

"The French are true Musselmen — not long since they marched to Rome and overthrew the Pope, who excited Christians against Islamism (Mahometanism.)" He returns home, establishes popery, and at a solemn mass held on the occasion, in the face of that world who knew of his pretending to be a Mussulman, he takes the sacrament of the Lord's supper, as by CHRIST ordained, according to the rituals of the Church of Rome. — Infamous, abominable blasphemy!!

After this authentic detail, are we justified in casting off all confidence in such a man's professions? Or will our Executive be justified in reposing any confidence in them?

The following paper was actually written in France, in the year 1790, and brought to this Country the year following. It is in some instances a curious prediction of the consequences of the Revolution.

Testament d'un Pere Capucin.

Je donne ma tonsure au Roi pour lui faire une couronne.

Je donne mon Manteau au Duc d'Orléans pour se cacher.

Mon cordon au côté gauche de l'Assemblée.

Mon bréviaire à l'Evêque d'Autun.

Mes sermons à l'Abbé Grégoire, à condition qu'il les débitera lui-même.

Ma barbe à Mr. Camus pour lui servir de perruque, à condition qu'il portera une calotte de plomb.

Mes sandales à la noblesse pour qu'elle n'aille pas pieds nus.

Mon bâton au Clerge' pour aller demander l'aumône.

Et je laisse ma besace à toute la France.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Mr. Scillon,

In the present Posture of Affairs, the following lines may not perhaps be found unworthy a place in your Register.

Silvest. is.

FACTION be dumb, and party cease to roar,
Sedition creep, and discord rage no more!
Rise Britons! rise, assert your Country's right,
Maintain your honor, with your father's might!
Bound by no treaties, by no Laws confin'd,
See France prepares her chains for all mankind;
With treach'rous skill, the deep design is laid,
And art exhausted e'er her troops invade.

But Britain's, Statesmen from their sleep supine
By heav'n awakened, feel the fir-divine;
And while to arms she calls her naval Sons,
Thro' all her fleets the noble ardor runs.
Exulting rises each intrepid tar,
And each bold breast anticipates the war.

Keith! Smith! Gard'ner! urg'd by Britain's call,
Stand forth in thunders; should imperious Gaul,
Eager to grasp the empire of the main,
In latent treach'ry arm her faithless train:
Vincent! Briarport! who noblest deeds have done,
Go, and assert the honor you have won.
And tho', great Nelson! arm'd with terrors, go,
Defend thy Country and chastise the foe.

France, with dismay your dreaded names shall hear,
And e'en her Consul chief submit to fear.

May 21st, 1803.

Sir,

If you can find room in your next number to insert the following verses, translated from the Gaelic, you will give great satisfaction to many of your subscribers, and altho' the readers of the Register may not be inclined to ascribe much poetical merit to the illiterate Highlandman who composed the original, or to his translator, they will be much gratified in knowing, that the kindness bestowed on the poor Caledonians by the Ladies and Gentlemen here, and at Montreal has made a deep and lasting impression on their hearts.

1.

In silent joy at first we stand,
The sailors think the harbour nigh,
But seeing now the expected land
Our spirits droop, we faintly cry;
"Lo! yonder lies the gloomy coast,
"Alas for Caledonia lost."

2.

Our youthful pleasures all bewail;
Sad fancy paints them o'er again,
The revels in the mossy vale,
The berry parties in the glen,
The noisy meetings at the fair,
The Maiden feasts that banish care.

3.

"When sent the dreary fold to watch,
"Amidst the heath or yellow broom,