



C.W. Torbett del: et Fecit

PROVINCE HOUSE, HALIFAX. N.S.

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No. III.

PROVINCE HOUSE.

THE plate presents a view of the Province House. The first stone of this beautiful structure was laid on the 12th August, 1811; during the administration of Lieutenant General Sir George Provost. At this early period of the history of Nova-Scotia, this undertaking was thought by many, to be far too great for the limited state of the Provincial Revenue; but its utility and convenience have been found to make full amends for the outlay. It is placed in the most central part of the town, on the scite where formerly stood the Government House; facing Hollis-street to the East. It is surrounded by a neat Iron railing. The green plats at the ends and the open space in front, are ornamented with young trees, which give it an airy and healthy appearance. The principal entrance is to the East, over which is a pediment, bearing the British Arms cut in free stone, supported by six round pillars, of the Ionic order.

The back entrance is from Granville-street, on to the second floor of the building. Its length is 140 feet, and breadth 70 feet. The principal suite of rooms are on the first floor, and are appropriated to the following offices, namely—Provincial Secretary's, Treasurer's, Surveyor General's, Excise Office, Porthonotary of the Supreme Court and Registrar of the Court of Chancery. On the second floor at the South end, is the Council Chamber, an elegant oblong room, 64 feet by 32; beautifully ornamented with stucco work, with a vaulted ceiling, and containing the portraits of His late Majesty and his Queen, King George the second and Queen Caroline, Chief Justice Strange, and our present worthy and respected Chief Justice, the Honorable S. S. Blowers. At the North end is a room of the same dimensions, for the setting of the Provincial Assembly. The other rooms on this floor are used as Committee rooms, for the convenience of the members of both branches of the Legislature, and for robing rooms for the Judges and Barristers of the Supreme Court. On the third floor is the entrance to the lobby of the House of Assembly, the Law Library, and two rooms yet unappropriated.

It was completed in the year 1818, and cost £52,000.

The names of the Commissioners appointed by the Act of the Legislature to conduct and superintend the erection of this building, were George Grassie, Winckworth Allan, and John Merrick, Esquires. The Architect was Richard Scott, Esquire.

An uniformity and neatness pervades the outside of the building, and it is said by strangers, in correctness of proportion, to exceed any edifice in America. It forms a beautiful model of Architecture for future imitation. The quality of the stone, which was procured at Ramsheg, in the County of Cumberland, and the excellence of the work will, we trust, ensure its durability for ages.

VOL. I.

To the Editor of the Acadian Magazine.

SIR,

The following verses I have retained in my memory from my earliest years; but who the author is, or when I first saw them, is more than I can now remember. They seem to possess a considerable degree of poetical merit—the language is bold and nervous, and the descrip-

tions well colored and expressive. This much I judge it necessary to premise, in case the mean crime of plagiarism might be laid to my charge:—

Yours,

JOHN TEMPLEDON.
Knoydart, Gulf Shore, 1826.

The red torrent rush'd through the rush-border'd woodland,
And dash'd its wild waves through the green waving broom;
While o'er the dun skirts of the brown bosom'd moorland,
The full rising moon the low vales did illumine.

The love star was kissing the rill's glossy bosom,
The fairies were footing the wild daisies blossom,
Or soft on the drooping harebells reposed 'em,
And blew their green bugles aloud to the gale.

The smoke of the cottage hung blue o'er the fountain—
The night brooding fast dipt its wings in the stream;
The light skirted mist roll'd its folds o'er the mountain,
Or caught with its grey wings the moon's rippling beam.

Why starts on the low heath the dapple winged plover?
Or wide on its skirts does the red falcon hover?
Or why on the heath walks the sad musing lover?
And sighs some soft strain to the praise of his maid.

Now by yon green hawthorn he waits for his maiden,
And thinks every breeze is his light footed fair—
The bleak midnight blast sighed past heavy laden,
And chilly it wafled his notes of despair.

Ah! me ye wild winds do you sigh for my Mary,
Or bear on your dark wings the thought-footed fairy—
Thou, dull slumbering earth, Oh! give me my deary;
Her looks will illumine my sorrowful soul.

How pale is that cheek where the roses were springing,
No more that wan eye in its love darts a winging,
No more that weak hand your golden locks flinging,
To play on the beams of the western star.

* * * * *

THE GRAVE OF ELLEN.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Oh! stranger, if by worldly views,
Thy heart is dead to Love's control—
If feeling never nursed with dews,
The rose of passion in thy soul,

Turn from this grave thy sullen tread,
For this is pity's holiest shrine—
The lilies that surround the dead,
Would blush at such a touch as thine.

But if thy heart with ardor warm,
Beats to the thrilling glance of beauty,
If thou hast knelt to woman's charm,
With all of love's delightful duty,

Then pause, if love awakes your sighs,
For love and pity seldom sever—
Behold the grave where beauty lies,
Where Ellen sleeps—alas! for ever.

With ruddy looks the morn had sigh'd
Delighted o'er the roses bloom,
But sorrow came with withering stride,
And swept its beauty to the tomb.

Cold, cold, amid the western wave,
Thy lover found an icy pillow,

Knoydart, Gulf Shore, 1826.

No stone to mark his lonely grave,
No death shroud but the waving billow.

Stranger! if love awakes your sighs,
For love and pity seldom sever—
Pause where the rose of beauty lies,
Where Ellen sleeps—alas! for ever.

JOHN TEMPLEDON.

RETROSPECTIVE.

(Continued from page 48.)

“Poverty and oppression are great enemies to industry. Both produce nearly the same effect. When a body of people are in a state of great poverty, finding their efforts to better their situation prove of little avail, they sink into indolence and laziness, and at last yielding to necessity, live from day to day regardless of futurity. The same disposition they leave as an inheritance upon their children.—When any number of people are in such a situation, the nursing hand of the state should be held out to them, and the means of remedying the evil laid before them, and put within their reach.—Industry is the riches of a state, but idleness is as a moth in a garment. The Highlanders of Scotland are in the condition now described with the means of becoming rich, comfortable and happy, at their own doors—at the doors of their native homes. They have fish in abundance and an uncultivated country,—the soil of which though not very fertile in many parts is capable by labour, of becoming advantageous. The valleys in the Highlands of Scotland are as rich land as any in Europe. Nothing is wanting but the smiles of government, and the exertions of persons of property; whose patriotism would be amply rewarded. Oppression drives many people from Ireland. There the farms are too large. The landholders, who are gentlemen of large property, rack the tenant for money which they immediately fly to England to spend. The tenant who frequently obtains an ascendancy over his landlord, by advancing money

before his rent becomes due, oppresses the poor labourer and cottager, and does not allow them to enjoy the fruits of their labour; therefore they leave their own country in great numbers. The streets of London abound with them, where they are often engaged in the most laborious employments; which is no proof of their disposition to idleness. In America the Irish are to be found in very great numbers. In our new settlements and fisheries, there are many more Irish than of any other country.

“Clanship, which is a semblance of the patriarchal state, prevents emigration taking place, so much in the Highlands of Scotland tied to their chieftain; naturally proud, and all cousins to the head of the clan, they think labour dishonourable for a gentleman, and therefore leave it for plebeians, who are incapable of higher pursuits. From a long train of ancestors they have established their claim by British right, to idleness; therefore have little of the spirit of enterprise.

“In Ireland, if the landlord spent more of his time and money at home, divided his lands into small farms, and permitted the poor to enjoy those comforts, which the toil and sweat of their brows entitle them to, he would live in greater splendour and riches, the country would retain its inhabitants, the King would not lose his subjects, and all would live in comfortable plenty and happiness.

“In the Highlands of Scotland, a proper attention to their fisheries would obviate every inconvenience

they labour under. The fisheries of the Republic of Holland, more than their manufactures or spirit of enterprize, gave them existence; and their plodding industry, hard labour, and parsimony, preserve their rank in Europe. But by their mad politics they have reduced themselves to a very contemptible state, their original hardy vigor has in a great measure deserted them, and can only be found amongst the fishermen.

“While ministry continue mad after forming new settlements, Great Britain cannot be said to be unshackled from America. The heavy chain which we have dragged so long is broken; but we are still busied in manufacturing new links at a great national expense. The Island of Cape Breton has cost government by real and fictitious expenditures, more than the produce of all the cleared land on it would amount to in 20 years. I do not pretend to understand the plans of government in their new settlements. Perhaps they may be judicious after a very mature, dispassionate, and disinterested consideration. With deference, I presume to give my opinion, and candidly narrate facts; and, if Ministry had been furnished with a full, true, and impartial account of America, I should not have presumed to give, and perhaps not even ventured to have formed an opinion on the subject. But convinced as I am, that the truth has not yet reached their ears, the duty I owe my king and country, and the claim my own honour and integrity have upon me, require that I should not be silent. I receive the pay of government, am no American, therefore cannot be ungrateful, but with unreserved confidence, unbosom myself, nor is it in my power to conceal or disguise my sentiments, upon matters, which appear to me, of consequence to the public.

TRAVELLING IN AMERICA.

“From the badness of the roads and carriages, which are rarely to be procured, even from one town to an-

other, travelling is attended with much inconvenience and trouble. The appearance of the natives on the road is truly ludicrous. Their carriages, which they are very ambitious to have, particularly the New England people, are not very elegant, nor of the newest fashion. The coachman and postilion, for the most part sons and brothers, or near relations of the family, are frequently in their office, without hat, shoes, or stockings; and their small clothes are rarely well calculated to dispute the passage of wind or water, or any other the abdominal contents occasionally soliciting a discharge. The stirrups and harness are oftener of ropes than leather. In the disposition of the horses, they discover a variety in taste; some drive them abreast, others think they appear more stately in Indian file. In pairing their horses they pay little regard to colour; a white and black, bay and grey, often shoulder each other in the harness. Their coaches and chaises answer many useful purposes, not known in other countries. They serve to carry the butter, cheese, eggs, poultry, pigs, lambs, and calves to market; and are oftener employed in that service, than on any other business. The family have no objection to admit, as companions to town, as many geese, pigs, calves, eggs, or boxes of butter, as the coach will contain; a carriage rarely makes its appearance on the road, without a *goose, swine, or calf* in its inside. In their carriage of goods, &c. they derive many great advantages from their navigable rivers, which delightfully intersect their country, and excel every other part of the world, both in number and beauty. If travelling be troublesome, and very inconvenient, from the badness of the roads and carriages, the Inns make no amends; and contribute little to the comfort of the passenger. They are not so good as the common ale-houses in England; and afford very sorry lodging and entertainment. The shop-keeper and

Republican mix and rank with the first people in the country; having in many parts of America the first rank. They are too proud to be solicitous to please their customers and guests. Their conduct bears rather the appearance of conferring than of receiving favors. The landlord makes himself a companion for his guests, whom he teazes to death by a multiplicity of impertinent questions.

AGRICULTURE.

"In their knowledge of agriculture, they are a century behind England; and at the distance of not less than half a century from any part of Europe. The vast tracts of uncultivated country will, for a long period of time, prevent their arriving at any tolerable knowledge of agriculture. In place of manuring, cultivating, and improving the cleared lands, they fly to the woods, and bestow more labour, and are at much greater expense in repairing new land, than would have been requisite to have produced triple the profit from lands already cleared. Thus however they choose to go on, and subject themselves to unnecessary additional toil. For hard labour they must lay their account, as from the bowels of the earth they can only produce their living.

MANUFACTURES, &c.

"In manufactures, their public attempts do not merit notice. Their progress for centuries to come will be very insignificant; and if they study their own interest, they will leave manufactures to countries where they are brought to perfection; and confine their attention to the cultivation of lands. While Europe is advancing in improvements, many years must elapse, before manufactures in America (supposing they form a beginning) arrive at the perfection of the present state in Europe. No country at the distance of half a century in improvements, can ever overtake the other, while there is scope for improvement; without the

intervention of some foreign causes. The want of capital, inconveniency of harbours, the necessity of commodious and extensive warehouses, and the extremities of heat and cold, high price of labour, inferiority of artificers, the roving unsettled disposition of the people, their strong propensity to spiritous-liquors, the subordination which would prevail amongst mechanics, to which they will not submit, the extent of country which furnishes means to gratify that unbounded desire for personal independency, the want of a market for manufactures of so inferior a quality, must chill every attempt to introduce manufactures in America. Their fisheries from the want of places to cure their fish contiguous to where they were caught, and from many other difficulties they have to encounter, are rapidly on the decline. The Kentucket people, the principal whalers in America, finding they cannot continue that employment while they live in the States, are attempting to become settlers under the British government; not from any attachment to the country or disposition to become loyal subjects, but to share the bounty and avoid the duty upon oil, of which there is a greater consumption in England, particularly in London, than in all the other parts of Europe. Tobacco is a principal article of American commerce, which by some regulations may be rendered less beneficial to them; it will grow in Great Britain, but whether there is sun enough to ripen it, a few experiments will evince. If it succeed it will merit encouragement, and practice will reduce the expense. London is the market for tobacco of the first quality; if therefore the duty be lessened upon these articles, imported in English bottoms, and greatly increased, when brought in foreign vessels, the American carrying trade to Europe would be greatly affected; and England would be much benefitted by such a regulation. An English house established and well supported in Norfolk, would command the principal and most valuable part of the tobacco trade.

“It has been an opinion generally received, that the loss of America would be seconded by the ruin of our trade, and downfall of our manufactures; time however, has proved the erroneousness of that opinion. We carry on at present a very extensive commerce, and keep all our manufacturers and mechanics in full employment. When we were virtually at war with all the naval powers in Europe, new sources of trade were then opened to us daily. By means of neutral bottoms, the Americans themselves were supplied with English manufactures. We indubitably can do without them; though they cannot do without us. It was natural to a generous and intelligent person to suppose, that the latent seeds of attachment to a country where the same language, religion, manners and customs, prevailed, would have secured to England the first rank amongst favourite nations; which cer-

tainly would have been the case, had they possessed either religion, manners, gratitude or sound policy. Destitute of these qualities, they subject English vessels trading to America, to higher duties than any other nation. They have for many years bullied and made a dupe of England, guided by its national tenderness and forbearance, and are still willing to continue the practice; but gentleness and forbearance will never reclaim a rebellious spirit. They judge of others by themselves, and conceive every indulgence to arise from timidity, inability, or selfishness. A steady resolution to attend to our own interest will convince them that we have opened our eyes, and found it out at last, such conduct will bring them to their senses; and while we dance and sing, experience will leave them no reason to doubt that they must now pay the piper.

