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LET US DEPART.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Louder and louder, gathering round, there wand'rd
Over the oracular woods and divine sea,
Prophesying which grew articulate!"—*Shelley*.
Night hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding bush profound
Lay where the Roman Eagle shone,
High o'er the tents around—
The tents that rose by thousands,
In the moonlight glimmering pale;
Like white waves of a frozen sea,
Filling an Alpine vale.
And the temple's massy shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still;
In peace, as if the Holy One
Yet watch'd his chosen hill.
But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"
Within the fated city
Ev'n then fierce discord reared,
Though through night's heaven the comet-sword
Its vengeful token wav'd.
There were shouts of kindred warfare
Through the dark streets ringing high,
Though every sign was full which told
Of the bloody vintage nigh:
Though the wild red spear and arrows
Of many a meteor host,
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost.
And that fearful sound was heard
In the temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"
But within the fated city
There was revelry that night;
The wine-cup and the timbral note,
And the blaze of banquet light.
The footsteps of the dander
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimer
Summon'd to festival.
While the clash of brother-weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace-gates
Lay down in their despair.
And that fearful sound was heard
At the temple's thrilling heart;
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry—
"Let us depart!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CAMERONIAN.—A SKETCH.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

On a summer morning, in the year of grace 1876, a man was seen making his way towards a lonely cottage in the vale of Dalveen, at the head of Nithdale: a glimpse, indeed, of the traveller could only now and then be obtained, for he seemed desirous of concealment, and his presence was chiefly indicated by the rustling of the bushes of hazel and of holly, among which he forced his way, or by the startled birds—for the sun had not yet wholly risen, and the lark had but newly ascended with his song. He passed a small stream, and, coming to the door of the cottage, by the side of which a cheese-press was standing dripping with new whey, cried, "Marion, Marion!"—the door was quickly opened, and a young woman threw herself into his bosom, saying, "Elias! bless thee—bless thee!" "And bless thee too," said he, returning his wife's embrace; "but this, my love, is no time for vain and worldly affections. Put on thy mantle, take thy little one in thy arms, and follow me. I have escaped almost alone from a bloody field; and here we may no more abide." She went into the cottage, and returned with a child, of six months old or so, in her arm, milk in a flask, with some bread and honey, and said, "Elias, I am ready; but let us unloose the cow and turn her to the pasture, and open the door of the fold, so that the sheep may go to the hills—for they are God's creatures, and must not perish." And he said, "Surely; for so it is written." And he did as she spoke, and then left the cottage, accompanied by his wife and child.
Now Elias and his wife were both young, and this was the second year of their marriage. They turned their faces towards that wild and wooded linn, which unites itself with the deep glen of Dalveen; and as they went, Marion looked back on her home and said, "It is a sweet place, and loth am I to leave the hearth where we first kindled our bridal fire, and seek a refuge in the glens and caverns of the earth. Elias, it is bitter: but, oh! eternal life is sweet;" and she clasped her child closer to her breast, and lull'd it with a little song of her own making. All the while Elias spoke not; he wound his grey plaid closer round his body, leaving both arms free—examined the edge and point of a sword which hung at his side, and which seemed to have been lately used—threw a long Spanish musket over his left arm, trimmed the flint, and looked into the lock, loaded it—and then, having felt the handle of a small dagger which he carried beside his sword, resumed his former rapidity of pace. They soon entered the ravine—sought their way along a path fit only for a wild cat, and, having reached a sort of cavern or recess in the rocks,

