

the ordinary. An embroidered vest, scarlet worsted or black silk cravat, plated hat with scarlet ribbons streaming wide, and shoes, mark the difference.

The marriage ceremony being performed in chapel, the party returns home, where the table is spread with cakes and a large pot of soup. The manner of making this soup is not intricate;—first there is a layer of salt pork, next comes one of fish, then filled up with sives, potatoes, onions, wheat, pimento, corn, pepper and water. If there be not chairs—and it seldom happens that there is—and benches sufficient, the females sit down on the floor, somewhat like a tailor on his board, or rather a manner between the tailor's position and that of the dairy maid whilst milking her cow.—And here is to be observed, perhaps, the most chaste and contented people on the face of this globe;—for the luxuries indulged in by others they have but little taste. Content with the customs of their forefathers, their leisure hours are spent in social chit chats in groups including the aged and youth, and in dancing or amusing plays—a happiness surrounds them that many in the gay world of folly and fashion outwardly seem to scorn, but inwardly sigh to obtain. The wife feels herself wholly at her husband's will in all matters which do not infringe upon her religious duties—will toil unceasingly and perform all the drudgeries with cheer, and it is a rare case to hear of severity being practised by the husband. We may not, however, ascribe this wholly to the natural inclination of his mind, but more particularly to the councils of their priests—who being men of refined taste, set their faces against all rashness and undue coercive measures. Averse to straying from the footsteps of their ancestors, they have made but little improvements in agriculture or mechanism. They have no regular hours for eating or sleeping further than their wants for the time being may dictate.—Their food is simple—pork soup being the favourite dish, or rather pot, around which all assemble, and each dips for himself with a spoon until sufficed or the pot be emptied. In retiring to bed they do not disrobe. The females are all industry, whilst the males idle away their hours with a short tobacco pipe in their mouth, perched between the canine and incisor; which from constant application of the pipe, appear as if filed for warlike purposes. Whether lying at the fireside, or riding about the settlements, on horseback or in waggons, this filthy accompaniment is ever conspicuous. They, however, attend strictly to their religious

exercises. There are a few exceptions to the general rule, for now and then we find a man rising above the common standard, very industrious and shunning the pipe. The majority are semi-temperate and respectful, yet most are fond of a cup of the *poisonous stuff*; and some few who have been long employed in the English settlements and learned a smattering of English words, with all the evil, and but few of the good qualities of their associates or employers, turn their new acquirements to a bad use. Their language differs widely from that spoken in France at the present day; by a long absence and non-intercourse with that country, they have digressed vastly in the pronunciation of words, whilst many have been ushered into the vocabulary, unknown in that country. Few are to be found who can read, notwithstanding the indefatigable exertions of their priests, who are a happy selection, holding them more within the bounds of virtue and moderation than probably any other people collectively known. As to writing, the following may not be an inapt illustration:

An Acadian living at the distance of ten miles, owed a trader twenty pounds of pork—an Indian had some wares to dispose of and wanted pork in payment, he had to pass the house of the Acadian on return to his camp, and the trader offered him an order to receive the pork; the Indian replied that he could not read the paper—the trader bid him get a man in the settlement to read it for him, whereupon the Indian commenced feeling over his pockets, and at length said he had lost a grain of powder the week before on the trader's sand beach, and must seek it. The trader took the hint, and weighed out the pork. Such is the difference of fashion—education and habit in this our Province of New-Brunswick, between what we meet with at Fontaineville and other French settlements on the eastern shore, and what we see in our more costly decorated and less happy towns.

Celestin Beausoleil was born at the island of Arichat, in the Province of Nova-Scotia, and led a sea faring life in his early days. His modest and upright demeanour attracted the attention of the late Duke of Kent, whilst in Halifax, N. S., and he was employed on missions by that noble Prince; who caused him to be instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic and navigation—for which Celestin ever after spoke with the utmost gratitude. Shortly after the departure of the Prince, Celestin removed to Fontaineville, and became, as it were, the father of the village. To do good, and avoid of