To be continued.

SKETCHES OF NEW-BRUNSWICK;

Containing an Account of the First Settlement of the Province, with a Brief Description of the Country, Climate, Productions, Inhabitants, Government, Rivers, Towns, Settlements, Public Institutions, Trade, Revenue, Population, &c. By an Inhabitant of the Province. St. John. 1825.

WE perused this little volume with an uncommon degree of interest, and are desirous of giving preference to any thing of a colonial nature. It requires much talent, combined with great industry, to compile a correct account of a young country, where few written memorials can be procured; and where little else than memory, and the observation of the writer, can be resorted to for information.

To view the changes of these young countries, which about half a century since were sunk in a dark and gloomy state of ignorance and idolatry, now rapidly advancing in literature, and establishing schools and colleges, to look back upon them, once a dreary wilderness, and now bursting forth into agricultural improvement and commercial enterprize, must be both instructive and entertaining to the reader of this work; and afford gratification to all who are interested in the prosperity of the colonies. The merits of the author in choosing this subject for the exercise of his pen, deserve our highest approbation. Authentic local details are in every respect worthy of our attention; and deserve the encouragement of men of letters. They effectually preserve the memorials of the progress of our early civilization; and serve to aid the researches of the future historian. From what we know of New-Brunswick, we believe this volume contains useful and correct information. We regret our author relinquished his first design of extending his researches to a geographical account of the province. Something of the

and is much wanted there, as well as in our own province ; and we should be happy to see it undertaken by a writer, whom we think fully competent to the task.

We recommend this volume to our readers ; and think it in every respect worthy of their perusal. It is written in an easy style, which mark the scholar and man of judgment. The arrangement is good. It is divided into six chapters, each preceded by a short description of the matter contained in it ; and those chapters again divided into sections. The limits of our columns will not permit us to make protracted extracts ; and the climate, soil, and productions of New-Brunswick, are so nearly similar to our own, that many passages contained in this work would be applicable here. We shall therefore endeavour to select such parts as are peculiar to our sister colony. In the first chapter our author states the first grant of Nova-Scotia, in which New-Brunswick was then included, to have been made to Sir William Alexander, in 1621. The first settlers were from France, as early as the year 1604 ; who came to this country with De Mont, a French adventurer. It frequently changed masters, passing from the French to the English, and back again ; till it was finally ceded to the British in 1713. In 1760 a number of persons from the county of Essex, in Massachusetts, settled at Maugerville. In 1775 they were joined by a number of other families from New England. In the year 1785 the present limits of New-Brunswick were divided from Nova-Scotia, and a separate charter of a constitution was granted to the province under Governor Carleton.

“ From this period the province slowly improved in agriculture, ship building, and the exportation of masts, spars, &c. to Great-Britain, and fish, staves, shingles, hoop poles, and sawed lumber to the West Indies. Receiving in return coarse woolens and other articles from England ; and rum, sugar, molasses, and other produce from the West Indies.—A town was built at the mouth of the River Saint John, and another at St. Ann’s point, called Fredericton, where part of two regiments were stationed till the French revolution.—Barracks and other public works were erected in different places, and the upper part of the country settled by establishing two military posts in the interior, one at the Presque-Isle, eighty miles above Fredericton, and another at the Grand Falls, fifty-two miles farther up. But the difficulties to which the first settlers were exposed continued for a long time almost insurmountable. Having been reared in a pleasant country, abounding in all the comforts of life, they found themselves suddenly transplanted to a wilderness with a rigorous climate, devoid of almost every thing that could make life tolerable.—On their arrival they found a few hovels where Saint John is now built, the adjacent country exhibiting a most desolate aspect ; which was peculiarly discouraging to people who had just left their homes in the beautiful and cultivated parts of the United States. Up the River Saint John the country appeared better, and a few cultivated spots were found occupied by old settlers. At St. Ann’s, where Fredericton was afterwards built, a few scattered huts of French were found ; the country all around being a continued wilderness—uninhabited and untrodden, except by the savage and wild animals ; and scarcely had these firm friends of their country began to construct their cabins, when they were surprised by the rigors of an untried climate ; their habitations being enveloped in snow before they were tenable. The climate at that period (from what cause has not yet been satisfactorily ascertained) being far more severe than at present. They were frequently put to the greatest

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straits for food and clothing to preserve existence ; a few roots were all that tender mothers could at times procure to allay the importunate calls of their children for food.—Sir Guy Carleton had ordered them provisions for the first year at the expense of government ; but as the country was not much cultivated at that time, food could scarcely be procured on any terms. Frequently had these settlers to go from fifty to one hundred miles with hand sleds or toboggans through wild woods or on the ice to procure a precarious supply for their famishing families. The privations and sufferings of some of these people almost exceed belief. The want of food and clothing in a wild, cold country, was not easily dispensed with or soon remedied. Frequently in the piercing cold of winter a part of the family had to remain up during the night to keep fire in their huts to prevent the other part from freezing. Some very destitute families made use of boards to supply the want of bedding : the father or some of the elder children remaining up by turns, and warming two suitable pieces of boards, which they applied alternately to the smaller children to keep them warm ; with many similar expedients.

“Some readers looking only at the present state of the country may smile at this account as wildly exaggerated, and may suppose that the skins of the moose and other wild animals would have been a far better substitute for bedding. But I have received the account of the above facts, with many other expedients which were at that time adopted by the settlers, from persons of undoubted veracity, and who had been eye witnesses of what they related.—It is, however, needless to enlarge upon the hardships they endured, as most of the sufferers are now no more. Some indeed were discouraged and left the country ; but most of those who remained had the pleasure of seeing the country improved and their families comfortably settled. Many of those loyalists were in the prime of life when they came to this country ; and most of them had young families. To establish these they wore out their lives in toil and poverty, and by their unremitting exertions subdued the wilderness, and covered the face of the country with habitations, villages and towns.

“I have not noticed these circumstances as if they were peculiar to the settlers of New-Brunswick ; but to hold up to the descendants of those sufferers the hardships endured by their parents ; and to place in a striking point of view, the many comforts they possess by the suffering, perseverance, and industry of their fathers. All new settlements formed at a great distance from the parent state, are exposed to difficulties, till the country becomes improved. Many of the Colonies in North America, when first settled, were more than once on the point of total extinction. The remnant of the inhabitants of some of them were even embarked to abandon the country altogether, when they were stopped by succour from home. The remembrance of the difficulties of the first settlers should make their descendants contented with their present advantages, and instead of wishing to change, to use their own exertions to improve the country, and duly to appreciate the many blessings and privileges they enjoy.”

This chapter is concluded with a list of successive Governors and Presidents, from 1803 to 1825.

The second chapter treats of the situation, extent, boundaries, face of the country, soil, animals, mineral and vegetable productions, inhabitants, religion and government.

“New-Brunswick is situated between the forty-fifth and forty-ninth degrees of North latitude, and between the sixty-fourth and sixty-eighth degrees of West longitude. It is nearly 200 miles in length, and 180 in breadth, containing about twenty-two thousand square miles of land and water. It is bounded on the north by the river St. Lawrence and Canada,

on the west by the State of Maine, on the south and south-east by the Bay of Fundy and Nova-Scotia, and on the east by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay Verte. It is divided into eight counties, viz. St. John, Westmorland, King's, Queen's, Charlotte, York, Sunbury, and Northumberland, which are again divided into parishes, according to their extent, and will be described when I come to treat of the counties separately.

"This Province is watered with several fine rivers which lay open the inmost recesses of the country, and are of the utmost advantage to the inhabitants in transporting the products of the forests to the seaports, as their chief trade consists in lumber and other bulky articles. It likewise abounds in lakes, streams, springs, and rivulets, so that there are few places unprovided with good mill seats or water conveyance. It is diversified with beautiful acclivities, hills and mountains, some of which will be noticed in the course of this work.

"The appearance of the country along the Bay of Fundy is forbidding, rugged and broken, and the soil indifferent. Advancing from the sea-board into the interior the face of the country becomes more level, being interspersed with gentle risings and vales, with large strips of fertile intervale along the rivers, which being annually overflowed produce excellent crops. In many places along the margin of the rivers, the banks are high and abrupt, and to a stranger the land appears poor and hard to cultivate; but after rising the banks, and advancing a short distance from the water, the land becomes level, and the soil rich; being covered with a thick black mould, produced by the putrefaction of the leaves of the numerous trees with which the country is covered. In other parts the land rises with a beautiful slope from the water, offering many fine situations for buildings and seats. The land in some parts being a second intervale, and in others a good upland with a strong soil."

As respects the natural productions, our author speaks as follows:—

"It is probable the time is not far distant when men of intelligence will turn their attention to investigate scientifically the different natural productions of the province. Coals are found in abundance at the Grand Lake, and specimens have been discovered in several other places, so as to leave no doubt of the province being well stored with that useful article. Limestone of a good quality is found in different parts of the province; particularly at the narrows, near the mouth of the River St. John, where there is not only sufficient for the use of the country; but to supply Europe and America for ages, should they need it. Gypsum is also found up the Bay, near Cumberland, and Manganese at Quaco.

"This province abounds in different kinds of excellent stone for building and other purposes. Grindstones are manufactured in abundance for home use and for exportation. Veins of marble of different species, have been discovered, some of which have been partially explored, and small quantities manufactured."

Shortly after follows the description of the Inhabitants.

"The inhabitants of New-Brunswick may be classed as follows, according to priority of settlement.

"1st. The Aborigines or Indians.

"2d. Acadians, being the descendants of the French who were allowed to remain in Nova-Scotia after it was ceded to the British. They were called the French neutrals—their descendants are at present settled in different parts of the province and are considerably numerous and will be noticed with the Indians hereafter.

"The old inhabitants, were those families who were settled in the province before the conclusion of the American revolution, as already noticed. They were so called by the disbanded troops and refugees who came to the country in 1783, and the appellation is still applied to their descendants. Some of those were settled at Mangerville where they had made considerable improvements before the loyalists came to the country. A few of the old stock are still living, having attained to a great age. Their descendents are, however, numerous, and by inter-marriages with the new comers, spread over every part of the province.

"The next and most numerous class of inhabitants are the descendants of the Loyalists who came to the province at the conclusion of the American revolution, and whose sufferings I have already slightly noticed.—These are the descendants of those genuine patriots who sacrificed their property and comfort in the United States for their attachment to that government under which they drew their first breath; and came to this province (at that period a wilderness) to transmit those blessings to their posterity. For although many of them belonged to the army and were sent here to be disbanded, they had formerly been comfortably settled in the States; and when it came to the trying point whether they should forsake their homes or abandon their King, the former was preferred without hesitation, although many of them had young families and the choice was made at the risk of life, and also with the change of habit from the peaceful yeoman to the bustle of a camp.—As however the choice was made with promptness so it was persevered in with constancy.

"The other inhabitants are emigrants from different parts of Europe. In some parts they have obtained allotments of land and are settled a number of families together, in other places again they are intermixed with the other settlers, and by inter-marriages, &c. are assimilating as one people; proving themselves in many instances, good subjects, and valuable members of society.

"The last class that I shall notice are the people of colour, or negroes.—These are found in considerable numbers in different parts of the province. In some parts a number of families are settled together as farmers; but they do not make good settlers, being of a volatile disposition, much addicted to dissipation; they are impatient of labour, and in general fitter for performing menial offices about houses as domestics, than the more important, but laborious duties of farmers.—In their persons, the inhabitants of New-Brunswick are well made, tall and athletic. There are but few of those born in the country, but what have attained to a larger growth than their parents."

Chapters 3 and 4 treat of the climate, produce, principal rivers, and towns. Chapter 5 contains a topographical description of the several counties in the province, their boundaries, extent, &c. We shall conclude by giving two short extracts from chapter 6, respecting the state of learning and the trade of the province.

"The state of learning in this province is very flourishing at present compared to what it was a few years ago. When the country was first settled the opportunities of obtaining a liberal education were small and confined to a few. From this cause many persons who occasionally fill important stations in the several counties, are found very deficient in learning, but this from the many provisions lately made will cease in a few years, and men will always be found to fill all public offices, with learning sufficient to enable them to discharge their several duties with credit to themselves and advantage to the public.

"Besides the college of New-Brunswick incorporated by charter, there are grammar schools established in several counties which are liberally

supported. By the bounty of the legislature, twenty pounds per annum is allowed to be drawn out of the province treasury for every parish where a school-house is provided, and the sum of thirty pounds raised by the inhabitants, to enable them to employ good and sufficient teachers, and this bounty extends to three schools in each parish. By this liberal public provision schooling is brought to the doors of most of the inhabitants, who will exert themselves to partake of the public benefit.

“The College of New-Brunswick is established at Fredericton and endowed with a block of land containing nearly six thousand acres adjoining the town plot.

“The governor and trustees of this college having surrendered their charter to the King, and petitioned to have the establishment put on a more enlarged footing; their petition was graciously received and a new charter granted, bearing date the eighteenth of November, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three. A grant of a sum of money was at the same time made to the college out of the royal revenues in this province, to enable the corporation to erect a suitable building for the President, Professors and Students; and to procure a library, and philosophical apparatus for the same. The legislature of the province has likewise granted a liberal sum for the same purpose; in consequence of which a building on a liberal scale, is to be immediately erected on a conspicuous part of the rising ground adjoining the town.

