

Master George Killingworth, found his way to Moscow, where he was courteously entertained by the Tsar Ivan IV, surnamed the Terrible. On his return to England in 1544, he delivered a friendly letter from the Tsar to King Edward VI., and announced to the people of England "the discovery of Moscow." The English adventurers were mightily astonished by the state and splendour of the Russian Court, and gave a curious account of their intercourse with the tyrant Ivan, who treated them with great familiarity and kindness, though he was perhaps, the most atrocious monster, not excepting the worst of the Roman emperors that ever disgraced a throne. The Tsar "called them to his table to receive each a cup from his hand to drink, and took into his hand Master George Killingworth's beard, which reached over the table, and pleasantly delivered it to the metropolitan, who, seeming to bless it, said to Russ, "This is the gift of God," as indeed at that time it was not only thick, broad and yellow coulered; but in length five foot and two inches of a size."

Chancellor returned the following year to Moscow, and arranged with the Tsar the commercial privileges and immunities of a new company of merchant adventurers who desired to trade with Muscovy, but in 1556, while on his way home, accompanied by Osep Neped, the first Russian ambassador to the court of England, their ship was wrecked on our own coast, at Pitaligo bay, when Chancellor was drowned, with most of the crew; but Osep Neped, who escaped, was conducted with much pomp to London, and there established on a firmer basis the commercial relations between the two countries, to which Chancellor's discovery had led, and of which he had laid the foundation. The commerce thus begun has continued uninterrupted, to the mutual advantage of both nations, up to this time, and thousands of our countrymen have there gained wealth and distinction, in commerce, in the arts, in science, and in arms.

But of the twenty-seven millions of men, women, and children who people Great Britain and Ireland, how many may be presumed to know any thing of Russian literature, or even to have enquired whether it contains any thing worth knowing? Are there a dozen literary men or women amongst us who could read a Russian romance, or understand a Russian drama? Dr Bowring was regarded as a prodigy of polyglot learning, because he gave us some very imperfect versions of Russian ballads; and we thankful for even that contribution, from which, we doubt not, many worthy and well informed people learned for the first time that Russia produced poets as well as potashes. Russia has lately lost a poet of true genius, of whom his countrymen are proud, and do doubt have a right to be proud, for his poetry found its way at once to the heart of the nation: but how few there are amongst us who know any thing of Poushkin, unless it be his antimey and melancholy end?

The generation that has been so prolific of prose fiction in other parts of Europe, has not been barren in Russia. She boasts of men to whom she is grateful for having adorned her young literature with the creations of their genius, or who have made her history attractive with the allurements of faithful fiction, giving life, and flesh, and blood to its dry bones; and yet, gentle reader, learned or fair—or both fair and learned—whether sombre in small clothes, or brilliant in *bas-bleus*—how many could you have named a year ago of those names which are the pride and delight of a great European nation, with which we have had an intimate, friendly, and beneficial intercourse for three consecutive centuries, and whose capital has now for some years been easily accessible in ten days from our own?

Surely it is somewhat strange, that while Russia fills so large a space, not only on the map, but in the politics of the world—while the influence of her active mind, and of her powerful muscle, is felt and acknowledged in Europe, Asia, and America—that we, who come in contact with her diplomatic skill and her intelligence at every turn and in every quarter, should never have thought it worth while to take any note of her literature—of the more attractive movements of her mind.

The history, the ancient mythology, and the early Christian legends of Russia, are full of interest. We there encounter the same energetic and warlike people, who, from roving pirates of the Baltic sea, became the founders of dynasties, and who have furnished much of what is most romantic in the history of Europe. The Danes, who ravaged our coasts, and gave a race of princes to England; the Normans, from whom are descended our line of sovereigns, and many of our noble and ancient families—the Normans, who established themselves in Sicily; and the Warrhag, or Varangians, who made their leader, Rurik, a sovereign over the ancient Slavonic republic of Novorod, and gave their own distinctive appellation of Russ to the people and to the country they conquered, were all men of the same race, the same habits, and the same character. The daring spirit of maritime adventure, the love of war, and the thirst of plunder, which brought their barks to the coasts of Britain, and of France, was displayed with even greater boldness in Russia. After the death of Rurik, these pirates of the Baltic, under the regent Oleg, launching their galleys on the Borysthenes, forced the descent of the river against hostile tribes, defeated the armies of Byzantium, exercised their ancient craft on the Black sea and on the Bosphorus, and, entering Constantinople in triumph, extorted tribute and a treaty from the Keisar in his palace.