they paused and sat down on a rude bench of stone, with a table of the same kind before them, upon which Elias turned to his wife, took the child into his bosom, and said—"See how green the trees are—how pure that falling water is—how rich the wild flowers blossom—how bright the sunshine is, seeking to find us out amid the thick boughs which encircle our den of refuge. Look ye down the vale of Nith, and look ye up to Heaven. He who rules above, spread out this beautiful land beneath our feet, and hung upon marvelous canopy over our heads; and gave unto us the fowls of the air, the fish of the stream, and the beasts of the field, for our inheritance. But the wickedness of man mars the bounty of God. We are deprived of our patrimony; forbidden to sing the praises of Him who dwells on high, under penalty of limb and life. But be not, therefore, cast down, my love, nor disquieted; when the doors of the earth are closed those of heaven will be opened; let us retire farther into this wild and seldom-trodden glen, and then let us lift up our voices, freely and without fear, to God,—for assuredly he is worthy with us because of our fears. Last night I heard his voice, saying, 'My saints are fearful, and my people deny me; and I shall give them, for a time, to the power of the strong and the cruel, that men may know that I am wrought with the faint of heart and the feeble of spirit.'" And Marion answered, and said, "So be it, Elias." And they arose, and continued their journey along the rude path which the accidental foot of man and beast had fashioned in that wild ravine. Sometimes the way scaled a steep and fearful crag; sometimes it crept among the fantastic roots of the oak and the beech; and sometimes it went to the margin of the linn, where the rock, cleft as it were in two, disclosed the foaming stream at the perpendicular depth of fifty, and sometimes a hundred fathoms. Elias often had to use all his skill and strength in conducting his wife and child along this dangerous way.

At length, however, they reached what was to be their abiding place. This was a rude but not ungraceful sort of temple, formed by the earlier labours of the brook, out of the masonry free-stone rock, in the rude pillars of which, and under capitals, an ingenious artist might almost perceive the dawn of the Tuscan order. The entrance was wide, and overhung with honeysuckle; and the interior was recessed, and presented what, to anchorites, might appear both seats and couches. "Now, my love," said Elias, "this is the place where our Scottish warriors of old found refuge when they warred for the independence of their country; and in this place shall I, one of their descendants, fight the good fight without fainting. Might and cruelty must prevail in this land for a time: the nobles and great ones of the earth have united against us, and we are driven for a season to the heaths and the desert places, to be wounded with the shafts of the hunter." "Alas! my Elias," said his wife, looking earnestly in his face, "and is our dream of wedded happiness come to this? Our hearth is clean, our cottage fire burns bright, the fruits of the season are in our fields, our flocks are not few on the hills; this little one hath come smiling into my bosom, and we have much, much in this little world of ours to cling to and love." "Peace, woman," said Elias, sternly; "think ye that I have shut my eyes on that domestic picture which ye seek to lure me? Am I blind as the slow-worm and the mole? No; those blessings which ye rise in array against my faith, I prize not lightly. It is not for the shape of the garment I wear, nor the fashion of the dish whence I drink, that I thus peril thee and thy babe. It is for freedom to these limbs; it is for the freedom of my soul, it is for freedom to worship God according to conscience, that I am thus hunted from rock to rock, and from cleft to cavern. Woe to him, on the great day, who hath preferred a warm home and a sweet wife, to the cause of liberty and the word of God. And woe to him who seeks us for harm in this place of refuge: this hollow tube, won in a sore sea-fight with the Spanish Armada, has never, in my hand, missed its aim; and this sword was never by my strength thrust in vain: so be not alarmed, my love, but lull thy babe whilst I keep watch, for the sons of Belial are ever busy against the broken remnant of God's church." So saying, Elias stood within the porch of the place, and lent an ear to every sound, and an eye to every bird that fitted from bough to bough.

Now it happened on that very morning, that Capt. Greer, with some fifty mounted troopers, was on his way from Edinburgh to Dumfries, to avenge the defeat and capture of General Turner, (called the Tippling Apostle of Prelacy, inasmuch as he was a hard drinker,) and had reached the entrance of the upper gorge of the deep defile where Elias and his wife sought refuge, when he was met by a messenger in the disguise of a shepherd, who said that a sore battle had been fought, in which victory had blessed the arms of King Charles; but that Elias Wilson, one of the chief leaders, had escaped from the field, and was believed to be concealed in one of the wild glens in the neighbourhood of his cottage. "His house," said the messenger, "is but newly forsaken; the fire is scarcely extinguished on the hearth; I have traced his footsteps through the dew into the lower gorge of this wild ravine; where I dared not to seek him single-handed, for he is eminently skilful with the sword, and when he has his musket in his hand, an eagle cannot escape him." "What, man!" exclaimed Greer, "and is Elias Wilson, who can preach as well as fight, and fight better than the fighting laird of Bonshaw, lurking in Entorcken Glen? then, if we meet, and I fail to