“The most general seminary for the education of the bulk of the population is the Madras school. The Lieutenant-Governor and a number of the first characters in the province, have the management of this seminary, which is incorporated by the name of ‘The Governor and Trustees of the Madras School in New-Brunswick.’”

With respect to the general state of trade the writer has given us a very gratifying account.

“Squared timber, masts, spars, oars, lathwood, Deals, furs, &c. Ship-building forms also a considerable branch of trade at present. Some of which are built by contract for merchants in Great-Britain, and others are built and loaded by merchants in the province, and either employed by them in the exportation of lumber, or sold in Britain. The returns for this trade are British merchandise, and specie.

“There was formerly a considerable trade carried on with the United States in gypsum, grindstones, smoked salmon, &c. and for a short period in the productions of the West Indies from the free port of St. John, (as well as from Halifax in Nova-Scotia.) But the trade in West India produce is now totally at an end, and the other branches much fallen off, so that most of the flour, corn, and bread stuffs imported from thence is paid in for specie, which is a great drain for the cash of the province: for there are nearly sixty thousand barrels of wheat and rye flour, and from sixty-five to seventy thousand bushels of Indian corn imported annually, besides corn meal, bread, &c.

“The amount of imports in 1824 was five hundred and fourteen thousand five hundred and fifty-seven pounds sterling, and the exports in the same year five hundred and twenty-six thousand nine hundred and twenty-three, and the exports from the port of St. Andrews, which amounted to about one hundred thousand pounds, besides several vessels built at St. Peters, and other places not in the above statement. The gross amount of the revenue collected at the different ports in the province, in 1824 was forty-four thousand six hundred and seventy pounds two shillings and six pence, New-Brunswick currency. This when the population of the country is considered, speaks much for the trade and resources of the province.

“As squared timber is the great staple of this trade, I shall set down the

number of tons exported yearly at three different periods, from which the reader may form a pretty correct idea of the quantity usually shipped in a year.

In 1819 the quantity was 247,394 Tons.

In 1822 266,450 Do.

In 1824 321,211 Do.

“The above is the total amount from all the ports in New-Brunswick.”

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

HOME.

When idly I muse on the home I forsook,
And remember its clear little lakelet and brook,
The hills and the valley, the bright sunny glade,
All seem to my heart in new beauties array'd.

Like friends long abandon'd, yet loving and true,
They recall my past joys, when their forms I review,
In fancy they beckon me back from the spells
Of crowds and of splendor, of beaux and of belles.

How deep in the soul is each image impress'd,
That pleas'd in our childhood or warm'd the young breast,
The gay varied tulip, our garden's chief pride,
The woodbine that crept, to the trellis allied.

The oak of the forest, the flow'r of the vale,
Still bloom when I think of my lov'd native dale,
Where'er wayward Fortune has forc'd me to roam,
Yet I bend all my pray'rs and my wishes to home.

How poor are the pleasures that cities command,
Their palaces costly, commodious and grand,
The ball and the concert, the dice and the show,
O! can they the calm of the village bestow?

While health is neglected, and pleasure is bought
In scenes so delusive, with misery fraught
Fly the court and the city—the country alone
Still clings to pure feelings that virtue can own.

The sons of the city are sallow and pale,
For they love not to labor, and shrink from the gale:
But Acadia's tall rustics in rude health and ease,
Like her own lofty pines throw their limbs to the breeze.

Then vale of my infancy, bless my fond dreams,
With the song of thy birds and the sound of thy streams;
And where'er wayward Fortune shall force me to roam,
Still I'll bend all my pray'rs and my wishes to home.

B

Selected.

CONFESSIONS OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL MASTER.

“This is confessedly the age of confession—the era of individuality—the triumphant reign of the first person singular.”—
N. Y. LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE sufferings of country school-mas-

ters have been so often given to the public, that I, whose mortal career has certainly been shortened, if not sweetened by the “delightful task,” resolved at one time not to “renew

the sad remembrance of my fate," but to let a speedy oblivion cover those calamities, "all which I saw," and less fortunate than Æneas, "all of which I was." My story, I feared, would be treated like the certificates of our modern beggars. Public sympathy is nearly exhausted by the drafts already made upon it by that degraded class of beings to which I belong, and any more from the same quarter are liable to be protested. The following circumstance altered my resolution. Catching up an old newspaper the other day, in a fit of ennui, I summoned energy enough to peruse, for the third time, the pathetic tale of a fellow pedagogue which had attracted much notice on its first appearance, and is evidently the production of a *masterly* pen. By this it seems he was actually in peril of dying and hungered. What! starvation in a country town of New England! The leading idea of his piece now struck me as a palpable absurdity. To all his assertions, my own experience gave the lie direct. The winning pathos of this writer, his admirable humor, and the fascinations of his style in general, all conspire to make upon the reader a deep but incorrect impression of the manner in which our country people treat "the master." To efface this, is my present object. Novelty I have none to offer—artifice I scorn—eloquence ne'er sat upon my lips—my sole attractions are misery and truth.

At the close of the year 1825, my diabolical destiny sent me to H—, a village on the sea-coast of a New England State, inhabited by certain amphibious bipeds, who call themselves farmer-fishermen. Here I had contracted to spend eight wintry weeks in cultivating whatever of intellect there might be in forty-five children (if they can claim the name) of both sexes. Fool that I was—as if the "young idea" could shoot in winter more than any other weed, and that too in a soil of the consistency of granite. But a few days of fruitless flogging prompted me to spare my

own feelings—the only ones affected by that exercise—and to employ my ferule in ruling the writing books, instead of the scholars; and I did desist soon after, upon discovering that my merits as instructor were estimated by my clemency to the pupils—that is to say, my popularity with the children, and, which is a natural consequence in H—, with their parents, was in the inverse ratio of the flagellations dispensed. One great point was already gained; but another of equal magnitude, though in a cheering state of progression, remained to be fully accomplished: namely, to render myself agreeable as a member of the family where I happened to board. This is no less essential to complete success, than to spare the rod and spoil the child. In justice to myself, however, it should here be remarked, that I am free from the guilt of fulfilling the latter half of Solomon's maxim; for the children were all spoiled to my hand. The second important qualification of a country preceptor is, that he be able to demolish any *given* quantity of provisions. This is indispensable. Our country people never *starve* the master, though I admit, with the most cheerful alacrity, that they may sometimes stuff him to death. Among them, no abstemious man can be a favorite. Whoever asserts the contrary, either wilfully misrepresents, or is deplorably ignorant. The maw of Ichabod Crane, that pink of pedagogues, we are told, possessed "the diluting powers of an Anaconda," and the consequence was, that he eat himself into the good graces of all in Sleepy Hollow. In like manner no teacher can be popular in H—, if he have not the appetite of a shark. The agent's house at which I tarried night and morning, was a mile and a half distant from the anatomy of a building where my pupils daily assembled to shiver—not with terror, but with cold—for all the birch consumed in school, was consumed by the fire, and I have the satisfaction to know, that, as it

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never employed to produce heat by impulse, so it never yielded any at a sensible distance. But, a mile and a half was too far to travel for a dinner, I was therefore kindly permitted to dine at Mrs. Dunning's, in the vicinity of the school house. The first forenoon was spent in an idle attempt to learn forty-five christian, I would say, barbarous names, compared with which, the names of Oliver Cromwell's jury dwindle into absolute propriety. At twelve o'clock I retreated to Mrs. Dunning's, where a hearty welcome awaited me. Dinner shortly appeared—but as this is the meal, that in a week's time, had well nigh sunk me to the grave, it merits a particular description. It will be sufficient to enumerate the articles spread before me on the first occasion, for I can say to the reader "*ex uno disce omnes*"—which is, being interpreted, there was no variation during twenty eight days. First, came on an unknown quantity of tea, contained in a coffee-pot that might have served for a moderate sized light house. Secondly, a plate of what Mrs. Dunning, with apparent sincerity, called sliced pork; but what I suspected, from its color and tenacity, to be gum-elastic. This was followed by a quart bowl of real pork in a state of fusion. Some one had previously told me, by way of encouragement, that all school-masters lived upon the fat of the land. Alas! the ambiguity of language—till now I had never understood this expression. On one corner of the table stood an article that would have staggered Helio-gabalus: namely, a comical turret of dough-nuts—emphatically dough-nuts. This detestable esculent, the pride of our country dames, sometimes resembles one of your inflexible little soup dumplings; at others, it appears to be a kind of mongrel pan-cake. The opposite corner was defended by a turret of similar shape, and nearly as formidable, consisting of minced dun-fish. A plate of brown bread, an irregular mass of junk beef, an ap-

ple pie resembling the top of an over-grown toad-stool, a bowl of corpulent potatoes in violent perspiration, and a batter pudding of cylindrical shape, livid complexion, and the most appalling specific gravity, completed the dinner. It is difficult to find a simile for this pudding—the reader may obtain a faint idea of its appearance and constitution, by inspecting a leaden clock weight. I sat down with the stubborn resolution of eating till the family were satisfied; a sure, but a terrible path to popularity. "Come Master," said Mrs. Dunning, "reach to and help yourself; when you are amongst poor folks, you must put up with poor folks' fare," I strove to alleviate the good woman's anxiety, by word and deed. I seized a potatoe, squashed it upon my plate, and gazed in silent agony on the four spoonfuls of liquid pork generously poured upon it under the name of gravy. A reputation and twenty eight dollars being at stake, it would have been rashness in me to refuse the half pound of minced fish, four cups of tea, ninety degrees of apple pie, and eleven dough-nuts, which were thrust upon me with distressing kindness. It is said that the North Carolina militia, when commanded to fire, shut their eyes, banish thought, and pull trigger. A feeling somewhat similar, prompted me to close mine as each mouthful was conveyed to its predestined place, and my jaws labored mechanically, like any other grist-mill.

By dint of these conclusive efforts, all the articles just mentioned were soon made to disappear; and now, thought I, I have made a deep impression in my favor. Delusive idea! as evanescent as the provender that vanished before the knife and fork of Mrs. Dunning's son, a promising young Vulcan, whose operations I was watching with a jealous eye—and my heart sank within me at the comparative insignificance of my own exploits. The despondence created by this scene was heightened by an exclamation from Mrs.

Dunning: "Ah! Master, you wont make out a dinner. I am afeard you wont like our fare." At that instant I wished myself an esquimaux or an ostrich. As it was, I made one more effort and devoured two more dough-nuts; but here a symptom of strangling rendered me stiff-necked against all further solicitations. I had realized and could demonstrate an absolute plenum. I pass over the difficulty of walking two rods to the school house, and merely remark, that had I gone to the agent's dinner, my pupils would have gained half a holiday. Let me stop a moment to remind the reader that this narrative is not written for applause—that sympathy is not expected,—that a smile would be an insult, for, to me it is a memento of anything but the ludicrous. He may bear in mind, also, that I have disclaimed exaggeration, and professed to be the advocate of truth. These reflections will enable him to meet, without a sneer, the solemn assurance that, in six successive days, I devoured seventeen meals of equal magnitude with the one described. Nor can my sacrifices be fairly censured as extravagant. For although the demon of popularity may be conciliated at dinner, yet his favor is easily lost at supper or breakfast. His voracities must be consistent in their piecings. From an imperfect register of these offerings, it appears that, among other articles, I consumed during the last week, six pounds of minced fish, two gallons of tea, a pint and a half of melted pork, a cubic foot of solid butter, five apple pies, and one hundred and nineteen dough-nuts. On Saturday morning, three of the agent's hogs followed me to school. The thought of the pork I had eaten, and I ever and anon cast a timid glance at the swine. "Their tameness was shocking to me." But it shortly ceased to be so: for after this, they followed me with canine regularity, and without any inclination to be witted. I regarded them merely as intolerable bores. A week had now e-

lapsed, and not only found me in existence, but also brought along with it a pleasure I had long been a stranger to—that was the benefits of eating. My popularity was unparalleled, and built upon a foundation too solid for premature decay. Well has a modern writer contended that the stomach is the seat of the soul. It is an ingenious and plausible doctrine, and not without its advocates; for in H——, at least, they estimate a man's intellects by the capacity of his bread basket. The whole district rang with my praises. "The Master," said they, "is a fine accommodating man—he is'nt a mite partickler about his vittles." So much accomplished in a single week would have puffed up any body, and meekness herself might have pardoned the innocent strut that conveyed me to the neighboring village of B——, on Saturday afternoon. An acquaintance met me in the street—was struck with my altered appearance, and expressed much sarcastic regret to find that I had fallen into consumptive habits. Taunts and jeers, however, affected me not. An honest pride supported me. But pride must have a fall, and the fall of mine was a heavy one. During that memorable Saturday night, fancy, in the shape of the incubus, caused me to execute a somerset, the like of which was never performed but once, and then it was done by Lucifer. The tumble, however, being only a part of my involuntary freaks and sufferings on the night aforesaid, I shall take the liberty to narrate them in order and at large. As for the reader, be he never so sleepy, the night mare shall keep him awake while we are in company—but if he has not the patience to read a description of it, I heartily wish him the reality, and leave him to his slumbers. At nine o'clock I found myself in bed, and a few minutes after, in the desert of Zaharra—for the night mare is an excellent traveller. Notwithstanding the short period of time occupied in passing the Atlantic, my

sides ached horribly. I was no less jaded than if the journey had been performed on a trip-hammer. I strained my eyes in vain to find a place of shelter. There was nothing to be seen but a circular plain of reddish sand, bounded by the horizon. Suddenly the heavens assumed a tempestuous aspect; but I hailed this symptom of rain water with ecstasy, for hitherto a burning sun had consumed the outward man, and a burning thirst the inward. O! how I longed for one of those well saturated clouds, that seemed to withhold their moisture on purpose to tantalize me. In ten minutes I could have made a dry sponge of the whole atmosphere. My contemplation of the skies was all at once interrupted by the most frightful grunts, proceeding from myriads of swine who encompassed me round about in concentric circles, and gnashed their tusks in vengeance. They were apparently broiled by the sun, and destitute of bristles. The latter of these misfortunes they suffered in common with myself, for terror had made me shed all my hair. Yes—I was attacked, literally by a legion of live pork. The horrid circle contracted rapidly around me. Flight, in any sense of the word, was impossible. In this agonizing moment the clouds opened and discharged a tremendous shower of—dough-nuts.—Henceforth let no melancholic victim of ennui, complain of feeling *blue*, till he has felt the “pelting of

the pitiless storm.” Every nut seemed to strike like the ball of a nine pounder. I was reduced to paste in a twinkling. In a short time the clouds began to slacken fire, when I ventured to raise my head, which had been pummelled into the sand, and take a peep at the horizon. But, O! horror of horrors, the circle of hogs remained unbroken. They had stopped but a moment to riot on the manna which had fallen to invigorate them, and to seal my fate. I watched them awhile without the power of motion. They soon prepared for another onset, and I was quietly resigning myself to destiny, when my natural gravitating powers were suddenly suspended. For me, this world had lost its attraction. I fell into the air, rent asunder the dense canopy of dough-nuts, tumbled head over heels through space, and landed flat upon my back on the broadside of Saturn’s belt. The planet, which to my inexpressible dismay, I now found to be an immense batter pudding, of thousands of miles in diameter, was justled out of its orbit—instantly rolled over my carcase, and left it, a slap-jack. The crash awoke me. I was lying on my back, with the pillow on my face. After looking out of the window to assure myself that the universe was in good order, I crawled again to bed; and there awaited the dawn of day in a state between sleeping and waking,—a state from which I sincerely hope, the complaisant reader is exempt.