Then, after a time, came the introduction of the Christian religion and of letters; and the contests which terminated in the triumph of christianity over the ancient mythology, in which the milder deities of the Pantheon, with their attendant spirits of the woods, the streams

and the household hearth, would seem to have mingled with the fiercer Gods of the Valhalla. Then the frequent contests and the varying fortunes, of the principalities into which the country was divided—the invasion of the Tartar hordes, under the successors of Chenjez Khan, destroying every living thing, and completely making a desert of every populous place, that grass might more abound for their horses and their flocks—the long and weary domination of these desolating masters; the gradual relaxation of the iron gripe with which they crushed the country; the pomp and power of the Russian church, even in the worst times of Tartar oppression; the first gathering together of the nation's strength as its spirit revived; the first great effort to cast off the load under which its loins had been breaking for more than two centuries, and the desperate valour with which the Russians fought their first great battle for freedom and their faith, and shook the Tartar supremacy, under which the brave and skillful Dimitri, on the banks of the Don—the cautious wisdom and foresight with which he created an aristocracy to support the sovereignty he had made hereditary—the pertinacity with which, in every change of fortune, his successors worked out slowly, and more by superior intelligence than by prowess, the deliverance of their country—the final triumph of this wary policy, under the unwelcome, but consummately able and dexterous management of Ivan the Great—the rapidity and force with which the Muscovite power expanded, when it had worn out and cast off the Tartar fetters that had bound it—the cautious and successful attempts of Ivan to take from the first a high place among the sovereigns of Europe—the progress in the arts of civilized life which was made in his reign—the accession of the weight and authority which the sovereign power received from the prudent and dignified demeanor of his son and successor—the sanguinary tyranny with which Ivan IV., in the midst of the most revolting atrocities and debaucheries, broke down the power of the aristocracy, prostrated the energies of the nation, and paved the way for successive usurpations—the skillful and crafty policy, and the unscrupulous means by which Boris raised himself to the throne, after he had destroyed the last representatives of the direct line of Rurik, which, in all the vicissitudes of Russian fortune, had hitherto held the chief place in the nation—the taint of guilt which poisoned and polluted a mind otherwise powerful, and not without some virtues, and made him at length a suspicious and cruel tyrant, who, having alienated the good will of the nation, was unable to oppose the pretensions of an impostor, and swallowed poison to escape the tortures of an upbraiding conscience—the successful imposture of the monk who personated the Prince Dimitri, one of the victims of Boris' ambition, and who was slaughtered on the day of his nuptials at the foot of the throne, he had so strangely usurped, by an infuriated mob; not because he was known to be an impostor, but because he was accused of a leaning to the Latin church—the season of anarchy that succeeded and led to fresh impostures, and to the Polish domination—the servile submission of the Russian nobility to Sigismund, king of Poland, to whom they sold their country; the revival of patriotic feelings, almost as soon as the sacrifice had been made—the bold and determined opposition of the Russian church to the usurpation of a Latin prince; the persecutions, the hardships, the martyrdom it endured; the ultimate rising of the Muscovite people at its call—the sanguinary conflict in Moscow; the expulsion of the Poles; the election of Michael Romanoff, the first sovereign of his family and of the reigning dynasty—the whole history of the days of Catharine, and of Alexander, and even the less prominent reigns of intermediate sovereigns—are full of the interest and the incidents which are usually considered most available to the writers of historical romance.

When Ivan III., then twenty three years of age, mounted on the tributary throne of Muscovy in 1462, the power of the Tartars, who for nearly two centuries and a half domineered over Russia, had visibly declined. Tamerlane, at the head of fresh swarms from the deserts of Asia, had stricken the Golden Horde which still held Russia in subjection; and having pursued its sovereign, Ioktamish Khan, into the steppes of Kiptchak and Siberia, turned back almost from the gates of Moscow, to seek a richer plunder in Hindostan. Before the Golden Horde could recover from this blow, it was again attacked, defeated, and plundered, by the khan of the Crimea. Still the supremacy of the Tartar was undisputed at Moscow. The Muscovite prince advanced to the outer door of his palace to receive the ambassador of his master; spread costly furs under his horse's feet; knelt at his stirrup to hear the khan's orders read; presented a cup of kimmis to the Tartar representative, and licked off the drops that fell upon the mane of his horse.

But daring nearly a century and a half, the Muscovite princes had laboured successfully to consolidate their own authority, and to unite the nation against its oppressors. The principle of hereditary succession to the dependent throne had been firmly established in the feelings of the people; the ties of country, kindred, and language, and still more the bonds of a common religion, had united the discordant principalities into which the country was still divided, by a sentiment of nationality and of hatred against the Tartars, which made them capable of combining against their Mahomedan masters.