pendicular side of the ravine; sought shelter in a distant glen—and foiling all their enemies, lived till times of peace came, when they returned to their cottage, and lived and died in good old age. Yet, once a year, as the day of their deliverance returned, they went with their children and servants to the Friar's Cell, and sang a psalm, and prayed a prayer—and the same was till lately done by their descendants.—*Albionian*.
Here is continued worship. Nature here, in the tranquillity that thou dost love, Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly around, From perch to perch, the solitary bird Passes; and yon clear spring, that 'midst its herbs Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left Thyself without a witness, in these shades Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength and grace Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak, By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem Almost annihilated—not a prince In all that proud old world beyond the deep, E'er wore his crown as loftily, as he Wears the green coronal of leaves with which Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower With scented breath and look so like a smile, Seems as it issues from the shapeless mould, An emanation of the indwelling life— A visible token of the upholding love, That are the soul of this great universe.

A FOREST HYMN.

A visible token of the upholding love, That are the soul of this great universe.

SPIRITED EXPLOIT.

(LIEUTENANT FITZ GIBBON, 49TH REGIMENT.)
After the capture of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, by the American army, and the British had retired to a more tenable position at the head of Lake Ontario, Lieutenant Fitz Gibbon requested General Vincent to permit him to go in advance, with 50 chosen men of the 49th regiment, and to range in front of the enemy at discretion; and the request was immediately granted, and he marched the same evening, 12th of June, having Lieutenant Windegar attached to his party. On the morning of the 24th of June, being informed that a strong detachment of the United States army were moving towards the spot he occupied, and shortly after hearing the firing of cannon and musketry, he supposed that Major De Heron, who commanded a detachment of the 104th regiment, about five miles distant, was attacked; he therefore rode forward to reconnoitre and was much surprised to find that the enemy was moving in the opposite direction, and where Indians only could be engaged with him. He then sent back a Cornet of dragoons to order up his party, consisting of 1 lieutenant, 3 sergeants, and 43 rank and file, pushing on himself to reconnoitre. He found the Indians firing from the woods in front of the enemy, who occupied an eminence which was clear of timber on the flanks, and whose force was distinctly seen to consist of about 600, fifty of which were cavalry, and two field pieces. By the time Winder and the party came up, the Indians were beginning to retire, and Lieutenant Fitz Gibbon, supposing the enemy would then be permitted to move off untroubled, conceived the idea of summoning the American Commandant, Colonel Boerstler, to surrender; and after bringing his detachment in the rear of the enemy, and upon their front, he advanced, and his bugles sounding the "cease firing" in a little time, a white flag was hoisted over one of the enemy's guns, and a Captain M'Dowell, of the American artillery, came out to meet Lieutenant Fitz Gibbon, who said, "I come, Sir, in the name of Colonel De Heron, to demand the surrender of the American force now before me, and to offer it protection against the Indians; a number joined us recently from the North West, over whom we have little control, and if we carry your position by assault, we cannot answer for the consequences." Captain M'Dowell replied, "He would return and report to the proposal, and bring an answer as soon as possible." In five minutes he came back, and said, "Lieutenant Colonel Boerstler sends for an answer, that he does not consider himself defeated, and cannot surrender." After a moment's consideration, Lieutenant Fitz Gibbon said, "Will you request Colonel Boerstler to send an officer to see Colonel De Heron's force, when he may then find it prudent to surrender." At the time he had only 1 lieutenant, 3 sergeants, and 43 rank and file to show him. Captain M'Dowell again went to the Commandant, and returned, saying, "Colonel Boerstler requests that he himself may be permitted to see your force, and if he finds it such as to justify his surrender, and save his honour, he will do so." "I do not feel myself authorized," said Fitz Gibbon, "to permit Colonel Boerstler to see your force, but if you will wait, I will ask my commanding officer if he will permit it." He went away, as if to state the matter to a superior officer; and while endeavouring to form in his mind a refusal to what he had before offered, (viz. showing him the force,) Captain Hall joined him with 14 dragoons, and to whom he related what had passed, and requested Captain Hall to receive the appellation of Colonel, and he would represent him as the senior officer on the spot—that he could not allow Colonel Boerstler, or any of his officers to see his force; and that he would, in Colonel Hall's name, assure him that he had ample means to force him to surrender—that humanity alone induced him to make the offer he did, and that five minutes more would only be granted to con-