THE COURIER DOVE.

“Va, porter cet ‘ecrit a l’ objet de mon cœur !”

Outstrip the winds my courier dove,
On pinions fleet and free;
And bear this letter to my love,
Who’s far away from me.

It bids him mark thy plume whereon
The changing colours range;
But warns him that my peace is gone
If he should also change.

It tells him thou return’st again,
To her who sets thee free;
And O! it asks the truant when
He’ll thus resemble thee?

Selected.

MR. TATUM'S FIRST LECTURE ON OPTICS.

Nature of Light—Theories of Huygens and Newton—Sources of Light—The Sun, Electricity, Combustion, &c.—Chemical effects of Light on Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals—Decomposition of Light into the three Primitive Colors—Refraction, &c.

OPTICS, said Mr. Tatum, is that branch of science which treats of the phenomena produced by the rays of light passing through various media, and being reflected from various substances or bodies. But before entering upon this part of the subject, it will be necessary to consider the different theories that have been advanced as to the nature of light; and also to treat of the sources of light and its chemical effects; for, without some acquaintance with these facts, the mechanical effects of light, when passing through different media, cannot be understood.

Huygens supposed, that light was not luminous in itself, but existed imperceptibly in the atmosphere, till a vibratory motion was communicated to it by the agency of the sun, or some other luminous body, which produced in us the sense of vision, as the vibration of the air caused by sonorous bodies excited in us the sense of hearing.

Newton, on the contrary, maintained that light consisted of extremely minute particles, which emanated from the sun with a velocity equal to 200,000 miles in a second of time; and that these particles were, of necessity, luminous. There are, however considerable difficulties attending both these theories, and though the Lecturer was rather inclined to support that of Newton, he confessed that he felt some difficulty in reconciling it to his mind. If we suppose the particles of light to proceed no further than the Georgium Sidus, a sphere which is hundreds of millions of miles in diameter, must have been incessantly filled and re-filled with these particles ever since the creation; and if they have been continually emanating from the sun during

that time, it is hard to conceive how such an effect can have taken place, without any diminution of the body from which they have been projected. Some philosophers have imagined, that the comets periodically fall into the sun, to supply him with fuel; and if Newton's theory be correct, it would seem as though some such supply were necessary. The theory of Huygens, however, is not encumbered with this difficulty.

The sources of light are various; for whether the sun actually sends forth the particles of light, or merely excites the sense of vision by communicating a vibratory motion to an invisible fluid in the atmosphere, this luminary must still be considered as one of the sources of light. The fixed stars—the combustion of various bodies, of which the lamps in the theatre are an example—Electricity—some kinds of fish in a certain state—and also luminous insects—may all be mentioned as sources from which light proceeds. There may be others but we have already specified six sources or causes of light.

Light produces a variety of chemical effects, which influence the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. Its effect on the animal world may be inferred from the contrast between the healthy appearance of a man who passes his life in an open country, and the sickly picture presented by one who is constantly confined to a shop. In the vegetable kingdom, light affects both the growth and the color of the plants. Mr. Tatum here illustrated his remarks by facts similar to those adduced by Mr. Partington in his Optical Lectures, (Vol. 1. page 198.) and exhibited a head of celery as an example of the effect of light in producing color; the

lower part, which was excluded from the sun rays, being white, while the upper part was green. Endive, lettuces, &c. afford other instances of a similar kind; and their taste, as well as their color, is influenced by the presence of light, as the white portions contain more saccharine matter, and are therefore sweeter than the green. Plants secluded from the light are found to grow faster than those which are exposed to its influence, but are much more sickly in their appearance; and the Lecturer had observed, that fern is more lofty, when growing in a wood, than in an open situation; but that the seed, which is attached to the under sides of the leaves, is neither so plentiful nor so productive in the former case as in the latter. That the odour of plants is also influenced by light, is evident from their superior fragrance in tropical climates.

In speaking of the effects of light on the vegetable world, it may be observed, that dark bodies absorb the rays of light, while light bodies reflect them. The Lecturer had placed his hands at the same time on a dark coloured window shutter and a white column, both equally exposed to the sun's rays, and had found that the former felt hot, while the latter was comparatively cool. From observing the absorption of the rays by dark bodies, Mr. Davis of Slough, tried an experiment with a grape vine, by painting the wall against which it grew, one half black, and the other white. The result was, that the quantity of fruit was three times greater on the white side than on the other, and that not only its size was increased, but its flavour was improved. A similar difference was also observable in the shoots and leaves.

The effects of light on the mineral kingdom are rendered evident in a variety of ways. Every silk-mercer, haberdasher, or milliner knows that if his goods are exposed in the window their beauty fades, which is owing to the decomposing property of the rays of light. Plate glass windows are

sometimes seen of a purple color, though perfectly colorless when first put in: the rays of light having produced the alteration. When apartments are painted, particularly in delicate colors (the fashionable salmon color for instance), the colors soon fade: but if a picture be hung against the wainscoat, the part which it covers assumes a very different appearance. The chemist is obliged to hide many articles from the light, if he wishes them to preserve the color they assume when first manufactured. *Muriate of silver* is an example of the effect of light on some chemical preparations. Mr. Tatum exemplified this fact by exhibiting a phial, containing some *muriate of silver*, which had been made for some time, and had completely lost its whiteness by exposure to the light. He then made some *muriate of silver* by pouring *muriatic acid* into *nitrate of silver*; the *muriatic acid* decomposing the *nitrate* by its superior affinity for the metal, and forming the *muriate of silver*. The contrast between the colors of the newly made *muriate*, and of that which had been exposed to the light for some time, was very evident.

Nitrate of silver undergoes a similar change in its color, by exposure to the light. This was proved by the exhibition of a small tablet which had been covered with *nitrate of silver* with a camel-hair pencil. A piece of card, pierced with the letters composing the word "Light," had been laid upon it; and, upon exposing it to the sun's rays, the perforated parts had been changed to a brownish colour, so that the word was distinctly legible on the tablet. *Phosphorus* is another substance which loses its white appearance, and becomes of a dark brown color, when exposed for a few hours to the direct rays of the sun. All these examples are proofs of the effects of light on the mineral kingdom.

Mr. Tatum then drew some powerful sparks from the electrical machine (the theatre being darkened) in order to shew that Electricity is one of the

sources of light, but in this case no effect of combustion is produced.— Other instances occur in which light is produced without combustion, to effect which, both a combustible body and a supporter of combustion must be present. The Lecturer here produced a degree of light by rubbing two pieces of *quartz* together, and also by striking together two pieces of *cane*, which he observed is coated with *siliceous matter*. Light was also produced by directing a stream of *hydrogen gas* upon some *platinum*, by means of the elegant piece of apparatus presented to the Institution by Mr. Brougham. Both the *hydrogen* and the *platinum* were of the same temperature as the atmosphere, yet the latter was almost instantly heated red-hot, and ignited the jet of *hydrogen*.

It has been doubted whether, during combustion, the light is produced by the *combustible* or the *supporter of combustion*. It has been thought that it is produced at the expense of the atmosphere, which would confirm the theory of Huygens; but the Lecturer was of opinion that both the combustible and the supporter of combustion contribute to the production of light. If combustion be produced by igniting *hydrogen* or *carburetted hydrogen*, we are sensible that the light does not proceed from the sun.— Whence then does it arise? It must proceed either from the combustible, or the supporter of combustion, or both. That the combustible body has some effect on the color of light will be evident by igniting *hydrogen*, *carburetted hydrogen* and *oil-gas*.— This the lecturer did, and after observing that the three gases were all burning in the same supporters of combustion, remarked that the difference in their color must arise from the combustibles themselves. *Nitrate of strontia* and *nitrate of copper* were also ignited by means of *alcohol*, the former of which burnt with a red, and the latter with a green flame, and afforded a further confirmation of the Lecturer's remarks.

The Members have doubtless observed the red appearance of the sun on a foggy morning. This arises from the moisture in the atmosphere being in a certain state of mechanical division, which prevents any of the rays of light, except the red ones, from passing through. For light, though it appears to be a simple substance, is really a compound body, and is composed of yellow, red, and blue rays. As soon as the whole of the sun's rays can penetrate the atmosphere, the light becomes white.

Yellow, *red*, and *blue* are the three primitive colors, from which all the tints of the rainbow are formed, and some artists use only these three colors to produce all the others; as *yellow* and *blue* mixed together form *green*, *yellow* and *red*, *orange*, &c.— Mr. Tatum here referred to a diagram, consisting of two concentric circles, the inner circle being divided into three equal parts, and exhibiting the three primitive colors, and the outer circle representing the various gradations of color produced by their mixtures in different proportions. Two phials, one containing a *yellow*, and the other a *red* liquid, were then held before a lamp, and upon looking through them both at the same time, an *orange* color was seen. A similar experiment produced a *green* color by means of two phials filled with *yellow* and *blue* liquids.

If the rays of light be composed of the three colors already mentioned, it may be asked why they appear *white* in nature? To exemplify this effect, a circular piece of wood, painted like the preceding diagram, with the three primitive colors, was whirled rapidly round on its axis, when the three colors, by their union, assumed a color resembling that of whited-brown paper; and the Lecturer observed, that if the rotation were sufficiently rapid, they would appear perfectly white. He could not, however, make the circle revolve quite so fast as at the rate of 200,000 miles in a second.

Mr. Tatum finally adverted to the

refraction which takes place in the rays of light when they pass from a rarer into a denser medium. This important principle in the science of optics he illustrated by means of a large basin, on the interior of which three black circles were painted.— He requested those members who could see the experiment, to look at the basin in such a direction that its

edge should just hide the black circles. Water was then poured into the basin, when the refraction of the rays of light, in passing from the air into the water, brought the circles successively into view. The Lecturer concluded by observing, that he should continue the subject of refraction in his next lecture.

THE ENGLISH OAK.

THE Oak, stiled the *Monarch of the Woods*. This tree grows in various parts of the world, but that produced in England is found the best calculated for ship-building, which makes it so highly valuable. The oak gives name to a constellation in the heavens (*Robur Caroli*) the Royal Oak, named by Dr. Halley in 1676, in memory of the oak tree in which Charles II. saved himself from his pursuers, after the battle of Worcester; this famous oak grew near the borders of Shropshire, twenty-six miles from Worcester.

This valuable tree sometimes grows to a great size; one was felled at Wooten Park, Herts, which measured twenty-four feet round, and sold for 43*l*. One in Hainault Forest, near Barking, in Essex, known by the name of Fairlop, measures thirty-six feet in circumference. This enormous tree covered an area of 300 feet in circuit, under which an annual fair has been long held on the first Friday in July, called Fairlop Fair, and no booth is suffered to be erected beyond the extent of its boughs. A Society formed of distinguished characters of ladies and gentlemen of the county of Essex, under the name of the "Hainault Foresters," march in procession, at stated times, round this chief of the sylvan race, dressed in elegant uniforms, and attended by a band of music. In Dr. Hunter's Evelyn's Sylvia, there is a figure of a venerable oak at Cowthorp, in Yorkshire, of forty-eight feet in circumference, within three feet of the ground.

"Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber and the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are
borne
And realms commanded which these trees
adorn." PERR.

"The monarch oak, the patriarch of the
trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow de-
grees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he
stays
Supreme in state, and in three more de-
cays." DRYDEN.

"As o'er the æriel Alps, sublimely spread,
Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;
This way and that the furious tempests
blow,
To lay the monarch of the mountains low,
Th' imperial plant, tho' nodding at the
sound,
Though all his scattered honours strew the
ground;
Safe in his strength and seated on the rock,
In naked majesty defies the shock;
High as the head shoots tow'ring to the
skies,
So deep the root in earth's foundation
lies." PITT.

The oak produces nut-galls, which contain a peculiar acid called the gallic acid, and tannin, or the astringent principle; they form a principle ingredient in ink, and are used as a dye stuff. Galls are chiefly brought to us from Aleppo, hence called Aleppo galls; they are globular excrescences that grow on the hardest species of oak, being the shells in which an insect breeds, and when grown to maturity gnaws its way through, which is the cause of the little holes in them.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

On the Death of Miss Jean Bliss.