Ivan's first acts were acts of submission. They were perhaps intended to tranquillize the suspicions with which the first movements of a young prince are certain to be regarded by a jealous superior; and this purpose the effectually served. Without courage or talent for war,

his powerful and subtle mind sought to accomplish its objects by intellectual superiority and by craft, rather than by force. Warned by the errors of his predecessors, he did not dispute the right of the Tartars to the tribute, but evaded its payment; and yet contrived to preserve the confidence of the khan by bribing his ministers, and his family, and by a ready performance of the most humiliating acts of personal submission. His conduct towards all his enemies—that is, towards all his neighbours—was dictated by a similar policy; he admitted their rights, but he took every safe opportunity to disregard them. So far did he carry the semblance of submission, that the Muscovites were for some years disgusted with the slavish spirit of their prince. His lofty ambition was concealed by rare prudence, caution, and sustained by remarkable firmness and pertinacity of purpose. He never took a step in advance from which he was forced to recede. He had the art to combine with many of his enemies against one, and thus overthrew them all in succession. It was by such means that he cast off the Tartar yoke—curbed the power of Poland—humbled that of Lithuania, subdued Novgorod, Tver, Pskoff, Kazan, and Viatka—reannexed Veira, Ouglitich, Rezan, and other appanages to the crown, and added nearly twenty thousand square miles with four millions of subjects to his dominions. He framed a code of laws—improved the condition of his army—established a police in every part of his empire—protected and extended commerce—supported the church but kept it in subjection to himself; but was at all times arbitrary, often unjust and cruel, and throughout his whole life, quite unscrupulous as to the means he employed to compass his ends.

One of the most successful strokes of his policy, was his marriage with Sophia, daughter of the Emperor Paleologos, who had been driven from Constantinople by the Turks. This alliance, which he sought with great assiduity, not only added to the dignity of his government at home, but opened the way for an intercourse on equal terms with the greatest princes of Europe. It was Sophia that dissuaded him from submitting to the degrading ceremonial which had been observed on receiving the Tartar ambassadors at Moscow—and to her he probably owed the feelings of personal dignity which he evinced in the latter part of his reign. It was this alliance that at once placed the sovereigns of Russia at the head of the whole Greek church; whose dignitaries, driven from the stately dome of St. Sophia in Byzantium, found shelter in the humbler temples raised by the piety of their predecessors, some ages before, in the wilds of Moscow, and more than repaid the hospitality they had received by diffusing a love of learning amongst a barbarous people. It was by means of the Greeks who followed Sophia, that Ivan was enabled to obtain a diplomatic intercourse with the other governments of Europe; it was from her that Russia received her imperial emblem, the double headed eagle; it was in her train that science, taste, and refinement, penetrated to Moscow; it was at her instigation that Ivan embellished his capital with the beauties of architecture, and encouraged men of science, and amongst them Antonio, "the heretic," and Fioraventi Aristotle, the architect and mechanician, to settle at Moscow.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

BABEL.

It rose amidst the spacious plain  
In solitary pride;  
Beneath it, like a billowy main,  
The city's roofs lay wide;  
It was a wonder in the earth,  
From whence the fabric took its birth.

The gazer's upward glancing eye  
O'er ridged galleries went  
Still up and up, till with the sky  
Its roofless height seemed blent,  
And the thick columned balustrade  
Seemed dwindled to a bonnet's blade.

And he who scal'd that height might hear  
The city's distant hum,  
Dying upon the atmosphere,  
Till all around was dumb—  
Then start at his own lonely breath,  
So much it seem'd the realm of death.

The rushing eagle deemed that tower  
Only a darker cloud,  
And borne on wing of fatal power  
Against its summit proud,  
With sudden shriek and shock was hurl'd  
Down lifeless to the distant world.

And tower on tower, and pile on pile  
The monstrous building grew,  
Still vainly rising towards the smile  
Of heav'n's celestial blue—  
Or 'midst the tempest and the storm  
Rearing unscath'd its giant form.

How swell'd the builders' heart with pride  
To see that tower of might—  
"We will not ask for wings," they cried,  
"Towards heaven to take our flight;  
Some stories more, a little time,  
By our own tower, its walls we'll climb."

Vain hope! vain heart! the lightning came,  
And wrapt the building round—  
God sent his messenger of flame  
To smite it to the ground:  
And a great nation's impious trust  
At once was levell'd with the dust.

