

CAROLL.—I would have forgiven them many slips—had not they out of childish form and pettishness thrown the country back seven years in its improvements, in refusing to pass the appropriation bill—for which there were funds provided that will now remain unused—and the provisions of which would have saved the principal loss and suffering to the country. Still, after all their faults I have a good word for them, and when I look at A and B, and C and D, who form the board, I cannot think they mean ill, who have done so much good; and am willing to place many errors to poor human nature, under temporary irritation and weakness.

BROWN.—The pecuniary loss this year to the country, will I hope induce our brave settlers to depend less on such adventitious resources—if it teach them to cast about a little better that they may be more independent of all favour—it will be a great good produced by a great evil. I can, as well as others, see many things to value in the Board which forms our house of Lords, (separated from its anomalous constitution,) but I am as little willing to give up a portion of my liberty, as of my honour, to gratitude or respect for any man or men. it has been said, is liberty indeed attacked? I ask in return what is the chief glory, and bulwark of Britons, but to be governed, taxed and le-

gislated for by themselves, that is, by their representatives? and where would the power of the representative body be, if dictation, and threats, and pecuniary loss might be continually resorted to by another body to controul its actions? When an Upper House says—"the king" (that is the office holders) "has got enough, and we will restrict the revenue which is to go to the actual use of the country;" whenever they by such shewing of the cloven hoof, declare their liability to do that which is abhorrent to the British throne—to separate authority from the good of the people—I will dread such a body, and look down the long and alarming vista of one sided legislation, which they have unwittingly opened to view.

CAROLL.—Our Recess hour is gone by, and but one of our speaking members is treated of—this seems scarcely fair.

BROWN.—I did not think you such a *Neddy* as to make this objection; some good is done by noticing the one—and two cannot be crammed without injury where one barely breathes. Turn about is fair play,—they who do nothing, and they who attempt impossibilities, are alike fools.

LINES

*On the Departure of His Majesty's Ship Hussar—Flag Ship of
Sir Charles Ogle.*

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

HARK! to the rending cheer, from deck and shroud,
Which rings in answer to th' acclaiming land.
Is there not music rapturous sweet and loud,
In the brave voices of each gallant band?
Tell not of thunder peal sublimely grand,
Or awful crashing of the water-fall;
The simultaneous cheer unbought, unplann'd
Is nature's wildest, most transporting call,
And deepest thrills the breast which feels sweet sounds at all.

The flash, the smoke, the thunder of the gun,
Rolls o'er the glassy deep—again a cheer.
Wildier than light'ning's flash the feelings run
From breast to breast—and eyes which scorn a tear
To wrong or pain, unwilling shed one here.
All are not callous—and despite the cold,
Some holy sympathies doth yet endear
Man to his brother—envy, glory, gold,
Are strong, but we at times escape their serpent fold.

Beautiful ship, farewell, pursue thy way,
 Safe as stblime, and placidly as strong—
 And when our shores seem sinking in the sea,
 When sunset breezes sigh their evening song,
 And when upon the deep, the murky throng
 Of night clouds rest—perhaps a tender thought
 Will call Acadia's friends and scenes along
 The breasts you bear—for recollections fraught
 With kindest traits of them, will **THERE** be fondly taught.

Farewell--and gladness be your constant guest :
 You bear brave Britons to their glorious home.
 Highly indeed may beat the manly breast,
 As o'er its land, anticipations roam.
 Highly indeed, when from the sparkling foam,
 The white cliffed Albion rises, and the scenes
 Dear to its youth appear—the spire, the dome,
 The **ENGLISH COTTAGE**, and the village greens,
 And lordly shades of oak, which princely mansion screens.

Others ye bear—the delicate, the fond,
 Strangers to travels giddy tear and mirth ;
 Who ne'er before essayed to pass beyond
 The kindly sphere of home, and parent's hearth.
 Oh ! may they never know affection's dearth ;
 Yet when in lands more famous than their own,
 Be often woo'd to that which gave them birth !
 And 'mid the Island gardens find a tone,
 From native wood and lake usurp the bosom's throne.