I saw her at ev'ning amid the gay throng
 Pass in beauty and loveliness by,
 The fresh glow of health as she hasten'd along
 Enraptur'd her bosom and brighten'd her eye :
 In wanton profusion her ringlets of hair
 Adown from her forehead in negligence hung,
 The blush of the rose and the lily so fair
 O'er her cheeks all their sweetness enchantingly flung

When music's soft strain, ere the close of the night,
 Allur'd to the dance the young, happy, and gay,
 I gaz'd on her figure as graceful and light
 She bounded in spirits and pleasure away.
 For her countenance then, with such joyousness beam'd,
 So artless she look'd, so bewitching and mild ;
 That I fancied she was, what so truly she seem'd,
 Of some other region the innocent child.

The morning came ; but, ere the next had fled
 This beauteous girl was number'd with the dead !
 Untimely nipp'd in young life's opening bloom,
 And hurried early to the silent tomb.
 Alas ! how cold that heart where virtue reign'd,
 Which all of truth and gentleness contain'd.
 That cheek how pale, how dim those speaking eyes,
 That graceful form how stiff and faded lies !
 All wreck'd and buried in the darksome grave,
 And torn from friends who had not power to save.

Yet, let no voice complain or blame the fate
 That call'd this blossom to a happier state,
 Since all her virtues and her sorrows here
 Are pledged assurance of a brighter sphere ;
 Too pure on earth a moment more to stay,
 Her spirit thus was led in haste away
 On angel's wings, to grace their roseate bower,
 And bloom with them, an everlasting flower.

Oh ! thou by whose immutable decree,
 We taste the cup of bliss or misery,
 Eternal source of good ! at this sad hour
 Impart the soothing influence of thy power,
 Oh ! bid the afflicted parents' tear be dry,
 And chase from those who mourn the bursting sigh,
 The bosom's anguish, and the deep felt grief
 Assuage, and give, thou only can'st, relief.
 On thee such wounded hearts for help depend,
 Thou art the widow's, orphan's, parent's friend.

PALEMON.

LORD BYRON.

The following letter taken from a newspaper several years ago, relative to the residence of this distinguished character in the island of Mitylene, seems to have escaped editorial inquiry, and is therefore subjoined. If authentic, it is, in some degree, an interesting memorial.

Mr. Editor,

In sailing through the Grecian Archipelago, on board one of his Majesty's vessels, in the year 1812, we put into the harbour of Mitylene, in the island of that name. The beauty of this placē, and the certain supply of cattle and vegetables always to be had there, induce many British vessels to visit it, both men of war and merchantmen; and though it lies rather out of the track for ships bound to Smyrna, its bounties amply repay for the deviation of a voyage. We landed, as usual, at the bottom of the bay, and whilst the men were employed in watering, and the purser bargaining for cattle with the natives, the clergyman and myself took a ramble to a cave, called Homer's School, and other places, where we had been before. — On the brow of Mount Ida (a small monticule so named) we met with and engaged a young Greek as our guide, who told us he had come from Scio with an English lord, who left the island four days previous to our arrival, in his felucca. — "He engaged me as a pilot," said the Greek, "and would have taken me with him, but I did not choose to quit Mitylene, where I am likely to get married. He was an odd, but a very good man. The cottage over the hill, facing the river, belongs to him, and he has left an old man in charge of it; he gave Dominick, the wine trader, six hundred zechines for it, (about £250 English currency,) and has resided there about fourteen months, though not constantly; for he sails in his felucca very often to the different islands."

This account excited our curiosity very much, and we lost no time in hastening to the house where our countryman had resided. We were kindly received by an old man, who conducted us over the mansion. It

consisted of four apartments on the ground floor: an entrance hall, a drawing-room, a sitting parlour, and a bed room, with a spacious closet annexed. They were all simply decorated: plain green-stained walls, marble tables on either side, a large myrtle in the centre, and a small fountain beneath, which could be made to play through the branches by moving a spring fixed in the side of a small bronze Venus in a leaning posture; a large couch or sofa completed the furniture. In the hall stood half a dozen English cane chairs, and an empty book-case: there were no mirrors, nor a single painting. — The bed chamber had merely a large mattress spread on the floor, with two stuffed cotton quilts and a pillow—the common bed throughout Greece. In the sitting room we observed a marble recess, formerly, the old man told us, filled with books and papers, which were then in a large seaman's chest in the closet: it was open, but we did not think ourselves justified in examining the contents. On the tablet of the recess lay Voltaire's, Shakspeare's, Boileau's, and Rousseau's works, complete; Volney's "Ruins of Empires;" Zimmerman, in the German language; Klopstock's "Messiah;" Kotzebue's Novels; Schiller's play of the "Robbers;" Milton's "Paradise Lost," an Italian edition, printed at Parma in 1810; several small pamphlets from the Greek press at Constantinople, much torn. Most of these books were filled with marginal notes, written with a pencil, in Italian and Latin. The "Messiah" was literally scribbled all over, and marked with slips of paper on which also were remarks.

The old man said, "the lord had been reading these books the evening before he sailed, and forgot to place them with the others; but,"

and he said there they must lie until his return; for he is so particular, that were I to move one thing without his orders, he would frown upon me for a week together: he is otherwise very good. I once did him a service, and I have the produce of this farm for the trouble of taking care of it, except twenty zechines, which I gave to an aged Armenian, who resides in a small cottage in the wood, and whom the lord brought here from Adrianople; I don't know for what reason."

The appearance of the house externally was pleasing. The portico in front was fifty paces long and fourteen broad, and the fluted marble pillars with black plinths and fretwork cornices, (as it is now customary in Grecian architecture,) were considerably higher than the roof.—The roof, surrounded by a light stone balustrade, was covered by a fine Turkey carpet, beneath an awning of strong coarse linen. Most of the house-tops are thus furnished, as upon them the Greeks pass their evenings in smoking, drinking light wines, such as "lachryma Christi," eating fruit, and enjoying the evening breeze.

On the left hand, as we entered the house, a small streamlet glided away; grapes, oranges, and limes were clustering together on its borders, and under the shade of two large myrtle bushes, a marble seat, with an ornamental wooden back, was placed, on which, we were told, the lord passed many of his evenings and nights, till twelve o'clock, reading, writing, and talking to himself. I suppose," said the old man, "praying; for he was very devout, and always attended our church twice a week, besides Sundays."

The view from this seat was what may be termed "a bird's eye view." A line of rich vineyards led the eye to Mount Calcla, covered with olive and myrtle-trees in bloom, and on the summit of which an ancient Greek temple appeared in majestic decay. A small stream issuing from the ruins

descended in broken cascades, until it was lost in the woods near the mountain's base. The sea, smooth as glass, and an horizon unshaded by a single cloud terminates the view in front; and a little on the left, through a vista of lofty chesnut and palm-trees, several small islands were distinctly observed, studding the light blue wave with spots of emerald green. I seldom enjoyed a view more than I did this; but our enquiries were fruitless as to the name of the person who had resided in this romantic solitude; none knew his name but Dominick, his banker, who had gone to Candia. "The Armenian," said our conductor, "could tell, but I am sure he will not."—"And cannot you tell, old friend?" said I.—"If I can," said he, "I dare not." We had not time to visit the Armenian, but on our return to the town we learnt several particulars of the isolated lord. He had portioned eight young girls when he was last upon the island, and even danced with them at the nuptial feast. He gave a cow to one man, horses to others, and cotton and silk to the girls who live by weaving those articles. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale, and he often gave Greek Testaments to the poor children. In short, he appeared to us, from all we collected, to have been a very eccentric and benevolent character. One circumstance we learnt which our old friend at the cottage thought proper not to disclose. He had a most beautiful daughter, with whom the lord was often seen walking on the sea-shore, and he had bought her a piano-forte, and taught her himself the use of it.

Such was the information with which we departed from the peaceful isle of Mitylene; our imaginations all on the rack, guessing who this rambler in Greece could be. He had money, it was evident: he had philanthropy of disposition, and all those eccentricities which mark peculiar genius. Arrived at Palermo, all our doubts were dispelled. Fall-

ing in with Mr. Foster, the architect, a pupil of Wyatt's, who had been travelling in Egypt and Greece, "The individual," said he, "about whom you are so anxious, is Lord Byron; I met him in my travels on the island of Tenedos, and I also visited him at Mitylene."—We had never then heard of his lordship's fame, as we had been some years from home;

but "Childe Harold" being put into our hands, we recognised the recluse of Calca in every page. Deeply did we regret not having been more curious in our researches at the cottage, but we consoled ourselves with the idea of returning to Mitylene on some future day; but to me that day will never return.

* * * *

JOHN MITFORD.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

A MIDNIGHT SONG.

Why need we these lamps to illumine the night,
To bid the black spirit of darkness begone,
Since nature supplies us with tapers of light
In the bright eye of beauty when daylight has flown?

Why need we make use of the wine-cup whene'er
The soul-lifting spirit of liquor we sip,
Since the nectar we prize and esteem the most dear,
Is quaff'd from the goblet of Beauty's red lip?

Why need we the minstrel our spirits to cheer,
Since no one for music more heavenly seeks,
Than the heart stirring tones that enliven the ear,
When Beauty's soft voice in glad ecstasy speaks?

Why need we look out at the dead of the night,
To gaze on the stars that are lit in the sky,
Since pleasure's wild vision receives more delight
In viewing the glance of a love-speaking eye?

Why stir we the fire that burns on the hearth?
We need not its bright blaze to keep us warm now:—
For nothing more warming is found on the earth,
Than the smile that is seen on a lovely one's brow.

Ye married ones, say, how is it ye bear
To sit here and waste the sweet moments of night?
Ye husbands and wives to your couches repair,
And leave the unwedded to love and delight.

ANGUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

ABSTRACT OF THE MEMOIRS OF PRINCE EUGENE.

Concluded from page 66.

We lost 9000, but 12000 French killed and 20800 taken prisoners, prevented them this time from singing their usual Te Deum, for their defeats which they never acknowledge. Feuilleade was sent to command instead of Vendome.

Turen held out four months and

could resist no longer, we marched at length to its relief. In rallying the infantry one of my pages and a valet de chambre were killed behind me, and my horse, wounded with a carbine shot, threw me into a ditch. I was thought to be dead, and it is said that for a short time

is produced some effect upon the troops. The Duke of Savoy forced his way into the intrenchments.

The Duke of Savoy directed me to carry the heights of St. Catherine where I posted the young Prince of Gotha. This Prince who though but twenty years of age, was Lieutenant General in the armies of the Emperor of England and of Holland. The French made a sudden, and furious attack, the young prince was killed by two musket balls.

1708. The Duke of Burgundy and Vendome attacked the allied armies in the Scheld. The battle became general, the spectacle was magnificent; it was one sheet of fire. Our artillery made a powerful impression; that of the French being injudiciously posted in consequence of the uncertainty which prevailed in the army, on account of the disunion of its commanders, produced very little effect. With us it was quite the contrary. We loved and esteemed each other. I went the day after the battle to see my mother at Brussels, what tears of affection did she shed on beholding me again with some addition of glory. She was glad to see the king humbled who had left her for another woman in his youth, and exiled her in his old age. The fifteen days which I thus passed with her were the most agreeable of my life. I parted from her with the more pain as it was probable that we should not see each other again. Siege of Lisle. The brave and skilful Boufflers with a garrison of 16 battallions and 4 regiments of dragoons cut out plenty of work for me. My first attack on Fort Catelen was repulsed; the works undertaken the same day, to drain a large pond which was in my way, also failed. I ordered epaulements to be made, for the fire of the place annoyed us to such a degree, that a cannon ball carried off the head of the valet of the Prince of Orange, at the moment when he was putting on his master's shirt. It may easily be supposed he was obliged to take another and to shift his quarters. Five

thousand English sent me by Marlborough to retrieve my losses performed wonders; but were thrown into disorder. We heard the cry of *Vive le Roi et Boufflers*. I said a few words in English to those brave fellows who rallied round me. I led them back into the fire, but a ball below the left eye knocked me down senseless. Every body thought me dead and so did I too, they found a dung cart in which I was conveyed to my quarters, first my life, then my sight was despaired of; I recovered both; the ball had struck me obliquely. There was another unsuccessful attack, out of five thousand men, not fifteen hundred returned, and twelve hundred workmen were there killed. Boufflers surrendered on the 8th December.

1709. One hundred thousand men were again under Marlborough's command and mine in the Low Countries, the same number under Villars. We besieged and took Tournay.— Battle of Malplaquet. I think it is not too much to estimate the loss of both armies at forty thousand men. The duke of Ormond was sent to command the English as successor to Marlborough. I went to Utrecht to see how the negotiations proceeded. England, Savoy, Portugal, and Prussia were ready to sign their treaties, and Holland hung only by a thread. I set out for Vienna to report this to the Emperor. On my arrival Charles VI said to me "you are right, Holland has just signed too." Louis appointed Villars to treat with me at Rastadt to which place I was sent at the same time.

1714. Peace. I departed for Vienna. The short years of peace which I there passed, were to me more fatiguing than those of war.

1715. When I received information of the death of Louis XIV, it produced, I confess, the same effect on me as the fall of an old stately oak uprooted by a tempest, and extended on the ground, he had stood so long.

At the beginning of May, I gave audience to a Turkish Ambassador,

who came to request the Emperor not to interfere in the quarrel between the Sublime Port, and Venice. Charles VI. appointed me to the command of 125,000 men—conferred on me the government of the Low Countries.

On 27th July, I went to Peterwaradin and the Grand Vizer, into the old intrenchments at Semlin. I had no great difficulty to draw him from them for having as much inclination to fight as myself, he met me half way. His name was Hali, and such was his enmity to the christians, that after taking one hundred thousand florins as the ransom of Breuner who had been made prisoner, he nevertheless ordered his head to be cut off. Hali died at Carlowitz, of two wounds, and it was a few minutes before he expired that he ordered young Breuner to be put to death, "In order" said he, "that this dog may not survive me. O that I could serve all the christian dogs in the same manner!" His successor was Hatschi, Ali Pacha of Belgrade. At Belgrade I received a cut with a sabre, it was I believe, my thirteenth wound, and probably my last. Viard during the action, overawed the garrison of Belgrade, which capitulated the same day. At Vienna the devout ascribed my success to a miracle, and those who envied me to good luck. Europe was negotiating elsewhere, some charitable creature advised the Emperor to send me for that purpose to London, with a view to procure for another, the easy glory of putting an end to the war. I was not such a simpleton as to be caught in this snare, and I set out for Hungary at the beginning of June, with a fine sword and 80,000 florins, given me by the Emperor. I was in the best disposition for attacking the Grand Vizer, when a cursed courier brought me the unwelcome intelligence that the treaty of peace had been signed on 21st July. With us this is called a truce, which one observes as long as one pleases, or breaks according to circumstances. This lasted twenty-five years. It was a cardinal,

who ought to have been the enemy of Mahomet, that saved his empire. In this manner policy trifles with religion. After having been a soldier, minister, grand vizer, financier, postilion, and negociator, I was at last made a merchant.