Are not there builders even now  
Like those on Shinar's plain;  
Do they not heavenward strive to go  
By paths as false and vain?  
How many in their wayward will  
Are building other Babels still

And bitter must the anguish be  
When that dread hour shall come—  
When each with sudden thrill shall see  
How high, how pure the dome  
Of heaven is o'er them, whilst the clay  
Of their poor works all melts away.

There is a higher, holier path  
Unto that blessed realm;  
Nor mortal foe nor fiendish wrath  
Its track shall overwhelm;  
He who was slain, did he not say,  
"I am the Life, the Truth, the Way?"

MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Provincial Legislature.

Extracts from the Journals.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY, March 5.

Read a third time as engrossed, a bill for the division of the county of Carleton into two counties, and to provide for the Government and Representation of the new county. Resolved, That the Bill do pass.

Read a third time as engrossed, a bill in amendment of and in addition to the acts relating to the establishment of a Legal Tender in all payments to be made in this Province. Resolved, That the bill do pass.

Extracts from the Report of the Committee appointed to take into consideration Ways and Means for raising a Revenue in this Province: SPECIFIC.

Apples, per bushel,	£0 0 6
Brandy, per gallon,	0 2 3
All other spirits and cordials, per gallon,	0 1 6
Clocks, or Clock cases, of all kinds,	1 5 0 each
Coffee per pound,	0 0 0½
Cows and cattle under three years old,	0 10 0 each
Fruit [dried] per hundred weight	0 5 0
Horses, Mares and Geldings,	3 0 0 each
Malt liquors of every description, whether in bottle or otherwise, per Gallon,	0 0 3
Oxen and other Neat Cattle, three years old and upwards,	1 0 0 each
Sugar, refined, in leaves per lb.	0 0 1
Sugar, refined, crushed, per hundred weight,	0 5 0
Sugar of all kinds, except refined and crushed, per hundred weight,	0 2 6
Tea, per pound,	0 0 1
Wine, per gallon,	0 2 3

AD-VALOREM.

Agricultural Implements, except Scythes, Sickles and Reaping hooks,	15 per cent.
Bricks and Tiles,	10 per cent.
Boots, shoes, and other Leather manufactures,	10 per cent.
Chairs, and prepared parts of or for chairs,	20 per cent.
Clock wheels, machinery and materials for clocks,	25 per cent.
Household Furniture, except the property of passengers and emigrants not intended for sale,	15 per cent.
Iron castings, except such articles as are usually designated hollow ware,	10 per cent.
Looking Glasses, and Looking Glass Plates, silvered,	15 per cent.
Looking Glass Plates, unsilvered, and Frames,	10 per cent.
Nails, cut,	10 per cent.
Wooden Ware of all kinds,	20 per cent.

The Committee then adopted the following Resolution:—"Resolved, As the opinion of this Committee, That a Duty of Four Pounds value of all Goods and otherwise charged with Duty, and being such as are not included in the Table of Exemptions."

The following Resolution was then moved, embracing a list of the articles which should be brought in free of Duty:—"Resolved, As the opinion of this Committee, that the following articles be exempt from duty:—"

EXEMPTIONS.

Anchors, ashes, baggage and apparel not intended for sale, barilla, books and pamphlets, printed, burr stones, butter, coin, bullion and diamonds, cordage and oakum, chain cables and other iron chains for ships' use, carriages of travellers not intended for sale, coals, cocoa, copper in sheets, bars, or bolts, for ship building, composition nails and spikes, for ship building, corn and grain, unground, of all kinds, cotton wool and warp, canvass,—see sail cloth,—coal tar, dog stones, dye wood,—see wood,—duck,—see sail cloth,—eggs, fish of all kinds, fruit and vegetables, fresh, except apples,—felt, fishing craft's utensils, Instruments and bait, furniture, working tools and implements, the property of emigrants, not intended for sale, flour and meal of all kinds, gypsum, ground or unground, hemp, flax and tow, horns, horse hair, hydraulic engines, hides, green & salted, iron, in bolts, bars, plates, sheet and pig iron, lentils, lines and twines for the fisheries, lumber,—see wood, manures of all kinds, mahogany logs, boards and veneers,—see wood, mill saws, mineral salt, mathematical instruments, and philosophical and chemical apparatus, meat, salted and cured, maps and charts, molasses, nets, fishing nets and seines, oil, blubber, fins and skins, the produce of fish and creatures living in the sea, the returns of vessels fitted out in this province for fishing voyages, onions,—see fruit and vegetables, ores of all kinds, pitch, plants, shrubs and trees, poultry of all kinds.