Beautiful ship, farewell ! 'tis sweet to hear
 These manly greetings of the human breast.
 Despite the checks and doubts, the scorn and fear,
 Which rul'd and rulers find a mutual pest.
 Sometimes the brother feelings, strongest, best,
 Rush in glad tide across the general throng,
 And these who give, and those who get are blest.
 Less rapturous all the dulcet notes of song,
 Than this free mental burst, which peals sublimely strong.

Farewell.—The broad hull lessens on the deep ;
 The peering masts more delicately streak
 The smiling sky—the white sails steadier sweep,
 And the shrill boatswain's whistle waxeth weak.
 Rapid she flies like white swan to its lake,
 And glistening round, the rippling waters play,
 Glad of their gallant burden—cape and peak
 Stretch wide as earth's last arms—the distant ray
 Unbroken sleeps on ocean—'tis the vessel's way.

THE ANGLER.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Here--Kitty, while your mistress snores,
 Quietly open the pantry doors ;
 To day I go a fishing—haste,
 Bring me of bread and meat a taste.
 Fill my black pistol up to the mouth,
 To put in my pocket to quench my drought ;
 And all my fishing traps, every one
 Gather—be quick—I wish to be gone.

Bring me my fish-net, basket and rod,
 Prepared alike for trout or cod,
 I mean this morning forth to sally ;
 So girl no more stand shilly-shally—
 Your mistress ! aye, I know she'll frown !
 But before she wakes I'll be out of town,
 And then at you and the rest of the squad
 She may storm, while I'm off catching trout and cod.

As the road I tramp 'mid sunny air,
 Her feet will pit-pat down the stair ;
 And smoke and soot will hide your light,
 As I gaze on the azure like angel wight.
 Just when my love's tongue goes click clack,
 I'll be marching the Indian's track :
 Whistling down the wild wood lane,
 The little birds answering me all again.

As for gunning, I love it well,
 Rambling for game over hill and dell.
 But if flashing reports say true,
 To flash and report is all I can do.
 And I dare say some grounds they have,
 For I never killed bird on land or wave ;
 Except, when I shot old Murphy's goose,
 And set all the tongues of the parish loose.

But angling ! oh well I love the sport !
 And indeed, good judges call it my forte.
 I love from the sleeping town to hie,
 Before duns are about, with my bait and fly.
 While dews are on the trees and grass,
 Soft as the innocent hare I'll pass ;
 Nor break my wife's nor baby's rest,
 But leave them like linnet-brood snug in the nest.

As for the plodding merchant-wight
 Counting his items in black and white ;
 He may have joy as his white sail'd ship
 Bounds like a startled gull from the slip.
 I have more joy in my green wood shade,
 Than ever the roof of his office made.
 My ship is the gaily floating leaf,
 Or lily whose fairy wealth is safe.

The House of Lords has no bench for me ;
 Not so the brook bank, soft and free.
 In the Commons I may not speak ;
 Not so by the side of the bonny lake.
 I'm no black rob'd man to wait
 Like gudgeon for old Nick's gilded bait ;
 But off in the cool bright morning beam,
 Whistling I'll march to the chrystal stream.

There where the poplars court the gale
 Bounding the margin of intervale ;
 I lounge like a king, with my canopy
 Form'd of the breezy azure sky.
 Or beside the rippling lake,
 Blue berry blossoms my sofa make ;
 While leafy labyrinths behind,
 Silently shut me from human kind.

The smelt glides softly through the stream ;
The trout leaps into the day-light beam ;
I'd rather swim like the first through life—
The last seems troubled with duns and wife ;
The speckled booby cannot stand
Contented in water, air or land.
I could live jolly in either zone,
If care and poverty let me alone.

The soldier tramps the dusty plain ;
The sailor braves the roaring main ;
While the citizen bends his dusty mind,
For gold—which I could never find.
So let them live—the biters and bitten,
While all in quiet I'll take my flitten ;
And go amid the wild-wood glade
To follow the angler's gentle trade.

Slowly at eve I may come back,
And hear my Mary's tongue go clack,
With few small trout not worth a groat,
And stomach with keenest hunger fraught ;
Wet mirey feet, and torn clothes,
Seeking refreshment and repose ;
To meet with taunt, rebuke and scorn,
And pay at eve for joys of morn.