I established the Ostend Company, and another at Vienna, to trafic, export and navigate on the Danube and Adriatic, where I converted Trieste into a port, capable of containing two squadrons of men of war. I spent this whole year in consulting merchants, bankers, and men of business, and in drawing them over from foreign countries. Charles VI. the bravest of men now living, was less so by half than Leopold.

1733. War with France, the command of the forces was offered me. The King of Poland died in the month of February.

1734. I arrived on the 25th April, at Hulbron. On 27th I reviewed the army a few leagues from Philipsburg. I still shed tears of joy, tenderness and gratitude, whenever I recollect how I was received with repeated shouts of "Long live our father," and thousands of hats thrown into the air.—The old companions of my campaigns in Hungary, Italy, Flanders, and Bavaria, crowded to embrace me. We had 35,000 men, the enemy 80,000.

At the end of April, I set off for Hulborn, and took up my excellent camp at Bruchsal, as I had done the year before, but the enemy was much stronger. Seeing that there was nothing more to be done, nothing to be gained, and much to be lost, as I had told Charles VI. fifty times, I was very glad at first to be recalled at Vienna, though I shrewdly suspected that this was my last campaign. It would be difficult for me to express what I felt on taking leave of my army. With tears in my eyes, I resigned the command to the Duke of Wurtemberg. France had been rather humbled in Poland, her garrison of 15,000 men had surrendered at Dantzic, and the Father-in-law of

Louis XV. had withdrawn himself, retirement from his former busy
nobody knew whither. scenes, this illustrious hero died at
After spending much of his time in Vienna, 1736.

STANZAS ON A ROSE.

From a neglected Volume of Poems,

BY DANIEL BAKER, A. M. LONDON, 1697.

See'st thou this flower, my dear, how fair it shows,
Op'ning its balmy bosom to receive
The lusty morning beams? A brisker rose
No place, except thy youthful cheek, can give.

The Sun, who in Aurora's purple arms
This morning lay, yet early left his bed,
Drawn by this rose's more inviting charms,
T' unlock the treasures of a sweeter red.

See how it smiles ; and yet ere day pass by,
(This very day which gave it first a birth,)
'Twill hang its fainting head, grow pale and die,
And shed its falling honors on the earth.

And this thy beauty's emblem is, which now
In Youth's fair morning looks so fresh and gay ;
But ah ! too short a time the Fates allow ;
Too soon comes evening, and it fades away.

FOR THE ACADIAN MAGAZINE.

FITZAUBORNE.

A BORDER TALE.

(Continued from page 70.)

There was a day when they were young and proud,
Banners on high, and battles pass'd below,
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which way'd are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

The sun sank slowly and gaily in-
to the chambers of the deep, and the
gray shades of evening involved the
fortress of Redburn in a dark and sul-
len gloom. The hollow and dismal
croak of the night raven perched up-
on the blasted bough of a mouldering
oak in the adjoining forest ; and the
loud and frequent howling of the
watch-dogs, who, ever and anon, as
the quickening breeze swept past
them, intimated the silent and insidi-
ous approach of a secret foe, chilled
the young but gallant heart of Lewis
Brandon, as, stationed a watchful

sentinel upon the battlements, he
contrasted the fitful and changing ap-
pearance of the sky with the loud
noise of revelry that swelled, at times,
upon his ear from the interior of the
tower. The horrific scream of the
"water kelpie" was heard too, at in-
tervals, careering upon the whistling
blast, as she raised her head, crown-
ed with a wreath of sea weed, above
the dark waves of the Liddel, and
yelled her self-pleasing song to the
spirits of these against whom the ty-
rant of life had already issued his fa-
tal mandate, and around whose frames

the death shroud was already waving its unseemly folds. The thunder, which whilom was far distant and faint, now approached nearer and louder, till its deep tones and tremendous peals seemed bursting upon the battlements, which, every instant were involved in one awful and appalling flood of flame. It was the bridal feast of the Lord of Redburn and the heir of Fitzauborne's ancient line, and the baronial hall was graced by the presence of many a gallant knight and fair dame, who, seated around the festive board, merrily quaffed the inspiring draught, or, in animated silence, listened to the loud strains of the aged minstrels, as, in wild and unmeasured numbers, they sung of the noble deeds of their fathers, and pointed to the red fields where they fell; but when Sir Roderic, seated on a rich and elevated canopy, which blazed with the proud insignia of England's Edward, shook on high his eagle plume, quicker flew their fingers across the brazen strings, and sweet was the song and high the lay for Redburn's battling Lord. The jest and merriment went laughing round—the seeming garb of friendship in appearance cemented the whole, and the high words of wrath broke not upon the festivity of the scene, still, the penetrating eye might scan, from beneath the smiles of contentment, the proud curl of the lips and the knitted gloom of the brows of the Border chieftains from below the dark wave of their sable plumes, who ill brooked the haughty looks and high words of the southern warriors; and, in these moments when the bursts of mirth ceased along the hall, the hollow sound of the unsheathing daggers might be heard, as the thought of their country's wrongs, and the disdainful inferiority with which they were treated by England's haughty nobles darted across their minds, and the convulsed quiver of the lip shewed their thirst for redress.

At the side of sir Roderic sat Ellen Fitzauborne in all her maiden love-

liness, but her mind seemed totally estranged, and she gazed with a frigid eye upon the gay assemblage. That eye which was wont to beam with animation was now dim and clouded, and that cheek on which the roses and the lilies delighted to bloom and flourish amid the beams of health and happiness, was now pale and unlovely, and that sylphine form, which free as the playful fawn, once bounded amid the mazes of the joyful dance, now seemed chilled and frozen by some secret cause that preyed and consumed within. The reader need scarcely be told why: though she loved Sir Roderic with a pure and undivided passion, her memory wandered to the home of her childhood and the lovely scenes of her youth, and, in idea, she beheld her to whom she was indebted for her being, and who had reared her infancy with the tenderest care, now left alone and comfortless, writhing under all the tortures of a broken spirit, and she almost cursed the moment that made her the wife of Redburn. Besides, she was no stranger to the revengeful disposition of her father, who, she well knew would never be appeased till the tower of Redburn was levelled with the ground, and the best blood of her husband reeking upon his steel. Such was the cause of her present uneasiness, but, ah! little did she think that these fleeting visions were so soon to be realised; that the hall now ringing with the shouts of revelry would soon be smoaking with blood, and the Lord of Redburn become the victim of an assassin's blade. The goblet circulated briskly and began to exert its exhilarating influence upon their hearts, and the dispute rose loud and wrathful between the partisans of Edward and of Bruce in various parts of the hall, and nothing but the presence of superior numbers prevented the Borderers from an ample revenge. Ellen had already retired to her chamber, and Sir Roderic was on the point of following when, replenishing his goblet, he

started to his feet and pledged the health of Edward with "may the leaves of the Red Rose ever flourish."—"Never," exclaimed a figure starting up behind him, muffled in a dark cloak and vizor, who, dashing the cup from his uplifted hands, "so perish Scotland's foes" plunged his dagger deep into his bosom. The dark stranger stood immovable with folded arms alongside his bleeding victim, who lay convulsed and writhing in the agonies of death, and a dead silence reigned in the hall for a few seconds, so thunderstruck were they by the suddenness and atrocity of the deed. The hall became a scene of confusion and uproar, and in one moment a hundred blades gleamed on high to revenge the deed, but still the gigantic visitor showed no signs of terror; he calmly drew the dagger from the heart of Sir Roderic, and replaced it in his bosom, and beneath his cloak might be seen the

polished glitter of his mail, as raising his vizor he bent his dark eyes upon the crowd, and seemed to dare them to the strife. The young chief of Hermitage rushed towards the assassin to revenge the deed, when the stranger uttered in a hollow tone "Douglas beware! thy country claims thy brand!" and stepping slowly backwards struck his foot against the wainscoting in which a small door opened, and hid him from their astonished view. They raised the dead body of Sir Roderic from the floor, and were about conveying him to his chamber, when the deep and strong tones of the war bugle sounded their thrilling notes in the court and lower apartments of the castle, and the whole rushed from the hall in a confused and tumultuous throng.

JOHN TEMPLEDON.

Knoydart, Gulf Shore, 1826.

To be concluded in our next.

Selected.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE,

OR A SCENE IN VIRGINIA.

On a lovely morning towards the close of spring, I found myself in a very beautiful part of the Great Valley of Virginia. Spurred onward by impatience, I beheld the sun rising in splendor, and changing the blue tints on the tops of the lofty Alleghany mountains into streams of the purest gold, and nature seemed to smile in the freshness of beauty. A ride of about fifteen miles and a pleasant woodland ramble of about two, brought myself and companion to the great *Natural Bridge*.

Although I had been anxiously looking forward to this time, and my mind had been considerably excited by expectation, yet I was not altogether prepared for the visit. This great work of nature is considered by many as the second great curiosity of our country, Niagara Falls being the

first. I do not expect to convey a very correct idea of this bridge, for no description can do this.

The natural bridge is entirely the work of God. It is of solid limestone, and connects two huge mountains together by a most beautiful arch, over which there is a great waggon road. Its length from one mountain to the other is nearly 80 feet, its width about 35, its thickness about 45, and its perpendicular height over the water is not far from two hundred and twenty feet. A few bushes grow on its top, by which the traveller may hold himself as he looks over. On each side of the stream, and near the bridge, are rocks projecting ten or fifteen feet over the water, and from two hundred to three hundred feet from its surface, all of limestone. The visiter cannot give so good a de-

scription of this bridge as he can of his feelings at the time. He softly creeps out on a shaggy, projecting rock, and looking down a chasm of from forty to sixty feet wide, he sees, nearly three hundred feet below, a wild stream dashing against the rocks beneath, as if terrified at the rocks above. The stream is called Cedar Creek. The visiter here sees trees under the arch, whose height is seventy feet, and yet to look down upon them, they appear like small bushes of perhaps two or three feet in height. I saw several birds fly under the arch and they looked like insects. I threw down a stone, and counted thirty-four before it reached the water. All hear of heights, but they here see what is high, and they tremble, and feel it to be deep. The awful rocks present their everlasting abutments, the water murmurs and foams far below, and the two mountains rear their proud heads on each side, separated by a channel of sublimity. Those who view the sun, the moon, and the stars, and allow that none but *God* could make them, will here be impressed, that none but an *Almighty God* could build a bridge like this.

The view of the bridge from below, is pleasing as the top is awful. The arch from beneath would seem to be about two feet in thickness.—Some idea of the distance, from the top to the bottom, may be formed, from the fact, that when I stood on the bridge, and my companion beneath, neither of us could speak with sufficient loudness to be heard by the other. A man from either view does not appear more than four or five inches in height.

As we stood under the beautiful arch, we saw the place where visiteres have often taken the pains to engrave their names upon the rock. Here Washington climbed up twenty-five feet, and carved his own name where it still remains. Some wishing to immortalize their names, have engraved them deep and large, while others have tried to climb up and insert them

high in the book of fame. A few years since, a young man being ambitious to place his name above all others, came very near losing his life in the attempt. After much fatigue, he climbed up as high as possible, but found that the person who had before occupied his place was taller than himself, and consequently had placed his name above his reach. But he was not thus to be discouraged. He opened a large jack-knife, and in the soft lime-stone, began to cut places for his hands and feet. With much patience and difficulty he worked his way upwards, and succeeded in carving his name higher than the most ambitious had done before him. He could now triumph, but his triumph was short; for he was placed in such a situation that it was impossible to descend, unless he fell upon ragged rocks beneath him. There was no house near from which his companions could get assistance. He could not remain in that condition and, what was worse his friends were too much frightened to do any thing for his relief. They looked upon him as already dead, expecting every moment to see him precipitated upon the rocks below, and dashed to pieces. Not so with himself. He determined to ascend. Accordingly he plied himself with his knife, cutting places for his hands and feet, and gradually ascended with incredible labor. He exerted every muscle. His life was at stake and all the terrors of death rose before him. He dared not look downwards, lest his head should become dizzy; and perhaps on this circumstance his life depended. His companions stood at the top of the rocks, exhorting and encouraging him. His strength was almost exhausted; but a bare possibility of saving his life still remained; and hope, the last friend of the distressed, had not forsaken him. His course upwards was rather obliquely than perpendicular. His most critical moment had now arrived. He had ascended more than two hundred feet, and had still further to rise.

When he felt himself fast growing weak. He thought of his friends and of his earthly joys, and he could not save them. He thought of the grave and dared not meet it. He now made his last effort, and succeeded. He had cut his way not far from two hundred and fifty feet from the water, in a course almost perpendicular; and in little less than two hours his anxious companions reached him a pole from the top and drew him up. They received him with shouts of joy: but he himself was completely exhausted. He immediately fainted away on reaching the spot, and it was some time before he could be recovered. It was interesting to see the path up these awful rocks, and follow, in imagination, this bold youth as he thus saved his life. His name stands

far above all the rest, a monument of hardihood, of rashness and of folly.