sider what answer to make, and hostilities would re-commence at the expiration of that period, if he did not surrender. All this Lieutenant Fitz Gibbon stated to Captain M'Dowell, and in five minutes Lieutenant Colonel Boerstler sent to say, "he would surrender upon conditions; 1st. That the officers should retain their arms, horses, and baggage. 2d. The men to lay down their arms, and become prisoners of war; and 3d. That the militia and volunteers (28 in number) then with the American army, should be permitted to return to the United States on parole." After some apparent objection on the part of Fitz Gibbon, the terms were granted. Shortly after, Lieutenant Colonel De Heron came off; and 20 officers, and 520 non-commissioned officers and privates, including about 50 cavalry and artillery, were marched off prisoners.

COUNT ORLOFF & THE GIANT.

A ludicrous story is going about the town respecting the long looked for Count Orloff, which we merely give without vouching for its correctness. The Count is of gigantic dimensions, both in bulk and height. Mr. B., one of those very kind gentlemen who import all manner of living curiosities for exhibition at the theatres, or as they term it, "cater for the public amusement," was about the time of the Count's arrival, expecting by the steam-boat an enormous giant, whom he had engaged for Drury-lane. The exhibitor was as anxious for the arrival of his fine animal, as were the diplomatists and stock-jobbers for that of the Count, so he took a boat and met the steamer in the river. Arrived on deck, he soon espied what he thought must be his long expected lion in the person of the Count. With eager eye did the theatrical diplomatist survey his ponderous bulk with some little disappointment at finding him under seven feet; but having good reason for knowing that realities do not keep pace with descriptions, he did not much care. Already had he settled in his mind what he should be called—The great Ogre of the North—born on Mount Caucasus—the last of his race—determined to travel in search of a wife—here's a hit for the ladies—it must pay. The exhibitor soon introduced himself to the Count, who received him with much politeness, but a due degree of diplomatic reserve, which the other perceiving, soon let him know his consequence, and that every thing was pretty well understood between them, and that he came from the very fountain-head of affairs—in fact, that he was their accredited negotiator, and that they had held a conference yesterday. "What, without me?" said the Count. "Oh yes; and I have brought the articles for your signature, and we must bind you to them at once." "I shall do nothing," said the Count, "till I see the Prussian ambassador." "Pooh," said B., "we can play you better than he can, so sign the articles." "What, the whole twenty-four?" "I have not counted them," says B., "but you must sign—I wish you had more beard—we must shut up Wilson, he walks about so for nothing." "How is Sir Robert?" said the Count; "he is getting stale now, I suppose?" "Why, yes, Wilson has made himself too cheap; even the little boys don't look at him now—we could have done something with him, though, if he could have been prevailed on to engage." "He was too independent, I suppose?" "Exactly so," said B. "holds his head high—a gentleman—and that will never do in our line, at no price, will it?" "Rather free, thought the Count. "By the by," said B., "what name do you travel under?" "Oh, my own to be sure—Orloff." "Pooh, that will never do; the people can pronounce it—we must have twenty consonants and no vowel; however, we can settle that at the first conference. I think you speak English too well; you had better avoid it altogether; you'll lose half your consequence. There's the Tower, so good bye; we had better not be seen too much together; you sign the articles to-morrow. Mind, mum's the word—no tampering with the other house." "You have but two Houses by your Constitution, I believe?" "No, only two majors, but lots of minors." "I thought the proclamation put down those minors." "No, they are too strong for us—this Reform is playing the deuce with us; our funds are getting low, but your arrival will put us all right again." "Adieu!" said the Count; "shall I bring the protocols?" "What are those?" "Why our weapons to be sure." "Oh, ay, bring them by all means—the more humbug the better. Adieu!" Judge of B.'s surprise when he saw the Count handed with much state into the Russian Ambassador's carriage. "Orloff! Orloff! Why that's the man the papers have been boring us about; instead of a giant I have found only a Plenipotentiary—it is all off, indeed!" The Count laughed heartily when the mistake was explained, and related it with great good humour at Prince Talleyrand's dinner last week.—*True Sun*.