It may be so—but a truant drop
Flows as at boyhood in my cup ;
And I'd rather quaff that, with its simple joys
Than a richer sweet which sooner cloy.
Then Kitty, while the mistress snores,
Softly open the pantry doors ;
Bring me my traps and forth I'll hie,
Ere duns are abroad with their argus eye.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE Zadir was a pleasant stream which rising amid the hilly country in the interior, emptied itself after many windings into the magnificent Jumna. Inhabitants of the East, who live far from the noise of cities, and the glare of courts, have most chance of tasting that freedom which is man's birthright ; but to

deprive him of which, is unfortunately the study of his more powerful fellows. Kador, Feraz and Azim, were three young men of the beautiful country, who dwelling amid hills remote, knew little as they felt, of the rapacity and misery of the great world. One day after the labours of their roseate harvest, the three friends met on the banks of the quiet Zadir. From conversing of Genii and Giants, the youths began relating what little was known, or conjectured, of some adventurers of their village, who had quit the hills for the rougher but gaudier paths of life. "Are they happier than they were here?" said Azim, "methinks the rice and the honey of Mora cannot be surpassed—its gardens are luxuriant as the Rajah's can be—and our neighbours are kind as so many brothers." "You have not a sufficiency of ambition Azim" said Kador, "who would spend their lives wandering as we do, amid groves, like the bulbul—when like the gallant Eagle, they might climb the clouds, and gaze on cities and on distant seas?" "For my part," said Feraz, "I have long pondered on following the track which our former companions, like braver barks, have marked for us on the ocean of life. Listen to me my friends—we have long been comrades, we are vigorous and bold as any on the Zadir—neither of us wishes to go away leaving the others behind, to be a golden weight on the mind in its travels—we cannot go in company, it would spoil adventure—and like leaves on the stream, we have not the sails or paddles which wealth supplies, but should go as every little breath and eddy impelled us—let us then each and all depart, taking different courses, and if Allah be kind, swear to meet on our native Mora at some future day." "Agreed gladly," answered Kador, and the two friends looked enquiringly on Azim. "Though I am more like the fleet gazelle than the stern tiger," answered Azim, "imaginary troubles shall not blanch my cheek—nor will my heart be less stout to follow in the path of fame, although it loves the retired joys of home—I also am agreed—and may Allah bless and protect his weak children."—After maturing their plans the friends separated to prepare for their wanderings, and agreed to meet on the summit of Mora next morning to take their departure.

The eastern horizon was glowing at the sun's approach, as a lovely bride at the approach of her bridegroom, when the three friends met on the appointed morning. Wishing to commence their journey before the village was astir—a hasty embrace was given, and Kador as the eldest was allowed to choose his road first. He turned his eye to where the light seemed bursting from its pearly casket, and said—"I bow towards the bright representative of Allah, and will journey, looking at its golden glory as a type of my future prospects." Feraz as the second, pointed to a star which just glimmered above the dull horizon, to the southward, and exclaimed, "I am no longer the glow worm of Mora: I will either rise as that star to be gazed at by thousands—or like it

I will fade before some omnipotent rival, fellow stars, or the Empress Moon, shall not quench my fire." "As for me," said Azim looking to the west, "clouds alone are left for me—but I will go on trusting in Allah, that benign light, if not glory lies beyond them." So saying, they solemnly pledged themselves, that if alive, they should meet on the spot where they then stood at the expiration of ten years, to recount their fortunes, and each bearing a sample of his riches with him. To do this punctually, they noted carefully the precise day of the month; and took different methods to reckon without fear of mistake, the number of years. Kador fastened ten knots on a silken cord attached to his girdle, saying, "as each of these are untied, the departing year, like the bee, must leave its wealth behind." Feraz attached ten small shells amid the raven ringlets of his hair, promising that renown should gather around his head as his shells were cast away. Azim placed a bracelet of ten narrow ringlets of matted rush-grass on his wrist—trusting that they would often remind him of the flight of time; and that something worthy of recollection, and nothing to be regretted, should be performed as each and all of them were unbound. Again they embraced, and as Sol rose majestically above the distant line of earth, they bade farewell, and each wound down the mountain according to the path he had chosen.