We stood around this seat of grandeur about four hours; but from my own feelings, I should have supposed it not over half an hour. There is a little cottage near, lately built; here we were desired to write our names as visitors to the bridge, in a large book for that purpose. Two large volumes were nearly filled already. Having immortalized our names by enrolling them in this book, we silently returned to our horses, wondering at this great work of nature, and we could not but be filled with astonishment at the amazing power of Him who can clothe himself in wonder and terror, to throw around his works a mantle of sublimity.

THE FUNERAL BRIDE.

AN ITALIAN LEGEND. BY L. E. L.

It is but day break—yet Count Lion's halls
Are crowded with the young, the fair, the gay;
And there is music and all signs of mirth—
The board that shines with silver and with wine
Sparkling like liquid ruby in bright cups;
Flowers are strewn over the white marble floor,
And every beauty wears a showy robe,
Blushing most consciously at the soft words
That dark eyed cavaliers are whispering
It is a bridal—but where is the bride?
Enter yon lofty room—the bride is there.

Jewels are by her that a king might give
His favorite daughter's dower; and her bright hair
Has pearls that Cleopatra might have worn
Pure as just from the oceans treasure cave,
They are the lovers gifts and he is one
Of Genoa's richest nobles; and the bride,
Genoa has no loveliness like hers.
The orange buds were placed upon her breast,
Yet Isabel moved not: paused she to take
One last look on the sweet face in her mirror
To watch the rainbow light her coronet
Threw o'er her forehead from its many gems?
Oh no! where is the conscious smile, the flush,
That should light lady's cheeks at such a time?

Her mother saw—albeit she would not seem
To mark the absence of the maiden's mind,
But led her forth where friends and kinsmen stay'd
Her entrance in the gay and gorgeous hall:
Pity was mixed with wonder as she came—
Wonder at her exceeding loveliness—
And Pity—there were many knew heart
And hand were not together. There she stood,

Like the sweet rising of the summer moon,—
Beautiful, but so very, very wan,
The crimson ever from her lip was gone.

She stood—a statue which has every charm
Of woman's perfect beauty—but her blush,
The silver veil that o'er her forehead hung
Half hid its paleness, and the down cast eye
That drooped with tears, seemed only modest fears.

On they went to the temple, and they paused
Before the altar, where for the first time
The bridegroom leant close beside Isabel,—
And the next moment she lay on the steps,
White as marble which her cold cheek pressed.
—The feast was turned to mourning and the flowers,
The bridal flowers bestrewed her winding sheet :
The instruments broke off in a dead pause,
And the rich festive board was spread in vain.

Next night, by torchlight, did they bear the bride
Unto the vault where slept her ancestors,
Wail'd the wild dirge, and waved the sable plume,
Spread the dark pale—and childless they went home.

But there was one whose misery was madness,
One to whom Isabel had been the hope
Which had made life endurable, who lived
For her, and in her, who in childhood's days,
Had been the comrade of her summer walk.
They had grown up together, and had loved,
Uncheck'd, until Cesario's father died,
And the proud fortunes of his ancient house
Seem'd falling and the orphan youth had left
But little, save his honorable name.
Then came the greeting cold, the careless look,
All that adversity must ever know ;—
They parted, he and Isabel, but still
There is a hope in love, unquenchable,—
A flame, to which all things are oil, while safe
In the affection which it knows returned.
And the young lover had some gallant dreams
Of wooing fame and fortune with his sword
And by these winning his own Isabel.

At that time Genoa battled with the Turk,
And all her young nobility went forth
To earn their country and themselves renown :
Then home they came again, and with them brought
Tidings of victory o'er the infidel.
Cesario was the first that sprung to land,
While his name rose in triumph from the crowd
For his fame was before him, yet he made
No pause to listen, though his breast beat high
With honorable joy ; but praise was not
Worth love to the young hero, and he sought
Tidings, sweet tidings of his Isabel.

He drew his cloak around his martial garb,
Look'd on evening sky, which was to him
Like morning to the traveller, and found
The garden nook, where one small hidden bower
Was the green altar memory raised to love,
How much the heart, in its young hours of passion
Delights to link itself with lovely things,

With moonlight, stars, and songs, fountains, and flowers,
As if foreboding made its sympathy,—
Alike so very fair, so very frail !
It was within this bower they went to meet ;
And one amid their many parting vows
Was, that the twilight should be consecrate
Still to each other, and, though far away,
Their thoughts at least should blend. And Isabel
Vow'd to the pale Madonna that one hour,
And said that every setting sun should hear
Her orisons, within that lonely bower,
Rise for Cesario. It was twilight now,
And the young warrior deem'd that he should meet
In her green temple his beloved one.
'Twas a sweet solitude, and mingled well
Present and past together ; myrtle stems
Shook silver flowers from their blossomed boughs,
And in the shelter of a cypress tree
Stood the Madonna's maze, the white arms
Cross'd in the deep humility of love.
Heavenward the sweet and solemn brow was raised,
And lips whose earthly loveliness yet seem'd
To feel for earthly misery, had prayers
Upon their parted beauty ; and around
Roses swung perfume from their purple urns.
He waited there until the laurel beams,
With silver touched, grew mirrors for the moon ;
But yet she came not near—at length he saw
Her lute flung careless on the ground, with rust
Upon its silver strings, and by its side
A wreath of withered flowers. He gazed no more—
His heart was as if frozen—it had sunk
At once from its high pitch of happiness.—
He sought her father's palace, for his fear
Was more than he could suffer :—there he learnt
His own, his beautiful, was in the grave ;
And, it was told, laid there by love of him.
He stay'd no question, but rush'd to the church,
Where gold soon won his entrance to the tomb.
Scarce the lamp show'd the dim vault where he stood
Before the visible presence of the dead.
And down the warrior bow'd his face and wept
For very agony, or ere he served
His eye to gaze on that once worshipp'd brow.
At last he looked—'twas beautiful as life,—
The blue vein lighted up the drooping lid,—
The hair like sunshine lay upon the cheek,
Whose rose was yet like summer,—and the lip,
He could not choose but kiss it, 'twas so red :—
He started from its touch, for it was warm,
And there was breath upon it,—and the heart,
As if it only lived to beat for him,
Now answered to his own. No more, no more !—
Why lengthen out the tale ? words were not made
For happiness so much as sorrowing.
The legend of the busied bride is yet
A household history in Genoa,
Told by young lovers, in their day of hope,
Encouraging themselves, as to the fate
That waits fidelity.

SECRETS OF CABALISM.

Concluded from page 65.

Stephen Gardiner, bishop of Winchester and high chancellor by Queen Mary's favour, sat that night alone and thoughtful in his closet. He had been the chief commissioner appointed to preside at Bradford's trial; and though he had eagerly urged his colleagues to condemn him, he secretly abhorred the time-serving cruelty of Bishop Bonner, and the cowardice of Bourne, who had not dared to save the life of the benefactor he had once begged to save his own. "You have tarried late," said Gardiner, as his secretary entered—"the stars are waning, and their intelligence will be imperfect."

"I traced it before midnight," replied the secretary, "but I needed the help of your lordship's science."

"It is strange," said his patron, leaning thoughtfully on one of Roger Bacon's volumes, "that men in every age and climate, and of every creed have this appetite for an useless knowledge; and it would be stranger, if both profane and sacred history did not show us that such knowledge hath been sometimes granted, though in vain.—What is that paper in thy hand?"

"It is a clumsy calculation, my lord, of this night's aspect. I learned in Araby, as your lordship knows, some small guesses at Chaldean astrology; but I deem the characters and engraved signs of the Hermetic men* more powerful in arresting the intelligent bodies in the heavens.—They were the symbols used by Pythagoras and Zoroaster, and their great master Appollonius."

"Ignatius Loyola and Athanasius

*Hermes Trismegistus, founder of this sect in Egypt, is said to have lived in the year 2076, in the reign of Ninus after Moses. The Roricrucians, a similar sect, appeared in Germany in the beginning of the seventeenth century, calling themselves the enlightened, immortal, and invisible.

Kircher did not disdain them," replied the bishop, crossing himself—"but what was the fruit of thy calculation?"

"Nothing," answered his secretary, humbly—"nothing, at least, not already known to one more able than myself. The first of July is a day of evil omen, and the last day of June has a doubtful influence. My intelligence says, if life is taken on that day, a mitre will be among ashes."

"Ha!—and the heretics will think it if Bradford dies—for they are wont to say, he is worthier of a bishopric than we of a parish priesthood.—Thou hast not yet told all."

"My lord, I see the rest dimly.—There are symbols of a falling star and a flame quenched with blood. They tell of a gorgeous funeral soon."

Gardiner was silent several minutes before he raised his head. "Thou knowest, Ravenstone, that I was like the Jesuit Loyola, a student of earthly things, and a servant in profane wars, before I took the cross. Therefore I sinned not when I learned as he did. And thou knowest he thought much of heathen and Egyptian conjuration.—But that is not my secret. Plato and Socrates had their attendant demons.—I have seen, it may be, such a one in a dream last night. Methought there stood by me in my oratory a woman of queen-like stature and strange beauty. She showed me, as it were beyond a mist, a green tree growing near a fountain, and the star that shone on that fountain was the brightest in the sky; but presently the tree grew wide and broad, and the light of the star set behind it. Then I saw in my cathedral at Winchester my own effigies on a tomb, but all the inscription was effaced and broken except the date, and I read 'the first day of July.'—Is it not strange, Ravenstone, that a dream should so well tally with my planetary reckoning? Yet I was once

by a witch-woman, that the bishop of Winchester should preach our queen Mary's funeral-sermon."

"So he may, my lord," said the secretary, who called himself Ravenstone—"but there may be a White Bishop of Winchester."

"Ah! I trow thy meaning;—White is a shrewd churchman, and looks for my place. Harken to me, my lord—I have a thought that evil is gathering against me to-night:—to profit by my dream, I will go privily from London within this hour, and hide in secret at Winchester till the end of June are past. But take thou my signet-ring, and put my seal and countersign to Bradford's death-warrant when it comes from court."

"Does my lord think it will be done?" said the secretary, calmly—"They say the queen's bedchamber-woman has told her, she will be the mother of no living thing if she harms aught that has life."

"Tush!—that woman is a crafty giglet; but we need such helps when the queen reigns. It was well done, Ravenstone, to promise her Giles Cufford's lands. Since the man is dead, and his heir murdered him, we will make Alice of Huntingdon his heiress."

Not a muscle in the pretended Ravenstone's face changed, and his deep black eye was steady as he replied—"It will be well done, my lord, if he is faithful. At what hour is John Bradford to die?"

"Bid the marshal of the prison have a care of him till four o'clock to-morrow, for he is a gay and glorious talker—and so was his name-take, mad John* of Munster, even among red hot irons. Look to the warrant, Ravenstone, and see it speedily sent to Newgate. That done—nay, come nearer—I would speak in thine ear. There is a cof-fer in my private chamber which I have left unlocked. Attach my sig-

net-ring to the silver chain, and let me know what thou shalt hear;—but let this be done in the very noon of night, when no eye or ear but thine own can reach it."

Ravenstone promised, and his hand trembled with joy as he received the ring. It was already almost midnight, and Gardiner, as he stole out of his house, stopped to look at the moon's rainbow, then deemed a rare and awful omen. "Alice of Huntingdon is busy," he said with a ghastly smile—"but the dead man's land will be free enough for the blue-eyed witch—she cannot buy a husband without it."—And stealing a look at Ravenstone, the chancellor-bishop departed.

"I am a fool," said Ravenstone to himself, "and worse than a fool, to heed how this wanton giglet may be made fit for a knave's bribe,—and yet that this dull bigot, this surly and selfish drone, should have such glimpses of a poet's paradise, is a wonder worth envying. I have heard and seen men in love with Platonic superstition under the hot skies of Spain, where the air seems as if it was the breathing of kind spirits, and the waters are bright enough for their dwelling; but here!—in this foggy island—in this old man's dark head and iron heart!—I will see what familiar demon stoops to hold converse with such a sorcerer."

And young Ravenstone locked himself in his chamber not ill-pleased that his better purpose would serve as a covert and gilding for his secret passion to pry into his patron's mystery. He arrayed his person in the apparel he had provided to equip him as Gardiner's representative; and while he threw it over the close pourpoint and tunic which fitted his comely figure, he smiled in scorn as he remembered the ugliness and decrepitude he meant to counterfeit.—At the eleventh hour, when the darkness of the narrow streets, interrupted only by a few lanterns swinging above his head, made his passage safe, he admitted himself into the bi-

*John of Leyden, a butcher, and afterwards a furious mystagogue, was cruelly executed at Munster, in 1533.

shop's house by the private postern, of which he kept a master-key. By the same key's help he entered the chamber, and ringing his patron's silver bell, gave notice to the page in waiting that his presence was needful. When this confidential servant entered he was not surprised to see as he supposed, the bishop seated behind his leathern screen, muffled in his huge rochet or lawn garment, as if he had privately returned from council according to his custom. "Hath no messenger arrived from the court?" said the counterfeit prelate.—"None, my lord, for the queen, they say, is sore sick."—"Tarry not an instant if one cometh, and see that the marshal of the compters be waiting here to take my warrant, and execute it at his peril before day-break." The page retired; and Ravenstone, now alone, saw the coffer standing on its solitary pedestal near him. It was unlocked, and he found within it only a deep silver bowl with a chain poised exactly in its centre.—Ravenstone was no stranger to the mode of divination practised with such instruments.* What could he risk by suspending the signet-ring as Gardiner had requested? His curiosity prevailed, and the ring when attached to the silver chain vibrated of itself, and struck the sides of the bowl three times distinctly. He listened eagerly to its clear and deep sound, expecting some response, and when he looked up, Alice of Huntingdon stood by his side.

This woman had a queen-like stature, to which the height of her volupure, or veil twisted in large white folds like an Asiatic turban, gave increased majesty. Her supertunic, of a thick stuff, in those days called stammel, hung from her shoulders with that ample flow which distinguishes the drapery of a Dian in an-

*A follower of Roger Bacon practised this mode and pretended the ring would give such answers as the celebrated Brazen Head "Time is, time was, time is past." &c.

cient sculpture.—"You summoned me," she said, "and I attend you."