DREAMS.

Dreams can be produced by whispering into the ears when a person is asleep. One of the most curious as well as authentic examples of this kind has been referred to by several writers: I find the particulars in a paper by Dr. Gregory, and they were related to him by a gentleman who witnessed them.—The subject of it was an officer in the expedition to Louisburg in 1758, who had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the habit of amusing themselves at his expense. They could produce in him any kind of a dream, by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend, with whose voice he was fa-

miliar. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker, or bunker, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so with so much force as to throw himself entirely from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his friends found him asleep in his tent, much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they demonstrated, but at the same time increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and dying, and when asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next himself had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed, rushed out of his tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent ropes. A remarkable circumstance in this case was that, after these experiments, he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue; and used to tell his friend that he was sure he was playing some trick upon him. A case entirely similar in its bearing, is related in Smellie's Natural History, the subject of which was a medical student in the University of Edinburgh.

A singular fact has often been observed in dreams which are excited by a noise, namely that the same sound awakens the person, and produces the dream which it occupies. The following example of this has been related to me: A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last carried out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had produced both the dream and awakened him. The same want of the action of time is observed in dreams from other causes. Dr. Gregory mentions a gentleman who, after sleeping in a damp place, was for a long time liable to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying posture, and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton, which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling; and after trying various experiments, he at last had a sentinel placed beside him, with orders to awake him whenever he sunk down. On one occasion he was attacked by the skeleton, and a severe and long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to lie so long in such a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not lain an instant, but had been awakened the moment he began to sink. The gentleman, after a considerable time, recovered from the affliction.

CIRCASSIAN WOMEN.

History, travellers, and Romance, have said nothing of the beauty of Circassian women, which is not below the truth. Beauty has been considered an imaginary being, a thing of invention; and to justify this idea, it is alleged that what is beautiful to the eyes of one people is not to those of another; that a Chinese beauty would have no charms in France or England, and in like manner, that the French or English beauty would have no attractions in the eyes of a Chinese. But the beauty of the Circassian women is a sufficient answer to this reasoning; since they are acknowledged to be beautiful, by all nations. They are every where sought after; and are the ornament of all the seraglios of Asia, Africa and Europe, because they possess that pleasing union of features; that proportion of all the parts of the body; that splendor, those brilliant tints, that whole, that cannot be defined, but which exists, and necessarily constitutes beauty, since all men render it homage. It is only in this point of view, that the inhabitants of Circassia (a country between the Caspian and Black sea,) deserve the attention of the observing traveller. It will easily be conceived, that the nation which considers women as merchandise, can never make her a companion, nor consider marriage a sacred and indissoluble union. We find, accordingly, that the Circassians have many wives, whom they change at pleasure; but the first wife always has a superiority over the others, which nothing can take away, and which she retains till death. The first wife, who is usually married when extremely young, is purchased, like the rest, in the public markets, where an innumerable multitude of women are exposed to sale, habited in the manner which is judged most likely to excite the desire of the buyer. No inquiry is made with respect to whence the woman was brought; and if the names of her parents are asked, it is only to ascertain whether she derives her birth from a stock of pure and acknowledged beauty. The usual price of a beautiful Circassian female is from eight to ten thousand piastres. Women being the principal commerce in Circassia, has for its object to preserve their beauty, and facilitate its development. All domestic occupations are abandoned to the slaves—women are solely employed with the arts of the Toilette and the means of pleasing. They make it a par-