On the day which completed the tenth year from the morning of the departure of the three friends, a man reclined on the summit of Mora, and at his side a basket, delicately formed of bleached cane strips. His countenance was placid and healthy, and his dress plain but exceedingly comfortable. He looked wistfully eastward and southward, and all around wherever a distant traveller appeared. It was Azim—returned according to promise to his native hills. A horseman on a milk white charger attracted his eye to the plain, another traveller on a dromedary joined company with the first, and to Azim's joy they both began to ascend Mora. In a few minutes the three friends Kador, Feraz and Azim were locked in a close embrace at the summit of the beautiful hill—it was the impulse of nature which made them burst every cold restriction, and clasp each other as brothers after their long absence—for there was much in the appearance of each to demand more measured congratulations. In a moment they were separated and gazed enquiringly on each other, and the dissimilarity of their costume almost told their tales without the aid of language. Azim was evidently a prosperous and contented tiller of the ground—Kador had the port and dress of a wealthy merchant—and Feraz was emblazoned with the rich insignia of a fortunate and favoured soldier. A moment's constraint succeeded the first salutation—but Feraz smoothed his commanding brow and addressed his companions. "Friends of youth we have met according to our pledge; whatever we may be below among men, here on Mora, we are the three friends, Azim, Kador, and Feraz. Let distrust and timidity my brothers be un-

known—we will recount our fortunes according to our promise, and worship Allah together, for the good he has given. Begin Azim—your countenance as the summer peach among dried figs, is more handsome and placid than the countenances of your friends ; but your garb says that your bracelet of rushes has not been changed into gold :—commence.” Azim told in a few words the quiet course of his life for the last ten years—his little successes, his purchase of a garden and house by a fruitful stream—his courtship and marriage with Ada, fairest and best among women—and his riches, which consisted of his grain, his fruit—three blooming children and his beloved wife. The friends smiled at many parts of his narrative—yet seemed at times to turn their thoughts inwardly, as if the contrast with themselves was not so flattering as was hoped for. Kador spoke next, and with an air of dignity and precision, he recited his chance connection with a caravan, and after the fifth knot was taken from his girdle, his exaltation as a merchant. He told of his skirmishes with robbers of the desert—of his deep schemes, and of his yet promising and splendid, though dangerous prospects. Feraz entered abruptly upon his narration—he was a soldier—taken notice of at the third shell, for his boldness—he yet farther and constantly signalized himself by persevering address and bravery—until he wore a chieftain’s turban—and further deeds of daring and renown lay in perspective before him. The friends again embraced, but with more form than before—and the second part of their promise was referred to—which was, the sample of their possessions which each promised to bear with him to this their meeting. Kador threw a bag of gold pieces on the grass as a specimen of the fruit which he had gathered in his wanderings. Feraz held a small diamond in the shade, a gleaming of a rich harvest which an enemy’s camp lately yielded. And Azim unaffectedly uncovered his little basket and disclosed a collection of choice fruit gathered by his wife from their best orchard—the two friends again smiled—but the sun had dried up the fountains of Mora—and they, exhausted from their travel and recital—looked more wistful at the grapes and pomegranates, olives and dates, than they did at the gold and the diamond. Azim read their eyes, and feeling similarly inclined himself, he spread his treasure on the grass—and requested that they would partake of his little offering. All gladly consented—and sitting under a magnificent palm tree, made the peak of Mora their board, and quaffed refreshed and delighted the generous food which earth and sun and dew had prepared. Azim felt his confidence strengthened when he found that his own simple treasure, obtained without crime, and shared freely—was of actually more, much more value than the lust’rous stone or the yellow ore, which, it appeared to him, were obtained by violence and cunning. “Azim has brought the richest specimen,” said Feraz, as he glanced on the neglected diamond with a disappointed air. “The richest when mere nature is to be supplied” said Kador ; “but omnipotent gold gives the power and pleasure of Paradise

to earth." "I desire no power or pleasure" said Azim "which my gardens and fields, my children and my Ada cannot give—but I am a man of simple life and cannot judge of caravans and camps." "We must share benefits with you" said Feraz, "and I propose that as we have taken your fruit, you take my diamond and the gold of Kador." "Agreed" said Kador. "I want them not my generous friends," returned Azim, "but not to slight your gifts, I accept of them, and shall expend them in producing more honey and oil and wine, to glad the heart of the soldier or of the merchant who may pass my humble gate." The friends agreed to visit their native village, to gaze on the faces and houses, the trees, and the quiet stream so dear to their childhood—and again to separate each to his different occupations—but pledging themselves, to meet at the expiration of a second ten years;—and if difficulties or death threatened to prevent them, to engage some trusty messenger to relate to the survivors the history of the loiterer's fate.