Ravenstone though he believed himself sporting with the superstition of Gardiner as with a tool, felt startled by her sudden appearance; and a thrill of the same superstitious awe he had mocked in his patron passed through his own blood. But he recollected his purpose and his disguise; and still keeping the cowering attitude which befitted the bishop, he replied, "Where is thy skill in divination if thou knowest not what I need?"

"I have studied thy ruling planet," said Alice of Huntingdon, and as thy wishes are without number, so they are without a place in thy destiny. But I have read the signs of Mary Tudor's, and I know which of her high officers will lose his staff this night."

"Knowest thou the marks of his visage, Alice?" asked the counterfeit bishop, bending down his head, and drawing his hood still farther over it.

"Hear them," replied Alice: "a swarthy colour, hanging look, frowning brows, eyes an inch within his head, hooked nose, wide nostrils, ever snuffing the wind, a sparrow-mouth, great hands, long talons rather than nails on his feet, which make him shuffle in his gait as in his actions—these are the marks of his visage and his shape—none can tell his wit, for it has all shapes.—Dost thou know this portrait, my lord of Winchester?"

"Full well, woman," answered Ravenstone, "and his trust is in a witch whose blue eyes shame heaven for lending its colour to hypocrisy; and her flattery has made boys think the tree she loved and the fountain she smiled on became holy. And now she serves two masters, one blinded by his folly, the other by his age."

Ravenstone, as he spoke, dropped the rochet-hood from his shoulders, and shaking back his long jet-black hair, stood before her in the firmness and grace of his youthful figure.

Alice did not shrink or recede a step. She laughed, but it was a laugh so musical, and aided by a glance of such sweet mirth, that Ravenstone relaxed the stern grasp he had laid upon her mantle. "The warrant, Alice! it is midnight, and the marshal waits—where is the warrant for John Bradford's release?"

"It is in my hand," she said, "and needs only thy sign and seal. Here is the hand-writing of our queen."

Ravenstone snatched the parchment, but did not rashly sign without unfolding it—"Thou art deceived, Alice, or willing to deceive—this is a marriage contract, investing thee with the lands of Giles Rufford as thy dowry."

"And to whom," asked she smiling, "does my queen-mistress license me to give it by her own manual sign?"

Ravenstone looked again, and saw his own name entered, and himself described as the husband chosen for her maid of honour by queen Mary. "Has she also signed," he said, "the reprieve of John Bradford?"

"It is in my hand, and now in thy right, Henry Ravenstone; but the seal that will save thy friend may not be placed till thou hast given sign and seal to this contract. Choose!—"

The warrant for Bradford's liberation was spread before him, and her other hand held the contract of espousals. He smiled as he met the gaze of her keen blue eyes, and wrote the name of Henry Ravenstone in the blank left for it. She added her own without removing those keen eyes from his; and placing the parchment in her gipsire, suffered him to take the warrant of his friend's release. It was full and clear, but when he turned to seek the chancellor's signet-ring, the coffer had closed upon it. "Blame thyself, Ravenstone!" said Alice of Huntingdon—"thou hast laughed at the tales of imps and fairies, yet thou hadst woman's weakness enough to pry into that coffer and expect a miracle.—As if thy master had not wit sufficient

to devise a safe place for his ring, which thy curiosity placed there more than thy obedience! Didst thou think I came into this chamber like a sylph or an elfin, without bearing the stroke on the silver bowl which gave notice thou wast here?—Truly, Ravenstone, man's vanity is the only witch that governs him."

"Beautiful demon! when the crafty churchman who tutors thy cunning has no need of it, will thy other master, the great prince of Fire, save thee from the stake?"

"My trust is in myself," she answered: and throwing her cloak and wimple on the ground, she loosened her bright hair till it fell to her feet, waving round her uncovered shoulders, and amongst the thin blue silk that clung to her shape, like wreaths of gold. Her eyes, large and brilliant as the wild leopard's, shone with such imperial beauty as almost to create the triumph they demanded. "Be no rebel to my power, Ravenstone, for it is thy safety. Gardiner has ordered Bradford's death without appeal, and feigned his dream of danger to decoy thee here! But I have earned a fair estate by serving him, and thou mayest share it with me."—

"Thy wages are not yet paid, Alice!" he replied, grinding his teeth—"that fair estate is mine, and that contract can avail thee nothing without my will—Henry Ravenstone is a name as false as thy promise to save Bradford."—Alice paused an instant, then laughing shrilly, clapped her hands thrice. In that instant the chamber was filled with armed men, who surrounded and struck down their victim, notwithstanding his desperate defence. "This is not the bishop!" one of the men exclaimed—"this is not Stephen of Winchester—we shall not be paid for this."—"He is Giles Rufford of Huttingdon," answered his companion, the ruffian Coniers—and I am already paid."—Alice would have escaped had not the length of her dishevelled hair enabled her treacherous accomplices to seize it.

They twined it round her throat to stifle her cries, making her boasted beauty the instrument of her destruction*. She was dragged to Newgate on a charge of sorcery, and executed the next morning by John Bradford's side, in male attire, lest her rare loveliness should excite compassion. He knew her, and looking at the laurel stems mingled with the faggots, said, as if conscious of his young friend's death—"Alas! the green tree has perished for my sake!"—It was indeed his favourite laurel, which had been hewn down

with cruel malice for this purpose. The people, just even in their superstitions to a good man's memory, still believe the earth remains parched and barren where John Bradford perished on the first of July, 1555; and his heart, which escaped the flames, like his fellow-martyr's, archbishop Cranmer's, was embalmed and wrapt in laurel-leaves. His memory is sanctified by the religion he honoured—while Alice of Huntingdon's sunk amongst dust and ashes, as a worthy emblem of the cabalism she practised.—*European Magazine.*

FOSSIL BONES.

A cavern, full of fossil bones, belonging to a great number of species, has been recently found in the neighbourhood of Lunel Vieil, near Montpellier in France. The cavern is in a stratum of limestone, and contains the remains of a multitude of quadrupeds, both carnivorous and herbivorous, several of which have never before been met within a fossil state; among the latter, the bones of the camel are particularly remarkable. Judging from some of the remains of the lions and tigers found in this collection, the animals to which they belonged must have considerably exceeded in size and force the lions and tigers of the present day. There are other remains of these animals, the proportions of which are similar to those of the present race. With these latter are found mixed the

bones of hyenas, panthers, wolves, foxes, and bears; and what is very remarkable, these remains of carnivorous animals are mingled confusedly with an immense quantity of the bones of herbivorous quadrupeds; among which are the hippopotamus, wild boar of immense size, peccaris, horses, camels, several species of the deer and elk kind, sheep, oxen, and even rabbits and rats. The fossil bones discovered in this cavern, are imbedded in an alluvial soil, which contains a great quantity of rounded pebbles; a circumstance that would lead to the supposition, that they had been transported thither by the waters. All the cavern bones contain animal matter; and what is rather singular, the earth, in which they are imbedded, contains still more animal matter than the bones themselves.

FRENCH COLONIES.

The population of the French colonies in the West Indies and Guiana amounts to 309,000; viz. Martinique, 10,000 whites, 10,000 free men of color, and 80,000 slaves; Gauda-

loupe, 12,500 whites, 6,500 free men, and 101,000 slaves; Bourbon, 15,000 whites, 5,000 free men, and 53,000 slaves; Guiana, 1,000 whites, 1,500 free men, and 13,500 slaves. The exports from these colonies amount to seventy million francs, or over thirteen million dollars, and the imports to sixty-four million francs, or almost twelve million dollars.

*Coniers and his gang confessed their guilt before the queen's council in November, 1555.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

English papers to the 5th July, state, that the country is suffering under a drought. The thermometer varying from 75 to 82 degrees. Oats and barley had risen in the markets. Reports have been received at Philadelphia, that a treaty of peace has been signed between the Burmese and the British, on the 24th February, at Yandaloo, forty-two miles below Ava.

From Devonport, under date of June 17, we have the following information:—

His Majesty's ship Pyramus, Capt Robert Gambier has returned from Vera Cruz, with Mr. Morier (as we mentioned in our last) who went out to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Mexican Republic, in which object he has not succeeded. The extreme jealousy and suspicion of that government, that every proposition made originates in a sinister design, the still bigotted attachment to long existing opinions, and the claims put in by Mr. Poincet, the American Representative, to equal privileges with any other State, have prevented the accomplishment of Mr. Morier's Mission.

"The Mexican Government have also decided not to send an Ambassador to this country, for the present, and not to join the Colombian State in an attack on Cuba."

By papers received at Baltimore, from Carthagena, up to 3d July, it appears to be the general opinion, that General Paez will be condemned to death, and as President Boliver was expected in two or three weeks, tranquillity, it was supposed would be restored.

It appears by accounts from Cape Coast, dated the 30th April, that there is every probability of that part of the coast being involved in war.— It had been rumored that the Ashantees were on the move.

A letter from Philadelphia, states that accounts from Mr. Owen's settlement at Harmony, are very unfavorable. It is expected that he will shortly be compelled to abandon his project.

Portsmouth, June 12.

This morning the Edward transport, Lieut. Burney, arrived from Sierra Leone, whence she sailed on the 20th of March.— The Brazen, 28, Capt. Willis, was the only ship of war there. Three slave vessels, she had captured, were condemned by her. One of these prizes is 96 feet long, and 261 tons burthen. She is to be sent to England under the name of "The Black Beauty, of Southampton." The Edward has brought home the master and mate of the ship Malta of Liverpool, for trial on a charge of slaving.

The Board of Admiralty have determined on fitting out a northern expedition to the Arctic Seas. Its object appears to be to explore the Eastern shores of the island of Spitzbergen. Captain Parry has been selected for this interesting survey, and the Hecla is to be prepared for the service. Captain Parry and a party of the Hecla's officers are to leave the Hecla in the neighborhood of Spitzbergen and with boats and vessels of a peculiar construction, attempt to reach the North Pole.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

For the last three weeks we have had continued heavy rains, accompanied with thick fog, about the peninsula of Halifax.

Thursday the 5th August his Ex-

cellency the Governor in Chief, and her Ladyship the Countess of Dalhousie embarked, under a salute from George's Island and the ships of his Majesty's navy in port, on board

his Majesty's ship the *Menai*, Captain Stewart; the wind proved light and unfavorable until the following day, when they sailed for Quebec.

On Sunday the 20th the Dartmouth Church was consecrated by his Lordship the Bishop of Nova-Scotia; after which an eloquent and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Archdeacon Spencer.

Head Quarters, Halifax,
1st. August, 1826.

MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS.

His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor and Commander in Chief has been pleased to make the following promotions and appointments in the Nova-Scotia Militia, viz.

1st Bat. King's County Regt. 1st Lt. Borden, to be Capt; 2d Lt. Dudley Burbidge, to be 1st Lieut.

1st Bat. County Lunenburg Regt. --Lt. Col. John C. Rudolf, from the 2d Bat. to be Lt. Col. Commandant vice Creighton, deceased; Capt. Wm Rudolf, to be Major, Vice Heckman, removed; 2d Lt. Charles Born, to be 1st Lt.; John Frederick gent, to be 2nd Lt.

2nd Bat. Lunenburg County Regt. --Major John Heckman, from the 1st Bat. to be Lt. Col. Commandant vice Rudolf removed to the 1st Bat.

Parrsborough Corps. --1st Lts. Jesse Lewis, and Oman Lewis to be Captains.

2nd Lt. William Crane, to be 1st Lt.; Ebenezer Kerr and Robert Lewis, gents, to be 2d do; Captain James Ratchford, to be Adjutant.

4th Bat. Co. Shelburne Regt. --Major Wm. B. Sargent, to be Lieut. Colonel.

JN. MACCOLLA. A. G. M.

Halifax, July 22nd. 1826.

Charles William Weeks, Esq. having taken the usual oath, was this day admitted a Solicitor of the Court of Chancery for this Province.

War Office, June 9th. 1826.

Staff. --Major J Huxley, to be inspecting Field Officer of Militia in Nova Scotia, with the rank of Lieut-

enant-Colonel, Vice Woodehouse, who resigns.

Provincial Secretary's Office,
Halifax, 9th August, 1826.

His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to appoint James F. Gray, Esq. to be Coroner for the district of Halifax, in the room of Mr. Samuel Greenwood, deceased.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Horse Guards, May 24, 1826-

The King is pleased to command that henceforth every officer of the Army who wishes to be presented at a Foreign Court, shall make his application for that purpose, through his Majesty's Ambassador, Minister, or Charge d'Affairs (as may be) resident at the said Court, and through no other channel whatsoever.

By command of his Royal Highness, the Commander in Chief,
HENRY TORRENS, Adj. Gen.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova-Scotia arrived in town on Saturday 26th August, accompanied by Archdeacons Willis and Spencer.

York, U. C. July 17.

A bill, securing to every person now resident in this province all the rights and privileges of natural born British subjects, has passed and received the Royal assent in England.

MARRIAGES.

At Halifax. --Mr. James Meagher, to Miss Mary M'Grath; Mr. William Star, to Miss Ann Young; Mr. John Bowes, to Miss Ann Jane Duff; Mr. Archibald Mackintosh, to Miss Johanna Beck; Mr. John Harvey, to Miss Barbara Hammon; John Q. Short, Esq. to Miss Mary Eliza Robertson.

On Windsor road. --Mr. Winckworth Fennerty, to Miss Mary Hiltz.

DEATHS.

At Halifax. --Mr. George Thompson; Mr. Donald M'Donald; Mr. John Langan; William Bruce Knox; Mr. George Leggett; Mrs. Jane Cochran; Mr. William Marshall; Mr. William M'Kenzie.

At Liverpool. --Joseph Barss, Esq. William Barnaby.

At Bridgetown. --Benjamin Hicks, Esq.

At Lunenburg. --John Nicholas Oxner, Esq.

At Annapolis. --Mrs. Elizabeth Morse.