The sun and moon performed their wonted motions; the streams ran on as they had done since creation; and man like the flowers of the field, rejoiced, drooped, lived and died, during another ten years.—At the expiration of this second period, Azim was again on the day appointed, reclined on the summit of Mora. Little difference appeared in his manner, features or dress, since he last reclined there; the latter was, if any way different, more comfortable: if his eyes had lost any portion of their vivacity, it was recompensed by an increased glow of good humour and content, which like the light of the diamond, was not limited to itself but seemed to cast rays in every direction;—his manners appeared more simple and settled, and divested of much of the agitation and timidity which marked it before—no basket was by his side, but at the foot of the hill a drove of milk white flocks appeared, attended by two Shepherdesses, while two young men were erecting tents on a shaded part of the plain.

But where are the two other friends of Azim—Kador and Feraz? No snowy steed, or fleet dromedary appears in the distance as before. Azim has come with increased riches to greet his friends—the flocks are of his rearing, the young Shepherdesses are his daughters—the handsome lads who pitch the tents are his sons—"they cannot vie with me this time," thought Azim—"and we will dwell for a few days in the tents, refreshed on the delicacies which I have brought with me, and attended by my beloved children—it will be a feast worthy of the Emperor—and we will spend a few days together, before we again separate, perhaps to meet no more."—But alas! the friends appear not—perhaps too proud, or employed on matters of state, they scorn their humble friend's affections—and only recollect this appointment, purposely to break it. Not so—a traveller approaches the hill—it must be one of the friends, or a messenger—and Azim waits more placidly his arrival.

While again reclining on the grass, a slab of stone conspicu-

ously placed, attracted his attention—some hieroglyphics seemed graven on it, and on looking more closely, the following inscription appeared, “To Feraz or Azim,” “Kador visited Mora forty days before the time of meeting, to inform his friends that he cannot embrace them as was appointed. His caravan has been pillaged—servants slain;—alone and without gold, the old man goes to seek his fate—farewell.” Words were weak to describe the feelings of Azim—he pondered in excessive melancholy on the lines, and at length exclaimed, “Oh my brother, my brother—sad cause have you to loiter from the feast; oh that you had given up the thirst of travel and of gold; and seeking my humble bowers, had condescended to be only beloved and happy for the evening of life.” The traveller had by this time arrived on Mora, and alas, it was not Feraz! He appeared a soldier of an humble rank; and on being told Azim’s name, he informed him that he was a messenger from the brave Feraz. “And what delays my brother?” said Azim. “The Prophet’s dread minister—the conqueror of Emperors—death!” was the reply of the messenger—Azim hid his face in his hands in mute agony.—At length he enquired, “How did he die—was it in the sublime tumult of the battle, or with the shouts of victory on his ear, as a voice from Paradise?” “Alas!” said the messenger, “in his own camp were his worst enemies—a conspiracy ruined him with his Prince—and the expiring breath which bound me to convey this message, was uttered amid the petulance and gloom of a dungeon”—“retire” said Azim, “yonder white tents on the plain, will afford you rest and refreshment, until I also descend.” The messenger departed, and Azim prostrated himself in silence before Allah.—After some time spent in this mute bowing to the great distributor of joy and sorrow, Azim raised his head from the ground, and thus gave vent to his soothed feelings. “Oh fearful Arbiter of life and death—glorious ruler of Paradise of earth and of hell—it is vain to question thy decrees. I thank thee that the shadow of thy hand has veiled me from avarice and fierce ambition; and that a quiet following of thy precepts, has given me even an earthly paradise. Strengthen me, as if with eternal food, that I may fulfil my pilgrimage wisely, and enjoying thy favour—may my home be still blessed—may I eagerly teach my children what is true wealth and glory; and when thy summoner calls me away for ever, may the Three Friends meet in the bowers of the faithful, where grief is unknown, and where love and joy are eternal attendants.”—Again he prostrated himself, and then slowly rising, bent his steps to the plain—the gay scene of which, and its pleasant sounds, he felt already calling him back to his wonted serenity of mind. S.